

**The Great Facebook Friend
Detective Story**

By Ian Kinney

THE GREAT FACEBOOK FRIEND DETECTIVE STORY

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It was late Thursday night, and Mikey Priceless, 29 year old father of two, had just finished his shift at the local grocery store. The streets were filled with darkness as he began his short walk home. The cold February air sent a chill down his spine. Suddenly, he heard the unmistakable sound of footprints approaching from behind him. He turned; but it was too late. His lifeless body was discovered in a nearby alley the next morning. He had been chopped up by an axe.

It was Friday afternoon. Jasmine Gluesticks, 28 year old interior decorator, had just returned home from a successful shopping trip to the mall. She struggled to make it to her front door while carrying her numerous bags. She reached the door and began to fumble for her keys; but then she noticed that the door was already slightly ajar. She slowly pushed it open; and thwack. Her remains were discovered later that night by her boyfriend. She, too, had been chopped up by an axe.

It was Saturday morning. Jen Ruby, 30 year old peace advocate, walked into her favorite coffeehouse and ordered a latte. She then went outback to use the restroom. A few moments later, a horrible scream was heard. Fellow customers quickly ran to investigate, only to discover yet another dead body that had just been chopped up by an axe. And a set of bloody footprints leading out the side door.

Welcome to the town of Young Lewis Falls. In case you still haven't picked up on the situation, allow me to break it down for you: there is some mystery dude out there killing people with an axe. My name is Ian Kinney. I'm a wannabe comedy writer. I post awesome shit on Facebook...

And this is The Great Facebook Friend Detective Story.

ONE

So I woke up Sunday morning, around noon, feeling awesome. I've always loved Sundays. I don't have to do anything on Sunday. I don't have to go to work. I don't have to run errands. I don't even have to get out of my pajamas if I don't want to. Sundays are the shit. This Sunday was gonna be a good one too. I had plans to sit back, kick it with my cat, smoke a little pot, watch some Netflix, order a pizza, and chill. It was gonna be a stellar day. Or so I thought.

Instead, everything went to hell almost immediately when I began to look for my cell phone; and I couldn't find it. It wasn't on the charger. It wasn't hooked up to my laptop. It wasn't in any of the pockets from my previous night's outfit. It was nowhere to be found at all. I began freaking out. That phone was everything to me. It had all of my comedy writing on it, including a bunch of awesome shit that I still had yet to post on Facebook. Plus, I had just recently boughten it a shiny new rainbow case. I checked everywhere in my house that I thought it could possibly be. Still nothing. I had been out late the night before with my good friend, Rob Zachary. My first thought was that my phone had been left behind in Rob's car. However, with no easy way of contacting him to check; I decided to throw on some clothes and head over to his place.

I got to Rob's apartment, and I pounded on the door for about fifteen minutes until he sluggishly answered.

"Dude, what do you want? I was fucking sleeping."

"Sorry, bro. But I can't find my phone. I was thinking maybe I left it in your car last night."

"You're an asshole. Let me get my keys."

Rob and I walked out to his car and searched it thoroughly; but we found no phone. Rob let me use his phone to call mine, but it went directly to voicemail.

"Dude, what the hell? Where could it be?"

"You probably left it somewhere last night. We were all over Young Lewis Falls though, so good luck finding it."

"Damn, man, you're right. You gotta help me retrace our steps."

"Dude, screw that. It's Sunday, and the season finale of "Sherlock" is on later. I'm not doing shit."

"Dude, c'mon, I wanna watch that show too, but this'll be like our own episode of "Sherlock". It's 'The Case of the Missing Cell Phone'. And you're my Watson. I need you."

"Why am I your Watson? If anything, you'd be my Watson."

"Dude, whatever, we're both Sherlock then. Let's just go find my phone so we can

make it back in time to watch the show."

"Fuck it. Fine."

"Awesome. I knew I could count on you. So where should we start?"

"I say we start by getting some coffee."

"Dude, we didn't get coffee last night."

"Yeah, I know, but I want some coffee. And maybe a donut. Let's go to Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes."

"No, dude, c'mon. That place is all the way across town. Near the Jazzy Price Bank."

"Dude, do you want my help or not?"

"Fine."

TWO

Meanwhile, at Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes, all the way across town, near the Jazzy Price Bank; Detectives Steve LaBomba and Sean Thermos were still collecting evidence from the previous day's murder.

"I just don't get it, Steve. Three axe murders in three days. This last one on a Saturday morning in a crowded restaurant. So far, no clear link between the victims. How does this even happen?"

"I don't know, Sean. But we gotta figure it out. This isn't the sort of thing that occurs in Young Lewis Falls. Fortunately, the news has yet to break, but once word of an axe killer gets out to the public; we'll have panic on our hands."

"But what do we do?"

"We're good cops, Sean. We just keep searching. There's gotta be a clue here somewhere."

The coffeehouse had reopened for business and was already crowded with clueless customers. Just then, two uniformed policemen walked through the front door and approached the two detectives near the rear of the establishment.

"Detectives LaBomba and Thermos? I'm Officer Timmy O'Leaf, and this is Officer Brendan Scwalp. Commissioner Cannoli sent us over to help out with the investigation."

"What? Why? First, he tries making us hand off this case to the task force, and now he thinks we need help!"

"Relax, Sean. Maybe we could use their help. I have a feeling something big is

going on here. We just may need all the help we can get."

Suddenly, there was a flash of light.

"Officers, your first task: get that damn photographer out of here!"

The two cops began to roughly escort the young journalist to the front door.

"Wait, Krisp Hazelnut, reporter for the Young Lewis Falls News, what's going on in town? Are the recent killings related? Do you have any suspects?"

"Shut up, and get out of here."

Officer Scwalp threw the reporter's camera to the ground, and Officer O'Leaf kicked it out the door. The two cops then rejoined the two detectives towards the rear of the establishment.

THREE

Krisp Hazelnut picked up his broken camera, got into his car, and pulled out of Amy Gate's Coffees and Cakes. Moments later, Rob and I pulled in.

"Dude, what's with all the cop cars?"

"Well, it is a donut place."

"Haha true."

"You coming in?"

"No, grab me a coffee though."

"Word."

Rob headed inside, and I sat in my car with the windows down. I started thinking about my phone. This would've been the perfect time for me to play with it. Man, I really missed that thing. For a minute, I even thought I could hear a phone ringing. Actually, wait, I was sure I could hear a phone ringing. I turned down my radio. There was definitely a phone ringing. I got out of my car and followed the direction of the sound. It was coming from the bushes on the side of the coffeehouse. I was just narrowing in on it when the ringing stopped. I figured the call had gone to voicemail or something, but I kept searching for it.

Meanwhile, inside, Rob saw a bunch of cops towards the back of the donut shop; but again, he just laughed to himself and didn't think much of it. He placed his order and was waiting for it to be prepared. Then, suddenly, he heard somebody shout his name.

"Yo, Robby!"

He looked in the direction of the yell. It didn't take him long to spot where it was

coming from. His good friend, Gene Cowbella, was seated at a table by the window, enjoying some coffee and reading the paper. Rob grabbed his order and walked over.

"Hey, douche bag. What's going on?"

"Nothing. Just drinking this here coffee. Yum. What are you up to?"

"Meh, I'm here with Ian. He lost his phone last night. We're about to go on an epic search to try and find it."

"Oh, nice. That sounds kinda fun."

"Yeah, fuck that. I'd much rather spend my Sunday just laying on my couch."

"Well, if it makes you feel any better; my day isn't gonna to be too hot either. It's the three-year anniversary of my first date with Bianca. So, I have to take her out to dinner later."

"Wow, that sounds absolutely horrible, bro. You have to go out to a nice dinner with your beautiful wife. Tough life you got there."

"Haha. Yeah, you're right. Your day's probably gonna be worse."

"Well, let's go get it started. I'll see you later, man."

"See ya, Robby."

Rob came back outside, coffees in hand, and immediately saw me on my knees looking through shrubbery.

"Dude, what are you doing?"

"I just heard a phone ringing in these bushes."

"What? Dude, are you sure you weren't just imagining it? Ya know, because you're weird, and you, like, miss your phone or whatever?"

Just then, it started ringing again. I quickly found it, pulled it from the plant life, and proudly displayed it to Rob.

"Oh, holy shit. It's a phone. Well, are you gonna answer it?"

I figured why not and put the phone to my ear.

"Hello?"

"Hello, my axe maniac. I must say, I am very pleased with your work so far. I can not wait to see what you have in store for your next target."

"Uhhh, hold up, bro. I gotta stop ya. This isn't the owner of this phone. I just found it in some bushes and..."

The line went dead. I looked at the phone. The screen displayed a number but no name.

"What happened?"

"I don't know. It was some guy. I'm pretty sure he called me an Animaniac. Then I think he said something about that store, Target. And then he just hung up."

"An Animaniac? Like those dudes from that old cartoon in the 90s? Man, I loved that show."

"I know, right? That was weird. Anyways, you got your coffee, now are you ready to start trying to find my phone?"

"Wait, dude, I have an amazing idea: why don't you just keep that phone, and we go home."

"What? No, bro. I'm not just gonna steal some random dude's phone. I need my phone. It has all that awesome shit that I post to Facebook on it. Plus, I just bought it that shiny new rainbow case."

"Fine. Whatever. Where should we look first?"

"Well, I know I had my phone when we were at The Famous Friends Club last night, because I distinctly remember that hot Lisa chick programming her number in. So I say we start there."

"Alright. Let's do it. But, umm, dude, really, what are you gonna do with the phone you just found?"

"Oh yeah, good question. I guess let's just hold on to it. Once we find my phone, maybe we can try to track down the owner of this one."

"Dude, seriously? We better not fucking miss 'Sherlock'."

"Dude, we're not gonna miss 'Sherlock!'!"

FOUR

Rob and I drove off just as Detectives LaBomba and Thermos walked out of the coffeehouse. They had instructed Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp to stay behind and continue searching for evidence. They walked towards their car.

"Steve, it just doesn't make any sense. How didn't somebody see something? This guy's running around the middle of town with an axe for Christ's sake."

"Take it easy, Sean. Don't lose your cool. You're right though, we are in the middle of town..."

The detective paused and looked around. Then smiled.

"And I bet that Jazzy Price Bank across the street has some security cameras."

"What are you thinking, Steve?"

"I'm thinking we get those tapes; and then we have Jeff Sherbet from our tech department take a look at the footage. That guy's good. We'll have him see if anything or anyone stands out before and after the events that took place here yesterday morning."

"Sounds like a plan to me. I just wanna find the bastard who's doing this and stop him before he kills another member of our town."

"I know, Sean. I know."

The two detective ran across the street to the bank.

Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp watched through the coffee shop window.

"What do you think they're up to?"

"I dunno, but we better find out. You heard what Commissioner Cannoli said; he wants to know every move they make."

FIVE

Rob and I made our way over to The Famous Friends Club. It was known as the most happening place in all of Young Lewis Falls. It was owned and operated by Ryan Rich. He was basically a celebrity in these parts and arguably the most powerful man in town. Every night, his club would be filled with famous stars that he was friends with, hence it's name. Rob and I had only spent about an hour there last night, but in that time I had managed to chat up a pretty waitress named Lisa Magazine. She was apparently new in town and had just started working there last week. As much as I hoped to find my phone at the club; I was also looking forward to seeing her again.

We arrived and headed inside. Given the fact it was Sunday and still somewhat early; the club was basically empty. However, we quickly spotted Nicky Rigamarole, the bartender, setting things up behind the bar.

"Hey, Nicky."

"Oh, hey, guys. Doing a little daytime drinking? I like it. So, what'll it be?"

"Oh no, nothing for us, man. We were actually just stopping by to see if anyone found a cell phone here last night. I haven't been able to find mine all morning."

"Well, no one said anything to me, but I can check with Mr. Rich."

"Thanks, man. I'd appreciate it. It was in a shiny new rainbow case."

"Alright, stay here, I'll be right back."

Nicky Rigamarole walked upstairs to Ryan Rich's office. Just then, I heard a familiar voice.

"Wow, you couldn't even go one day without coming back to see me?"

I turned to see Lisa Magazine standing behind me with a mischievous grin. She was accompanied by a fellow waitress.

"Yeah, well, what can I say? You're incredibly beautiful."

She smiled.

I smiled.

"Ahem.."

"Sorry, dude. Lisa, you remember Rob Zachary from last night."

"Oh yeah. Hey. And this is my coworker, Sarah Brownies."

"Yo."

"Nice to meet you."

"So like, seriously though, what are you guys doing here? It seems kinda early for a Sunday."

"Well, I somehow managed to misplace my phone last night. I usually wouldn't mind so much, but I really don't want to lose your number."

"Haha, sure."

"So yeah, you didn't happen to come across a phone in here, did you?"

"No. I'm sorry."

Nicky Rigamarole came walking back downstairs followed by none other than Mr. Ryan Rich himself. He approached me smiling.

"Well, if it isn't the great Facebook comedy writer, Ian Kinney."

"Oh geez, Mr. Rich, you didn't have to stop what you were doing and come down here just for me."

"Are you kidding? When Nicky said you were here looking for your phone; I had to come down and say hi. I'm a huge fan of yours. I love the stuff you post on Facebook. You are a really funny guy."

"Wow, man. Thanks so much. But, umm, how do you even know who I am? Plus, I mean, are we even Facebook friends with each other?"

"Ha, no, actually we're not. Sorry, I can understand why you may be confused. You see, I used to date Katie Messy. I believe you two know each other. Anyways, she'd always show me the stuff you'd post. And I absolutely loved it. You're very talented."

"Oh yeah, I know Katie Messy. She owns that small animal hospital, Katie Messy's Messy Kitties. I bring my cat there for his check-ups. But, yeah, man, it's so cool that you like the stuff I post. And thanks for saying I'm talented. That really means a lot coming from someone who's friends with actual famous people."

"You're very, very welcome. Unfortunately though, I gotta tell ya; no one reported finding a phone here last night. So, I don't think I can be of any help to you as far as that goes."

"Damn. Well, this is only the first spot we've checked. I guess that would've been way too easy. But thanks anyways. And thanks again for finding me funny."

"No problem, guys. If there's anything else I can do; just let me know. I'm a friend to all; famous or not."

Ryan Rich shook my hand and then proceeded back upstairs to his office. I turned to Rob.

"Man, what a nice guy."

"Yeah, that dude's pretty awesome."

"So Ian...I guess you just won't be able to call me."

Lisa Magazine had stepped back into my eye line with a flirtatious fake frown.

"Haha. Don't you worry, I am going to find my phone. And I am going to call you."

"You better."

"Let's go, Rob. The search continues."

"Yay."

Rob and I walked out of The Famous Friends Club.

"Dude, that Lisa girl totally wants to fuck you."

"Yeah, I know, right? She actually seems pretty cool too."

"I thought her friend, Sarah Brownies, was pretty cute. Maybe you could put in a good word for me when you call her."

"Dude, definitely. We just gotta find this fucking phone first."

"We should go to Nick Manberry's house next."

"Manberry's?"

"Yeah, man, remember? We gave Manberry a ride home when we left here last night, and then we went inside and smoked a joint. And then, we left there, and we went to The Crystal Ceiling, that fancy lounge with the crazy glass roof."

"Oh, shit. You're right, man. See that's why you're my Watson."

"Dude, you're my Watson!"

"Haha. Whatever, let's go."

As we pulled out of the parking lot; a long black limo pulled in.

"Must be Burt Reynold's or something."

"Nice."

SIX

Detectives LaBomba and Thermos had returned to the Young Lewis Falls Police Station. They were anxiously awaiting Jeff Sherbet's examination of the Jazzy Price Bank security footage, when suddenly, the young tech officer burst into the room.

"I got something!"

He plopped his laptop down on the table between the two detectives and began showing them the video.

"Saturday morning, 9:47am, Jen Ruby, victim number three, pulls into Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes. Less than a minute later, this red pick-up truck pulls in. Approximately 8 minutes after that, a scream is heard from the restroom and Jen's body is discovered. Again, less than a minute later, this red pick-up truck pulls out."

"Nice work, Jeff. Let's run those plates and see who owns that truck."

"Already done. It belongs to a guy by the name of Tony Toothyellow. He's a hardened criminal. Been in and out of jail his whole life. The guy's got a rap sheet a mile long. Detectives, I think he might really be your man."

"Finally, a break! That's what I'm fucking talking about!"

"Don't celebrate yet, Sean. First, let's go get him."

Jeff Sherbet supplied the two detectives with a picture of Tony Toothyellow and his last known address, 69 Loren Lane. They quickly headed out of the police station, got into their car, and sped off. They were both in too much of a rush to realize that Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp were secretly following them.

SEVEN

Back at The Famous Friends Club, Johnny Sorrento, mayor of Young Lewis Falls, rushed out of his long black limo and ran inside. He quickly sped up the stairs and busted through the doors of Ryan Rich's office.

"We have a major problem! I go to call Your Guy earlier, and some douche bag answers, saying he found the phone in a bush! I thought this man could be trusted! How is he just losing phones?!?"

Ryan Rich slowly put aside the paperwork he had been working on and calmly looked up from his desk.

"Johnny, Johnny, Johnny. Relax, my friend. Everything is under control."

"How?!? My number is on that phone! This can all be traced back to me!"

"I've already spoken to my guy. He apologized about losing the phone. He has assured me that it will all be taken care of."

"It better be! You told me this plan couldn't fail."

"This plan won't fail. Soon, all your dreams will be coming true. You will no longer simply be the Mayor of Young Lewis Falls; you will be so much more. All

you have to do is keep the cops off our scent."

"I'm trying. Commissioner Cannoli is on board with us, but he's concerned about two of his detectives. He says they're 'good cops'. You better hope they don't get a hold of Your Guy's phone before he does!"

"Relax, Mr. Mayor. They won't. But you seem to be forgetting something extremely important. This isn't about that phone..."

Ryan Rich opened the top drawer of his desk and pulled out a phone in a shiny new rainbow case.

"It's about this phone."

Dum! Dum! Dum!

EIGHT

Rob and I arrived at Nick Manberry's house around 1:30. We walked up and rang the doorbell. Nick answered.

"Hey, what are you guys doing here?"

"Dude, I didn't happen to leave my phone here after we came by and got high last night, did I?"

"I don't know, bro. I don't think so. Come on in though; you can look. Skip's here." Skip was the nickname of Nick's best friend, Justin Skipperson. I liked Skip. He was a little short-sighted, but overall, he was a pretty good guy. Rob and I followed Nick inside.

"Hey, Skip. What's up, man?"

"Hey, Ian, Rob, what are you dildos doing here?"

We explained again about my missing phone, and then the four of us tore apart Manberry's family room looking for it. But we didn't find it. Eventually we all gave up and just sat down. I was frustrated.

"Damn it, man. Where the fuck is this god damn phone?"

Nick sighed.

"I dunno, bro, but I hate seeing you upset. Wanna get high?"

"No, man, we can't. Rob and I gotta keep going with our search."

"Wait a minute, dude. We've been searching for a while. Let's just take a quick break and smoke some pot. Maybe it'll make you remember something."

"Dude, pot makes you forget stuff. It doesn't make you remember stuff."

"Bro, it works differently when you smoke as much as we do. C'mon, just give it a

shot."

"Dude, we have Mario-Kart," Skip chimed in.

"Dude, they have Mario-Kart."

"Fine. We'll hang out for like twenty minutes, smoke a joint, and play some Mario-Kart. But then we gotta leave and head to The Crystal Ceiling, that fancy lounge with the crazy glass roof, to continue our search. Deal?"

"Deal."

NINE

It was now 2PM, and Detectives LaBomba and Thermos pulled up in front of 69 Loren Lane. The house was in the part of Young Lewis Falls commonly referred to as, "the hood". Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp were still following the two detectives, and they pulled over about a block back to avoid being seen.

"Let's get this motherfucker, Steve."

"Just be cool, Sean."

The two detectives cautiously walked up to the front door and knocked.

"Tony Toothyellow? We're with the Young Lewis Falls Police. We'd like to ask you a few questions."

There was no answer. Detective LaBomba looked through the front window. He could see what appeared to be a man sitting on the couch. He tried the door knob. It was unlocked.

"Mr. Toothyellow, we are entering the house. Please put your hands in the air."

The body on the couch didn't move. The two detectives slowly walked into the room.

"Oh my god..."

Tony Toothyellow was sitting on the couch and was very clearly dead. He had been chopped up by an axe. But that wasn't all. The room was filled with more dead bodies. At least three others.

"What the fuck is going on, Steve? Why would somebody do this?"

"I don't know, Sean. I don't know."

"What's our move, partner?"

"Call it in. Tell them to send some uniforms, some crime scene investigators, and the coroner. And tell them to get here fast. We need to figure out who these other bodies are."

Outside, Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp had watched the two detectives enter Tony Toothyellow's house. They decided to contact the Commissioner for instructions.

"Hello, this is Commissioner Calvin Cannoli."

"Hello Commissioner; O'Leaf here. I'm with Scwalp. LaBomba and Thermos have found the Loren Lane house."

"What?!? God dammit! How many bodies are still in there?"

"At least four."

"That's it! They're getting too close! It's time to end this. I want them eliminated!!"

"Sir, are you sure?"

"Do it. Do it, now!"

Officer O'Leaf put down the phone and told Officer Scwalp about their orders. The two policemen loaded their guns, prepared themselves, and stepped out of the car. But they were immediately met by a funny voice.

"Excuse me, Mr. Police Officers. My name is Michael Fucko. I can't find my dog, Jimbo. I love my dog, Jimbo. Will you help me find my dog, Jimbo?"

The two cops looked up to see what they perceived to be a very mentally-disabled young man standing in front of them.

"Not now, buddy. We're busy. Get outta here."

"Please, Mr. Police Officers. I must find my dog, Jimbo. He is a german shepherd, and he is the best german shepherd in the whole world. I love my dog, Jimbo.

Please help me find my dog, Jimbo."

"I said we're busy! Get lost, ya dummy!"

Officer Scwalp pushed the man causing him to trip and tumble to the ground. A beautiful, young woman walking down the street saw the push and began shouting.

"Hey, whatchu cops doing? You can't treat da retards dat way!"

A large crowd began to form around the two officers as they tried to explain their actions. It took them almost a full half hour; but they were finally able to calm people down and somewhat diffuse the situation. Unfortunately, it was just in time for them to look over and see numerous additional cop cars pull up to 69 Loren Lane.

"Fuck!"

TEN

Twenty minutes had easily turned into a couple of hours as me, Rob, Skip, and Nick Manberry hung out, smoking pot and playing Mario-Kart. I had momentarily

forgotten everything to do with my phone and was only concerned with beating these motherfuckers to the finish line on Koopa Troopa Beach, when suddenly; my pocket starting ringing.

Nick seemed surprised.

"Dude, I thought you lost your phone."

I pulled out the phone I had found earlier in the bushes outside Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes. Rob saw it.

"Oh shit. I forgot you found that thing."

"Yeah, me too. I should answer it though, maybe it's the owner."

I got up and walked into the kitchen to escape the Mario-Kart music. As I left the room, Rob began to explain to Nick and Skip about where this mystery phone had come from. I answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Hello? You found my phone! Oh, thank god!"

"Yeah, dude, I got it. I found it outside the coffee shop earlier."

"The coffee shop! I should've known."

"Yeah, I was hoping to track you down and get it back to you. I know way too well what it's like to lose a phone."

"Yeah, I've been freaking out. This phone is very important to my work. I am so relieved you found it."

"No biggie, man. Is there somewhere I can drop it off to you?"

"I'm only in town on business. I'm staying at the Ashley Saraz Inn. If you could bring it to me here; that would be absolutely incredible."

"The Ashley Saraz Inn, huh? Wait a minute, isn't that the hotel right over by The Crystal Ceiling, that fancy lounge with the crazy glass roof?"

"I believe it's right next door."

"Nice, that works out perfectly for me. And it's actually pretty close by. So, yeah, I can definitely drop it off to you. I'll be over in a little bit."

"Fantastic! I'm in room #44. I don't know how I'll ever thank you."

I hung up the phone and walked back into Nick Manberry's family room.

"Hey, Rob, we gotta go. That was this phone's owner. I told him we'd drop it off to him. He isn't too far from here. Plus, we gotta continue the search for my phone."

"Dude, c'mon, you may just have to accept the fact that your phone is probably lost forever."

"Never! That phone has all my comedy writing and awesome Facebook shit on it. That's like my heart and soul. I need to get it back, man. It's out there somewhere, and we're going to find it. I know it! We just gotta keep looking. Don't give up on me yet, bro."

Rob sighed.

"Fuck it. Let's go find this thing."

"That's my boy!"

Rob and I said goodbye to Nick and Skip. They wished us luck in finding my phone, and they even gave us joint to take with us for good times. I put it in my wallet for safe keeping. We left the house and walked out to my car.

"Man, Nick and Skip are good guys."

"Yeah they're fucking great guys. So where are we going anyway? I know I said I'm still with ya, but it's already like 4 o'clock; we're running out of time before 'Sherlock' starts."

"Dude, relax, I just have to drop this phone off at the Ashley Saraz Inn, but that's right next door to The Crystal Ceiling, which is the next stop on our search."

"Perfect. We can save some time and do both at once. Drop me off at The Crystal Ceiling and I'll go in and ask about your phone; you go over to the Ashley Saraz Inn, get that phone back to its owner, and then come back and pick me up."

"Sounds like a plan. And, Rob...thanks."

"You just better hope we don't miss 'Sherlock'."

"Dude, we're not gonna miss 'Sherlock'."

ELEVEN

While my friends and I had been getting high and playing video games for the last couple of hours; Detectives LaBomba and Thermos had been working. Their head crime scene investigator, Dr. Francesca Smurfa, had been able to determine the identities of the other three bodies found in Tony Toothyellow's Loren Lane house. The first victim was named Rew Snooker. He was in his mid-thirties, and although he seemed like a weirdo; research showed he was actually a pretty nice guy. The second victim was named Dave Smiley. He was in his mid-twenties, and although he seemed like a nice guy; research showed he was actually kind of a weirdo.

And the third victim was named Jade Annoyya. She was in her early twenties and incredibly beautiful, but research showed she loved to break nice guys' hearts. Dr. Smurfa was also able to determine that, while Tony Toothyellow was killed inside the house; the other three victims appeared to have been killed elsewhere, and then transferred to the location, possibly in an attempt to conceal the bodies. However, so far, no one could figure out why. There didn't seem to be any

connection at all linking any of the four people inside the house to each other, or to the other three victims discovered earlier in the week.

Detectives LaBomba and Thermos had returned to the Young Lewis Falls police station and sat staring at the list of what was now seven victims' names.

"We're missing something, Steve. What are we missing?"

"I don't know, Sean."

In an office just down the hall, Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp, had followed the detectives back to the station, and were now speaking privately with Commissioner Cannoli.

"You were supposed eliminate these two when they were at the Loren Lane house in the hood! How the hell did you let them make it back here?"

"You don't understand, Commissioner. We ran into, umm, a situation. And then before we could make our move; the house was swarming with other officers."

"What type of situation!?"

The two officers looked at each other.

"Just a situation."

Suddenly, the Commissioner's pretty assistant, Alisa Turtle, burst through the door of his office.

"Alisa! What have I told you about knocking!?!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but you better get out here. The News is on. You're gonna wanna see this."

She looked at Officer's O'Leaf and Scwalp.

"Nice police work, assholes. You two make me sick!!"

The Commissioner and the two officers walked out of the office to see the whole station, including Detectives LaBomba and Thermos, glued to the TV.

"Welcome back to YLF News. My name is Dora Limieri, and if you're just joining us; we're bringing you the shocking story of Michael Fucko. He was just a simple, mentally-challenged young man who was trying to find his missing dog, Jimbo; when, out of nowhere, he was brutally attacked by a pair of police officers at 2PM this afternoon on Loren Lane. Witnesses were able to capture this cell phone footage of the two officers involved attempting to defend their actions. Although their names are not yet known; you can clearly see their faces.

One witness, Lindsay Da'Vowel-O, had this to say: 'Yeah, you know, like, I was just walking down the street in the middle of the hood, and I saw these two cops beating the shit out of this retarded dude, and I was like yo, bros, wtf?!'

Lindsay, from everybody here at YLF News; we thank you. You're a true hero.

Also, we'd like to encourage all of our viewers to keep a watchful eye out for Michael Fucko's dog, Jimbo, who at the present time is still missing. We're told Jimbo is a golden retriever."

The entire police station turned and looked at Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp.
"That's not what happened! They got it all wrong! Plus...I mean...I'm pretty sure Jimbo is a german shepherd."
Before anyone could respond; the news broadcast continued...

"I'm sorry, but we're going to have to cut away from this horrible tale of police abuse. I'm being told we have an even more shocking, late-developing story. I send you over now to our investigative reporter, Krisp Hazelnut..."

TWELVE

At that very moment, back at Nick Manberry's house, Nick and Skip had decided to take a break from Mario-Kart and had begun watching the News. After reluctantly laughing through the Michael Fucko story, they were now smoking another joint, and waiting to see what Krisp Hazelnut had to say.

"Krisp Hazelnut here with a special exclusive report. Brace yourself, Young Lewis Falls. There is an axe murderer on the loose!"

Nick and Skip looked at each other.
"Holy shit, bro."
The news story continued.

"Police are currently being coy with the details, but what I can tell you is that so far there have been at least three victims. The latest was found yesterday morning at the popular coffeehouse, Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes..."

"Hey dude, isn't that where Rob said Ian found that phone?"
"Yeah, I'm pretty sure."
Skip got excited.
"Dude, dude, dude, wouldn't it be awesome if it was like 'the killer's phone!'"
"Haha, dude, that'd be so awesome."
The news story continued.

"The female victim had been slain with an axe, and her body was found in the women's restroom..."

"Damn, I don't think Ian would've found a phone in the women's restroom."

"Yeah, no, I'm pretty sure Rob said he, like, found it in the bushes on the side of the building or something."

Skip got upset.

"Lame sauce."

The news story continued.

"Officers were quick to escort me off the premises earlier and refused to answer my questions. However, I was able to take this picture, which clearly shows a large set of bloody footprints exiting through the side door of the coffeehouse, and appearing to enter into the bushes on the side of the building."

Nick Manberry choked on the pot he was smoking. He looked over at Skip.

"Holy shit, bro!"

"Dude, Ian really could've found the killer's phone in the bushes on the side of the building! That's fucking awesome!!"

"Dude, no! It's not really fucking awesome!! Him and Rob on their way over to drop the phone off to its owner!!"

"Haha, yeah, so?"

"Well, dude, like, if the owner of the phone is the killer; I mean, like, he might fucking kill them."

"Holy shit, bro, you're right! I didn't even think of that. That wouldn't be awesome. We gotta warn them!"

"Yeah, but how? Ian doesn't have his phone! And I don't have Rob's number."

"Yeah, me neither. I guess I'm really just not that good of friends with Rob. I mean, I like him and everything, but I really only hang out with him when he's with Ian, and like, you know, I mean..."

"Skip, shutup. Did they say where they were going?"

"If they did; I was way too stoned to be paying attention."

"Yeah, me too."

"So what do we do?"

"Umm. I got it! We could go to the cops!"

"Fuck, dude, not the cops. I hate the cops."

"C'mon, Skip. We gotta save Ian! That dude's cool."

"Fineeee. But like we can't call the cops. They're gonna come here and smell pot. Also, we can't drive to the station. Because like cops don't really dig it when you drive while extremely high on pot."

"We'll just fucking walk there, bro. It's only like four blocks away. Plus, there are always cops driving to and from the station. We'll wave down the first one we see."
"Fineeeee. But just because I kinda like Ian. But, dude, seriously; I fucking hate cops."

THIRTEEN

Back at the Young Lewis Falls Police Station, the cops were dealing with the aftermath of Krisp Hazelnut's news story. The phones were ringing off the hook and concerned citizens were beginning to gather outside the door. Johnny Sorrento, mayor of Young Lewis Falls, pulled up out front in his long black limo. He got out, wrestled through the crowd of angry questions, and made his way inside.

"Where the fuck is Cannoli?!"

The station's receptionist, Stacey Station, put her phone down just long enough to respond.

"He's in his office, sir. With Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp."

Mayor Sorrento stormed down the hall and burst through the Commissioner's door. He walked straight up to Officer O'Leaf and punched him in the face. He then turned and punched Officer Scwalp in the stomach. Both officers dropped to the ground in pain.

"You stupid motherfuckers! Like I don't have enough to deal with right now."

He then turned to Commissioner Cannoli.

"And you. I told Mr. Rich you had everything under control! How am I already hearing about an axe murderer on the News?!?"

"Sir, I'm sorry, but you knew this would eventually go public. However, you don't have to worry. Detectives LaBomba and Thermos still have no clue what's really going on here. Plus, there's absolutely no way to link anything back to you."

"That's what you think! Apparently, our brilliant axe murderer dropped his cell phone earlier today, and some dickwad found it. He's supposed to be getting it back, but I still haven't gotten a call saying he has. It has my number on there. If your detectives get ahold of that phone; I'm fucked."

"God damnit!"

"And if I get fucked; you get fucked."

"O'Leaf! Scwalp! Get up! We need to find that phone!"

Detective LaBomba had watched the Mayor storm into the Commissioner's office. Something about it just didn't seem right. He found Detective Thermos and pulled him into an empty room.

"Sean, we gotta talk."

"What do you got, Steve?"

"I was thinking about something they said in that news story."

"But Steve, they only talked about the coffee shop victim. We knew all that stuff already."

"Not that news story. The other one. The one about Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp beating up that disabled guy. The story said the incident took place on Loren Lane at 2PM. That's the exact same time we found Tony Toothyellow's house."

"Yeah, so what, Steve?"

"Well, backup didn't show up to the house until at least 2:30. Why would they have already been there?...Unless they were following us."

"Steve, the news probably just got the time wrong. Why would they be following us?"

"I don't know, Sean. Why was the Commissioner so upset when we refused to turn this case over to the task force? Why did he personally assign two lower level officers to 'help' with our investigation? I just don't know. But I think we're getting close to finding out. We just have to find the connection between these victims."

"We're trying, Steve. Everyone in this station is."

"That's what I'm afraid of, Sean. I don't think we can trust everyone in this station."

FOURTEEN

Rob and I pulled up outside The Crystal Ceiling, that fancy lounge with the crazy glass roof.

"Alright, I'm gonna run next door to the Ashley Saraz Inn and drop this phone off. You go in here and see if anyone has seen my phone. I'll be back to get you in like five minutes."

"Sounds good. By the way, if you get any type of reward for returning that phone; we're splitting it."

"Of course, bro."

Rob hopped out of my car and headed into the bar. I drove over and parked in the parking lot next door, jumped out, and headed into the lobby of the Inn. There was a super cute chick sitting behind the front desk reading a book and listening to

music. She looked kinda familiar. She saw me and popped her headphones off.

"Hi, welcome to the Ashley Saraz Inn. My name's Carly Spatula. How may I help you?"

"Carly Spatula? Hey, I know you. I'm Ian Kinney. I think we're Facebook friends."

"Oh my god! Ian Kinney. I love the stuff you post on there. You're so funny!"

"Aw, thanks so much. I don't really know you that well, but I think you're super pretty."

"Haha. Aw, thank you. So, what can I do for you?"

"I need to find room #44. I'm supposed to meet a hooker."

"Haha. Really?"

"No, not really. That was just a joke."

"Haha, alright. You're weird. But, yeah, just go down the middle hall there, and make a left. Room #44 should be the second door on the right."

"Awesome. Thanks, again. It was nice seeing you."

"You too!"

I headed down the middle hallway. Carly Spatula put her headphones back on, smiled, and returned to her book.

Next door, Rob had made his way inside and was speaking with The Crystal Ceiling's bartender, Matty Brodanator.

"Hey, dude. I was just wondering if anybody found a cell phone in here. My buddy and I stopped by for a drink last night, and now he can't find his phone. It was in a really gay-looking rainbow case."

"Sorry, man, but if somebody found it; they didn't say anything to me about it."

"Damn it."

Rob thanked Matt Brodanator and began to walk back towards the door. Then, suddenly, he heard somebody shouting his name.

"Yo, Robby!"

He looked in the direction of the yell and quickly spotted who it was coming from. Once again, his good friend, Gene Cowbella, was seated at a table by the window. But this time, instead of enjoying coffee alone; he was having dinner with his wife, Bianca Sushi Cowbella. Rob walked over.

"Hey, man. Twice in one day. That's pretty weird. Kinda early for dinner though, isn't it?"

"Yeah, well, Bianca here wanted to catch a movie tonight too, so we had to squeeze dinner in first."

"Ahh, nice. Sounds like fun."

"Yeah, you gotta love anniversaries. Or not. Anyways, what are you doing here? Don't tell me you're still looking for Ian's phone."

"Yep. We're running out of places to check, too."

"So where is Ian?"

"Oh, it's pretty ironic actually; he found some other dude's phone while looking for his, and now he's dropping it off next door at the Ashley Saraz Inn."

"Haha. What are the odds? That's pretty awesome."

"Yeah, not really, bro. I'm just trying to make it home in time to watch 'Sherlock'."

"Dude, ya know, you always talk about this 'Sherlock' show. I've honestly never even heard of it."

FIFTEEN

Officers O'Leaf and Scwalp pulled out of the Young Lewis Falls Police Station, both still recovering from being punched by the Mayor. They began driving down the street and eventually stopped at a red light.

"Man, I still don't get where we're going."

"You heard the Commissioner; we're supposed to find the killer's phone."

"Yeah, I know, but we have no idea who has the phone. How are we supposed to just magically find it?"

Suddenly, there was an incredibly urgent tapping on the passenger side window of the police car. The two officers looked up to see two goofy guys hopping around shouting for help.

"God damnit! Not this again!"

"Relax, I don't think these two are retarded. They just look really stoned. Might as well see what they want. I could use a quick laugh. It's been a heavy day."

"Fine, you just better hope they don't mention a german shepherd."

Officer Scwalp lowered his window.

"What seems to be the problem, guys?"

"Officers, you have to help us. You know that axe murderer from the news? Well, we think our friend found that dude's phone! But he doesn't know it's that dude's phone! And now we think he's gonna get fucking axe murdered!"

The two officers just looked at each other.

"Well, that was easy."

"Don't worry, guys. Of course, we'll help. Just hop in."

Nick Manberry and Skip got into the back of the cop car.

Back inside the precinct, Detective LaBomba still couldn't shake the feeling that some of his fellow officers, the commissioner, and maybe even the mayor, were

somehow involved in this case. He instructed, Stacey Station, the station's receptionist, to bring anyone who came forward with information directly to him. He then returned to his office and rejoined Detective Thermos in trying to discover a link between the victims.

"I still haven't found shit, Steve. I'm starting to think these people really were just chosen at random."

"No, Sean. There has to be a connection. There's a reason why these people were killed. I just know it."

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, and Jeff Sherbet, the young tech officer, popped his head in.

"Detectives, I think I may have found something..."

SIXTEEN

I made my way through the halls of the Ashley Saraz Inn until I found room #44. I reached up to knock, but as soon as I touched the door, it began to slowly open.

"Hello?"

No answer. I pushed the door open a little more so that I could see into the entire room. It was empty. However, it did appear as though someone was definitely staying in there. There was a suitcase full of clothes on the front of the bed, and a lamp lit up on the desk next to a notebook. I figured I'd hang out for a few minutes to see if the guy showed back up. Maybe he was just getting ice or something. I felt weird just walking into his room, but I mean, the guy was expecting me. And he basically left his door open. So I assumed it would be cool if I went in and sat down. I didn't want to sit on his bed though. That seemed too creepy and imposing. I figured I'd sit at the desk.

Next door, Rob was still talking with Gene Cowbella and his wife, Bianca Sushi Cowbella. He was beginning to wonder what was taking me so long.

"Man, where the hell is Ian? He should've been back by now."

"Oh, man. I hope the axe murderer didn't get him."

"Dude, what the hell is that supposed to mean? What axe murderer?"

"Bro, how haven't you heard about this? It's been all over the news. Some dude's going around Young Lewis Falls chopping people up with an axe. Somebody got killed at the coffee shop we were at earlier."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, I guess they got killed there yesterday morning. They found the body in the women's restroom."

"Ah, that explains why there were so many cops in the back of the place this morning. Man, that's fucking scary. Did they say whether or not they have any suspects?"

"No, they just said there were some bloody footprints leading out the side door into the bushes on the side of the building."

"Wait, what?"

It had been about ten minutes and nobody had returned to room #44. I was getting kinda sick of waiting for this guy. After all, I did have my own lost phone to worry about. I finally decided to just leave his phone on his desk with a note letting him know that I had been there.

I opened the notebook on the desk to grab a sheet of paper. However, the writing on the first page immediately caught my eye. It was a long list of names. And the top one said, "Tom Blondie". I knew Tom Blondie. That guy was cool. We went to high school together. I read the second name. It said, "Nate Oldcello". I knew Nate Oldcello too. That guy was my buddy. I used to have a giant crush on his little sister. The next name had a giant slash through it, however I could still tell it said, "Jen Ruby". I grew up down the street from Jen Ruby. I love that chick. This was getting weird. I continued reading the names. "Seth Shoes"; I worked with him. "Steve Surly"; he was a comedian pal of mine. "Jane Sharkfan"; that was some chick I was once in love with. I knew each and every name on this list. It took me a few minutes, and then it hit me. This was an exact list of my...

"Why hello there."

I looked up. There was a man standing in the doorway of the room. He was tall, well-dressed, smiling ear to ear...and holding a bloody axe.

SEVENTEEN

"Come on in, Officer Sherbet. What do you got?"

"Well, I was trying to figure out what seven, seemingly random, young adults could possibly have in common..."

Jeff Sherbet walked into the office and plopped his laptop down on the table

between Detectives LaBomba and Thermos.

"I started looking online. It seems all of our victims were very active on Facebook. Now, it appears as though none of them were friends with each other on there. However, I discovered all seven of them did have one Facebook friend in common."

"I knew it! That means there's someone out there that knows each and every one of our victims! That's the link we've been looking for! Well, Officer? Who is this person?!?"

"His name is..."

"IAN KINNEY?!?!"

Commissioner Cannoli stood behind the closed door in his office, screaming into his phone.

"Yes, sir. We were about a block away from the station and these two stoner guys run up to our car and start shouting about how their friend found the axe murderer's phone. So, we get them in the backseat and ask them who their friend is; and they say it's Ian Kinney."

"That's impossible!"

"Who the hell is Ian Kinney?"

"Well, Detectives..."

Jeff Sherbet continued clicking through the web pages on his laptop.

"According to his Facebook page, he's an immature twenty-something, a wannabe comedian, a struggling writer, a hopeless romantic, and, apparently, a Hugh Grant enthusiast. I read a few of his posts on here. He's actually a pretty funny guy. You two would probably like him."

"He sure doesn't sound like much of an axe murderer, Steve."

"We don't know if he's an axe murderer or not, Sean. But we do know someone out there appears to be killing his friends."

"First, I want you to kill those two stoners!"

Commissioner Cannoli was still in his office, shouting into his phone.

"Then, I want you to meet me at The Famous Friends Club. The Mayor is already on his way there. He's not gonna believe who found this fucking phone. And Officer O'Leaf..."

"Yes, Commissioner?"

"You and Scwalp better not screw this up."

EIGHTEEN

"Hey, man...."

I responded nervously to the frightening figure standing before me, in the doorway of room #44, at the Ashley Saraz Inn.

"...what's with the axe?"

"Oh nothing. Just using it to take care of some business at the front desk. You must be the guy who found my phone."

"Yeah, I have it right here. I was about to leave a note in your notebook saying I dropped it off."

"Ah, you opened my notebook. That is unfortunate."

The man walked into the room, then turned around, closed the door behind him, and locked it.

"I really wish you wouldn't have opened that. However, since you did, do me a favor: find the name, Carly Spatula, and cross it off for me."

"Umm...did something happen to Carly Spatula?"

The man smiled and twirled his axe.

"Yeah, bro. Something happened to Carly Spatula."

Rob rushed out of The Crystal Ceiling with a clusterfuck of thoughts running through his head. Was it actually possible that the phone that I had found in the bushes on the side of the coffeehouse belonged to an axe murderer?!? Had I just gone to meet with the killer? If not; why the fuck hadn't I made it back yet? Rob didn't know what to think, but he took off running towards the Ashley Saraz Inn next door.

I did as I was told and crossed Carly Spatula's name off in the notebook. I then turned back to face the mysterious man in front of me.

"So, umm, I gotta ask; is this a list of my Facebook friends?"

A puzzled expression crept across the man's face.

"Did you say YOUR Facebook friends? Don't even tell me; you're Ian Kinney?"

"Umm...yeah?"

"Dude, really? That is fucking crazy. I mean, seriously, what are the chances?"

Well, hey, man; my name's Mike Henderstink. It's nice to meet ya. I'm actually a pretty big fan."

"What do you mean, 'you're a fan?'"

"Well, I got kinda curious as to what you were posting on Facebook that would make somebody hire me to murder all of your friends on there; so I checked out

your page. You're a pretty funny guy."

"Thanks, but...what the fuck are you talking about?"

"Oh shit, sorry, man. But yeah, somebody kinda hired me to murder all of your Facebook friends. So far, I think I've killed like eight. I still have a ton left."

"This is a joke, right?"

"Well, why don't you go ask Carly Spatula if this is a joke? She might have trouble answering you though. Since I just chopped her up with a fucking axe."

"Dude."

"I'm still just amazed that YOU found my phone. Seriously, What Are The Chances?!?"

"Soo, umm, why exactly would somebody hire you to murder all my Facebook friends?"

"Oh geez, ya know what, bro. I really don't get into the 'whys' in my line of work."

"Then Who? Who hired you?"

"Sorry, man. Can't tell you the 'who' either."

"Well, are you going to murder me?"

"Yeppppp."

"I just don't get it. You seemed like such a nice guy on the phone."

"Well, I am a nice guy. I'm a really nice guy. That's what makes me such a great axe murderer. No one ever thinks a nice guy's gonna chop their head off."

Rob sprinted through the front door of the Inn and was immediately met by the grisly sight of Carly Spatula's axed up remains behind the front desk.

"HOLY FUCK!"

He frantically tried to remember what room I had said I was going to. Then, it hit him; 44. He glanced at the room directory on the wall and took off down the middle hallway.

"So, listen, man. I'd love to keep chatting with you, but I should really get back to murdering your friends. So, ya know, say your prayers or whatever."

"Dude, please don't kill me. I'm an intellectual. There are only so many of us left."

"Sorry, bro. But if it's any consolation; it really was nice meeting you."

And with that, Mike Henderstink came at me with his axe. Without even thinking, I jumped backwards, and his first swing just missed my chest. He swung again. I dove over the bed just narrowly dodging the blade.

"C'mon, bro. I have a shitload of other people to murder. Why don't you just let me get this over with?"

He ran around the bed, but I quickly dove back over to the opposite side.

Rob reached room #44 and immediately began shouting and pounding on the door.
"IAN!!!!"

I heard him and began shouting back.

"ROB!!! Dude, there's some fucking crazy guy in here trying to murder me with an axe! Fucking help, bro!!"

"I'm trying!! The door's locked!!"

Mike Henderstink kept chasing me around the bed, and I kept jumping back over to the other side to avoid him. I grabbed the clothes that were in the suitcase at the foot of the bed and threw them at him.

"Really, dude? You think you're gonna stop me by hitting me with clothes?"

Outside the room, Rob didn't know what else he could do. He just started throwing his body into the door, attempting to break it down.

I reached back into the suitcase again to try and find anything else I could use to defend myself. All I could grab was what appeared to be a small bottle of hairspray. Mike Henderstink saw it and smiled.

"Ha! What are you gonna do with that?!"

With no other move to make; I quickly popped the lid off, pointed the bottle at Mike Henderstink's face, and sprayed.

"Hey, what the...?"

Mike Henderstink began to cough. His eyes turned bright red and started swelling with tears.

"You motherfucker!!"

Unable to see through his blurred vision, he began to stumble around the room. He stopped directly in front of the door.

"Dude, that was not fucking cool! What the fuck did you just spray in my face?!?"

I looked down at the small bottle of hairspray in my hand, only to notice it wasn't a bottle of hairspray at all. It was a bottle of deodorant body spray. I looked up at Mike Henderstink.

"Dude...it's 'Axe'."

He looked back at me.

"Seriously? What are the chances?"

Just then, the door of the room, and Rob Zachary, came crashing down on top of him.

NINETEEN

Detectives LaBomba and Thermos were still at the police station trying to put together all of the pieces. Officer Jeff Sherbet still had his laptop open to Facebook and continued to assist them.

"I just don't get it, Steve. This Ian Kinney guy writes love poems and silly jokes about pizza. There's no way he's our killer."

"Call it police intuition, but I think you're right, Sean. I highly doubt this is our guy. So the question is; why would somebody be killing his Facebook friends?"

There was a knock on the door, and Stacey Station, the station's receptionist, stuck her head in.

"Detective LaBomba, you said to talk to you directly if anyone came forward with information on the case?"

"Yes, Stacey, what is it?"

"Well, there's a young woman out here named, Katie Messy. She said she saw the news story, and there's something we need to know. Detective, she seems pretty shaken up."

Jeff Sherbet was still clicking around on his computer, and his eyes shot up from the screen.

"Detective, according to this, Katie Messy is Facebook friends with Ian Kinney!"

"Get her in here, Stacey!"

Stacey Station led Katie Messy into the room. It was obvious that the young woman had been crying. She sat down at the table across from the two detectives.

"So, what is it that you're here to tell us, Miss?"

"Yes, thank you for seeing me. It's just so horrible. I don't even know where to start."

"Please, just start at the beginning."

"Okay. Well, my name is Katie Messy, and I own a small animal hospital called Katie Messy's Messy Kitties. Two nights ago, I was just closing up for the evening, when this man walked in carrying an injured dog. He said he had found it on the side of the road. It looked like it had been hit by a car."

Katie Messy's eyes began to tear up again.

"What happened next, Miss Messy?"

"Detectives, I swear I did everything I could. It's just, I mainly specialize in cats, and this dog was very badly injured. I just couldn't save it. It died on my table."

"Miss Messy, I'm very sorry to hear that. But what exactly does this have to do with the axe murderer?"

"The axe murderer? Why this doesn't have anything to do with the axe murderer."
"I was told you saw the news story and had information regarding it."
"I did and I do! But not the axe murderer story. The other story. The one about the two officers beating up Michael Fucko, that mentally-disabled man who was just looking for his missing dog, Jimbo. I'm afraid that this may have been that missing dog! I'm afraid that I killed Jimbo!"
"I'm sorry, Miss Messy, but are you telling me that there's an axe murderer on the loose killing actual people, and you're here because of a dead german shepherd?"
"Well, actually, the dog that was brought into my office was a golden retriever."
"Well then, it's your lucky day. The news apparently had that detail wrong. From what I hear, Jimbo's really a german shepherd. So, you're off the hook."
"What? Really? Thank God!"
"So, just to be sure, you're telling me you have absolutely no information at all for us on the axe murderer, his victims, or Ian Kinney's Facebook?"
"Wait, Ian Kinney's Facebook? I read that all the time. He's funny. What the hell does that have to do with anything?"
"Well, Miss Messy, that's what we're trying to figure out."
"Geez, you should talk to my ex-boyfriend."
"I'm sorry?"
"Oh, nothing. I just used to date this guy who was literally obsessed with Ian Kinney's Facebook. He used to make me login to my account so that he could read all of Ian's posts. He'd sit there for hours just staring at them with this crazy look in his eyes. It was actually really creepy. It's the main reason I broke up with the guy. That, and he hated cats."
The two detectives looked at each other.
"Miss Messy, who exactly is your ex-boyfriend?"

TWENTY

Nick Manberry and Skip were becoming somewhat suspicious of the two police officers that had picked them up. First off, the cops didn't seem all that concerned about their friend being pursued by an axe murderer. Secondly, both cops had reacted very oddly when they found out that said friend was named, Ian Kinney. And thirdly, the cop car they were in was now driving through the part of Young Lewis Falls that was commonly referred to as, the hood.
"So officers, where exactly are you taking us?"

"Don't worry, guys. We're going to find your friend, Ian."

"Umm, dude, I don't think Ian would've been in this part of town."

The officers didn't reply. Nick leaned over and whispered to Skip.

"Is it just me, or do these cops look kinda familiar?"

"Meh, they've probably just pulled us over a couple dozen times."

They kept driving. Eventually, Officer O'Leaf pulled into a dark alley and turned off the car.

"Alright, guys. Get out."

"What? We're in an alley in 'the hood'. Why would we get out?"

"Because...I don't wanna get your blood on my seats."

"Dude, what?!"

The two cops pulled their guns and pointed them at Nick and Skip.

"GET OUT OF THE FUCKING CAR!"

The two clueless stoners got out of the car. Skip began pleading with the officers.

"Guys, you don't have to do this! We literally don't know anything. Literally!!

Nothing!!!"

"Skip, it's no use. I just realized why I recognize these two cops. They're the asshole ones from that news story."

"You mean, they're both axe murderers?!?"

"No, Skip. Not the axe murderer story. The other one. The one about the two cops in the hood beating up Michael Fucko, that mentally-disabled man who was just looking his missing dog, Jimbo."

Skip glanced back at the two cops escorting them down the alley at gunpoint.

"Holy shit! You're right. What the fuck is wrong with you guys?! Who beats up a disabled man?!? Why couldn't you just help the guy find his golden retriever?"

Officer O'Leaf was already incredibly tired of hearing about Michael Fucko, and he just couldn't take it anymore.

"Listen, you fucking stoner, it was really a german shepherd! And not that it matters anyway, since we're about to fucking shoot you; but we didn't beat up that retarded guy. My partner here barely touched him, and he fell down. That news story blew it way out of proportion."

Officer Scwalp stopped.

"Dude, what the fuck? Why are you trying to blame it all on me?!"

"Well, you are the one who pushed him!"

"Yeah, but you're the one who got us involved in the bullshit in the first place. If you hadn't agreed for us to be Commissioner Cannoli's personal lackeys; we wouldn't even be in this mess. We definitely wouldn't be dealing with some disabled guy and his stupid fucking german shepherd."

"That's not fair. You were just as desperate as I was for the Commissioner to take

us under his wing!"

"Yeah, but I didn't know it would involve all of this!!"

As they watched the argument unfold, Nick and Skip couldn't help but notice something moving in the darkness behind the two feuding officers. It appeared to be slowly creeping closer and closer to them. It almost looked like a....They glanced at each other. It couldn't be. Could it?

"Listen, there's no sense in us fighting with each other. We're both in this together. Let's just kill these two stoners and get over to The Famous Friends Club. We need to meet up with the Commissioner and figure out what to do about Ian Kinney."

"Fine, but we also need to eventually finish this conversation."

The two cops turned back to Nick and Skip.

"Alright, you two; sorry to delay your inevitable death. Any last words?"

Nick and Skip had continued watching the creature in the darkness. As impossible as it seemed, they were both now positive exactly what was stalking the two crooked police officers. Finally, Nick spoke up.

"Yeah, I do have a few last words. First off, you guys are dicks. And secondly, GET 'EM, JIMBO!!"

Before the two cops had a chance to react, a large german shepherd emerged from the shadows. It immediately lunged at Officer Scwalp and bit down hard on his arm. He dropped his gun and fell to the ground in pain. The dog then tore right towards Officer O'Leaf. He was frozen in a state of shock and disbelief.

"No fucking way."

The dog jumped up and bit the policeman's throat. He, too, dropped his gun and fell to the ground.

TWENTY-ONE

Johnny Sorrento's long black limo pulled into the parking lot of The Famous Friends Club. The disheveled mayor hopped out and stormed inside. For the second time today, he busted through the doors of Ryan Rich's office.

"You're not going to fucking believe this! I just got a call from Commissioner Cannoli, and he says the person in possession of our killer's missing phone is none other than Ian Fucking Kinney!!"

Ryan Rich abruptly stopped what he was doing and looked up from his desk.

"What? Ian Kinney? But, how!?"

"Don't you get it! You underestimated him! We took his phone, and now he took ours!!!"

"That's impossible. He was here this afternoon. He had no idea. He thought his phone was lost!"

"Or he's just been playing with us this whole time!"

"It doesn't make any sense. I spoke to our axe murderer not more than thirty minutes ago. He had set up a meeting with the person who found the phone, and he was going to be getting it back."

"It sounds like our axe murderer walked straight into a trap!! For all we know, Ian Kinney has already killed him, and now he's coming after us!"

"Johnny, are you serious? It's Ian Kinney. He's just a comedy writer for Christ's sake."

"Is he though?!? IS HE?!?"

"You know what, Mr. Mayor; don't worry. I'll take care of this right now. I think it's time for plan B."

TWENTY-TWO

I stood in shock at what had just transpired inside room #44 at the Ashley Saraz Inn. Rob had landed on the door, the door had landed on Mike Henderstink, and Mike Henderstink had landed on his axe. He was dead. Rob and I were both physically alright, but I was definitely still somewhat emotionally distressed.

"DUDE, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!?"

Rob attempted to calm me down.

"You just had to find that phone, man. We can relax now though. We just killed the axe murderer. Apparently, this guy has been going around town chopping up random people. And WE stopped him. We're heroes."

"Dude, you don't get it! He wasn't going around town killing random people; he was going around town killing MY FACEBOOK FRIENDS!"

"Dude, what?"

"He told me! He was very blunt about it! He said somebody had hired him to murder every one of my Facebook friends!"

I grabbed the notebook off the desk and threw it at Rob.

"Look for yourself! He has a list!"

Rob opened the notebook and began scanning the names.

"Dude, he's got some of our good friends in here. Matt Cheesebergey, Gabe Casaleboat, Ryan Piersonification. Wait. Holy shit. Dude, my name's in here."

"Well, dude, we're fucking Facebook friends!"

"This is crazy. Why would somebody hire an axe murderer to kill your Facebook friends?!?"

Suddenly, a phone rang. It was the phone that I had found in the bushes on the side of Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes. The same phone I'd come to this room to return. The killer's phone. Rob and I looked at each other. I reached for it.

"Dude, don't fucking answer it!"

"I have to, Rob. I need to know who's behind this!"

I put the phone to my ear.

"Hello. This is Ian Kinney."

"Well, well, well. So the stories are true. You really do have our axe murderer's phone. I take it then that he is no longer with us?"

"He's dead. Now who the fuck is this?!"

"Oh, stop playing dumb, Ian. You know exactly who this is. I took your phone; so you took mine. Well played, my friend. I knew you were clever, but this shit is on a whole new level."

"Wait a minute! What do you mean YOU took my phone?!?"

"Seriously, man. You can give up the act. It worked. I'll admit you had me fooled when you stopped by my club this morning. I thought you were completely clueless. I still don't know how you figured it all out."

"Stopped by your club? Wait a minute...son of a bitch....Ryan Rich."

"At your service, my friend."

"You fucking psychopath. Why the hell would you hire someone to murder my Facebook friends?!?"

"You really don't know? Jesus, maybe you're not clever. It doesn't matter now anyway. All that matters now, is that I have a phone that you want, and you have a phone that I want. So, why don't you come by the club here, and we can make a little swap?"

"Dude, you really are fucking crazy! What's to stop me from taking this phone to the police and telling them everything?!?"

"Well, my friend, there are three things stopping you from doing that. The first, and most obvious, is that I own the police. They've been helping me pull this off from the very start. Hell, they were even hiding bodies for me. In fact, the mayor is literally in the room with me, right now. The second thing, is that you sure seemed to take a shine to my new waitress, Lisa Magazine. She's downstairs. It sure would

be a shame if something terrible happened to her."

"Don't you fucking touch her!"

"Hold on, Ian. You haven't heard the third thing yet. But you know what; maybe it's better that way. We'll make that one a surprise."

"What the fuck are you talking about?!"

"Well, my friend, you killed my axe murderer. So, let's just say, I've been forced to move onto plan B."

"Dude, when did you become a fucking supervillian?! What the hell is plan B?!?"

"Don't worry, my friend, you will soon find out. You have one hour to bring me that phone or Lisa dies."

I hung up and turned to Rob.

"Dude, Ryan Rich is behind all of this! He stole my phone, he hired someone to murder all of my Facebook friends, and now he is threatening to kill that hot Lisa chick if I try going to the cops. He says that I have one hour to bring him this phone or she dies."

Rob didn't respond. He was staring at his own phone. It had beeped while I was on the call. He looked up at me.

"Dude, there's more..."

"What?!?"

"Umm...I just got a notification that I have been invited to a special event at The Famous Friends Club tonight. I got the invitation through Facebook. It was sent to me from you."

"Dude, what are you talking about?"

"Look."

Rob showed me the screen of his phone with the Facebook invite.

"Dear Facebook Friends,

As a thank you for reading all of the crazy nonsense that I post on here; I'd like to invite you all to The Famous Friends Club tonight for a super sweet party. There will be complimentary food and unlimited free drinks for all who attend. Thanks and see you soon.

Yours truly,
Ian Kinney"

"See, man. It shows this just went out to every one of your Facebook friends."

"Oh my god."

"Ian, dude, what the fuck is going on?!"

"Dude, Ryan Rich has my phone. He must've sent that. He said I was forcing him to move onto plan B."

"I don't get it. What's plan B?!?"

"I don't know, man, but I'm assuming it involves tricking all of my Facebook friends into going to that club tonight, and then fucking killing them."

"Jesus Christ, dude. Ryan Rich is crazy. What do we do!?"

"Well, Rob..."

I reached down, flipped over Mike Henderstink's dead body, and pulled the axe out of his chest.

"...we stop him!"

Rob and I ran out of the Ashley Saraz Inn, hopped into my car, and took off towards the Famous Friends Club.

TWENTY-THREE

Detectives LaBomba was stunned.

"I'm sorry, Miss Messy, but are you telling us that your ex-boyfriend is Ryan Rich?!? The same Ryan Rich who owns the Famous Friends Club, and is one of the most powerful people in town?!"

"Yeah, that's him. I mean, we only went out a few times, and like I said, I eventually had to break up with him."

"Right. Because of his crazy obsession with Ian Kinney's Facebook?"

"Exactly."

The detective turned to his partner.

"Sean, it all makes perfect sense."

"What do you mean, Steve?"

"Well, if my hunch from earlier is correct, and other cops, the Commissioner, and even the Mayor, are involved in this; then whoever is behind it must be extremely well connected. And who has more connections than Ryan Rich?"

"Jesus, you're right! But why, Steve? Why would Ryan Rich want all of Ian Kinney's Facebook friends dead?"

"That's the one thing I still haven't figured out, Sean."

Suddenly, Katie Messy's phone beeped. She pulled it out of her purse and glanced at it.

"Wow, that's super weird."

"What is it, Miss Messy?"

"Well, I just got invited by Ian Kinney to a special event at the Famous Friends Club tonight."

"WHAT?!?"

"Yeah, it shows the invite went out to all of his Facebook friends."

"Holy shit, Steve, if you're right, and Ryan Rich is behind this; all of his potential victims are about to be in the same place at the same time! It'll be a god damn bloodbath!"

"Well then, Sean. I guess we need to stop him."

The two detectives ran out of the Young Lewis Falls Police Station, hopped into their car, and took off towards the Famous Friends Club.

TWENTY-FOUR

Nick Manberry and Skip had managed to restrain the two injured police officers using their own handcuffs. Officer O'Leaf was unconscious and in pretty rough shape. Officer Scwalp was bleeding badly from his arm, but he was still fully awake. The two friends now sat petting their furry savior, Jimbo, the german shepherd. Skip turned to Nick.

"Dude, what are the fucking odds of this dog showing up exactly when he did? That was like a miracle."

"Yeah, well, I think he just knew deep down in his doggy heart that those two jerks had done horrible things to his disabled master, Michael Fucko; and he wanted revenge!"

Officer Scwalp began to cry out to the pair.

"Guys, you need to call an ambulance! That dog bit my partner on the throat! He's gonna die! You have to help him!"

Skip turned to face the crooked cop.

"Are you fucking serious?! You guys just tried to shoot us!"

"I'm sorry! But you don't understand! We were just following orders!"

Nick joined into the conversation.

"Who would order you to kill a couple of harmless stoners?!"

"It's not because you're stoners. It's because you're friends with Ian Kinney."

"What?! Why would you wanna kill us just for being friends with Ian?!?"

"It's not just you. It's all of his friends. Or, his Facebook friends, to be more specific. The axe murderer has been hired to target them."

"Dude, what in the fuck are you talking about?!?"

Suddenly, Nick heard his phone beep. He reached into his pocket and pulled it out. Skip then heard his phone beep. He reached into his pocket and pulled his phone out as well. Nick looked up.

"Did you just get the same thing I just got?"

"Probably. Ian's inviting us to the Famous Friends Club tonight. He must've found his phone!"

Officer Scwalp gasped.

"Oh my god. They're going with plan B."

Nick and Skip stopped and looked down at him.

"What was that? Plan B? What the fuck is plan B?"

"I can't tell you. They'll kill me!"

"Who will kill you?!?"

"Commissioner Cannoli! Or Mayor Sorrento! Or Ryan Rich! I don't even know anymore!!"

"Dude, listen, if we don't call an ambulance; you and your partner are both gonna bleed to death anyway. So just help us; and then we'll help you."

"Fine. Plan B is to get Ian Kinney, and as many of his Facebook friends as possible, inside the Famous Friends Club tonight...and then blow the place sky high."

"Dude, are you fucking serious?!?"

"I'm sorry, guys."

"Holy shit! We need to get over there and warn everyone!"

Skip turned to face Nick.

"Dude, what?! We can't go there! The place is gonna fucking explode!"

"Yeah, with Ian and his Facebook friends inside! Who do you think Ian is Facebook friends with?!? Most of those people are our friends too! We have to save them!"

"Dude, I'm sick of fucking saving people! We are clearly not good at it!"

"Dude, we have to try! Plus, I'll let YOU drive the cop car."

"What's that?"

"Yeah, I mean, I figure we gotta take the cop car. You can drive. You can put the siren on and go as fast you want. It'll be kinda like playing real life Mario-Kart."

Skips eyes lit up.

"Dude, I am fucking in. Let's go save these losers."

Officer Scwalp quickly began shouting again.

"Wait, you said you'd help me! You have to call an ambulance!"

"Yeah, you're right, douche bag."

Nick pulled out his phone, called 911, and reported the officers down at their location. He then hung up and turned back to the hurt cop who was eagerly expressing his gratitude.

"Thank you! Thank you both so much!"

"Yeah, so how do we know you're not going to contact your evil bosses and warn them about us, as soon as we leave?"

"I won't. I swear."

"Well, just to be safe, I think we better leave Jimbo here to watch you."

Nick walked the german shepherd over to the injured officer and his unconscious partner.

"Okay, Jimbo, if either of these guys move a single finger; I want you to bite their dicks off."

"WOOF WOOF"

"Alright, I think he gets it. Now let's go, Skip. There's a crazy motherfucker out there about to blow up a bunch of our friends; and we need to stop him!"

The two friends ran down the alley, hopped into the police car, and took off towards the Famous Friends Club.

TWENTY-FIVE

Ryan Rich stood in his office, watching through his window, as more and more people began arriving at his club in response to his phony Facebook invite. Mayor Sorrento had been downstairs briefly but now returned to the room.

"Commissioner Cannoli is here. He's still worried about those two detectives. He's afraid they're starting to figure things out. He's out front keeping watch for them just in case. There's still no sign of Ian Kinney."

"Don't worry. He'll be here. Did you put the bomb where I told you to?"

"Ryan, are you sure you really wanna go through with this? I mean, blowing up your entire club. It seems like we may be taking this too far."

"Too far? I thought you were prepared to take this as far as it had to go. You're not losing your nerve on me now, are you, Mr. Mayor? You said you had big dreams. I can make those dreams come true. With my connections, you could be the next governor of this state! Hell, you could even be the next president! How the fuck do

you think President Freeland got elected?! Or do you not wanna be president, Johnny? Would that be going 'too far'?! I didn't think so!! NOW DID YOU PUT THE FUCKING BOMB WHERE I TOLD YOU TO OR NOT!?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rich. Forgive me. Yes, I hid the bomb in that case of Jagermeister just like you said to. And I put it with all the other cases of liquor downstairs. I also had my limo driver pull around outback and park underneath the fire escape like you instructed. What else do you need me to do?"

"I don't need you to do anything else. If the Jagerbomb is in place; it's now only a matter of time. So, just go back downstairs. Make sure all of Ian Kinney's Facebook friends are enjoying themselves. Then, when Ian Kinney arrives; bring him to me."

Johnny Sorrento began to walk out of the office.

"Oh yeah, Mr. Mayor, one more thing. Tell that pretty new waitress, Lisa Magazine, that I'd like to speak with her."

TWENTY-SIX

"Alright, so I think if we hurry; we can stop Ryan Rich, save all of your Facebook friends, rescue that hot Lisa chick, get your phone back...and still make it home in time for 'Sherlock'."

"Rob, are you fucking serious? Some asshole is about to kill a shitload of our friends! You're still worried about missing 'Sherlock'?"

"Dude, it's the season finale!"

Rob and I sped towards the Famous Friends Club.

"So anyways, what's our plan?"

"I have no fucking idea. I still don't even know why Ryan Rich is doing this to me."

"Well, bro, we're gonna be there in a few minutes. We better come up with something."

"I guess I'm just going to go inside and talk to him. What other choice do I have?"

"Dude, what? He's gonna fucking kill you."

"Yeah, maybe. But I think he's gonna try and kill everybody. So, I'll worry about him, and you just worry about getting our friends out of that club."

"How the fuck am I supposed to do that?"

"Dude, I don't know. You're a smart guy. You'll think of something."

"Yeah, well, hopefully, we just luck out, and not too many people show up. I mean, it is Sunday, and they had like zero advanced notice."

We continued driving until we reached our destination. I pulled into the parking lot only to find it was already overspilling with cars.

"Holy shit, bro!"

"Well, there goes that. There's gotta be at least half of Young Lewis Falls here!"

"I guess I just have extremely faithful Facebook friends."

"Yeah, or the majority of them just can't pass up free food and alcohol."

We found a place to park, and I quickly jumped out of the car.

"Alright, I'm gonna go in and I finish this. You hang here for now, give me a few minutes to get inside, and then come start getting people out."

"Dude, what? I'm not gonna let you go in there alone. Why would I wait here?"

"We can't walk in there together. You're my inside man. You need to act like you're just here in response to the invite like everyone else."

"Bro, this is fucking crazy!"

"Dude, I know. But you're my Watson. And I need you now more than ever. So just chill, give me five minutes, then get inside and get everyone else out."

"Bro, for the last time, YOU are MY Watson. Now, be careful. And dude, seriously, don't fucking die."

I nervously began walking through the parking lot towards the entrance of the club. Suddenly, a speeding car pulled in and flew by me, coming just inches away from running me over.

"Man, I'm gonna die before I even get in this place."

I made my way to the front door. There was a very odd looking bouncer standing outside, but he was shouting into his phone and not really paying any attention; so he didn't even notice me. I walked inside.

TWENTY-SEVEN

Detectives LaBomba and Thermos flew into the parking lot of the Famous Friends Club. They didn't even realize that they had just narrowly avoided running over some dude as they quickly searched for a parking spot.

"Hurry up, Sean. We've got no time to spare."

"Jesus Christ, Steve, half of Young Lewis Falls must be here!"

"Well, whoever this Ian Kinney guy is; he's apparently quite popular on the Facebook."

"So what's our plan, partner?"

"You head in the front. I'm gonna go around back. We need to find Ryan Rich and stop him before he's able to carry out whatever it is that he has prepared."

The two detectives finally found a place to park their car, did so, and quickly hopped out.

"Alright, Sean. We don't know what to expect inside. So be careful."

"You too, partner."

Detective LaBomba took off to make his way around the building. Detective Thermos took off towards the front door.

TWENTY-EIGHT

Commissioner Cannoli stood just outside the front door of the Famous Friends Club shouting into his phone.

"I swear to God, O'Leaf, you better have a good reason for not returning my calls! I told you two assholes to meet me at the Famous Friends Club! Where the fuck are you?! This better be the last message I have to leave!"

The Commissioner ended the call and got back to watching the door. He had a bad feeling that his two least favorite detectives would be showing up. And just then...one of them did.

Detective Thermos came running up to the door from the parking lot. The Commissioner saw him and immediately drew his gun.

"Stop right there, Detective!"

"Commissioner, Detective LaBomba and I have good reason to believe Ryan Rich is planning something horrible inside this club tonight. We have to stop him!"

"I know exactly what he's planning! And I won't let you stop him!"

"Oh my god, Steve was right! You're in on it!"

"Of course I'm in on it! And speaking of your partner; where is that fucking dickbag?!"

Detective LaBomba quickly made his way to the back the club. He couldn't help but to notice a long black limo parked underneath the fire escape.

"Mayor Sorrento. I knew it!"

The detective approached the driver side door of the limo. With his gun ready, he tapped on the glass. The window slowly lowered. A young man popped his head out.

"Why hello there. How may I help you?"

"I'm with the Young Lewis Falls Police. Is Mayor Sorrento inside the vehicle?!"

"No, I'm pretty sure he's inside the club there."

"What's your name, son?"

"Justin. Justin Moustaschak."

"Justin, I want you to get out of here right now."

"But sir, Mayor Sorrento specifically told me he wanted his limo parked back here, underneath the fire escape."

"Leave the limo. Just open the door, get out, and run as far away from here as possible. I have a feeling things are about to start getting messy."

The young limo driver did as he was told. He got out of the limo, leaving the keys in the ignition, and took off down the street.

Detective LaBomba found the back door of the club and managed to jimmy it open. There was a long dark hallway leading to a set of swinging doors. He could hear music, and it grew louder and louder as he crept down the hall. He reached the swinging doors and slowly pushed them open.

"Holy shit. That is a lot of Facebook friends."

The detective looked out into the club to see it completely jam-packed full of people. There was music blasting and lights flashing. Everyone appeared to be having a great time. If it wasn't for the immediate threat of danger; it really would've seemed like one hell of a party.

The detective began to make his way out of the doorway and into the club. Then, suddenly, someone on the other side of the building started screaming, and the music came to an abrupt halt.

TWENTY-NINE

When I first walked into the club, I had to admit; it really seemed like one hell of a party. Everyone was there. Tom Blondie and my old friends from high school. Nate Oldcello and his pretty little sister. Seth Shoes and my other coworkers. Steve Surly and my comedian friends. Jane Sharkfan and every chick whoever broke my heart. After only taking a few steps inside, I had already spotted some of my closest pals. I saw Gabe Casaleboat, Matt Cheesebergey, Mark Coachella, Paul Pantypoochy, Al Spaghetti, Jay Ibaughwidabawdabangdabangdiggy. Hell, I even saw this one dude who I'll just call, 'Cak'. Seriously, everyone was there. I couldn't help but to feel a little awesome to have such supportive friends. However, the reality of the situation quickly set back in, and I realized that all of these fantastic people were likely to be murdered soon because of me.

"Oh yeah, fuck."

"HEY! IAN'S HERE!!!"

Ryan Piersonification had been standing just inside the doorway and was one of the first to see me come in. Suddenly, it was like every eye in the club was on me.

"Hey, Ian!"

"Yo, Ian!"

"Hi, Ian!"

"WOOOOO!! IAN!!!!!"

Everybody appeared so happy to see me. I immediately wanted to warn them about the danger they were in, but before I could, I felt an arm go around my shoulder and something hard poke me in the back. I was shocked to find it was Johnny Sorrento, Mayor of Young Lewis Falls. He leaned in and whispered so I could hear him over the music.

"Ian Kinney. It's about god damn time you got here. Mr. Rich has been anxiously awaiting your arrival. Feel that poke in your back? That's a gun. Now just smile and wave to your friends like everything is perfect."

I looked out into the crowd of happy people, most of whom were still looking back at me. All of these dudes and chicks had dropped what they were doing in a split second to come to this club and support me. I couldn't do what the Mayor asked. I had to at least try to save my friends. So I started screaming.

"DUDE!! EVERYBODY GET THE FUCK OUT OF THIS FUCKING CLUB RIGHT FUCKING NOW!!!! RYAN RICH IS GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU ALL!!!!!"

The music came to an abrupt halt. Everybody in the entire place froze. You would've heard a pin drop. Then, suddenly, everyone simply burst into laughter.

"You're hilarious, Ian!"

"That's why I love you, Ian!"

"You're the king, Wheeler! I mean, Ian!!"

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; I GIVE YOU, IAN KINNEY. AND THAT'S JUST A SMALL TASTE OF WHAT HE HAS IN STORE FOR YOU TONIGHT!!"

Everyone, including myself, followed the direction of that last domineering voice. It came from none other than Ryan Rich himself. He was standing about halfway up the stairs to his office, leaving him much more elevated than the rest of crowd, whom he continued to address.

"Now, I'm going to need to speak with Ian for just a moment in my office, but then we're going to get on with our super sweet party! Believe me, everyone; it's going to be a...blast. So, Mayor Sorrento, if you would be so kind; please escort Ian up to my office. And for everyone else; I ask, DJ P. Nasty, to please **DROP THAT FUNKY BEAT!!**"

The music started back up and everyone resumed having a good time. Mayor Sorrento pressed the hidden gun hard into my back.

"Walk!"

I began making my way over to the staircase.

"Well, I guess it's up to you now, Rob."

THIRTY

Rob had been getting ridiculously anxious sitting in my car in the parking lot. He had absolutely no idea how he was planning to get everyone out of this club. He looked around the car for ideas. All he found was Mike Henderstink's axe which I had thrown in the backseat as we were leaving the Ashley Saraz Inn. Still, he didn't know what to expect inside, and he figured an axe was better than nothing; so he grabbed it. It hadn't yet been the full five minutes since I'd gone in, but he felt that more than enough time had passed. He still didn't understand why he had to wait in

the car in the first place. He wanted to help. Plus, ya know, he really wanted to get home in time for 'Sherlock'.

He got out of the car, axe in hand, and began walking towards the front door. But, then, he saw something that stopped him in his tracks. There were two men standing just outside the entrance of the club. And one was pointing a gun at the other. Rob dove down behind another parked car to avoid being seen. He began listening in on the heated discussion.

"Of course I'm in on it! And speaking of your partner; where is that fucking dickbag?!"

"He's across town, checking on another lead."

"Yeah, nice try, asshole. I know he's gotta be around here somewhere. Don't you worry, I'll find him."

"I don't get it. Why are you doing this, Commissioner?"

"C'mon, I thought you were a detective. It's simple, really; I'm doing this for money, and I'm doing this for power. What other reasons are there? Those are the two things that I want most. And Ryan Rich can deliver me both."

"But at what cost, Commissioner!? At what cost?! You're killing innocent people!"

"Well, you're right about that. Now get on your knees!"

Rob kept listening, and trying to figure out what to make of the situation.

"Man, if this is going on outside, I can only imagine what's going on inside."

THIRTY-ONE

Detective LaBomba had witnessed my screaming episode, and the response by Ryan Rich, from his vantage point just inside the back door. He had also noticed the Mayor was holding 'something' against my back as we went upstairs to Ryan Rich's office. He was now fully convinced of my innocence, but he was still very much in the dark of Ryan Rich's ultimate plan. He was also curious as to why his partner had yet to come through the front door, but he figured Sean could take care of himself. Either way, it appeared as though it was up to him to get upstairs and find out what was happening in that office. But how? Then he realized; the fire escape outback! He took off back through the swinging doors and down the long dark hallway.

THIRTY-TWO

"I can't believe you stopped at fucking Dairy Queen, Skip. You do realize a bunch of our friends are about to get murdered, right?!?"

"Dude, I fucking wanted some ice cream. Plus, I told you it would be super fast if we kept the siren on. And, c'mon, that only took like two minutes."

Nick Manberry and Skip sped towards the Famous Friends Club in their recently acquired cop car.

"So how the hell are we supposed to get everybody out of this club before it blows up anyways?"

"Well, Skip, that's a good question."

Nick began to look around inside the cop car. He quickly spotted a shotgun strapped up on the seat barrier behind their heads. He pulled it down and cocked it.

"I may have an idea."

"Fuck yeah, bro!"

THIRTY-THREE

I walked into Ryan Rich's office. Mayor Sorrento stood outside to guard the door. Ryan Rich was seated comfortably at his desk smiling. Lisa Magazine was gagged and tied up in the chair directly next to him.

"Holy shit, dude! LET HER GO!"

"Don't worry, Ian. I will. But first, I believe you have a phone for me."

"I'm not giving you this phone until you explain to me what the fuck is going on!

Why did you steal my phone in the first place?!? Why did you hire someone to murder my Facebook friends?!? And most importantly; what crazy fucking shit do you have planned here tonight?!?"

"Jesus and here I was thinking you had it all figured out."

"Well I fucking don't, bro! Seriously, what is your deal?!?"

"Alright, alright, chill out. This all comes down to one simple fact; you are a super

funny dude."

"Umm, yeah, I know. So why the fuck are you trying to kill me?!"

"Hey, hold up. I'm not trying to kill you. I never have been. I'm just trying to kill everyone you care about. Mainly your Facebook friends."

"What?! But why, dude?!? You're Ryan Rich! You have your famous friends! What do you care about my Facebook friends?!"

"Well, that's just it, Ian. I do have my famous friends. I have a lot of famous friends actually. But, do know what happened when I started getting famous friends? I started getting famous Facebook friends. Now my famous Facebook friends need something funny to read. And let's be honest, Ian; you do post some awesome shit on Facebook."

"That's why you took my phone!! You want to steal the stuff I post to Facebook!!"

"Exactly. But unfortunately, you have a very distinct style of writing. For example, you sure do use the word 'dude' A LOT. And you start way too many sentences with the word 'and'. So, if I'm going to pass your posts off as my own; I obviously can't risk someone out there recognizing the work."

"And that's why you're killing my Facebook friends!"

"You got it. With them gone, I'll be able to repost and take credit for every hilarious thing you've ever written."

"Dude, are you serious?! You know I'm a wannabe comedy writer, right?! You could have just fucking hired me to write you shit to post on Facebook!! It probably would've cost a lot less than hiring a fucking axe murderer!!!"

THIRTY-FOUR

Rob was still crouched behind the random parked car watching the scene that was unfolding in front of him. He still wasn't completely sure what was going on; but he had surmised that the dude with the gun was definitely bad, and the dude on his knees about to get shot was definitely good. He knew he could use the help of a good guy. He also knew that, no matter what, he had to hurry up and start getting people out of the club. He decided it was time to make a move. He waited until the man with the gun had his back to him; then he got his axe ready, and he slowly crept out from behind the car.

"It's too bad it has to end this way for you, detective. You really were a good cop."
"It doesn't have to end this way, Commissioner! It's not too late! We can still get in there and save everyone!"

Rob slowly tiptoed towards the two men. The one with the gun still had his back to him. The one on his knees had yet to see him.

"Sorry, detective, but you're all done saving people. You really should've just handed off this case to the task force like I told you. It's time to say goodbye."
"Don't worry, Commissioner. My partner is going to find you, and he is going to arrest you."
"Yeah, we'll see about that."

BANG!

Rob was only a few feet behind the man with the gun when he heard the shot. He hadn't made it there in time. He watched as the man on his knees dropped to the ground.

"NO!"

Commissioner Cannoli quickly spun around to see some dude with an axe standing a few feet behind him. He pointed the gun at Rob's face.

"Who the fuck are you?!?"

Rob froze.

"Umm...the axe murderer?"

Before the Commissioner could process Rob's response, both men were distracted by a sound. The sound of a siren. The sound of a siren that was getting louder and closer very quickly. Suddenly, an out-of-control cop car came barreling through the entrance of the parking lot. It paused for a moment, then began speeding directly towards Rob. He had no time to react.

"Oh shit, this is gonna suck!"

Rob closed his eyes and braced for impact, but at the very last second; the car veered and missed Rob. Instead, it struck the Commissioner, and sent his body soaring through the air.

THIRTY-FIVE

"Skip, slow down and pay attention. The club is right up here!"

"Dude, don't tell me to slow down. Remember, you said I can drive as fast as I want."

"Dude, you're gonna miss the fucking entrance! Left! Left!!"

Skip whipped the steering wheel of the cop car sending it barreling through the entrance to the parking lot of The Famous Friends Club. He immediately saw two men having a confrontation by the front door.

"Holy shit, bro! That guy right there has an axe! He's the axe murderer! I'm gonna go run him over."

"Skip, wait, that looks like..."

Skip gunned it and began speeding at his target. Nick panicked, but at the very last second; he managed to reach over and slightly jerk the steering wheel, causing the car to hit the other guy instead. The body went flying, and Skip slammed on the brakes.

"ROB! That looks like Rob!"

"Oh, holy shit. That is Rob."

THIRTY-SIX

Detective LaBomba had climbed up the fire escape in the back of the club. It had led him to the windows directly outside Ryan Rich's office. He had been listening to our conversation and it was certainly providing him with answers. However, he was still waiting to learn Ryan Rich's plan to take out everyone in the floor below. Inside the office, I was also still attempting to figure out that piece of the puzzle for myself.

"So, if I give you the axe murderer's phone; you'll stop killing my Facebook friends?"

"No, sorry, Ian. I will let Lisa Magazine live though. But yeah, there's no saving your friends. They were dead the second they walked through the doors tonight."

"How?! I don't get it! Are you like serving them poison beer or something?!"

"Poison beer? What the fuck are you talking about? No, I'm just gonna blow them

up. Well, technically, you're going to blow them up."

"Dude, there's no way in fucking hell that I'm blowing up my friends!!"

"Yeah, well, you're not really gonna blow them up. Everyone's just gonna think you did. Not only did you send the invite to get them all here; but I will also be using your phone, in its shiny new rainbow case, as the detonator. I have it setup so that pretty much any button I press will blow up the bomb. Plus, like, the Mayor is just going to pretty much tell everyone you did it."

"Dude, you're a dick!"

Detective LaBomba was still listening from outside the window. As soon as he heard Ryan Rich's plan; he knew he had to get a hold of that phone.

THIRTY-SEVEN

Rob couldn't believe his luck. Not only did the cop car just save his life, but now the police were there to help him get everyone out of the club. He ran right up to the driver side door and ripped it open.

"Officer, you have to help me! Everyone inside this club is in danger! I don't know from what; but I was thinking it could be like poison beer or something!!"

"Dude, poison beer? What the fuck are you talking about?"

Skip and Nick Manberry both hopped out of the car.

"SKIP?!? NICK?!? What the fuck are you guys doing in a cop car?!?"

"Anything we want, bro."

"Shut up, Skip. Rob, it isn't poison beer that you should be worried about. Ryan Rich is planning on blowing up the entire club!!"

"What?!? That's way worse!"

"I know! We need to get everyone out of there now!"

"Yeah, but any idea as to how, Nick?"

"Well, dude, I have a shotgun, and you have an axe. Let's just run in there and go crazy. I'll fire off a few shots to get people's attention, and then they'll see you, think you're the axe murderer, and freak out. We won't be able to keep them inside."

"So you're saying we go in and pretend we're here to kill everyone, in order to save everyone here from getting killed."

"Yeah, pretty much."

"I think that might work."

"Wait a minute!"

Skip interjected.

"What about me?! I wanna gun! Or an axe!"

A soft voice spoke up.

"Here."

The three friends looked down. There was a man on the ground holding a handgun up in the air. He was laying in a pool of blood. It was the man Rob had seen getting shot.

"Holy shit! Who the fuck is that?!?"

"My name is Detective Sean Thermos. *cough* I'm with the Young Lewis Falls Police. *cough* You need to get inside and save those people."

It was clear that the detective was in very rough shape. As soon as he finished talking, he passed out. Skip ran over and grabbed his gun.

"Fuck yeah! Let's go save these motherfuckers!"

Nick and Rob both looked at each other.

"Skip, seriously, bro; don't shoot anyone."

The three of them took off towards the front door.

THIRTY-EIGHT

"So that's it. You're gonna blow up your entire club simply to kill my Facebook friends. How exactly do you plan on doing that, and not killing yourself as well?"

"Don't worry, Ian. You, me, and the Mayor are simply going to sneak out the fire escape. The Mayor's limo is parked directly underneath. We'll be miles away before I use your phone to set off the bomb."

"Dude, I'm not going with you!"

"Well, we can't leave you here, can we? I can't have you going downstairs and trying to get everyone to evacuate again. Also, I really don't wanna have to kill you after I've gone through all the trouble of setting you up."

"What about Lisa?"

"What about her?"

Detective LaBomba was still watching and listening from the fire escape. He knew he had to make a move. He was just waiting for the right time.

I threw Ryan Rich the axe murderer's phone. The one I had found in the bushes on the side of Amy Gates' Coffees and Cakes.

"There. You said if I gave you that phone; you would at least let Lisa go."

Ryan Rich laughed.

"Well, Ian, when you're right; you're right."

He leaned down and pulled the gag out of Lisa's mouth. He then proceeded to untie her from the chair. When she was finally free; she stood up, looked at me, and smiled. Then she turned around and kissed Ryan Rich.

"Dude, are you fucking serious?!"

Lisa Magazine turned back around to face me.

"I'm sorry, Ian. But, I mean, c'mon; you didn't really think I wanted to fuck you, did ya?"

"Umm yeah, kinda."

"Aww. That's cute."

"So what? Killing everyone I care about wasn't enough? You had to go and break my heart too? Just for fun?"

Ryan Rich laughed again.

"C'mon now, Ian. How else do you think I could've gotten ahold of your phone? I had to have the pretty Ms. Magazine here help me out with that."

"Yeah, plus, Ian, you were like super anxious to hand over your phone so that I could give you my number. It seemed kinda desperate. You should work on that. Girls don't really find that type of thing attractive."

"Dude, fuck you guys!!!"

Just then, a loud 'Bang' shook the building. Then, another. Mayor Sorrento came storming through the door of the office.

"Mr. Rich! We have a problem!"

Detective LaBomba saw this temporary distraction as the best opportunity he was gonna get. He came bursting through the window with his gun drawn before any of us in the room even realized what had happened.

THIRTY-NINE

Nick, Skip, and Rob came flying through the front door of the club. Skip wasted absolutely no time. He jumped up onto a table, pointed his gun in the air, and

BANG! He fired a shot into the ceiling. Then he began shouting.

"EVERYBODY GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE RIGHT FUCKING NOW, OR I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!!!"

Once again, everyone in the entire place froze and the music came to an abrupt halt. Rob and Nick both went to shout, but Ryan Piersonification, who was still standing just inside the front door, beat them to it.

"Hey, Skip. Is that you? What are you doing with a gun, bro?"

Skip quickly turned, pointed the gun, and BANG! He shot Ryan Personification in the leg.

Nick just shook his head.

"God damnit, Skip!"

"I SAID EVERYBODY OUT, OR I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!!!"

Skip continued shooting more bullets into the ceiling, as everyone inside began freaking the fuck out and running towards the exits. Nick and Rob both simply threw down their weapons and began helping people out the front door. Skip hopped off the table with his gun and started chasing people out the back.

FORTY

"Nobody move!"

Ryan Rich, Mayor Sorrento, Lisa Magazine, and myself all stood frozen in front of the man with a gun who had just come barreling through the office window. We could hear gunshots and shouting coming from the floor below, and it sounded like all hell was breaking loose. I couldn't help but to cross my fingers that Rob had come up with a way to get everybody out. The man eventually spoke up.

"Ian Kinney, are you okay?"

"Dude, finally, a fucking good guy. Yeah, man, I'm alright. These people are all fucking crazy though. They're planning on blowing this whole place up and killing a bunch of awesome people, all because of social networking."

"I know. I heard everything. My name is Detective Steve LaBomba. I'm with the Young Lewis Falls police. Mr. Rich, I'm gonna need you to slowly handover that phone in the shiny new rainbow case."

Ryan Rich had no choice. The detective was pointing the gun directly at him. He

handed over my phone. And as soon as he did; I turned and punched him in the nuts.

FORTY-ONE

Nick and Rob had successfully managed to get almost everyone out of the club. They now stood out front explaining to everybody what was really going on. People were having a tough time believing that the place was really about to explode. They were all demanding to be let back in.

Meanwhile, crazy ass Skip had been chasing people out the back door when he made a fascinating discovery. Somebody had left a long black limousine completely unattended, with the keys in the ignition. He figured he'd already driven a cop car today; so, why not try a limo? He couldn't leave Nick behind though, so he went back inside the club to find him. He knew he had to hurry since the place was about to explode. He got back inside only to find it completely empty. He looked over at the bar.

"Man, I could totally steal a drink right now and nobody would ever know." That was an opportunity Skip just couldn't pass up. He ran over to the bar and poured himself a shot. He quickly knocked it back. He looked around. Nothing. He poured himself another. Knocked it back again.

"Man, free is by far my favorite type of liquor. It's too bad this stuff's all about to blow up."

Skip stopped. He thought about what he had just said. He looked around again. There was still no one in sight. He smiled. He then started grabbing cases of liquor and running them out the back door to the limo.

Out front, Rob and Nick were still trying to keep everyone from going back inside. However, Rob couldn't help but to wonder what the fuck had happened to me.

"Nick, bro, you think you can handle it out here? I wanna go inside and find Ian. I'm nervous that he's still in trouble."

"Yeah, don't worry about me. Get in there and save him."

Rob turned to run inside.

"Wait, Rob, one more thing; try and find Skip while you're in there."

Rob ran through the front door of the club. He immediately spotted Skip coming in the back door.

"Skip, dude, what are you doing?! This place is about to blow up! You gotta get outside. Nick is nominally worried about you. Plus, he needs your help making sure people don't come back in."

"Alright, alright, chill out. I'm going. It's not like I was stealing cases of liquor and hiding them in that limo outback which I also plan on stealing later."

Skip ran out the front door to go help Nick. Rob just shook his head.

"Now, where the hell is Ian?"

He glanced at the staircase up to Ryan Rich's office.

"Of course!"

FORTY-TWO

Detective LaBomba basically had the situation in the office completely under control. He had used his handcuffs on Mayor Sorrento. He had reused the rope from the chair to tie back up Lisa Magazine. And now he just had to restrain Ryan Rich before escorting them all downstairs. I was just sitting back relieved that this insanity was finally over. The detective picked Ryan Rich up and pushed him against the wall right next to the door. He kept his gun pointed at him, but then he turned to face me.

"Ian, I'm gonna bring Ryan Rich down to my car. I have more handcuffs down there. I just need you to watch these two until I get back for them."

"Yeah, no pro..."

Suddenly, the door of the office burst open, hitting the detective's gun out of his hand. Detective LaBomba instinctively dove to the ground to get it. Ryan Rich used the opportunity to dash towards the window and jump out onto the fire escape. I looked up to see Rob in the doorway.

"Hey Ian, are you okay?"

"God damnit, Rob! Stay here! Watch these two assholes!!"

Detective LaBomba and I both ran to the window just in time to see Ryan Rich hopping into the limo below. We jumped out and began climbing down the fire escape after him. We made it to the bottom, but we were too late. We watched as the long black limo drove away.

Rob had no idea what had just happened. All he did was open the door of the office. Then people started diving on the ground and jumping out the window.

"Man, what the fuck is going on?"

Suddenly, Rob spotted something lying on the floor right in front of him. It was a phone. A phone in a shiny new rainbow case. He reached down and picked it up.

Mayor Sorrento saw it.

"Wait! You don't wanna touch that phone!"

"Dude, fuck that. You have no idea how long we've been looking for this damn thing!"

Detective LaBomba and I continued to watch Ryan Rich escape in the limo.

"Well, at least you got my phone back from him."

"Yeah, he won't be using that as a detonator anytime soon."

The detective reached into his pocket to pull it out, but...he couldn't find it.

"I don't have it!!"

"What?!?"

"Wait, no, it's okay. It probably just fell out of my pocket when I dove on the ground upstairs. I bet it's just lying on floor in that offi..."

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

A sudden, massive explosion blew both of us backwards. We looked down the road only to see that, the long black limo, and Ryan Rich, had just been blown to pieces.

FORTY-THREE

Numerous police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances crowded the parking lot of The Famous Friends Club.

Mayor Johnny Sorrento and Lisa Magazine had been taken into custody.

Commissioner Calvin Cannoli and Ryan Rich were pronounced dead at the scene.

Detective Sean Thermos had managed to hold on and was on his way to the hospital.

Rob Zachary and myself were still inside the club, and were just finishing up giving our statements to Detective Steve LaBomba.

"Yeah, so I honestly don't know how the bomb got inside the limo. I'm just glad Rob here picked up my phone and accidentally used it as a detonator."

"Dude, I swear to God, I only hit like one button. I don't understand how that set the bomb off."

"Well, either way, it sounds like you two sure had a crazy day. I guess I should let you get out of here."

The detective reached into an evidence bag and pulled out my phone. He smiled and handed it to me.

"I believe this belongs to you. Don't tell anyone I gave it back."

"Thanks, Detective LaBomba. For everything."

Rob and I walked out the front door of the club. The second we stepped outside, we were immediately met by incredibly loud cheering. All of my Facebook friends stood in front of us. They were clapping, whistling, and shouting our names. It was a pretty neat little moment. I couldn't help but smile. However, I looked over at Rob, and I noticed he was frowning. Then I realized why.

"Rob, how long do we have?"

"What?"

"Dude, don't give me that shit! How long do we have to make it home before 'Sherlock' starts?"

"Bro, don't worry about it. This was obviously more important."

"ROB, HOW LONG?!"

"I dunno, man. Like six minutes? We'll never make it."

"Beep Beep"

I looked up to see a cop car in front of us.

"Hey, dildos. We're gonna get outta here and go get stoned. Just wanted to say bye."

"Skip? Nick? Dude, where the fuck did you guys get a cop car?"

"Well, some douche bag stole our limo, so..."

"Wait, dude, can you get us to Rob's house in under six minutes? It's an emergency."

"Wow, bro, it just never ends with you. I would, I swear, but, like, dude, I really need to smoke some pot."

"Hold on!"

I reached into my wallet and pulled out the joint they'd given me earlier in the day.

"I have pot!"

"Word, son! That's all you had to say. Hop in!"

The four of us sped towards Rob's house. Skip drove like a total maniac, but he managed to get us there in only five minutes. We all rushed inside and plopped down in front of the TV. Then...we got high and watched 'Sherlock'.

By the time the show had ended, Nick and Skip had both fallen asleep. I pulled out my phone and started to browse Facebook. Rob saw me.

"Dude, I can't believe you're already on Facebook. After everything we went through today."

I looked back at Rob and smiled.

"Bro, that's why I'm on Facebook. I mean, think of everything we went through today...."

...It's gonna make one hell of a status update."

THE END

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.FORTY-FOUR

"Hello, this is Dora Limieri with a special YLF News follow-up story. I'm happy to report that Michael Fucko, the young man who was attacked this past Sunday by police officers, has been successfully reunited with his missing dog, Jimbo. It's also being reported that, in an incredible twist, Jimbo was found after having injured the two offending officers. He had apparently tracked them down, managed to handcuff them, and then bitten their dicks off. Also, in yet another incredible twist, it turns out Michael Fucko might not actually be retarded."