

Chapter 3a: let's sharpen that edge

The boy spent the next few minutes alternating between frantically pulling and pushing against the ropes which held him in place, and hanging upside down, breathing hard. He was understandably in a state of total panic. Next to him the two men were discussing in horrible detail how they were going to take him apart, how they would cut up his body, how they would dissect him, and then cook him, or rather his meat over a grill. This had to be a horrible joke, some horrible joke. That was it, the boy reassured himself, and soon, very soon the men would untie him and would let him go.

It was incredibly frustrating. Despite the undeniable threat that was staring the boy in the face, which totally justified his panic, he had grown too tired to continue his struggle. His muscles were utterly exhausted, too exhausted to recover with just a short rest. He was in the terrible situation of not being able to struggle any longer. The boy could only cry and bemoan the unspeakable horrors that the men had talked about committing. From time to time, the boy would try to free himself again for a few instants, before he had to give up again.

Ernesto, who looked on, thought about how the boy behaved like a toy whose batteries were gradually running down. As the boy's strength waned, each of his attempts grew shorter and weaker than the last. In between, he had to stop and dangle from his limbs breathing hard, and sweating profusely. Naked and exposed he was at their mercy. Ernesto and Brujo delighted themselves on terrifying the little boy further by purposely sharpening their butchering knives in full view of the boy, saying things like, "yes, this boy is going to be tasty" or "I bet he has nice tender meet in those buttocks of his".

The boy had finally quieted down. All his begging, all his supplications were falling into deaf ears, and so, he had finally resigned himself. From his upside down position, he looked out through the still open door of the shed. Through it, he could see the yard, and behind it, the forest. Out there, the sun must have set, because the light of day was beginning to fade, soon it would be night. He knew that out there lied the rest of his life, a life he wanted to live; a life, which these men claimed, they were going to take away from him. Panic enveloped him again, and the boy struggled again, but only weakly before he began to cry quietly again. The boy began to beg, "Please, no, no, no!" or "I will be a good boy, I promise!" Next to him, by the side of the shed, the two men were putting on large plastic aprons, getting ready to butcher him, indifferent to his pleas.

Ernesto looked at the kid carefully as he tied the laces of the apron behind his back. The boy was definitely too young for his tastes, had he been the one doing the hunting, he would have picked an older boy. He always enjoyed inflicting a heavy component of sexual torture to his victims, but then again this was not his kill, it was Brujo's. One of the purposes in coming here to visit Brujo was to learn the art of butchering a boy or as Brujo liked to call them, a long pig, or hairless goat. Nevertheless, Ernesto could not overlook the boy's smooth and lean body. Given four or five more years, this boy would have surely made a prime target for him and his tastes.

So far, things between Ernesto and Brujo were going very well. Ernesto increasingly felt that he could trust Brujo. He was now pretty sure that he would establish a mutually beneficial collaboration with him, a collaboration where Brujo would find him boys to suit his tastes, while he would provide medical advice and 'other services' to Brujo. The butchering and consumption of this boy's meat together would seal the deal on that collaboration.

Brujo and Ernesto, now clad with aprons, approached the boy. Brujo picked up a short but very sharp knife, and gestured to Ernesto to approach the boy, next to him. It was time to begin the butchering of the boy.

The boy saw the two men approach, and began to squeal and scream anew. Ernesto could not fail to notice how the boy sounded just like one of his pigs being made ready to slaughter. The boy tugged and pulled on the ropes weakly. His four limbs spread tight, and far apart left his body utterly exposed to the men. The boy used all the might that his exhausted 8-

year-old body had left, but it was woefully insufficient to free himself. A few moments later, his strength was exhausted, and the boy slumped anew, resigning himself to the fate the men had in store for him. Brujo, who now stood next to the boy, looked at Ernesto and said, "Watch carefully"