

BIOHAZARD

THE WRITER EATER [ER]



ROBBY RICHARDSON

Biohazard

The Writer Eater

[ER]

By

Robby Richardson

[2nd Edition]

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to all the writers out there that write to create

PREFACE

I have never really done a preface before and I hardly know where to begin. I feel very passionate about writing. I believe writing is the truest form of expression. It is the truest form of creativity. Simply put writing is another word for art, for creativity, and should be beneficial towards mankind. Haven't the words spoken by your favorite Hip Hop artist or Literary Writer inspired you more than anything else in your life?

The Biohazard of Muerte

(Intro)

By

Robby Richardson

“Thanks for the ride...yea, I appreciate how close you could get me, thanks again!” *SLAM*...the car door shut and I watched the truck drive away. The truck that made me believe that I was heading home. Now that I had a couple miles left to walk it seemed too good to be true. It was late at night, and the moon was high in the sky casting it's morbid marble light. The silent city was dark and empty as the rats silently picked at the scattered trash. I found myself wandering down a dark alley receiving a text from the old guard at the institution I had been staying at. His name was Derek, and I hadn't heard from him since I had given him his last batch of Muerte. It seemed the day that I had escaped was the day that he discovered himself. He had been fired and mercilessly hounded from reporters until finally secluding himself into solitude.

[Derek]

“Hey how's the vacation? Listen, I was wondering if I could get another bag of that Muerte?”

[Me]

ANOTHER BAG...Jesus, I only have one bag left! It's going to come at a heavy price.

[Derek]

Whatever the price...it's worth the cost!

[Me]

I don't know...It's only meant to be taken once repeated use can be fatal.

[Derek]

I am not taking it. We have followers...many followers. We have a new members coming.

My stomach felt uneasy as it seemingly did several cartwheels in its place. I gripped it as I let the wind blow over my tired body. My last bag of Muerte was safely contained in my back pocket. I shook my head feeling uneasy about giving it away. It had to come with a hefty price. I walked the alley as the street lights hummed around me. I could see the moths fluttering in the night like confetti caught in a light breeze.

“Damn...guess I won’t be heading home after all...Jesus, I was so close too!”

The alley still remained calm as I made my way towards Derek’s house. Stopping for a small pint at a local liquor shop, the couple miles to his house was daresay pleasant. His back gate clattered as I made my way around his garage. I tapped on the window lightly when I heard a, “Robby...that you?” I whispered, “Yeah open up the side door.” The door opened and I came through, “Derek?” Dressed in a dark black robe, he smiled as he nodded, “in, in...you come in!” I stared at him as his once smooth face had become sunken and hollow. His cheeks were now large cereal bowls and his eyes drooped with tiredness. Derek turned when I started to stare at the dark purple circles around his eyes. “Jesus Derek you look awful! What the hell has happened to you?” I couldn’t help it as the words seemed to escape me before I could even stop them. Running his hand through his now dead white hair he gave a quick, “I know, I know, I haven’t been outside in the sun in a while.” “What’s awhile twenty years? You’re paler than I am and that’s saying something!”

“Whatever Robby, whatever, it’s not nice to see you among the living and not in a straight jacket.” Scanning him over, “if you’re the living then this country is in serious trouble!” Waving his hand at me I decided to scan the garage. It was empty with the outer walls lined with candles of every shape and color. In the far corner stood a large

unidentifiable rusty green barrel. “So did you bring it?” My attention was immediately drawn back to Derek. “Well that’s the reason why I am here.” “You did...you did bring it right?” Derek licked his lips as he seemed to be growing in anticipation. “Yes, I have it.” Derek came forward hands outstretched, “gimme, gimme, gimme!” I took a step back, “Derek, whoa Derek...that...that is also the reason why I am here. Muerte is not meant to be repeatedly taken. It’s only supposed to be taken once, maybe twice if you need to find the path again. It’s dangerous though if taken more than once especially if repeatedly taken. Is, is that what happened to you?” Shaking his head, “no, no of course not! I have been helping other people...like you did for me! You know helping my followers find themselves as well.” “Whoa Derek, you...you’re serious...you have followers,” he nodded again. “I do...many followers...all believing in Muerte. Your drug is changing our lives and will eventually change the...” “It’s not a drug Derek! Frankly, I don’t know what it is nor how I come upon it! All I know is that this is the last bag I will ever receive. Recent events have shown me that I am unable to procure anymore. Besides even if I could get anymore I am not giving it away to some...some addict!”

Derek’s face shook slightly, “I’m no addict! I told you I help people find themselves through Muerte and...” “Where are these followers of yours?” “They are not here tonight...none of the members are here tonight.” I stood confused, “so why the rush? Why did you need it so bad?” I watched his face fumble slightly as his eyes darted from left to right. “We...we have a new follower. Initiation is tomorrow.” I shook my head as I began to walk towards the large barrel. “What is this here,” “please,” he yelled as he rushed over to it. “Not yet, it’s not ready!” I looked confused, “ready, what do you mean ready? What’s inside it Derek?” He waved his hand, “forget it Robby, now let me

have the last batch! I got the money over here.” Derek walked over to the large table, “how much did you say you ...” I shook my head, “it’s not for sale...not anymore at least!” He stopped and turned to me as his eyes had become wide. “What for...why not?” I shrugged, “it’s too dangerous for you to keep taking.” He slammed his fist on the table, “HOW MANY TIMES do I have to tell you it’s not for me! It’s for...” Holding up my hand, “spare me Derek...please just spare me the bullshit.” I withdrew from my pocket the last remaining satchel of Muerte. “I’ll give it to you if you tell me what it is really for?”

I watched Derek bite his chapped bottom lip clearly deep in thought. “Alright, alright I’ll tell you.” I nodded pulling the bag out from my back pocket. The velvet felt soft against my hands. “There is no new member is there?” I watched Derek shake his head. “And this bag is for you,” he stared at me and then nodded again. “So, I take it also that there is no group,” he shook his head, “no, no, no, there is a group of believers...believe in you, believe in Muerte.” “But there is nobody here, why in God’s name would you need it so urgently?” He smiled as he waved his hand, “I’ll show you.” The barrel in the corner sat covered in chipped green paint and rust. “It has taken me over two years to collect the material contained in this barrel here.” “Is that how long it has been?” I wiped my forehead, “how time flies! Is that the reason why you stopped coming around the hospital?” He didn’t respond as he pulled the metal top off to reveal a thick dark green gelatinous goo that seemed to bubble slightly without the aide of a fire.

The smell seemed nice when it first entered my nose but after several seconds it seemed to sting. It smelled like the freshest garden I had ever walked through. I guess because creation begins with the simplest of life. However, the smell grew more potent

and stung my nose like cinnamon would. I had to place my finger underneath my nose several times. Until the smell became so pungent that I had to recoil slightly, “what the hell is it?” Derek ran his hand over the barrel like it was a brand new car. “It has taken me years to gather the contents in this barrel.” I repeated my question, “well what is it?” Derek smiled down at it still tenderly rubbing the side, “it is my collection.” “I get it,” I said rubbing my hand on my face in frustration. “It is the creative juices exuded from all the writers I have met. I mixed them all together to create a super sludge. Every spoonful is a million dollar idea!” I backed away as Derek reached out and snatched my wrist. “Derek, what the hell are you...” Derek squeezed my wrist tighter as he grabbed the satchel out from my palm.

Pushing me away, he gripped the satchel opening it with trembling hands. “FINALLY,” he yelled with a wide sadistic smile. “I finally have the powder and with this addition my sludge will create some of the greatest literary works of all time!” “It doesn’t work like that Derek,” my voice was ignored as he continued “we can finally understand the true meaning behind our very souls!” I ran towards Derek but I was too late. The powder fell into the sludge. My struggling with Derek was in vain as he pushed me away. “Get off me Robby...I don’t know why you are acting like this for? Now Muerte can be enjoyed by all!” “I don’t want Muerte mixed with everything else! I wanted it only for a select few.” Derek threw the satchel on the ground, “and it will be.” “I want it back! I don’t want Muerte to go like that! Muerte is unique and I want to keep it that way.” Derek began to smile, “I’m sorry it’s already been mixed with the other juices and ideas. It’s toxic and isn’t the Muerte we both know anymore.”

“I WANT IT BACK!” Derek took a step back, “I’m telling you it’s already

mixed! Muerte is just another addition to the sludge now.” I took a step forward as my teeth gritted in anger, “you don’t deserve Muerte if you think it should be included in that mess! Muerte is original and can not be categorized with other ideas and substances.”

Derek shrugged and brought over a large glass vile with a screw off silver top. He moved towards the sludge and taking a large metal spoon he siphoned off some off the top. Either to humor me or tempt me Derek filled the container up with the dark green liquid and screwed on the top tightly. “I bet when you breath it in you will get all sorts of ideas!” I snatched it out of his hand. “Muerte is not a religion Derek it is a way of life. And I don’t want anything to do with this sludge or your Muerte cult.” I pointed to the bag, “addiction clouds the mind and leaves your life in disarray.” Derek shook his head, “I am fine...in fact I have never felt better. The brothers have never felt better.” I gripped the glass tube, “calamity is coming and disarray is at the door step. Have fun because that is it Derek...the last of it. Muerte is gone. I hope you like cold turkey!” I walked towards the door and out it with a...*SLAM*. Derek was laughing manically the entire time I walked away.

I gripped the tube and examined it. This wasn’t the Muerte I knew. Muerte truly was gone and at that moment I realized it. My fingers gripped the sides as I continued to walk down the alley. The street was still dead and the overhead lights buzzed with hundreds of bugs flying in the light. “Muerte is gone,” I kept repeating to myself several times as if the words didn’t sink in. I went several blocks before my curiosity about the toxic sludge began to creep on me. The creative juices from some of the finest writers the world considered were contained in one tube. The writers that had made it and were read by millions. However that is not what drew my attention. I forgot the money at

Derek's but for the sake of art what was money? What drove my curiosity was the idea of that special story. Would this help to create that tale that people tell around campfires or to children late at night? Would this help in creating that one poem that could drive a person to tears? Would this inspire them...drive them to create their own works and follow their dreams? What writers were included in Derek's sludge? Who was he able to collect? "And Muerte is in it," I whispered to myself as I began to unscrew the top. This wasn't Muerte anymore. This was some toxic material that didn't deserve to be in the same room as Muerte. I hate the thought of Muerte being combined with all the rest. Maybe Derek had been right? Muerte should be placed with the others. The top of the tube came off with a little...*POP!* "Let's see what Robby Richardson and Muerte can create with this...this Biohazard." I drank deeply from the contents, finished and exclaimed, "I'm literally a Writer Eater, HA!"

[To Be Continued]

Original

- Diss Young Jeezy -

By

Robby Richardson

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I know most people will argue that Hip Hop is all the same. I tend to agree with artists like Young Jeezy. However, I do consider Hip Hop to be writing. I think rapping is a form of expression and is creativity. Writers must inspire or tell a story. A true writer branches out and takes different creative routes. To be considered a true artist one can not confine to one style or one way. In Jeezy's case, it's been done over and over to death and in all honesty. I wouldn't even consider him a writer anymore. He needs to prove that he is a true creator and artist. Hard hitting beats and bass do not make up for good writing and lyrical content.

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Did I mention that...I ride on fo-fo's with fo hoes and bottles in all my pho-tos

Did I mention that...my nickname is Snowman and I'm peddlin nothing but snow...man

Did I mention that...I have lay low money from cake order money

Did I mention that...I have yeyo money with a playboy sonny

Did I mention that...I use the same word twice even if it doesn't make sense right

I'm sick like Vick on the Eagles, I also know people that pay for those Eagles

Did I mention that...I have guns all kinds of guns and their always better than yours son

Did I mention that...I have girls...all kinds of girls and their always the finest in the world

Did I mention "Chyeah" at least once in a song talking about the girls and money I'm on

Oh I did...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Have I told you... about the bricks that I stack and the clothes off racks

Have I told you...about how I am buying it all with president stacks

Have I told you...how street I am and how deep in these streets I am

Have I told you...how I hustled in these streets avoiding Uncle Sam

Have I told you...all about the rims that glisten like ice or how the trunk hits nice

Have I told you...about the trunk with a little bang that's paid in full from the coke I slang

Have I told you...about how I move on a word and all it takes is the word

Have I told you...how that word makes you remember that I am the word

Have I told you...about how rapping is a game and that I move with the goons

Have I told you...I have choppers and coke and its featured all over the evening news

Oh I did...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Have I talked about...the smooth interior and that any other ride is inferior

Have I talked about...the haters and non-believers about how I will come to greet'em

Have I talked about my addiction to cash...

How about how I posted on corners with a pocket full of grass

OR How I'm drawing girl's numbers from my pocket full of ass

Have I...um, well yea I guess that's it. Did I mention the cars?

Yeah...yeah, I guess I did

We'll I guess that's it right Jeezy that's all you really talk about isn't it

I wish I could understand how you can stand yourself putting out that garbage to

your fans. A beat and a banging bass does not fill a writer's taste. Poetry can come in many forms because art comes in many forms. The writer within is as good as the words he displays. However your pathetic attempts at literary genius only proves to us writers whose the weakest. You are a key reason to why Hip Hop is no longer considered poetry. Creativity can only grow with expansion and expansion can only grow creativity. The roads least traveled are the ideas left to be told.

So in the end Jeezy...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

HA HA

The End

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