

# Flowers & Kittens

Dark, Weird Stories

By

Russell A.Mebane

The stories included in *Flowers & Kittens: Dark, Weird Stories* are works of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2017 by Russell A. Mebane

All rights reserved.

ISBN 978-1-549-65050-5



Also from Russell A. Mebane

*Squirrels & Puppies: Dark Morality Tales*

Coming Soon

*Hugs & Bunnies: Weird and Dark Tales*

Follow me on Twitter: [Mr\\_Mebane](#)

To God

Thank you for your patience

and

Your wonderful sense of humor,  
even when it comes at my expense



## Table of Contents

Foreword.....	ix
The Vegan.....	1
The Day.....	6
The House.....	13
The Conqueror.....	22
The Doll.....	37
The God.....	50
The Fairy.....	59
The Shoveler.....	70



## Foreword

### **WARNING! CONTAINS SCENES OF GRAPHIC VIOLENCE**

Hello, Reader! I'm so happy to be with you again, even if it's only in my mind. Now if this is your first time reading one of my books, then that warning up there is for you. These stories are going to be dark. They are also going to be weird. Now you may think you're hard because you read *Harry Potter*, but I'm here to tell you my stories are much darker and weirder. I killed a dolphin in my last book and that wasn't even the most disturbing part. If you don't like violence, remove yourself FAR AWAY from this book or any other that I've written. Just start running and don't look back.

Now for my returning readers, I offer a different warning. This book is scaled WAY down from *Squirrels & Puppies: Dark Morality Tales*. It has eight stories, instead of fourteen. Also, there's no animal sex. None. Honestly, I got bored with the animal sex. It started to feel overdone and cliché after a while. I was going to include a story where a sheep starts a romantic relationship with a farmer, only to find out that the farmer is actually training her to be an animal sex worker. I thought it would be poignant in light of all the sex trafficking going on, but while I was writing it, I decided it just sounded stupid. I also threw out a story where a prison warden gets raped by a bear. The bear, of course, was possessed by the spirit of the warden's ex-lover. Still, it just seemed too excessive. I'm sorry if this disappoints you, but I felt that as an author, I was beginning to use animal sex as a crutch to avoid actually being creative.

Now, are my stories still dark? Yes. Is there killing in them? Yes. But, I didn't put any stories concerning race in this book either. Did you read *Ruins of the Fall: Tree of Might*? That book talked A LOT about race and I have to start work on the sequel. That being said, I decided to give race a break until I start writing *Infinite Army*. So, this book is actually an attempt at me being light-hearted. It's just something more fun to write before I go back to the *Ruins of the Fall* world. That series is REALLY heavy to write about. Anyway, I still put my best foot forward in this book, just not my sexy animal foot. Enjoy!!!

## The Vegan

“I would never hurt anyone,” says Maggie Fran. “I’m a vegan.” Maggie’s at home in her small, one bedroom apartment watching her favorite cop show, *Stinky Bad Guys*. “I don’t eat meat or food products that are cruel to animals,” she tells the television set.

As she sits on her old couch, her cat, Mr. Crazy Head, jumps into her lap. Maggie reflexively pets the feline. The fuzzy gray cat purrs and accepts Maggie’s affection. Petting the cat relaxes Maggie even more as she watches *Stinky Bad Guys*. Oh! Here comes the best part!

The detective saunters over to the criminal and says, “I knew it was you all along.”

“How did you know?” the criminal asks.

The detective replies, “I can always smell a stinky bad guy.”

Cue music. Roll credits.

“Yeah,” Maggie hoots, pumping her fist in the air. “The bad guys lose again.”

“Meow,” says Mr. Crazy Head.

Maggie translates, “Get up and get me some food, woman.” Maggie sighs and follows her feline master’s orders. Her cat reminds her of her boyfriend, Johnny, another bossy carnivore. Maggie grabs a cleaver and hacks off a piece of meat from a slab laying in the kitchen. She cuts up the hunk of flesh into bite-size pieces and disposes of the bones. She puts the fleshy feast into Mr. Crazy Head’s bowl. The cat sniffs the meat and accepts the tribute.

Maggie stares at her cat as it eats. It reminds her so much of Johnny. After a wild night of sex, Johnny just moved in like he owned the place, like he owned Maggie, but the sex was SO great. Maggie looks at her arm. She has a scratch on it from Mr. Crazy Head. The cat was in a bad mood when she tried to pick it up. Mr. Crazy Head scratched her. Johnny does the same kind of thing, only he does more than just scratch.

Maggie moves back to the couch. She almost trips over a bag of trash in the kitchen. That Johnny, Maggie thinks. He forgot to take out the trash again. Still something about the trash bag looks familiar, yet strange. Where did she get that hunk of meat from? Maggie looks down at Mr. Crazy Head happily eating its well-prepared meal. Maggie dismisses the thought and continues her move back to the couch. Another episode of *Stinky Bad Guys* is starting.

Maggie watches another episode of her favorite show and wonders why Johnny couldn’t get into it. How could he not appreciate the never-ending battle between good and evil? The show’s plots are formulaic, but that’s just to make the show simple and easy to enjoy. So what if all the bad guys have a distinctive smell that the hero can always detect. Realism doesn’t necessarily equal entertainment. Some people enjoy campiness. Sometimes Maggie doesn’t want to think. Sometimes Maggie wants to just sit down and escape from reality. Reality can be cruel sometimes. Why couldn’t Johnny just let her escape?

As the show goes on, Mr. Crazy Head jumps on Maggie’s lap. It purrs as she pets it.

“You like *Stinky Bad Guys*, don’t you, Mr. Crazy Head?” Maggie asks.

“Meow...”

“Oh, you miss Johnny?” she asks the cat, “That’s okay. He’s at work. Y’know, he finally got a job. He’s gonna help take care of us, instead of me doing it all on my own.”

“Meow?”

“Do we have to watch this?” Maggie translates. Her nostrils flare. “What do you mean, ‘Do we have to watch this’? This is a great show!”

The cat starts to back away from Maggie, as she rambles, “This is probably the greatest show ever aired on television. You should feel privileged to watch this show. If you really loved me, you wouldn’t try to take this show away from me. I do EVERYTHING for you, Johnny, and now you say I can’t even watch my show!”

“Meow.”

Maggie catches herself. “Sorry, Mr. Crazy Head. I didn’t mean to yell. I... You’re not Johnny. How could you be? Johnny’s at work. He finally got a job. He’s doing so much better now.”

She sees something on Mr. Crazy Head’s muzzle. “C’mere, kitty. C’mere, Mr. Crazy Head.”

The cat is hesitant, but comes closer anyway. Maggie examines the cat. Its muzzle looks reddish, but the cat doesn’t appear to be bleeding.

“What have you been doing, Mr. Crazy Head?” she asks the feline.

Maggie gets up from the couch and looks at Mr. Crazy Head's empty dish. There's a red fluid around it. A whiff of foul odor tickles her nose and she looks at the trash Johnny forgot to take out. The bag is leaking red fluid and somehow the red fluid got into her cat's food bowl. Hmm...

Boom, boom, boom!

"Open up! This is the police!" a baritone shouts through the front door.

"Coming!" Maggie answers, fluttering to the door. She unlocks it and opens the door. "What seems to be the problem, officers?"

The policemen on the other side pause before sniffing the air. They push past Maggie into her home.

Maggie squeals with glee. "Look, Mr. Crazy Head! The cops are here because they smell a bad guy."

One of the cops steps into the kitchen. "Oh my God!" he exclaims.

The other cop joins him and wretches on the floor.

Maggie comes up beside them. "Oh, that? That's just the trash my boyfriend left behind. He's at work right now. He finally got a job. He's doing much better now."

The cops point their guns at her. "Hands in the air! NOW!"

Maggie complies as the foul odor returns to her nostrils. "There's a stinky bad guy here! I smell 'em! I smell 'em!"

The cops turn her around and handcuff her.

"What are you doing?" Maggie cries, "There's a stinky bad guy here."

The cops turn her around to face the trash in the kitchen.

...But it's a slab of meat...no, no, it's a bag of trash.

The cops read her the Miranda rights.

Maggie looks at the meat again. Or is it trash? It's wearing dirty boxer shorts and Johnny's old t-shirt. It's missing a foot. Mr. Crazy Head walks over to it to nibble at the stump. Maggie notices that there's red fluid splattered all over the kitchen and on her clothes as well.

Maggie laughs. "I know what that smell is. I'm a stinky bad guy!" Maggie's laugh becomes hysterical. "I'm a stinky bad guy! The show is real! I'm a stinky bad guy!"

The cops haul Maggie away, cackling as she goes. The cat takes another nibble from the corpse. Then it leaves, completely uninterested in the problems of humanity.

## The Day

It's just another day in this town. My town. It has problems like any other town. Every town has a problem that's unique. Our problem is the Shoveler. He's a weirdo, for sure, but us cops got him under control. The Shoveler's some kinda magical, demi-god schmuck, but this town's got other problems. Today's Monday. It's my day to deal with him.

I'm on my beat in a residential area. Picket fences. Lemonade stands. A mother is walking with her little boy. They pass by a man sitting at a table. The man hands the mother and child a puppy from the basket he has sitting in front of him. My gut says something's wrong. I step out of the squad car. The puppy's licking the boy's face. This could be bad. As I walk across the street, the man stands up as the little boy hands the puppy back. He's a Caucasian male, five-foot-eleven, blond hair, with a muscular build. He puts the puppy back in the basket. I step up my pace. The man smiles as he reaches beneath the table and pulls out a shovel.

"Get down!" I yell.

The mother instinctively shields her child. The man swings down with his shovel. He's aiming for the puppies.

PANG

I'm lucky today. So are the puppies. They're yelping in fright, but I got them in time. Yeah, this is the Shoveler. I set the basket next to the table and send the boy and his mother on their way.

“Good day, Officer!” he greets.

I put my fists on my hips and take an authoritative stance. “Look!” I say, “I’m going to need you to put the shovel down and go back to where ever you came from.”

The Shoveler puts his tool on the table. “Have we met before? My name is Shoveler Schitt. Call me ‘Mr. Schitt’.”

“I’m not calling you that,” I huff.

He reaches for the shovel. I slam my hand on it. “We can do this the easy way or the hard way.”

He gives me a look, like he just stepped in something. Then he vanishes. He’s just gone, the table too. And the shovel.

“Looks like he took the easy way,” I say to myself. I breathe a sigh of relief. Now I personally, have never popped a shot at the Shoveler, but I’ve heard stories. One guy hit the Shoveler twice in the chest. Shoveler just laughed at him. I mean, it’s kinda convenient that he’s immortal. You see, he never really kills anyone. He might beat a guy up if provoked, but he never presents himself as an imminent threat. Still, most guys on the force don’t take kindly to schmucks that beat up puppies in front of kids.

I’m just saying, the Shoveler helps out in the whole police brutality area. Some guys’ll bust a cap in the Shoveler just to let off some steam. The captain don’t mind, as long as it’s the Shoveler. As for me, I don’t want the extra paperwork. That’s why when it’s my day to work with the Shoveler, I keep my piece in my pocket.

A couple hours later, I get a call on the radio. There’s a fight at the pool hall. I let it go. It’s not on my beat. Then the dispatcher says it’s a Code “S”. Code S is my jurisdiction today. I hit the siren and rush across town. The pool hall’s on the rough side of town and it’s known already for its share of scuffles, but the call is a Code “S”. I need to be ready for anything.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

