

CH 2b: upside down is not a good way to hang

Brujo grabbed the long loops of rope that dangled from each of the boy's ankles, and pulled on them. The boy kept screaming as his legs were pulled taught. The surface of the table was slippery since it was wet with the boy's urine, and the boy began to slide under the pull of Brujo. The boy began to grope frantically around him to stop himself looking for a handle or an edge to grab hold of, and that way prevent Brujo from dragging him to his horrible fate. Despite his best efforts, he inched closer to the edge of the table. Before he could find anything to grab hold of, his body slipped over the edge of the table, and fell clumsily to the packed dirt floor of the shed. The boy was left momentarily stunned, and his screams suddenly silenced, when he hit his head pretty hard against the floor.

If Brujo cared about the wallop the boy took against the floor, he did not show it. He kept dragging the boy towards a large wooden frame that stood in the middle of the shed. The frame made out of thick wooden members, stood over two meters tall, and was about 3 meters wide. The top member had a long row of metal hooks and eyebolts screwed into it. They were obviously there to attach or dangle things from them, like little boys in their way to be slaughtered. Still not showing any care for the boy's whimpers and groans, Brujo pulled up on one of loops attached to the boy's right leg, and clipped it through the gate of one of the hooks. This left the boy dangling from one leg, suspended a good ways above the ground. The boy, engulfed in panic flailed, he swing his free leg about wildly, and once again began to scream loudly.

Brujo, extended his left arms out, and reached out for the boys other leg. The boy tried to thwart Brujos attempts; he wriggled and flailed his leg. It worked for a few moments, but finally, with a "ha ha!" Brujo grabbed the boy's leg, and it too was secured to a hook in the frame. This forced the boy's leg well apart from the other, his torso dangling upside down helplessly. Despite having his legs spread very far apart, the boy now struggled on trying to reach up to his ankles. Like many boys before him, he was trying to free himself, but like all the boys before him, he could not. Like all his predecessors, the boy would crunch and try in vain to reach his ankles. Even if he managed to reach the ropes with the tips of his fingers, he was unable to do anything. The boy tried again and again, crying, sobbing, wailing, begging. However, like all the boys before him, he gradually tired from his efforts, and became dizzy from being upside down.

Brujo had stepped away from the boy, and sat next to Ernesto, who had been watching him handle the boy. The two men took a short rest, watching as the Guillermo spent his energies trying desperately to free himself. Ernesto always founded fun to watch his victim's futile struggles to get free, especially just before the end. The men watched and waited. Hanging the boy upside down had been Ernesto's suggestion, it would keep the boy conscious for a longer period of time through the inevitable blood loss that would occur once they started the butchering process. Brujo would have never thought of that on his own, and as he watched the boy struggle, he had to admit that it was fun to watch the little boy dangle in that posture.

The men looked on, until the boy finally grew exhausted and gave up. Both men admired the boy, who now sweated profusely, and allowed himself to just dangle limp from his legs, breathing hard. Brujo knew that this was the universal signal to proceed. The exhausted boy would put up little if any resistance now.

Brujo got up, and walked up to the boy, stepping behind him. With a cool and matter of fact demeanor, he began to wrap a rope around the neck of the boy. Then he passed the loose end of the rope through a sunken eyebolt in the ground, and pulled gently on it. Brujo did not mean to strangle the boy; he just needed to secure him, so that he would not thrash about anymore. Once he was satisfied that the rope had just enough tension to do the job, he secured it with a knot, and stood up next to the boy.

Only one thing remained to be done, and that was to tie the boy's arms to either side of the wooden frame. The boy wriggled desperately once again when Ernesto grabbed one of his arms and began to tie a rope around the boy's right wrist. Brujo was far more brutal, almost tender even, as he wrapped the rope around the boy's wrist. The boy gave up after a little while, and just looked at Brujo as he tied him up. Once he was done, he grabbed the boy's right arm, and pulled hard on it. The boy groaned in discomfort, as Brujo tightened the rope, forcing the boys arm in an outstretched position.

In one final attempt to save his life, the boy tried to keep his left arms away from Brujo, holding it close to his body away from him, as he shouted aloud, "Nooooooo". Both Ernesto and Brujo laughed, it was cute to watch the boy resist.



It was off course of no use, a few moments later Ernesto, had looped rope around the boy's other wrist, and pulled on it, forcing the arm away from the body of the boy, leaving it outstretched. A moment later, he secured that rope to the side member of the large wooden frame. This left the boy dangling upside down in an inverted X position, his whole body exposed and helpless.

The boy wailed inconsolably now, between sobs and sniffles, he kept begging Brujo to stop, to let him go. Brujo liked it when the boys begged; he loved to see the terror in their eyes, and hear their pleas.

The two men had this in common, and they both knew that there are few things more terrifying to a victim than to do a show and tell exposing clearly, what it was that they intended to do to them. Looking at Ernesto with a smile, Brujo placed his finger right next to the boy's fear-shrunk tiny dangling cock, and began to slide his finger down the boy's body towards the boy's rib cage. As he did this, he said, "I will start the cut here, and end it here".

Despite the boy's exhaustion, he found new energy to struggle again. The boy wiggled even harder than before, trying to free himself, hoping that all this was nothing but a terrible nightmare. Undaunted by the boy's

efforts, Brujo went on; "we will take out his guts and let them drop in this tray" Just as he said that, he kicked a large shallow black plastic vat, sliding it under the boy.

The boy thrashed again though not so hard anymore, crying still, naked and exposed. The men seemingly determined to carry out their threat of butchering him. This could not be happening, the boy thought again and again. "Mommy!!! He screamed"