

# THE SPIDERS OF HONEYVILLE

*By William Pauley III*

## PART ONE: THE DAY OF THE SNAKE

Mrs. Dorothy Sanders is one hot piece of ass. She's got big beautiful bleached blonde hair, a pair of gorgeous tits and a tight round ass she shakes for all the men-folk. She calls me up from time to time sayin' she needs her pipes cleaned [*she says I'm the best in town, heb heb*]. I'd say I've plugged her pipe at least twice a month since her husband fell down that elevator shaft two years ago.

My beeper buzzes. I put down my tools and angle the LCD screen away from the light. It reads: (o)(o).

*Speak of the devil.*

I stand up, pull the gloves off my hands, and ask the lady of the house if I can use the telephone. Normally, I don't like to stop in the middle of a job to make a personal call, but for Mrs. Sanders I'll do just about *any* damn thing she needs. I pick up the receiver and dial her number. I lick my lips and clear my throat. I want my voice to sound deep, sexy-like. She answers:

"Hello..." "Hey baby, how's it—"

"Red? Is that you, Red?" she interrupts anxiously.

"Yeah, baby, it's me... you need ol' Red to come give you some—"

"Goddamnit, Red! Get your scrawny ass over here and help me!" She sounds desperate.

"Wha- what's wrong, honey?"

"There's a goddamn snake stuck in the bathtub drain, Red! I've got me a hair appointment down at Dolly's in an hour! I need to finish my shower and get down there 'fore she marks me a no show! I can't wait another week with this rat's nest of a hairdo, Red. I won't do it. Now get your ass over here and get it out!"

I love it when she orders me around like this. She's a real woman. I breathe hot an' heavy into the phone.

"Goddamnit, Red! I need you as a plumber today!"

She hangs up the phone. I pack up my tools and load the truck. It's just the first of the month. Damn, *she's wantin' it bad, heb heb.*

She answers the door completely naked and pulls me inside by the front of my coveralls. She doesn't speak a word, she just pushes me into the bathroom and points feverishly at the snake stuck in the drain, her titties bouncin' against one another like a couple of sumo wrestlers.

"Okay, okay..." I say pulling my clothes from her grasp, "Damn, woman, let me work!"

She chews her fingernails.

I set the toolbox down at my feet, kneel and put on my red leather gloves. I hear a hiss and then a scream. The scream came from Mrs. Sanders. The hiss came from a demon serpent, now barin' its fangs about an inch away from my upper lip. Its body is straight as an arrow and venom is drippin' from the tips of its fangs and pooling onto the floor below. *This is one mean motherfucker, you ask me.*

Without taking my eyes off the wretch, I snatch the hammer from my toolbox and stick the claw-end into the body of the snake, just a hair below its wild-snapping jaw. I pull with enough force that it pops its head clean off and the bloody ball hurls through the air – I nearly lose my balance when it does. Mrs. Sanders screams again and bounces up and down with joy. I walk over to her perfect naked jigglin' body and grab hold of her ass with both hands.

"Now time for the bill, Mrs. Sanders. You still got a couple minutes free, dontchu?" I say with a sly grin. She smiles back. I drop my coveralls to the floor.

A strange stench pollutes the air—it smells like a perfect mix of road-dead skunk and orange juice. Me and Mrs. Sanders look back at the lifeless body of the snake lying in the tub, now resembling a leaking hose, what with its head lopped off and all. Along with the blood, a thick yellow fog is spewing from the bloody hole in its neck where its head used to be.

“Jesus H. Christ! What the hell is that?” I say. I look back at Mrs. Sanders. She’s got a disgusted look on her face. She tries to speak, but instead she collapses. I catch her just ‘fore she hits the floor.

Then the stink gets *me*.

## PART TWO: THE YELLOW STINK

Every inch of their decomposing bodies fascinates me to no end. How can such a diminutive amount of vapor cause so much devastation? I’ve been studying science for over forty years now and never before have I seen such a fantastic disease. Of course, when I say fantastic I mean for it to be taken as unbelievable or outrageous, not wonderful. No, this is far from wonderful.

*Zombilictirubitosi*s, or more commonly referred to as *ZobmiPox* or *Z-Pox* is a very rare disease caused by *zanthos noisomeness*, or *The Yellow Stink*. The Yellow Stink is released from the body of a three-year-old western whip snake when any part of its head or body has been severed. The Yellow Stink instantly leaks out from the wound and into the surrounding air, filling the lungs of predators, paralyzing them instantaneously, and causing a slow deterioration of the host’s internal and external organs. It’s fascinating how this animal has developed a defense mechanism that occurs only after death, as if it actually prefers the satisfaction of revenge more so than eluding its own demise. After all, traditionally this is not how evolution works. Most animals evolve into more efficient survivors, instead of more efficient avengers, so already, before even knowing the horrifying capabilities of The Yellow Stink, you can see why, as a scientist, I am truly captivated by this creature. You’re probably now thinking of what happens next, what happens after the stink has been inhaled and Z-Pox has secured itself inside the host? Well, the bodies of the infected literally lay and rot for months, possibly even years. We are still not certain of the full capability of the disease, as our subjects are the only two humans known to have ever come into contact with *zanthos noisomeness*. We learn something new about the disease every day.

The female subject is especially rare, because not only does she have *Zombilictirubitosi*s, but she is also eight months pregnant—three of those months while infected. So far, we have not detected any abnormalities with the child, a male, while in utero—which, of course, is wonderful news. We plan to deliver the baby via cesarean section on October 29<sup>th</sup>.

### PART THREE: THE YELLOW STINK BOMB

“Hey, baby!” shouts Diana excitedly.

“Shhh! You trying to get me fired?” I look back over my shoulder to see if anyone’s heard her squealin’. “Diana, now I told you about this. I can’t be sneakin’ you in here if you ain’t quiet! These scientists here all have bugs up they asses. They won’t letcha get by with nothin’.”

I spit out a wad of chewin’ tobacco into my hand and toss it outside just before lockin’ the back door.

“Now, didja remember to bring it?”

Diana smiles and nods her head. She holds up her purse and pulls out a small camcorder.

“That’s what I’m talkin’ ‘bout, honey!” I say. Diana bounces up and down with excitement and makes a strange gigglin’ noise. I don’t know what the hell is wrong with her. *She’s a goddamn dingbat.* But she’s the only girl I know who owns a video camera and there ain’t no way in hell I wasn’t gonna get this on tape. This recordin’ is gonna make me a goddamn millionaire.

“C’mere, I’ll show you where they keep the things.” I say, wavin’ my hand toward the end of the hallway. “Be prepared, they smell like rotted ape shit. You can smell ‘em through the walls.”

Diana pinches her nose.

I take her down to the lower level. The smell of rotting human flesh hangs in the air. It doesn’t bother me so much anymore—I believe I’ve grown accustomed to it. Diana, on the other hand, begins to gag.

“Here, take this...” I dig out a red handkerchief from my back pocket and hand it to her. “Put it over yer nose and mouth.”

I look down each end of the hallway, making sure no one’s watchin’. I pull out my ring of keys and unlock a door that leads to another hallway. This hallway is dark. The only light comes from a window down toward the opposite end. The window looks into a room where

the two zombies are kept.

Voices echo down through the hall. Diana is scared shitless—her grip on my forearm tightens.

“Here, gimme that there vidya camera” I say. She digs it out of her purse and hands it over. I turn the power on and pop off the lens cap. “You ain’t never seen any shit like this ‘fore, girl.”

A little red light flashes in the corner of the video screen: [LOW BATTERY].

“Goddamnit, Diana! The batt’ry is dead!”

She ain’t listenin’. She’s too busy trying to sneak a peek at the zombies on the other side of the glass. I tap her on the shoulder.

“Hey, you didn’t charge the damn thing? Do you know how much you just cost me?”

She glances back and shrugs her shoulders as if to say *‘what’s the big deal’*.

“Do you know what they’re doin’ in there, girl?” She shakes her head. “They’re about t’deliver the first ever zombie baby. I was gonna sell this here tape to FOX NEWS. Make millions. But now that’s all shot to hell!”

She dismisses my complaints and goes back to starin’. A baby’s wail echoes down through the hall. And then an idea starts vibratin’ in my skull. My eyes widen. *I’m a’gonna steal this baby!*

Without thinkin’ twice, I burst into the room. A couple of white coats start hollerin’, sayin’ I’m tresspassin’. I grab the baby from the doctor who is suctionin’ him out and run like hell for the door.

The white coats come a’followin’.

I burst through the door. Diana slams herself against the wall to avoid being trampled by the hurdling stampede blazin’ in her direction. The baby is screamin’, terrified by its first visions of life. I try to bounce him in my arms, you know, t’try an’ soothe him, as I dash up the staircase and down through the halls, makin’ my way to the outside world. *All I need is to get him outside and I’ll be famous. Rich!*

I glance behind me. Only two of the white coats are in good enough shape to keep up with my pace. The double doors that lead to the outside world are in sight. I run faster. *Harder.*

I stiff-arm the doors, they fly open wide and I stumble over the concrete stairs that lead down to town square. The baby goes a'flyin' through the air. The white coats stop and put their hands over their mouths in horror. A couple sittin' on a park bench see the airborne baby and scream with fright.

Everyone outside freezes. He can't be saved.

The baby hits the pavement with a sickening smack. Then, its body explodes. A giant cloud of yellow smoke fills the air instantly, coverin' the entire town.

#### PART FOUR: BOXING HONEYVILLE

Yes, I remember the fool who stole the infected child very well. His name was Stanley Cramm. He worked in our building for something like two years prior to the incident. He was never too bright of a lad. I even felt somewhat sorry for him at times. He came from a poor family, who all seemed to be good-hearted people. We used to attend the same church.

Everyone in town was instantly infected by the disease—everyone except for a handful of doctors and scientists, such as myself. While we were delivering the child, we all took the proper precautions in protecting our bodies. None of us were really sure exactly what we'd be dealing with that day, so all of us were wearing gas masks and protective clothing at the time of the explosion.

Since the day of the incident, a strange series of events has occurred.

Within hours, Honeyville was completely surrounded by government vehicles—large black vans, to be precise. The backs of these vehicles opened, unmanned, and hoards of humanoid robots climbed out onto the pavement.

I made my way over to the vehicles, but was quickly approached by one of the androids.

“Stand back!” it commanded. I stopped in my tracks.

“Please, I am not one of the infected.”

But it didn't listen to my pleading—instead it shot a taser out from its fingertips. Its claws sunk deep into my chest and I was quickly floored by the sudden surge of electricity racing throughout my body.

The robots continued to pile out of the vans. Some of them were dragging large burlap sacks behind them. I would later find out that these sacks were filled with building materials, for they were planning to build a wall around the city.

Over the next few weeks, I had noticed that not only were the GovBots [*what the androids preferred to be called*] here in Honeyville to erect a wall to cage the city, but they were also here to *harvest*.

*Harvest what?* I wasn't sure. All I knew was the trees here in Honeyville never looked the same once the GovBots showed up. They all now seemed to be bearing some strange oversized fruit that had never grown there in years previous. The fruits were *placed* in the trees, they were not indigenous. I was certain they were unnatural and was determined to find an answer as to why they were planted here. The machines were not willing to give me that information...at first. However, I found ways to make them talk. It turns out that GovBots are quite fond of table salt — they can't taste it, but they sure enjoy the gritty crunch it provides as they chew it in their large metal mouths.

For 12 packets of table salt and a 2 lb bag of rock salt, I was able to get the following information regarding the tree crops:

*A – They were not harvesting any tree crops. Instead, they were growing giant blood-sucking spiders.*

*B – These spiders were to be used to suck [and completely empty] the blood from the infected via the host's skull.*

*C – Until 100% recovery [a nice way of saying until we were all dead and the tainted blood-engorged spiders were finally caged and sent for testing in government labs], Honeyville would be quarantined from the rest of the world.*

I reiterated the news to my colleagues back at the lab. We were concerned mainly with the capabilities of the spiders. We had a gut-feeling that they were more of a government experiment rather than a fool-proof healing plan. Why else would they build a wall around the city unless there was some broad chance of error? Our government unknowingly became the enemy of a handful of some of the most brilliant minds in the field of science, and we would not go down without a fight.

We quickly went to work.

In the next few weeks, we were able to invent a device that plugs directly into the brain of

the spider's host. It allows the for the opposite of what the government was hoping the spiders would do, for the *host* to suck the life-force from *its parasite*. Once the spider attaches itself to the infected, the host would now be able to suck the energy from the spider and use it to operate his or her own body, depleting the energy and nutrients from the parasite until it finally dies and falls off. At least that's the plan.

We've spent the last few days implanting the devices into the skulls of the 'living corpses' that were lying about the town since the day of the Yellow Stink explosion, as a way of testing the technology out.

Now we must wait for the eggs to hatch.

## PART FIVE: BOGGS' LOG

Thursday – December 7<sup>th</sup>

*The egg sacks are noticeably larger. Darker grey. They hang from the trees like the scrotum of God. It isn't very cold outside. Global warming? Nah, probably just the great wall — it keeps most of the wind away these days. The wall is almost finished now. It could be beautiful if only our artists were able to perform, to bleed their love and hate over this god-forsaken wall. But they are gone. All gone. I should have been an artist. I always wanted to be, but I was never any good at it. Science, though... I was always good at science. But, I never should have taken this job. Dr. Potts says that it is up to us to ensure the resurrection of Honeyville. That we are our only hope for survival. All this jazz is really bumming me out. I mean, I'm not even technically a doctor, yet, just an intern. That's why they have me out here taking notes while they are all inside creating. Notes... oh, right. One of God's testes is twitching.*

Friday – December 8<sup>th</sup>

*No change. However, I've noticed several GovBots injecting a bright blue serum into the heart of the sacks. Hopefully it is to quicken the hatching process. It is starting to get a little cold now. I wish I had a warmer coat.*

(NOTE: IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THAT THE BLUE SERUM WAS NOT INJECTED TO SPEED UP THE HATCHING PROCESS, BUT INSTEAD WAS A CHEMICAL USED TO GROW THE SPIDERS TO THEIR ABNORMALLY LARGE SIZE — SIGNED, DR. WILLIAM CORNELIUS POTTS)

Sunday – December 10<sup>th</sup>

*Unusual pale yellow ‘vines’ have sprouted from the egg sacks, some as long as 20 feet. This is highly unusual, as these sprouts were not visible from my post last night. I suspect that the spiders will be hatching soon. I’m so hungry. Staring at these hairy egg sacks for the last few days, I wonder how that’s even possible.*

Monday – December 11<sup>th</sup>

*Early this morning ten of the egg sacks hatched — each sack containing at least seven gigantic arachnids apiece. There are still about ninety more sacks that are in my field of sight that have yet to hatch. The spiders are enormous. Their bodies are easily the size of an adult human head. They all seem to be brooding and hanging up in the treetops... well, for now at least.*

Tuesday – December 12<sup>th</sup>

*Hundreds of helicopters are now hovering above Honeyville. They are hauling a large cement vault top—the final piece of our tomb. More spiders have hatched. It seems that the GovBots have completed construction on the great wall. There’s a group of them gathering at the top of the western wall. They are all holding large metal rods with a rope loop tied at the ends. They are lassoing the trees and shaking them vigorously. The spiders begin to drop. It’s getting darker—the top of the vault is nearly in place. Minutes later, our city, our coffin, is finally sealed. Buried alive. I must return to the lab.*

*Signing off, Gina Boggs*

## PART SIX: THE SPIDERS OF HONEYVILLE

*Nom. Nom. Nom. Hungry. Shake. Vomit. Fucking. Winter. Shake. Can’t. Control. Body. Shake. Shake. Shake. Shake. Must. Find. Food. Shake.*

## PART SEVEN: THE UNFORTUNATE SPIDER-MEN

It has been a week since the spiders have dropped and taken their posts atop their host’s craniums, digging their oversized fangs deep into their brains. The life-force thieving devices that we installed earlier regrettably do not work as well as we had originally intended. Instead of draining the nutrients from the parasite, the devices actually allowed the spiders to transfer their brain signals to operate the host’s body. So now we are left with an army of

unfortunate spider-men. While the spider-men are no doubt extraordinary beings with extraordinary powers, sadly they lack the mental capacity to put those powers to greater use. The spider-men are nothing more than walking, decomposing humans with the mindset of an arachnid. Basically, we accidentally invented a way of creating zombie spider-human hybrids, and while this is somewhat exciting just knowing it's possible, it's equally disturbing and utterly pointless.

The spider-men are capable of producing silk web—albeit through the body of the giant spiders attached to their heads instead of the human portion—but since the spider itself can no longer move its limbs (*a side-effect of the life-force thieving devices*) the web tends to stream down the host's backside and clump on the ground below. The spider-men like to pick up these clumps and throw them at each other as they are excreted—reminding me of simpler primates who like to toss their excrement like pigskins, but with balls of web instead of shit. It has become quite a popular sport. It certainly seems to make them happy.

If agitated, the spider-men defensively bite their agitators, just like a normal house spider would. The problem with this is that the fangs that they use to bite their predators with are the human set. The human teeth do not expel poison, therefore their bites are hardly ever effective in keeping away enemies. Another problem with this is that when the human bites down on its victim, the spider portion actually injects their human host with venom, therefore resulting in the body of the host quickly losing consciousness at the very moment they feel threatened. This happens more often than one would think. It's quite depressing.

We have been trying to tweak the devices that we had implanted into the infected's skulls, but to no avail. With dwindling supplies and resources, there is honestly nothing more we can do.

So now, we dig.

## PART EIGHT: BOGGS' LOG

Tuesday – January 9<sup>th</sup>

*I think I am beginning to get a bit of cabin fever. My mind has been so focused on the coming of the spiders that I never really ever let it sink in. We are trapped. No phone, no TV, no radio — nothing. Telephone lines have been severed by the vault and satellite signals cannot penetrate through the thick cement walls of our*

tomb. Dr. Potts has been a bit on edge lately. He expected more from the life-force thieving devices. He expected the infected to be fully functioning human beings and, I'm assuming, for him to be looked at as a hero, the scientist who saved an entire town from extinction. I think he may even still be secretly planning to use those men to tear down these walls, that is if he can ever figure out how to get them to do, well, anything at all. Hmmm. I wonder who is on 'The Tonight Show' tonight?

Monday – January 15<sup>th</sup>

We've been spending the last week doing nothing but digging. Dr. Potts says it is the only way we are ever going to get out of here, now that the devices have failed. As a way to speed the process up a bit, he has been trying to teach the spider-men to dig, but with little or no success. Most of them just stare out into space as he barks commands at them. Some vomit. Others see him as a threat and try to bite him. Most of them have since regained consciousness. I haven't told the others about this, but I have recently acquired a 4" black and white handheld television that can pick up channels via antennae. The signal is terrible, but enough for me to deduce what's going on. I have been sneaking down in the hole late at night watching all my favorite comedy talk shows. It's the only place I can get any reception and even then I have to angle the antennae just right for the picture to come through. I'm going to sign off for now, Jimmy Fallon is about to come on.

Wednesday – January 17<sup>th</sup>

I've been found out. I fell asleep in the hole while watching TV. Dr. Potts discovered my secret this morning. He asked why I hadn't shared the great news with the others, since surely they would love a little entertainment as well. I told him that I thought that he would be upset. It was a lie, I really just hadn't seen TV in so long that I wasn't about to ration my time with it by sharing with others. I know it's selfish, but at least I am being truthful, well, not to Dr. Potts, but to my journal. Sadly, I knew all along that my nights alone, snuggled up with my little TV, were numbered. At least I enjoyed it while I had the chance.

Thursday – January 18<sup>th</sup>

Ever since Dr. Potts discovered the television, we've watched nothing but world news. In the six or so months that Honeyville has been quarantined, not a single one of us thought about how peaceful it's been in here. We've all been so focused on escaping, that we hadn't really noticed that life in Honeyville isn't so bad, even while trapped inside these walls — certainly not as bad as the world that exists on the outside, at least. Hours passed and one depressing news story rolled on after another. It wasn't long after that we stopped digging. We all sat around the television completely depressed, the outside world only a few more feet from us. We watched as visions of war, money, greed, oil, murders, suicides, and the like all flickered on the box, one after another after another. At the end of the day, we started refilling the hole, burying the television along with it.

**The Spiders of Honeyville**

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