

BRILLIANT FUTURE - FRAZER~WILDE

FRAZER - WILDE



Brilliant future

parts 1-3

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# Brilliant Future

by **Brentley Frazer and Fakie Wilde**

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R E T O R T   B O O K S

BRILLIANT FUTURE - FRAZER~WILDE

# Brilliant Future

by

**Brentley Frazer and Fakie Wilde**

**BOOK ONE**

**THE BUTCHER'S SAGA**

R E T O R T   B O O K S

## **THE WAY TO A PIE**

**Just a suburb of town houses.** Town houses. A word which I suppose is supposed to make cramped, over priced living sound stylish. Like Faux for Fake. There's a huge drain which runs through the whole suburb like a long snakeline monster pit, bleeding slime that stinks and metal grills where the growlers come from. As children we used to stamp on their fingers when they tried to escape. When we forced Vernon down there he never came back. We found his baseball cap and some matted gore attached at the foul broken lip of the sewer pit that runs into the creek. His parents stood by where we pushed him down for weeks, calling his name down the grate.

**All the grass is dead.** From the spilt wine, oil and where the drunks pissed. That's what happens when it doesn't rain for months. The branches in the park hang over the benches like stings of spittle. I just walk around the streets on a Saturday morning with my ball and dreams of living like they do on telly. Listening to people plugged into the cartoon channel and

looking at garbage as it dies up against the old chainwire fences. Among the soggy boxes sometimes you find bits of shredded underwear and tipped out handbags, broken compacts, swollen address books... Sometimes I feel as though every second of living is just a sand grain section of some sort of epic experience and then, at other times I feel like I'm locked up here and there's no way out, and sometimes it's even worse, because I wonder if there's even anywhere worth escaping too anyway... I walk around the streets of morning on a hung over Saturday which smells like the drain does on a hot Tuesday afternoon and try and make everything seem worthwhile. Thumbing through the yellow pages looking for company, for something that make sense. Shutting most of the image out with slit-closed eyes, trying to remember that TV screens are just a pretend world made up of glass and sparks. Just a picture, and besides, I'm on my way to the bakery for a pie and a can of coke.

**The only reason I don't smoke is because I can't afford it, and the only reason I don't get crazy and start beating on**

people like Hendrie did the other night is because I'm undecided as to whether or not it's appropriate. What are the pro's of punching someone's head? And also whether or not appropriate things even actually exist. See that telephone pole? That's where a cop got bashed to death just over a month ago. It was talk of the town for a whole week. I think it must take real philosophy to beat a cop to death like that. Philosophy is like commitment. A commitment to act on thoughts. Kind of like deciding that not fucking is the way to go because you've decided that god's a good idea, or deciding not to bash someone who needs it because you might hurt their feelings. Lets' face it. If you don't chain it down and it's gone when you get back, it's not yours anymore. And if you did chain it down, but you come back and find it wrapped up against a wall and smashed to bits, then you've become the owner of one smashed up piece of shit. And if you stand at the western bridge and look down into the drain there, you'll see a thousand more fucked up things which've lost their owners. And if it rains, or sometimes on a high tide, they're drifting along like stolen dreams on a filthy green

conveyor belt on their way out of the suburb. On their way to hell on earth, or Mexico or something. And it doesn't matter shit anyway. Who the fuck cares about anything except me? You know, I should've just kicked the shit out of someone as did Hendrie, but more extreme...as though I had completely snapped. I could have fucked up the whole joint, screaming like bile and vomit and hatred was going to come busting out of me any second and its gonna beat the hell out of anyone and then gangrape the whole bloody room. Even better, I could just leave, leave room, the street, the suburb. I could just get up now, without even finishing my beer (I could perhaps throw the beer, or I could take my beer, its good beer) and walk straight out that door over there (I could kick the door in, or rip the flyscreen out while muttering vile obscenities) and then I am gone.

**They say that hell** is exactly the same as waking up with your drunken head up some fat woman's' arse, or some fat man I suppose. I'm reckoning hell is a shit place. If you keep away from religious

people, you'll avoid being creeped out too much by the shit they speak, but you'll end up listening to someone else's shit in their place anyway. And if you wake up one morning and you've found you've got your head up one of the above said fat arses, well, I guess you're there. Here, I mean, coz this morning I woke up and my head was up a fat woman's arse. Problem was, I wasn't drunk, a bit stoned, but not drunk. I kinda wriggled around a little and shouted some, but the arse was a little cramped. Soon the lady got up and walked off somewhere. I was dragged along behind her like some johns expired condom. I was unsure as to what she was doing, but as yet she had not sat down, which was cool.

**Check out Pony.** He's a fat wasted son of an arsehole, standing out front of his apartment and looking through yellow eyes at the junkmail. Standing glorious in his cream coloured underpants. Perhaps he is somebody's hell waiting to happen... -Bloody well should be. "*Hey Pony you silly cunt!*" I shout at the fat piece of shit. The cunt squints at me for a second and just says "*Cuuuuuuuuuuuuunnnnnnnnnnt...*" real low

and slow. Typical Pony shit. I keep kicking the ball along until I get to the shops. Eight shops in all and that's it. What a suck-hole of a place to live, or shop or visit or die in or anything. The drain always smells ripest here, like it's just been scraped and is ready to eat. I'm immune to it really. I only really hate it when I've been away or something. I have considered taking some of the drain with me for prolonged absences, in fact the shop to which I am going now sells all kinds of things that I could scoop some of the slime into. Last night I had a dream about the drain. The foul trickle came for me in the night, crept up my legs looking me in the eye it tried to force itself into my mouth. It became almost erotic here I guess, morphing into a very sexy Chinese woman who was taste eating her own pussy for a huge crowd of ceramic garden gnomes, digging in her fingers and bringing them to her lips and licking them long and slowly. I notice that she was looking at me and that I had become a camera and then these fingers from unseen arms screwed a chrome funnel into the back of the camera and then a flock of birds began to spit into it.

**Doesn't stop me** from eating my pie. Sucking up the salty gravy and lumps of fat, standing here in the car park with my ball. Eating a pie, Coke in my other hand. This is a kings life and I'm thinking things would have to be pretty good to be better than this...and then I am thinking, as I bite into a bit of horse gristle that, nahhhh...its not possible for life to ever get any better, ever. And then this shitty datsun swings into the carpark with its tyres screeching and hits a shopping trolley which hurtles along sideways on two wheels and smashes through the pane glass front of the bakery where I bought my pie. The shopkeep comes bustling out with a baseball bat and a meatcleaver yelling and shaking and proceeds to smash in the rest of the front end of the datsun that was already busted to crap anyhow. I toss my empty can and pie wrapper into the pile of carnage, its nice to be able to contribute.

**What keeps us going?** Do you suppose that it's just the pies and all the fucking and fighting that goes on around here? Which bee is the master of his hive, who would

dare beat the queen bee to shit? Everyones dad is just sitting about sinking piss and ripping the legs off insects. What's the point , let' s face it. If we ever get out of here, there's gonna have to be some cash. No cunts round here have much of that stuff it appears. We need a smart plan, and we're all of us fucked at thinking, so that part doesn't work. We can't ask our dads coz they spent it all already on keeping their guts full and their bitches happy. We all end up near the fence on one big lazy grub-curl hip of the drain. Sitting in the shade of a carton of throwdowns, scratching all our great plans down. The world would be freaked if it could see what we're on about: The cunts we're gonna bash or kill and cunts we're gonna steal shit off or whatever. Clear as day, we might sometimes do stupid things or have a bad idea where we end up with faggot cop bracelets on, but we're the smartest cunts in this whole place. Peni (that's his name because you can't call what he has a cock) is the smartarse in these parts, an Einstein type guy who can plan a good heist when the need arises.

**We see things different** to everyone else. Especially Peni, look at that cunt sitting

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over there writing all this shit down like its important, he might be smart but he has no idea how to spend his time decent. So we've got throwies in the shade and are tossing the empties plop down into the drains' guts. Listening to it fart delicious in the afternoon sunshine. That flat fat sound which reminds you that you're here and everything is fine. Everything is fucked. There's five of us, and we've all of us got our shirts off. Sure, we might be posing a bit as we flex the bottles to our mouths, we might be sucking our guts in the whole time and being hard, but we may also be getting seen by some scrag, or a pack of 'em and that's nothing to be farted at. None of us are poofers neither and none of us have ever sucked cock using the usual closet excuse of there being no scrag about.

Scoring cunt is right up there with booze and winning a ruck, and we've all five of us got some public cred to uphold. Tonight we are gonna score with whatever moves, and if it doesn't move we are gonna push it. Wayne is called slops 'cause if some scrag is pissed and up to doing all of us in a row, we make him wait for soup. Stink and me usually get in first, then its' up

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to Peni (who's the wimpiest little cunt with glasses you've ever seen) to fight with Moo-Moo about not copping too much slop. Moo has a distaste for the slops on account of when he was 7 his older sister sat on his face and gave him a creampie after fucking her stupid cockhead boyfriend who laughs at Moo to this day. Moo usually bashes Peni at this point and throws him out a window or something. And by the time he gets back, Moo's finished and it's Peni's go anyway. Wayne just accepts that he's the slop boy. The Janitor, there for the final hose-down. Moo often whimpers about that creampie in his sleep, licking his lips like a faggot.

However, getting a tan in the shade, and getting pissed in the day and watching the drain dance is just the outer layer of all of this. We're talking about breaking into some cunts' house and stealing thousands of dollars which Peni says is hidden in the roof. The reason he knows this he says, is because Peni used to work with the cunt and knows what he does. What he does is be a butcher. -Fuck being a butcher. The whole idea of getting a job repulses me. I'm a fuck sight better than that. I don't have any wanker dreamers

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about being a manager type cunt neither, puffing my guts out walking around saying ' at the end of the day' like some corporate fucken mantra, no fucken way... I've got a brilliant future and it's gonna start very fucking soon. As for why this butcher wanker keeps money up in his ceiling, I've no idea. 'Cause banks round here are getting robbed every day I suppose. That's a righteous thing to do, but I never want to go there 'cause those pig cunts are just standing around waiting for hard cunts like us to rob banks. It's too obvious. Wayne reckons it's a good deal this butchers ceiling, -and that's a bit of a worry, 'cause the slothead is usually wrong, like the time he reckoned it was cool to take on this gang of homeboy wankers and they near beat us all to death, on account of them all having nunchakus and other faggot kungfu shit in their jackets, but me and Moo give it a nod ahead of not doing anything at all which was our plan b. We're gonna meet out front of Stinks' house and get pissed for a couple of hours, then we're gonna walk around for a bit and talk shit, bash some cunts. -That sort of thing. Were gonna juice right the fuck up with some primo piss and a few shots of pure meth that we

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scored off some cunt we bashed on the bridge last weekend, we gonna smash up Peni's pad a little and try and score with his sister. Then, around midnight we'll storm the joint and make off with the cash. It's so simple. Imagine having heaps of cash. We're gonna rule this dump after tonight.

"I don't care if I live or die!" Moo-Moo says it like he really means it. Like he's in a movie and he's scaring people hardcore. "Fuck up Moo." Says me there. "Yeah Moo-Moo you fuck!" and that's Peni who says that, so I hit the little cunt in the back of the head and his glasses fall into the dirt. Peni slobbers some shit about fucking us all up later after this score, Stink starts laughing and slips on an empty throwdown bottle at the lip of the drains' arsehole and then disappears forever beneath the shit and the broken deck-chair-urine.

We saw some bubbles sort of puff up through the slime like Stink was screaming under all the filth...we shoved a few long poles and crap in to let him grab if the clumsy arse could see past his stupidity. We all agree that it was fucked that he went like that, but agree to carry on in

his honour and meet as planned. Let's face it, he really was nothing but a cunt anyway.

### **"Brilliant Future part three"**

Sitting with the boys on the roof of the world here on the water tower. There's a water ban on because of the drought, but that doesn't mean we can't climb the tower and swim in the drinking water and relax and take over. And before you go on assuming that we piss in the drinking water tank, of course we fucking do you dickhead. This one day Peni almost drowned. Mostly though, that's because Bellamy kept grabbing him by the foot and pulling him down to the bottom. We couldn't let Peni almost totally drown this time, coz it was Stink who used to get off reviving him, and for all we knew Stink was mushed to shit already by the bacteria and slime down that drain. After a hot day and the bullshit that goes along with Stink getting eaten by the drain, we decided that we should go for a swim. It's totally dark in there except for the little hole where you climb the ladder. From the roof of the tank you can see the suburb and its full 360degrees of glory.

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And soon all this glory was going to be ours, if Peni would stop writing all our plans down all the time, that little cunt was sure gonna get us busted with his stupid nerd brain. Fuck probably already has a fucken website set up like those stupid high school massacre guys who got blown to shit before they could claim ownership of what they were trying to take over. What kind of wanker would want to take over a school anyway? Unless they were gonna blow it up, which would have been very cool. You can see the drain every now and then, sneaking up on the town houses from behind like a parallel serpent of the streets. It's everywhere that drain, snaking like a stream of the cities piss. Looks like there's a fight going on out front of the Waterloo Hotel, but it always looks like that out front of the Waterloo. It looks like some fat guy is beating on a dozen or more people in the car park with a pool cue and that fat guy looks a hell of a lot like Pony. None of this is unusual. The people he's bashing if it is Pony are most likely cops or women. He hates them both the same. Pony used to be in the army and once fought in one of those jungle wars.

"Is that Pony down there?"

Peni squints for a second.

"What a fat waste of flesh."

"Is it Pony?"

"He's beating up a pack of sheilas."  
Bellamy spits over the edge.

"are they scraggs?" I enquire.

" Moo-Moo laughs. "Not after Ponys' finished with em. They'll go running home with their sirens dangling between their bloody legs like Christmas lights." Then with his still wet clothes on he almost slipped clean off the roof, so we decide to get down to stinks and meet as we'd planned.

If that was Pony it kinda looked to me as I was climbing down the tank that one of the long hairs, which coulda been scraggs, had run him down with a car. As we reached the bottom of the tank I could here sirens and tires screaming but we all soon forgot that when Bellamy stood on a broken tally neck and it when straight through his

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thong and near hacked his whole heel off at the bone. We laughed like drunk scraggs for about a month as Bellamy almost died from blood loss. Meeting only involves Slops of course, because he had to be gay and go home for tea. We had free pies for tea 'cause we told the shiela in the pie shop that we'd bash up her ex-boyfriend for her. (However, he's all right by us and we aren't going to do anything. And anyhow, the bitch is a scrag and we just wanted the free pies) Peni stole half a carton of coke from the fridge on the way out so we had it made. (More or less).

So here's Me, Bellamy, his foot all bound up like a crash victim, Peni and Moo-Moo standing around on Weak Street waiting for Slop, when these cops turn up in an unmarked Torana and they've got Slop coughing and cuffed in the back seat. "Cunts' gone got himself arrested."

"Haven't even done nothing yet." Says Moo-Moo swallowing down his stash of pills and speed and pot and washing it all down with a swig of flat hot coke. The cops eyeing Moo now with that right-your-nicked looked furrowing his brow. Big cop calls us over

to the window and we all go over to the window to check him out.

"Do you pricks know this piece of shit?" he barks, eyeing moo who I swear is already starting to trip.

Slop looks real sad like the cops have made him suck dick or something. Bellamy looks at him and laughs right at the window

"nah." He said. "Looks like a dickhead you've captured."

"What's he done? 's he been murderin' kids again? I asked.

The cop raised an eyebrow like a stupid kite in the shit parade "So you do know him...", instantly taking his eyes of Moo, for the first time in minutes.

"Nah, that was a joke man."

"Well then its' confidential. None of your business... Haven't you got homes to go to?" Peni started tagging the window with a Tosca pen and Moo set about letting down the rear passenger tire, giggling like a

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porno queen on coke as she goes down on ol' Johnny Holmes. The cops roared away, one tyre flat and a picture of a pig on the window with Slop still in there and they called us a "Pack of feral cunts" Which is a very rude thing for a policeman to say. Not as rude though as the time a fat cunt pig asked me if the scar around my neck was from a coathanger. We all of us grabbed our balls and waved our spare fists in the air. It seemed the only appropriate thing to do, that and spitting some, fantasising loudly what we would do to those pigs in a fight. After that was over and the heat was gone, we four remaining hard men had a meeting to determine exactly what should be done about the butcher and his ceiling. I was all for it of course, and Peni said he still wanted in, whilst Moo foamed at the mouth a scratched and shrugged and Bellamy appeared uncertain until I pointed out that it would be pretty gay and pissweak to back out now. It was thus agreed that the four of us would get the dough and split it evenly. That if the circumstance arose and we had to pop the butcher, or at least waste him, the guy who did the dirty would get a larger cut. All of us proclaimed loudly that each of us would

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sure like to cut up that butcher anyway, and perhaps even in the cunts own shop, for a laugh. We agreed we would hold a mother fucker of a party and all chip in for the piss and the strippers. We even joked about posting Slops' bail.

The Butchers' house was six blocks away. The bastard lived in a pretty good one with a neat but dead garden out front with a couple of gnomes in it. Moo kicked the heads off the gnomes straight away, giggling but somehow ferocious and possessed and then picked up the porcelain body of one of the dead gnomes and smashed Peni with it, breaking his arm in the process. Peni of course screamed like a girl at this point and the butcher came crashing out through the front door clutching his enormous meat cleaver. Moo Moo squealed like someone out of scream3, his eye balls bulging, blood vessels popping. He had 6 e's, 2 rocks of pure meth and a 50 bag of killer hydro buds all boiling in his stomach, right this moment. Moo cut across the yard talking dead bushes and part of the fence with him. This is when we split up and agreed to meet back at the water towers, probably

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telepathically even coz you weren't going to make out any words in our squeals.

When I got back to the meeting spot, Moo-Moo was already waiting and he had a bottle of bourbon there clutched. "Where'd you score that?"

"Bought it." He said. He was lying I could tell. He kept rubbing the hard on he had from the e's. "Bull fucking shit you bought it. -where's it from?" Then he threw a busted up tin at me which was supposed to be for kids suffering from autopsy or some strange disease like that. So he had bought it! He's purchased it with money for the spazzos from the Seven. "Those spazzers live well." I said as Moo handed me the bottle; he still looked well freaked, taking his nightly dose all at once is never cool for moo. Bellamy came walking up the hill at that moment, backlit by a universe of stars and street lights. "Where's Peen?" I took a big gulp and handed him the bottle. "Got taken away in an ambulance." We all laughed and laid back in the middle of a summer night. Three kings of the suburbs. More money each, Peni is pretty cool but the cunt wouldn't stop writing

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down what we are up to, and as I said,  
that shit was going to get us busted.

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