

The Twelfth Century
by
The Dark Lord Insidious
(just call me Sid)

**A New Beginning:
Zombies
&
Skeletons
&
Not So Elvin Princesses,
Oh my!**

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**### Chapter 11 ###
S-Kelly ###
Getting a little High ###**

Flying can be a rush (down low over a rooftops, through the trees, under a bridge or an embankment); the sense of speed, thrilling. Of course, I say 'can' because it has been years (nay centuries, maybe millennium) since I have felt that way. But to look at Abby & Ned, Bob & Carol, and all the rest (like little Suzy from next door, who is for all the world trying to become Ned's little sister, don't ask me why (or how); or Gwyneth up on her broomstick -- always a bad idea as one day she might lose it, much like Aladdin eventually lost his carpet; but I digress.)

And having said that, I must surmise that I'm good for a few tangents this evening, so I might as well go on one here and now about flying and broomsticks. So while they're up there flying about (Bob pretending he's a WWI fighter pilot, Ned pretending he's on a date with Abby, while for her part, Abby pretends Ned has a chance on his quest and all of this is real), I'll take a moment to reiterate that if (perhaps a big 'if' for some of you); that if you are going to learn to fly, do not accessorize. Do not opt for the broomstick, the cape, the magic carpet, or even the ring. These things can get lost; one can get separated from the dweomer; and then, well, and then, I suppose it matters just exactly how high up you are and how far down there is to fall.

But like I said, I digress.

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"We're up pretty high," Carol might say (at three feet, thirty feet, and three hundred thousand feet inclusive, as for those afraid of heights, I am led to believe that they're all pretty much the same).

To which (one and all -- her comments, my comments), Bob might reply, "Nonsense," as he proceeds to do a barrel roll around her, which might not even be possible, given that I don't know my barrel rolls from loop-de-loops (which he might then do next... or maybe he's just flying upside down; like I know).

Anyhow, Carol calls out with a worried, "Be careful," and then the lot of them are zooming by overhead, out of sight and out of mind to do whatever it is that they do in that flying club of his, which seeing as how (in theory, at least) this is his first flying expedition, he was very quick to join -- being a founding member, in fact, I do believe.

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And if any of that got a little confusing, I do apologize; but then, that's the way things get on the edge of an enchantment.

For you see, on the ground (how shall I say this?), spring is in the air. Sure, not everyone is under the spell, but those that are have (once

again, how to say this?), um, er, they have a new lease on life, as it were. And those who are not beguiled, well, why be a killjoy? Or more to the point, why not try to hitch along for the ride and hope some of the joy-de-life rubs off? Sort of like when telling scary stories of old, sitting in an abandoned (OK, rarely used) corner of the graveyard, surrounded by ruins (they have a purpose besides adding ambience, I'll have you know), one can choose not to believe the tales, not get scared, not get caught up in the moment; but then, where's the fun in that?

None, really. So, much letter to let loose, let nature take its course, and go along for the ride -- or failing that, at least, enjoy the show.

So, tonight, the graveyard has that festival feeling. Oh, sure. It's not decorated like it gets near Gra'gl Mass, but the circles, gardens, and squares are lively and sociable; and those caught under the spell of the moment are pairing up (and off) and trying to do those things with their bodies that they haven't been able to do for centuries (which, of course, their bodies still won't be able to do, but being deluded as some of them are, they won't know that, will believe that they have succeeded, and that in turn will encourage others -- not that anyone needs much encouragement for that sort of thing).

So if that's not clear, we're looking at a sort of free-for-all in the cemetery tonight -- no holds barred, one night off (maybe more, we'll see how it goes). Personally, I am of the belief that for the rules to hold (that for it be reasonable and fair for a benevolent dictator -- Lord of All, if you will -- to enforce the rules), then there must be times when the rules don't hold, the gloves come off, there are no rules, and anything goes (a Jubilee, I believe is the correct term for such an occasion). And it would appear that tonight is going to be such a night.

Huzzah!

And what does one do on such a night?

Well, there are the lovers, of course, doing whatever it is that lovers do (or die trying, I might add, as I somehow feel the need to include the pun even though it clearly doesn't fit -- got to get it in, if you know what I mean).

And then, if there are lovers, then there will most assuredly be haters. (It's just the way it is, I suppose). Thus, it should come as no

surprise (at least, not to me, they do this all the time -- whenever they get the chance, May Day just wouldn't be the same without a blood bath, I suppose); to wit, Orc gangs are on the prowl looking for wayward Goblin Cubs to ambush; these in turn seek Cobalt to clobber, who in turn are looking for a hapless Kibbers or two to torment, who will likely not be found this evening, as last I saw, the lot of them were busy redecorating my abode (with newly emptied bottles of near priceless wine dating from antiquity -- from the best I could tell; but then, if they are of the mind to enjoy the stuff, who am I to complain). Which I suppose, is all to say, the old rivalries will never die, and more than one grave marker will need to be cleaned of stray graffiti come the morn' -- as will more than one sentient be in need of mending a broken limb, scrubbing clean a dirt/dung covered face, or otherwise trying to put right (whatever it is that went horribly -- horribly -- wrong) and otherwise coping with the ill effects of a night of excess, which is just a polite (and overly indirect) way of saying that more than one or two of my charges will be nursing a hangover in the 'morrow, (which considering it would be rude -- if not downright prurient -- to look in on the lovers -- and since I've never been much into the blood sport of gang-banging -- is precisely who we shall stop in on next -- the smokers and dopers).

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Gary, Greg, Gavin, Gabriel, and the rest of the Goblins have been minding their own business (avoiding ornery orcs while searching for cobalts to clobber), when they run into a group of motley humans. Or so, I presume they are motley. I base this mostly on the 'colors' they wear -- ragged jeans, unkempt hair, and dark concert t-shirts sporting their allegiance and lineage: Judas Priests, Iron Maidens, and, of course, the aforementioned Motley Krew. So clearly, they are ruffians, up to no good (as ruffians so often are); but then, so are the Goblins, which begs the question: are they friend or foe -- seeing as how within the logic of the enchantment we are under, this is a first meeting of sorts. (Well, OK. They've already met in school and on the ball field, but this is their

first meeting in the wild -- i.e. in the context of pseudo-gang warfare and the claiming of territory during the hunt.)

Or to put it in another light, senseless fighting is all well and good (this I know because the orcs have told me so), but does one really need to take on a new enemy, when instead one could be recruiting an ally (fresh meat and/or cannon fodder) to battle the old? (And yes, even goblins and orcs think of such things... if rarely).

So, upon meeting for the first time (and prior to bashing each other's skulls in for the sheer joy of it all... and bragging rights come the 'morrow), there is the stand-off of sorts between the two groups of wayward youth as they measure each other up, try to ascertain relative power, and the ease with which they will be able to exert dominance, while they try to determine whether it would be best to fight, become friends, simply walk away, or run.

Clearly (and I do mean, clearly), the only way to make such an important tactical decision is to start hurling insults at the other party, you know, in order to see how they respond.

So, to start the exchange, a Goblin, probably Gilead (as he's pretty smart for a Goblin) calls a human, "Baldy," you know, because they are.

To which Harry the Human (I'm guessing) retorts "Hair suit," and the battle of wits is on!

"Pale face."

"Fur face."

"Squint eyes."

"Knuckle draggers."

And so on and so forth.

Actually, the forgoing is a lot wittier than I've heard (or seen) in a long time. No, it's true. Even in a graveyard where no one (and I mean, no one) can get it up (is that too graphic?), the number one insult remains, oh, wait, I spoke too soon, the young lads have gone there.

"Fag!"

"Faggot!"

"Queer!"

"Dick head."

"Scrotum breath."

“Fag.”

“Faggot.”

“Fag.”

“Butt munch.”

“Ball licker.”

And so on and so forth.

Which, probably seems a bit, um, sexist (if that’s the right word), but to be fair, I’ve seen roving bands of queens (of the queer kind, and that’s what they call themselves by the way, the Queer Queen Back Rovers); anyway, I’ve seen these, um, Beauty Queens, I suppose, denounce one and all as fags, as in, ‘You’re such a fag,’ in that lilting way they have. But whatever, it’s my graveyard, I could have been done with them long ago if I truly cared about such things. So really, I’m just saying it is what it is: the default (base) insult for many an adolescent boy these days remains (and shall ever more) consist of calling the other’s manhood into question by referring to them as a ‘Fag’. Who knows? Maybe it’s wishful thinking. Maybe it’s an offer, a solicitation, or helpful suggestion. (I mean, truthfully, for all the ‘Fag’ based insults orcs throw out, in the shower they don’t seem to care one wit. So maybe it should rather be construed as a show of dominance: ‘You’re lower, you’ll do what I want... and I’m a guy, as are you, so you know what I want, time to get to,’ and leave it at that.) Or then, maybe (and this so often seems to be the case) that given who they are (goblin, orc, and human male children), it truly is the best (the very best) in the way of witty banter that they can manage -- given the species, age, hormones, and, um, other extenuating circumstances. And since that last might not be so obvious (and how could it be at this point), so to put it all in the proper light (he said, oh so cleverly, as he highlight the playful pun he was, oh, so proud of and whose meaning will become clear in just a moment), this would be about when (right here, right now), when Henrico the Human and Giuseppe the Goblin (all names have been changes to protect the not-so-innocent) struck a pair of matches in unison, respectively lighting a blunt and a cigarillo and taking a deep drag on each. And since this sort of (pyromaniac) behavior seemed like a good idea to one and all, Greg lit a cigarette, Harvey lit roach, Pete lit a

pipe, Barry a bong, and so on and so forth all through the alphabet. There being only a half dozen present on each side, they repeated in turns to complete the set; of course, when it came to Z, Zach couldn't think of anything that started with the dreaded 'Zed'; and so, he had to take a double hit. And wouldn't you know it, pretty soon none of them could think of anything that started with any letter -- and what was an alphabet anyway but a symbolic metaphor for words strung together and pulled apart, reconstructed and twisted.

(Man, that is some good, er, stuff.)

Anyway, long story short, all of a sudden, they realized they had a common interest: K'fr, weed, and other assorted herbs.

Now, I'm not endorsing the use of mind-altering psychoactive substances (plant based or otherwise), but boys will be boys, and mongrel goblin cubs will most certainly be mongrel goblin cubs, so it was not long before they were comparing notes, sharing their private concoctions, and getting high as a group as they waltzed through the older sections of the graveyard singing salacious ballads and daring the gods of old to take their vengeance... or at least, come out and join them for a toke, have a good time, and paint the town red. Need I say that this is not the type of invitation one bestows lightly (if at all, like ever -- you know, not if one knows what is good for them and wished to remain amongst either the living or the dead).

So, seriously, things were getting out hand. (And I suppose, truth be told, this is about where I fell into a past tense narrative mode -- out of cowardice, concern, or simply to be cautionary -- take your pick. Me, I'm going to call it a calculated concern based on cautious conclusions -- not because it makes any sense, but because they all start with a 'C' and I'm on a roll.)

Anyway, last I saw of the boys, they had run into S-Kelly, Frank, and the rest of the lads from the Assemblage (a mummy, a werewolf, and a few others, you know the type). But after a rough start ('Fag This' & 'Fag That'), they had put their differences aside, embraced the common goal of getting thoroughly baked (none of this halfway stuff), and had even taken to using S-Kelly's head as a sort of bong, sucking

through the hole in the back of his skull, while he in turn clenched onto a joint with his teeth and sucked for all he was worth.

OK, let's be honest. Maybe that wasn't the last I saw, (alerted by spells of their own, warning of controversial content as it may relate to the LGBT community and/or the use of word 'Fag' in progressive literature), the QQBR (Queer Queen Back Rovers, that is) arrived in force. I suppose it took them so long to get here because they wanted to look their best and so took the time to put on their black battle leathers (tastefully studded with rhinestones) with matching lace peace panties for after the fighting was over. Which is to say, they were looking for a fight (or at least a little action, come on, throw a girl a bone) and were delighted, 'Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god!' (so maybe they were more than just a little delighted) to see the young lads at work, sucking away at S-Kelly's head as they were, one and all.

So, let's just say, S-Kelly saw more than a little action before the night was through and was lucky to leave with all the bones he had come with (no one having taken, say, a thigh bone home as a personal souvenir or remembrance, a practice which just seems wrong to me, but I am told it happens -- to skeletons especially -- more often than you -- or at least, I -- would have thought).

But then, living in culturally diverse graveyard as we do, a certain amount of divergent behavior is to be expected. Live and let live, I say. (Odd how certain turns of phrase never get updated, even in the afterlife).

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Of course, if I was to be entirely honest (and there really is no point in my lying... or advantage in telling truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so I'm sure at times you'll just have to use your best judgment, but as to these festivities, I can honestly say -- Honest Crypt Keeper), the graveyard as a whole was more than a little more unruly (certainly more than I like to see in My! Graveyard). I mean, the certification board would have had a field day if they had showed up for an inspection that night. But then, there was a purpose to the madness;

and as far as I could see, the enchantment (the spell, the dweomer, if you will) was working as it should, all was going according to plan (except for perhaps that pesky shift into the past tense, let's hope I don't let that happen again -- cause we're not so much recording history here, folks, as making history; and for that, you have to be there).

Which ironically enough, is exactly the sort of thing that unruly children tell their parents after a wild night of debauchery:

'It's not like that.'

'Aw, come on, dad!'

'You had to be there.'

Ah, yes. You had to be there, famous last words. Not the sort of explanation that either a parent or certification boards is going to look kindly upon.

'You had to be there?'

No, I don't think so.

So, flip it around, liven it up, give it a little energy, and be proactive. Why apologize when you can stand by your actions and declare loud for all to hear:

'You should have been there.'

'It was great. You should have been there, dad.'

Eh, still not going to work in poor S-Kelly's case. He's screwed.

{{{Chapter End}}}