

Ch. 3a entering the gates of hell

The boy was breathing heavily, and sweating harder than ever before. He looked at Ernesto again, still harboring the hope that somehow this was a very bad joke. His mind felt at the edge of panic, and he was groping for any foothold of evidence that would dispel the horror. Unfortunately, for the boy, there was no such relief to be found. Ernesto had the same matter of fact look that when they had chatted in the train station. He was not joking. The boy began crying again, as he began to struggle against his ligatures again.

The men, standing next to the boy, talked amongst themselves about him without a care for his fright, sobs, or tears. Lorenzo commented on the nicely shaped legs of Alejandro, and of his expectation of the tasty treat, they would be once they were cooked. More frightening still was their discussion detailing how they planned to prepare him. Words like roasting, basting, and stuffing filled the conversation, as Alejandro in a full-blown panic kept trying to free his arms and legs.

Ernesto looked at the frightened boy, his piggy, and while he made eye contact with him, he told Lorenzo, "yeah, this little piggy is going to roast nicely over the coals. This one, we are going to cook slowly, very slowly". To Alejandro's ever-mounting horror, Lorenzo quickly replied, "oh yes, he will last alive for a while that way while he cooks, more fun that way"

The boy was totally terrified, kept thinking to himself that the men could not possibly be serious, but when Lorenzo asked Ernesto if they should start preparing him, he felt as if his stomach had been punched. The boy telling himself again and again, that the men could not possibly be serious. Yet, step by step, they seemed to be telling him their true intentions.

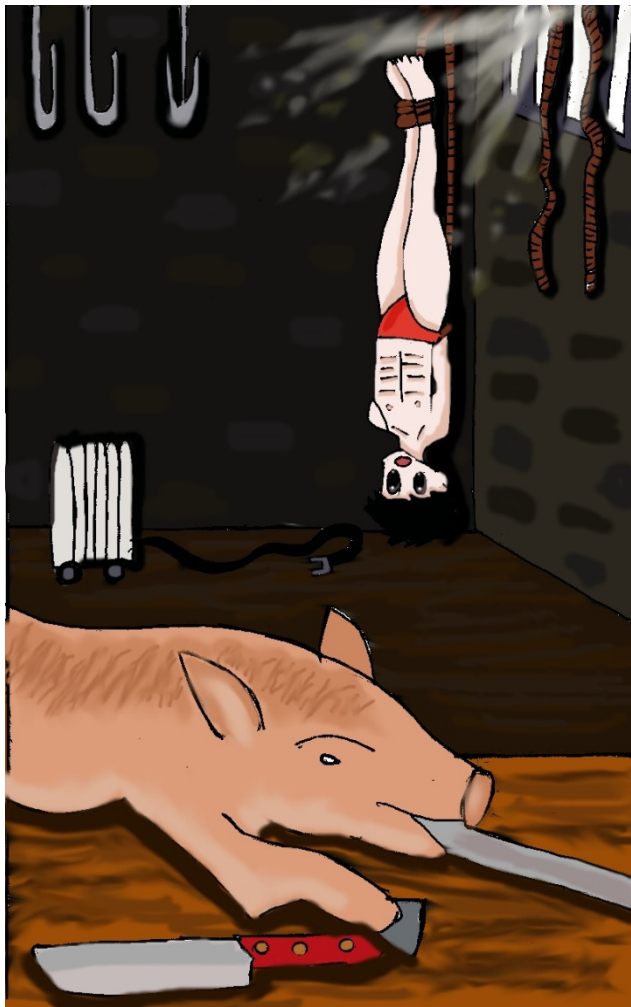
Another wave of fright came over the boy when Ernesto told Lorenzo, "yeah, let's get started, first of all lets clear the clutter, and wash the piggy" Both men began their preparations in a flurry of activity all around him. Lorenzo cleared the nearby table, while Ernesto took a short coil of hose from the wall, and screwed one end on a faucet. Then finally, Lorenzo unplugged the electrical heater, and stowed it away. None of this augured anything good for the boy.

Ernesto turned the handle of the faucet, which squealed letting the water begin to flow through the hose. Placing the tip of his thumb over the hose, Ernesto began to spray the boy and the pig with a high-pressure fine spray of water. The boy turned his face away from the spray as it splattered all over his exposed body, the water felt cold yet refreshing, cleansing away the last vestiges of shaving cream and sweat. The water dripped down their bodies. The boy had to snort out repeatedly, as the water kept getting into down into his nostrils. The boy tried to drink some of the water, but other than a few dribbles, he did not manage to drink hardly anything.

Ernesto satisfied, turned off the water, leaving pig and boy to drip dry. Lorenzo with great earnest asks, "Ok, what's next?" Ernesto, in a matter of fact voice replied, "Well, next we have to skewer them; we will do the pig first" Ernesto walked to the corner as he said these words, and grabbed a long metal bar, which he showed to Lorenzo. "See it? It has a slightly blunted point in one end, so that it will rip through the piggy's body without piercing any vital organs"

Alejandro became fully engulfed in panic when he saw Ernesto wield the pole and screamed, "No, no, I am not a piggy, you can't do this to me!" Still paying no attention to the boy, Ernesto and Lorenzo kept talking, "now, if we skewer him just right, the piggy will survive. I will show you how to do it, but remember that there is no guarantee of success, no matter how well you do it" Lorenzo grabbed the pole, and showed it to the boy, "ok little piggy, let's get you ready"

Fortunately, for the boy, his turn was not up, at least not just yet. The pig, dead next to him was taken care of first. The men untied the lifeless pig from the ceiling, and placed it on the table. In full view of the boy, the men sank the metal rod through the pig's anus, and pushed it through. The men had to press hard on the rod, to force it through the pig, but after a few minutes, the tip of the spit protruded through its mouth. Alejandro cringed as he heard the noise of the pig's teeth grind against the metal spit. It was something that the boy would not forget for the short period of his remaining life.



Ernesto and Lorenzo began to attach the pig's hind legs to the spit via sharp metal spikes. The boy could only look on as his fellow animal in torture, could only look at his immediate future. Indeed, Lorenzo looked at the boy, and said, "You are next piggy" The pig was soon prepared, and stowed on a side of the room, the spit suspended from large hooks dangling from the ceiling. Piggy was next

Ernesto and Lorenzo untied the boy from the ceiling, dropping him to the ground. The boy struggled madly as soon as he fell to the floor. He tried to stand up, but his legs and arm bound together tightly, kept him from accomplishing anything. The men allowed the boy to struggle for a short while before they picked him up, and dragged him to the nearby table. The boy begged between tears and sobs loudly, even as they brought him over the table.

The men had propped up the legs of the table on one side so that it tilted. They lifted the boy off the floor, and placed the top of his body face down on the table, leaving his still bound legs dangling over the edge. Ernesto, always keen to tie the boys up, took a few lengths of rope and quickly immobilized the lad, who despite his furious struggles did not manage to go anywhere.

Ernesto, once again wielded a cooking spit, nearly identical to the one that even now held the pig suspended between two hooks. He stood next to the piggy, and spoke to him, "ok piggy, it's your turn"