EastEast Password: Peer into the abyss and see what lies beneath

You know, I didn't ask for any of this, now did I?

Who would?

You see some dipshit in some animated tv show constantly pestered by supernatural shit and crooks and what have you and you envy them? That's what you do?

Disgusting.

My best friend would say you gotta play the cards you're dealt, and I couldn't agree more.

So let me tell you about MY shitty fuckin' deck.

So most kids have, like, imaginary friends, yeah? Unicorns and Aliens and what not? Well, I was never so lucky. See, 'cuz I KNEW the Monster in MY closet wasn't in my head. And that calling my folks wasn't gonna do shit to protect me. And once you know how fucked up reality can be, imagination just loses all its appeal, you see?

The Monster in my closet sometimes would just watch me, just a shadow among the shadows besides that single glowing eye. Sometimes she'd play little songs for me. Or try to play out little words on tape to talk. Near as I can figure she knew me in a past life or some shit, and felt she owed me for something.

And when you're a little kid, you don't KNOW to be scared, once you're used to something. Growing up like I did, what with who my 'rents were? I didn't exactly have a lot of friends, you know? It's not exactly like the Family is a trusting sort. So she was just a fact of life like dentists or baseball.

That all changed the first time she brought me to a kill. Guess she was trying to teach me something? Teach me how to be safe? All it taught me was the color of my dinner after it'd already been in my stomach.

After that she introduced me to my best friend. Guess she'd been stalking him too and figured now that I was blooded I was safe to be around? Guy turned out to be a few years older, but, get this, ALSO the kid of a Family. A rival one.

So we start planning.

I mighta been a wet behind the ears kid but I could see the writing on the wall. A Monster like our Killer? No way things stay the same with her in play. And no way things stay the same with me and the other kid on the same side.

So we scheme. Well, I do. Other kid's got his strengths but planning ain't one of 'em. And I don't think the Killer has a plan other than 'hide' and 'kill'. And maybe 'egg'. Long story.

Point is, all of a sudden me and the other kid are in charge a both our families. All cozy up and united and all, which ain't a normal state of being, let me tell you.

And people challenge us, 'course they do. They think they're hot shit and wanna put us young punks in our place. And yeah, I'll admit, we over relied on the Killer for a while.

But I'm prouda what we built up with our own hands. Think we got a handle on things better than anyone else could.

Which is why the sheer DISRESPECT galled me, when I found out that the fuckin' [REDACTED] Family was trying to home in on our turf, claiming to have some kinda spook assassin.

So I buy her out. Offer triple her rate. Principle of the thing, really. Spooks are OUR shit.

And of course I figure she's some kinda con man, that one look at OUR spook'll set her straight and secure our rep.

It's just my fuckin' luck she's the real deal. Killer's hidin' even more than normal and my best fuckin' friend is about to have a fuckin' heart attack from the sheer amount of freaky crushes he's nursin'. And I'm dealing with a SECOND creepy ass mute monster obsessed with staring at me and him.

I fuckin' guess I should be thankful at least this one is mostly person shaped. And...against all the fuckin' odds, just wants money? And listens to orders? Hasn't killed even one person outta work, far as I can tell.

So yeah. Go ahead. Fuckin' envy my life. Put the shit cherry on top of the shit cake and call it a day.