

**THE
PUTRID
MANUSCRIPTS
SERIES...**

Mutiny of the Dead

It begins...



Hear – hear!

“Excellence requires not the need but volunteers. That is why I have let go of normality.” - Kashinath Rajan

“For thousands of years, all we have done is given in to our self created sorrows, but in newer ways. Not me, I won't, I will not allow myself to fail. To protect others I must strengthen myself.” - Ken Rogers Jr.

“For so long, anger was my only friend but then I found people who were so much better than me and my anger. Now they consider me their enemy. If sacrifice now is my only redemption, then so be it.” - Hideo Kojiyama

“I know this world is broken, malicious, corrupted and brutal, I know. That's why I taught myself not to hope ever. But then one very gloomy day hope found me. Without asking anything in return! I will not back down from hope, ever.” - Helena Herschel Harner

“People are pathetic yes... But the children, they must learn new lessons of life, better ones that we never had from this war. That's all I know, that's all I fight for.” - Fiza Aslanov

“I just want to smoke in peace again.” - Mustafa Gilolo

Prologue One

Very while ago, when there was nothing but our universal mother - The Void or The Emptiness...

Er, just lose your brains on this one and use your hearts instead, bear with me here, its kinda eye rolling for me too but it's true!

And a 1.

And a 2..

And a 3...

Consider it a poem-like, artistic tale of all!

And hold on to your seats cause here comes the ball!

So there was an emptiness and a hollow to be filled

So there born a glow, saying that "I Will!"

The Glow then travelled wide and far

But emptiness made it look he never left the car

Thus he tasted the madness and urgency of life

"This shit needs stuffs to make it all nice!"

He said and created whatever we see now

He also created what could be next wished, for how

Else can you reason the need of reddit's?

But something wasn't proper and it sure weren't tits!

He saw that he must now go too and elope within

So the laws to hold all don't flip us and skin!

For his work was not completed-he could not finish all!

The Atoms were a bitch even for the lord!

But he left the care distributed among his children

The Primordials, The Celestials and the grumpy ass Titans

For they were the first to be born out of Oma

And very powerful, to protect all, so much!

But by the time it was sought

All's going smooth

Guess who then thought

"We are all but pooch!"

Titans then led an army against their brothers

Sisters were too smart for this and wisely left in druthers

But Death and Life they couldn't just leave!

So shit hit the fan and made us all bleed!!

. . .

Prologue Two

Ok enough poems now, so here is the thing dear readers, I am a very unstable person. And I am also deadly honest, like the kind you would not want to be near with! Don't get me wrong, even I don't want to be near me! But I have been appointed with a responsibility by one of the few, very few people, for whom I have got tremendous amount of respect.

So here is a story that you do NOT know of, but it happened! And you WERE in it! You were probably killed in it, or you fought valiantly and became hero for a lot or you might have even helped into saving us all – one way or another- whatever happened, thanks and phew!

Enjoy then, I guess...

Yours, doubtfully

The Author

Chapter One ☞ The Two Peters

“It is six perhaps, six and a half most probably, but I would like to say seven here. So seven hours have passed, and I don’t know exactly but I sense that these two rancid humanities are sure to stop anytime now.” the young man inside the trunk of the 1990 Cutlass Ciera thought with some hope.

Which was a strange thing for this guy because he always considered that hope was a luxury that he never had, for him hope was like a celebrity – always with others, who never deserved her but still she had to be with them, far away from his reality and way – way out of his league!

It seemed to him later that perhaps hoping required you to already have a pass or something on you for even thinking about it!

I was never a fan of hope as well!

But tonight, tonight in this dark, abnormally cold and dense, snowing and raining night, his dark, crummy and absent heart was beating it off hard, very hard, in hope!’

Like a 12 years old boy who just found porn, while home alone.

The very old and battered 1990 Cutlass Ciera was coughing along the IJ 66 on this darker than usual, colder than usual night with some stupid rain and snow thrown in too.

“Rain sucks, it makes a mess out of me, always.” the young boy moved aside as the rain drops kept falling on his head through the cracks of the hood.

‘But this does not matter, after all, tonight is the night that it might actually happen, I mean I felt the pain after a long time when they hit me, didn’t I? Sure it was pain and weakness AND...and I lost consciousness too, I think I can now be killed!’

The young man thought this possibility with the same kind of joy and fear one gets while waiting for the call after a hopeful interview.

The battered Ciera indeed finally stopped and after a long time of having to listen to nothing but the skies roaring, rain tapping and metal clinking, Ken finally heard the two same voices he heard outside his hut, probably seven hours ago.

“Hey –Hey you big fat junk of flesh, stop stuffing your face for a minute and go and see if the guy is gone or what? We don’t want to angry these new folks!” Slim Peter lit a new cigar and looked around the hellish wilderness, he never liked green since day one. With stupid snow on top of it, holy hell!

“He’s a bum! From the gooddamn streets! Oh wait, this poor soul is not even from the streets, from a polythene shack! Outside the city! Jesus man, cut me some slack here will you?” Fat Peter back talked to Slim Peter but did as he was told.

"Eh, he's probably happy as a pet now that he has a 'roof' over his head in there...ghmeh... callingmejunkandiwillshowye..."

"SHUT UP!" Slim Peter yelled from the steering.

"Youshutupcunt." Fat peter mumbled under his nose and laughed on his own smartness.

"Ugh, Jesus, this smell, like – like a whole bunch of raccoons snuck in here and died – oh my lord!" Fat Peter recoiled from the trunk.

"Just check it, don't bitch around and see if he is okay or we gotta double up on this bum!" Slim Peter wiped his face on the mirror.

"Who are these blokes anyway, one moment we were planning to sleep our asses throughout the weekends and then this stupid call comes in and suddenly our asses – agh – JEEZ!" Fat peter opened the trunk with the help of his screaming and ran 10 yards away from it.

"WHAT! IS HE DEAD?" Slim Peter peeked out in pure bewilderment.

"Hey – hey you Bum, are you dead?" Fat peter asked from 10 miles away.

The body inside the trunk wrapped in dirty sheets and torn rags moved a little in response.

"Nope, still rotting!" Fat Peter slammed the door on the poor dunk and hurled himself back to the front.

"Wait...here... give this to the guy, it's still a bit far before we gonna reach the stop, and I don't want him to – just to be safe!"

Fat Peter did not object on the wastage of these two very good hamburgers this time, he took those two soft juicy gifts of life, went back to the trunk, stuffed one inside his throat and the other in his jacket, stopped his breathing, opened the trunk then shut it immediately.

He returned to the car and apologized heavily to the burritos he had to leave, by downing them with a cold beer, the burritos also relayed their thanks through a heavy burp which was also the ambience of that 1990 Cutlass Ciera.

"Pig." Slim Peter shook his head when he saw him doing all that drama, he knew Fat Peter since Fat Peter was Teenage Fat Peter, so obviously he had a very clear guess what this oaf just did.

Slim Peter also knew that a dog's tail is impossible to be kept still, unless you kill it! So he took the last and the half burrito from his partner's mouth, got out the battered 1990 Cutlass Ciera, opened the trunk – it was indeed stinking ugly around here he realized –threw the burrito inside, shut the trunk and went back inside to the steering of his 1990 Cutlass Ciera.

Then, ignoring the almost tearful face of Fat Peter, he revved up to town of Bebra.

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Chapter Two 🦋 The Four Blazers

Slim Peter and Fat Peter were not brothers, if it's important for you to know, no - in fact Slim Peter was a teenage refugee in Germany in '57, yes Germany where our story is beginning.

After a long, really long, almost forgotten leap of time, this story is finally and abruptly beginning, like all great stories do.

So Slim Peter was a teenage refugee of about two months in when he found Fat Peter's father Penrod, who was the boss, father figure and an admirer to Slim Peter and his talent for arts.

Like a husband who is not satisfied with his wife and thus seeks refuge in other women, just like that, a disappointed father also seeks shelter in other children to shower his fatherhood without any nuisance of imperfections on the tyke's part.

Anyway, Penrod Schulz, the wise and apathetic resident of post WW 2 Germany, was only able to take interest in money and food because ultimately all knowledge led to these two, according to him.

So he had brutally murdered and buried all of his own desires of painting and other such poppycocks long ago.

But when he saw the same shit igniting in Slim Peter too, he threw Slim Peter in Auckeshen – Dusseldorf's inner city unhygienic pit for amateur fighters –and said the golden rule of life (according to him of course) in Slim Peter's ears – “Wenn Ihr Punsch kann ein Mann auf den Boden fallen, um alle seine Sachennehmenist die perfekte Zeit, ein Malerzusein!”

It meant, for all our ears' sake, that if Slim Peter could knock a grown man down in just one punch, if he ever felt like mugging someone, only then he had the right to become a painter.

So Slim Peter did exactly that! But while mastering his mentor's golden rule, shit happened and then one thing led to another and Slim Peter had to run away from Dusseldorf with the illegitimate child of Penrod Schulz, who was later named from Peter Schulz to Fat Peter!

So that is why Slim Peter or once better known in the German underworld as the notorious Peter "Iron Fist" Whitman of Heidenberg, never got tired of Fat Peter's stupid shenanigans, ever!

A topic of great wonder of many who knew even a small bit of both these guys!

The same origin story can also be told from Fat Peter's view but that would be boring, insanely boring.

Although for Fat Peter's credit, he took no shit from anyone, regardless of the consequences, he was a guy whom only God could instill fear into.

Or the devil maybe!

And that was a passable character trait for Slim Peter to bear Fat Peter 24/7, now that both of them are in their old age and are physically inept than ever before, but still way more capable than the cringing, oversmart and whiney new breed of human offsprings, they both always thought this idea to relax themselves.

So, running around Germany for odd jobs was their new and final way of life and so they mostly talked of good old times, food, those girls in Brussels twenty years ago and "these measly young people".

Lest they stayed silent, Fat Peter would just yell at every shop owner around the place they would stick around for a while, asking for a discount or free food samples.

And Slim Peter would just paint, mostly people, everyone he knew, loved, admired or just could not forget.

All in all they were two really grumpy and crummy old men who could only beat people if they needed money and wait patiently for their escape from this...this...world.

. . .

"What the hell are we doin' here, eh? It's so cold and – and we are not even in the city! And golly this stupid gas station has no shakes! Jesus! I mean Joboli is available everywhere! Everywhere!! I went to this backass village near Mainz once and THEY had Joboli's – I mean, Jesus right?" Fat Peter quickly let his voice down once he noticed Slim Peter's frown.

"Look sharp, they a-comin'!" Slim Peter left the support of his 1990 Cutlass Ciera's bonnet and stood straight. Fat Peter also dropped all his gummy bears and foam drink inside the car and looked business.

Four men in their brand new, recently bought 1996 Opel Vectra arrived in the famous Pepri Gas Station for travelers near the town of Bebra.

And two additional folks, one smaller one, a fat driver perhaps and one extremely tall bald old man stood near the Vectra, perhaps he was security of some sort, Slim Peter thought.

They had blazers on them and jeans, blue denim jeans with white sports shoes.

'Jeans and...white shoes? These guys don't seem that threatening!' Fat Peter thought.

"Eisen fist von Heidenberg! Ehre Herr, esisteine Ehre!! (Iron Fist of Heidenberg! Honor Sir, It's an Honor!)" The one in Brown Blazer greeted Slim Peter and his legacy.

"Danke Dir. (Thank You.)" Slim Peter nodded courteously.

"Demütigen! (Humble!) And his friend, Mr -?" Brown Blazer stretched his hand to Fat Peter.

"Goldie." Fat Peter lied sensing the fabrics of the situation.

"Nett! (Nice!)" The guy said in his frowning judgmental eyes.

The four men were all fashion clad new breeds of whining shitheads according to the two Peters and to these new folks, rules were weaknesses.

Had this scene been happening just ten years ago, both Peters would have showed how "nice" they really felt as well.

But even though these new lumps were no good and were going to screw everything up, they were younger, much younger, stronger, taller, more secured and carried semi -automatics.

Bloody children of hypocrisy, can't wipe their noses without the goddamn TV and Cable, and carry guns like that like they are some –

"What the hell is this old man?" Blue Blazer yelled as he somehow managed to open the trunk of the 1990 Cutlass Ciera.

"Oi Etwas Respekt bitte! (Oi, some respect please!)" Brown Blazer yelled at his partner.

Blue Blazer signaled inside the trunk, Brown Blazer took a handkerchief on his face, the smell was murderous, and looked where his friend was pointing to.

And instantly hurried away!

Both Peters went to the trunk too and saw with horror as they found a slimy skeleton with the flesh that was on him earlier when they caught the guy, was nowhere to be found now!

"Oh Mother Marry - Rettemich, o mein Gott, aus der Hand der Bösen, Aus dem Griff -" Fat Peter quickly started to recite the psalms of the holy book.

“HALTE DEN MUND! (SHUT UP!)” Slim Peter yelled, he did not want to look even weaker before these –

“I accepted something true, of your caliber Mr. Iron Fist of Heidenberg. What is this? We did not pay you and your fat friend to bring us a skeleton!” Brown Blazer said in pure contempt and in German.

“We did get you a living man, trust us!” Fat Peter said in anxiousness.

BANG!

Scarlet Blazer shot his Walther P99 at the Slim Peter’s knee.

“NEIN!!” Fat Peter yelled and dropped near his friend’s side, Slim Peter signaled him to be quiet now. Fat Peter stopped crying.

“Our business requires live people Mr. Whitman! We made it very clear,” Brown Blazer gave a pitiful look at his once hero, then looked around at the people leaving in hurry behind at the gas station.

Then with another but last look at Peter Whitman, the Man in Brown Blazers went inside his 1996 Opel Vectra and signaled his men to finish up here.

The large, bald old man left his position and went towards the two other but broken, old men, the driver looking guy followed suit.

“Ich Wusste, es wäre wertlos mit diesem Kerl! (I knew it was going to be worthless with this guy!)” The Brown Blazer lit his Davidoff and put on The Scooters.

Inside his pearl-white rimmed Vectra, Brown Blazer or better known as The German Sherman in the new and taboo parts of the Underworld of Europe was searching through the incredible memory of his, about where else he could get a new and alive human body.

Why would, one need just one alive dude and be so worried about in the absence of that requirement?

It’s a wonder right? If these guys are professional criminals then hostages must be a norm to them, why not pick any one of them?

Well, because dear readers, they were not exactly that big, these four blobs I mean, they were the initial assholes of a teenage internet of the 90’s. They did have money, loads of it, but they had no security the kind real bad guys get from the law since these four folks were too taboo to be fully accepted even in the mafia world!

Now, it’s all fine and dandy though, but wasn’t back then is what I am trying to say here, ahem, anyways...

Dark/Deep/Secret/Hidden/Whatever Internet is the other and bigger part of the entire internet that is not accessible to general public through normal means. And is very... let's just say these words - unstable, dark, insane, inhuman, satanic, mental, horrifying and dangerous!

Especially if you don't know what the hell you are doing there, what do you want in there and why do you want whatever you want in there! Just as in real life!

So, this dark internet is like 90% of the entire internet, most of it is just plain data and boredom but some of it is...monster!

Pure terror breeding monster!

And one of those monsters is under this guy, the Brown Blazer or German Sherman's control!

A hidden website under the plethora of boredom and madness that provides the entertainment of hunting and murdering human beings for the pleasure of others, live!

These sites will later be dubbed as 'Red Rooms'! Why Red Rooms? It's a subtle art of wordplay, you know, because all of the hunting and skinning and plain ol' butchering of, well not just humans, anything! Red Rooms! Blood! Red! Bloody Rooms! Red Rooms!

So these guys started their easy money business around in '94, two years ago from when our story is beginning, when they sold some of their recorded 'fun' of playing with a set of kittens and then dousing them in gasoline and then setting them on fire within a nearby Daycare Centre. How...emm, creative?

And they were paid 100 Euros for that macabre!

Holy Motherlovin' Jesus!

I mean why the hell am I even writing this shit? All I need is some petrol, a lighter, some stupid animals and voila! A 100 Euros inside my pocket!

That is like 105 USD in international market!

Ahem... anyway, internal bursts of joys aside, let us move on to our story that I have the responsibility to let be known to you dear readers!

So when these guys saw the 'market', because hey – sex sells and maybe burning kittens too, wow I mean 100 Euros, seriously!

So then these guys slowly started their business, selling such fine arts of Red VHSs to secret but rich AND bored customers and then of course they built it bigger with *their sweat* and *other's blood*– I regret nothing!

And now they have many services for the international Snuff Movie Market, like Asian Guro Porn, 'Helpless Amputee' Series and The Most Famous – 'Why... Doctor Why'!

At the present moment these fuckers are the only good quality snuff providers but it's gonna be hugely norm in just a decade, however at this moment it's just a thing of the rich folks now, mostly for the assholes of the upper caste in the European States.

The same kind people we see in movies twirling their pearl necklaces or holding their wine glasses with their pinkies out!

So the German Sherman had a lot to worry about his down falling business, because competition was starting to rise, somehow!

But had he stopped thinking and listening to the goddamn Scooter for a second and looked outside his car he would have something better to worry about!

Like his life!

But oh well, Listening to Scooter never did any good to anyone, so you can't really blame this dud!

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Chapter Three ☠ Heroes

Eric Clemens, our Brown Blazer guy, is a man of taste! Yes the same guy who started his 20.3 million Euro worth of butcher for VHS Empire (and now online too!) – A quick WOW again – by putting cat babies on fire in a daycare...has tastes now.

Like the Davidoff Cigars, the Lavish 1996 Opel Vectra and last but not exactly the least, The Goddamn Scooters!

So he does everything in style now!

The same facepalm style we all have seen in the 80's action movies, where the bad guys act like cartoon villains and lit their cigars and whiskeys with a hundred dollar bill.

They hurt their country or whatever they intend to destroy more with that stupidity, than killing the hero, just a FYI!

So when Clemens slouched over to get his big 'tongue twisting whiskey brand' out, it was maybe Blaue Maus Grüner Hund Vintage 1991, phew! To lay off some steam for next day's big meeting for a bigger and better supply demand he felt lifted, like literally lifted up.

He wasn't drunk, he knew it and nor was he ever going to be enlightened or something, but still he felt himself lifted. Actually the whole car was lifted as well, as though someone had picked it up, like a toy!

"Brechen Sie es nicht, Sie dummes Junge! (Don't break it, you stupid boy!)" He heard someone yell in great annoyance from way below, 30-no-40 feet maybe – he calculated on the density of the scream.

Shivering like scared and indebted farmer, he rolled down the window glass and tried to make out what just happened in the dark of night.

The fat head of Pierce, the scarlet blazer guy, was stuck in between the two side teeth of a huge mouth that belonged to a giant skull looking back at him with a child like curiosity.

And like all infants trying their newfound power of biting, this *Goshadokuro* monster baby was about to tear Clemens in two pieces like he had just done with a few other humans, seconds ago, when the same yell told it to stop.

With a heavy - umm, heart, the 35 feet of pure skeleton animation put down the car and the human inside the car back on the ground and sat near a tree that came up to his shoulders and watched his big brother, an equally terrorizing giant skeleton, having all the fun on the other side of the road with all those humans.

After seeing the face of his friend Pierce, the Scarlet Blazer guy, stuck in the monster's teeth like an embarrassing, last night's cabbage, Clemens had lost all his taste for sanity.

And when a guy loses that, then in most cases he also loses his shit as well and Eric, oh boy – shits were shat that day!

It was maybe 8 or 8:30 at night, Friday Night, people were busy with *Derrick* on their TVs most possibly and Clemens had to, just had to leave all the comforts of his huge ass private estate, The Red Pearl, in Bebra and the insanely long, but somehow still very adhesive conversations of Horst Tappert for what exactly huh?

For this! His best friend and lover's (Hey - it's a free world!) chewed up face stuck in some huge ass skeleton monster's eerily white teeth!

But what could you do if life has already decided to put bones in your stew!

Violently shivering, vomiting out the crab he had an hour ago and some fuzz, he got out of his Vectra somehow and very stupidly reached inside his coat pockets and searched for a gun, his wasn't there.

He found his Walther GSP near Vincent's (Blue Blazer) intestines around that stupid old Ciera and let out another wave of crab and fuzz, and some Joboli's Blueberry Mix too this time!

It was hard to look at his friends' guts and limbs lying around like that but he had to get his gun, he had to get the hell out of here and this gun was the best –

“Agh!” he was caught up by his head.

“Wir brauchen ihn! (We need him!)”, a very cold and somehow familiar voice reached Clemens’ ears. Whoever had caught him put him down on the concrete again.

It was Bakhtavar’s, the large, bald old man. Eric tried to control his shaking body, he let out wails of courage and tried to look at his most trusted man, Bakhtavar, maybe he could –

Bakhtavar was holding two separate pieces of the driver like guy in both his hands!

Eric’s face fell on the cold, white concrete.

“Und bekommen etwas Licht! (And get some light!)”The same deep and cold voice rebuked.

As someone lit up the lights of his 1996 Opel Vectra, he tried again to see who or more like, what exactly was he surrounded with!

The horror and the hollowness he met with when he looked around him were beyond description.

There were beings there he could not even characterize with animals or human races or anything!

But what truly made him lose it finally to the darkness, was not the clear massacre of everyone present there a while ago, the gore, the blood, the flesh and the limbs of human beings, he was accustomed to that more than any normal person should be.

It was not the sight of beings with sliming pestering flesh and hideous demon like faces or their nightmare like presence, *their untrue size, shape and anatomy*, although it did help a lot for the final blow to knock a man like The German Sherman out.

It was him! He was back, again, people said he died or killed himself but they also said he was not dead and is only bidding his time to strike again.

Hitler, Adolf Hitler, his biggest idol was right there looking at him with calculative eyes, like the genius he always was.

He seemed to be in some otherworldly form, ashen mound of his face was clearly visible to Eric’s hazy eyes, which was nothing less of a feat for a guy like Eric, since to anybody else it would just seem like a dirt mound.

He was inside a crystal like box or something and a ferocious fat and red demon like thing was holding it.

The red fat demon handed the crystal to Bakhtavar and said in Macedonian.

“Јас мора да се види други препарати, брзо! (I have to see other preparations, quickly!)”

With that he vanished.

Bakhtavar looked inside the red crystal cocoon and said in an affirming tone.

“Ich bin Bakhtavar, mein Herr! Ich werde Ihre Hilfe von jetzt sein! (I am Bakhtavar, my lord! I will be your assistance from now!)” Bakhtavar said in a deep tone.

“(sehr gut!) (Very well!)” Hitler said in a low husky tone.

Anyways, so this starstruck orgasm Clemens suddenly began to had, made him go to a pleasuring fit. He saluted in high enthusiasm but then the overwhelming instinctive reactions got to him and his consciousness and he went to sleep.

But with a small mad smile on his face though, after all he had met, his two most beloved heroes of all time.

And speaking of heroes, nobody gave enough care to even notice to the skeleton that had restarted to gain flesh inside the trunk of the 1990 Cutlass Ciera.

Bakhtavar barked around at the demons present there, whoever they were, to follow him. He then put the red crystal in the shotgun seats of Vectra, barked another set of orders at the Goshadokuro brothers to stay away from sight till further notice and geared up for The Red Pearl.

The brothers saluted as the car went away, then they kicked the broken and battered 1990 Cutlass Ciera on the rubble of the gas station.

And then went for the deep jungles while hitting each other on the head!

