

Squirrels  
&  
Puppies

By

Russell A. Mebane

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Also from Russell A. Mebane

*Rape & Killing: Stories from a Strange Mind*

Coming Soon

*Ruins of the Fall: Stories of Future Black History* - working title

To my Lord Jesus Christ

Thank you for my life, my inspiration and for the

Bible, the bloodiest collection of morality tales

I've ever read



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## Foreword

Hello and welcome to my second book! I am so glad to have you reading my stories and absorbing the themes behind them. It is a wonder and a privilege to be a published author with you as my cherished reader. The first thing I'd like to do is to show my gratitude to all the people who read my first book "Rape & Killing: Stories from a Strange Mind". Now if you have read that book, you will notice that those stories are included within this book as well, along with 7 brand new stories. The format from *Rape & Killing* is gone however. There are no theological essays in this book. It's just stories: a little sci-fi, a little fantasy, and a lot of fun. Yes, my mind is still strange, so if you enjoyed the first book, you will definitely like this one too.

Now to the newcomers, you've probably figured out by now that this book lacks the innocent whimsy the cover and title seemed to offer. You may be a little apprehensive about reading this book. Please, dear reader. Don't fret. You haven't been bamboozled. This book does have squirrels and puppies within it. There is a cute, little, brown-haired girl in it too. But these are DARK morality tales, and I'm not going to tell you what the squirrels and puppies will be doing. You'll just have to read it for yourself. Enjoy!



## The Woodchipper

I am Chipu. I am a red squirrel. The woodchipper I am standing on is also red. I look down to the spinning blades of perdition and ponder if they are worthy of me. Are my sins too great for this world? I WILL NOT BE JUDGED BY MANKIND! I leave my fate in the hands of God, the Wind, and the Woodchipper. Seconds pass and then a minute.

I had a human lover. She was my great love. I was three years old at the time, so I was far from being a virgin. I was virile and had made many children. However, I did not expect to meet her. It was Halloween and I was eating seeds from a fermented pumpkin. The world began to blur and giants appeared. They escorted me into a beautiful Greek castle where I was introduced to their queen. She appeared to be the loveliest squirrel I had ever seen, with golden fur and tender brown eyes. I mated with her right then and there, as is only proper for a squirrel to do. When I awoke the next morning, I realized that my tender squirrel was really a tender human female. She cuddled me and pulled me close to her face. I licked her nose and she stroked my fur. She put me in between her legs. I mated with her again, her labia wrapping around me in a silken embrace. We were happy then, she and I.

Then the giants burst in. There were flashes of light. My love grabbed me and tried to shield me away from them. These human males appeared gleeful. Then they became angry. One of them vomited. My human lover screamed and bolted from the room. The brutes chased us outside the very house that my inebriated self believed to be a Grecian castle. They tackled her

and wrenched me away from her. I bit the hand of my aggressor and fled in fear. I watched from a nearby tree. She kicked them off of her and screamed at them in shrill humanese. She went home. I followed her.

The breeze is gentle atop the Woodchipper. The smell of fragrant vegetation and green acorns tickle my nostrils. Yet the scents and feelings do not overpower the din of the Woodchipper roaring from the pit of its iron belly. Still, the acorns smell so sweet in the air.

My great love was a forbidden one I discovered. Other squirrels I once frolicked with were fearful of me. They would scream “Human! Human!” as they ran further and further away. I am a rodent with many lovers. How can one night’s passion not be washed away with the next rain? How many red squirrels have mated with black squirrels and vice versa? How was this any different?

I was drunk. True, but I will not admit fault. My sperm has crossed the species line. I have reached out to the barbarous humans with the most intimate part of my body. How can anyone hope to tear down the walls of prejudice if they are not willing to lay down their seed as well as their lives to do it? I AM BUILDING BRIDGES! I should be rewarded for my sexual deviance. Mankind should build statues in my honor. Little squirrel children and little human children will look back at me through the perfect vision of hindsight and see me as a civil rights pioneer. I am Chipu and I am righteous!

The reaction of squirrel society surprised me. The reaction of human “civilization” was less shocking. My love took me in to live with her parents. They would have none of it. I was immediately thrown out of the house. My love and I would meet secretly in the night to consummate our love. When we were eventually found out, my love was sent to a home filled with men in white coats. Our midnight trysts were discouraged with heavy sedatives. I knew then that it was over.

Of course, the worst thing of all was her inability to get pregnant. After all the times we had sex, I was expecting a litter of buck-toothed humans with an obsession for nuts. I know the problem could not have been with me. I have sired many pups by many different females. Had I known she was barren I would not have sexed her a second time. She was my greatest conquest though. She is my great love. I have no regrets.

I stand on the Woodchipper, with my head held high. The hair of my white chest is thrust out to the Wind and my eyes are turned toward God. These are the judges of me. They are the only ones worthy. They know me. They know my plight. They know my heart. MANKIND WILL NOT JUDGE ME! Mankind has tried to kill me and separate me from my love since our first encounter. The Wind will cast its verdict. If I am guilty of the great sin my fellow squirrels claim that I am, the Wind will come and blow me into the Woodchipper; and God will claim my soul. He will place it in the ground and recycle it into the biosphere.

*Whoosh!*

The push from the Wind is irresistible. I feel my body tilting toward the abyss. The whirring blades of the Woodchipper call to me. I smell tree sap and leaves. My death will be pine-scented. The blades are coming closer now.

Time stops.

I know God will have mercy on this sinner. He knows that I was building bridges with my masculinity. He knows that I sinned for righteousness' sake. I sodomized a young woman to make the world a better place. I am a civil rights pioneer. I am the greatest rodent to ever walk the face of the earth. I am a martyr for the cause of sexual liberation. I am the scion of freedom. I am –

*Bzzzzzzzzsshhh!*

“Eew! Clem! Why did you blow that squirrel into that woodchipper?”

“Don’t worry ‘bout it, Martha. The way it was just standin’ there, I thought it wanted to go in,” said Clem, holding his leaf blower.

“Eh, Martha baby, you wanna have a quickie with a real man?”

“Clem, my husband’s comin’ home soon. We’ll get in trouble.”

“What baby? You act like I’m tryin’ to have sex with a squirrel or sumthin’.”



## Doggie Death Panel

Our Mama's been so good to us. It's a shame we're going to eat her.

*In you, LORD my God,  
I put my trust.*

She's been reading Bible verses at mealtime instead of feeding us.

*I trust in you;  
do not let me be put to shame,*

"I swear," Sasha says, "If she reads another Bible verse I'm going to tip her over myself."

"Patience," says Poopsy.

*nor let my enemies triumph over me.  
No one who hopes in you*

There are five dogs in this house: Sasha the Maltese; Knickers & Mittens, both Yorkies; Poopsy the Pomeranian, and me. My name is Mr. Tinkles, and I'm a short-haired Dachsund.

*will ever be put to shame,  
but shame will come on those*

Those annoying verses are being read by our Mama. I'm not sure what her age is in dog years, but she's definitely old.

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