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Cornpone Gives Directions

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Cornpone Gives Directions

“Yes ma’am. I’ve known Ol’ Bill for many a year now. Been to his place often a time. His wife cooks meaaaaaan apple mess, I tell you what. Oh. Oh, yes ma’am. Here’s what you do: Go down Bright Street ‘bout half-a-mile, take a left. You’ll know to take a left when ya see Chilly’s Biscuits – that’s the best eatin’ ‘round these parts. Then you’ll see one a those fancy-dancy neigh-bor-hoods called Sicklemore Grove comin’ up on your right. Take that right. Go down aways, past the pink house Miss Margareet built for her cats and then past the rainbow house us boys built when we rounded up all them gays, and eventually you’ll see Ol’ Bill’s place ‘bout a mile away on top of that there hill. At this time a day you might find yourself stuck behind a honkin’ yellow schoolbus, and they stop pretty frequently, be ferwarned. Anyway, the schoolbus’s last stop is the house right next to the wormhole we discovered with tha ancient and immortal god Nyarlathotep inside. Yes ma’am, Nyarlathotep. Bill’s buster Duck was diggin’ around in a haystack for a lost catcher’s mitt when he acc’dentally discovered a tear in space-time. Funny how the good Lord plans these things for us, ain’t it? Anyway, that rift which shatters sanity grew and grew ‘till it blocked the whole road up to Ol’ Bill’s place. You’ll hafta go through it if you want to get there, but it ain’t a problem. You’ll wantta do some breathin’ exercises in order to prepare yerself for the hideous monstros’ty that infests your mind and has caused many a young lady, such as yerself, to jam her windshield wipers through her own eyeballs. Heh. Funny what that Nyarlathotep can do, when e’rytime I’ve seen ‘im he just floats along in the endless void singin’ the song of unlife. There’s that chance you’ll make it through, though, and when you get to the top of that ahill, I’m sure Ol’ Bill will be waiting for ya with a nice pitcher of water to refresh your irrepr’bly-damaged psyche. An’ if yer really lucky, his wife will have some apple mess layin’ out on the window for ya. Yes ma’am, you’ll be fine. I’d go m’self but I can’t operate no motor vehicle no more after that wild child o’ mine ran my back over with that aflaming chariot. It’s gonna be a great party, though, Ol’ Bill’s been talkin’ ‘bout it before church for weeks.”