

THE
BLOOD

COLLECTED
SPLATTERS

STORIES
QUICKLY

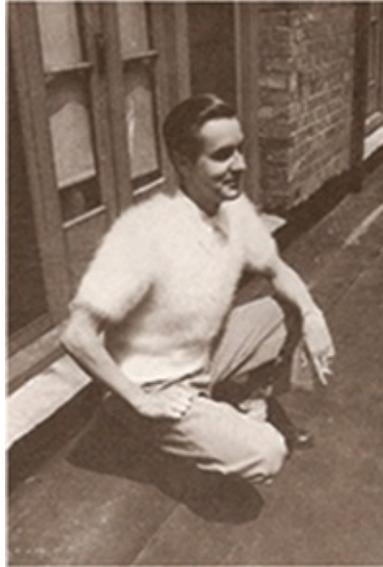
OF
EDWARD D.

WOOD, JR.

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“To me, Ed Wood was a crazy genius. He could write better drunk than most writers could sober.”

—Bernie Bloom, magazine publisher



A renegade by any estimation, Edward D. Wood, Jr. was the director, producer and screenwriter behind *Bride of the Monster*, *Plan 9 from Outer Space* (famously called “one of the unbest films ever made”) and other camp classics. The author of *Orgy of the Dead*, *Killer in Drag*, *Devil Girls*, *Death of a Transvestite*, and many other novels and short stories, he enlisted in the Marines after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and purportedly later stated that he feared being wounded more than killed because he wore a bra and panties under his uniform. He was awarded a Silver Star for his actions at the Battle of Tarawa. He died in 1978 at age 54.

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O/R

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Introduction

For the first time in over forty years, classic short fiction by the cult filmmaker Ed Wood is seeing the light of day. These stories originally were written to fill a few pages between buxom women in various states of undress and softcore sexual situations in what were known as the “girlie” magazines of the late 1960s and early 1970s. At the time, Ed and his wife Kathy were struggling to pay the rent, put food on the table, and have a bottle of booze to kill the pain, attempting to inject a little fun into lives that had spiraled out of control from the late 1950s until Ed’s passing in December of 1978. They were forced to move from a house they loved but couldn’t make the payments on to a series of apartments, first in the Burbank area, then back to a part of Hollywood that was then a very dangerous part of town.

Ed started writing for publisher Bernie Bloom in late 1968–’69, short stories, articles mainly about the sex trade, and the copy that went with the pictorials in the skin magazines published by Pendulum Publishing. Ed’s time with Bernie was short-lived: he was fired for the last time in 1974, and some of his stories were reprinted after that. This was a period when the porn trade was starting to show more skin, but was before the full-on hardcore of such films as *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door*. Ed had his own personal kinks. He was a known cross-dresser who went by the name of “Shirley,” and many of his short stories, articles, and books dealt with transvestism as well as fetishism. In fact, his very first film, *I Changed My Sex*, otherwise known as *Glen or Glenda*, dealt with these subjects.

Most of Ed’s short fiction deals with horror, Westerns, crime, and the macabre as did most of his films. But with only three or four pages, he had to get in and get out and have the stories make some sort of sense. You be the judge of that. So who was Ed Wood?

Edward Davis Wood, Jr. was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, on October 10, 1924. From the first, Ed loved movies of all types, but mainly the “horse opera” Westerns starring William “Hopalong Cassidy” Boyd, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Buck Jones (Ed’s personal favorite), as well as Kenne Duncan, Roy Barcroft and Ken Maynard, all of whom later made appearances in Ed’s films. He also loved horror movies, especially the Dracula films starring the legendary Hungarian actor Bela Lugosi, with whom Ed formed a working relationship as well as a personal friendship over the last few years of the troubled actor’s life.

According to Ed’s late wife, Ed’s mother had hoped for a little girl prior to his birth, and therefore was wont to dress Ed up as such. Ed had a lifelong penchant for cross-dressing as well as a steady fetish for angora, a theme that showed up in many of his works. In fact, Ed like to dress as his alter-ego “Shirley” whenever he was working on his film & TV scripts as well as his pulp fiction, some examples of which are reprinted in this collection.

For a short time, Ed worked at a movie theater in Poughkeepsie. When World War

II began, Ed was seventeen. He lied about his age and joined the Marines, where he was stationed in the South Pacific.

He saw action at Tarawa and the Marshall Islands, where he was wounded. He was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star, and a Purple Heart. The apocryphal story of Ed wearing a bra & panties underneath his uniform may or may not be true, but I like to believe it.

After his time in the service and being discharged in San Diego, his eventual move to Hollywood in 1947 is an area of mystery. Ed is said to have joined a traveling carnival where he played the “half man–half woman” in the geek show. He also may have worked as a G-2 secret agent for the government while touring with the Ice Capades: Ed was always vague about this period of his life.

After his move to Hollywood, Ed tried to break into the movie business. He wrote and produced a play based upon his military service called *The Casual Company* which starred himself. It was panned by the few critics who took the time to see it. He also appeared in a couple of other plays. He tried to get a Western TV show off the ground titled *Crossroads of Laredo*, which failed to arouse any interest. He directed a few television shows and produced generic commercials, which similarly failed to sell. In 1952, he was introduced to Bela Lugosi by his then-roommate Alex Gordon (who went on to fame and success as one of the creators of American International Pictures, and who co-wrote a couple of films with Ed). Ed persuaded George Weiss, a low-budget producer, to let him make what was originally going to be an exploitation film about the recent sex change of Christine Jorgensen, but due to legal and financial reasons the picture was changed to one about cross-dressing and societal taboos, starring the one & only “Daniel Davis,” our Ed, in the title role, with his live-in girlfriend Dolores Fuller as his fiancée and Bela Lugosi as the godlike “puppet master.” The film tanked at the box office, but Ed persevered. His next film, the crime drama *Jail Bait* (1954), also failed, followed by 1955’s *Bride of the Monster* starring Bela Lugosi as a mad scientist bent on creating a race of super-humans to take over the world. The film ends with Lugosi being killed by a giant octopus . . . and an atom bomb. Lugosi passed away in 1956 after starring in two of Ed’s best known films, *Glen or Glenda* otherwise known as *I Changed My Sex*, and *Bride of the Monster*.

Post-mortem film footage of Lugosi was used in Ed’s best-known film, *Plan 9 From Outer Space* (1959) or, as it was originally titled, *Grave Robbers From Outer Space* (the title was changed at the urging of the Beverly Hills Baptist Church, which had provided crucial funding for the film, plus the cast & crew were asked to be baptized prior to filming, a story for another day).

The people Ed gathered around him besides Lugosi and Dolores became a kind of “stock” acting company and drinking companions, including the wrestler Tor Johnson (“The Swedish Angel”), the television psychic “The Amazing Criswell” (a friend of Mae West), Paul Marco “Kelton the Cop,” faded cowboy Kenne Duncan, Conrad Brooks, Dudley Manlove, Valda Hanson, Maila “Vampira” Nurmi, and others. In 1956, Ed’s girlfriend Dolores left him because she “couldn’t handle the transvestism,” according to Rudolph Grey’s excellent *Nightmare of Ecstasy: The Life and Art of Edward D. Wood, Jr.* Ed’s film career had barely gotten off the ground.

Ed and Kathleen O’Hara, a recent transplant from Vancouver, Canada, had passed a plate to one other at the Science of the Mind church at the Wiltern Theater in

Hollywood on three separate occasions while attending services, but didn't formally meet, as Kathy Wood told me the story years later. At a local bar that Kathy and a couple of her friends sometimes went to on Friday evenings after work, Kathy & Ed finally met, and it was love pretty much from that day in 1956 until Ed's alcohol-related death in December of 1978. Through ups and downs, dreams realized then crashing back to earth, Kathy became a part of Ed's life.

Beset by debt and no work, Ed & Kathy moved from house to apartment to wherever they could find a place before the checks bounced and they were forced to leave. Ed's film career was sporadic at best through the 1960s and early '70s, but he did work on a few projects, sometimes writing scripts or dialogue for A. C. Stephens, aka Stephen Apostolof, a "T&A" exploitation film-maker. He appeared as a bloated drunk in a few early X-rated films, now mostly lost to history.

In the early 1960s, Ed began a long and prolific writing career to help make ends meet. He created a cross-dressing hitman named "Glen Marker" who became "Glenda," and was featured in two of Ed's first novels, *Black Lace Drag*, otherwise known as *Killer in Drag*, and a sequel of sorts: *Let Me Die In Drag*. Other titles include *Orgy of the Dead* (which was used as the title for one of Ed's later films), *Devil Girls*, *Sexexecutives*, *Security Risk*, *Mary-Go-Round*, *Carnival Piece*, *The Fall of the Balcony Usher* (which I have never seen, but I LOVE its title), and many more, some dealing with the occult and Western themes, but mainly with sex, which sold best in adult book stores and through mail order. Surprisingly, Ed also helped write & produce industrial films for Autonetics, a division of North American Aviation. The company worked on Air Force projects for which both Ed and Kathy had to pass security clearances, which with Ed's history of transvestism is a minor miracle. He also helped write speeches for the re-election campaign of L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty (a Nixon-supporting Democrat at the time who later switched to the Republican Party).

As Ed & Kathy Wood's lives slowly spiraled out of control due to drinking and pressures to pay the rent, etc. etc., Ed found work in the late 1960s for Bernie Bloom, the publisher for a "girlie" magazine publishing house called Pendulum Publishing. Ed was a very fast typist with a fertile imagination. He cranked out a lot of articles, "pictorial" descriptions, and short fiction, primarily from 1970–1974. That is where the short stories in this compendium mainly come from. Ed would take a thermos of vodka to work with him and by the end of the day, he would be smashed. Bernie repeatedly fired, then re-hired Ed, until Ed just became too unreliable and was finally let go for good.

Around 1976, Ed and Kathy moved to 6383 Yucca Street in Hollywood, a building known for drug dealers, hookers, and others who had hit the lowest rung of the Hollywood Dream. Ed was known to hock his typewriter for money to purchase booze at the Pla-Boy Liquor store a block away (still there to this day). On the morning of Sunday, December 3, 1978, Ed and Kathy were evicted from their seedy, run-down apartment, and all of their belongings that hadn't been put in a storage unit in North Hollywood (which were later auctioned off due to non-payment of that bill) were thrown out on the sidewalk. All they could scrounge up and carry fit in a small leather suitcase that held one of Ed's un-produced film scripts, *I Woke Up Early the Day I Died*, as well as the manuscript for his "how-to-make-it-in-Hollywood" book, *Hollywood Rat Race* (published in 1988 by Four Walls Eight Windows). The couple

were taken in by their friend and sometimes bit-actor Peter Coe in a small apartment in North Hollywood. The plan was to take Ed to the Veterans Hospital for medical help, as he was dying slowly from alcohol and malnutrition.

On the morning of Sunday, December 10, 1978, one week after the eviction, Ed Wood died of a heart attack. Kathy told me how Ed's eyes were open and he "looked as if he'd seen the face of death itself." Ed Wood was cremated and his remains were scattered off the coast. Only a few friends attended the memorial service and the wake for Ed shortly thereafter.

Ed's prolific but unfulfilled life had come to a sad end: not even a mention in *Daily Variety*. He was that forgotten in Hollywood; he was only fifty-four years old. But does the story end there? No.

After Ed's death, Kathy dealt with the Veterans Administration to secure Ed's military benefits. This took some time, but eventually she received them. She had been a personal secretary during her early years in Hollywood, when she worked for the Bechtel Corporation as well as Muzak. Within a year after Ed's death, she secured part-time work, and with one of their dogs (McGinty), she found an inexpensive studio apartment back in Hollywood almost directly behind the old Yucca street building, to which she moved in early 1980. Her life was about to change.

That same year, Harry and Michael Medved followed up their book *The Fifty Worst Films of All Time* (which surprisingly does NOT include any of Ed's films), with *The Golden Turkey Awards*, which forever changed the public's perception of Ed Wood. Ed was named "The Worst Director" of all time, and *Plan 9 From Outer Space* the "Worst Film." Shortly after this book appeared, college campuses and art houses began to screen what few copies of Ed's films they could find. Dedicated fans accumulated, and Ed Wood became a certified cult hero. Because of the notoriety of the Golden Turkey awards, Kathy Wood was sought out by cult film fans, the occasional documentarian, and later by the author Rudolph Grey who was working on an oral biography about Ed.

Kathy was a very private person and couldn't quite understand the growing fascination with Ed's work and the re-appraisal of his films and writings. She later told me that Ed would have loved it all, but it was too late. I had moved from Seattle to Hollywood in March of 1989 to work in radio, not on the air but in production. I moved into the same building as Kathy Wood without knowing who she was. I saw her walking her dog in front of the building from time to time, and would say hello and on occasion walked with her down to Hollywood Boulevard on my way to work, where she would catch a bus to go shopping.

In the summer of 1992, a series of "exploitation" films screened at a local run-down movie theater in the bad part of Hollywood. One of those weekends was dedicated to Ed Wood, showing many of his films, his commercials, and short features as well as a documentary filmed by the BBC called *The Incredibly Strange Film Show* hosted by Jonathan Ross, originally filmed and aired in 1989. I was sitting with a couple of friends, one of whom played in a local rock band, and her boyfriend who worked in the film industry. During this documentary there were couple of short interview segments with Kathy. As I watched, I thought that the lady resembled the woman who lived in my building. When I went home that evening I looked at the mailboxes and saw "K. Wood." It was her. About two weeks later, I ran into her in the

hall and asked if she was indeed Ed's widow. She seemed a little nervous but answered yes, and why did I ask. I explained about the weekend film series which also featured panels with some of the people who had known or worked with Ed, including Vampira, Steve Apostoloph, Forrest Ackerman, Conrad Brooks, Paul Marco, Valda Hanson, Rudolph Grey, & William C. Thompson, who was Ed's colorblind cinematographer (who needs color when everything you shoot is in black & white?). Not too long after that I ran into the friend who was at the screening and he asked if that was indeed Kathy Wood and I said yes, and he told me that he had heard that Tim Burton was planning on making a film about Ed Wood starring Johnny Depp. I visited Kathy the next day and told her the news: she was fairly incredulous. She knew who Tim Burton and Johnny Depp were but couldn't understand why anyone would be interested in making a film about Ed Wood.

With her approval, I approached the Tim Burton people and then helped her find an entertainment lawyer to deal with the complexities of the situation. The lawyer helped her negotiate with the film company and deal with her newfound fame. With the film, "Ed Wood" had become a household name in certain circles. Today, many of Ed's films have been restored and are widely available. YouTube has many of what were thought lost Ed Wood films, TV shows, commercials, and some of the documentaries made in the wake of Ed's notoriety and the Johnny Depp film.

I had become Kathy's friend and took her to the market every week, sometimes to doctor's appointments, and visited or called nearly every day unless I was out of the country. She passed away in the summer of 2006, and is interred at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery. Engraved on her plaque is, "She Hitched Her Wagon To A Star," something she always said her father had told her as a young girl, and describes how she felt about her love and life with Edward D. Wood, Jr.

From November 2 to December 4, 2011, the Boo-Hooray art gallery in Lower Manhattan ran an exhibition titled *Ed Wood's Sleaze Paperbacks*, curated by Johan Kugelberg & Michael P. Daley, which collected approximately seventy publications, books & short stories by and attributed to Ed Wood. I was lucky enough to be invited to speak about my friendship with Kathy Wood. It was amazing and impressive to see Ed's work taken seriously, and at the end of the gallery run, the entire collection was sold to the Rare Books & Manuscripts Collection at the Library at Cornell University as part of their "Human Sexuality Archive"; a copy of this book will also be included there. And in 2009, film historian Rob Craig published a book titled *Ed Wood, Mad Genius: A Critical Study of The Films*, an in-depth scholarly look at the films of Ed. So he is finally accorded his place in twentieth-century film lore. Insert your own Criswell quote here.

I began collecting the writings of Ed Wood following Kathy's passing in 2006, when I was bequeathed some of Ed's paperbacks from his personal library, most signed by Ed. I also have a copy of a resumé he wrote around 1974, which enabled me to verify that all these titles were in fact written by Edward D. Wood, Jr. His writings are scarce: a few books have been reprinted but even now those are out of print. It gives me great pleasure to get some of the work back into print for his fans old and new. This book is long overdue, and I hope it fills in some gaps. I know if Kathy Wood were here today, she would be very proud of her "Eddie."

BOB BLACKBURN
July, 2014
Hollywood, California



SCREAM YOUR BLOODY HEAD OFF

(1972)

She was going to send him to the cemetery. He knew that from the moment he saw her flying at him, that knife gleaming over her head.



It was bitter cold and the blizzard had been grinding across the land for more than two days and there didn't appear to be any letting up and Stella, Johnnie's wife, lay dead on the kitchen floor... right where she had fallen dead from the butcher knife wound in her heart – the night the storm had started.

Sure, Johnnie had screwed the neighbor broad right through. Stella had been so right about that. But he couldn't figure why she came charging at him with that foot-long butcher knife. She had flown across the kitchen floor at him screaming her bloody head off... screaming like a wounded eagle. She was screaming as if all the devils of hell, the creatures from the grave, had entered her very being. It was not even her own voice. She had screamed at him before... many times before... but there was never the sound of panic, despair, horror in those tones... if the sounds could even be called tones.

All he remembered about that moment, except the terrifying utterances that gaping mouth made, was that gleaming butcher knife, raised so high above her head and it was coming in his direction... the high-pitched scream... the gaping mouth... the saliva-dripping tongue and lips... the red... bloodshot red eyes which suddenly seemed to have no eyelids... simply blood-red eyes in dark sockets... never blinking...and that black negligee trailing out behind her like sheer bat wings on a heavy breeze.

She had turned into a white-fanged black devil, with but one motivation left in life... to vent her own fury through her arm and electrify the knife and stab it into him.

She was going to send him to the cemetery. He knew that from the moment he saw her flying at him, that knife gleaming over her head. It was only the knife and the red of her eyes which stood out in his mind, hypnotizing him from the very outset. There was nothing he could do other than react in kind.

The animal instinct.

The werewolf... the monster... the devil himself. It was the only emotion he could conjure up in that instant. There could be no rationality to such a situation. It had to be a spur-of-the-moment action. The fury of the winged bat was charging at him with a force and speed which left nothing but reactions and reflexes... and...

The animal instinct for survival.

And all the time Stella was screaming her bloody head off with the obscenities that piled on top of another... and she was the grave and the cemetery and the coffin and the undertaker all moulded into one horrifying creature... one charging terror... a fury unleashed by the hellions of Hades.

Nothing could stop the downward plunge of that knife once it had started... nothing in the world

Suddenly Johnnie was not of this world. He was a super being with the deadly striking force of a cobra. He had to protect himself. His entire life passed before his eyes in that less-than-brief second. He could only see the glaring red of her eyes... then the red of her blood as it squirted out through the naked left breast, just where the black negligee parted... he had twisted her arm at that last instant and with the full force of her body coming at him, the knife drove deep... to the hilt... into her left breast and then with all that blood around her on the floor... she simply died...

The bat lost its shape.

And there was nothing left but the crumpled white body which was quickly becoming red from the blood... and the black, soft, sheer folds of the negligee started the procedure of being cemented to the floor.

Johnnie stood panting from the emotional excitement for a long while. There was no rationality in his mind for those terrifying moments. He simply stood there, his arms long and loose at his sides, dangling like a ruptured ape. His breath came in gasps, but he hardly realized he was breathing because the pain was so great in his lungs. The exertion would tell on him for a long while.

He knew he had to move. He had to get out of the kitchen. But he couldn't understand why. He had done something. But what in hell was it he had done. He felt he wanted a drink. And he felt he wanted a change of air. There seemed suddenly to be the smell of maggots... of the grave and of cemeteries and of ancient mausoleums.

He wanted a drink badly.

He had never wanted a drink so badly in all his life. There was plenty in the living room... and he fought through the spiders and the cobwebs of his mind... and the red oozing stuff which seemed to cling to his feet and his hands as he made his way through the dark hall and into the adjoining living room where the single lighted lamp did little to clear his mind.

He rubbed his blood-dripping hands on the side of his trousers but there was nothing he could do to clean them, or to take the sight from his mind. He had done something terrible... he knew that.

But what could be so terrible that he would smell maggots and graveyards? Why were the spiders and the worms crawling all over him and he couldn't brush them away... and why had that bat charged at him from out of nowhere?

He had to think more clearly. He slapped the side of his head in order to kill the spider which was resting there just beside the corner of his right eye. But it scooted away before the slap and came up on the corner of his other eye.

Then there was the second stiff jolt of whiskey and the cobwebs seemed to mingle all together, then drip away as so much water. He felt suddenly weak and after pouring a third shot of whiskey he sunk down into one of the deep living room chairs... He sipped more slowly... then the thoughts of the bat flying at him crossed his mind again. It might have disappeared completely but he clung to the vision and once more

he saw Stella speeding at him with that butcher knife and the black negligee floating out behind her like bat wings... and he saw his own frame twisting violently in order to plunge the butcher knife into her *left* breast...

He didn't want to go back into that kitchen. But he knew he had to.

Panic set in. He wanted to scream his own bloody head off just as Stella had done when she came at him.

His head twisted from side to side.

The drink he had in his hand sloshed out of the glass and ran down his crotch having soaked quickly through the front of his trousers. His whole body twitched in the release of tensions....

He jumped out of the chair and went back to the cabinet and lifted the remainder of his pint bottle and killed it... every drop... killed it as he had killed Stella... But the fire which dropped through his throat and into his stomach drove the panic from his brain. Panic wasn't going to solve anything. And he looked around the room at the few drops of blood on the rug... small drops which had previously appeared like lakes. It would not be hard to clean them up. Panic could only make matters worse. He knew he had to reason everything out carefully.

Stella was just going to disappear. Everybody knew they fought like cats and dogs and she was always yelling about leaving him and getting a divorce. Every neighbor on the block had heard that routine at least a dozen times during the past six months they had lived there, and many times she had been quite convincing in her words. Most really did think she would eventually leave him.

Johnnie liked the girls. Stella had been enough for him during their first year of married life, but that had been five years ago. After that first year he was right back in the saddle with any broad he could pick up, and for him that was no trouble. He was a handsome well-built guy and built between his legs like a stud, and he used that member like a stud. The girls were always hot for his body. Even neighbors who came to visit got the hots for him. And he was not above taking his neighbors' wives to bed with him. He'd gotten away with it for a long time.

But Stella was no dunce. She knew what was going on. She didn't call him on it but she had seen him go into Barbara's place early that morning and he didn't come out for more than two hours. Then he went off to work, and Stella went back to their own house.

And she could again feel his lips on the nipples of her breasts and in knowing what they had done to her she knew what they had done to Barbara... and how many times before had his tongue rivered its way down from her lips, her tongue, down between those luscious breasts, and indeed Barbara did have luscious breasts... How well Stella knew that... And how many times had Stella used her tongue to river its way down her lips to and over Barbara's chin and down between those luscious breasts? And how many times had her tongue nestled in that love box with the soft pubic hairs tickling her nose and brushing her cheeks?

God, how could Barbara do that to her after all they had meant to each other... The goddamned bitch... and that bastard!

And Stella grew more angry as she thought about how long his tongue would center on Barbara's navel base before it found its way into the brush and the valley of that blonde love nest... just the way hers had done.

She knew what she was going to do, and for a long time that afternoon she sharpened that butcher knife until it had a razor edge and a dagger point. She was going to cut him up but good and see that he went to the coffin without that thing between his legs. What he had used on earth so often he was not going to get a chance to use in *hell*.

Then she dressed in her sexiest black negligee under which she wore nothing. Only her luscious body, which Johnnie once had adored, could be seen through the sheer material. She wanted him to be completely bug-eyed at the sight of her. She even fixed her hair and put some silver sparklers in it. She would attract him from the moment he laid eyes on her, then she would take the butcher knife and carve him into little bits... and she'd put that used manhood of his down the garbage disposal unit.

That was her plan.

"You fuckin' bastard," she screamed over and over and came at him with the butcher knife. She really didn't know what she was doing, except screaming her bloody head off. And she was dead almost the instant she fell into her own blood on the kitchen floor.

Johnnie managed to get her into a laundry bag and clean up around her, but that's as far as he could go. She was still on the kitchen floor. At least he didn't have to look at those dead, wide open, staring eyes any longer. The laundry bag concealed that sight from him.

His complete plan was to pack some of her things and get her into the trunk of his car, then he would take her out to the lake and drop her overboard. Small boats were always tied up around the beach. There would be no problem in finding one which could cart them out to the center of the lake.

Actually he was filling the second suitcase with the neatly folded and arranged sets of her clothing when the blizzard hit. But he continued packing and when the bags were strapped down he carried them to the door leading to the garage which was attached to the house. No one would see him leave with his grisly burden because the kitchen door led directly down into the garage.

He opened the kitchen door and carried the bags down to the car and put them in the back seat, then moved to the garage door. He looked out through the window into the darkness. But no matter how dark it was he couldn't miss the fact that the snow was piling up rapidly.

There would be no driving that night.

And there would be no driving the next night either. He'd known such blizzards to last six and seven days in the really bad years. He didn't want that laundry bag full of bones and dead girl hanging around that long. He couldn't sleep thinking about the sight in the bag. He knew it would bring him horrifying dreams therefore he fought sleep. But he couldn't keep that up for many nights.

Naturally he wouldn't be missed from the office because no one could have gotten there in the first place. The whole city had come to a stand still as it always did during those early winter blizzards.

But he had to get her out of there and he had to get her to the lake.

The lake!

He hadn't given the facts of that situation any real thought until that very moment as he slugged down a double shot of whiskey. The sudden thought made him choke

and his eyes flew to the laundry bag in the middle of the kitchen floor.

The lake would be frozen over that time of the year. There would be no traveling out to the center by boat and dropping Stella over the side. And there would be no way of chopping through that two or more foot of ice without attracting some kind of attention.

The lake was out of the question!

He had to find another way to dispose of the body.

But it didn't work. Had she remained sexy soft it would have come off just the way she wanted. But instead all she could remember was him going into and leaving Barbara's house and she could visualize what had happened in there and it made her more and more angry. She could see his hands, the hands which had so lovingly felt every square inch of her body going over the body of the other girl. She could see his lips, his tongue taking hers and she remembered the fires of her own body when he'd done it to her.

Then she could feel his heavy body on hers once more, ever in rhythm, ever in motion... pounding, surging, retreating and attacking again... and Stella knew the violent reaction Barbara was sure to have had... How many times? The dirty bastard... how many times?

Then the moment he came in the door the anger had built to a point where she could no longer control herself...

How much he felt the horror, the terror of having to look at her dead frame again. But it was the only thing he could do. He couldn't get out of the house, and even if he did, the lake was the only possible graveyard for permanent disappearance.

He thought about burying her out in the woods, but the ground would be frozen solid also. The toughest spade wouldn't be able to nick the surface.

But there might be one solution and he had to give it a try. At least he couldn't be in any more of a problem if he tried.

Johnnie gripped the laundry bag by the draw strings and dragged the bundle through the house to the bathroom, where he pulled open the draw strings and took the bag from around her body. Quickly he stripped the black, sheer negligee from Stella's once lovely body. He was exhausted when he finished because of the frenzied attitude to which he had attacked the job.

He stood back looking down into her dead face... into the staring eyes... lifeless... sightless... but they seemed to be laughing at him.

"You bitch. You were a bitch all the time you were alive and now you're even more of a bitch dead. You're still laughing at me. Well I'll have the last laugh. You bet there were plenty of girls, and they did all the things to me and for me that you never did... You and your puritan upbringing.

"Take a knife to me, will you. I hope you burn plenty in hell. Because I know that's where I sent you. Straight to hell."

When once more his breathing reduced to normal he reached over and took up the naked body and put it into the bathtub. He started the water running, and while the tub filled he went back and got the butcher knife. And when he returned to the bathroom he pulled the knife back and forth across the body making deep cuts in several sections, and the blood poured out into the water.

Over and over again he let the bloody water go down the drain and he refilled it.

He did this many times until there was no longer even the slightest tint of the red blood. He had performed the duties of the undertaker quite nicely. There wasn't a drop of her blood left in her body, and there was none in the bathtub. It had all gone down the drain.

He pulled her out of the tub and let her plop to the tile floor then let the water run for a long time down the drain. He wanted to make sure that all the blood had gone from the pipes and off to some far away sewer. He felt himself extremely clever.

For the rest of the operation it would be rather difficult performing in the dark. But he couldn't take any chances of putting on a light in the garage where he might accidentally be seen. Perhaps the city was at a motorized standstill, but someone might be out walking. There were always those nuts who liked to walk in blizzards.

And by chance someone across the street might look in that direction. It was then he cursed the fact of having a window put in the garage door. But Stella had liked it that way. Since the garage doors faced the street like the front of the house she wanted the little window so that it looked more like an extra room than a garage. It had enhanced the property value... but at that moment it was a horror to Johnnie. There would be no lights. He'd have to do what he had to do in the dark and attempt remembering where everything was.

There would be little or no mess since the blood was completely drained away.

Johnnie carried Stella over his shoulders, back through the house and down to the garage where he placed her on his long workbench. He fastened a heavy blade into the electric saw... then started cutting.

First her hands came free, then the lower arm was cut in five small chunks. He continued to the upper arm, then switched over to her left arm.

The chunks on the bench became many and they were getting in his way.

Once more he went back to the bathroom and got the soggy laundry bag. It would have to hold the piece of meat and bone for the time being.

Then again he was in the garage and the electric saw buzzed for more than two hours. But when he was done there wasn't a hunk of her body more than three or four inches in depth and width. He even shattered the larger bones so that they were reduced remarkably in size.

He tore the hair and scalp from the skull before he cut that up. The hair would not be destroyed in the sink food disposal unit. If anything it would tend to clog the affair, then where would he be? He couldn't even figure on flushing it down the toilet. But that was a problem he'd have to face later. At least the body was reduced in size and if that was all that was left... he'd find a way.

The disposal unit worked overtime. Several times it threatened to quit altogether when the bigger bones were stuck into it. He had to remove them and return to his electric saw to bring them down in size and strength. The ankle bones and the skull were the most stubborn.

However, eventually the last piece ground its way to the sewer and Johnnie sighed a tremendous sigh of relief.

He went to the bathroom and removed his clothing and took a long shower in the very tub where Stella's blood had gone such a short time before. But he didn't give it any thought any longer. The whole thing was finished. There wasn't a trace of her. He had even opened the retainer at the bottom of the disposal to make sure it was clean.