BAK FR!NK

CHAPTER 3: The White House

The White House. Frink didn't know much about it, well, he didn't know much about anything I suppose. But what Frink did know, was that it had people in it, a lot of people. And the clock had just struck 12:00.

He crawled through the sewers, snatching rats and consuming them on the way. Frink knew the sewers like he knew his father, whom he ran away from at the age of 6 with his mother. He was lost. His right arm made holes in the sewer floor as he crawled, and his left? Well, think of it like a stick, because it behaved and looked like one. Frink did not know how his right arm got so muscular, but he would leave those questions for John. Saliva rolled down his tongue and onto the sewer water, he could sense he was near.

Then he felt it.

A thud.

Frink had made it.

He burst through the floor of the White House, just to be met with what looked like a thousand armed men in suits of armor. But compared to them, Frink was a tank. He stood at 210 centimeters, 120 kilograms of muscle, the only thing stopping him from being the perfect life form was, well, his face. If he didn't have such a strong body, then people would think he was just another kid with down syndrome. His right pupil looked to the right and his left pupil looked to the left. And his tongue, I don't even want to talk about his tongue. 45 centimeters of pure muscle, it had microscopic spikes on it that could impale a 5000 year old tortoise, how does one even achieve this? Well, I know how, but we'll save that for later.

One fist could crush 5 men. And one lick could kill 10. And so Frink wiped them all out. Lick after lick, punch after punch and scream after scream. Blood splattered over the walls of the White House, and Frink was covered in it too. He was finished and could finally begin his feast.

But the White House isn't just a building, it's a society. A society of more armed men, and they soon found Frink.

Frink soon found himself faced to face with more armed men. He knew what to do. He sunk his teeth into the men, ripping off head after head. Using dead bodies as meat shields, it was horrendous.
“Please! Spare me, I have a wife and kid at home!”One of them cried. But Frink didn’t have ears. His right hand punctured the armed man’s stomach, Frink then ripped out his intestines. I still wonder to this day how John thought this monster was the perfect life form.

By this point Frink already had a full stomach, but then he saw something, well someone, I should say, that gave him an unquenchable hunger.

It was John.

Frink dropped the corpse in his hand and began his hunt. John ran, Frink ran. Through the wooden doors and concrete walls of the Whitehouse. By now, you can probably infer that John is terrified, terrified for his life.

Frink wasn’t.

John reached the Oval Office, a dead end. Sweat dripped down his face, tears ran down his eyes. Frink burst through the doors.

“Frink, please, I have a family!”

Even though Frink couldn’t hear, he had heard that excuse very often. Frink inched closer to the cowering John. Saliva dripped from his tongue, veins popped out of his right arm and his eyes. His eyes had nothing behind them, no emotion whatsoever. What happened to the sweet, loving Chirawat Hongsri? From an innocent, young boy, to an abomination. What really happened?

CHAPTER 4: Chirawat Hongsri