

**GERHARD JASON GEICK
PRESENTS:**



Dark Drabbles Vol 1.5

A G~~o~~DLESS EXCLUSIVE

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A **Drabble** is a short work of writing of precisely one hundred words in length. The purpose of the **Drabble** is brevity, testing the author's ability to express interesting and meaningful ideas in a confined space.

WARNING: CONTENT MAY OFFEND AND/OR SEND YOU CRYING TO YOUR MOMMY.

INTRODUCTION: THE PURPOSE OF EATING BABIES

Of course, you probably already know why I went with this provocative title, never mind the image on the cover. It is gimmicky. It grabs the eye, and it makes promises. It is a not-so-elaborate scam. I will give you some brand new **Drabbles**. For **FREE**. You will like them. Then you will buy the upcoming full-length book of Drabbles. That is the idea at least. Now that you know my diabolical plan, please don't stone me.

Make no mistake, I intend to come through on these promises, but I **EAT BABIES** is just an appetizer.

The main course – **IN A DARK PLACE WITH NOTHING BUT A DRABBLE FOR A SHIELD** – will be available on Godless, September seventh. By then, you should know if **Drabbles** are for you, which is why I am giving away this fresh batch of Drabbles. I don't want you to accidentally buy something you don't want.

Hopefully, we can talk again on the other end – if we are still on speaking terms. I didn't go out of my way to offend. Things just came out that way. And the fact that I happened to have this dark **Drabble** lying around was just another happy coincidence.

THE FINAL SOLUTION

Then in my anger, I will be hostile toward you, and I will punish you, and you will eat the flesh of your sons and your daughters.

- Leviticus 26:28-29

The year is 2032. Following the collapse of society and the eradication of the Covid Virus after the 18th wave, there was a global food shortage that could only be met one way: By turning the one thing we had too much of into the one thing we had too little of. Thankfully, the **Final Solution** received automatic support from the Global Republican Theocracy: *One World Under God & Trump*.

GERONTOPHOBIA, AND TO AN EVEN GREATER DEGREE, A FEAR OF INTIMACY

When I close my eyes, I can still see her wrinkled face imprinted on the back of my lids. She must be as old as God. Her blue hair is so thin I can see her spotted misshapen dome. With her recessed gums, she is like something out of *Creepshow*. Her lips are full but cracked, and snot runs down her philtrum, over her partially open mouth, to crust over a chin in desperate need of mowing.

Someone touches me, and I flinch, and when I open my eyes, she is still there. My granny. Lips puckered. Demanding a kiss.

BACK TO THE GARDEN

I took a knife to his godless throat, and when I peeled back the skin, I could see the curse up close and personal. This is what all the trouble was about, I thought. Adam's fucking apple. And here I was, his metaphorical Eve, attempting to rectify the part that I'd played all those years ago, before we knew the difference between right and wrong. I switched out the knife for a saw, and I waited for a moment. I gave him every opportunity to change his mind. Bound and gagged as he was, though, he didn't make a peep.

THE LAST BEAUTIFUL GIRL

It's a cut or be cut world. You should've known that by then, and you should've let me cut. But it wasn't until you put me in the hospital that someone noticed my suffering for the first time and saw that it was beautiful. Why it took a psychotic to see me for who I really am is beyond me, when all this time I have held my wrists on display. I carved the words "*SLUT*" into one arm and "*WHORE*" into the other. You held me as you cried, and you asked, "Why are you doing this to me?"

Note: If you or someone you know has a mental illness, is struggling emotionally, or has concerns about their mental health, there are ways to get help. Use the resources found at the end of this book to find help for you, a friend, or a family member.

Double Drabbles & Pentadrabbles

The word "**Drabble**" has spawned several related terms to represent variations on the 100-word theme, such as "**Double Drabble**," to refer to a piece of work exactly 200 words long, and a "Pentadrabble," which has exactly 500 words. *Making the Beast with Two Backs* is an example of a **Double Drabble**, as are the introduction: *The Purpose of Eating Babies*, and the aftermath: *In Defence of Eating Babies. Incomplete* and *I Eat Babies* are both examples of **Pentadrabbles**.

I EAT BABIES (KAMAL'S VIEW)

"But isn't it women that are always going on about how irresistible babies are?" I ask. Then I lick my lips to show how tasty a properly cooked haunch of baby flesh can be, with the meat practically falling off the thigh bone and the grease dripping down my fingers.

My joke is funny, and I'm sure Janet would have laughed if she wasn't such a cunt about things like this. She is one of those Baby's Rights Activists, and the thought that her boyfriend is a client of one of the baby farms that popped up during Trump's third term appalled her.

"What's the big deal?" I ask. "If the microwave is big enough, they don't even put up a fuss."

In her mind, she sees an infant scratching at the glass, screaming as its skin turns red, blisters; finally, the body explodes. What a waste of good baby that would be!

"When you cook a child in the microwave," I explain. "You do it on auto-defrost. They might feel a bit uncomfortable, but the feeling passes long before they have a chance to feel any pain. Of course, that is just one way to cook a baby..."

She glares at me and says that I am despicable. She has a nasty habit of empathizing with food.

"Whatever. It is only a baby if someone wants it," I tell her. "That's the law."

Janet looks like she is going to be sick. Of course, I knew this day would come, but I hadn't expected to enjoy it so much.

"You can't do that," she argues. "You aren't like that."

"Like what?" I ask. I can tell that she is having a difficult time processing what I've told her. She is grieving, and the first stage is Denial.

"You're a nice guy," she tells me. "Nice guys don't microwave babies!"

"I don't either," I assure her.

A wave of relief washes over her face. *Okay – she is thinking – this was all just a sick joke.*

But it wasn't. "I like to slow roast them, actually... in the oven... after skinning and partially deboning them."

"You are a sick, sick man." Janet crosses her arms beneath her ample breasts and turns away.

"You do not like them, so you say. Try them try them and you may." As I quote Dr. Suess, her favorite author, I am laughing so hard that I can barely get the words out.

Right quick, her body snaps back, and her eyes are a raging fire. "You're going to Hell," she says. "You know that, right?"

"Hey, if God didn't want us to eat babies, why did he make them so delicious?"

She shuts up then, and I can tell by the way she is clenching and unclenching her fists that I have gone too far - which is a real shame. In the state she is in, there is no telling what she would do if I told her what was in last night's stew.