

# The Molly McBlood Show

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**John Boston**

The group met twice a month. Some of the die-hards in the group met three or four times a month. Stopping the show became less of a cause and more of a religion. Chris was well known in the community, both for his prowess on the show and his hatred for Oz Callahan. Chris didn't think anyone in the group actually trusted him, but he was also their best shot.

Someone on the show had approached them with a plan. The big shots had debated it for days. In the end, they decided it was worth a shot.

"It could all be a carefully laid trap for us." said one of the members.

"I can beat them, I know I can," said Chris

"You're good, no doubt, but it's a risk we can't take. One wrong answer and you can end up being barbecued." said another

"Look, I've been playing for years. I've never lost. My grandparents used to watch game shows. My parents watched game shows and now I watch them. I've beaten every computer version of the show that exists. If there's anyone who can beat them, it's me." said Chris

The group's de facto leaders and the others listened intently. He knew he was their only hope. As much as they didn't want to send him, they really had no choice.

"Playing at home against a computer is one thing. Playing in front of a live studio audience with dozens of hungry cannibals is quite another," he said

"I was my high school Molly McBlood champion. I did lose in the state finals, but to this day, I still think my answer was correct," said Chris

"I've always thought the show was fixed. Young, pretty females almost never end up on the plate. You however are not a young, pretty female." said one of the group's associates.

"If you guys are serious about shutting the showdown, I'm your only hope."

"Are you doing this because you believe morally, ethically the show is wrong, or because you felt screwed over by what happened to you in high school?" asked the group's leader

"Little bit of both I guess," answered Chris

"You're going to be walking a tightrope here. If you get into trouble we won't be able to help you. You're totally on your own."

"I know."

"You still want to do it?"

"I do. I believe I have what it takes to be the champ," said Chris

"Alright, we'll get you on the air. The rest is up to you." said the leader

Oz Callahan was the host of the Molly McBlood Show since the very first episode over a decade ago. He had hosted every single episode. Oz really was the show. Some idiot producer ten years ago named it after that McBlood girl, but it should really be called the Oz Callahan show. He had sent hundreds of people to their deaths over the years. The anti cannibal groups had him on their hit list. He now had to have bodyguards with him everywhere he went. The truth is legalized cannibalism was tearing the country apart. With each passing day, it seemed like the crazies on both sides were growing further and further apart. Oz didn't really care about cannibalism, pro or con. He cared about ratings, that was it. He had the top-rated show in the United States. He was syndicated in dozens of other countries. The sky was the limit as far as Oz Callahan was concerned. Some of his fans had casually mentioned that he run for public office. He could see himself in Washington, maybe as a senator, or maybe as President. Some other political people in Washington were going to meet with him tomorrow to discuss it. Right now he had to go tape a show. All shows were done in front of a live studio audience. There was nothing left up to the imagination. Nothing was edited. The show was as real as real could get.

"Good evening boys and grunts. Welcome to the Molly McBlood show. I'm your host Oz Callahan. You know why I'm here, so let's cut to the chase, but before we do, today is a very special day on the Molly McBlood Show. This is our tenth-anniversary episode. It was ten years ago today that our very first episode was filmed right here in this same studio. It came only three weeks after the Supreme Court legalized cannibalism in the famous court case Oscar vs. Myer. Our show was named in honor of a fifteen-year-old gal named Molly McBlood sacrificed herself to some starving, homeless cannibals. Her random, selfless act of kindness inspired an entire generation of cannibals. No longer were they forced to practice their beliefs in abandoned buildings and deserted farmhouses. No longer would they have to hide who they were. No longer would they be outcasts. No longer would they be called monsters and criminals. No, from that day forward, cannibals would be just like you and me. Honest, decent, hard working Americans that ate other honest, hard working Americans.....alright, let's get started. A quick breakdown of the rules, then it's off to the races. Now there are five rounds and five contestants. The last round of course is the bonus round. At the end of each round, the person with the fewest points gets eaten. This is repeated until there is only one contestant left at which point they walk away with ten million dollars, or they can risk it all and play me, your host Oz Callahan for the ultimate prize: Taking my place as the host of the show and a signed Presidential pardon, excluding that person from ever being eaten by another person. In other words folks: as tasty as they may look, they can never be eaten. Does everyone understand? Excellent, let's get started. The candidates from left to right are Janice Cooper, a homemaker from Sarasota, Florida. Ruben Velez, professor of history at Georgetown University. Saul Abramoff, a computer programmer from Jacksonville, Florida. Ty Curtis, who is currently between jobs, and Christopher Devries, an electrician from Naperville, Illinois. These are the contestants. Are you ready America?" shouted Callahan.

"*Fuck yeah!*" roared the studio audience.

"Last and certainly not least, I'd like to introduce our first family of cannibals this evening. They come to us from Juneau, Alaska. Please give warm Molly McBlood welcome to the Slattery family." said Oz as the curtain lifted and a well-dressed family was brought out to the table. They took their seats at the picnic table that was seated in the middle of the studio and put their bibs on. There were salt and pepper shakers on the tables that were made out of human skulls. Two dozen security staff that had their faces covered took their positions behind the contestants. They had their tasers and stun guns ready. They also had several medical doctors close at hand to administer the deadly poison that would kill its victims in less than 30 seconds.

"Iiiiiiiiits go time!" shouted Oz

"Janice, you're the first contestant, so you get the first question. You have five seconds to answer, then it's open to anyone, are you ready?"

"Ready Oz," she said

"Janice for five hundred dollars: what is the capital of North Dakota?"

"Bismarck!" she shouted

"Correct."

"Ruben, for five hundred dollars: What do the letters IBM stand for?"

"International Business Machine," he replied

"Correct."

"Ty, for five hundred dollars: how many teaspoons are in a tablespoon?"

Ty hesitated a bit before he answered. You could see he was trying very hard to concentrate.

"Four, there are four," he said

"I'm sorry Ty, that is incorrect. There are three teaspoons in a tablespoon."

Two of the security staff came forward and shocked him. Ty collapsed to the ground and let out a scream.

"FUCK YOU!" he screamed

"Saul for five hundred: Which U.S. President created the League of Nations?"

"Woodrow Wilson."

"You are correct."

"Chris, for five hundred: who took over Rome after Julius Caesar was assassinated?"

"Augustus."

"Correct. Well, that brings us to the end of the first round, and Ty, well it looks like you've come out on the losing end of this one. Say your goodbyes."

Ty tried to break free from the security staff, but they quickly immobilized him and held him down while the doctors stuck him with the poison. They quickly carried him off the set and back to the picnic table, where the Slattery family was waiting to barbecue him. He was pronounced clinically dead by a doctor and was on the grill within minutes. The flames from the fire nearly touched the ceiling. Ty was dismembered and then served to the Slattery family. Even after all these years and all the episodes, it never failed to make most people recoil in horror. After all, it could be their kid that just got eaten.

"Alright America, onto round two. The stakes are higher, the questions are tougher. Shit is about to get real here on the MOLLY McBLOOD SHOW!" screamed Oz

The applause light went on and the studio began clapping and cheering wildly.

"Alright now boys and grunts, onto round two. Janice, you've got the first question. For a thousand dollars: who is credited with inventing the polio vaccine?"

"Jonas Salk."

"Correct, young lady."

"Ruben for one thousand dollars: Please name all the characters to appear as stooges on the TV show the three stooges."

"Well, there was Moe, Larry, Curly, Shemp, and Joe." he said

"I'm sorry Ruben that is incorrect. There were two different Joes, you only said one.

Three of the masked security staff came forward and drove their cattle prods into the man's legs. He collapsed on the ground. The audience applauded as the man struggled to regain his composure. Oz just winked at the audience and continued.

"Saul, for a thousand dollars: an isosceles triangle has how many right angles?"

"Zero."

"Correct."

"Chris now this question is for....." Oz was cut off by the sound of alarm bells.

"Oh, hell. You all know what that means, it's the deadly double. Chris if you answer this question correctly you are spared from death for this round and you'll be the proud owner of an actual

Egyptian Mummy. Being looted right out of Egypt as we speak. If you answer incorrectly, well.....audience?" said Oz turning to the audience.

"*YO ASS GONNA GET EATEN!*" they shouted

"Chris, are you ready?"

"Ready, Oz."

"Ok, Chris, here it is: In 1903 the Wright Brothers flew their plane for twenty seconds at Kitty Hawk North Carolina making it the first official recorded flight in history. What was the name of their plane?"

"Bird of Prey"

"Outstanding Christopher."

The bell rang signaling the end of the second round. Ruben, my boy, you are out of luck. Thanks for playing.

"No.....no Jesus, please no. Please, for God's sake, I don't want my children to see me get eaten on national television....please," he said, weeping at the feet of Oz, who proceeded to kick him in the face and sent him flying backward. The guards swarmed him and tasered him instantly. He started screaming and trying to escape, but the doctors were already injecting him.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!" he screamed "Oz, you fuck, I'm gonna kill you," he screamed before the effects of the poison took effect.

"Boy, if I had a dime for every time I heard that one, I could buy a new George Foreman Human Grill.....that's right folks the new third-generation George Foreman Human Grill. Perfect for backyard cookouts and get-togethers. Pick yours up today." Said the announcer.

"Folks, where are my manners? Let me introduce to you, the second guest cannibal family this evening: The Whitakers, from Santa Cruz, California, come on out Whitaker family," said Oz

"Ok. The third round. Time to separate the men from the boys and the girls from the lipstick lesbians. In this round, we don't give away money anymore, we give out actual prizes donated from companies all over the world. Chris is in the lead. Janice and Saul can still pull out a win. At the end of the round, one of these two contestants will get eaten. Who's it gonna be? Now before we start, let's hear a little bit about our two contestants. Janice, tell us a little bit about yourself:

"Well, I'm a 36-year-old stay-at-home mom of two adorable little cannibals. We watch this show every night. I've also got a Masters from NYU in Nursing. I'm here because I want a slot on the Molly McBlood Tournament of Champions!" she said

"Outstanding Janice. Now Saul, tell us a little bit about you."

"Well, I'm 47. I own my own software company. My wife and I have no children. I'm just here to be able to say I was on the Molly McBlood show and survived." he said

The crowd furiously applauded in approval.

"Chris, tell us a little bit about yourself," said Oz.

"I want to be the next host of The Molly McBlood Show," he said smiling.

"Well Chris, many have tried and none have ever succeeded, but who knows, you just might be the one in a million who does. Now, contestants, it's important to answer correctly as you all know, but it's equally important to make sure you listen to the entire question before answering. Our question writers love to throw in some trick questions in these upper rounds, so be careful, now here we go."

"Janice, for a round trip ticket across the globe with fifteen layover stops, your first question is: name the two moons of the planet Mars?"

"Phobos and Diemos," she said

"Correct!"

"Saul, for a new 2048 Mercedes L Class: In July 1969, three US Astronauts landed on the moon. Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and this man. What was his name?"

"Oz, I.....his name was....."

The buzzer sounded and the look on Saul's face changed immediately.

"I'm sorry Saul, the answer we were looking for was Michael Collins"

Two of the security guards came forward and tasered Saul. He collapsed onto the ground but was back up in a few seconds. He gave the crowd a thumbs up.

"Chris. For citizenship in any country with no extradition treaty with the United States, your question is: which author wrote the book MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY?"

"There were two authors Oz. One started it, the other one finished it. They are Charles Nordhoff, James Norman Hall."

"Well done young man," said Oz.

"Janice, back to you.....oh uh. That's the sound of our deadly double. Janice, I think you know what that means. Answer correctly and you're protected for the rest of the round. Chris is ahead on points. That means Saul can kiss his Jewish ass goodbye. Answer incorrectly, and you can kiss your own lovely little behind goodbye. Are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ok then. For a new house in a luxury development just outside our nation's capitol. Janice, what is the name of the long-necked bird that comes from the family Gruidae? "

Janice hesitated a moment before answering. You could see the bolt of fear dart across her face.

"Flamingo Oz."

"Oh Janice, I'm sorry. The answer we were looking for is Crane. Well, thanks for playing." said Oz

The look on Janice's face was one of complete fear and shock. The masked security staff tried to put her in restraints, only to have her break free and run across the stage.

"Jesus, Christ.....somebody, please help me. I've got two kids at home!"

"I think I smell a tasing coming up." joked Oz

Janice was hit by two stun guns and a taser as she tried to climb into the audience seating area. One of the audience members shoved her back onto the floor, instead of helping her. She collapsed and was unable to move from the effects of the taser. She tried to frantically fight them off, but it was no use. The sedative and poison were shot into her arm and in less than a minute, she was lethargic and lying on the floor. Several staff members moved a large guillotine onto the center stage. They picked up Janice's body and put her in the restraints. Oz calmly walked over to the guillotine and put his hand on the lever. Janice was still alive when Oz pulled the lever, sending the massive blade downwards at a rapid pace. Janice's head fell into a basket, which Oz promptly grabbed and carried over to the picnic table where the cannibals were sitting.

"Now, that's what I call a conversation starter!" he said with a laugh.

Both Saul and Chris were visibly shaken by what they had just seen. Saul was almost shaking. Chris was also sweating. He was just as scared as Saul but did a better job of covering it up.

Oz walked back to his podium, shaking a few hands of the audience members on his way.

"Alright, alright, alright. Now that we've separated the men from the boys and the girls from the lesbians. We've got us a game. Now, this is the final round. Saul and Chris, you've both played a good game up to this point. Now the questions get harder, but the prizes get bigger as well. This is the moment you've dreamed of, so let us make it happen. But, before we do, let's see how our guest families are doing with their meal." he said

The camera cut over to the picnic tables that contained the bodies of the other contestants. We could see a family stuffing their faces on the bodies of Ty. Another family was roasting Janice's corpse over a massive grill. Two of the kids were playing soccer with Rueben's head. Oz walked over to the kids and rubbed their hair.

"Family really is everything," he said

"Ok, Saul, are you ready?"

"I'm ready Oz," he said

"Saul, this question is worth a mail order bride from any country of your choosing: Saul, in terms of population, what is the largest city in Canada?"

Saul hesitated a moment before answering. Chris could see that he was shaking.

"Um...the largest city in Canada in terms of population is Toronto."

"Correct Saul."

"Ok, Chris. This question is worth an entire month's supply of crystal meth: The term used to describe work for a solo instrument with or without a piano in several movements as opposed to a work of one or more soloists and an orchestra is called a what?"

"A Sonata."

"Right you are Christopher, right you are."

"Ok, Saul...back to you. Saul, what famous US Battleship was sunk at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941."

"Um....that would be the USS Arizona."

"Very good Saul."

"Ok, Chris, now back to you. Chris in 1954, Hudson merged with the Nash Kelvinator Company to become what new company?"

"American Motors," said Chris

"Well done."

"Now, Saul....."

Oz was cut off by the sound of the Deadly Double.

"Uh oh. You know what that means. That's our Deadly Double. You know how this works. You know what it means if you answer correctly. You also know what it means if you answer incorrectly. However, in the third round, since the questions are tougher, we now give you the option of using your fellow contestants to help you answer the question. If you choose to do this and answer correctly, your life is saved, but you can still be eliminated at the end of the round. If you choose not to use your fellow contestants and answer correctly, Chris is toast. If you answer incorrectly....." Oz turned to the audience.

"*YOUR ASS GONNA GET EATEN!*" they shouted

"Of course, this all depends on whether or not your fellow contestant choose to help you. Ok, Saul.....what's it gonna be?"



Saul looked nervously over at Chris, who looked nervously back. They both knew their lives depended on not screwing up here. They didn't trust each other, but in this situation, Saul figured being alive was more important than winning. He walked over to Chris.

"Will you help me?" asked Saul shaking

"Yes, I'll help you," said Chris

"I'm trusting you," he said and walked back to the podium

"I'm going to use Chris to help me answer the question," said Saul

"You know this means you lose your protection at the end of the round?"

"I understand," he said

"Ok, Saul. Here goes: During the Hundred Years War, English forces were victorious at the Battle of Crecy in France. This enabled the forces of Edward III to lay siege to what French city one year later? I'll give you and Chris exactly 30 seconds to discuss your answer."

The clock began ticking as Saul quickly walked over to Chris.

"I don't Chris....It might be Calais, it might be Rouen, I just don't know."

"It's Calais. They were surrounded and surrendered a year later." Chris said

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, it was Calais." said Chris

"You know if I answer incorrectly, you've won. I mean, I'm dead and you won because I trusted you. I'm supposed to be married next week, I can't....."

"The answer is Calais. Just say Calais and you get to live," said Chris

"Okay, I'm betting my life on it," said Saul. He walked back to the podium, just as the buzzer sounded.

"Ok, Saul.....what is your answer?" asked Oz

"My answer is.....I mean.....Calais, my answer is Calais." said Saul closing his eyes as he spoke.

"Well Saul, you are correct. Ok, onto more questions: Chris, what is the integral of  $x$  to the third power?"

" $x$  to the fourth over four," said Chris

"Correct."

"Saul, in the science of Chemistry: the term used to describe the mixing of air into a liquid or solid is called what?"

"Aeration, Oz."

"Correct."

"Chris, now this question is worth a company on the Russell 2000 Index. Answer correctly and you now own any company on the Russell 2000. Chris, how many US Presidents were married while serving in the White House as President?"

"Three."

"Well done Chris."

"Now Saul, for your chance to get a dozen tickets to the World Series next year and your chance to own a Penthouse above Wrigley Field.....who was the only one of the three to actually have his wedding inside the White House?"

"Grover Cleveland Oz."

"Excellent, Saul, excellent. Boy, we have a real tight game here. Both of these two contestants deserve to battle me in the bonus round." said Oz

"Boy, I can just feel the excitement in here. Both of you have played a good game. Ok, Chris, the next question is a spelling question. You must say the word, spell it correctly, then say the word again, so we know that is your final answer. Are you ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

"Ok, Chris, your word is ANAPHYLACTIC....." said Oz

"Nice try Oz, you purposely hid the 'Y'. ANAPHYLACTIC:  
A-N-A-P-H-Y-L-A-C-T-I-C.....ANAPHYLACTIC."

"Well done Christopher, well done.....Saul, your next question....."

Oz was cut off by the sound of the buzzer.

"Ok, folks. That brings us to the end of round 3. Chris and Saul are tied here. Now if they choose to go on, they'll have to pass a sudden death elimination round to face yours truly. Now, they can both walk away at this point and keep the prizes and money they've accumulated. Saul, what's it gonna be?" asked Oz

"Well, Oz.....I've had a great time here on the show, but I think I'm going to walk away," he said nervously

The audience let out a massive boo in response. Oz raised his hand to silence the crowd.

"Now folks, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Saul played an excellent game. He's won some great prizes. It's his choice to make. He's automatically qualified to be in our tournament of champions this fall. Ok, Saul, thanks for playing. Chris, would you care to stick around and really test yourself?"

"I'd love to Oz," said Chris

The audience let out a massive roar.

"Good Chris, delighted to hear. Ladies and gentlemen, we have us a contest. Stick around to see who comes out on top." said Oz

The show went to a commercial break. Oz climbed down off the podium and shot Chris a nasty look. Saul walked over to him and shook his hand.

"You probably saved my life. I wish there was something I could do to help you," he said

"Don't worry Saul, this is going to turn out much differently than Oz thinks it will," said Chris

"Jesus man, he's beaten over a hundred people that have made it to where you are! A hundred! You must have some kind of a death wish. He's probably looking at the answers to the questions right now in his dressing room."

"Probably."

"Well, how the hell do you expect to beat him?"

"By using that giant ego of his against him," said Chris confidently.

"FIFTEEN SECONDS," said the announcer

"Jesus man, good luck," said Saul as he walked off the stage.

Oz came back on and walked onto the center stage.

"FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE.....SHOWTIME!" said the announcer. The crowd returned to their seats.

"Well, folks. This is it. A challenge has been issued and has been accepted. For those of you tuning in for the first time, I'll explain how this all works: We will play for five minutes. At the end of those five minutes, we will have one winner and one loser. The loser gets eaten and the winner gets to be the new host of this show, along with the grand prize. I don't know what the grand prize is, no one will unless it's won. Now, I must add that the questions being posed to us are questions asked by you, the viewers. I do not see the questions, so there can be no accusations of cheating. Are we all clear? Let's get started."

"ALRIGHT FOLKS, SHIT IS ABOUT TO GET REAL HERE ON THE MOLLY McBLOOD SHOW! LET'S MAKE A LITTLE NOISE AUDIENCE!" said the announcer

Oz walked up next to Chris. He shook his hand and then walked over to the other side of the aisle, where a new podium was set up. Oz tested the buzzer and gave a thumbs up.

"Now folks, let's meet this round guest family. Coming to us all the way from Monroe, Louisiana. Please give a warm, Molly McBlood welcome to the Cutter Family.

The audience applauded when the redneck family appeared on stage. They sat down at the picnic table and put on their bibs.

"Now, this family has quite a bit of history on this show. If you may recall ten years ago, they were the first cannibal family to appear on this show. Since then, these hungry little cannibals have eaten over three hundred other people! They've got a taste for flesh, so let's not disappoint them." said the announcer.

"Alright, I'll be asking the questions. Chris are you ready?" asked the announcer

"Ready."

"Oz, are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ok, as they say in the industry, there's no business like the cannibal business!" said the announcer.

"Chris, your first question: What was the name of the first man-made object to land on the moon?"

"The Luna 3 spacecraft."

"Correct Chris"

'Oz, your question: where were the 1956 Summer Olympics held?"

"Melbourne, Australia."

"Correct Oz."

"Chris, in what city were the 1944 Winter Olympics held?"

"It's a trick question, there were no 1944 Olympics. It was canceled due to the second world war."

"Well done Chris."

"Oz, the name of the order for moths and butterflies is called what?"

Oz stopped for a moment as if he was just hit by something. He looked over at Chris who just smiled back at him. Oz didn't know. These were not the questions he had seen in his dressing

room. He tried not to panic, but it wasn't really working. No matter. He didn't need to see the answers, he could beat this little shit on his own.

"Oz, we need your answer."

"Sorry, the answer is Lepidoptera."

"Correct Oz."

"Chris back to you. The term for the individual responsible for taking buy and sell orders on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange is called a what?"

"A Specialist."

"Correct Chris. Just for that correct answer, you've now been awarded a brand new 2042 Ferrari K Class. It retails for over five million dollars and doubles as a submarine. Well done."

"Oz, including the Bullion Depository at Fort Knox, how many US Mints are in operation today?"

Oz looked nervously into the audience. He closed his eyes for a moment before speaking.

"Including Fort Knox, there are five."

"Correct Oz."

"Chris, the first Wheat Penny was issued in 1909. Some of these pennies were marked with the initials V.D.B. What do these initials stand for?"

"Hmmm. That's a good one. I'm not sure, but I'm going to guess they stand for Victor David Brenner, who actually designed the logo on the regular penny."

"Well done Chris."

Chris could see the look on Oz's face. There was no way in hell this kid could possibly have known that. He must have gotten the answers to the questions somehow.....but how? Did somebody on this show sell him out?"

'Oz, What two teams played in the 1960 World Series?"

"Uh.....the New York Yankees and.....the.....Pirates, Pittsburgh Pirates."

"Correct Oz."

"Chris, a sailing ship with two or more masts where one mast is smaller than the other is called a what?"

"It's called a Schooner."

"Correct Chris. You have just won one of the ten remaining White Pandas in existence. Well played."

"Oz, the term used to describe immersing something in boiling water and allowing it to cook slightly is called what?"

Oz looked very uncomfortable. He was trying not to panic. He knew he had ten seconds to answer and could hear the clock ticking in his head. As hard as he was trying to concentrate, he was also trying to figure out who on the show had betrayed him.

"Uhh.....that term would be....uh"

"Five seconds Oz"

"uh....."

The buzzer sounded. Oz had missed questions before, but it had always been on purpose. Never because he didn't actually know the answer.

"Oz, we need your answer."

"Blanching.....yes that's it, the term used is blanch."

"Correct Oz.

"Ok, Chris, answer this question correctly and you get to spend a week on the moon, all expenses paid. Are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ok, Chris, this famous Roman Temple was built in the 1st century AD by Armenian King Trdates....what is the name of the temple?"

"Hmmmmmm, boy that's a tough one. Well, I'm not sure, but I'm going to have to guess and say it is the Temple of Garni."

"Chris.....you are right! Well done!"

Oz was stunned. Something had gone wrong here. Something had gone very, very, very wrong.

*No way in hell could this punk have possibly known that.*

"Oh, come on for Christ's sake. There's no way in hell anybody could have known that," yelled Oz.

The crowd booed loudly at Oz. This was something he was not used to. He had never been booed before. Chris was beginning to get under his skin.

"I'm half Armenian Oz. So, no.....it certainly is possible." said Chris smiling.

Oz shot him a death look. Chris just smiled right back at him.

"Ok Oz, here's your next question: this famous submarine used by the confederates was sunk three times before it was destroyed. What is the name of the submarine?"

"Easy...the Huntley," said Oz

"Sorry Oz, could you repeat your answer?"

"The Huntley."

"I'm sorry Oz, the answer we were looking for was the Hunley, not the Huntley."

Oz's face turned bright red. Both from anger and from embarrassment. He was going to fire his entire staff. Everyone on the show would be gone. Even the college intern he was screwing. She was gone too. It was going to be a bloodbath.

Two of the security guards shot their tasers into Oz. It certainly wasn't the first time he'd been tasered, but it didn't make it any easier. He collapsed to the floor and lost control of his bladder. Fortunately, this was hidden by the podium. He got back up and gave everybody the thumbs up.

"Alright Chris, your next question: In which state was President Ronald Wilson Reagan born?"

"Hmmm.....not sure. I'm going to guess.....Iowa?"

"You guessed right, Chris."

"Oz, which famous United States submarine sank off the coast of the Azores in 1968?"

"The USS Thresher."

"Oh, sorry Oz, the correct answer is the USS Swordfish." said the announcer.

"Bullshit." snarled Oz

One of the security staff came forward and kicked him in the stomach. Oz flew back against the wall and sank onto the floor.

"Sorry Oz, I didn't catch that." said the announcer.

"Nothing.....forget it," he said trying to catch his breath.

*His producers must have thought this was a good idea, to let the audience think the kid actually had a chance. It would have been nice if they had run it by him first.*

He looked over quickly at the crowd, then over at the family of cannibals. They were waving to the audience. When the daughter's eyes met, she made a throat-slitting gesture with her hand. Oz quickly looked away.

"What's wrong Oz, you don't look well," said Chris

"I'm fine."

"You don't look fine."

"What are you now a doctor?"

"I'm just worried about your health. Of course, if you should happen to fall ill, you know what will happen. If the contestant is unable to give the correct answer, regardless of consciousness or physical stature, in the time given, it will be counted as a wrong answer. Didn't that happen just last month to that poor bastard from Canada? Had a heart attack right on the set? We all know what happened to him." said Chris.

"Yeah, I remember."

"I'm sure you do," said Chris

Normally conversation like this was forbidden on the program, but the ratings were through the roof. Nobody had ever put Oz in this position before. Did Oz even read the answers to the questions?

"Ok, Chris.....now, answer this question correctly and you become dictator for life of a third-world country. Ever hear of Surinam? Yeah, me either, but answer this question correctly and the country is yours, along with the rest of your prizes. Ok, here goes: A police detective phones a husband and says "Sir, your wife has been murdered, please come right away so you can help identify the body. Upon showing up at the crime scene, the husband is promptly arrested and charged with her murder.....why?"

Chris thought about the question for a minute, then smiled as the answer came to him.

"The detective never told the husband where his wife's body was found," said Chris

"Very good Chris."

"Ok, Oz....here are a sequence of letters. One is missing, please name the correct letter.....ready? S-S-M-T-W-T???????" said the announcer

Oz looked at the sequence. He smiled as the answer came to him.

"F....for Friday," he said

"Correct Oz."

"See, I don't need to see the goddamn answers. I can beat this kid," he screamed

The audience let out a noise that sounded like they had all been shot. Nobody could believe what Oz had just said. He realized what he had done and quickly tried to cover his tracks, but it was too late.



"Ask the fucking questions!" he shouted

The announcer collected himself and then asked Chris the next question.

"Chris, why do you think this show exists?" asked the announcer

"What? What the hell kind of a question is that? Why does the show exist? That's not the real question, ask him the real question!" yelled Oz

"Oz, that is the real question. Maybe it's a question we should be asking ourselves." said the announcer

The camera cut over to the announcer's booth. He motioned for two members of the audience to come over to his booth. He showed them the question card. They both nodded and gave a thumbs up.

"Chris, what is your answer?" asked the announcer

"It exists because people will watch it. I suppose you can't really answer the question correctly without asking: why does cannibalism exist? Why is it legal? I guess it's because there's really nothing else to rebel against. Society has rebelled and rallied against all of the rules and regulations necessary to keep society functioning. Polygamy is legal. Drugs are legal. Abortion is legal. Assisted suicide is legal. Everything's legal. We had to find something to rebel against. We had to break the last safety valve on society. We had to destroy the only thing in this world that means anything.....life." said Chris

No one in the audience said anything.

"Well, audience.....by clapping of the hands, do you agree with Chris?" asked the announcer.

A few hands started clapping, then a few more and a few more after that. Pretty soon the entire audience was clapping furiously. Even the cannibal family was clapping as well.

"Ok, Chris, it looks like you've answered the question correctly, well done."

Oz said nothing as he fumed on the podium. His reputation was in pieces because of this kid. He needed a miracle at this point to save himself. His eyes suddenly became huge when he heard the sound of the deadly double being played.

"Alright, Mr. Oz. That's the deadly double. You know what that means." said the announcer.

Oz was beaming. He knew every answer to the deadly double that would be asked this week. He was sitting in his office, eating lunch on Monday, and decided to look at the deadly double questions. There were only two he didn't know and he had looked both of them up. The deadly double questions are done by a different group of staffers for some reason. They are not from the same staff that picks the regular questions. Oz needed a miracle and he got one.....or maybe it was planned this way. Doesn't matter, that arrogant little punk is history.

"Now Oz, would you like to use Chris to help you answer the question? I mean you may want to consider it, he seems really smart." said the announcer.

Oz looked over at Chris who was now ghostly white. Oz began laughing and made a little gesture to Chris.

"I didn't get to where I am today by playing it safe. I don't need or want his help. Ask away." said Oz

"Ok Oz, for a chance to save your ass and send Chris to certain death. Here is your question: who was the first President of the United States?"

Oz remembered seeing the question and remembered thinking to himself how easy the question was. He couldn't believe the staffers had thrown it in there. Maybe they just wanted to throw someone a lifeline. The staffers were getting younger and younger these days. No matter. This is where he put an end to this nightmare and where he would regain control of his show. He had a ton of people to fire as soon as it was over."

"The first President of the United States was George Washington." beamed Oz.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the room. He looked over at Chris who was just shaking his head in disbelief. It never occurred to him that he may have given the wrong answer.

"I'm sorry Oz. We asked for the first President of the United States, not the first elected President of the United States. Washington was elected in 1787 by popular vote and the electoral college, but the war ended in 1781. We had five Presidents before Washington. The first was John Hansen from Maryland." said the announcer

Oz looked dumbfounded. This was not happening. This couldn't be happening. He looked over at Chris and just waved goodbye with his hand in a small movement.

"What...no....I'm Oz Callahan, I built this goddamn show. Can't lose, I can't be eaten....I can't.....no, please...no. I wouldn't even taste very good. I do lines of coke every day, which can't be good for me. Imagine what I'll taste like."

Oz was knocked to the ground by several of the security staff. He tried to fight them off and run, but he was tackled.

"Get that goddamn thing away from me, do you understand me. Don't get that poison anywhere near me!" he yelled

"Ok, have it your way." one of the masked men said as they lifted him up off the ground. He was screaming as they took him onto center stage. The staff members brought out a giant chipper shredder onto the center stage. They fired up the engine. The whining of the engine drowned out all other sounds.

"WHAT.....WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING? GET THAT GODDAMN THING OUT OF HERE. YOU'RE ALL FIRED DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU'RE FIRED, NOW PUT ME DOWN!" shouted Oz

"Folks, this has been ten years in the making, so long Oz, been nice knowing you." said the announcer.

The security staff threw Oz headfirst into the shredder. He flailed violently for a minute, then stopped moving. The camera watched his entire body disappear into the machine and spit out mush that was once a human being. The cannibal family rushed over to the other side and began filling their bowls and bread with it. They took a big spoonful and waved at the cameras.

*"There's just no business like the cannibal business."* said the announcer.

"Well, Chris...you are the new Molly McBlood champion. What would you like to say to America?" asked the announcer

"I don't know. I guess I would ask them to just turn off the TV, sit back, relax and think to yourself: just what in the hell have we become? We have a television show where we watch people get eaten alive in some cases. The Molly McBlood Show is canceled until further notice." he said and walked off the stage.

The audience went crazy, both in the studio and across the rest of the country and beyond. Overnight, Chris became one of the biggest celebrities on the planet. As much money as they threw at him, he declined to ever appear on the show again. He wasn't about to tempt fate twice.

Turns out Oz's biggest mistake came about when he demanded almost 100 million dollars a year to host the show. The ratings were down and people were beginning to suspect that the show was rigged. The producers decided to kill two birds with one stone. In the end, it was Oz's greed that got him killed, not the cannibals.

The group dedicated to bringing down one of the worst, most inhumane episodes in humanity had just won a major battle, but winning the war wouldn't be so easy. A lot of people liked eating other people.....*and wouldn't even think twice about doing it.*