

# Carnival

## A Good Ole Fashioned Horror Story

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My mother was an angel...  
Not literally, of course, but she was an angel nonetheless...  
She gave up her life, but then... you probably already know  
that.

But, why?

You may ask.

You will ask... eventually.

To save her family, of course. She was a countess... I  
believe. I also like to think she was Spanish, but I forget. Maybe  
Balkan...

You see, I grow old. It doesn't matter. Someday you will be  
old too.

But we were talking of my mother. She was an angel... and  
for a hundred... two hundred... a thousand long years she carried  
me. It felt like an eternity for me. I can only imagine what it felt  
like for her. And the entire time, despite my deplorable behavior,  
she kept me close to her heart, hidden in her womb, and safe from  
danger.... which more than likely, simply meant my uncles.

And why did she do this? Why did this angel sacrifice her  
life?

So that my father, the bastard, would never show his evil...  
murderous face in her town again.

It should be no surprise that she kept her word. What is more remarkable is that he kept his word. And when he finally died, the fucking prick, I was... finally set free.

Kicking and screaming... in an ecstasy of delight... I tore my way out. Death was a blessing for the woman, the ways I had made her suffer... the blood, the spasms... the gut wrenching delight: love and hate, all mixed into one, and spread out for an eternity.

You'll see. Trust me, you'll see. But for now... I want to show you someone.

I know not her name... her family, her connections.

She comes willingly. Watch as she dances before us. Have you ever seen such wide... such generous hips. It is why I am attracted to her. Oh, the rest of her is nice, it sways and bounces pleasingly, and her smile... so inviting, so welcoming... so trustingly naïve. But it is those hips... the way her belly curves inward. Can you see where the child would go, perfectly outlined and defined by the void. A vacant womb... hollow and empty, I find it sexy... appealing.

And in a womb like that, my son, there is room to grow... room to move.

She started dancing early... but there is at least an hour to go... so let us walk on.

You see the floats... the rich houses trying to impress, the tourists... the fools. You see that couple? They have been marked for a terrible...

Well... why spoil the surprise? In a few days... forty, I believe, when the Revelry and Leniency are over, when my brothers and I depart... someone... is sure to follow them.

Or, there...

Long ago... I would have gone for a girl like that... on the edge, on the cusp, sacrificed by her house... but not anymore.

That would have been back when I spent my summers... in such sweet delight. Oh, the horrors. You'll have to convince your

mother to read you the stories, all about the travesties of man... when she is not busy praying for death, that is.

Ah, and speaking of... my love, my bride to be, we have circled around... and here she comes dancing again. I apologize for the size... perhaps I overcompensate... It is a small island, a small town, and without carnival... that is to say, when there is no carnival, no one comes, no one is here. Of course, the hotels are all full, but the resorts are all closed, and the police... their behavior turns a bit... psychotic. But during carnival, during the Revelry, and the Leniency, we put all that aside. Fifty-two days of peace when all is accounted for... and not a second more.

At the end, I dare not miss my plane... or will it be a boat... this year?

I set it up, you know... Revelry... the Leniency, way back when. Of course... you will make the same claim eventually.

My mother, the angel, I believe I may have mentioned her... I have never seen her town... since the day I left, since the day I was born, and set free...

Oh to be sure, it was a bloody trail that led out of that town... but I was young... and I had lost the only woman I ever did love. And for that matter, the only woman I ever... could love.

I do so love the fireworks... the sights and sounds of carnival: the sparklers, the smoke... and the smell of whiskey and piss... and the whores working the alley.

It used to be a bloodbath, you know. But we changed that... I changed that. I instituted rules... as I grew old.

It's been... well, decades... since I have killed. You might not want to spread that about. You might want to sort of curse my name and take it out on your mother... make a good show of it. The bastard, he's out there having all the fun, while I'm trapped safely in this tomb...

It will feel like that, you know... a tomb... hollowed out... and sealed over.

But do not concern yourself with that now. You will see. And speak of the... well, I shall let you decide. Here she is again.

Got to love those hips.

Bring it closer, baby.

Wouldn't you like to just sink your teeth into that? Bite those lips... pinch those nips... and watch her bleed as you listen to her scream... in helpless agony.

Oh, but where are my manners? Me, talking of your dear sweet mother to be, in such a manner? You must hate me... or perhaps... it is I who hate you.

Still, I feel... I owe... this... all of this to you.

Oh, yes. I must be old. I feel. I owe. Clearly, I am past my prime. Perhaps you will be lucky and I will never leave these shores... gunned down... by a bullet... or an ax... to the back of the head.

Will you be the one? Will you make papa proud?

I will leave your mother with a gun, you know. Should you ever wish to end it... should you ever prove... unworthy... and she be able to end it. Or as is more likely, should you merely need to eliminate one of your brothers. Take it from me, they are a bunch of animals, nothing more than savages... entirely unworthy... of that or any other name.

The dance is moving quickly, now. Here comes your mother, your mum... your mommy, again. Eh, and it's almost dawn. What do you think? She should probably stay by my side. Wouldn't want one of these young upstarts... to get the wrong idea.

Isn't she nice? So soft and comforting. And still she moves... against our side... as long as the breath she draws... is her own.

Have you ever... well, you've haven't had much time. Still... aren't you the slightest bit... curious? Surely you must wonder what she gets out of it.

Well, you will know shortly. Money? Power? Prestige? I am sure you will ask her. I am sure you will reward her... after you... have made yourself at home.

But now... doesn't that sound a bit... misleading... seeing as how, so very soon, she will wish for nothing but death.

Perhaps, we should just get on with it...

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“You have been dancing for twelfth night, now?”

“Yes, my Master.”

“And you wish...”

“To be your bride, you wife.”

“And... to carry my seed?”

Ah... notice how she gulps, how she pauses. It is delightful to realize that she has... some comprehension... of the long... and rocky road ahead.

“Y-yes. Yes, my Master.”

“Then follow me.”

“It is not yet dawn. But of course, of course, my Master...”

Yes, my Master. Where...”

“Don’t talk.. Not anymore. You will know when.”

“Ye...”

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I’m happy for her sake that I didn’t have to repeat myself... I hate having to repeat myself.

This building is where I stay. They say it’s the oldest hotel on the island... but it is not. Back in the day, when everything... when life was festive and new... I felt like I was king of the world staying in the... El Presidente Suite.

It has a decent view of the square.

Oh, yes. And room service. They’ll pile it up out here in the hall... day in and day out. If she dies, you die... so, you might want to let her eat every once in a while... and once eaten... to let her keep it down.

Now, this... her swaying... those hips...

This is the moment to remember... to etch in your brain. It is the moment of surrender... and consent. Never forget... your mother is an angel...

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“Any last questions?”

“Will it hurt? Don’t laugh. Please don’t laugh... Or, or laugh. Laughing is good. Please laugh. Better than... What I meant to ask, sir, my Master, is... Please my Master, does it start hurting... now?”

“No, not until the Leniency is over. Besides, I could never hurt... you. I’ve never told anyone this... not anyone. But my mother was an angel. And although they would ostracize me for saying so... but I could never bring myself to harm... you.”

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But as to you, you fucking little prick.

Just remember, my father... my father was a real goddamn bastard... leaving me alone in that small, tiny, suffocating prison of a womb...

Oh, and I might be exaggerating, but it seemed like that fucker lived on forever.

You know what I’m saying.

It must have taken me ages... to claw my way out.

It must have taken me... ages...

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