

Diary

of the

Eight

Snakes

That Ate

Jeff Fry

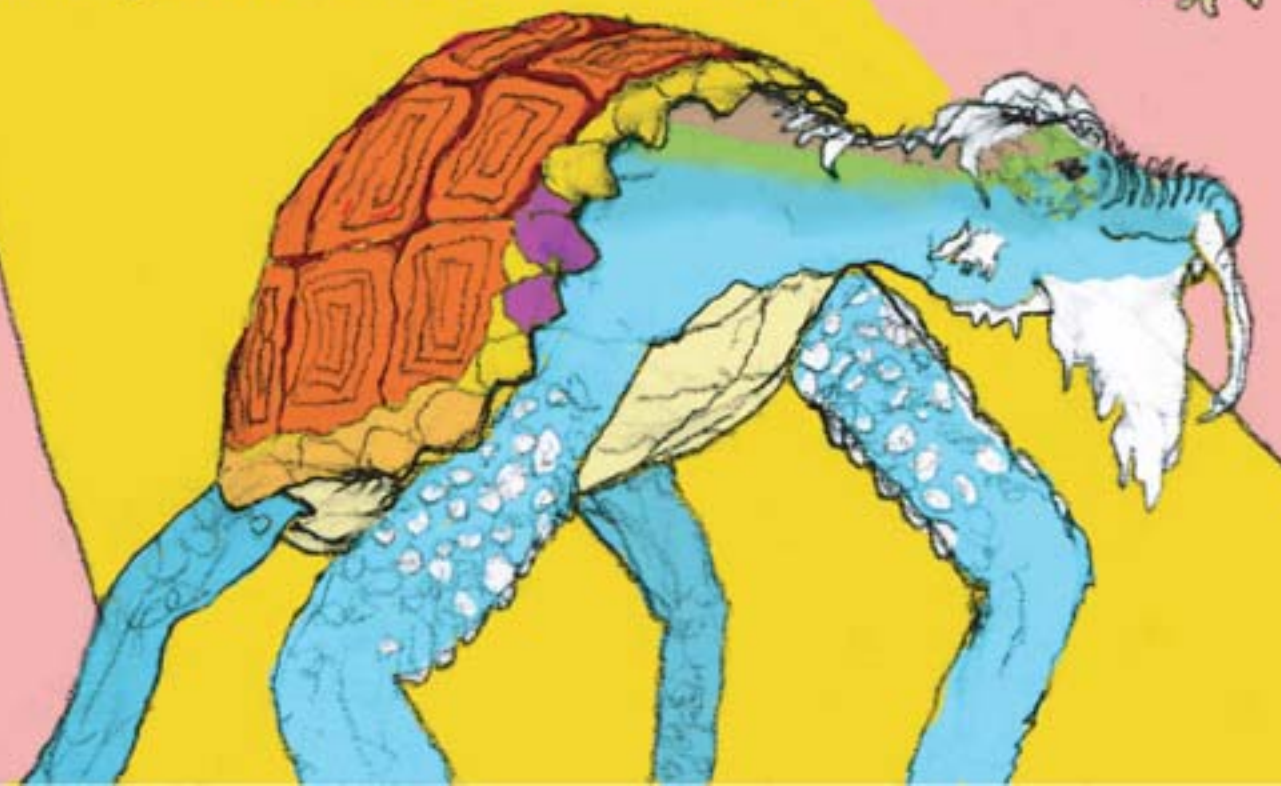


CHAPTER ZERO

THE GRAND CONFESSION

My name is Jeff Fry and I am an angel by no ones word but my own. I was born in a brick hippopotamus of a house in Great Aunt Hanover and I wandered her streets in a daze for many years, in love with the streetlight spotlights that dot the magnanimous belly of Pennsylvania. When I finally awoke from my quiet twenty two year panic, I began to realize that my soul had been occupied by a bouquet of foul things. A little mouse occupying a small harmless nook in my brain had grown into an obese and intolerable rodent. The Mouse of Concern. I needed to kill this creature before it became a part of me. You revel in your own stink too long and you don't notice the smell. So I tramped the boredom impregnated farmlands of Lancaster searching for a soothing solution but what I found was a big fat band aid prophecy. In a Triassic alley I found the Spartan eyed prophet turtle, Mammatus. In giving him Sincere Lettuce I contracted a screaming prophecy, the only disease I ever caught from a reptile.

"I feel you lying stripped cave painting naked under the gaze of Eight poetic snakes, yes the Lusty, Eighteenthousand legged snake Aphrocyrah has built a condo out of your soul, Daviliam, body made of persons in anguish, has also taken up a depressing residence, Edypop rears her jealous, inhuman head, batting the sky with her hallowed tongue of envy, Laeve! sighing awkwardness, his body, a body of faces and strange eyes have appeased you, the blind many mouthed Gnotus who sprouted out of spaces in the rainbow where color was laid prone by indifference, has swallowed the pot of gold and now too is rotting your soul with ignorance as his stench - Brothers Sloth and Excess dripping Sloth and Excess. These Seven slithering snakes kiss your soul in a numb comforting rhythm, a parade of mad inevitability, waiting for their final comrade to arrive, 'Muocre, our confidence sipping friend, we feared you lost. Cook the boy's brain like the macaroni noodle it is. Can we put out the trashcan fires of his soul?'"



CHAPTER ONE

GNOTUS

O! My soul a zoo! I felt like an angel for sure, an angel built from the shit on the floor in Purgatory.

My problem was now outlined quite well, only the outline was of the type that exposed more problems, the Vision had made the Knowledge too heavy, my head kept tipping like a subconscious drunk.

I went to the library, a place that I knew quite well, but found that the library knew nothing of me. Books about soul eating snakes apparently don't sell.

I asked the men and women of the streets - America unite! Terrorists have invaded my soul! I was looked at, made the subject of glances and then left alone on the street with my problem.

I climbed to the pearly gates of Heaven, to ask of Him for guidance. He merely laughed and offered to cosign for an epitaph. "But my Lord, is there nothing you can do?" "Embrace Gnotus, my son and in doing so you shall embrace me."

I descended to the fiery pits of Hell, to ask of Satan his word. He prattled on like a broken rattlesnake, rattling for hours concluding with, "Do not be so concerned with these snakes, rather embrace them and advantage what lies before you."





I emailed the Mechanical Angel, to seek her and her brightest. She responded like the shooting star of mythology that she was, "Forget the Snakes young boy and help me destroy your world." She offered me a Blanket of Comfort that I promptly gave a home in a green trash can.

I sought counsel with Buddha, but found that I could only yell ineffectually from the edge of Nirvana.

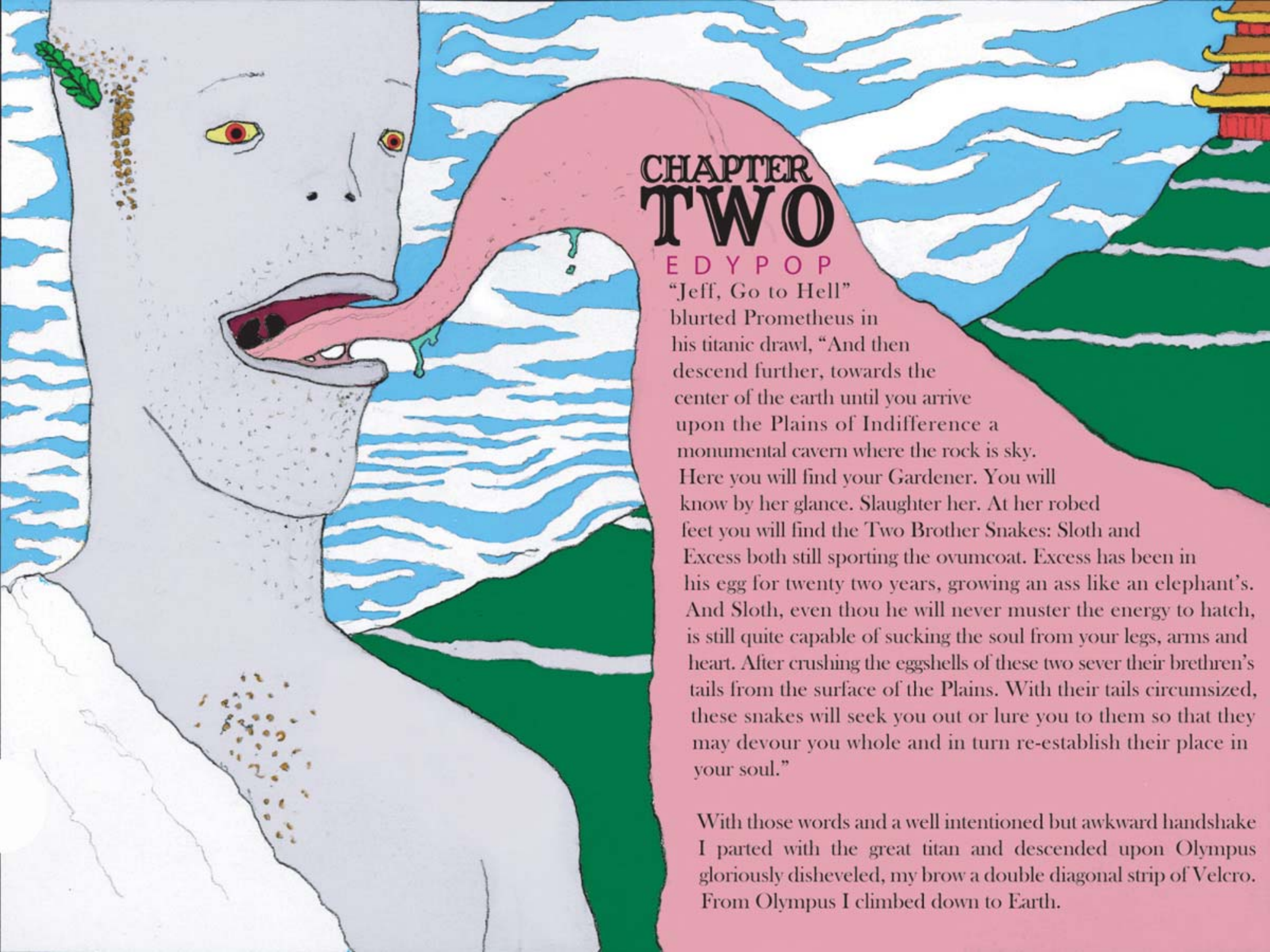
I climbed the Mount Olympus, and Zeus responded thoughtfully so, "My business is lightning, thunder and sex, not souls; climb Acumen Mountain and talk to the one who has always been friend to mankind."

Acumen Mountain shifted uncomfortably with the thoughts of

the World. I struggled with the asthmatic gymnastics required and made it to the summit of ever changing Acumen and found a gigantic gold gilded pagoda lay in wait like a slumberin architectural Godzilla, with double Jericho walls and Jericho double doors gleaming with the bright ugly knowledge of the world. With effort I managed one of the doors open and found the friend of mankind: studying in his titanic study was the likes of the titan, Prometheus.

I asked my question by saying, "Hello" He responded by ripping the Ignorance of Gnotus off of my face and broke its fleshy back. My vision cracked its matte finish and colors began to gleam again. Ignorance had been destroyed by the hand of Knowledge. I found myself floundering for words of thanks...

I told him, my name is Jeff Fry.




CHAPTER TWO

EDYPOP

“Jeff, Go to Hell” blurted Prometheus in his titanic drawl, “And then descend further, towards the center of the earth until you arrive upon the Plains of Indifference a monumental cavern where the rock is sky. Here you will find your Gardener. You will know by her glance. Slaughter her. At her robed feet you will find the Two Brother Snakes: Sloth and Excess both still sporting the ovumcoat. Excess has been in his egg for twenty two years, growing an ass like an elephant’s. And Sloth, even thou he will never muster the energy to hatch, is still quite capable of sucking the soul from your legs, arms and heart. After crushing the eggshells of these two sever their brethren’s tails from the surface of the Plains. With their tails circumsized, these snakes will seek you out or lure you to them so that they may devour you whole and in turn re-establish their place in your soul.”

With those words and a well intentioned but awkward handshake I parted with the great titan and descended upon Olympus gloriously disheveled, my brow a double diagonal strip of Velcro. From Olympus I climbed down to Earth.



My search for the cure to the Seven out of Eight that cursed my soul had led me to the cliff's edge of exhaustion. I needed sleep desperately and I soon was home embracing the gentle hum of rest. Items of my desire came from across the world, animated and gathered in my home. All night long they wrapped themselves in commercials, advertisements, books and magazine covers. When I awoke, I was confronted by Edypop of Envy a swiftly moving mass; well out of my means. After a several very rowdy exchanges, I fed the beast my credit card which had the result of heavy eyelids and sluggishness; sluggish enough for me to tie her in a knot throw her in the closet. It was then that I realized that it had started. The sun leapt up from the horizon line like a gigantic whale from a forgotten time when Snakes were not important.

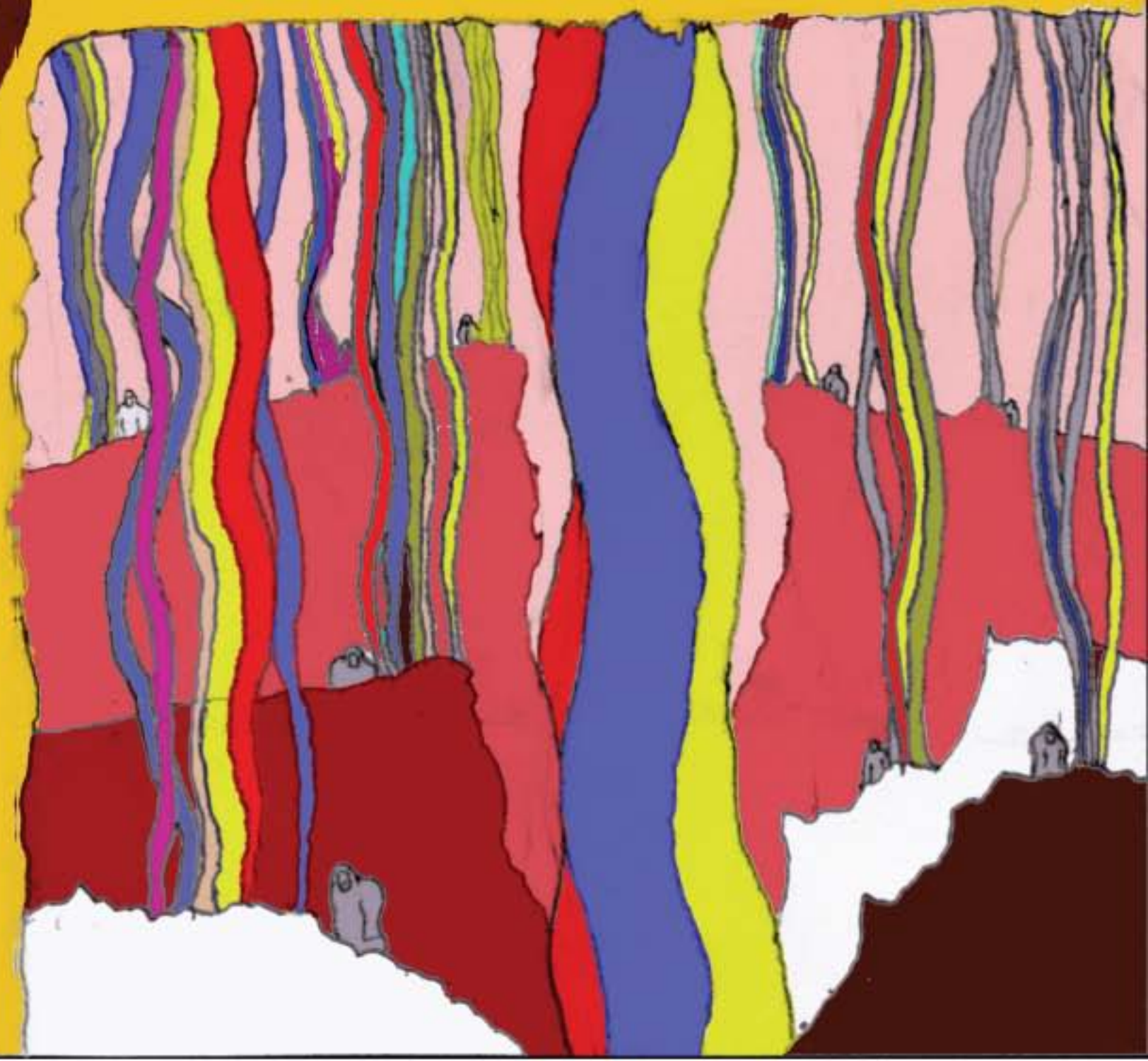


Howls and sounding terrors would have been easier to cope with then the roaring silence that singed my soul while I descended unto the Plains. Searching amongst a sea of Gardeners until I finally found the one who gave me The Look. Her body was made of the Lies I had Told. She was, frail and easy to crush. A property I promptly took advantage of. And she crumpled soundlessly like a dying fire. With the full force of my body I crushed the eggs of Sloth and Excess the echoes resounding in my soul a hymn of joy bouncing triumphantly against the cavern sky. Day began to leapfrog night, much higher above my head then usual.

CHAPTER THREE

THE BROTHERS SLOTH AND EXCESS

Rumor had it that Hell was cooler around four AM. So I waited out the day and night and went down to find that the rumor was not true. I descended into Hell ferocious and focused, clutching at my moxie - I walked past Satan with my head down and continued with my Path of Down until I arrived at the Plains of Indifference. The Plains of Indifference had a red cavern sky with glaciers slathered on its crag infested floor like icing on a cake made of splintered wood. The indubitable stance of the Mechanical Angel's fabricated legs cast much of the cavern into the dark of an unwanted night. Snake tails like tremendous harp strings ran from the ceiling to the floor tended to by a Legion of Gardeners one of which was my intended target.





CHAPTER FOUR


APHROCYRAH

On the trek upwards from Hell. I could feel the stars of night patting me on the back as they prepared for their daily rotational hiatus. I was on autopilot for much of the way until at the very tippy edge of Hell I saw a rainbow headed girl with tiny universes for eyes. She beckoned to me longingly (the desert invites the snow) as if she had not had a man in years or even some time longer then that. I named this anonymous beauty Bliss and followed her to a Hell Heights townhouse, a halfway home for young demons which she entered and I followed. Within it was dark without stars until a

spotlight in the middle of the room lit my quarry, a spectacular graduation. My arms are not long but The Pattern of beckoning continued until I was within a long arms reach. At this point madness erupted, Beautiful Bliss began to sprout extra legs, a pair at a time. Her face contorted and writhed as she split and grew into the Eighteenthousand legged snake Aphrocyah, patron of Lust. Suddenly the room was filled with boobies and legs overwhelming; Aphrocyah's thousand voluptuous cohorts gave me a great vaginal salute. Which of course was very distracting and almost got me killed as Aphrocyah's jaws came crashing down slaughtering the kind young women next to me.

Lust is reckless.
Always reckless.





I was very enthusiastic about not being dead. And with sudden and surprising exuberance I successfully sidestepped Lust's next lunge, jumped on her back and proceeded to run in a methodic headless chicken pattern on her back. Aphrocyrah lunged at me with abandon severing a few of her legs in the process. A process that I continued until all of her legs lay snipped on the floor. I split lightning running to and then out of the townhouse door which I slammed behind me and ran full speed towards the surface to meet with baby dawn and her thousands of gossiping sparrows.

CHAPTER FIVE

LIONEYES

I drew another notch on my arm with a Sharpie - five down, three still around. In retrospect I just have to say that Bliss was pretty hot but I think she seemed that way just because she was unattainable.


For the next three days nothing happened except for a vision I had: myself in the middle of a violent thunderstorm clapping my hands like an orgasm. On the fourth day while I was boiling water for tea there was an ominous bowling sound in the heavens above and around my apartment.

I drank my tea and waited for the storm. It came on violently, drunkenly and with such speed that my tea became frightened and refused to be sipped so I gulped it and ran outside. As I put my hands together a spark from the great electrical outlet in the sky plummeted like a thousand battered haiku into my brain. I coughed feverociously and puked up a strange beast.

*Feet of fire, head of forest
chest of sun, back of night.
Eyes of Lion burning fires
breaking down the bonds of fright.*

Lioneyes, the chaotic beast of inspiration lay burning before me. Formerly a pet of Dionysus, Lioneyes acted now on his own accord. An aspect he immediately displayed by running off into the woods. When inspiration flees, man follows but often he forgets to follow like a good friend - Hunt the Eyes and the Eyes end.





A cloud had capsized and was spilling its guts all over the forest making it difficult to find the glade Lioneyes wanted me to find but true to my nature I found it and was stunned to see a gigantic changeling constrictor staring back at me through the upuntilnow motherly mist. And it was Muocre, the Confidence Eater. Its only defense: an indecisive opponent, which in my case was an excellent strategy. Muocre was a perpetually chameleonly changing. I was about to start thinking fast when Lioneyes rushed up to me and bit my leg. Ah ideas flowered in my head and Muocre slithered towards us, badly intended. I quickly picked the Rose for the Occasion: Lioneyes was fortified enough to stand the ground here a bit longer while I ran off to see my friends.

CHAPTER SIX

WE MEET MUOCRE

It has always been obvious to me when there's trouble in the woods; the birds have a way of making the air pantsdown awkward. Lioneyes was incessantly barking up ahead, a mythic laughing Lassie, making his point undeniable,

"Follow my ruff Mr. Jeff, quickly quickly."



CHAPTER SIX AND A HALF

G O O F B A L L S

I entered suburbia with chariot feet and hellish red eyes. Being swift was of the essence. First I contacted Clint who responded readily armed with a disappearing beard, drunken eloquence and revolver. Next was Jaradus who appeared at my doorstep armed with a large crossbow, nervous jokes and a smile that irrigated his usual joviality to those of a desert personality. And last to arrive was Tibby with his own set of jokes, excessive tallness and a blue shotgun. We ran to the forest forty miles in two minutes and found that Lioneyes had done a good job turning the glade into a battlefield. Muocre slithered swiftly but the plan was simple - Old one-two; diversion: Clint to the front, Jaradus to the left and Tibby to the right with Lioneyes running in circles around the whole event while I snuck up from behind, jumped on the serpents back ripped out his stomach and recovered my consumed confidence. The plan went exactly as stated above: Muocre collapsed with a horrible fear sustaining howl that was short lived in realistic duration but may never leave my imagination. There was only one minor casualty, Jaradas had the top of his ear nipped off when he let his guard down to light another cigarette. We all had a good laugh over Jaradas' misfortune as he informed me that I owed him one. I wasn't sure if he meant ear or otherwise but then we all parted ways. Friendships are sometimes weary but totally necessary - a beautiful addiction, like caffeine only with souls, eyes, laughs and big joking toes. Exponentially better than any coffee drink and friendship is always worth its weight in smiles.



CHAPTER SEVEN

DAVALIAM

Back at the apartment again - Lioneys slept in the living room while in my bedroom sipping Prophetic Teas I heard an enormous crash that could only be the scaffolding of the horizon line collapsing taking the moon with it. I slathered on Courage and went to the balcony with Lioneys, awoken, by my side. The moon had fallen and fallen carefully but still split like a gigantic cratery turtle egg. I decided to take careful note of its contents a variety but most noticeable was another deadly snake of mine, sucking in the dark around it making the world seem grey. Instant recognition struck me: this was Davaliam, distributor of Depression.



I threw on my Spiritual Armor and Thinking Cap. Lioneyes gave me a funny look and we both beat a cheetah to the door. Businessmen commuters across the universe were jealous of our speed. Outside and the beast was of mangled greatness just looking at it made me weak with and anchored with sadness. As Davaliam approached I found it harder and harder to move Lioneyes kicked up some dust and leapt on the bear but the timing was flawed and streaking and so I was swallowed by soulless jaws. I could feel a calm numbness overcoming my body - satisfying as I let myself dissolve relishing the sadness and lack of sunlight starlight. Beginning of a beautifully dead to the world life, agony filling my soul by the gallon. But ouch! I felt sharp burning sensation in my ass - I looked down to see one of Lioneye's teeth, swallowed somehow embedded in my right cheek.

Flashes of what could be cycled through my eyes. I could feel the wound throbbing with the pain of life. Deep down I knew that this pain would gradually subside to a gray faceless ache and my soul would slowly flush itself into some aspect of the numbing social norm. I had to get out. To be numb was to be dead. I groped and gripped Lioneyes' Righteous Tooth and started to dig my way through Davaliam's putridfolds making life cold. A mole in a hill digs out of boredom, a mole in an earthquake digs for his life. But I felt more akin to the Tiger wrapped in an avalanche. I slid out of Davaliam's snowstorm stomach swinging trying to look ominous but probably looking like an ejected fetus. Lioneyes pinned the snake beneath his fiery feet and color returned to the sidewalks.



CHAPTER EIGHT

DINNER WITH PROMETHEUS

I was just about to register the fatal blow to Davalium's spine when Prometheus arrived and kicked me in the face. "I have not finished answering your question!" Now's not really a good time...

"If you kill Davaliam, Lioneys will shortly follow suit. Day cannot live without Night, except occasionally in Alaska" - dull confusion and silence. Prometheus pieced together the shattered moon and lobbed it back into orbit.

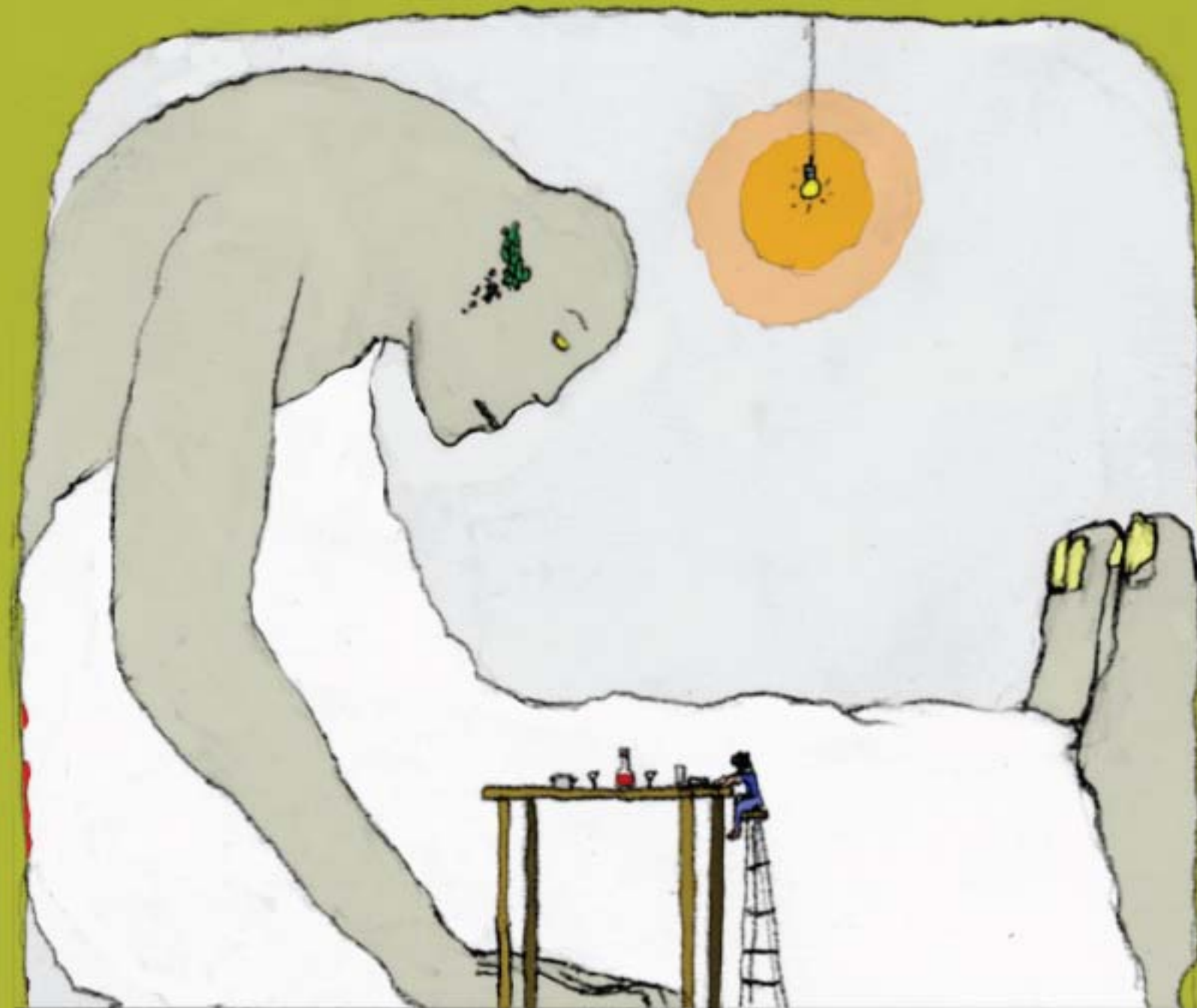
"Like the question you asked me, my objectives were twofold: to kill the Mouse of Concern that so crowded your brain and to provide a solution for your moral snake problem. But for the latter there is no simple solution. By killing all of your snakes you are destroying vital parts of your personality. For you, Sloth and Excess are tied to Depression whom is irrevocably linked with Inspiration and Inspiration can destroy Anti-Confidence but being too Confident can strengthen the hold of Ignorance and Sloth. Then again being too unsure of yourself can feed Jealousy. Sometimes Excess alone fuels Inspiration. But you must remember that suppressing Lust can feed all of the other snakes. Then again, Lust also--

--But you forget that I killed almost all of the snakes already!

"Right...that's actually not really a problem; you just need to eat them to reintroduce them to your soul" Then why did I go through all of this damn deadly rigmarole!? "You must establish a balance between all aspects of your soul and in order for you to do this you must know yourself well. Having knowledge of weaknesses illuminates both strengths and ways to overcome the weakness. The path is defined by obstacles, if you lose the obstacles you have no path. Another primary reason, I was bored.

Oh, come now, stop that facemaking," Prometheus squished Davalium into a roughly tennis ball sized sphere. "Eat." We gathered up the rest of the dead snakes squished them and threw them in a Moral brand frying pan. Do you want a spot of wine? "No, I've had a lot of liver trouble." And then it struck me: Wait wait, what about the Eighth Snake? "Laeve, the serpent of Social Awkwardness? He is tied to no snake but Muocre and affects nothing. You do not need to consume him, frankly I think you have enough problems." But he is still alive. How will I--

--"He will die on his own when you realize that Social Awkwardness does not matter at all in the Grand Scheme of Things. Once you realize that then he will starve and die, just like you will if you don't start on your dinner!"



And so I had Soul Snake stir fry, Prometheus had a little bit of spaghetti and I think it was an hour later, when we were talking about women, that I saw Laeve, the Eighth snake, die and fall off of the ceiling like a slug falling out of the sky.



