

Chapter 4a: when the halves are prepared

Brujo reached out for a faucet on the side of the shed and turned the handle, allowing the water to rush through the hose attached to its end. He used the stream of water to rinse the two halves of the boy, which dangled from their respective feet. The sides of meat were still grimy with blood, so at first, the water ran tainted with blood, but soon, the two sides of meat were clean and shiny, just like the ones that anyone would see in a butcher shop. The two sides of meat would be easy to confuse with that of a goat, or a pig if it were not for the human feet and hands still attached to them.

Brujo took the offal of the boy piled in the plastic tray, lifted it up with both arms, and took it outside. He had a spot a little ways inside the forest where he would dump the boy's unwanted guts. The organs were still warm and moist. They would make the perfect snack for the multitude of forest critters that would soon be feasting on them. Guillermo had not been after all his first kill, and Brujo knew that the remains would be dispensed with quickly. By morning, there would hardly be anything left.

In the mean time, Ernesto untied the ropes from around each of the hands of the dangling halves, leaving each sides of meat to dangle with a light sway from their respective feet untethered. For Ernesto, this was his first butchering of a boy, and even now, he marveled at how similar the remains were to that of a slaughtered goat, or piglet. Had the arms and feet not been attached to each of the sides still, it would have been hard to distinguish the two cuts of meat as the remains of a boy.

Brujo returned from the forest holding the empty tray in his hand. The tray was still dribbling a bit of blood on the floor. There it mixed with the dried blood of many other animals that had been butchered in this room. Ernesto wondered how many boys, like the one they were preparing right now, had met their end here. Brujo had not specified an exact number, but from what he had said, it sounded like the number was well above a dozen.

Brujo smiled as he saw the two sides of boy pretty much ready to cook. The boy had been on the small side to begin with, perhaps 30 kilos at most. Now, gutted and split, each half was less than seven kilos. It was still plenty of meat for a delicious cookout.

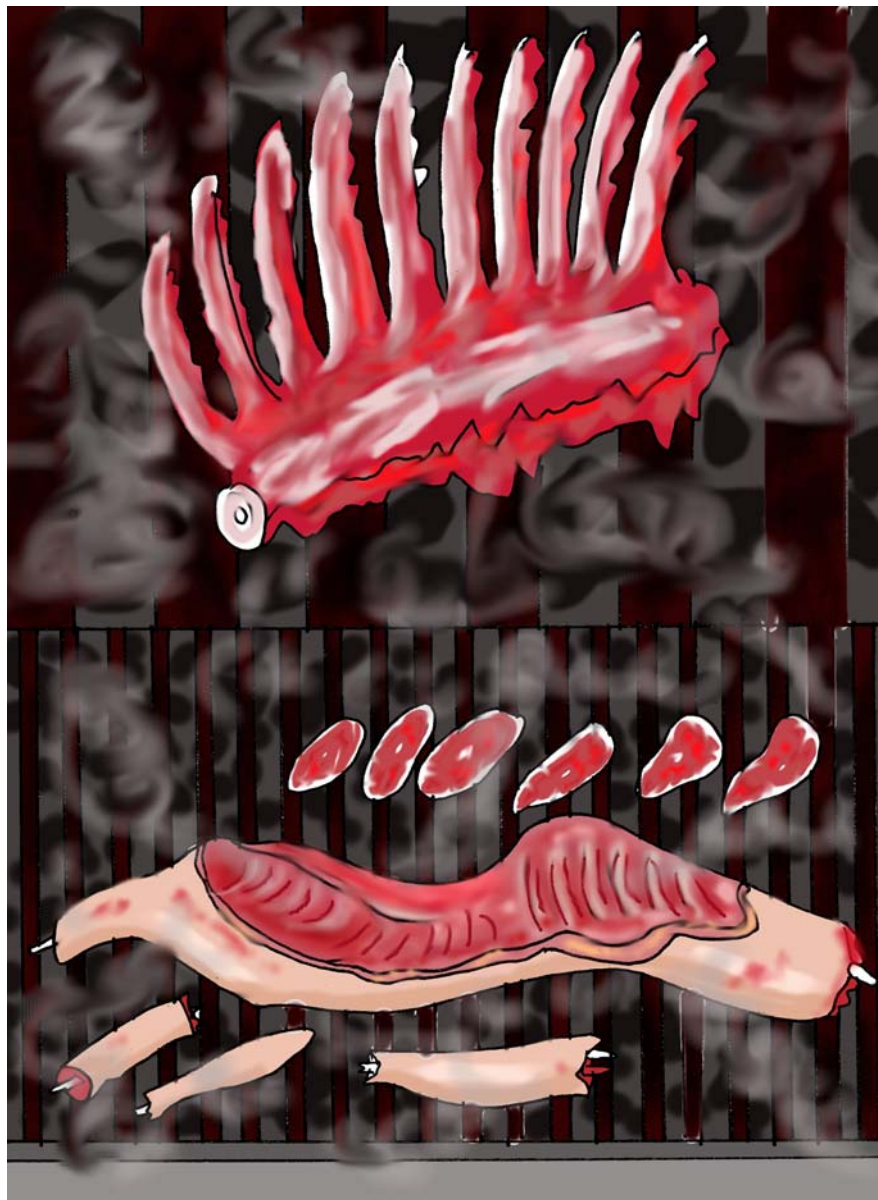
Outside the shed, the coals were already burning, and the men set out to complete their preparations for a feast. Stepping outside of the shed, Ernesto set out to make his family recipe sauce on the small kitchen of the house. It would be perfect to condiment the meat. He used a mortar and pestle to crush a mix of parsley, added a pinch of sea salt and a few cloves of garlic to which Later he would add the juice of about a dozen squeezed lemons or so.

Brujo in the mean time went about completing his butchering job. He put the meat cleaver to work once again, and chopped the two racks of boy ribs apart from the two sides of meat. As he chopped them, he could not help but to admire the nice thin layer of fat that lined the meat. They would be delicious indeed. His mouth watered at the thought of the delicious boy meat they would be having in a few hours.

When Ernesto showed up with the mortar filled to the brim with his special sauce, Brujo inspected it. He used his hand to waft the sharp and tangy aroma of the concoction towards his nose. He nodded his head in approval. He took the tip of his index finger, dipped it in the sauce, and then licked it. His eyes opened nice and wide, as a big ear-to-ear smile drew in his face, obviously approving. Having satisfied Brujo, Ernesto took a brush, and began to spread the mix, sprinkling it liberally over the two sides of meat.

The meat was almost ready to cook now. Brujo suddenly turned to Ernesto and asked, right or left? Ernesto did not understand at first, but then he realized that Brujo was asking about which half of the boy he wanted to eat. Thinking to himself for an instant, he said, "Right please"

Brujo reached out for the right side of the boy's cut, and picked it up. He placed it on the cooling board, and then using his meat cleaver, Brujo chopped off the hand and foot from the cut. Deprived of these, the side of meat now looked exactly like half a cut of lamb. Then, Brujo picked up the cut, and asked Ernesto to follow him. As the men had discussed the previous day, Ernesto liked his meat well done, whereas Brujo liked it on the rare side. It made sense to put Ernesto's half of the boy over the fire first. That way, both halves would be done to perfection and ready to be eaten at the same time.



The moment Brujo placed the meat over the grill, it began to sizzle and sputter, as the hot metal met the flesh. Brujo left Ernesto to tend to the cooking, while he went back to prepare his own half. It only took about five minutes before the air around the cabin began filling with the delicious aroma of cooking meat. Had anyone driven by the property they would think that someone was having a delicious cookout, and they would have been right. A delicious boy meat cookout

Soon both halves of the boy rested on the grill side by side gradually cooking over the coals. The once cute and vibrant young Guillermo now reduced to two sides of meat. The red meat soon began to gray out as it warmed up and began to cook. In due time, some of the fat began to drip down to the fire making sputtering noises.

Gradually the skin of the cuts began to turn a golden brown as the heat of the coals reached deeper into the flesh of the boy. Gradually as the heat penetrated further, advancing the cooking process, the meat began to ooze some juices. Brujo approached the grill, and made a couple of deep cuts in the meat, to speed up the cooking process. Both men were hungry now, and eager to taste the boy meat. Brujo had

talked up the delicious taste of boy flesh, and wanted to prove to Ernesto that he was right.

The ribs of the boy, a thin cut of meat, would cook quick, and needed to be placed over the fire well after the rest of the boy had been set to cook. For this reason about an hour or so into the cooking process, Brujo took off to get the two racks of ribs, which had had been marinating in the sauce Ernesto had prepared. Now, infused with the tangy flavor of parsley and lemon, Brujo placed them on the grill, next to the meat that had already been cooking for a while. Brujo stuck a two-pronged fork on the rump of the boy, checking the consistency of the meat. Ernesto could not help but to be surprised how quickly Brujo had taken a living and breathing boy, butchered him, and prepared his meat to be cooked into a meal. In his mind, Ernesto had already begun to devise ideas to butcher boys in his place, but he wanted to make the boys final ordeal last even longer than what poor little Guillermo had suffered.



All that remained intact of the boy now were his hands, his feet, and his head. While Brujo and Ernesto waited for the meat of the boy to cook, they took the boy's head, and jokingly, drove it into a pole that overlooked the cooking area. Then they placed the feet at the bottom of the stick, and using a piece of twine, hang the hands from the head, making a macabre scarecrow of what was only a few hours ago a living breathing boy. Brujo claimed that he wanted the boy to watch them eat his body, and to see how much they enjoyed it. Ernesto could not help but to think that Brujo was a bit weird, but then again, so was he.

The men passed the time talking, joking, and drinking some beet, until the meat was finally ready. Their mouths were watering when they finally pulled it out of the fire, and began to render it. Ernesto had never tried boy meat before, and was genuinely curious to try it. It was a meal that would seal a relationship between new associates. Finally, dinner was served.