

The SAGIA

De

Hotonoma

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The Saga de Hotonoma

Warning: This is not a children's story. There are mentions of sex, drugs, and at times graphic violence.
I created this when I was 14.

Dedicated to those that take the time to read it. And Grace.

Forward

I recently went searching for my old freshman high school physics notebook. It is yellow and is labelled 'English.' I remember it as the physics notebook because I did well in physics and spent a lot less time paying attention in class. So I filled that time by beginning to write my Epic Novel; that's how I thought of it. I had shown Grace the notebook before and giggled because I've read it several times over the years. I read it to her a few months ago for the first time and laughed at the 14-year-old potty humor. The few chapters I wrote are intriguing for many reasons, one of which is that I wrote very descriptively about imaginary drugs and their effects. At that time I was straight as an arrow. It reminds me how much my imagination has clawed for attention for so long. I think you will get a sense of that as I attempt to retell, draft, and grind my original story into something palatable.

Also it is utterly coincidental that *Stranger Things* made the name Eleven famous years after I had written about a character of the same name.

Chapter 1: Hotonoma

There once was a man. His name: Hotonoma. He was a simple farmer. His best friend was his goat, Eleven. And this is his story.

Chapter 2: Eleven

Eleven is a goat. He and Hotonoma go way back.

Today Eleven has to go see his ex-wife. Her name is Twelve, and she is also a goat. Twelve is also a bit of a tramp (Sandler, Adam). There was once a Time's article where, in an interview about Twelve, Spongebob said "She really brought it around town."

Eleven makes his way past the bakery toward Twelve's place. He does not pass go and therefor does not collect two hundred dollars. He feels sorry for his ex-wife; he was the best thing to ever happen to her. She used to struggle with an eating disorder- she was a model, you see. There were always photoshoots and she always had to look her best.

She's better now, he thinks. Yeah, Eleven feels bad for her. But he just can't get over how much she slept around. Insatiable. She muddles his brain; he must keep himself focused while around her. He's never met another woman who could suck down a cigarette while holding 3 kids, then put it out with her milk. Something about it tickled the man in him. She's gotten the best of many other good men- and by now she has more kids than she can handle. Eleven is bringing over a state-mandated payment for the kids they won't let him take care of, same as a dozen others just like him. The judge won't listen to reason, but of course she's in his pocket.

Eleven can't tend to kids anyway. His lifestyle is far too wild for children.

Chapter 3: Off To Never Never Land

Eleven wakes up the next morning with a pounding headache. His mind is in a complete fog, so he stumbles out to the living room in search of water.

Hotonoma is watching cops. He tilts his head back to get an eye on Eleven. "Morning Sunshine." His voice is booming in Eleven's ears.

"Quiet man. Holy Hell my head hurts."

"Sounds right, ya had a-bout-a pound of pepper last night."

Narrator: *An important cornerstone of this story is that pepper is a drug. Table pepper, like you might add to an otherwise unspectacular salad.*

"A pound! You didn't stop me?"

"Couldn't be stopped. You were dancing on tables like Madonna."

At that moment there is a rap at the door.

Yo, Yo, YO
I'm no doorbell
But if you don't open up
You're in for Hell

The door flies open with a cloud of dust. Men are on top of Hotonoma and Eleven before they can react. Their hands are bound and bags are thrown over their heads. "Where are you taking us?!"

"Off to never never land."

Chapter 4: Eleven's Dastardly Dead

Eleven and Hotonoma are thrown in the back of a box truck, they think. It's covered and they can hear two car doors slam shut. There are men giggling.

"Ey Madona, give us another 'Papa Don't Preach.'" The voices are deep but they're giggling like school kids.

"Good one, Symba." The passenger snorts.

"Couldn't believe how much you guys owe." Symba says. "Nothing but respect. Anyone with the gonads to owe Los Pintasos \$31,415,926,535,897,932,384,626,433,832,795,028,841,971,693,993,751,058,209,749,445,923,078,164,062,862,089,986,280,348,253,421,170,679 has gotta be crazy."

Eleven piped up. "I really need water." The passenger sat up in his seat.

"Oh sure, just pull over Symba."

"You idiot PoCawso," Symba said. "We ain't giving them any chance to get away. You'll have to wait. Get comfy, it's a long ride."

Eleven and Hotonoma wormed their way to the opposite side of their box truck from the men's voices. "Shit man, we really let that tab get out of control," Eleven whispered.

"Well, one of us did."

"Hey, I think I still have some leftover in my pocket. They said it would be a long ride."

"Mind as well."

Narrator: *In the back of the truck our duo squirm to help each other snort the pepper. They plunge deep within their minds. Years ago, pepper got the attention of some MIT nerds who successfully infused the pepper with the essence of refrigerators. The property which leaves users feeling light and crisp when open, but dark, alone and mysterious when closed. They added another effect that*

jumbles the brain, shaken not stirred. It makes life seem like a dream; mixing personal perceptions with imagination and blending with reality.

In the back of a Uhaul, Jimi Hendrix and Jimmy Page duel with rubber chickens. The door opens and the sun shines in.

Eleven tries to stand but falls out, smacking his head on the pavement.

...

Eleven wakes up in a jail cell. His head is pounding and his mouth and throat are as dry as a desert. Two guards stand outside the cell and turn to look at him. Eleven smells that the one on the left is smoking pepper. Or the right, depending on your vantage. "Ugh, he's awake," the one on the left says. Or the right, depending on where you're looking from.

"Do you remember what he's in for?" The one on the right asks. But again, this is paradigm dependent. Eleven gets confused tracking all this, as do I, so until we can better identify these guards let us say that the one to Eleven's left is number One, and the one to Eleven's right is number Eighty-Seven.

"Pepper debt," One says.

"Where's Hotonoma?" Eleven coughs. His mouth is so dry this is hard to get out.

"That the guy whose lung got ripped out?" Eighty-Seven asks. "I didn't believe the doc could actually do it, but Mario is breathing better than ever now!" Eleven clutches at his chest and falls backward, struck.

"Can you believe they almost gave Luigi the other lung? Everyone got a good laugh out of that." One said.

"Well it would've saved his life." Eighty-Seven rebutted. "Luigi was as useless as they come, but I'm a second chance kind of guy."

"I suppose you would've thrown a whole funeral too?"

"No, that guy deserved the flushing." They laugh. "That guy saving a princess?" Their laughter grows into a roar and they bend over holding their stomachs. Eleven is slumped against the wall and fully distraught. Eighty-Seven notices this. "Oh come on now little buddy, we see lots of debtors and other folks in here. Your buddy could've been the loud guy last night."

"Never heard so much snoring, 'cept from you Mary," One says.

"Shut it, Jr." The guard formally known as Eighty-Seven snaps, but now we've gained enough information to archive that moniker.

Eleven gains hope. "Hotonoma snores whenever he doesn't get tucked in!" Mary looks thoughtful.

"That guy got moved to the deprivation chamber where no one could hear him snore, I mean it was just awful. Then he goes sobbing about this chick Pega. You gotta tell us, is that his ex? That's where I had my money."

Jr, formally known as One, becomes animated. "I bet Mary hear \$20 Pega is what he named his tractor. All those farmer types are intimate with their tractors! Damn hicks!"

"Well, erm, Pega was his goldfish. She recently passed, he hasn't taken it well." Eleven is embarrassed for Hotonoma in this moment, but he is somewhat relieved to know his friend might be okay.

Mary looks aghast. "You farmers are into some weird shit."

Eleven stares at his captors. "Who are you people?" He gets a surprisingly honest and transparent response; he probably should've opened with that.

“This here is my grandson Henry II. The two men that drove you here, Symba and PoCawso, are my nephews. Our family is huge, you prob’ly heard of us. Big drug mafia business stuff, but we work as muscle in the intimidation and justice department. My uncle José is the biggest farmer this side of the Mason Dixon.” They’re on the bigger side, Eleven thinks, so that’s saying something. “Our family also runs a big transportation department, oh the headaches they deal with. Our job is much better.”

Eleven is surprised that they are revealing all this information, but sees the fat pepper joint they’re passing back and forth and guesses that there isn’t much tobacco mixed in. Maybe he could use that to his advantage. He needs to get out of here. How does he owe the Pintasos the first 100 digits of pi dollars?

“Well, anyway,” Mary says and takes a puff. With an exhale “you guys are set to death.” The cloud of smoke drifts into Eleven’s face and it smells delicious, but he is not paying attention to that now. “Death by mayonnaise.”

Narrator cutting in: *BUM BUM BUM!*

Cliffhanger?

“No please!” Eleven frantically begs for his life. “I’ll give you anything! I can get the money!”

“We know that’s out of the question. That damn wife of yours gets every cent you don’t spend up your nose.” Mary is fairly accurate in this. “I guess we could let you go for your left front leg.”

“NO! NOT LEFTY!” Eleven clings to his leg as best as a goat can. Mary turns to walk away.

“Fine then. Let you drown in mayo.”

“My soul!” Eleven blurts. “I’ll give you my soul for my freedom and to erase my debt.” Eleven tries desperately to save his ass. This is the deepest shit he’s ever been in.

“Done,” Mary doesn’t hesitate. Eleven breathes a deep sigh of relief. You might notice there’s been no mention of Hotonoma’s freedom.

You should find attached the deed to Eleven’s soul as recovered and graciously shared by the Canadian National Archive.

Eleven's ^{Soul} Deed

I, Eleven, hereby relinquish my soul to Mary Pinter.

I, Mary Pinter, hereby Swiftly accept.
Adverb

Witness to signing: Hello Kitty.

Date Signed: 2/31

Involved: x Eleven (Eleven)
x Mary Pinter (Mary Pinter)
x Hello Kitty (Hello Kitty)

Rent with 1 house: \$40
Rent with 2 houses: \$100
Rent with 3 houses: \$160
Rent with 4 houses: \$220
Rent with hotel: \$400

Mortgage value: Bout a buck fifty.

* Deed acquired from Canadian National archives.

Chapter 5: Home Sweet Home

You know I'm a dreamer. But my hearts of gold. I had to run away high- so I wouldn't come home low.

Mötley Crüe's epic song rings through the city. Elven walks down the street on his way. Home sweet home.

Meanwhile back on the Pintaso concentration camp, Mary packs her things. She is also on her way. Home sweet home. She will be seeing her father Abuelo Tom Pintaso. Earlier in the day he shot up his wife and Mary's mother Carmela de Casa Pequeña Pintaso, a.k.a. "el cinco." This could not be left unnoticed.

The Pintaso family American headquarters is very secretive. After many years of investigation, all the FBI knows is that it is near the Rio Grande. They responded to our inquiries with this official statement:

"We have reason to believe they would set up shop, so to speak, outside the Rio Grande because it would be easy to smuggle in their drugs and such."

Narrator: Really?

Mary knows how to get there. She's been going to HQ since she was a little girl. She's seen the route from the back of pickup trucks, U-Haul's, mules; pretty much anything you can think of.

Meanwhile in Nebraska, Eleven walks along a road which seems to go for miles into the horizon. His thumb is shooting straight up in the air: a ride back would make this much faster and easier. Once he gets back to Point Place life can go back to normal. Minus Hotonoma. But that's probably okay. Hotonoma once said that if he had to die of drug-related consequences, he would like to drown in Mayo. So Eleven knew they could both find peace in that.

Off in the distance, Eleven hears an eighteen wheeler fast approaching. He keeps walking but makes absolutely sure there is no way the driver could miss him and his thumb- strained toward the sky. The truck rolls to a halt beside him and the hydraulics exhale. Eleven climbs in the passenger seat.

The truck driver is a stumpy man. His beard is right out of a cartoon: it is scraggly and holds several living flies hostage. His red baseball cap reads "tacky, yet unrefined." He has a stern look to his face but there is no way Eleven can take him seriously. Eleven does his best to hide his gut reaction to laugh.

"Glad to have you aboard stranger!" The driver says, taking the lives of several innocent flies.

"You know what actually, I'm all set!" Eleven opens the door to run away.

"Wait!" The fat driver reaches for the center console. "Would you stay for a scooby snack?" Eleven freezes.

"Oh no," he says in a whisper. "My weakness. I must resist, I really should walk- it would be good for me."

"How about two scooby snacks?" The fat man says this in a grotesque attempt at persuasion, but the opened bag has all of Eleven's sinuses ringing.

"Go to hell."

In Eleven's autobiography "Van Wilder: Before it was Cool" he cites scooby snacks as his kryptonite, his Colonel Sanders. "I wish I had never tried them," he says. Snax anonymous reports that they are nearly impossible to kick, but that their research is ongoing. If you or a loved one has fallen into scooby snack addiction, call 867-5309 for information and have your credit card ready.

The truck ride is long and silent. It has an awkward, tense feel to it. Eleven can't stop a body shaking, anxiety fueled quiver. Dave breaks the silence with his stupid, scratchy, old fat man voice.

"So where ya headed?"

“Well...” Eleven hesitates but remembers his manners. “I’m going to Point Place Wisconsin.” Home sweet home. “And you?”

“Baby” Dave says, “I’m goin’ wherever you’re goin’.” He chuckles a deep and ominous chuckle that makes Eleven’s skin crawl. “We should stop for a bite. Where’d you like to feast?” Dave slaps his belly with a fat fingered hand. There are signs for a diner up ahead and Eleven wants out as quickly as possible.

“That spot looks good. This way we won’t hit the Seattle traffic on empty stomachs!”

“Ho-ho! Right you are!” Dave says. Eleven detests the trucker. Dave pulls his rig to the side of the parking lot and the hydraulics decompress. They each hop out and slam their doors. Eleven watches Dave walk around the truck. They walk toward the diner before Eleven stops and asks for the keys.

“Oh hey sorry buddy,” says Eleven, “I left me wallet in the cab!” He runs back, pops open the door and swings into the passenger seat before sliding to the driver seat. He turns the truck on and pops it into gear. He’s able to gather some speed in the short parking lot. He runs over Dave with the front right passenger tire, and feels a few of the back semi-wheels catch as well. He throws the truck in reverse and aims the trailer wheels for Dave. He gets a few trailer wheels to bump over Dave while he backs up, so he jumps out and grabs the man’s corpse. Eleven found a faint pulse in the man’s wrist. “Damn.”

Eleven gets back in the truck and repeats steps 1 and two, running over Dave in second gear and then reversing back over the body. When he checks again, the pulse is long forgotten. Eleven slumps the flattened body over his shoulder and loads Dave into the back of the trailer.

He hops back in the truck and heads on his way. Home Sweet Home.

Mary has nearly arrived to HQ. It has taken her what seems like forever- there are many precautions and rules one must follow to safely get to HQ without being followed or stirring attention. No speeding, no red lights, tail-gaiting, stop-sign-running, drive-by shootings, fun, etc. This makes the trip 4 times longer than it should be. When she finally arrives, she kicks down the door and looks for some ass to kick.

The atmosphere of the truck was lost with Dave’s life. No more heavy breathing that sounded like he was trying to pin a bull to the ground, or the constant fear that your future rapist was just a few feet away ready to strike at any moment. Just silence. So Eleven turns on the radio.

BROADCASTER: “And in other news, Abuelo Tom Pintaso has struck again. We reported just a few days ago that he is suspected to have killed his wife Carmela. Insiders have now shared that his daughter Mary Pintaso was the target of his latest outrage. She’s also being reported shot like her mother. That leaves five remaining Pintaso heirs, of which little is known. What have they done to upset Abuelo Tom? When will his reign over the Pepper Cartel end, so that the Mid-West can truly know peace again?”

Eleven pumps his fist and yells to himself in the truck, “YES. Now I don’t have to worry about that bitch owning the deed to my soul.” He breathes deeply into his chest feeling freedom as he heads home. Home Sweet Home.

Chapter 6: Back to Farm Life

Eleven pulled into the farm at 0300 hours. He found everything remained untouched.

He found Newtalus in his bedroom all but moved. The pet Newt was good company but not much for conversation. Somehow he possessed the gift to heal all of Eleven’s wounds, as if he knew the root cause of any melancholy or despair and exactly how to lift it just by being there.

Eleven was so caught up in the reunion he almost forgot, but alas remembered. He went to the back of the truck and slumped Dave's rotting pancake corpse into a wheelbarrow. He grabbed a shovel from the shed and found a spot that looked nice to start the hole. Eleven dug until dawn, making a six foot by three foot hole. Dave's body was a little crumpled in there, but it suited him. Eleven filled the hole and planted a tree, maple, on the spot. He had stopped by a Lowe's on the way.

Eleven crawled into bed and began dreaming good dreams. It was good to be back. Back home.

Home sweet home.

Eleven slept through the day and into the next, waking the next morning with a ravenous hunger. He felt immense relief that Newtalus had not completely pillaged the Ego waffles. After his waffles, Eleven went out to the store for some essentials: more waffles, a gallon of whole milk, some lays chips, three bags of cool ranch Doritos, BBQ pringles, and the latest Penthouse. After putting everything away (in the Dorritos case he just gave them to Newtalus, who had requested bleu cheese but Buy & Leave, Eleven and Hotonoma's favorite chip provider, was fresh out), Eleven went out to find a job. Farming just wasn't going to cut it anymore.

The unemployment office left Eleven upset to find a lack of lawn mowing gigs available. He explored the aviation field, but his lack of thumbs was an issue the recruiter couldn't see past. He talked to some fire fighters about joining the force but failed the prerequisite "ability to slide down a pole."

Discouraged, Eleven walked back toward home feeling bamboozled by The Man. He was cursing the establishment when a Help Wanted sign caught his eye:

Is The Man holding you back?
'Fuck him up. Join the Wacko Gang.
Sniper Wanted. Call Now.
508-867-5309

"That's it!" Eleven had found his calling.

Chapter 7: Workin' Man

Eleven hit up the Wacko gang and scheduled an interview. This is what he always wanted. Newtalus helped with the tie, and like a little girl on her first day of school Eleven skipped down to the HQ.

The boss caught him flirting with the receptionist, not a great start. It wasn't subtle either, he was laying it on thick and trying to close the deal- he'd have to really knock this interview out of the park to get over this setback. Eleven followed the boss to his office and took the cushioned wheely chair offered to him. The boss sat at his desk. Such a boss, in fact, that he demands his title be capitalized moving forward. The Boss then asked for Eleven's resumé.

Eleven and Newtalus had spent the previous night putting the resumé together. It contained every weapon he could use, his army tactical training shit, and a body count of all he had slain in a font that dominated the page. Not going to lie, The Boss was impressed. Eleven landed the job. His weapon was provided on site by the Wacko boss; a Smith & Wesson 50 cal sniper rifle. It was miraculous and beautiful, and Eleven treated it better than he would a baby.

His first gig was a target known as Duke Detwill. Eleven had never heard of him. Duke had put the Wacko gang in a bind. Usually if someone needs someone killed, it can usually be handled in-house. But the Russians had lost some key leadership to retirement (some retirements were forced, but in some cases the word retirement is merely a polite clean up of words like 'terminated', 'whacked', and 'murdered in cold blood for betraying the Fatherland.') So they had reached out to the Wacko's services to deal with Duke Detwill, who had committed some crime or offended the fatherland in some way, and now they wanted him to pay. Illegally. With his life. Giggity.

Eleven was briefed on his mission and dismissed. He began stalking his victim. He grew to know Duke Detwill and became attached in a way that is difficult to explain. Eleven had to shake some feeling for Mr. Detwill and focus on his plan. After three days

of intense tailing, Eleven had mapped out exactly how it would go. At 18:19 every night Duke would sit down to eat with his family. That's when it would go down.

Eleven sat in a tree in the neighbor's yard. The time was 18:12. Detwill's wife is setting the table. It is meatloaf night. Eleven cites his scope for Detwill's chair. The time was now 18:18:57. After three long seconds Detwill takes his seat at the head of the table and dinner begins. Eleven has his sights on him and so begins an agonizingly long squeeze of the trigger. They tell you not to anticipate the shot; take a nice longer and even squeeze.

What is to come is extremely violent, graphic and unrealistic. Skip to the next chapter if you can't handle some real (fake) shit.

As Eleven squeezed the trigger, Detwill's dog jumped onto his lap and blocked his head. But Eleven couldn't stop; the projectile was fired from the gun.

It punctured Detwill's dog and kept going. It hit Detwill in the nose- not proceeding, however, into his head. It stopped right at his big ol' honker and left him a bloody mess, flailing and screaming while his family altogether forgot about the wonderful meatloaf Mrs. Detwill had prepared. Funny, the 50 Cal Smith & Wesson can travel a mile before penetrating a concrete wall and blowing the shit out of some terrorists. But at 30 feet, a window and a Shitzu were the perfect combination that allowed Detwill's nose to stop the bullet at the line of scrimmage.

Eleven put another bullet in the chamber and hit a squirming Detwill in the chest. At 18:20 the time was called. Duke Detwill- you just lost the game. The game of life.

After that Eleven's missions went smoothly. He racked up his kill count and moved up the mercenary hierarchy in the Wacko's quickly for a nube. Soon he was getting better jobs and more important hits. One such job took place on the night of September the 14th. He found himself with a job to off Benito Mussolini's old Secretary of State. Coincidentally Chuck Norris, not THE Chuck Norris, a much lamer Italian Chuck, refused to leave his house out of fear of being off'ed.

Eleven greased some wheels and got the man out of his home for the first time in 60 years. The wheels were a hot prostitute, and the grease was some cold hard cash. Eleven got the job done.

Then he found himself with a hit to snipe the actual, ripped Chuck Norris. He held quite a bit of anxiety about this hit but knew that the legends couldn't be true; Chuck Norris was just a man with a pulse. When the time was right he took the shot, and Chuck Norris caught the bullet with his package. Balls of Kevlar, they would later joke. But in the immediate aftermath Eleven feared for his life- why would he try something so foolish as to snipe Chuck Norris? It turns out that Chuck Norris had called the hit out on himself. He was testing himself. He passed.

Chapter 8: Sea Legs

It was Eleven's eleventh week with the Wackos. He was being briefed for another mission, the whole thing was very routine. But unbeknownst to Eleven but known-st to us, this mission would change his life. He would come back from this a changed goat.

The mission would put him on a boat. Eleven and his crewmates York, Jessica and Carmela Jr. would be stationed in the Aegean Sea. The one by Greece, there's no spellcheck for notebooks yet, but I think I nailed it. (I did not, see: Agean).

The four were briefed separately as each would have a separate job to do. Eleven, the sniper, was to harpoon the shit out of a giant sea monster that's been allegedly eating sailors (everyone's innocent until proven guilty). York was the driver; Jessica a bomb specialist; Carmela Jr. was a certified weapons specialist with a better understanding of North American Tomahawks than any Native American alive.

This giant monster was an octopus. A giant octopus. The ninth child of long-forgotten Octo-mom, whose name was accurate for all the wrong reasons. This octopus was eating sailors, boats and majorly disrupting commercial fishing. The Greeks gave it a name which fits its terror and evil; Steve.

Steve was considered a level 11 on the scary-ass-monster scale. It's tentacles haunted the dreams of children and sailors alike. Steve's most distinguishing feature were his three tentacle legs- not typical of an OCTOpus. Steve the three legged octopus, Octo-mom-son, was not to be taken lightly. The name itself is forbidden by some tribes and cave paintings of the creature date back a generation. We have attached an artist's rendition of Steve, courtesy of the Canadian National Archive.

The briefing left our team in awe. How on Earth would they come back from this trip alive? The mission was of critical import, but the risks were very real. Eleven gathered his things and gave a hearty goodbye before watching Newtalus drive Dave's semi away from the docks and into the sunset. The mechanics of a newt perfectly piloting a semi-truck are mind-bottling and I hope to one day detail this technical wonder. But I would be remiss to leave out that Newtalus also roll started the rig single-handedly.

Watching him drive off was an emotional moment for Eleven. The four crewmates boarded the boat all with the same thought: was this the last time they would touch land? Cliffhanger much?

They didn't break off the dock until 0600 the next morning. There was a calm silence as they took in the air. It was refreshing, sharp, brisk, invigorating, tense, and had a fishy smell that paired terribly with coffee breath.

Eleven and York shared a bunk- which were small and had bunk bed hammocks. Eleven got top, nice. Things were different on the open sea. The morning had an uneasy feel. To break the ice and get to know each other, the team played a name game at Jessica's suggestion.

"Hi, my name is York and I like to yell."

"Oh ho-ho!" Eleven said. "I can tell we are gonna have problems, you and me York."

"Settle down," Jessica said. "My name is Jessica and I love Jesus." York harrumphed.

"That is so like you to say that."

"Yes, it is," said Jessica. "And Jesus loves me. You might ask, how do you know this Jessica? Well, Jesus loves me this I know, for the bible tells me so! Little ones to him belong, we are weak but he is strong!" Emphatically now, "YES Jesus LOVES ME" Jessica sang.

Carmela Jr had her hands over her ears. "THANK YOU stuck in my head for the rest of the day. AWESOME." Jessica smiled back at her.

"You're welcome, my trouble-souled friend."

Eleven spoke next. "My turn my turn! My name is Eleven and I like Igloos."

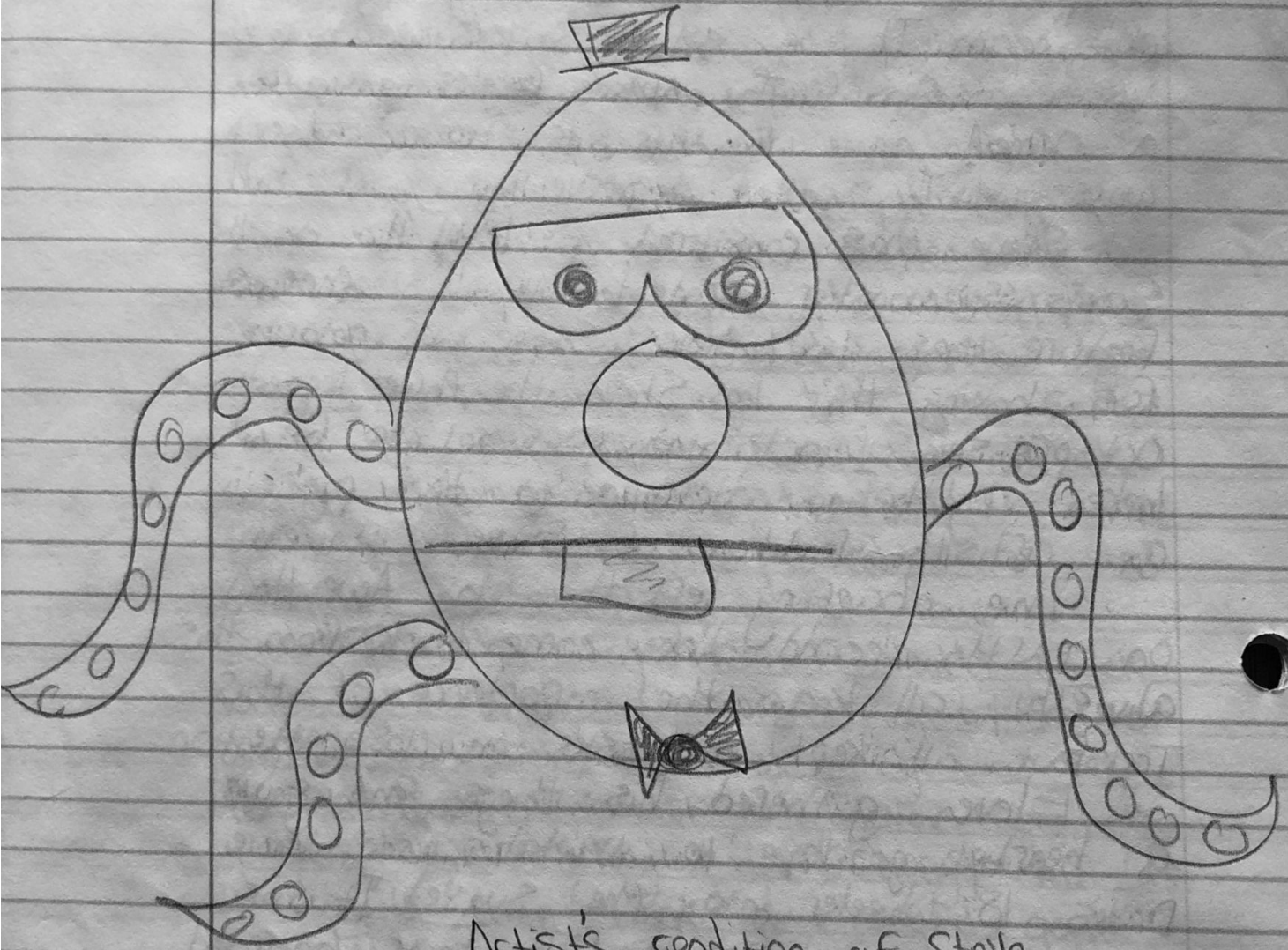
York took exception to this. "Igloos doesn't start with E, dumbass."

"And Eleven isn't a name," said Carmela Jr. "It's a number!"

"We couldn't afford a real name," Eleven said as the new buzz kill. "My father worked three jobs. He would mow lawns in the morning, spend his afternoon as a nursing home assistant and moonlight as a professional curler- he ran a mean broom. He let my mother chase her dreams of being a successful prostitute and mother of Twenty."

"Twenty kids! Poor woman!"

"No no no, Twenty is my sister's name."



Artist's rendition of Steve.
Enlarged to show texture.
Acquired from Canadian National Archive.

“Wow,” York said looking down and deeply moved. “That must have been difficult to share. Thank you.” Jessica put a hand on Eleven’s shoulder.

“It sounds like Jesus carried you most of your life.”

“Yeah,” Eleven thought out loud. “Maybe he did.”

The sobering mood captured the boat and everyone forgot that Carmela Jr. hadn’t gone yet. The crew passed around a pepper joint and thought deeply about their lives. Until they hit the joint and totally forgot what they were thinking about. It was a very solemn night on the ship.

Chapter 9: A Close Call

Eleven awoke the next morning to a sharp pain in his leg. His nerves exploded and sent shock to his whole body. His eyes opened to find Carmela Jr. standing over him.

“Die, die, die my darling!” she was panting.

“NO.” Eleven kicked her away. She tumbled backward into the door, hitting her head. She seemed slightly dazed but Eleven knew she wouldn’t be down long. He also knew his harpoon gun was within reach- he wouldn’t sleep without it. “You’ve been terminated,” Eleven said solemnly. He squeezed the trigger and sent a poison tipped harpoon through Carmela Jr.’s head and stuck it to the door behind.

“Spot on, Watson!” York exclaimed from the hammock beneath Eleven.

“Point blank range. I figured you weren’t there because you didn’t help.”

“You had it under control!” Eleven looks down at him like ‘what the fuck dude?’

“She almost killed me!”

“Meh! Horseshoes and hand grenades buddy. Get over it! We’ve got a tripod octopussy to annihilate!” York hopped out of his hammock bed and started removing the harpoon (and Carmela Jr.) from the door. “Besides, you’d be foolish to think one of us wasn’t here to kill another. We’re the varsity squad of Wackos!” York really knew how to rally the team.

York and Eleven threw Carmela Jr. overboard. Then they had to clean their room like you wouldn’t believe. Brain juice and blood found their way into all the nooks and crannies. They would never rid the room of all the blood, guts, and homicidal thoughts.

Chapter 10: The Unnamed Sequel to Chapter 9: A Close Call

The remaining crew searched Carmela Jr.’s possessions during their regular morning upkeep. She was a direct descendent of the Pintaso cartel war machine. Daughter of Abuelo Tom and Abuela Carmela, sister to Mary, Henry and José. Probably a few more that they didn’t know about as well. Eleven scratched his head realizing he was repeatedly getting in trouble with that lot.

“That’s why she had all this Grade A Pepper.” York concluded.

“Ours now,” Jessica happily pointed out.

“Never had the Christian girl pegged for a hop head,” Eleven teased. Jessica made no witty reply so they went about their business. They planned to overindulge tonight- they were still traveling to the Aegean and would need to be more attentive later. But for now they were free to debauch a little. Carmela Jr. had brought so much fucking pepper, about 40lbs they figured. The scale they brought on the boat to weight the giant octopus they were going to go kill wouldn’t go low enough to register the suitcase they found, but Eleven thought his arms were fairly well calibrated. This much pepper would last quite a while. It would fetch about \$20k on the street, \$52k in a high school- or the equivalent of 82 years of homework doing.

When night came they made the appropriate steps necessary to make everything ideal. Set and setting, Jessica kept saying. There were tiki torches and coconuts. They sat down in a circle each with their own joint they would pass at the same time. The details of this night are best quoted directly from Eleven's autobiography, *Twenty-Eight Years of Kickass: The Accounts of Eleven*. It's interesting to note that these memories were lost to Eleven, and that he needed to get ridiculously high again to recount the events. Enough of my rambling- let's read directly what Eleven published:

I looked around. There were eight fadoodle trees- palm trees with pink and orange fuzzies instead of leaves. Six of the eight were inhabited by the owls of Transvaal, the remaining two by rivalling bananaphone Venus fly traps. My prey was nowhere to be seen. A stealthy goof, the hairy-nosed Dutch sloth was a trophy of the highest importance. The valor and pure honor would leave the hunter august.

I stepped through the dictionary bush as quietly as possible, sling shot in hand. I moved closer to the cucumber grass when suddenly! A movement. The stealthy sloth had made a mistake! The children would read about this moment for generations- Steve Irwin, Sloth Slayer! I moved slowly- so slowly! So slowly it would make Edgar Allen Poe's character explode of intensity! A snail drowning in molasses could have done laps around me.

I locked onto my target. It was busy stuffing its face with cucumber grass, bastard. He would pay for the deforestation his species had committed. I pulled back the slingshot, so slowly! A bead of sweat fell from my brow. One second. Two seconds. Three seconds. I let go.

The sloth jumped. Direct hit, HOO-RAH! It began running but I feared not for it wouldn't get far. Tracking would be a breeze; the blood trail glimmered like Mario Kart's rainbow road. In the midst of my celebration I was thrown to the ground. Suddenly a great weight was over me. I struggled to free myself and realized a great beast was atop me. The ape-like speckled Dwarf Flop was a great ally to the sloth. In my folly I had no cleared the area, and for this I would pay. The Dwarf Flop proffered a dagger of the sharpest bamboo and made a move to hold me down. My future looked grim.

Chapter 11: A Grim Future

The beast was over me. With each second the pain grew 10x what it was two seconds earlier. In my chest, my arms, and my life. I looked toward the fadoodle trees, the puppy shaped clouds, the sun, which carries the spirit of the fairest of maidens, for hope. Any sign of life that would connect me with reality and give an escape from this pain, allow me to put context to the pain. But all were gone. The fadoodles were dry and leafless. The ground which only moments earlier had fostered so much lant life was now dry and cracked. Even the sun couldn't hide from the evil feelings; the sun which held supreme power over life had succumbed to evil that had been held at bay for so long. Black fire raged where our life source once burned. The cloudlessness was sky and black light ran over it like a river spilling over rocks.

Surely there was no hope to be found here, as even the greasy lake swans had abandoned me. I gathered what strength remained to me and put every ounce of my energy into my vocal cords. I released a barbaric cry loudly, so loudly, as loudly as I could. Truly the loudest cry I ever cried. I transferred that energy down to my front leg, and punched the speckled Dwarf Flop in the nose.

It rolled off me in pain, crying its own cry. It grabbed its nose and sobbed, swearing to the God of Whales. I recovered my breath and then my slingshot and then I stood over the beast. It was defeated. A sad sack of hair and disease. I pulled back my slingshot and put it out of its misery. A lone cry in the night ushered peace through the forest, which had reappeared. In the silence that followed I erected a funeral pyre and watched as the beast's spirit left our world for its next journey. As I sat watching I noticed that I was being watched. An elven princess, slender and fair, slid from deep inside the forest to join me.

Chapter 12: The Trip Continued

She had long blond hair. Her pointy ears jutted from her head. She was tall and her legs were long; a true weakness of mine. She whispered to me, "To whom do I have the pleasure?"

"Steven," I told her. "Steve Irwin. Slayer of Beasts. Tamer of the Wild." It was difficult in these moments to contain my pride.

"I saw your kill of sloth beyond the pine grove, and now a Dwarf Flop burning at your feet. You must be the warrior come to save us."

My ego swelled. "Well I wouldn't want any of these beasts to harm farm maidens such as yourself."

"Oh thank you!" She sprang at me. "Thank you thank you!" She was on top of me.

The next few scenes were deleted by my editor for their highly graphic content. It would easily pull a TV-MA if made for television, something you'd never want someone to walk in to find you watching. It's just way over the top. Not "oh hey that sounds fun" no. No. It's disgusting. I could barely get through it myself, and I lost my lunch doing it. Pick yourself up a copy of *Twenty-Eight Years of Kickass: The Accounts of Eleven* if you don't believe me. Page 169, paragraph 3. Things really heat up by sentence 5. Go ahead. Check it out, but maybe on an empty stomach.

Chapter 13: The Aftermath

A few days later they all woke up. It was a tremendously long high that also demanded a great deal of sleeping off. No one remembered the events of the previous days, as I had mentioned before the trip. Years later Eleven made the effort to get high and recount the events as part of research for *Twenty-Eight Years of Kickass: The accounts of Eleven*. They did notice quite immediately, however, that some shit had gone down.

The ship was a mess. There were floor boards pulled free here and there and several had large bite marks taken out of them. Their sail was quite luckily returned to them by an ally gang that stumbled on it 50 nautical miles away. There was pepper, food and vomit everywhere. It looked like half the ship had been set on fire. It didn't look like it took structural damage thankfully, just burnt as shit. All in all about 7/16 of the ship was unharmed.

York was a mess: broken nose, a welt the size of an armadillo on his leg, and third degree burns on his back. They found a seagull in his bunk. It was quite dead. They performed an autopsy which revealed that it had been hit by a projectile at high velocity. It was buried at sea.

Eleven had a bum leg that made moving around difficult. Several of the tiki torches had been sharpened to a point and were bloodied. The investigation remains ongoing. Perhaps the biggest mystery was that Jess was unharmed. Not a scratch on her. She was the most hungry though.

They did what they could to put the ship back together and vowed to take a pepper break for a while. Jess made green eggs and ham for breakfast. But the men wouldn't eat it. Not here nor there or anywhere. They would not eat it in a box with a fox. They would not eat it with Madonna in a sauna. Not in a house with a mouse, or a coffin with Matt Hoffman. They would not eat it in the rain or on the abs of T-Pain. They also rejected with rocks and socks. They would not eat it in Nebraska or Alaska, nor with a cat petting Borat.

...

Thus ends the olde testament of the Saga de Hotonoma. This is where my olde physics notebook (labelled English)

abruptly halts. I finished part way through the year, and without checking the paperwork I assume I aced Freshman High School Physics I. Remembering back I always thought I would return and finish the story. I saved an old, yellow lined piece of paper with the entire plot and Pintaso family tree detailed for years, ensuring it was always locked away with other important writing notebooks. But the truth is my only writing of this story existed in that physics classroom until I returned 13 years later. And once I got around to editing the parts written, I found it entirely too easy to set new scenes for Eleven. I even decided to write Hotonoma back in. If you didn't get the joke by now, I thought it was hilarious to write a story about Eleven when the book was called the Saga de Hotonoma.

With all my effort I entice you now, dear reader, to become a follower of the New Testament of the Saga de Hotonoma. I have been affected by time and so has this writing, which will explore these characters in new lenses while maintaining the original scope and spirit of the project as I envisioned.

4/20/22

NOTE TO SELF: I HAVE MORE SCRIBING FROM THE NOTEBOOK TO DO. BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN TO WRITE SOME NEW ELEVEN. ALRIGHTY THEN

Steve The Monster

Coming Soon

The Ends Justify the Means

Eleven keeps his cool. He's just a part of the wallpaper. A goat sitting at the bar, striking the side of his whiskey glass with the intensity of a being whose mind is far from his body. That is his disguise tonight, and the whiskey is a nice perk. Your characters all contain small truths of yourself, his coach once said.

Things don't sound well. Eleven has heard enough to start a world war with the wrong reaction. Not only must he maintain his security in this moment; he must process and respond appropriately with care and tact. The world depends on it.

Eleven's ear follicles are focused across the bar and through the hum of the jukebox (Led Zeppelin's *Black Dog*) to the pair of suits in the corner hunched over their table, beers forgotten. The one closer to the exist listens intently, while the man to his right fails to contain his exasperation. Eleven knows the man is winning over the chancellor, whose hawkish eyes scan the room as if he has a finite number of heartbeats in it. He will leave soon, and Eleven might have to follow him.

The chancellor's vote is everything. The Canadian rebellion depends on the bill to wipe clean the records of non-violent drug offenders. Overnight their army could gain thousands of recently released pepper-heads looking for a good time.

Is it evil? Maybe. Do the ends truly justify the means? Eleven hopes to ask this to himself with the comfort of perspective once his ends are met.

The chancellor gets up abruptly and exits the bar. Eleven stands and covers his mouth suddenly, sprinting toward the restroom hallway. At the end of the hallway is the emergency exit. Eleven bursts out the door and makes a few loud and obnoxious puking sounds, but rushes to edge of the building to peer at the street discreetly.

He follows the chancellor home. It is not difficult; the man is distracted. Eleven keeps a healthy distance and an eye on his surroundings. He smokes a cigarette as he walks and remains undetected.

The chancellor unlocks the door to enter his home: a 2 story single-family that is packed into a dense, privileged DC neighborhood. Eleven quietly slips past the alleyway gate to the side of the house. He slides the window open without a sound and, after a quick check for anyone watching, slips inside.

He quietly surveys the room, which is exactly as he expected it would be. He pulls out the pad of paper from his coat and starts scribbling the note, though his eyes never look at the paper. They are busy scanning the room as he lurks quietly. He leaves the note and hustles out, covering his tracks without a wasted motion.

The next morning Madeline gives the chancellor a note she found on the baby's changing table. She is scared and crying while he reads the note. He storms out in a fury, and Madeline feels a deep fear of many things; her daughter's safety, her neighbors, the future, her husband, and the wrath his rage would rent.

The Backstory of Hotonoma

Hotonoma runs out into the fresh air knowing that his time outside is limited today and he has to make the most of it. He looks toward the other boys and wonders which game they will play today. Hotonoma will side with whichever is most popular- he wants to play, not argue.

The boys are giving that goat an extra hard time today. His horns are just coming in, and San Juan just made a show of grabbing it and spinning the goat around in a big circle. Even though the goat is pretty weird, Hotonoma can't help but feel sorry for him. He's smarter than most people in school and the only livestock in their town that has any intelligence at all. It's more common than Hotonoma knows, and most definitely not an act of magic, though Hotonoma isn't convinced.

Hotonoma walks toward the group of boys and yells "San Juan, leave that Billy alone now. Let's play kickball." San Juan is not amused.

"Shut up hick, I do what I want." Hotonoma takes a step toward San Juan.

"Hey now partner, I'm just tryna play some kickball." Hotonoma points a finger at San Juan. "But what you're doin to that goat ain't right."

"You gonna stop me?"

"You gonna make me?"

At that, San Juan grabs the goat's horn while staring at Hotonoma. Hotonoma steps toward San Juan and lands a right punch straight to San Juan's nose, which cracks and bends out of place. Hotonoma takes another step toward San Juan and grabs his shirt with his left hand, pulling San Juan toward him for a second punch to the cheek. Hotonoma pulls up, he shouldn't punch as hard as he can twice. San Juan has fear in his eyes, so the second punch is just to seal the deal.

After that they played kickball, and Hotonoma started talking to the goat more. He pretty much hitched his wagon to the goat when he beat down San Juan. Hotonoma kind of likes the respect he gets around school though, and the goat, whose name is Eleven, is good enough company. Better than being friendly with a douchebag like San Juan, anyway.

Quintessential Hotonoma Teens

Coming soon