

CHINGÓN: The World's Deadliest Mexican

IN

Feliz Navidad

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(as discovered by Johnny Shaw)

Based on a true story

CHAPTER UNO (CHAPTER ONE)

Chingón was down to his last grenade. With a dozen Burmese pirates charging at him with murder in their eyes, scimitars in their hands, and three-quarter erections beneath their tunics, Chingón would have preferred a better stocked grenade quiver.

Weaker men would have panicked. Cowardlier men would have cried. French-Canadian men would have panicked and cried. Chingón was the opposite of those things both physically and geographically. Panic cried when Chingón walked in the room. Chingón truly was the World's Deadliest Mexican.

The worse the situation, the more Chingón thrived. Every new challenge, a fresh test of Chingón's masculinity. And he accepted all masculine challenges—from bear wrestling to snake eating. Other men would have screamed in terror, but Chingón offered a rare smile, his gold incisor sparkling majestically in the fading light of the dying sun.

Chingón was not weak. Chingón was not a coward. And Chingón most certainly was not a Quebe. He was Chingón, goddammit. The Human Oaxacalypse. Montezuma's Revenge's Revenge. Combination Plate Numero Uno. The Mayaniac. The Mexexecutioner.

One grenade was all Chingón needed, because Chingón saved the best for last. Ask the many women that he had bedded and satisfied. They would all tell you that Chingón ended his lovemaking the same way he ended his battles, with a loud bang and a hard slap on the ass.

Chingón held no ordinary grenade. His ultimate weapon had been saved for grenade dessert. The grenade that Chingón called Magdalena's Left Breast was of his personal design. And even if you only had a rudimentary understanding of grenadesmithery, you'd know that Chingón's grenadesmithing skills were world-renowned within most recognized grenadesmith circles.

Suckling at Magdalena's Left Breast issued the milk of exploding.

Chingón poked his head over the rise and did a quick series of calculations: working out the angles, the air speed, the trigonometry of the impact. Like a pocket calculator in the back pocket of the pants of his mind, Chingón did the complex equations and numerical maths. He multiplied the devastation and divided the destruction, the only remainders were the scattered pieces of exploded man parts.

Chingón pulled out the pin with his teeth, rose to his full height, and yelled, "*Abóguese en la leche del seno izquierdo de Magdalena*, you sons of bitches." He let the grenade fly.

The pirates charged forward, scimitars reflecting the sun that reflected off Chingón's gold tooth. Absorbed by their own murderousity and homicidism, the vicious junglebound sea scoundrels could taste only the kill. Blood lust was the lustiest of all the lusts.

They would taste the kill all right, thought Chingón. Taste it in their dead mouths after they were dead.

"Be careful!" Chingón yelled. "This plate is hot."

The explosion was a work of art. If it hadn't blown off the pirates' hands, they would have applauded the majestic display of their own destruction. Fire and shrapnel tore through Chingón's enemies, the flames a spectrum of

colors in combinations never before seen: purples, goranges, and rellows. Chingón's throw proved so deadly accurate, not only was each pirate killed instantly, but the men fell in the shape of the letter C. Chingón never killed without style. A true artist left his signature. Or at least, his initial. The first initial of Chingón's name was a C. That's why he left a C representing the letter C.

Looking at the jigsaw puzzle of pirate limbs, Chingón had to wonder what kind of country was Burma that sea pirates roamed the jungle for no apparent reason other than to fight him? Did they even have a ship? Could you be a pirate on land? Wasn't that just a thief? It was as if obstacles were being placed in Chingón's path just so he could explode them.

Chingón ignored the illogic of it. He tried never to think about a thing for more than five seconds. Any thought that needed six seconds or more was a waste of Chingón's precious time. Chingón wasn't a scientist, after all. He was Chingón. Thinking was another man's game.

Chingón trekked back to his plane. The Burmese jungle was jalapeño-hot and menudo-humid with bugs the size of tamales. But Chingón had seen worse. Chingón had seen worse as a child growing up in a cave with his grandfather and his coyote, Chato, sleeping on the ground, dead bats for a pillow and poisonous spiders biting Chingón nightly. Chingón had seen worse living on little more than guano and spider webs for sustenance. Chingón had already grown battleworn and hardened when he had been taken from that cave at ten-years old and conscripted by the secret government agency: Killing, Artillery, & Ballistics Organizational Operations Management. Posing as St. Guido's Home for Wayward Niños & Niñas, K.A.B.O.O.M. subjected Chingón to physical and mental testing under the super-secret Operation: Project: Powder Keg. For ten years he trained as an operative in the manly arts of grenadery, whipkido, and woman love.

Chingón's mind drifted even further back. To the time before the present. To the people, places, and events that had happened before his now, back deep into his then. Chingón called it his "past." And after a lengthy survey of his sexual conquests, Chingón's brain locked onto his former team, the Explosioners—a ragtag, yet elite crack team of demolition experts that acted as K.A.B.O.O.M.'s mercenary army. Alongside Chingón's colleagues, TNT Roosevelt, Lady Firecracker & Sparkler, "Short Fuse" O'Reilly, Nitro Yamaguchi, and Hiram "Bad Attitude" Goldsilver, the Explosioners battled the likes of the Assassicationer, Judge Mental, Bang Pow: the Oriental Moriarty, the Greek Fist, and Dr. Pervert's mutant army of Sex Ogres.

But times had changed. Chingón had changed. *Caramba*, he hadn't seen any of the other Explosioners in five years. Every man had his path, and Chingón was satisfied with the life he had forged for himself. Forged, then exploded.

The Explosioners had been a family to Chingón. A family that exploded things together. He missed their Thanksgiving dinners. They would cook a turkey with stuffing, mashed potatoes and gravy, and cranberry sauce. Then take it out to the desert, blow the hell out of it, and eat tacos.

The team's end should have been as dramatic as those exploding turkeys, but it had been mundane. Lack of funding. The phrase made Chingón sick. People got screwed when men with ties and glasses made decisions rather than men with bandanas and tattoos. And not in the woman-satisfyingly good way that Chingón screwed.

Chingón remembered the day the Explosioners said their goodbyes. Hearty handshakes and steel tears. He, of course, sexed Lady Firecracker one last time in a supply closet, making sweet love to her taut body with his pants at his ankles and a mop handle trying to get in on the action by way of his *culo*. It had been a tender and glorious

pounding. Some of Chingón's favorite explosions were of the sexual kind.

Chingón hadn't seen any of the team since that day five years before. Which was why it was so strange to have received an invitation for Christmas dinner from “Short Fuse” O'Reilly. Was it a trap? Was it a reunion? Was it a Christmas miracle? There was only one way to find out for sure.

Chingón had a plane to catch. He was headed to the Hobo's Paris. Chingón was going to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



CHAPTER DOS (CHAPTER TWO)

Chingón walked up the snow-dusted sidewalk, holding his Christmas present and a bottle of Mexican wine. Chingón wouldn't usually let grapes touch his tongue—he considered all fruit to be food for ladies and children—but Las Uvas de la Ira was fortified with fermented scorpion venom. Chingón liked the burn on the roof of his mouth and the twenty-percent chance of permanent facial paralysis. Chingón had faced worse odds so often that he scoffed at five-to-one.

Besides, Chingón rarely smiled.

He had carefully wrapped the Christmas present in rattlesnake skin with a goat-leather bow. He hoped O'Reilly appreciated the gesture, as he would miss Carajo and Cabron, the snake and the goat that sacrificed their lives to decorate the gift. Inside was a set of salt and pepper shakers, both shaped like penises. Chingón found them amusing.

The door opened before he knocked. Lady Firecracker stood in the doorway, backlit by the warm glow from

inside the house. So, Chingón mused, at least one other Explosioner had been invited. The female one.

Her real name was Dixie Lee Honeysuckle. Having experienced what was underneath that jacket and those clothes (and also her underwear), Chingón licked his lips at his memories of her nakedness and lady parts. She hadn't aged a bit. Chingón couldn't stop staring. He would definitely try to park his taco truck in her revitalized industrial cul-de-sac.

"Chingón," Lady Firecracker said, "I didn't know if you'd come."

"Chingón always comes," Chingón said.

He let that sit in the air. Lady Firecracker tilted her head.

Chingón continued. "Chingón found the invitation curious. Curiosity may have killed the cat, but the cat is out of the bag. Fighting like cats and dogs or raining like cats and dogs, there are many ways to skin a cat. It has nine lives and always lands on his feet. The cat's pajamas. Cats."

Lady Firecracker smiled, a hand on her hip. "You seem to have pussy on your mind."

Chingón stared at Lady Firecracker.

Lady Firecracker stared at Chingón.

Chingón's *verga* grew as hard as El Pipila, the stone monument dedicated to Juan Jose de los Reyes Martinez in Guanajuato.

Two minutes later they were making sweet, violent love in the doghouse in front of the house next door. Luckily the neighbors must have owned a Marmaduke not a Snoopy, as the doghouse was big enough for their amorous adventure. Their two naked bodies romantically slid around the dog hair and chewed bones. Every tender thrust Chingón made forced the air out of a squeaky toy shaped like a hamburger somewhere under Lady Firecracker. She moaned in time with the faux-meat squeaks.

After the four minutes necessary for mutual ecstasy, they separated their bodies. The dog hair stuck to their sweaty bodies, keeping them warm in makeshift sweaters. The smell was intoxicating.

“Chingón has been in many a cathouse, but a doghouse? This is a first for Chingón, and Chingón likes it,” Chingón said.

“You haven’t changed a bit,” Lady Firecracker said.

“Much like this fine Mexican wine, Chingón’s lovemaking gets better with age. And also like this wine, after experiencing it, your anus will never be the same,” Chingón said.

“We should join the others,” Lady Firecracker said. “They’ll be waiting.”

“Yes,” Chingón said. “After four more minutes.”

The bell rang for round two. Bare-knuckle. Jab. Body blow. Clinch. They both hit below the belt. They created new definitions for common words. Chingón coldcocked her. Lady Firecracker headbutted him. They both sucker punched. Performing the old one-two. Eventually, Chingón won by technical knockout. Lady Firecracker’s purse was his.



Everyone stood when Chingón and Lady Firecracker entered the room. Remnants of dog hair still stuck to their bodies.

They were all there, the former members of the elite, ragtag, crack team known as the Explosioners: “Short Fuse” O’Reilly, TNT Roosevelt, Nitro Yamaguchi, Hiram “Bad Attitude” Goldsilver, and, of course, Lady Firecracker’s former sidekick, Sparkler. The blond teen that Chingón had known had become a young man of twenty. The rest of the Explosioners looked the same as he remembered them, five years older and a few pounds

heavier. They appeared ready for action. Or at the very least, ready for dinner.

“Stone righteous to see you, my Chicano soul brother,” TNT Roosevelt said, slapping five on Chingón’s hand.

“It is an honor to see you once again, Chingón-san,” Nitro Yamaguchi said, bowing.

“Oy, you Mex meshugah, with the wine. I could’ve gotten a deal at wholesale,” Hiram Goldsilver said. He then proceeded to try to sell Chingón a watch.

Sparkler said nothing. A smile and a wave. He hadn’t spoken since his tongue had been removed by the Furry Kitten during a particularly bloody battle. Not a particularly scary name, but a formidable foe. That’s when the team started having second thoughts about a teenager fighting a trained Russian assassin and his mercenary army with little more than a modified flare gun and a fringed jacket.

“What took you so long? You were out there ten minutes at least. Is that dog hair?” “Short Fuse” O’Reilly asked.

“Just catching up, honey,” Lady Firecracker said, before Chingón could answer. She walked to him and kissed him on the cheek. “Short Fuse” O’Reilly put his arm around her waist.

Chingón looked through the modest middle-class living room, ending his visual tour at the fireplace mantel. O’Reilly and Lady Firecracker’s wedding picture sat prominently displayed.

Chingón had never liked O’Reilly, but now pitied him after the amorous banging of the man’s wife. Chingón saw the sad face of a cuckold, a man that knew...but didn’t know. A man who couldn’t please his woman in the ways that Chingón could please a woman. Who was Chingón kidding? Chingón knew that was all mortal men. For there was only one Chingón. And Chingón only had one penis.

O'Reilly gave him a suspicious look, but eventually smiled. "Good to see you, you spic bastard."

"Right back at you, you mick *pendejo*," Chingón said. "When Firecracker told me the two of you were married, she literally blew me to kingdom come."

Chingón patted himself on the back for his subtle wordplay for Lady Firecracker had performed mouth sex on him and he had, in fact, ejaculated. That was why it was funny.



They ate the corned beef and cabbage that O'Reilly had prepared. It wasn't carnitas, but Chingón found it delicious. They drank beer and tequila and wine and whiskey and a drink of Chingón's concoction, the ingredients a close-kept secret, known only as La Bestia Del Monstruo. The blindness it caused was only temporary. The former team reminisced for hours, the alcohol flowing freely and the stories even freer.

Chingón kept glancing at Lady Firecracker, who avoided eye contact. Yet her foot found his crotch for about a half-hour during dinner. Even though they had made tender-yet-aggressive love twice already, Chingón had an insatiable appetite. He wanted to steal four more minutes and lovingly screw her in a closet. He had tasted some of her sweet candy but still wanted a few more licks.

O'Reilly looked on, suspicious but without any evidence. This would not end well. Someone would probably end up getting exploded. They were the Explosioners after all. It would only be fitting.

When O'Reilly went into the kitchen to prepare dessert, Chingón and Lady Firecracker made an exit to the woodshed out back to plow each other's fields.

Two minutes into their sexing, the door swung open and O'Reilly stared at Chingón and his wife in a genital embrace. Lady Firecracker slowly removed her leg from

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ooo!”



Chingón, O’Reilly, and Lady Firecracker climbed into Chingón’s 1964 Chevy Impala. They were all that was left of the crack, ragtag, yet elite team known as the Explosioners. It was important they stuck together.

“Be careful of the upholstery. That’s genuine pandaskin,” Chingón said.

“I can’t believe you had sex with my wife,” O’Reilly said.

“Get over it,” Chingón said. “That is the past. History. I have forgotten it even happened. Now we must find who is responsible for this horrible act.”

“It’s got to be Colonel Homunculus. I’ve been receiving threats from him for the last few weeks. I honestly didn’t think he would act on them. As far as I knew, he was retired,” O’Reilly said.

“Homunculus? Two weeks?” Lady Firecracker said. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to worry you, honey,” O’Reilly said.

“And now our friends are dead,” Lady Firecracker said.

“*Callete*, the both of you,” Chingón shouted. “This is why Chingón has never married. Not only could one woman not possibly satisfy Chingón’s sexual appetite, but there is just too much talking involved. Chingón does not need to talk. Nothing good comes from talking. Or words. Chingón needs silence. Chingón needs action. Chingón needs to find Colonel Homunculus. And then Chingón needs to explode him.”

O’Reilly and Lady Firecracker nodded solemnly. Chingón was rarely wrong.

“Now,” Chingón said. “Do you know the location of his ranch where he keeps his mutant army of animal/human hybrids?”



CHAPTER TRES (CHAPTER THREE)

According to O'Reilly's sources, Colonel Homunculus's ranch was a few miles out of the city. Colonel Homunculus was the Explosioners' archenemy. The archest. In his misguided efforts to craft centaurs, minotaurs, and mermen through the evils of science, he had learned the error of false pride. God is not a discount stereo store. He does not put up with competition. He crushes it in bizarre and unexpected ways. The results of Homunculus's experiments were as horrific as they were loyal. An army of monstermen that regarded Homunculus as their master-creator.

Climbing through the underbrush outside a monster ranch was not how Chingón had pictured his Christmas evening. It was the first year in a decade that he had broken his Christmas tradition: a bowl of menudo, a can of pulque, a heavily-thighed Tijuana prostitute, a Cuban cigar, and a box of homemade gingerbread men in sexually explicit poses. He would enjoy all five in bed, a different order every time, the combination nearing perfection.

Colonel Homunculus would pay for Chingón missing his traditional Christmas. And also for his dead friends. Even though they were obliterated into tiny burnt pieces, Chingón had not forgotten his dead friends. Each tiny piece represented friendship to Chingón. Each fragment of skin and splatter of brain and burnt organ a symbol of their fraternity.

“That's it,” O'Reilly said, pointing at the large house and barn in the valley below. Somewhere beneath the

idyllic country setting lurked evils that only survived in the fringes of man's imagination. Even Chingón's expansive imagination had trouble contemplating the deformed horrors that awaited them, and Chingón's imagination had few boundaries. He had once imagined using a quesadilla as a taco shell. A true visionary.

"Did a leprechaun tell you?" Chingón said, sensing a trap and not trusting O'Reilly further than he could throw him—eight and a half feet, give or take.

"Unlike you, globetrotting all over the world and having sex with friends' wives, I have maintained my integrity and my contacts on the streets," O'Reilly said, his Celtic blood boiling to the surface.

"Stop it, you two," Lady Firecracker said. "What's the plan?"

A stupid question. Chingón did not bother to answer. Chingón stood and walked down the hill, out into the open, and toward the barn. He lit a cigar and let the plume of smoke trail behind him. With his other hand, he removed his whip from his belt.

Lady Firecracker let out a moan, finding it impossible to conceal her brief orgasm. Even O'Reilly would have had to admit to being slightly aroused. Chingón was that magnificent. Incredible in his awe-inspiring masculinity. A man among man. He was Chingón. Head Honcho in a Poncho. Tyrannosaurus Mex. The Patrón of the Combat Zone. Today, death wore a sombrero.

Chingón entered the barn, ready for action. He had faced Colonel Homunculus's biological grotesqueries before and knew their ferocity. Chingón knew that no man was a match for Chingón, but Chingón also knew that these were not men. They were half-men. Fists and feet were one thing, hooves and talons were another.

Chingón didn't care. Chingón took on all comers. Ducking a fight was not in his nature. If it lived, it could bleed. If it could bleed, it could die. Monsters exploded the

same as any living thing. In Chingón's roshambo, grenade beat rock, scissors, and paper. Grenade never lost.

Six steps inside, he heard the barn door slam and the bolt lock. A trap!

"*Caramba*," Chingón said.

But it was the sounds of breathing that rose from the shadows of the barn that gave Chingón the guillermos. Growls, snarls, and a howl. Like animals trying to speak. Almost words, but not. Too stupid to know they were animals. Which is exactly what they were.

"It's about goddamn time. It has been a full day since Chingón has faced a true challenge. It is time. Exactly fight o'clock at night," Chingón said. "I am ready, monsters. Let's dance the dance of fighting."

The aberrations that rose from the shadows were not the creatures that he had faced in the past. Colonel Homunculus had been busy. He had branched out. These were lady creatures. A she-bear, a leopardess, and wolf-woman. The wolf-woman was one serious-looking bitch.

More animals than women, they were still female. They had the same love parts. And Chingón had never met a female woman immune to his charms. It was worth a shot. Chingón struck his most masculine pose in an effort to seduce them. Monsters or not, they were only human.

They stared at him. The wolf-woman tilted her head to the side, trying to understand. It was working! Chingón had their attention. He didn't know how far he would go with his ploy. Would he sleep with them to save his life? He had done stranger, more degrading things, just for the story. And the she-bear had some righteous *tetas*.

"*Mamacitas*," Chingón said. "Chingón is here to tame you."

Chingón snapped his whip. The she-monsters jumped and hissed. Chingón knew immediately that he had played it wrong. He had assumed they liked it rough, but tenderness was what a monster craved. He had rubbed their fur against the grain.

He would have to save that knowledge for the next time he faced half-woman/half-animal hybrids. At the moment, he double-girded his loins for monster-battle.

The monster women attacked with the wanton ferocity of female abandon. Unbridled and savage. If Chingón was going to die on this day, he could not imagine a better way to go.

“*Ay-yi-yi-yi-yi*,” Chingón yelled.

The leopardess leapt on top of Chingón, her claws ripping the flesh of his shoulders, her teeth reaching for his neck. Using a judo move, Chingón managed to land on his back and flip her. She flew into an empty corral.

The she-bear lumbered forward. Chingón slid through her hind legs and tripped her from behind. The slow, clumsy beast fell forward.

But he couldn't stop three monsters at once.

The wolf-woman got its jaws around Chingón's wrist. The pain was excruciating. He punched the bitch in the face, but her jaw locked down harder. Before he could throw a second punch, the leopardess had her second wind and got his other wrist in her mouth, pinning him down.

He looked up. The she-bear stood over him, leaning down, drool dripping onto his poncho.

Was this the end of Chingón?



CHAPTER CUATRO (CHAPTER FOUR)

Of course it isn't, you *pinche pendejo*.

A loud whistle froze the animal women. They lifted Chingón up, his arms held up in crucifixion in the maws of mutant she-monsters, his feet just above the ground.

From the shadows, O'Reilly emerged.

“O’Reilly, you *cabrón*,” Chingón said. “Chingón knew it was you all along. All of this because Chingón made sweet love to your wife three times. Three times, not including the very quick mouth sex Chingón received when she pretended to drop her fork during the appetizer course. It was but sex.” Chingón paused.

“Chingón, you—” O’Reilly started to say.

Chingón cleared his throat. “It was but sex.”

“Ching—”

“Butt sex. Like in the *culo*. Is Chingón the only one with a sense of humor?” Chingón turned to the creatures that held him aloft. “You got it, didn’t you?”

The monsters only growled, but Chingón was pretty sure they got the joke.

“Chingón, it’s you that doesn’t get it.” O’Reilly said.

“Chingón understands that you are a jealous man. A humorless man. A man with limited masculinity. Take solace. Chingón has no plans to continue this amorous journey. It was nostalgia. Your wife, she was adequate at best. It is not fair to be just one woman when biblically knowing Chingón. Three is generally the minimum. Lady Firecracker, she is lusty, but reserved. The first three chapters of the Kama Sutra, at best. Fun, but not of the sex-caliber that really ranks among Chingón’s greatest conquests. A C-plus, at best.”

“Chingón,” he said.

And then his head exploded.

Chingón watched his old friend fall to the ground dead. Chingón knew something was wrong.

Lady Firecracker walked out of the shadows behind the shadows that O’Reilly had walked out of. The barn had quite a number of shadows.

She held a smoking pistol. She had just killed her husband, “Short Fuse” O’Reilly, Chingón’s friend.

“A C-plus?” she said.

“That was on a scale of F to C-plus,” Chingón said, feeling like he had covered his insult well. “It is the highest ranking.”

“You are a pig. Appropriate that you will die among animals,” she said. She nodded her head. The animal women lifted him higher, the pain more painful.

“It was you all along,” Chingón said. “But why? Why kill all the others? Even Sparkler, your teen sidekick.”

“Money, stupid. Lots of money,” Lady Firecracker said.

“From Colonel Homunculus?” Chingón asked.

“Of course not, you Mexican idiot,” she said. “I killed him weeks ago. I sent those letters threatening ‘Short Fuse.’ The trap was set. I waited and worked on gaining the trust of his monster women. It took little retraining to get his beasts on my side. His horrific treatment of them only made it easier. A little kindness goes a long way and their desires point more in my direction than in yours.”

“Lesbos! Of course,” Chingón said. “That was how they resisted my most ardent masculine wiles.”

“And now, Chingón, prepare to die,” she said.

“Not today, chica,” Chingón said.

In a quick motion, he ripped both wrists from the monsters’ mouths, blood spewing everywhere. He would have twenty seconds before he bled out, enough time to kick the she-bear in the vagina and push the other monsters away. He dove into an empty horse stall. Using the cigar that had never left the side of his mouth, he quickly cauterized his wounds.

Just as the monsters poked their head into the stall, he grabbed two grenades, pulled the pins—and to civilian eyes, it would appear that he threw them randomly.

But Chingón did nothing randomly.

Lady Firecracker fired two shots, but only managed to hit the leopardess on accident. And any zookeeper or lion-tamer will tell you, an animal is at their most dangerous when accidentally shot. The same holds true for monsters.

The hurt leopardess turned on Lady Firecracker, the other two animals following the alpha.

Just as the mutant lasses attacked Lady Firecracker, Chingón's strategically thrown grenades exploded.

When the smoke cleared, the barn walls were an abstract painting made from fur, blood, and lady-monster parts. Chingón picked up a fragment of Lady Firecracker's American flag cape as he approached her.

Lady Firecracker breathed weakly, holding onto the organs that spilled from her body. Chingón kicked one of her kidneys across the barn floor. She looked up at him with sad eyes.

"We were friends once," Chingón said. "And for that, Chingón is sorry to have killed you. But it was your betrayal, not Chingón, that truly killed you. Your dishonor. And the murder of our long-time friends. They are what killed you. And Chingón. And the grenade that shattered your body with shrapnel. That also had quite a bit to do with your impending death. The majority of it, if Chingón was being honest."

"I have always loved you," she said.

"Of course, you have. I am Chingón," Chingón said.

He leaned down and kissed her lips. He considered more, but anything more sexual would have been inappropriate in the circumstances.

"Merry Christmas," Chingón said and walked out of the barn. He threw a grenade over his shoulder. Without looking back, the barn exploded behind him.



Walking through the meadow with the smell of burning monsters in the night air, Chingón looked to the sky. One particular star appeared to burn brighter than all the others. Just like it had so many years ago. In another time, another place.

It reminded Chingón what Christmas was all about. It was not about presents or eggnog or prostitutes. It was not even about fighting monsters. Christmas was about that baby born in a manger. A boy born to a virgin mother, a mother so pure that even her son's birth was perfect and unsullied. Christmas was all about that small baby that would grow up, destined to become the Savior for all men. The true son of God. A man the world knew as...

Chingón

FIN

(Por ahora...)