



one day while walking with [redacted] through the cemetery, we saw it. we saw Leroy. covered in dirt, with spiral eyes, having crawled out of their grave. dancing like a maniac, that [redacted] fucker. i heard Leroy will come back when the times right, but for now you might be able to see her dancing, or hanging around. sometimes i think hes not happy with us. other times im not so sure...

~~"HAPPY BIRTHDAY LEROY"~~



LIARS!
A TRAITOR,
A WHORE,
A FAKE &
A FRAUD!

just look

at that

smile! NO NO

well, im not the [redacted] storyteller, but
ill give it a shot.
this is the story of the last day i saw
Leroy alive. she knew what was
coming, yet he didn't let it bother
their attitude. Leroy danced and we
hugged before the performance
began.



it started with Leroy hanging me,
and lighting a fire underneath me.
Leroy was hesitant.



at the next few raves, Leroy would appear as an
apparition of sorts, dead body hanging from that
noose, haunting us.



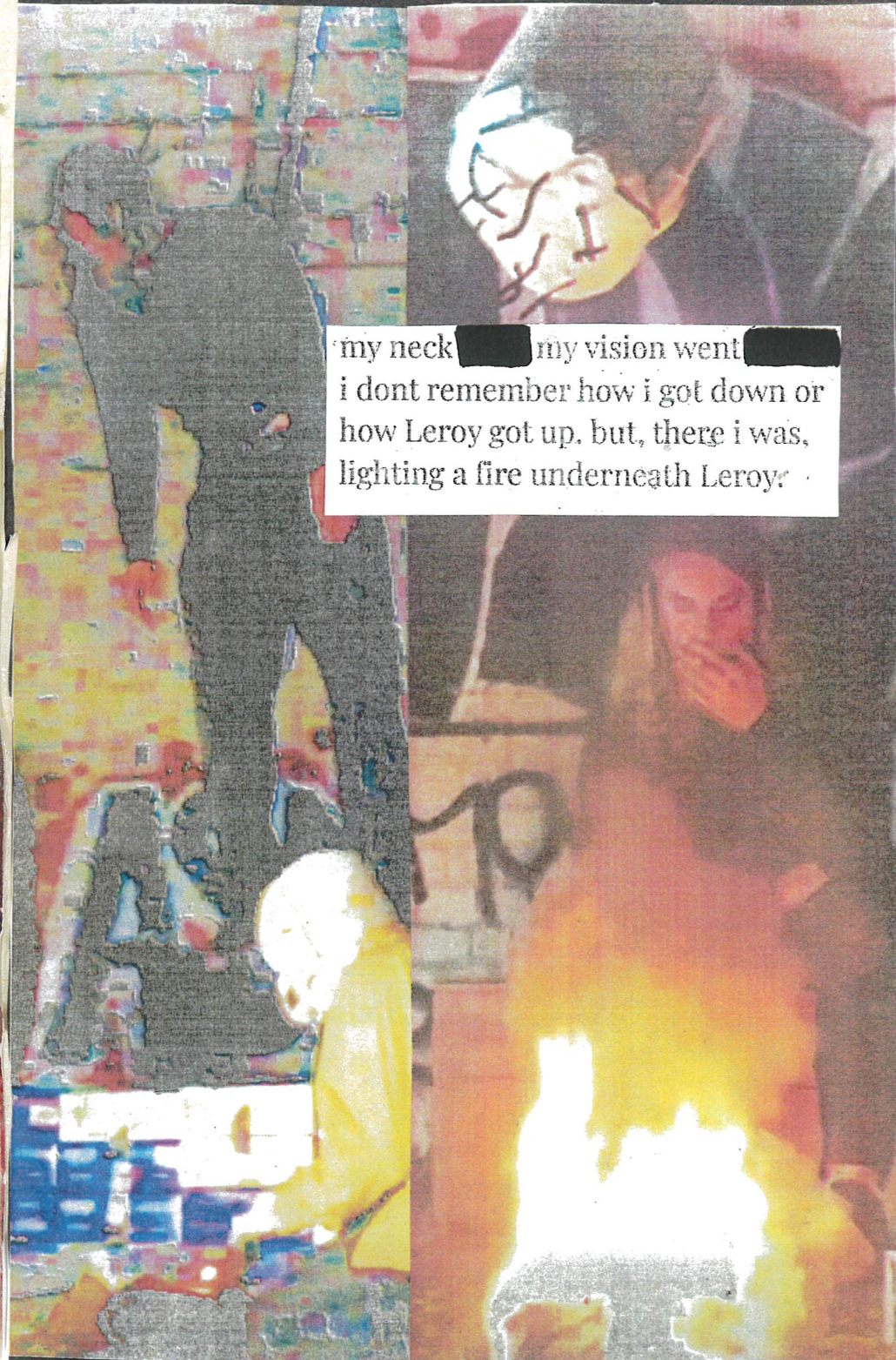
the "phantom" was the wisest of us, and was the only one who knew when the [REDACTED] would begin or end. as they began to fade away, i knew i would miss them.



at the end of it all, this is what remained of Leroy. i spat on his body. then i took a leak. then i shot my snot on her just for good measure. but, this isnt where the story ends. not quite yet.



my neck [REDACTED] my vision went [REDACTED] i dont remember how i got down or how Leroy got up. but, there i was, lighting a fire underneath Leroy.





i was playing the part of "artist". nearby was a pile of all this prop "art". the ghosts and i took these one at a time and tossed em into the fire. once all the art was in the fire, i sat down, and enjoyed the show. my part was simple. i was symbolizing the uselessness of art and how all "artists" are cigarette smoking pretentious losers, tormented by half seen visions. note: this is not my opinion, its just what the script said.

"Artist"
"FRAUD!"



"Phantom"

one particular swing of the flagpole into Leroy by the "soldier" popped it like a [redacted] instead of candy flying out, it was bottlecaps. they spilt everywhere. in the script, this was supposed to be Leroy's blood and guts and gore.



"Maiden"

the "maiden" splashed around in this gore, kicking around the guts and dancing in the blood.



the "maiden" was also dancing around. they yipped and yapped and yip yipped away. i stood up and punched Leroy's hanging head straight in the snorting nose. this act alerted the other ghosts that the violence against Leroy wasn't finished yet. the "maiden" especially enjoyed beating Leroy's dead body. they ripped limbs off the corpse and swung them back at it as a blunt weapon.



"Soldier"



anyways, as Leroy hung up there under the fire, the ghosts began to [redacted] in the [redacted] the "soldier" was fighting an imaginary war. they flew a [redacted] flag with Leroy's face on it. i tried to figure out what it meant with no luck. at one point, a molotov cocktail was thrown at an enemy i couldn't see. they fought well, and they fought hard.



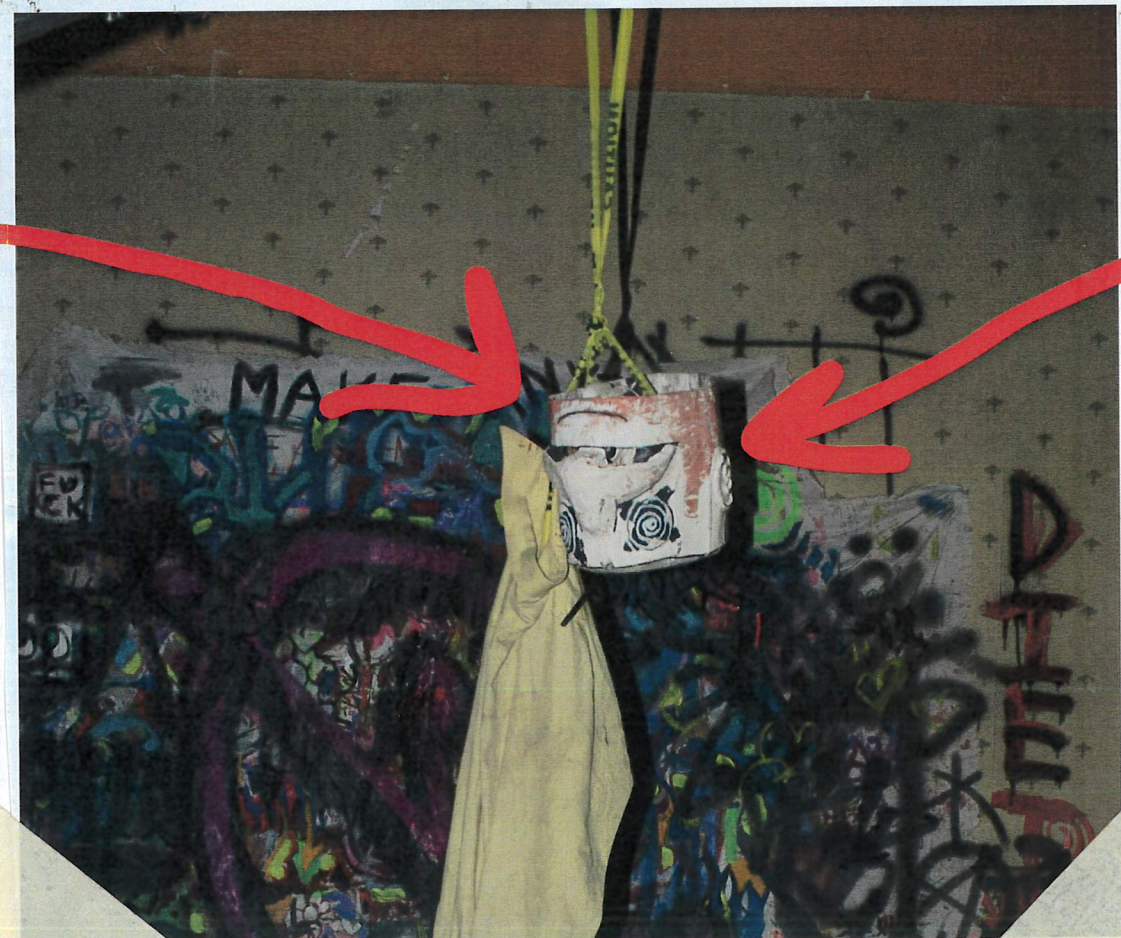
the "phantom" began to dance. they floated through the room, in and around the fire gracefully. they were tormented, tormenting, and yet had a subtle kindness about them. at one point they whispered in my ear. i don't remember what they said, but it made me smile.



MISSING

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS WOMAN?

Inquire@here:reappear@ingooze@proton.me



ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!
ANTI!