

CALL OF THE WILD ALASKA BITCH II

I RAN UP BEHIND HIM, FAST AS LIGHTNING AND STAB HIM AND STABBED HIM AND AGAINST STAB HIM. SO AS THAT WAS ONE BLOODY SON OF A BITCH WHEN I GOT THROUGH WITH HIM. PASTY DEEP RED, BLOOD GUSHED AND OOZED FROM THE PARTS OF HIS BODY THAT I JUST FINISHED STABBING. I PULLED THE ROPE FROM UNDER MY PARKA AND TIED HIS LEGS TOGETHER, AND BEGAN DRAGGING HIM SINGLE-HANDEDLY THROUGH THE SNOW. I CLEANED MY KNIFE AND STUCK IT BACK IN TO MY BELT. THE CORPSES WOULD FROZEN BY THE TIME I GOT BACK TO THE CABIN. SHIT IT DESERVED IT. THEY'RE ALL THE SAME - THEY RAPE THEY STEAL MY FOOD AND KILL. SHIT! THEY DESERVE THIS.

I HEAVED THE BODY ONTO THE BACK OF THE SLED DIDN'T ORDER THE DOGS TOO MUCH. IT WAS DUSK. SOON THE SUN WOULD LEAVE AND RETURN FROM THE SAME SPOT, THEN BOUNCED ACROSS THE SKY, THAT WOULDN'T BE FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. THE SNOW STILL A HEAVILY AND THICK ON THE GROUND. JAGGED EDGE TO MOUNTAINOUS SURROUNDING ME REMINDING ME TO STAY STRONG TO SURVIVE THE ELEMENTS. I WROTE ON THE BACK OF THE SLED WITH THAT MISERABLE CORPSE STRETCHED OUT BEFORE ME AND THE DOGS RAN AHEAD OVER THE FROZEN GLOSSY SNOW. WE REACHED THE CABIN SHORTLY AFTER DARK. I DRAGGED THE BODY THAT WAS NEARLY FROZEN, INSIDE. I GAVE THE DOG'S THEIR FREEDOM AFTER WORKING ALL DAY AND THROUGH THEM SOME MEAT. THEY NEVER ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT. I'D WORK THEM LIKE CRAZY, SOME DAYS, AND THOSE ASKED HOLES WOULD BE HAPPY AT THE END OF THE TAPE. JUST GETTING FRAYED IN HAVING MEAT THROWN TO HIM.

I LIT UP THE COLEMAN LANTERN AND THROUGH MORE: THE STILLS. A LITTLE MORE WOULD CONSTITUTE OVER THAT GOD DAMN BODY. GOD DAMN PLEASE, TO BE A STRONG HEALTHY WOMAN STANDING OVER A DEAD MAIL. I JUST REALLY KILL.

I SAT ON THE STOOL. I GOT AN OPEN NET AFTER HIS LEGS AND BEGAN PULLING AT HIS BALLS. JUST WONDERING IF I PULLED OFF MY PARKA AND TOSSED IT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM. THEN UNFASTEN THE KNIFE FROM MY BELT. HAD ANOTHER ON IN MY BOOT, BUT HARDLY EVER USED IT. I GRABBED THOSE BALLS UP IN MY HAND AGAIN AND CUT SLOWLY SKIN THAT WOULD SEPARATE THEM FROM HIM. I HELD HIS BALLS OVER HIS HEAD ME I HELD THEM OVER HIS

HEAD AND SAID LOOK WHAT I DID TO USE ANOTHER BITCH I FIGURED HIS SPIRIT MUST BEEN GOING CRAZY ABOUT THEM. I WENT TO THE DOOR AND THROUGH THAT MEETS MY DOGS. I SAT BACK DOWN ON THE STOOL AND WATCH THE BLOOD LOOSE FROM BETWEEN HIS LEGS. I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD BE THIS WAY DOWN IN THE STATES. NO ONE UP HERE TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO. ALL OTHER MALES DOWN THERE KILLING RAVEN AND ROBIN GOT TO WAIT FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. I RESTED MY ELBOWS ON MY KNEES AND LIFTED MY HAND TO MY FACE AND RAN MY THUMB UP AND DOWN THAT MISERABLE SCAR LEFT BY A FEMALE. MAYBE THIS ONE SISTER. I HOPE TO GET HER ONE DAY TO.