# Bummer may Horus

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## \*Chapter 1\*: Bummer may Horus

The story you are about to read is a shitty rip-off of a bad knockoff. The crappy substitute for the cheap alternative. A sham. A hoax. A waste of your time. A waste of my time. A waste of time in general.

Either way, you should read it. Or perhaps you shouldn't. One can never be too sure in these types of situations.

I'm so sorry about this. Really.

**THIS ONE'S DEDICATED TO FANFICTIONS EVERYWHERE! EVEN YOURS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**bummer may horus**

The phone's ringing and ringing, but I don't feel like picking it up. I just stare out the window behind my desk, over this ugly city. Just as ugly as it was when Robotnik was in charge. Shit, if anything we've taken a few steps back. I remember the city being a lot cleaner before all this nonsense. No trash. Rubble, sure, but rubble is better than people.

The phone's ringing, but I don't care. I don't want to answer it. Just more people with more problems. Problems they want me to solve. People they want me to find. People they want me to kill.

I remember when I was a simple bounty hunter. Now I get roped into all kinds of crazy nonsense.

Ever since this damn city was built. Ever since we established "civilization"

It's an ugly thing, it really is.

So the phone won't stop ringing, and I decide it better to actually try and make money today, instead of just fading away into my own cesspool. It seemed like a good idea this past week, but somehow I'm always brought back to some stupid will to live, or something.

It sucks, really. I kinda wish I could make up my mind.

But I can't.

And I won't.

So I pick up the phone, and listen for them to speak. Always wait for them to speak first.

"Hello?"

"What?"

"Uh.. Is this Nack?"

"Perhaps"

"Perhaps what? Are you, or are you not Nack the weasel?"

"I am, just state your god damn business."

"That's no way to treat a customer."

"I'm the only bounty hunter in town. Once I get a rival, I might start being more polite. Might."

"Whatever. I have a proposition for you."

"Speak to me."

"I need you to find someone for me."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"I need details, jackass."

"Doesn't matter. Just need you to find her."

"Her? So it's a woman?"

"Nice utilization of context clues."

"We're going to need to meet in person. You know, hammer out all the details. Why don't you come down to my office on Fifth, and"

"No dice."

"What?"

"No dice. I don't like offices."

'What?"

"Look, just meet me at Sonic's in half an hour."

"Why in god's name would we meet at his house? Just what the hell does he have to do with this anyway?"

"The themed fast food place. The one on Ninth, specifically."

"Oh. God, why?"

But it was too late. The bastard hung up on me without saying shit.

I thought for the longest time about not doing anything. I could just skip this whole case and finally follow through with wasting away like I've been talking about these past years. Just sit here in this office until I starve and rot. Forgotten by the world, except those assholes who keep calling.

The phone is ringing again, and I finally decide that I need some money. Might as well rip this poor sucker off before I waste away. Might as well be having fun on my last days on my fair Mobius.

Right? Yer god damn right, right.

Sonic the hedgehog's themed restaurant is about as shitty and cheap as I remember it being. This place is the bottom of the barrel. The worst of the worst. Bad tasting and bad for you. But everyone loves it because his face is on the fucking wrapper.

Everyone needs some kind of hero, I suppose.

Some kind of icon.

On their napkins.

I tell ya, that damn hedgehog is like a fuckin' cartoon character. I mean, when's the last time he did shit for the city? Never. Well, he did get us here, but this place sucks. You may wonder why I don't just leave. Well, I don't care. That's why. But no matter how content I am, I'll find something to bitch about.

There's no way around that.

"Nack?"

"And who might you be?"

This ultimately badass human sits across the plastic table decorated with Sonic's face. He is the epitome of awesome. I could never compete with this man, yet he needs my help. Strange.

"Gary Stu, at your service."

"I'm guessing you're the one that called about the girl."

"Yes, of course. My girlfriend, you see."

"I see. So, what happened to the broad?"

"Please, she's a lady and you will address her as such."

"You want to tell me what I'm looking for now, asshole?"

"My girlfriend, dumbass. Are you drunk?"

"What the fuck does that matter? You want to find the 'lady' or not?"

"No. I want you to. That's why I'm paying you."

"Har har. Got a picture?"

"Of course."

He hands me a photo, and I mean god damn. Tits and legs, hoo boy! Easily the hottest thing ever.

"You have one hell of a girlfriend, Gary."

"Thanks"

"No, really. I'd plow her something' fierce"

"That's quite enough. Just find her."

"You got it, Gary. What's the dame's name?"

"The lady's name is Mary. Mary Sue."

Well, I tell ya. I'd fuck the shit out of Mary Sue.

Opening my office door, I pull the glass bottle out of the brown paper sack. I'm excited. I haven't gotten drunk in a long time. What's it been? Three days?

I made Gary give me an advance of fifty mobiums. That means I'm getting fucking tanked tonight.

I'm rubbing my hand against the dark wall, and feeling nothing. I can never find that fucking light switch.

Aha!

The room is lit in a flash only to reveal a fucking mutant sitting at the chair in front of my desk! This sends a jolt down my spine, startling me. (There's a difference between getting startled and scared, okay? You fucking twat.) Gravity forces the bottle from my hands, causing it to shatter with all my dreams on the hard wooden surface that is the floor.

You fucker.

He's starting to stand up, scooting the chair back slightly as I retrieve one of my trusty pistols from its holster, and forcing the barrel roughly into the side of its peanut-shaped head.

"What the fuck are you doing in hear, you little freak?"

She's screaming nonsense, so I have to slap her around a couple times before she settles. She's crying and such. A little girl, kind of cute, too. I'd say about fourteen maybe. I repeat myself and shake her around by the shoulders. Sometimes these kids don't listen.

"I just admire you is all!" she gasps between quick, intimidated breaths.

Hmm. Not exactly legal, but..

I lower my gun, in hopes of her incessant noise ceasing.

"I just want to learn how to be a bounty hunter! Like you!"

"This is no job for a women. Not strong enough,"

"Uh. I'm not a girl"

"You don't sound too sure about that, hon."

"I'm pretty sure."

"Come back when you're positive."

"I am positive!"

"I thought you were pretty sure."

"I'm a BOY"

"Whatever. Lesbian or not, I wouldn't take you aboard even if you did have a cock. I'm no teacher."

"But I'm not a girl"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Look, whatever you need to tell yourself to sleep at night. I don't give a shit if you're a dyke, just please get out of my office. You little shit."

"Please, Nack. Just give me a chance."

A chance, huh? Hmm.

"Hey kid. You got money?"

"My name's Miles, and my step-mom gave me about ten dollars for lunch, but"

"Excellent. Run over to the store and get me some vodka, alright?"

I pick up the wet label, still clinging to glass shards of all sizes and drop it in his hands.

"That kind."

About half an hour, and four cigarettes later, the door opens once more. However, the two-tailed little mutant fox does not carry a brown sack, or a glass bottle. In fact, the little turd doesn't have anything in her hands.

Sigh.

Never send a woman to do a man's job. Even though fetching the beverage would definitely be classified as a woman's job, I think. In what kind of mad, twisted world do we live in when a woman can't even do her own god damn job anymore?

"I couldn't get it."

"Well that's fucking obvious, now isn't it. If you could get it, it would be here. The real question is why, my friend."

"I'm not old enough."

"What? What the hell kind of stupid shit is that?"

"You have to be eighteen to buy alcohol. The man at the counter told me."

"When did they start doing that stupid shit? Must be another dumb city thing. God damn it."

You believe that shit? You hafta be eighteen to get hammered now! What a dumb fucking rule. Since when is a man not allowed to make his kid fetch him a beer? Shit, I thought that was what they were for.

"Did you try bribing him?"

"Uh. No?"

"Of course you didn't. Oh well. Bummer may Horus."

"What does that mean?"

"If you have to ask, you'll never know."

"Do you not know either?"

"Don't worry about it. We're going to the beer store. Give me that money of mine."

"You mean my step-mom's?"

"Look, little girl. Do you want to be a bounty hunter, or not?"

"I'm not a girl."

"Right, right. Carpet licker. Whatever. Let's go."

Opening the door, I immediately spot the asshole behind the counter. The one responsible for all of this. It's time to verbally rip this man a new asshole, but not quite yet.

I still have a transaction that needs to be taken care of.

I grab the bottle of vodka that's been evading me all this time and make my way to the counter. Set it down and lock eyes with the man who denied an innocent child a bottle of alcohol.

"Hello sir, I believe you met my son here."

"Your… son?"

"Yes, my son. He reports to me that you're the one that denied me my alcohol that I sent him to fetch?"

"By the federal law, I am not permitted to distribute alcohol to minors, or any persons under the age of eighteen."

"What kind of nonsense is that? What kind of shit hole are you trying to turn this land into?"

"The body cannot physically handle alcohol under the age of ei"

"Yeah, just go ahead and try to shovel some more bullshit down my throat, you dickhead. I love the way it tastes. No, honest. I do."

"You don't have to get an attitude with me."

"Whatever. Just shut the fuck up and do your job. I'll have some smokes too, while you're at it. Ass."

"You want a shot, kid?"

"I'm not old enough."

"So what?"

"Well, I guess it couldn't hurt"

"That's the spirit!"

Pour him one, and pour me one. It's been a while since I've gotten drunk with someone besides myself.

The shot glass I hand him has "I (heart) BLOWJOBS" on it. I find this funny and ironic, though she'll surely miss out on this gem.

"You ever have firewater before, kid?"

"No, I don't think so."

"This will put some hair on your nuts. Well, not you, but you know."

"What?"

"Don't worry about it. Just shut up and take your shot."

We knock ours back at the same time, that sweet burn hitting the back of my throat and making my eyes water. It's like being forcefully catapulted off of the wagon, and falling at least eighteen feet back onto the hard, rocky surface that is alcoholism.

But it's that good kind of hurt.

Apparently the kid doesn't agree.

She's coughing, spewing liquid all over her fur. Coughing and gagging. Aw shit.

"Don't you puke in my office, kid."

"I'm okay" he hacks out. "I'm fine."

"Whatever. If it's an emergency, there's a bucket in the corner there."

"I'll be alright."

"Cool. You want another one?"

After two more shots she is puking in the trash can, and I'm repeating the ironic words "man up" while uncontrollably laughing. Zing! Zing, I say!

Telling a dyke to man up is funny. Fuck you if you disagree.

Actually, fuck you either way. I'm tired.

And my head meets the desk.

I'm not sure if it's the phone that's ringing or my head, but I want it to fucking stop.

I soon discover that it's both.

I also notice that the kid passed out with her head's weight leaning against the bucket she was puking it.

Heh. Kinda cute, she is. Too bad she rejects all that is natural and right.

To each their own, I suppose.

The phone's still ringing, but I have more important matters to tend to. Make my way over to the two-tailed freak, and nudge her with my foot until she stirs. I toss her a few dollars and tell her to run and get me some coffee and smokes.

She nods and gets up. Watching her stumble out the door, I can't help but chuckle as I pick up the receiver.

A couple seconds of silence…

"Hello?"

"What?"

"God damn it, weasel. Answer your phone properly."

"Blow me. Who is this?"

"Gary. Have you tracked her down yet?"

"Uh, no. I'm hot on her trail, though Gary. Don't you worry about anything."

She hands me the coffee, which she's spilled all over the fucking place, and I can't help but stare at her when she stops.

"Where are my smokes?"

"I'm… not old enough."

"A fucking lie. That's alcohol. We established this yesterday."

"No, really! The man at the counter told me you have to be eighteen to buy cigarettes!"

"No shit? Fucking Mobotropolis, man. Fucking Princess Sally!"

"She's not all that ba"

"Shut up, I'm trying to think."

Fuck it. Might as well go out today. Got a "job" to do, I guess.

"Alright, kid. Today you get to watch me bounty hunt."

Walking out of the convenient store, lighting up a cigarette, I tell the little freak to follow me and stay close. I let him know that I'm aware of exactly where we are headed.

And suddenly.

"Aha! There she is."

"Where?"

"Over there, you see?"

"How did you find her?"

Pure luck. Our paths crossed entirely by chance as I was taking the confused little woman to a strip club. Hey, can you blame me for wanting to show a dyke a good time? I can't. And I won't, either.

"When you get as experienced as I am, you just kind of know where people are."

"Wow. You're such an awesome bounty hunter."

"Off my dick, you. If you didn't make it so god damn clear you were a lesbian, I'd say you were hitting on me."

"I'm not a damn girl, okay?"

"Fine, right. Whatever. Stay back, I have a job to do."

Suddenly burst into a sprint into the direction of miss Mary Sue. Draw my pistol, and command that she freezes. A whole mess of people around her go all apes hit and start running off in different directions, allowing her to run off. This forces me into the crowd, pushing people out of the way with my free left hand, and swinging wildly at the heads of the strangers with the pistol, taking one down, and causing another to just double over in pain, as I cheese it past the people, and towards my bounty.

"Stop!"

But she doesn't stop. Instead, she runs. As expected.

She takes a left into an alleyway, and this feat is an amazing one for a bumble-headed bitch in high heels.

I run into the alley just in time to see her trip and fall.

"I got you now, you stupid cunt!"

Suddenly she's fishing in her purse as I approach her. She produces a pea shooter, but I don't take my chances. Again, startled, I unload on the girl in the red dress.

And now red splashes across the pavement.

The retarded girl flies in from my peripherals. No shit. Flies. Like, with her tails. I'm not quite sure I understand, but I know what I fucking saw, okay? Her ass was in the air.

"You can fucking fly? How do you do that shit?"

"I thought you were a bounty hunter!"

"I am, stupid."

"But you just killed her!"

"It happens."

"Doesn't that make you a hit-man?"

"Did I find the prick, or not?"

"But"

"Enough. Let's go to the titty bar. I've had enough of this."

I left the mutant lesbian at a table right in front of some fox stripper. I thought that might keep the little dyke busy while I made my way to the payphone in the hallway with the dirty bathrooms.

The phone's ringing. This is the first time I've actually called someone in ages. Usually people just pop by every once in a while. Finally the sound cuts in mid ring, and his voice comes in loud and clear.

"Hello?"

"What? I mean, 'hey Gary'"

"Who's this?"

"Nack"

"Oh. The weasel."

"**Nack**"

"Yeah, right. Any progress?"

"Yes, actually. I've busted open this case!"

"You have her with you?"

"Well, no."

"Than how in god's name did you solve this case?"

"Well, I found her."

"Okay. Where is she?"

"Dead. She's dead. That's why I don't have her."

"Oh god. Are you shitting me?"

"No shitting on this end."

"Are you sure about this, Nack? Are you fucking positive?"

"Yeah."

"How?"

"Someone shot her a bunch of times. Put all kinds of holes in her. Fucked her up from here to Tuesday."

"Shot her, huh?"

"Yep. Happened on the east side of town. Probably crack related."

"You are dead, weasel. You hear me? Dead."

"Oh yeah? Well, I had better get my final payment, or someone around here is going to be just as dead as your fucking girlfriend! Hello? Hello?"

But it was too late. The bastard hung up on me, and I don't think that fucking jew is going to come through on his payments.

Oh, well. Bummer may Horus, as they say.

Might as well go see if the rug-muncher has any dance money.

She didn't, but I had a fifty in my pocket, and I figured maybe I might treat the little 'tard a bit before letting her go. I mean, I have no further use of her, have I? Might as well send her packing with a smile and some tits in her face.

"You want a beer, kid?"

"No thanks."

'You want a lap dance?

"Uhm.. no."

"What the hell kind of dyke are you?"

"I'm not a"

"I'm just saying, kid. You might want to have all the fun you can right now."

"Why?"

"Garson! Two beers on the double!"

"I don't think that's the right-"

"Don't worry about it. Hurry up and have fun, kid. We don't have a lot of time now. That bitch will totally stick her boobs in your face if you stuff these ones"

"Why don't we have a lot of time?"

"Your beers, sir."

"Thanks, padre."

"You're avoiding the question."

Sigh.

"Alright, kid. Here."

Put the beer in front of her, and chug mine. She sips hers, makes a face and sets it back down.

"You going to drink that?"

She shakes her head no, and I down hers too, before breaking the news to her.

"Well, you know how you're like.. my apprentice and everything?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, like… You're fired."

"What?"

"I have no further use for you, little girl. Here's some ones for the dancer, I'm out of here. Have a nice life, or whatever."

"But I'm not"

"What? You tryin' to tell me you don't like dames now?"

"No, I like girls, but I'm-"

"Later kid."

"But I didn't learn anything!"

And with that, I get up and never look back. For the rest of her life, that unnatural little mongoloid will look back on these past days as the best of her life.

Back at the office, I take the bottle to the head. It's been a long life, you know? And now here I am. With nothing to show for it except a couple of pistols and this office. Lost my car, lost my home, lost my love.

Lost everything.

That phone's still there, for fucking sure.

Placing the bottle on the desk in front of me, I gently pick up the telephone, and rip the cord forcefully from the wall. Wrapping the cord around it, I turn around to the window behind me. With my left hand, I pull the thin white cord down, causing the broken shades to fold back up into the top half of the window.

And I take the phone and I throw it out the fucking window.

The glass shatters, a lot of it sprinkling back down on me.

I turn back around, and take another few gulps from the now almost finished bottle.

The phone must have hit a car below, because now an alarm is sounding.

Fish the cigarettes out of my desk drawer, along with a book of matches.

Call 6-553-21-2236 and for a low price the girl of your dreams will show up at your door! Act now and get a special deal!

Hah. As if.

Tear off a match, and strike it at an angle on the black strip at the bottom. The smell of sulfur rises with the black smoke.

The flame meets the end of the cancer, and ashes are an old welcome friend.

Drop the lit match on the desk and blow out a cloud of smoke.

And the car alarm still cuts the silence below.

Suddenly there's a knocking on my door. It's locked, but you can guess it won't be for long. 'Cause you can bet your ass, as I will mine that whatever is knocking on that door isn't good.

Pistol in one hand, bottle in the other. The ash stings my eyes.

It's time to face destiny, no matter how ugly this whore might be.

It totally sucks, but oh well. Bummer may Horus, as they say.

Whatever that means.

Inspired ***heavily*** by the book Pulp(which I haven't even finished at this point), written by Charles Bukowski. Why? Because it's awesome, and I had writer's block. Fuck you, it's fan fiction! You're not any better than me!

Alright, so maybe you are. So?

…

I'll shut up.