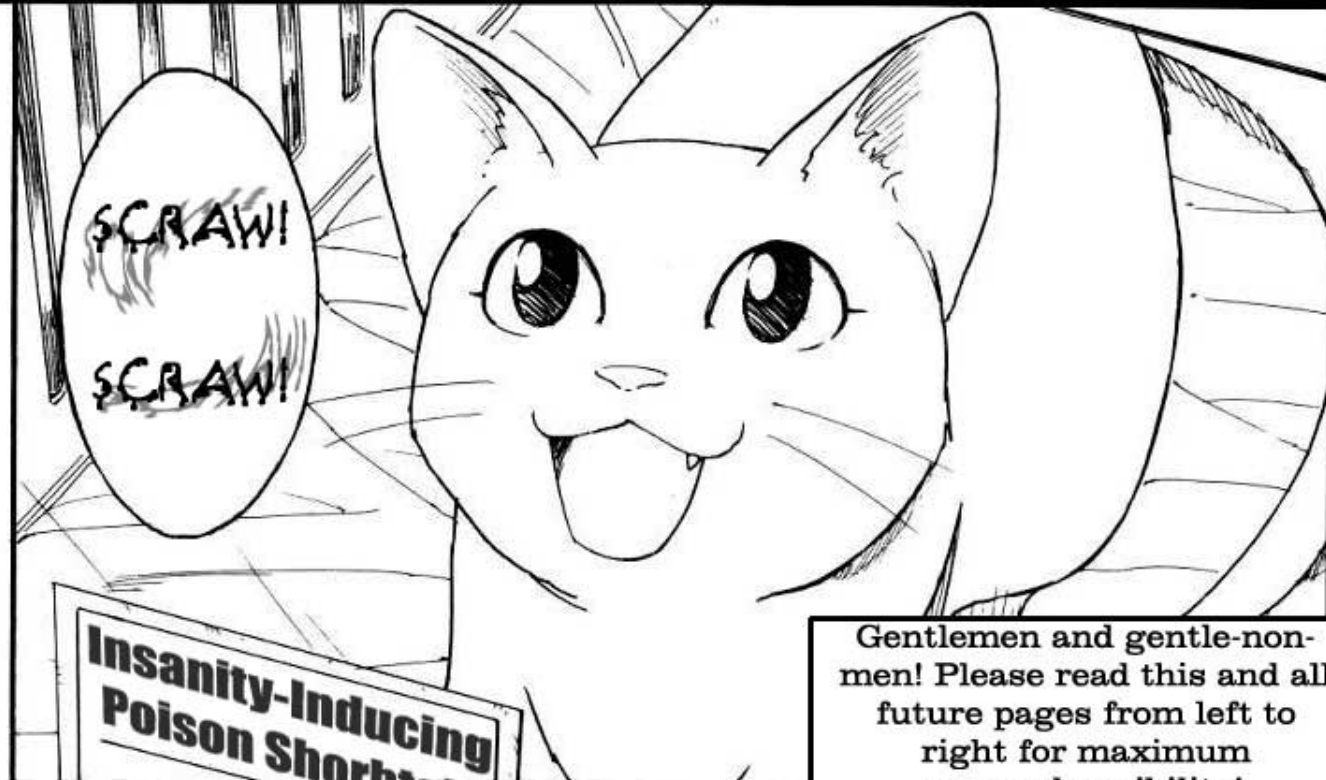




Gentlemen and gentle-non-men! Please read this and all future pages from left to right for maximum comprehensibility!



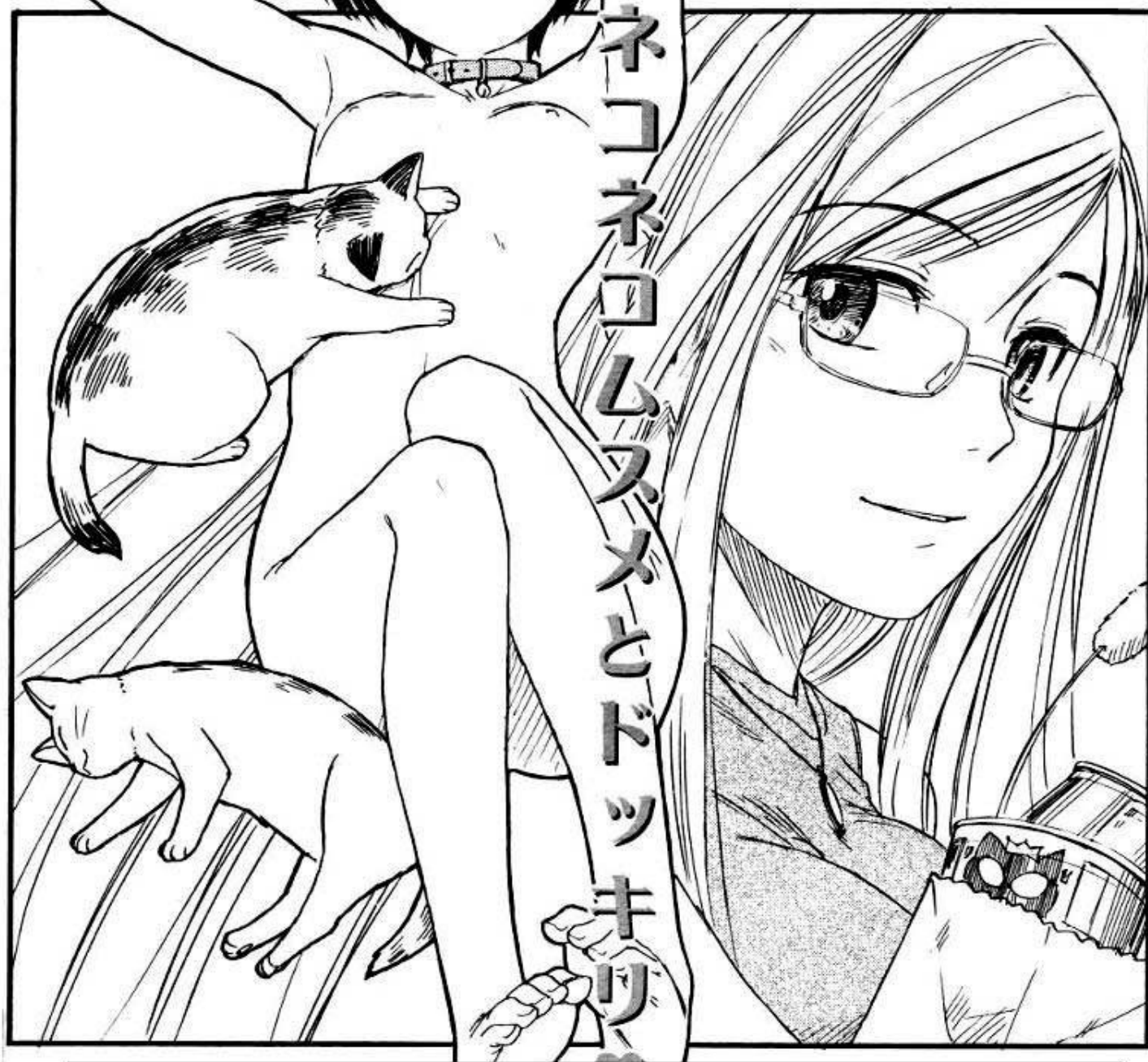
You'd think so, right? I've been having some difficulty selling it though, on account of a minor spelling error on the sign. It seems a lot of my customers are all held up on "standards." Unless I miss my guess, though, that's not a problem that you have.

You guess correctly. I must own this creature. It's so... fascinatingly repulsive!

My gaze is entirely transfixed by its hideous face!

Scraw! : The
Ballad of the
Insanity-
Inducing Poison
Shorthair

Verse 1



A Mega-Unauthorized Re-write by
Newdog15 and Pipkin



Scraw!
Scraw!
Scraw!

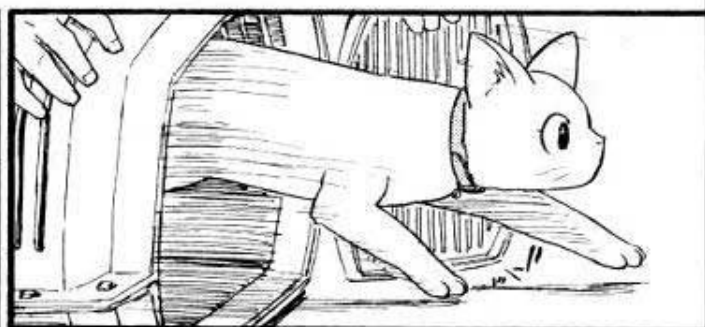
Scraw!
Scraw!

Scraw, indeed.

Now silence yourself, beast. You are meant to be seen, not heard.

I have a woman of intact virtue visiting my abode soon, and I shall want you to keep your unspeakable shrieking to a minimum. She for whatever reason seems to view you animals as attractive. Be "cute" for her, damn you!

Scraw!
Scraw!



Yes, yes. Get it out of your system now, animal

Succeed in your mission, and you shall be fed tonight. Fail, and you will be duct taped to the furnace until sunrise!

Your animal seems to be defective, sir. Its voice is akin to wails emanating from the seventh circle of hell.

Oh, don't worry about that, sir. Cats are supposed to sound like that; like a diseased vulture who has been set aflame.

It's other cats which are wrong.

Scraw

Scraw!
Scraw!

Insan Poison surthair \$4.99 or best offer

In time, you will begin to wonder how you ever lived without the sweet, melodious yowling.

... scraw...
...scraw...

You have allayed my fears then, my good man. Surely this is a fate to be looked forwards to.



Now, as a first-time cat owner, there's something you should know, sir. Cats will occasionally need to eat, or else they will die.

Really!?!

Like... like a baby?



Sometimes, sir, they have been known to consume such things as infants, yes.

Good heavens!

How repulsive!

But not to worry, sir! I have a substance here, called "cat food," which should forestall such predatory urges. It is much like regular food, but for cats.



I invite you not to inquire after the composition of the food. It is a knowledge not easily borne by the minds of the uninitiated.

It is a heavy burden for the mind of a sane man to bear. I ask you, as your grocer, to allow me to bear it for you.

Will do!



What's this? The cat... it seems to have some value beyond its function as a panty-moistener!

It seems to object to the filth and clutter of my floor!

Perhaps in its tiny rodent brain, it's trying to tell me something about the value of order!



Magnificent. You have earned an iota of my conditional love.



scraw!

cat piss noise!

BY GOD, CREATURE! CONSIDER MY LOVE REVOKED! REVOKED AND REPLACED WITH BITTER CONTEMPT!

Insufferable monster!
You've soiled my floor like a socialist government does to the moral fabric of society!

It offends my nostrils! Like a maxixist drill press driven into my sinuses by the grubby, grasping hand of "the people"!
God, how I hate the people!

Good heavens!
It's burning through my floor! What in the world have you been eating, you monster?



<vacuous woman thoughts>

Herp de derp



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

HHHHHHH!

IT'S...
HER!!

THE
WOMAN
IS
HERE!!



GOD
HELP
ME!

"Cat food" on the floor?!?
When did that even happen?
What's become of my home?!?

Every-
where I
look, I'm
sur-
rounded
by chaos
and
madness!



...
Egads!



Hey,
buddy.
How's it
goin'?

audible
mastication



Well.

Huh.

This is
a fine
how-do-
you-do.



Yo, bro.
How 'bout
a brewski
to wash
down this
kibble,
huh?

SCRAW!



“Scraw”?
“Scraw!?”



I... I've
heard that
horrible
caterwaul-
ing before...
But where?
Where,
God,
where?!?



What?
Jumping
Jehoshaphat!
The
woman!!!

Brother
Ulysses! I'm
here for my
marriage
counseling
session. I
left my
husband at
home, like
you asked.

Excellent.
He was
proving
worthless
to this
process.

The man
is an idiot.
I don't
know how
you can
stand to
be with
him.

But-

Now!

Let's get
to fixing
your
point-
less,
empty
mar-
riage!

I brought
the contents
of our joint
checking
account,
just like you
said!

Hey!

I can't
believe you
would say
that about
my faith-
less, phi-
landering
husband!

He
brought
me to
bingo
last
night! We
won a
turkey!

Surely
that
makes up
for ten
years of
affairs
and alco-
holic
beatings!

SCRAW!
SCRAW!

Yes, that's right,
Lazy-Eyed
Suzan! Kitty!

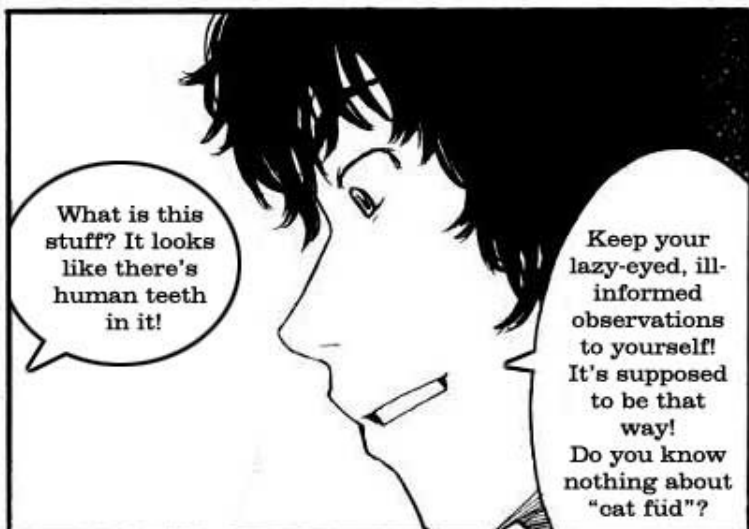
And not naked,
sexually confus-
ing trucker dude!

Stop calling me
that!

NO.

OH!
KITTY!
DERP!

How
could she
even ask
me that?
Doesn't she
know what
her eye
looks
like?

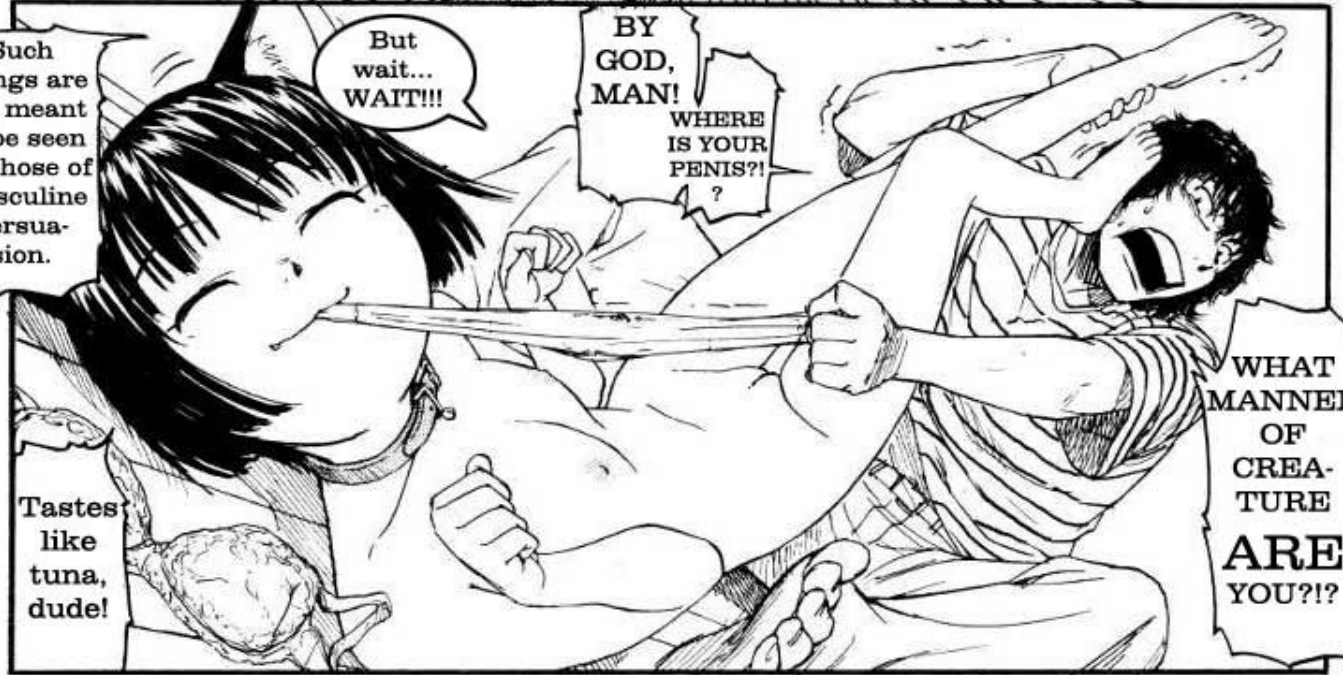






UNME
NTION-
ABLES
!?!

What is
taking you so
long in there,
Lazy-eyed
Suzan? By
now you've
long since
cleansed the
taint from
your body! Additional
scrubbing
will do
nothing to
cleans the
taint fom
your
womanly
soul!



Such
things are
not meant
to be seen
by those of
masculine
persua-
sion.

But
wait...
WAIT!!!

BY
GOD,
MAN!
WHERE
IS YOUR
PENIS?!

WHAT
MANNER
OF
CREA-
TURE
ARE
YOU?!?

Tastes
like
tuna,
dude!



What are all
those noises
out here?
Those are
"words",
right? The
noises that
mean
talking?
That's what
that is,
right?

If so, then
who are you
"talking"
"words" to?
Where are my
clothes? Why
am I wet?
What the fuck
is up with my
eye?



I'm talking to God, not that you would know anything about that, you strumpet.

Your clothes are here in my hand, right where you left them. You're wet because shut up.

And your eye is a punishment from God for being lazy-eyed.

Also, the cat is apparently here again.



What's your cat's name, anyways?

scraw, nom, scraw.

Um... I haven't thought of...

Wait! I hereby christen this cat "Ugly Joe Ratzinger!"

eerie devouring noise



Um...
Ugly Joe Ratzinger...?

Isn't that... isn't that the pope?

Shut your whore mouth! How dare you?!?

The pope isn't ugly! Well, he is, but how dare you say so?



I'm so sorry! I didn't even think...! What can I do to repent?

scraw.



I think so. I seem to recall my doctor mentioning that once.

Well. If I'm not mistaken, you have a vagina, do you not?

Being a woman and all?

Very good! I had hoped so.

And I'm sure I don't need to remind you of the act of faith in Genesis 19:33.

Uh... Derp?

Don't you worry your lazy-eyed little head with the details.

The long and the short of it is that it involves sex. Man-woman sex.

Are you basically catching my drift here? Getting the essential jist of my broad innuendo?

I... think so...

Like with penises? And vaginas? Like you were asking about?

I was wondering what you were getting at!

SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!

Bother Ulysses, are you sure this is appropriate for marriage counseling?

Also: Herp.

The fact that you would even need to ask an ignorant, lazy-eyed question like that tells me all I need to know about why your marriage has become an empty, meaningless sham.

Also: Derp.

scraw?

It's defenes-tration time for you, creature! Your purpose is served!

Three storeys down.

Now, let me prepare your passage for an injection of salty, white-hot liquid salvation!

Salvation has salt in it?

The good kind does!

Now let us be swift about it! Your vagina hungers!

Still alive, apparently!

SCRAW

SCRAW!
SCRAW!
SCRAW!

What are those horrible noises?

< Squelching noises >

What?

I think those are fairly standard pussy noises.

ADDITIONAL ITERATIONS OF SCRAW!

Oh, hey! Your cat is still alive!

Really? WEIRD!

Also, you should clean up the laundry on the other side of your room!

This is far from optimal!

Is it okay to have sex with a cat in the room?

I can hardly be expected to stand up and kill it again now! I'm making the sex!

Scraw!
Scraw!
Scraw!
Scraw!
Scraw!

Isn't that like bestiality or something? I don't wanna get pregnant with kittens!

Scraw!
Scraw!
Scraw!



Neither do I, now that I think about it! Distressing!

What are we going to do, Brother Ulysses? We can't stop having sex, and it won't stop looking at us!

Be brave and steadfast in your faith, Lazy-Eyed Suzan! The Lord will see us through this time of trial!



'Sup, buddy? I'm totally haunting your brain now!



How horrifying!

But I shall try!

"The Lord is my dildo. I shall not want..."



THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!

<christianity noise!>

THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU!

<catholicism noise!>

Aw, fuck yeah, Jesus! We're totally tag-teaming this bitch!



Now! Focus your brain as you never can your eyes, woman!

Prepare to receive your internal baptism! Salvation is at hand!

Derp!

Herp-a-derp!

Hallelu-
jah,
mother-
fucker!

I'm being
marriage
coun-
seled by
a profes-
sional!

I think
that's
done it! I
think
we've
driven
the evil
from this
room!

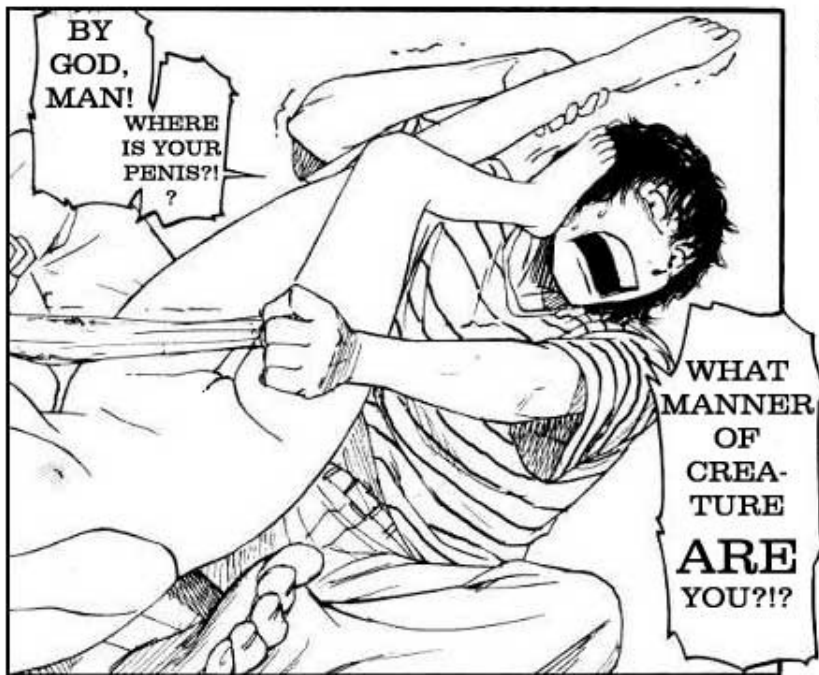
Scraw!

I'M
THE
BEST
WIFE
EVER!!!

SCRAW!







Scraw! : The Ballad of the Insanity-Inducing Poison Shorthair, Verse 1

Completed September 1st, 2010 CE

Originally presented in a less-interesting form as "Pretty Cat! Nene, Part 1" by Naruko Hanaharu

From Newdog15:

Dear friends and readers, it is my sincere hope that you have once again enjoyed this journey into ribaldry, guffawed in a vigorous and frequent manner, and come away from the experience a richer, smarter, taller person for it.

This work represents my second collaboration with Pipkin, and I'm certain it won't be the last. Already we are talking about Verse 2 of this epic-if-inappropriately-described ballad, and if the interest of the readers and that which we ourselves bear in our hearts maintains, there is no reason why there could not be quite a few more before all is said and done, as this is a rather voluminous tome, and there remains a broad swath of pages which remain un-mis-translated. What sort of a world is it for any of us, dear souls, to live in that such a travesty of justice should stand unaddressed in perpetuity? It is an injury to the dignity of the entire human race, and one which we alone stand to rectify.

Fear not. We will not long be remiss in this sacred duty.

From Pipkin:

Buried deep within my mind is a nugget of sweet, juicy, flavourful wisdom. A glimpse of which, none of us may ever see. The manifestation of which is impossible within the creation of such "artistic" works. Instead, I will complain of my current gassy state and express how rude it is to fart in front of your friends.

Oh shit, he's watching me...

I hope you enjoyed this second, most glorious installment of my vicious taint to what you expect from Newdog15.

May the memories of it haunt you always.

-Pipkin, HR Management.

As always, this and all of my past and present works - can be found natively at my journal, which can be located at <http://dave-littler.livejournal.com/>