

Horripilations

presents



by

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*This evil in my eyes is this evil in disguise.
- Legacy of the Grave*

There once was a creature named Phidlestix who walked on two legs, with wide, little feet, and two stumpy, bendy arms with pudgy, little hands. Ten fingers, ten toes, and only a ball of a head which rotated left and right, and sometimes leaned this or the other way. He was as normal—*as normal-looking*—as could be all things considered. Perfectly normal.

Well, except for that part of him which was a clown.

Phidlestix wasn't all clown—not many beings are—and that was probably a good thing, people now knowing what they do about clowns and all.

He lived at the circus/carnival—where good and bad clowns are known to live, laugh and pile into cars made for clowns. The circus/carnival was his home and his playground. Oh, how he loved to play! And play he did! Oh yes! Especially at night, when the circus was all lit up with sparkly lights, glittery neon and the glowing breath of life.

Phidlestix was particularly fond of that breath of life part—how it sort of flowed in and out of people's nostrils and mouths when they breathed. Sometimes it even came out the other end—in multi-colored rainbows to be sure. Phidlestix found this to be rather funny and would burst into wild laughter and open his red mouth wide—sometimes right in the middle of his

act. But that was okay—people expected that sort of behavior from a clown. *It's all part of the show, folks! All part of the show!*

The breath of life was important to Phidlestix. Everybody's breath had its own unique hue. Phidlestix could discern the subtle color variations—even taste them if he got the chance. He loved the taste. Some breaths were better than others. But those of the children tasted the best; warm and soothingly sweet, with a hint of texture every so often—cotton candy and corn dogs, berry-berry bubblegum and sour lemon raindrops.

Ah, the children, so yummy-yum-yum-yumalicious! Slurp!! The breath of life!

One day, Phidlestix found himself cornered by several children of various ages, all wandered away from their parents. He counted them and asked them their names.

Timmy, the eldest by the look of him, only barely cracked a smile when Phidlestix honked his big, red nose.

“Awww, is widdle Timmy too owwd for cowns?” Phidlestix asked, dancing a Timmy-like jig, his loud, red mouth forming a sad little curve. With his hand, he mimed a tear. “Does widdle Timmy-Tim-Tim not wike cowns?”

Timmy made a rude gesture with his middle finger—which would have got him in trouble with his parents had they seen it—and took a swing at that big, red nose.

Phidlestix dodged back and burst out laughing, grabbing the hands of a little nine-year-old girl named Amy and dancing with her for a minute.

“Timmy's a widdle cwanky wanky isn't he?” Phidlestix asked the other kiddies.

They all nodded.

“You know what happens to cwanky wanky widdle boys?” Phidlestix asked, honking his nose and twisting his ear.

They all shook their heads.

“*They get eaten!!*” These words came out in the voice of a demon. Phidlestix opened his mouth—wider than should be possible—and grabbed Timmy. The little boy struggled, but Phidlestix was too strong. He could see the breath of

life—blue with fear—pouring from Timmy’s mouth and nose. Phidlestix salivated for a second, then gobbled Timmy up. One chomp. Two bites. Done.

Phidlestix belched.

“Tasted even better the second time, kiddies! *Now, who’s next?*” He looked at their faces, trying to determine which would be the best tasting one. Yes, the one who’s name was...Amy—a perfectly...*delicious* name. Saliva was running off his chin—thick strands of drool.

Only something was wrong.

Their faces. Every one had the same look—and it wasn’t a scared one.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” the girl named Krystal said.

“Big mistake, clowny face,” the boy named Robby said.

Phidlestix was confused, so he tried to do a silly cartwheel. Only he didn’t make it all the way around. He sat there in the dirt, looking up at the ominous faces of the kids.

“You ate our leader,” Amy said. “He’s gonna be pissed. I wouldn’t want to be in those funny shoes right now.”

Robby was laughing now. “You’re gonna have a stomach ache, buddy!”

Now that Phidlestix thought about it, Timmy *had* tasted a little weird...

“What was he? Who are you?” Phidlestix asked, scanning the faces of the kids.

“Clown Killer Kids,” Robby said.

“C.K.K. for short,” Amy said.

“We kill clowns,” Krystal said.

“Somebody’s sure gotta,” Robby said, “and you’re next, big nose. Timmy, you coming out?”

This wasn’t how things were supposed to happen! The demon-clown eats the kids! That’s the way the world works! Phidlestix felt a horror take hold of him, but no pain...at least not until his chest gurgled, then exploded, splattering a ten-foot circumference with clown-gore. He fell over dead, only half of him left.

Timmy crawled out of the clown’s corpse.

“Grosser than gross!” Amy said. “He was extra juicy!”

Timmy laughed, untangling himself from part of an intestine. “Extra jucilicious! Next time, it’s your turn to get eaten.”

“No way! It’s Robby’s!”

“Just like a girl to shirk her sworn duty,” Timmy said, shaking blood from his hair. “I may have to demote you!”

Amy took a swing at Timmy’s nose, missing him by a centimeter.

Krystal jumped between, pushing them apart. “Hey, you two!”

“Yeah?” they asked together, still staring each other down.

Krystal wore a lopsided grin. “We’ve got work to do! Quit clowning around!”

Robby groaned, but the standoff was broken. After a moment, Timmy put his arms around Amy and Krystal (Robby taking Krystal’s hand), and they walked away from the circus/carnival.

Clown Killer Kids.

C.K.K. for short.

the end