



***FUCKFEST***



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*FUCKFEST*

A Collection of Short Stories

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*“Man is the only creature that refuses to  
be what he is.”*

*- Albert Camus*





# *The Vagabond*

When I was five I remember a man, at least I think it was a man, who lived around the area. I can't recall where he actually lived. Just saw him everywhere. He had toxic orange flesh. Never saw his face. It was always hidden amongst the shadows. You could smell his breath from miles away.

Recurring smells of rotting flesh and ravaged assholes, I bet his mouth was more of an asshole. Never saw it so I can't say. Later recalled after a visit to the medicine man.

He moved like a slug. Leaving behind a poisonous trail of semen and fecal matter. Think he moved by using all four limbs. Shuffling them under the guise of his toxic flesh.

I'm apprehensive of the factual content of his accounts of the vagabond. I mean... We found him on the streets.

# *The Seeker*

*The rain was relentless. Hours of down pour filled the city with thousands of gallons of water. Buried in his smoke filled study, Brandon waits anxiously for the hour to strike twelve.*

I swig my scotch and open a fresh pack of cigarettes. After scanning the room to assure myself everything's in its place I have another smoke. Minutes before lifting the veil of the universe and all I can think about is the last time I had her<sup>1</sup> bent over my office desk, moaning for more.

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<sup>1</sup> Her being a young brunette in his Principles and Applications of Socio Cultural Anthropology Seminar, a required course for all MA students at Columbia University. After making eye contact on the first day of seminar they began secretly meeting in his office after class. Soon enough they had "meetings" in his office multiple times a day. She was young and kinky and he was an aging man with an un-fulfilled sex life. It abruptly stopped when his wife visited the office to find Brandon's face deep between the brunette's legs, spread high and wide on his office desk. Leaving him without the kinky brunette and his wife.

I finish the last of my scotch and light another cigarette off the burning butt of the last. I turn on the injector. Prepare my seat and place the apparatus on my head. Still thinking of her hot ass, I press the button.

*The needle moves forward, piercing through the skull toward the gland. As the machine stops the juice<sup>2</sup> begins to flow.*

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<sup>2</sup> Freshly squeezed from ten human eyeballs and mixed with thirteen drops of Brandon's own blood; the surmise of a lifetime of research and a year of preparation. This research secretly investigated and explored the realization of an ancient ritual that involved injecting a liquid concoction of human blood and eyeball juice into the pineal gland. This ritual, which is highly criticized amongst his colleagues, was performed to induce an out of body like experience that transported the "Traveler" to an unknown dimension where one could glimpse the mysteries of the universe and the self. Preparation for the event was an extensive process taking several weeks. Once the eyes were removed an incision was made to drain any available liquid. The liquid was

*Brandon's pupils dilate, teeth clench and back arch. Both hands make fists that repeatedly hit the arms of his chair.*

*Hands now gripping both arms of the chair. Brandon's pupils widen further. Then explode. His body still. Head lifeless. Slightly pulling the shoulders forward with it. The injector now empty. Blood slowly trickles from his nose.*

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mixed with thirteen drops of the "Traveler's" blood. Then, the concoction was poured into a funnel like object that was surgically implanted into the skull. This procedure occurred while under the influence of a concoction made with sedatives diluted in alcohol. A thin rod attached to the funnel stretched from the exterior of the skull to the center of the pineal gland. Once the gland is punctured and the mixture was injected. The apparatus would be removed and the opening sterilized and closed. The ritual is considered successful under two circumstances: The "Traveler" must be pronounced dead and the iris of both eyes must be completely engulfed by exploded pupils.

# *Mandated Hepatitis C*



mush mouth anemic tongue twisters  
overlaying drunken histories that convey  
unwarranted knight rippers who condemn  
the use of kosher products

parasitic earthworms  
always breath through the dead  
unfiltered mountaintops

mouths spew liquid like drainage pipes  
moving water during a summer storm  
darkness engulfs us  
move inward away from the warmth

*“More”*

My body grows anxious in anticipation of your skin and the taste of sweat licked from your breasts. I want to hear you moan. Feel you scratch at my skin like an enraged animal.

Remember the sound of my testicles smacking against your ass... is it not one of the most intoxicating sounds on earth?

I gnaw at your chest. Our bodies are hot and wet as they clash against one another. Violently working toward ejaculation. I plunge into your cunt. Blood surfaces between our flesh and fingernails. We drive it deeper into you.

My balls swell with each thrust, a pain collecting from the force of my drive and the building of cum.

I pound away at your thighs until we explode. As I release into you, our bodies expand infinitely into space. Our pupils dilate to an impossible capacity and consume everything in their darkness.

We pull away from each other and I fall to sleep with my face on your cunt.



*Drown*

3:26 a.m.

... I pour another rye. A cigarette finds its way to my lips. It lights and disappears in one drag.

*His head hangs low while spinning the desk chair back and forth. Shuffling through the photos he stops. His stare sharpens. Pupils dilate. Pulse increases.*

Not this photo. I took this one. We were... No, it was summer. The German countryside is unforgettable during the summer. The air. Her skin... We were driving south from Berlin to Bavaria.

While on the outskirts of Bavaria she sees a small pond and pleads with me to stop. That face, it works every time. She knows that I know it works, without a doubt. Every time.

It's the sadness and vulnerability in her eyes combined with the elongation of the

face that shapes her lips into... she's adorable, yet I can't bear for her to keep that face.

We pull over and she's gone before I've stepped foot out of the car. With each passing step a piece of clothing falls to the ground. By the time she reaches the water all that's left is her underwear and top. Which coincidentally is part of her swimsuit. Something she does every summer.

Once I reach the water she's two-thirds of the way out. I slowly enter the water. Drawing closer, our bodies touch. I push my pelvis against her ass and kiss her neck. She gently pushes her head back into mine. The smell of her hair fills my nostrils. My hand moves down her torso, through the hip to the top of the inner thigh. With the other hand I pull on the long strand of the bow keeping her top on. The knot unravels and her top falls into the water. She turns to me and removes



my pants. Kisses my lips, then chest. Our hands now completely lost in each other. I grab her ass and pull up, wrapping her left leg around my waist. The other leg wrapped around my own.

Every night I sit here and stare at the wall, floor, the bottle of rye on my desk, and the photos. Goddamn photos! This has been the routine for the past five weeks. Wake up late, drink coffee, and leave for work. Arrive to work hung-over and watch the clock tick by.

On my way home from work I stop by the liquor store and buy the usual; one hard pack of camel lights, a book of matches, and a handle of Bulleit Rye. Every night. No hesitation and no questions asked. After leaving the liquor store I return home to my chair where I spend the remaining hours of the night, staring. Trying to ignore the empty picture frame on the fireplace mantel.

*On the mantle rests an empty picture frame. It's one of those frames that consist of many frames arranged and connected together in a random fashion. That's right, it's one of those fucking frames with the words love, peace, and happiness scattered through out. This collection of frames once displayed images of their most recent travels. Their trip ended two and a half weeks before her accident. He had just recently removed the photos from their frames. It's like he's playing a sick joke on himself. A fucked up way of never letting himself forget. Every morning and evening he sees that frame. He's fooling himself. Completely ignoring the fact that the presence of those empty frames brings more attention to the photos than if they were still there.*

After a few hours alone I break and walk upstairs to my study to remove the photos from the drawer of my desk. I go back downstairs to my chair. A fresh cigarette is lit and the photos move past my retinas. One by one. Over and over again.

*He pushes off with his left foot. Making a slow but steady quarter turn toward the fireplace. In this single motion, he throws his glass at the picture frame. They smash against the frame and fall to the floor. Disappearing in the ever-growing pile of broken glass.*

## *Continental*

We planned for months and spent years saving. We arranged to travel for fourteen months. Canada, Iceland, Scandinavia, Europe, and north West Africa. The trip began in Winnipeg, Canada. We spent around a month traveling from Winnipeg to Montreal. The Canadian landscape is sublime. Ontario was unreal. We spent many nights camping there, more than anywhere else.

*Still restlessly shuffling through the photos. He lingers on the photograph of*

*her holding a beer in a dim unknown  
tavern in Ottawa.*

*After a few moments of unconsciously  
spinning around in the chair he returns to  
the photos.*

This one... It was another night of camping during our stay in Sweden. We were alone beneath the stars. We stayed out all night by the fire drinking, sharing stories and stringing together the dots of constellations.

## *In The Room, Again*

This one was after our argument in Budapest. We had been out all night clubbing with some friends we made that night before at a bar around the corner from our hostel. We had such a crazy night. We drank into the early hours of the morning and around 4 a.m. we began mixing molly and coke. Chasing each rail

with tequila shots. I had never experienced that side of her before. Hadn't a clue it even existed till that night. As the sun rose we left with our friends for an after party at a loft near by. Around 3 p.m. I realized that I was no longer dancing but standing in the middle of the dance floor, completely still and white as a sheet. That's when she found me.

Shortly after regaining color we left for the hostel. As we're walking, our conversation escalates into a full-blown argument. Before I know it she smacks my face so hard that my cigarette flies out. She storms off in a fury. Leaving me far behind.

## *Heavy Eyes*

As the sunsets, we hung out by the fire with friends. We were preparing for a party at their apartment to celebrate our last night in Morocco.

We stayed out all night drinking, smoking, and sharing stories. The sky was clear and the moon was full. At one point we left the fire to walk around the property alone. Hours later we returned to find just a few people burning the midnight oils with us.

*He awoke the next day still in his chair with an empty bottle of rye from the night before. He went on like this for months; eventually he began mixing prescription pain pill into his rye. On the night that marked three months since her death, he left work with a determination to kill every brain cell in existence. He arrived home with a bag of pills, two bottles of rye, and three packs of cigarettes. Hours later he's spinning in his chair on the verge of consciousness.*

*Days pass. The body remained motionless in the chair. Dried vomit the color of rye and blood stain his chin, throat, and shirt. Weeks passed before he was found. His*

*employer became suspicious of his unannounced absences from work and contacted the authorities. When he was found the body had begun decomposing. Filling the house with smells of rotting flesh and death.*

## *Flesh Bag*

*She was on her way home from a day of errands and doctor appointments. While stopped at a red light, a drunk driver traveling the opposite direction swerved left of center, running through the intersection. Their cars collided at 65 mph. Both were ejected from their cars on impact and tossed around like a rag dolls. The paramedics found her twenty-three feet away from the accident. She was lying in such a way that made her figure seem more like a tattered garbage bag filled with meat and blood. Flesh colored with organs and shattered bones protruding through. Spilling out on to the pavement.*

*The police report stated the driver's blood alcohol level was .10 percent at the time of the accident.*

*It took nearly an hour for him to drive in rush hour traffic to the hospital.*

*She was pronounced dead by the time he arrived. The doctors said her cause of death was severe trauma to the head and spinal cord.*

“There's no easy way to say this.”  
The Doctor began.

*He cleared his throat with a quick cough.*

“Your wife visited the hospital earlier today for a pregnancy test”

*His head quickly looked up at the Doctor. The black hole inside of him began to expand uncontrollably.*

“The pregnancy test confirmed she was six weeks pregnant.” The Doctor said.



*He stood up and began to pace around the room. Screaming every vulgarity and insult he knew toward the Doctor. At some point it became threatening and the Doctor had to call security. He was escorted to his car by three security guards and a nurse. After crawling into his car the nurse gave him a small bag filled with a few of his wife's personal belongings that were found in her car.*

*Without hesitation he emptied the contents of the bag onto the passenger seat, with the guards and nurse still standing outside of his vehicle. Patiently waiting for him to leave. On the seat he found a bloody purse containing a set of keys with a small photo keychain of them on their 6<sup>th</sup> anniversary, a wallet, lipstick, a small hairbrush, and several documents from the hospital. One of which was the ultrasound of their child.*

