

STINGS ON ALFRED

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story by Boston

the floor for
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started crying
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Even if he
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will do his thing with his knuckles
Eddy will do his mean laugh again,
d there with my arms folded and
w. Awww. Awww. Poor little Al-
" And Lumpy will do his knuckles
Eddy will do his mean laugh again,
d there with my arms fold-d and
Its all right Alfred we won't hurt
o it painlessly." And then I'll get
floor beside him, "Here, tell me if
I'll say and then POW... right in
Then Lumpy will probably kick him
ach and then... Oh I better not
ch about it or it won't be any fun.
POW... right in the glasses. Blood
ver Alfred
at's too much. Just enough to
is enough. But I don't know if we
ourselves. He's such a prick. Such
prick. You know what he tried to
oes over to his place and he says,
arilyn." She said he stank of After
and he was all dressed up. "Come
he says. I could kill the stupid
be worth going to jail for, just to
lling for once. Nobody likes him, I
why he thinks they do.
na mess you up tomorrow Alfred

Alexander.
Anyway, first thing he does after telling her to come in, is ask her if she would like some kool-aid and cookies. Marilyn said he sounded like he was really offering her something, like a beer maybe. But it was just Kool Aid and cookies. She said OK, cos it would give her something to do while he was boring her about the Expulsion of the Acadians. I mean who the hell cares about something that happened a thousand years ago - except Alfred - Alfred and his stupid shaving stink water and Kool Aid and cookies.
Then he says, "Well." Christ I can just see him. His knees together and his hands on his lap and his head on one side and then plop - "Well, What would you like to know, Marilyn?" Jesus he's a prick. After she swore at him and told him he knew damn well, he started. He went on for half an hour, filling her Kool-Aid glass everytime she finished it. He was almost crying, I guess. God that must have been funny. Alfred's really funny when he cries. His lips turn purple.

And after that he went and sat beside her on the sofa and stretched. You know put his arms up in the air. Marilyn says he was going to bring them down so that one arm would be around her - you know the old boring movie trick. But he didn't. She figured he got scared.

So he just sat there with his arms in the air. He was making her kinda uncomfortable so she quickly finished her glass and thumped it on the table. So Alfred quickly pulls his arms down and in the process his hand drops on her knee. Of course he said he was sorry; Alfred could rape his mother and then get up and say he was sorry; it was an accident - he didn't mean to. So she didn't hit him. But that's not what got me mad.

When he brought the Kool Aid back he put the glass on the table and was going to step over her legs but he tripped (a phony trip - boy he's a prick) and so he put out his hand and it went right into her skirt. And that's somewhere I'm telling you. She was wearing her mini-est mini-skirt that's so short that when she bends over-even a bit - its, well absolutely Restricted entertainment.

So tomorrow me and Lumpy and Eddy are going to kill him. He's gonna need a dentist only once more and after that he can use Ajax.

Well I better quit thinking about it or I'm not going to get any sleep and I'm going to need all the energy I can get for tomorrow.

DAY III

That stupid prick Alfred. You know what he did? After school we waited for him just outside the restaurant. We were working ourselves up getting ready to kill him. We were going over our plans to see if we had them straight, and saying what we were gonna do when we got a hold of that stupid fruit prick Alfred Alexander when he goes driving by with his old man, sitting up in the front seat, smiling as if the whole world loved him.

But it doesn't, the whole world hates him. Everybody hates him. Even people who don't know anything about him hate him. We all hate you Alfred Alexander, yes we do. We all loathe and detest you and we're going to get you Alfred Alexander. Sitting in your daddy's car and smiling nicely like somebody likes you won't save you for ever because we're gonna get you and the longer you make us wait the harder we're gonna hit you, the slower you're gonna die. You can only make us madder, you can make us want to get you more. And we are gonna get you Alfred Alexander because we

hate you. The whole world hates you; the girls hate you, the boys hate you, the teachers hate you, the men even in the plant hate you, even my mother who says you're a genius hates you. All those people are gonna love me and Lumpy and Eddy when we mess you up. Because we are gonna mess you up, prick. Oh yes we are. We'll hit you and kick you and throw you down while everybody yells, "Hit him again, harder." Thumbs down on Alfred Alexander. Thumbs down all the way. Throw him to the lions, burn him at the stake, for God's sake; Stone him Stone him, behead him. (The crowd cheers.) We're gonna get you Alfred Alexander. We're gonna tear you limb from limb. Alfred Alexander, we're going to crucify you. Purge the world of Alfred Alexander.

DAY IV

We got him. We got him good. His nose was mangled, his eyes were all puffy and we knocked out two of his front teeth. He had to have four stitches in the side of his mouth. He threw up once too. We would've done more damage but he passed out and that kinda worried us. Lumpy



crouched down over him and said he was dead and then he took off. Eddy went sorta pale and tried to brush some of the dirt out of Alfred's mouth. We propped him against the wall and slapped his face around. He opened his eyes once and then closed them again. Then he opened them again and looked at us like he didn't know us and then suddenly started screaming and covering his head. We had to shut him up or the whole world would've been on top of us; so I grabbed his mouth and told him we weren't gonna hurt him "Its all over, Alfred." I said. "That's it. We're your friends now." And Eddy smiled - a real honest smile and nodded his head. "Yeah, Alfie. It's all over now." he said.

And then that stupid little prick said, "If I told daddy, you'd beat me up again." I felt like pounding his head against the wall, right there, but I didn't though cos it would've killed him. But I'm glad we got him though Jesus I'm glad. He's such a prick.

