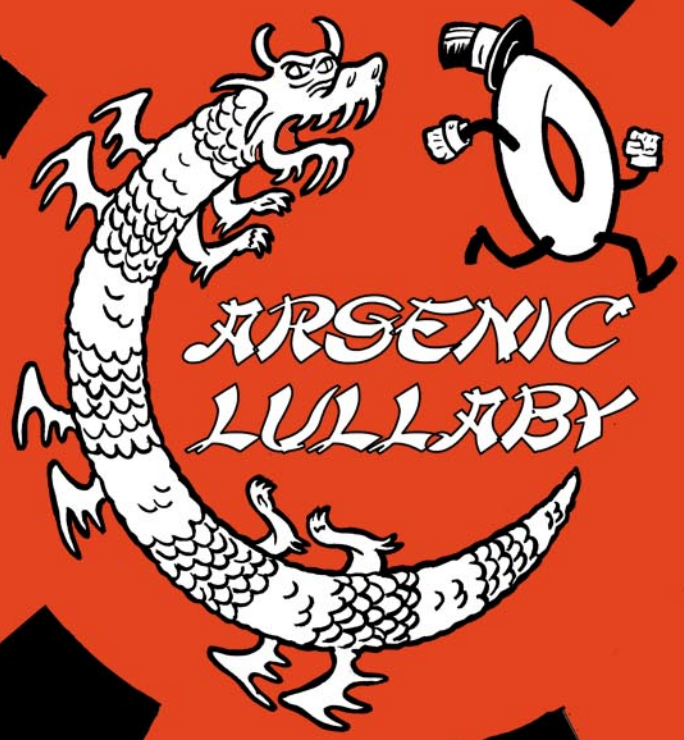


**THE THOUSAND  
DEATHS OF**



**BARON VON DONUT**

# ARSENIC LULLABY

***From the archives...***

## ***BARON VON DONUT***

*HERE'S SOME SAMPLE ADVENTURES  
OF ONE OF ARSENIC LULLABY'S  
FEATURE CHARACTERS.*

*ENJOY!*

**WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY**

**DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ**

**POST PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY**

**JOE WALLENHORST,**

**For more Arsenic Lullaby  
[www.arseniclullabies.com](http://www.arseniclullabies.com)**

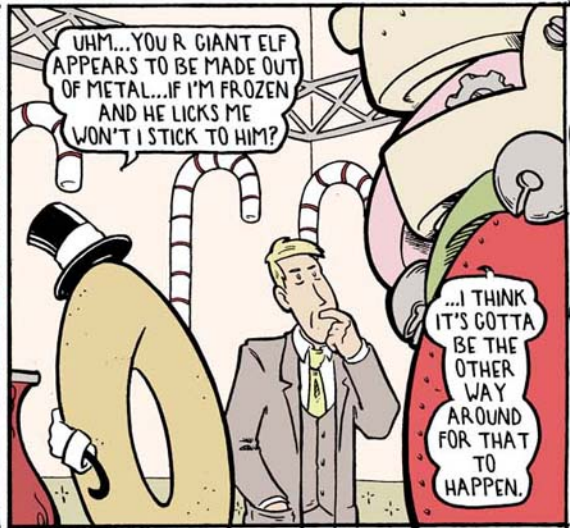
*\*\*\*warning- to add an extra dimension to these  
stories some of the dialogue is spelled phonetically\*\*\**

*G.B.R.R.*

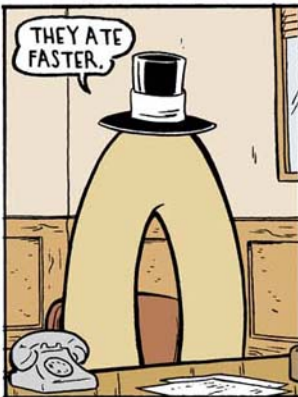
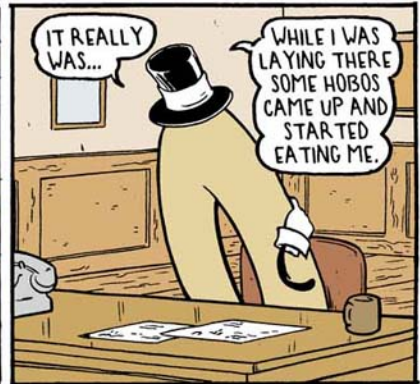
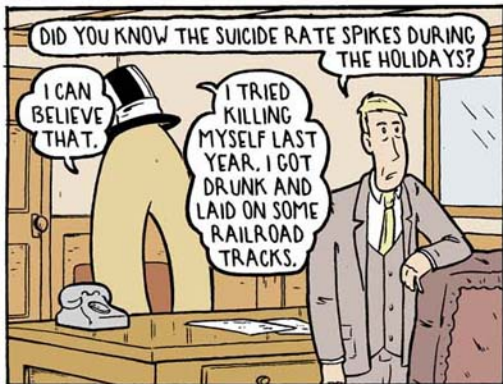
**FULL COLLECTIONS AT  
[WWW.ARSENICLULLABY.COM](http://WWW.ARSENICLULLABY.COM)**

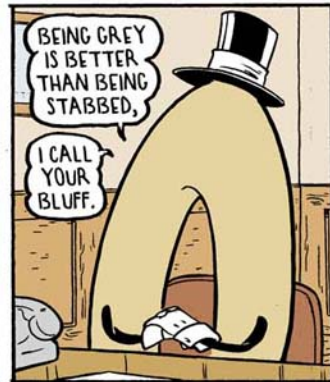
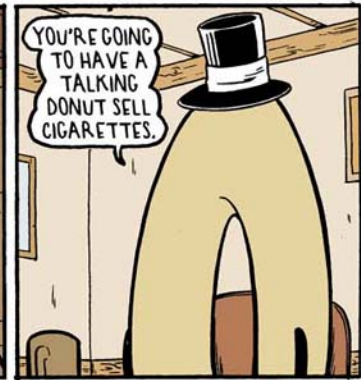
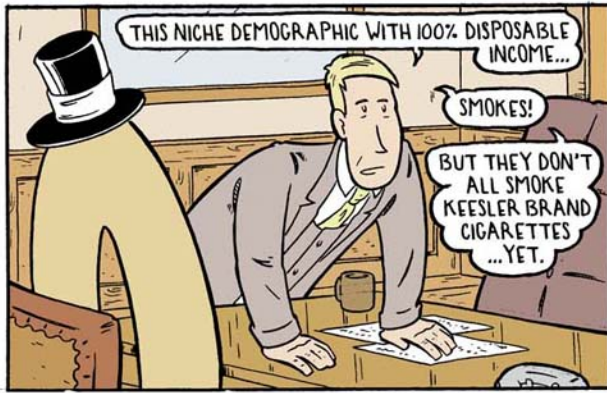
**coupon code - newsletter is good for  
15% your order**

Copyright 2015 Douglas Paszkiewicz all rights reserved. All images are property of Douglas Paszkiewicz. No part of this book may be reproduced without the written consent of Douglas Paszkiewicz. No similarities between persons living or dead or actual events are intended except for satirical or editorial purposes.







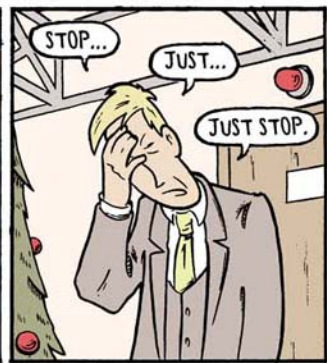




SMOKEY THE SMOKE RING KNOWS IT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY, SO JUST HAVE A CRY AND LET OUT A SIGH CUZ WE'LL ALL DIE ANYWAY...

PUFFETY PUFF PUFF

PUFFETY PUFF PUFF



STOP...

JUST...

JUST STOP.



WELL, IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO ADMIT WHEN HE'S WRONG GARRY.

KEY GRIP, SPRINKLES PLEASE!



THE ONLY THING I WAS WRONG ABOUT WAS LETTING YOU HANDLE THE DANCE NUMBER.



WE WANT THESE PEOPLE TO STAY DEPRESSED. WHAT ARE THEY GONNA START THINKING ABOUT WHEN THEY SEE YOUR DANCING GIRLS POURING OUT OF THEIR SHIRTS?



MILK?



SEX! THEY'RE GONNA THINK ABOUT SEX. AND WE CAN'T CONVEY WHY SEX IS ACTUALLY DEPRESSING IN A THIRTY SECOND AD.



NO DANCING GIRLS?

NO DANCING GIRLS.

THEY ARE OFF POINT.



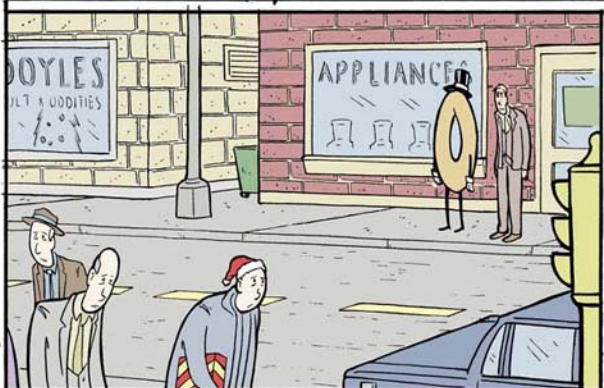
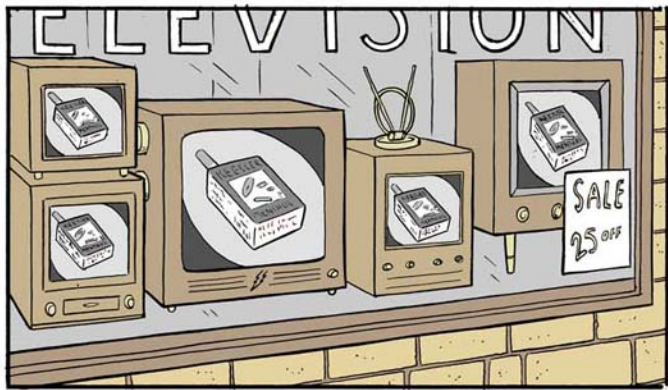
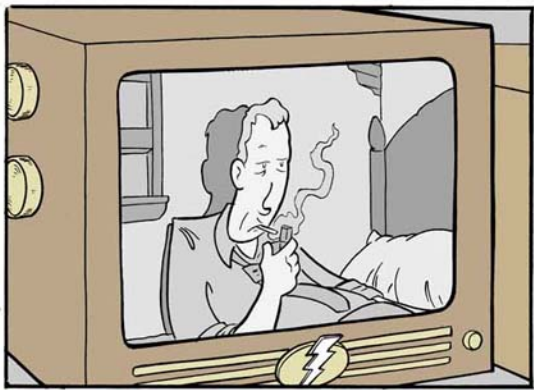
FINE... THEN WE'D BETTER GET RIDE OF MENTHOL THE SNOWMAN.

WH..WHAT?











WELL, DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING BIG GUY... THIS IS A MUTLI MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCT LAUNCH... WHAT DO YOU THINK?



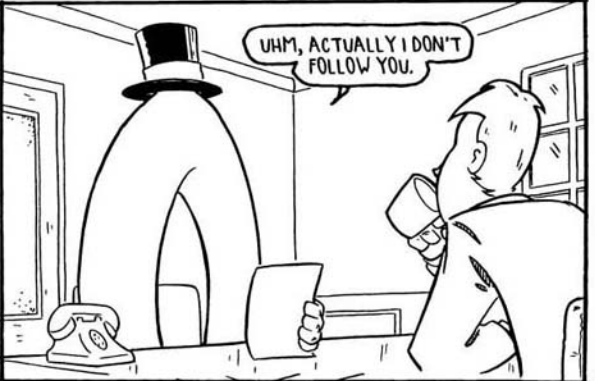
I LIKE IT! IT'S WHIMSICAL! LEMONY, LEMON, LEMON SQUARES... LOT'S OF 'L'S. IT'S SING SONGY.



HA! YEAH, THAT WAS MY IDEA.. THE PACKAGING PLANT IS IN CHINA.



GOOD, GOOD! HEH HEH.



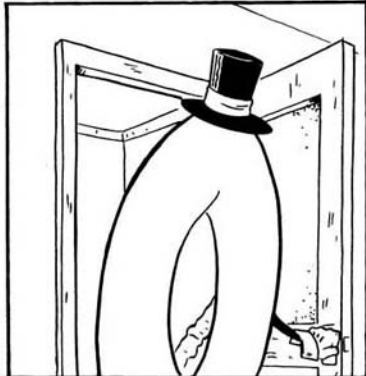
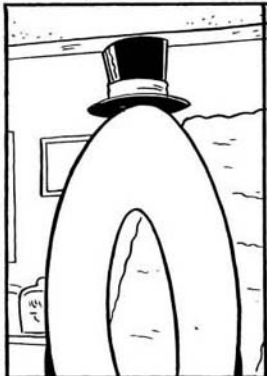
UHM, ACTUALLY I DON'T FOLLOW YOU.

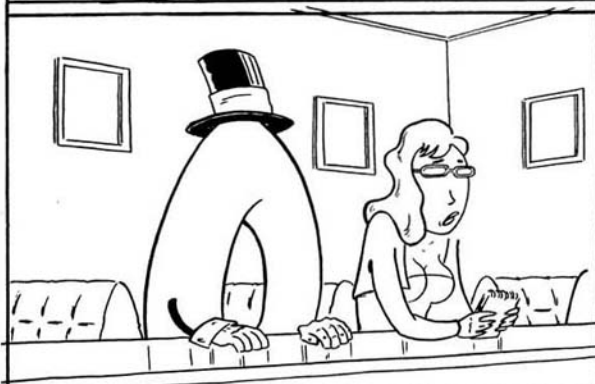


THEY HAVE TROUBLE PRONOUNCING THE LETTER 'L'. SO WHEN THEY CALL ME THEY'LL SAY "REMONY REMON REMON SQUARES"



YOU GOTTA MAKE THE JOB FUN.





EVEN IF THE CLUB WASN'T EMPTY I WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD TO MISS A 6 FOOT DONUT. SHE CAME TO THE TABLE AND WE TALKED.

AND KEPT TALKING...AS THOUGH WE HAD A LIFETIME OF BEING APART TO MAKE UP FOR.

THERE WAS LAUGHTER, AND ALL THE SUPERFICIAL SILLY STUFF...THE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SICK TO THINK ABOUT YEARS LATER.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THAT TO GROW INTO MORE MEANINGFUL THINGS...DEEPER CONNECTIONS.

BUT IT'S THE LAUGHTER THAT YOU REALLY REMEMBER....THE LAUGHTER THAT HAUNTS FOR GOOD AND BAD.

YOU'VE HEARD THIS STORY A MILLION TIMES...BLAH BLAH BLAH NEVER FELT HAPPIER OR BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF...BLAH BLAH BLAH EVERY SECOND YOU'RE APART SEEMS LIKE A COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME.

YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE...AND, I DUNNO THAT YOU CAN REALLY DESCRIBE "LOVE" IN WORDS...AND YET EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT YOU MEAN...

AND EVERYONE GETS THE SAME KNOT IN THEIR GUT BECAUSE THEY KNOW WHAT'S COMING.

THE "WHAT" IS THIS CASE WAS COURTESY OF A GREASY ABUSIVE MOUNTAIN OF A MAN NAMED RICARDO.

THEY HAD DATED...OR HE THOUGHT THEY HAD...OR THEY WERE STILL...WHATEVER THE CASE THEY HAD SOME SORT OF RELATIONSHIP

YET ANOTHER STORY YOU HEAR OVER AND OVER...



...WONDERFUL PERSON MIXED UP WITH A ROTTEN PERSON...FOR WHAT EVER REASON THE GOOD PERSON NEVER JUST ENDS ALL CONTACT. THEY JUST KEEP LETTING THE ROTTEN PERSON BACK IN TO UPSET THE APPLE CART.

...AS THOUGH THEY JUST AREN'T COMFORTABLE BEING HAPPY, AND NEED THE DRAMA AND ABUSE. OR ARE SO USED TO IT THAT...IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE. SUPPOSED TO BE.

THIS WAS AN EXTREME CASE.



SHE WAS TERRIFIED. SHE WANTED TO GET FAR FAR AWAY FROM HIM. SHE WANTED TO GET MARRIED AND MOVE TO THE U.S.

I'M NOT ACTUALLY LEGALLY A PERSON, SO MARRYING ME WOULDN'T GET HER INTO THE U.S. ...IF I CAN EVEN GET MARRIED. I SUGGESTED WE MOVE TO SOME OTHER PART OF CUBA.



RICARDO WANTED OUT OF CUBA AS WELL. HE THREATENED TO KILL HER IF I DIDN'T TAKE US ALL TO THE U.S. I CAN POP IN AN OUT MAGICALLY BUT I CAN'T BRING ANYONE WITH ME...AND I HAD NO POLITICAL PULL. I HAD NO ABILITY TO GET THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY. I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A PLANE TICKET. I SHOULD HAVE LIED...STALLED ...SOMETHING.


TURNS OUT...I HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HIM. IT WAS ALL HER IDEA. SHE WAS DESPERATE TO LEAVE. DESPERATE ENOUGH TO TRY ANY THING...LIKE MANIPULATING SOMEONE WHO YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH...OR MAYBE EVEN PRETEND TO BE IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE.

SHE WAS CLEARLY WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING...



IT'S ONLY 90 MILES TO FLORIDA. IF YOU WERE TO WALK IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A DAY OR SO. THAT'S IF YOU COULD WALK. TO FLOAT OR PADDLE INTO THE ATLANTIC... USUALLY TAKES THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

OFF WE WENT JUST THE SAME AS THOUGH SHE WOULD BURST INTO FLAMES IF SHE WAS IN CUBA FOR ANOTHER NIGHTFALL



DESPERATION CAN CERTAINLY CLOUD YOUR JUDGMENT. I STILL DIDN'T REALLY HAVE ANY ANSWERS... WHY DID SHE USE ME? TO WHAT DEGREE? WHAT WAS HIS ROLE? I CONCOCTED SCENARIOS IN WHICH SHE WAS BEING USED BY HIM AND THIS WAS ALL A RUSE UNTIL HER AND I WERE SAFELY IN THE U.S.

RIDICULOUS CHILDISH SCENARIOS... AND WHILE I DID THAT SHE ATTEMPTED TO PADDLE A GIANT DONUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC... WE WERE A PERFECT COUPLE.

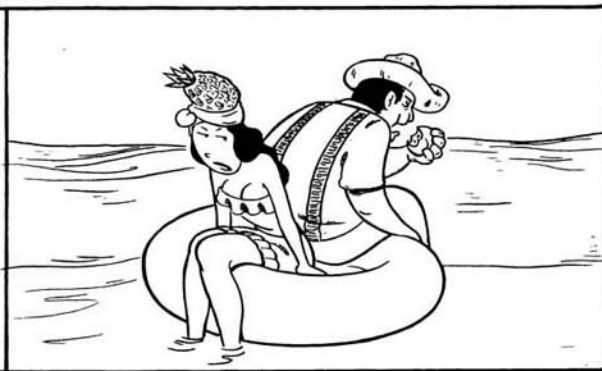
I DON'T THINK I SAID A WORD FROM THE TIME WE LEFT THE DOCK... I HAD NO WORDS. I WAS NUMB, ANGRY, HEARTBROKEN, MOR TIFIED... I THINK A FEW HOURS INTO THE VOYAGE, WE ALL WERE.







IT DIDN'T TAKE  
TOO LONG FOR  
THEM TO TURN  
ON EACH OTHER.



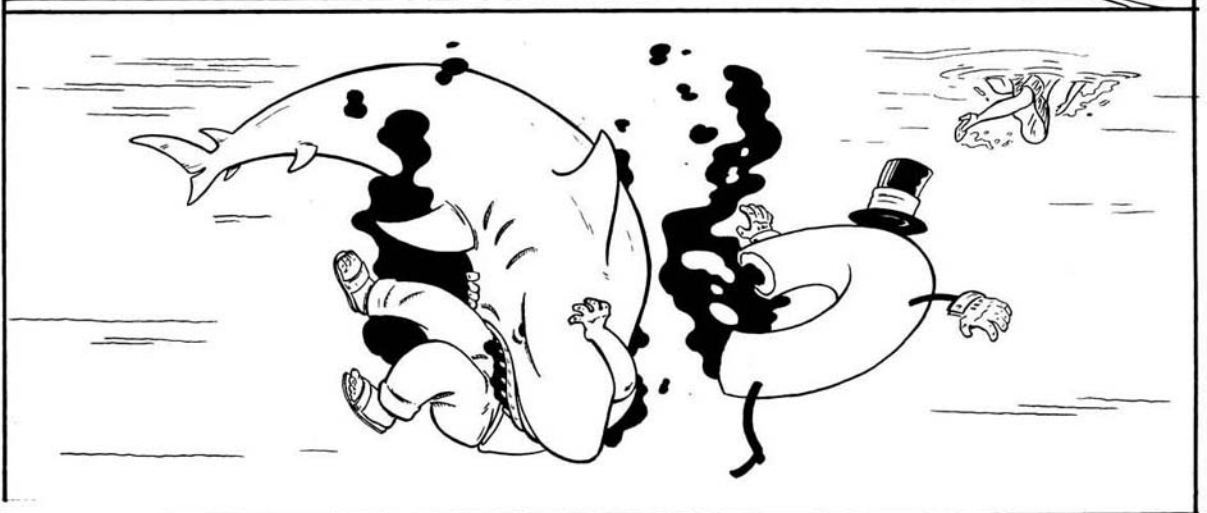
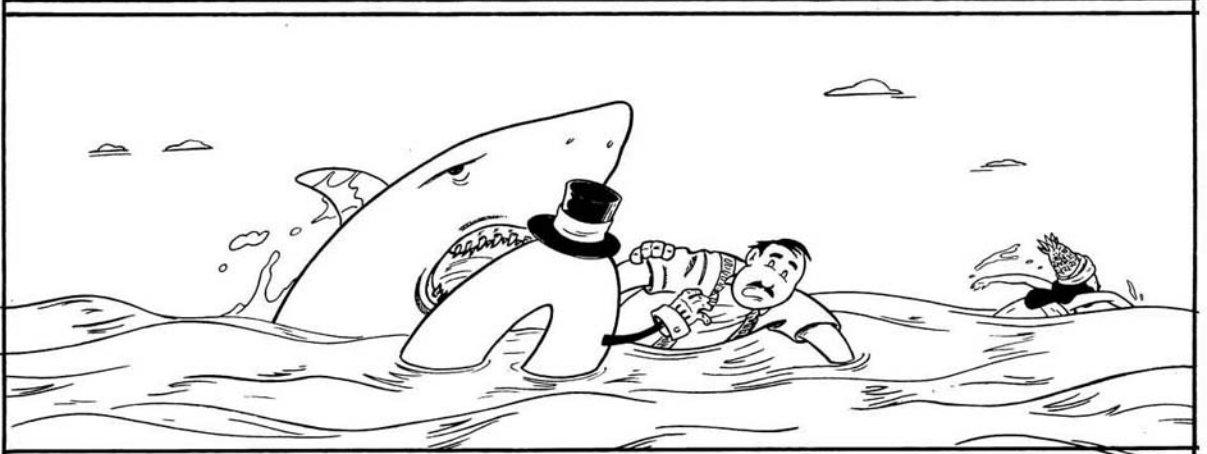
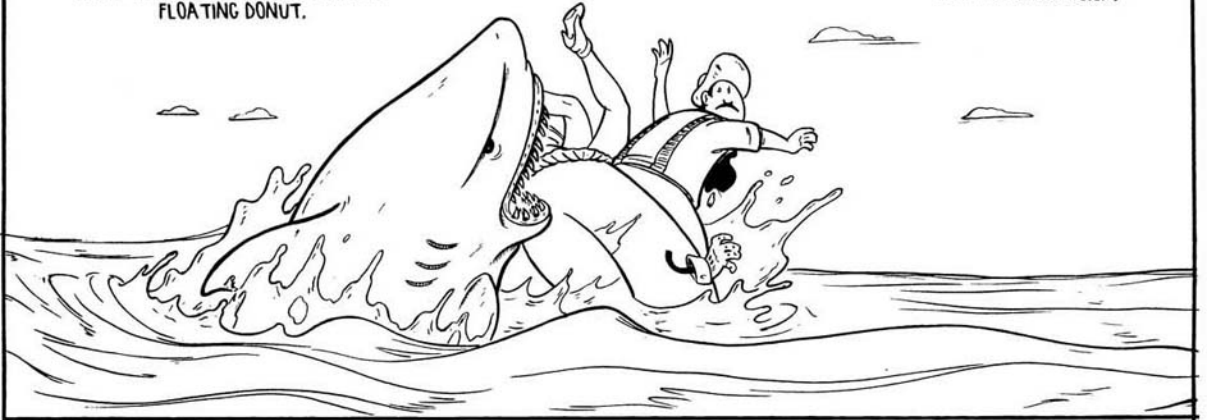
I TRIED TO CLING TO THE POSSIBILITY THAT SHE DID LOVE ME AND  
WHATEVER REASON SHE HAD TO FLEE CUBA WAS SO POWERFUL, SO  
DIRTY... THAT IT SUPERCEDED EVERYTHING ELSE.

I WONDERED WHAT IT WAS.



THEN THE INEVITABLE...THEY WERE NEVER  
GOING TO MAKE IT TO AMERICA ON A  
FLOATING DONUT.

...IT WAS A BLESSING THAT THE  
END WOULD BE QUICK.



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE FLOATED THERE...IT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY. AN ETERNITY OF HER DRAPED OVER ME AND THE PAINFUL MEMORIES OF US BEING SO CLOSE UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

CLINGING TO POSSIBILITIES IS SO VERY PAINFUL...PERHAPS ALMOST AS PAINFUL AS WHEN THOSE POSSIBILITIES ACTUALLY BECOME POSSIBLE

JUST BEFORE I SANK SHE SAID "SOY AFLIGIDO MI AMOR"

"I'M SORRY MY LOVE"

THEN I MAGICALLY APPEARED IN SOME KIDS KITCHEN...

BECAUSE THAT'S MY JOB. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. I'M A BIG DONUT AND I'M SUPPOSED TO PEDdle SNACK FOODS.

THERE I STOOD IN FRONT OF A KID WHO PROBABLY THOUGHT HE WAS DREAMING...AND WOULDN'T THAT HAVE BEEN NICE.

OH BOY BARON VON DONUT.

I REMEMBERED A SAYING..."WORK IS THE ONLY SALVATION".

LISTEN TO ME KID.. DON'T EVER FALL IN LOVE.

IN FACT...GO INTO THE BATH ROOM AFTER BREAKFAST AND CUT OFF YOUR PENIS...CUT IT OFF AND THROW IT AWAY.

