

## Ch. 5c: the end of the journey

The guests stayed well into the night, eating, and drinking, enjoying the merriment of such an occasion. It was only after saying their goodbyes and seeing their last guest off, that Ernesto and Lorenzo finally took a break. They sat on the kitchen, a bit stunned, dirty dishes, pots, silverware, glass and cooking implements filling the counters. Ernesto took the last wine off a bottle, served two glasses, and offered one to Lorenzo. They taped their glasses together in a quiet toast, and sipped a bit of the wine, celebrating the fun and successful evening. Everyone had enjoyed the festivities; the menu choice in particular had been highly appreciated.

Finally, Lorenzo stood up with a slight groan; it was time to start the cleanup. Ernesto turned the volume on the music and they got to work. Ernesto and Lorenzo split duties, while Lorenzo dealt with the mess in the kitchen, Ernesto got busy brining all the accruements from the patio. Ernesto used a large tray to collect the dirty plates, silverware, and glasses, and take them to Lorenzo. Lorenzo worked feverishly in the kitchen, silverware and plates scrubbed and placed on the dishwasher, large pots and pans washed by hand on the sink, napkins, doylies, and all cloth items placed on a pile for the wash.

The progress was remarkable, and soon Ernesto found himself removing the last remaining items from the table, smothering the candles, and removing the tablecloth. This left Ernesto to deal with the matter of what to do with the leftovers. Ernesto had taken a couple of transparent Tupperware containers, and using a sharp knife, he had sliced choice cuts from the remains of both pig and piggy. Their juicy and tender meat sliced off the bone easily. Now Ernesto had to deal with the remains of the two animals, their carcasses mostly skeletons.

Each animal, or rather what was left of them, laid on its own cooling board, their respective severed heads resting at the end of the board. It was easy to see which animal was the favorite of the guests; the piggy's body had hardly any meat left on it. This was not surprising, all during the night, the guest had remarked on how much better the boy's meat had tasted than the pig.

Ernesto decided to fetch the wheelbarrow from the barn. On the bottom of the wheelbarrow laid an amorphous pile of guts from both animals. Now Ernesto tilted each board, sliding the remains into the wheelbarrow, making a grotesque mixture of bone and entrails. He grasped both handles of the wheelbarrow and pushed on, rolling away from the house towards the pigpen.

Making due with the light at the patio, Ernesto rolled on, the wheel squeaking from time to time, until he reached the fence of the pigpen. Ernesto placed the wheelbarrow in position and prepared to tip the front of the wheelbarrow forward. His intention was to force the last earthly remains of the animals to slide into the pigpen feeding trough. However, just before he did it, Ernesto had one more depraved idea, one more punishment for his latest victim. Taking the boy's severed head, he walked up to one of the fence posts, and drove the head on the top, impaling it.

Though it made no sense to anyone, not even Ernesto, he liked the notion of the boy's head presiding of the feasting of the pigs on his remains. With a vigorous shove, Ernesto lifted the back of the wheelbarrow, and the mess of guts, entrails, organs and bones slide with a loud flopping sound unto the trough. The pigs would have a feast in the morning.

Walking back to the patio, ready to call it a night, Ernesto started to collect the cushions from the chairs, to keep them from the morning dew. It was then that he noticed the boy's grease-soaked speedos on a corner, dropped on the floor. Ernesto picked them up and looked at them. Examining it carefully, he could notice the residue of the boy's last orgasm still barely discernible. Taking a whiff of them, he threw them with the rest of the laundry, to be washed. He smirked as he thought of the tag these would receive when he hanged them on his trophy walls; Alejandro 04-2003-b

Coming back in the kitchen towards the laundry room, Lorenzo congratulated Ernesto once again on a delicious dinner, and especially on his choice of wine to go with the main dish. Ernesto thanked his partner in crime. That night they both slept very well.