

Bity Nightmare Byte

a
book
by

—Brendon Holden—

"I asked what
are you looking
at?"
the Doctor
yells, knowing he
had just
retarded the
man's mind,
"Charles
what are you
looking at!"

A black
child
named Bity
watches
his first
love die,
killing Bity.

She took
Bity's life in
her hands,
causing
Bity to
forget all.
He wakes
twenty
years later
as a white
doctor.

Mc. Bye's Famous Meat
Market was....
product

"Charles?"

Charles is the name I like to call my clients as I watch their minds retard as I gain power over them.

I love taking their power and then some, all the while not admitting to them or me, who they are, only Charles!

"Charles, Charles, are you listening, how are you feeling?"

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Bity
Nightmare
Byte

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

About the book

Bity, a young black child's youthful love suddenly dies, leaving Bity, causing Bity to forget all. Bity cannot help but keep death alive.

Twenty years later he is working as a white psychologist. Angry, Bity attempts to find his past, and if he does, and when he does—he gets a surprise of a lifetime!

Bity Nightmare Byte

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—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Bity Nightmare Byte

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—Brendon

Bity Nightmare Byte is a fictitious story and in no way to be taken in any other way. I wanted to write this story because I from time-to-time watch horror movies and wanted to give back. Horror for me is a small break from my normal daily routine. *Bity Nightmare Byte* should be enjoyed by such, those that need an escape from their monotonous living.

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Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Kiss her Bity!

Kiss her Bity, kiss her!" Lucifer B. says, Elvis Night laughs pointing at the girl lying in the coffin.

"I isn't kissing her," I say wondering if Lucifer was going to get us in trouble.

Most of the adults had gone outside to mourn, leaving us three looking at an open casket. Us all at the age of about twelve were not allowed to move when our parents were not in the room, not out of command, but out of a question, a question that still haunts me to this day.

Why are we not perfect?

Elvis Night came up with the stupid question and Lucifer seems to think that I have the answer; and if I do not, he appears as if he will catch my fall.

"Come on kiss her Bity, it is your wife," Lucifer says full of dis-belief—so much so, I doubt him.

"Real quick," Elvis says, "and then we will leave, and you will be married.

Moments ago, no, days, two days to be exact, I met Rebecca, she appeared in the small town in Wheelock Vermont. Her parents were wealthy; they paid much to place her in a small school of ten students. Grades ranging from second to twelfth.

I was extremely happy for something to happen in that small town, as a matter of fact I am still extremely happy for something to have happened that day, I still live that day.

The light pouring in the school window, it was so warm and sweet. Rebecca's hair blended in with the ancient light as if the light were herself; I truly could not tell the difference.





My heart became warm, I watched her sit down—at her wooden desk, place her small amount of school possessions inside her desk.

I was hoping she noticed me noticing her, and she did!

I could not take my eyes off her mature presentation, I wanted to be every moment—I was looking at.

I get out of my seat, life pouring out of my eyes, hoping to fill her body, I say, "I have a big dollar, you can have it," *big dollar* was an expression us children used after Elvis claimed to have gone into the future; he said—"money in the future was lacking money, the part that makes money—money, the big part," we laughed and kept saying it.

Ritty Nightmare Byte

Big was Rebecca, and I was hoping to impress; her eyes sparkled with pure white light, light that could instantly place me in absolute comfort, rest, and ecstasy, but deep within I knew it would make a big dollar, small!

"I will take your big dollar," Rebecca says, "and say to you, if you kiss me, I will marry you, and we will never be apart."

I turned my eyes, remembering my scars, hoping that when I looked back up, she would still be there, that I would not have ruined my everything.

I would not move in fear, if I kiss her, I could lose, and if I do not, I could lose.

I said the best thing I could think of.

"I will get you another dollar," I said—while choking on my lack of ability—making swallowing my saliva awfully hard.

I rush back over to my school desk. I do not move the rest of the day.

The next day after talking to Lucifer, Lucifer and I agreed that I was to present myself as a horse, her black horse, for us to never part.

Lucifer says his dad told him—that all a person needs in life is a wild horse, and because I was darker or rather black colored, I would be her horse, her wild nights ride!

I walked as so, a *wild night ride*.

Back in the mid-century, there was not school buses for most of the population, especially in North America, so like most children I walked to school. Most of the roads in the county I lived and schooled in were not paved.

Thursday morning, I am getting up, I through my one and only textbook in the brown paper lunch bag, the same bag I was using last year. I tossed it in a rush, such a rush—that the bag that never tore—ripped half-way down the middle.

It was springtime; I knew in spring the dirt road would be covered with mud, mud so thick and deep walking through the fields and forest nearby would be a more convenient way of walking to school. I must dress properly.

I did and out the door I went.

About mid-way from my old one room—plus my parents' room—house, to the school, as I was walking in the forest next to the road, enjoying the sun-



drenched—dead forest—from the previous killer winter, I see something. I move the branch that was in front of me.

“Who is there?” I ask.

“You sound like Bity, is that you?” I hear.

“Yes, it is I, who is there?”

“It is Rebecca, the girl you met yesterday at school.” She walks out of the tree branches covering her body and into the light.

I did not know how to respond; if I could have predicted this moment it would have ceased to be, it was far grander than a calculation.

It was so creepy, a young white black-eyed girl in the middle of the forest, unpredictable.

Horrifying!

"As black as my skin—horrifying, kill me" my father would say without regret.

This moment was so beyond the normal routine.

In surprise and delight I say, "there is a swimming hole not too far from here, we should spend the day there, rather than school."

I, because I tossed out calculation, I never calculated the consequence of me, or her missing school.

Quietly we walked to the river, miles away from the school.

I began to speak to her, I suppose in my heart, I felt there was no reason to restrain myself because she was not restrained from my desires.

As the day went on without being aware of it, most of my ability to live would be drained—as a bathtub, with limited amounts of water.

I never thought I was telling my ability to live, not to live, or rather throwing out my entire ability to live on the earth.

Everything I said she agreed with, and seemed to be doing as I, finding rest and pleasure from apparently what we purposely did, which was mocking our parent's way of living.

I became one with her that day, telling myself I would do anything for her, even beyond what I would do for my very own self.

She did likewise.

I instantly made billions of Universes with her, billions of plans, all with her included, having found the missing piece to myself, never to remember my past again.

I never kissed her that day, I was so sure that we were—that I never held her—to the promise that she made the first day we met, after—all, I had big plans with her.

I die just thinking about yesterday, now Lucifer to my right I hear him still saying, "come on Bity you must kiss her."

My mind again begins to wander.

As we departed yesterday—she wrapped her arms around me, and fire danced in my body; I was so one hundred percent sure I would never feel loss, rejection, or pain again!

I died inside, completely forgetting who I was, and forgetting my way of being.

Her eyes sparkled with charity as we parted.



I began to attempt to cry until I am no more, but then I remember Lucifer and Elvis; there rough presentation makes me hold back the tears and pretend to be as they are.

I quietly, careful to end Lucifer's present masculine-kindness, in hopes to still have a friend after—I walk up to the purple stained wooden child's coffin Rebecca was sleeping in.

I slowly lean over and kiss her.

That night at my father's house, I sit down at his partially working piano and begin to slowly play the music that was on the piano, *Maple's song*.

I begin to think as I play, casually looking at the words to the song, "I love you; I love you sweet honey, I love you so."

I never knew what it meant to kiss her, I would have stayed there and laid beside her, until we both were deep underground, but reality, my reality to force myself to live, to expect me to continue, even in the presence of the very night itself!

Bity Nightmare Byte

Written by

—Brendon C.M.C. Holden—

*Bity
Nightmare
Byte
Mare*

MAPLE'S SONG

Written by

Brendon C.M.C. Holden

Bity meets Rebecca.

Who he marries after she dies, leaving him this letter...

Art © 2020
Holden, B.

Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?

"I am here, wondering why you have left me here to face the light of day,"

Bity says.

This is what you shall do, you shall find me buried under the weight

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of society,

but not only me, but all those that have been buried.

That is where you will find me and my

Nightmare!

Holden

Bity Nightmare Byte

Written by



Brendon G.M.C. Holden
Maple's Song



In E^b Allegro

Vocal: I love you so sweet honey I love you I love you love you, don't say I don't

Pno. Sva

Vocal: I love you Oh sweet honey

Pno. Sva

Vocal: I love you so sweet honey I love you, yes I do I love I love you I love you

Pno. Svb

Vocal: Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?

Pno. Svb

Vocal: "I am here wondering why you have left me here to face the light of day,"

Pno. Svb

Vocal: Bity says "This is what you shall do, you shall find me buried under the weight

D.C. of society

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Bity Nightmare Byte

Letter Design by: Brendon Holden

but not only me, but all those that have been buried.

That is where you will find me and my

Nightmare!

Holden

Bity Nightmare Byte

Written by



Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Maple's Song

Written by

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



In E^b

Allegro

Vocal

Pno.

8vb

Vocal

mp I love you, I love you sweet honey I love you so sweet honey I love you I love you, love you

Pno.

Vocal

Don't say I won't,

Pno.

8va

Why meets Rebecca
 When he marries after she died, leaving him this letter...

Vocal

Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?

Vocal

8va

"I am here, wondering why you have left me here to face the light of day,"

Pno.

Bity says...

This is what you shall do, you shall find me buried up in the weight

of social

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but not only me, but all those that have been buried.

That is where you will find me and my

Nightmare!

Holden

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Written by



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Maple's Song

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

In E^b Allegro

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Any Variation are welcome

Repeat as much as needed and then end

END

Notes

Bity meets Rebecca.

So he marries after she dies, leaving him this letter...

Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?

"I am here wondering why you have left me here to face the light of day,"

Bity says.

This is what you shall do, you shall find me buried under the weight

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#bity #nightmare #byte #written #holden

but not only me, but all those that have been buried.

That is where you will find me and my

Nightmare!

Holden

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

1.1

Twenty years later

Here I am New York city, I finally did it, I held it all together long enough to get a job that does not respect slavery. This should be easy; I say to myself—as I splash water on my face in a New York subway bathroom.

A train begins to go by.

I hope that is not my train.

I wipe off the excess water with my hands, casually looking at my watch.

Ten o'clock! Good, I still have a couple of hours. I look back up toward the mirror, at my white face, brown hair—that is now starting to curl—against my will.

I look like a psychologist I say to myself, studying my white face, attempting to recall my past, but as usual, I cannot. I want to remember, and I have sought help, the doctors have told me to separate everything to recall myself, and I have tried, but I am not going to go much further than that.

I have one photograph. I have been carrying with me for over ten years. Written on the back it says, *Pop, Dad.*

I figure that must be mine, it must have something to do with my past. The other thing I carry with me is a song, Maple's song. It was signed to what I think could be my Mom and Dad as a gift.

At some point I thought I could play it, but as usual I proved myself to not be or rather out of my mind.

Well Maple this one is for you!

I brush off my coat and gladly and full of happiness swing the bathroom door open; I whistled as I went.

I was so happy...until a twelve-year-old blonde girl started talking negative.

Some horrible words began to come out of her mouth, I guess I could say I lost it, that is if I ever had it.

I walked the six feet distance from me to her and in automatic rage bounced her head off the wall several times, looking in between bounces, making sure none had seen.

After the fourth or fifth bounce I noticed her nose crush inside her face. I was relieved.

Blood trickled out of her eyes—as well as her nose.

I looked in my moment of relief; *I think I screwed up.*

There is no way that child could have been, what she mouthed off to be.

She was light, positively light!

The messed-up part about this, is she took all her positivity—to keep negativity and caused me to act out-of-my-mind.

Not fair!

I cannot help that I am an automatic killing machine, she must have not got that.

If her Mom were to say do not jump in front of a train, the young girl most likely would have listened, but if her Mother tells her who she is as a child...

I suppose she must be lying!

This is not my fault; I did not take great pleasure watching her head bounce off the wall as dark, plus I think I cracked the wall, I had to have broken her skull.

She was so mouthy!

Bang, Crack, I loved smashing her head in!

Ahh.

I looked at her bloody head, now facing down, pathetic, nobody to help.

I won, I win that one, "*hear me I win,*" I yell!

I get a little emotional, I am sick of people as light and shining, they get free shots when they are not.

That is not like Charles!

"Charles see you are dead, you are dead," I say laughing.

I wipe off the little blood that splattered on my head. I begin making my way to my new stable life, a job, without failure.

I show up at my new office early, hoping to meet my employer halfway—for such comfort in hiring me.

Not only did they hire me but offered to pay more than I could think I am worth.

City Nightmare Byte

Three hundred thousand, *plus a fifty thousand relocation bonus*, that is what they offered me to work here. With the fifty thousand I spent the past month moving into an old cheap factory building.

The building was built over a century ago and was about to be tore down.

The city thought I bought the land; I did not tell them I planned on living in the building for as long as the building remained standing.

The power lines were out or removed when I bought the building. The old electric services no longer worked. I must rent electricity off the truck station across the street, in my opinion it is my electricity; I bought and had installed a meter, if worst comes to worst—I will pay the city ten thousand to re-run the line to my property.

Plumbing does not work, and I am not telling anyone that. I figure forty to sixty hours a week working as a human psychologist I do not really need a home life—that is not in the city's entertainment facilities.

Although I spent ten thousand to fix up, I only fixed up one of the rooms in the old factory. The ten thousand spent, was spent on, and would include heat, drywall, insulation, and a good security system.

*

"Doctor Nightmare," I hear interrupting my thoughts, "so glad you are here, let me show you to your office and give you some of the background of the clients you will be working with.

We quickly walk to a room in the far back, "good quietness."

"Doctor Nightmare, as you may know our city has had some major problems with some of the youth; they have never adopted to authority, they most of the time are," he pauses, "how should I describe them," he looks straight at me, eyes wide open and says, "animals!"

Your job with these animals is either take their way for us to learn from—and if you cannot, use any means possible to rid of the individuals from society."

I knew what he meant; I grew up around these ideas—the idea that was run by me.

Plainly he wants me to kill them—if I cannot learn from them, but we will not admit kill, we use such terms as authority problems, but is truly *kill!*

If I find it necessary, I know how to command their brains to shut down. I took far too much pleasure in doing it, rarely do I.

My boss leaves the room.

That was brief, I get why he wants me here, because it is a dirty job, but I am not going to regard it, I get paid well, plus I get to bring down minds the way I like, my technique.

I take a seat in my black leather chair, listening to the comfort of silence, I pop my lips, put my hands behind my head—ready for a stress-free day.

One hour goes by and nothing, two hours goes by and still nothing. This is going to be easier than I thought it would be.

I can use this time to try to recall some of my past.

I cannot remember a thing!

I keep visualizing a young black-haired child, possibly by the name of Rebecca.

I think long, could this be something from my past?

I am interrupted, "Doctor Nightmare, Wally is here."

"Have him come in," I say.

A young chubby, blacked-haired teenager walks in.

We get around the basic introduction of ourselves and nothing...

I know what to do!

The chubby little fellow gives me a wink, a cute little wink, a chubby wink.

"What do you recall about your childhood?" I ask.

At that moment, at my friendship he began acting and looking like he was going to burst; I almost expected within the next few moments there was going to be flesh and blood spattered all over the walls.

"Kid what can I honestly do for you?" I ask.

He runs, stumbling out of my office and into the hallway.

I was taken back by the action.

Five minutes, ten minutes, thirty minutes go by, no little chubby kid!

I get out of my chair listening to the gentle sounds of the chair being uncompressed.

I investigate the hallway and there is the young man, being pronounced dead.

Charles? Huh?

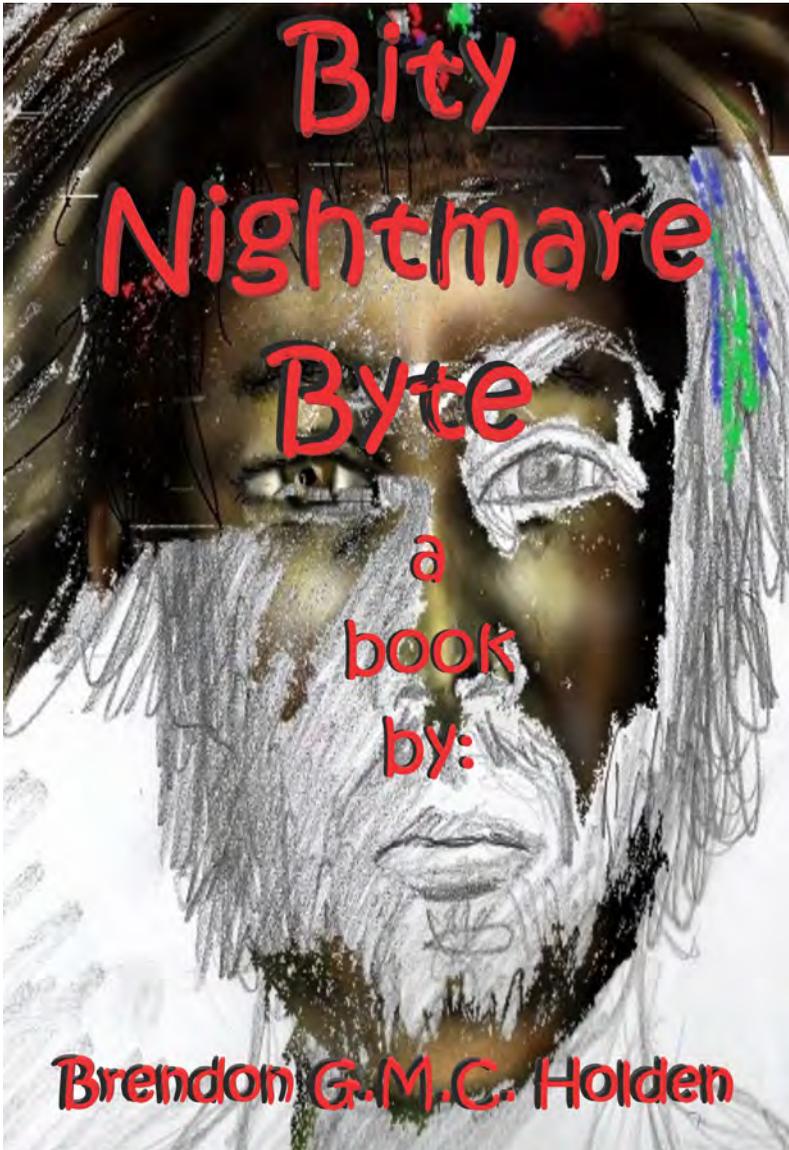
I could not believe it! *I liked the wink, it was cute.*

I did not do that to that young man.

Bity Nightmare Byte



Brendon G.M.C. Holden



City Nightmare Byte

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Being Frank

Frank, glad you could make it; it is a damp day," I say greeting him into the office.

I sit down in my leather chair in my new office.

Frank sits down—in authority as his own independent boss.

He starts off his conversation complimenting and begins strongly advising things I should do in my office.

"But you like it that way, you like it," Frank says concluding his conversation.

I could not stand being in the room with this guy. *Come-on Bity, the money is good*, I say to myself.

I get up to make my noon tea.

A stress-free moment.

"Now Frank, let us get back to you and your anger/mental problems," as soon as I said that—I lost the ability to control my hostile rage.

I thought my stress-free tea would help, but it did not. I accidentally flung my stress-free tea up against the upper wall of my office sink and began to search to relieve myself.

"Do you have a mental problem?" I bark.

I noticed I was abusing his mind—as I expressed my uncontrollable rage, and I began hoping I was not going to fail the moment.

In a rage I grabbed my apple slicer.

I laughed as I won.

I could almost have thought my insult toward him caused the rage, as if we were one, but it was not, it was a problem I know I have, but this time he had anger and attempted to give me more of it.

Strong but a mortal. I wipe the blood off my face and began to clean up.

Frank, an unstable problem, such an honest problem!

A quick work I made of the man, Frank, and I knew J would be here by three o'clock. I stuff Frank in a big black barrel on wheels, hoping later I would wheel him out to the trunk of my car.

Three o'clock, *Yes!*

"Doctor Nightmare"

Knock, Knock, I hear on my office door.

"Yes, send him in" I answer.

J walks in, a typical suburb young adult; he has a garage and nobody else does, more like a gang that nobody else does.

I wonder why they sent him here.

"J, right?" I ask to make known my presence.

"What can I help you with?" I ask.

"The health department sent me down here to the lower part of town, they for some reason made an appointment, and I am keeping it.

"Okay," I say making a fake note on my yellow office paper.

I pop my lips, I take a breath, and I give him a look of seriousness.

"Why are you here?"

"Doctor," J begins saying, "the people," he stutters.....

"The people are acting like ah..."

"Machines" J concludes.

I was in delight as I heard that, I know exactly what he is saying, a conspiracy, my favorite, and most likely it is true.

But I know that if I approve of his mind set, I will be the blame if things get out of hand.

I must fix this; I will correct him.

"Charles, Come-on, that is not okay," I say—looking at him noticing his switch of presentation from positive to negative.

I began to get a bit mad; I recall the young girl in the subway earlier today.

"Charles," my tone gets louder, "that is not okay."

I begin to realize I am going to make a victim out of him.

I shove five complete sentences into him, making a paragraph—all with about five Charles attached, alongside of some profanity.

I become a snowball rolling down a hill, bigger and faster, sucking up the wet snow in my way.

I watch as blood begins to trickle down his face and onto my desk.

Apparently, his blood wanted to add on to the snowball, "not today Charles, not today. I am sorry I do not do that."

J squids, "please stop yelling at me," with the sound of a young girl.

Rity Nightmare Rite

I knew at that moment he had a chance of survival, the girl that voiced would have to live paralyzed in the hospital—from heavy brain damage for the rest of its life or give up and be little.

His hands go up grabbing his ears. His hands become bloody.

Blood began to drain out of his ears.

A young girl sounds.

J falls to the floor.

Right then I go to the bathroom to power myself up overpowering J.

I come back out; I notice J on the phone.

"The Doctor...."

"The Doctor lost his mind or something," J quietly cries.

I run over in power, in a massive cat like prey-powerful rage-power-trip! I rip the phone out of his hand, smashing it on the floor.

"Charles you are wrong, I did not lose my mind, and as of right now it looks like you have. I mean, you seem not to notice, kind of delusional about who is in power in this particular situation, okay," changing my voice to a parental authority; "I think we are going to have to tighten up the ropes regarding your treatment."

I pick up the partially broken phone, I can make out the last number he called, it was the police station.

"Those people hired me to kill you Charles, they cannot take your bad mouth. I am not the bad person here."

"You know that little problem that tells you when you have a problem, you are that problem in their world Charles, a problem that appears to have no cure."

"I," I demand, "I, have come to take care of that problem."

I wrap my hands around his throat and begin to squeeze.

I begin to sing:

I put the tree up.

I look at the bells.

The light seems to twinkle as if you can tell.

Lying on the carpet is a brand-new pup.

He will not stop from looking up.

Puppy seems to wait for old Chris Crinkle.

A man known without a wrinkle.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

I put my feet up.
I look at him yell.
He sees Mr. Crinkle in the fire he fell.

I pick my cup up.
I look at the hell.
The light seems to twinkle as if you can tell.

Fire on the man, doesn't seem so well.
Puppy, you know, that is something we can sell!



OLD



KRIZ



CRINKLE



- Brendon G.M.C. Holden -



Bity
Wightman
Ryfe

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Old Kriz Crinkle

Written by
Brendon G.M.C. Holden

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[Length: approximately 3:13:00]



OLD KRIZ CRINKLE

- Brendon G.M.C. Holden -



Written in E^b

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

I put the tree up, I look at the bells
Second line: 1 Octave higher (Silence)

Vocal

The light seems to twinkle as if you can tell. Lying on the carpet is a brand new pup He will not stop from looking up.
(Silence) Puppy seems to wait for Old Kriz Crinkle A man know without a wrinkle.

Pno.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



OLD KRIZ CRINKLE

-Brendon G.M.C. Holden-



Written in E^b

Vocal

MP

Piano

P

Svb

Vocal

Piano

Vocal

ff C B^b A^b G

I put my feet up. I look at them yell.

Second line: 1 Octave higher (Silence)

Piano

Svb

Vocal

He sees Mr. Crinkle in the fire he fell. I pick my cup up. I look at the hell. The light seems to twinkle as if you can tell.

(Silence) Second line: 1 Octave higher

Fire on the man dosen't seem so well. Puppy you know that is something we sell.

Piano

Svb

Rity Nightmare Byte



OLD KRIZ CRINKLE



-Brendon G.M.C. Holden-

Written in E^b

Vocal

MP **P**

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

ff C B^b A^b G

Old Mr. Crinkle might not know so well,

svb

Vocal

but let me be the first one I will tell: Man on the corner with drugs he will sell, risking your life in the danger of hell,

Pno.

svb

Repeat one octave higher

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



OLD KRIZ CRINKLE



Written in E^b

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Vocal

for Old Mr. Crinkle I'll buy him a well. Gifting many might sell, but don't fear so well, but don't

Pno.

Vocal

fear so well.

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Vocal

Pno.

Bity

Would you like some water, I have cool-aid," I ask my newest client, a client that has attempted to rob the economy.

"Yes Doctor, I will take some cool-aid," she says carelessly, without knowing that glass of cool-aid cost about one dollar.

Raging about the lack of care I stick some E in the glass. (E is a medicine only giving to Doctors, most likely because it can cause an automatic seizure.)

One big gulp and the cool aid is gone, and I have a permanent epileptic patient.

"Sophia you must take your seizure medicine," I demand.

"I do not want to Mr. Nightmare.

"Look Sofia, I will be quite frank with you, if you fall down and do not find the bottom enough times, you will not be getting back up."

"Okay Doctor, I will take the medicine.

I laugh, I laugh, I laugh!

Later, Sophia apparently died from a stress related disease, and they left me with the corpse, I faked a death certificate, faked a funeral, and brought the body home and made one of my better dolls, it was so good I decided to place it in my new art show.

"Wow Doctor, that is so life-like," a passerby says.

"Yes, a new technique, bottomless wax," I respond adding a touch of sophistication to my words.

"Marvelous—Doctor."

A child disregarding parental authority says, "what is bottomless wax?"

I look around noticing it is just me and the child and decided to relieve myself.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

"If I told you why, you might not find the bottom, the bottom that keeps your feet above the earth! So do not ask such stupid questions," I bark.

The child freaks out and runs off.

Later I find the child in the bathroom and notice a small attitude and I began verbally communicating.



Rity Nightmare Byte



Bity Nightmare Byte

Written by:

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

"Another dirty dish???"

I could **cut** my hands on this ducking shit, you ducking dumb B....!!!

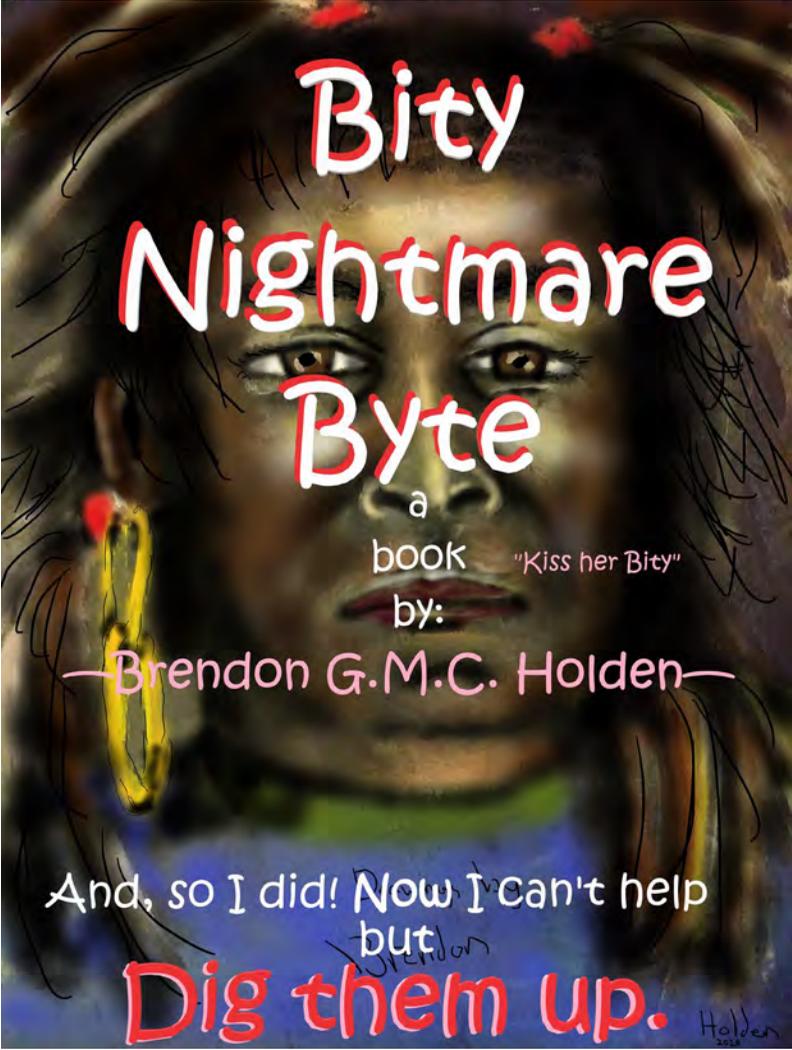
"Duck you!"

How the duck do like this thing around you? *Huh? Huh?*"

"Duck you," Bity says, his rage not permitting him to consider what he is doing, "Duck you!"



Holden



Bity
Nightmare
Byte

a
book "Kiss her Bity"
by:

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

And, so I did! Now I can't help
but

Brendon
Dig them up.

Holden
2018

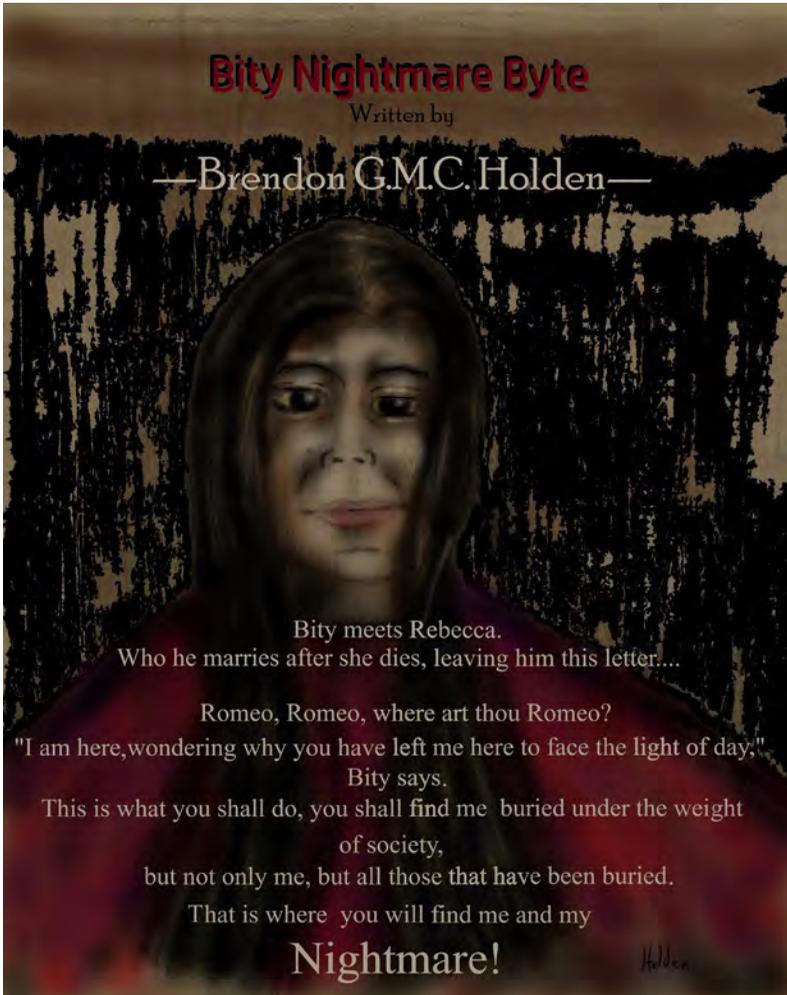
Bity Nightmare Byte

2.1

Who is Bity?

Who am I?

I wonder and dig into my memory only to find this mental map.



Brendon G.M.C. Holden

2.2

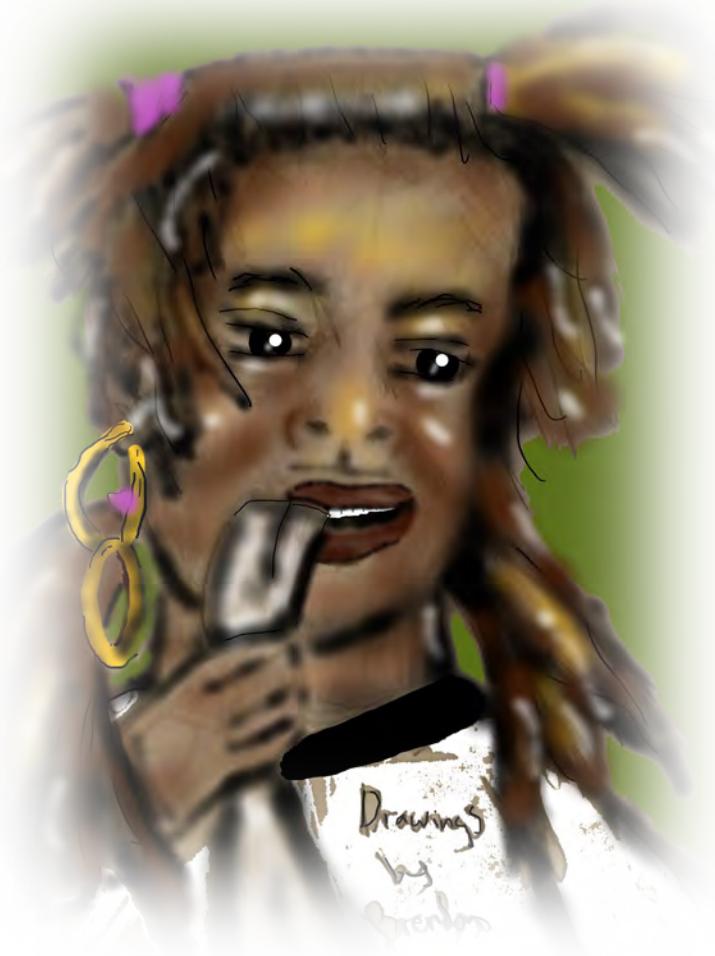
Another fresh corpse

Cold night, the smell of the approaching winter air fills my lungs.
I close the back of my new nineteen eighty eight pick-up truck.
“Another fresh corpse,” I say.
“What was her name,” I ask myself.
Sause Wid, that is right, just a young girl when she died.
I could not wait to take her home; she then will be all mine.
I creep down the dark street I was temporarily staying on, I jump out of my truck, and unlock the garage door, hoping that I would not get caught.
Yes!
I did it. I lock the door to the garage, sealing the outside—unknown world from causing me to live their light.
I jump anxiously and full of excitement into the back of my truck.
Lifting the purple coffin cover back to catch a good glimpse of what is now mine, my puppet, my friend!
Most of the flesh of the corpse was unknown like, but it did not matter to me, I was in sick-love, I grab the young lady and put her into my arms.
Good her arms did not fall off. I jump out of the back of my truck.
I gaze at the dead lady for weeks, for an entire month, in love, full of passion, at rest. I no longer live amongst the dead as I appear to be, I am asleep, hoping I do not have to wake up, but I know I must; I force myself to, for my father do I!
I know what I should do with the corpse, I will make a dish for my new girlfriend.

“She will be over tonight” I hear Rebecca say—without saying it.

*

“Flippers, so glad you could come, and I have dinner ready,” I say—with a feminine tone in my voice, knowing that once she had eaten, she would be my new rest, my sleep, my puppet.



As she was eating, I gazed at her beauty wondering why this glorious creature appeared to matter to me!

She continued complimenting me on my cooking skills, that she never tasted food that good!

It all made sense to me, that is why I do what I do, because there is not another better.

Flippers began to slow in eating, and I began to let her know....

"Eat your dinner," I say, "eat your dinner," and then I began to get abusive and started calling her every evil thing I could come up with.

Bity Nightmare Byte

"Mouth, all you do is run it, women like you are like that, they do not shut up" I say as I grab her by the head and smash her up until she fit the molded cast—I had made for her.

Three feet tall stood the puppet and I fit two hundred pounds of flippers into it.

"I am just that good."

As I am about my business, I notice some of the child's remains still in the back room.

I bet Bill is hungry, he usually is.

Later the next day, after Bill finished feasting on sausage and burgers, the kid got a bit mouthy.

I turned him around, my pelvis mildly hugging his behind—and presented a startling image—as I walked him into the back room.

"How do you like that?"

"Huh?" I speak, "how do you like that?"

I mildly nudged him until he looked at the partial corpse in the garage.

"How do you like me now? *Huh?*" I am going to wash your mouth out."

"Stop," the boy says, "stop!"

"Shut up" Bity replied.

"You are going to be my clown, my new clown Ms. Happy, Sara Happy.

That is what I am calling you.

"Put on her dress!" Bity commands.

"I want to watch you eat the rest of her.

Put it on!" Bity yells

The young man does—with tears in his eyes, ignoring the blood and flesh stained on the dress.

I put on soft music and began to dance with the man—with tears in his eyes.

"When you get hungry you let me know," Bity argues.

Bill and I played for days, one of the days we played we created a photo shoot. Bill was so beautiful, or shall I say Sara Happy, so beautiful, a star, my new puppet. I knew everyone would love her.

Sara's first modeling job!

I told myself to hide the photos, I would put them on display with the fresh new Sara Happy. I even went out and bought a wig to flavor up Bill.

I began to paint his flesh with PA.

PA is a flesh preserver, as Sause became Bill and they united I preserved them together, forcefully, involuntary on the part of Bill. I told him I would do much worse if he did not submit.

Not many days later Tom's sister comes knocking on a door of one of my friends; she snooped around to find that information.

Knock!

Knock!

I rush to the door.

"Doctor, can I come in, my brother is missing, I am not sure how I can find him," Jill states.

"Yes, you can come in, anything to help out a friend."

So, you know Tom?" Jill asks—to confirm the situation.

"Oh yes Tom and I have had some good moments over the past ten years," I say—all the while praising myself for keeping calm.

I walk Jill to the entertainment room. We both sit down.

"Tom is ah, how shall I say this, ah, worrying," Jill pauses."

Doctor, is something burning in here."

I lost my ability to hold back a small amount of rage, "a black man?" I yell.

"What?" Jill replies.

"It is Sunday Jill my windows are rolled up; yes, you cannot smell pot if the windows are rolled up."

"It is because I am black, isn't it?" I say giving Jill a look of hatred."

"Doctor you are white, what are you talking about."

Rage filled my body!

I lunge out of my chair, "it is because I am black, you racist f***** b****, you dumb human being."

"I am sorry Jill, I think I need a cup of water," I say and then the rage strikes again.

I grab her by the hair, missing the wall, I see the black end of a fluffy sofa.

I get angrier having not watched her head slam off the wall.

Now I am in total blackness.

I watch Jill take flight ten feet across the room all done by the hair of her head.

I run over to make sure I do not waist any of the rage.

City Nightmare Byte

Yes, I have Old Mc. Jilly I say while placing a robot in the cafeteria of my Mall:

Old Mc. Jilly works on a farm B.I. Feed I so!

Laughter gushes out of my mouth.

With a hack hack here and a wack wack there, everybody hack hack.

Old Mc. Jilly works on a farm, B.I. Feed I so.

Oh yeah, this one is going to be the owner of Old Mac Jilly's.

I will build it from scratch and have people come and eat the dead. Yes,
good idea!

I took out of my savings a few million dollars, money I have made from
several attractions around the world; people cannot help but love my dead!

**Bity
NightMare**



Holden

The making of Mac Jilly's

Jim?" I ask over the phone.

"Yes, is this Nightmare," he replies.

"Over the years you have been a great manager, putting into action some of my greatest works."

"Do you remember Curtain themes?" I ask.

"Oh yes I surely remember," he replies.

"Well, I have something better! And because you are one of my top guys—putting my plans together, I want to offer you a new deal."

"What do you have in mind," Jim asks.

"You are going to love this," I pause giving a moment of reveal, "A chain of restaurants."

"What?" Jim asks excitedly.

"Yes, Jim, a chain of restaurants serving double meat, price stays the same. And its name, drum roll please: Old Mc. Jilly's."

I hear nothing.

"You know Old Mac Jilly had a farm," I say, "in other words he, Old Mac Jilly can sell his meat cheap because he owns the farm," I say.

"Great idea Bity, I am positive this will work," Jim replies.

"Yes, you like it?" I ask.

"Definitely Bity, how much am I getting to set it up?"

One million dollars for eight months of work, eight restaurants," I say.

I hear a pause come over the phone; I hear some papers moving.

"Can you, do it?" I ask.

"Yes, sure thing, wire me all the money tonight," Jim explains.

"Okay and if you need any more, just swing by, I will take it out of my home safe."

"Just remember—as you are going, these places have to be the best, top, somewhere you would want your family to eat; ask around."

"I will call you in eight months."

"Okay," Jim says.

"And Charles...."

"Yes boss," Jim says.

"They better be done in eight months, like I told you before, you have always—in the past—made these things happen for me, do not fail me," I say hanging up the phone.

Old Mac Jilly's" I say to myself, if they like looking at the dead, they sure are going to love eating them."

"And after they eat them, I will turn them into puppets."

"I will have to hire a whole new crew to work the Mac Jilly's Club, that is where I will give a bath of a solution of preservatives."

"And then those that eat will live together as puppets, the family of Old Mac Jilly's."

"Old Mac Jilly had a barn, see I, feed I, know."

3.1

And then some

Eight months later....

My phone rings, a phone number only a few can call, and one of those few is Jim.

It must be Jim.

"Jim!" I say immediately and confidently.

"Boss, they are done!"

"Earlier than expected," I reply.

"I needed to impress my best customer," he says.

"Great, give me the addresses, I have to tell my crew where to start working," I say expecting this conversation to be brief.

"You know where you can reach me if you need me" Jim says.

"Bye Jim, thank you, you are wonderful," I say waiting to hear him hang up.

Good!

"Old Mac Jilly's," I say tipping back my office chair, puffing on my cigar.

Who to call?

I know! the United Morgue; I will simply have him reroute the bodies of the best ten years to my freezer. From there I will turn them into the best burgers around; two pounds of meat for the price of one.

A few days later I drive to my huge freezer; two football fields could fit into this thing.

"Oh yeah," I say as I walk in, checking on the entire operation.

"Bill!" I say noticing him in the freezer, "how is the operation?"

"Good boss!" Bill says, "let me show you around."

All the men knew about the dead was they were preparing the bodies with a new and more efficient way to bury them.

I also mentioned to them I was the new FDD's new law. Obviously, they believed me—without checking or confirming the fake paperwork I handed to them.

I had purposely made up the fake paperwork in hopes they would ask me, and I could abuse their minds for doubting all, but they must have known, and I knew not to shove it down their throats, most hate paperwork.

"So, we have the solution in this kettle here," Bill says pointing a large kettle of liquid, "we take a dozen or so of the remains of bodies and put them in the solution, and over here is where we take the bodies after the solution and grind them up."

"Over here is the special little casket, sealed with the solution and the bodies—you asked for, sealing the dead on the inside of the box," Bill yells through the sounds of the machinery.

"Good!"

"Good job Bill, how many boxes have you done?" I ask.

"Couple hundred," Bill says.

"Good, let me show you where we are going to send them."

I gave bill the address to a place that a private truck is to show up, in secret, to deliver it—to another secret building and so on until finally it reaches Old Mac Jilly's, several Old Mac Jilly's.

From start to finish I had eight restaurants ready in under a year...

An Old Mac Jilly's paradise.

At years mark I had made more than it cost to create the franchise, all this and only serving for about three months.

These places were up and running twenty-four seven. They did not stop serving the public.

Some families would stop by Old Mac Jilly's four times a day.

They loved the stuff.

I refused to eat it, but I know why they love the stuff, the dead! They are just that delicious.

Once I had enough support from the community I began casually placing—within my food joints—my automated robots.

Once the media got word of Doctor Nightmare's automatic robots being in the restaurants, I had requests from all around the world.

It was a success.

The more they ate, the more I hired hitmen to control the Old Mac Jilly's clubs.

City Nightmare Byte

They would do the “hack hack here and a whack whack there,” I never told the killers what I was doing with those they killed.

I kept the killers from knowing each other, I kept it all secret.

Soon I had hundreds of automated puppets.

I created a way for others to build without fully knowing the entire scheme.

A couple years later with billions of dollars pouring into my account, hundreds of restaurants I made a news conference,

“Thank you everyone, all those that support my work, thank you very much. I will now be offering Old Mac Jilly’s in the local grocery store, today we are shipping out the food, so please support your local Old Mac Jilly’s homemade meals.”

“Thank you again for supporting me and Jill.”

People began to clap.

I could have almost formed a tear in my eye from the outpouring of love and support, but I knew that they were, like, eating the stuff, not me.

I began to make a huge operation making Old Mac Jilly’s homemade meals, I must have dug up every corpse that ever existed, passing it all off to firsthand workers, as a new federal law, required to bury the dead.

I convinced them all that most of the viruses from the past few hundred years were due to improper burials.

They never knew that what they put into the little box a couple of states over would replace the box with a freezer bag and from there—a few states down I would have them stamp the product with a stamp saying, *Grass Fed Beef*.

From there it was again changed from Grass Fed Beef to a known name of a beef distributor.

Nobody had a clue.

I had the boxes filled with mud and shipped to fulfill what a lot of thought was to properly bury the dead.

All worked out!

I could suddenly recall the smiles on the faces as they said, “this is the best beef ever.”

I was in a secret location getting millions of letters and gifts, I personally did not touch a lot of it, but I hired people to take care of that for me.

If there was something needed my team at Old Mac Jilly’s would handle it.

I have so much power and money, I ought to move Rebecca to a safer location, maybe build a house for her.

I did!

In under a year, I bought her a fantasy house.

At first, I thought to leave her in her coffin, but the more I thought about it the more I wanted to play with her, I wanted to see her.

I slowly, after many years of not seeing her, I opened the casket.

“Amazing!”

Her body still looked the same as the day I watched the men bury her.

Her white dress still radiating purity, her black hair said I am still alive.

Although some of her face started to rot—she looked wonderful!

I can do some fix ups on her, some make-up here a little plastic there and she is a living child once again.

I gently carry her coffin and begin to work.

3.2

Betty Sause

I need something bigger, something to make the people wonder. I began to think hard.

What do others need in their life?

Most of the time they love what would liberate their borders of what they call their life.

What if someone dug up someone great? What if that someone was me?

Someone famous!

Yes! I hear my mind respond.

I got it, the people would be drawn to the law breaking of one of the best and biggest people in the entire world; they would not know what to love, but I am sure if I cover it so no one knows, they will be in love with my new creature, Betty.

I must do some research!

Weeks later I mapped out the location of the treasure, I triple checked to make sure all security measures were in place.

I began to dig.

Twelve hours later, I applaud myself: I left no evidence, nobody knew, and I now, before dawn—have a fresh corpse in the back of my truck.

One of the world's most gorgeous and talented singers from the past twenty years, I cannot believe I am getting away with this.

I began to recall the moment that I placed the gas tube in the window of the security officers.

They will never know!

Precious perfume blast me in the face as soon as the casket was open.

She was buried in a stunning white dress; her hair was if it was just done yesterday. I could have kissed her, but most of the body now decayed.

Although the law had been broken, I tell myself I would not deny my creation, my creature of wonder and amazement.

I took Betty and placed her in my bed that night, I crawled under the covers beside her.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

I began to think hard about how I could preserve such with nobody figuring it out. The people who enjoy her must be liberated to not find her beginnings—causing a downfall of all that I created, not just for my sake, but for all!

Hang that M***** F*****

Rebeka keeps speaking, taunting me. "Bity go North."
I cannot understand what she means, every other encounter I knew what she meant—with oneness, but not this time.

Frustrated I look at my watch and then the calendar, Saturday, eleven o'clock.

I was so restless I forgot to think to do at all.

C'mon Bity, do, just do!

It was hours of driving before I realized it was Saturday.

I will drive North. I have done this before, a trust drive.

"O sweet Rebeka don't you cry for me; I'll go and kill the man and that will set us free."

That was the song I sang repeatedly hoping that by any chance my hands would be guided.

I glance up at the road sign, Welcome to Vermont.

I am in Vermont! Yes! I love Vermont, I could almost think I lived here before.

"You did." I hear from the back seat.

I look behind me. Nobody was there.

I drive a little longer—before I get spooked and stop the car and begin to run into the woods.

I hate the darkness I utter.

I sit. Comfort once again fills my body.

You know what Bity; I isn't getting back into that car.

I begin walking through the pine forest.

Hours do I walk.

I arrive in a small town, Wheelock appeared to be the towns name.

Wheelock General Store, Wheelock Garage, Wheelock School. That must be the name of the town, Wheelock.

"Stay here," I here in a dark feminine voice mixed with fire—removing my gain.

What can I do in this town, I ask myself, preparing my mind to have some fun?



I need some money. I walk over to the brand-new wood-board sided tiny country store.

I swing open the door, the bells above let me know I was walking in.

Coffee aromas filled the air.

"What is you doing," I yell into the air.

Nothing.

If you are here, I will be staying here tonight.

I hear a laugh.

I laugh.

Rity Nightmare Byte

An older man walks out from one of the back rooms.

"You are a black man; we do not get many black men up this way."

"So, I can stay in the store," I ask.

"Yut," the old white hared man said, adding, "take what you need.

I knew what that meant, but did I?

First think I did was grab some bottled sugar to wash down some baked potato chips.

I know what that meant!

I decided to help the town.

*

"Hang that M***** f*****!"

"Hang him," I hear in delight.

It front of me is the wooden platform I designed, placed on the old dirt courthouse parking lot, a parking lot that still gave a strong sense of horses and carriages. Horses and carriages protecting the small town they called Wheelock.

Hang that m.f.!

I look up I see the white hands place the white rope around his neck and kick the black crate from under his feet.

I laugh, I laugh, I laugh. I remember my childhood!

Bity Nightmare Byte

U B Meat market

ew, oh...
there is
something in the
meat

Yes I found
a unicorn...

Holden
2021



Are you talking to me?

I once-over out my window at the little country landscape that dwelled in the city, cool air was coming through the cracked window. I make a couple of bird chirps; I pop my lips and take a seat in my leather office chair.

I look at the door and it begins to open; I wonder who it could be.

It is my secretary, "Doctor? Toby is here to see you."

"Oh, good send him in," I say.

The door swings open a little wider and I see a young teen burst through into the room.

One leg was missing and an arm, and one eye apparently was blinded, most likely from the city water. *Goodness, he must be about three hundred pounds, I am killing this kid, I say to myself.*

"Thank you, Ms. Robin," I say hoping she was going to leave the room.

"What can I do for you kid?" I ask getting up and making my way to my small office kitchen.

I hear nothing.

"What can I munch on today, I think I still have some of those little bottles of alcohol from the start of my job party.

I look.

"I do!"

Mr. Jack. I grab the bottle and crack it open. I smell the bitter yet sweet taste of joy. I pour it into my coffee.

I turn around.

"So, kid..." I pause...

The kid! He is in my chair.

"What the heck are you doing?" I demand.

He begins making awful noises while touching my paperwork.

I suddenly felt like I was less than, that I should learn from this brilliant, one armed and legged and could barely speak young lad.

Toby begins saying, "you know why I am doing this to you Doctor?"

I did not. I felt like he could somehow pollute the entire universe.

He begins hitting my desk, "you know why I am doing this Doctor, because I am upset!"

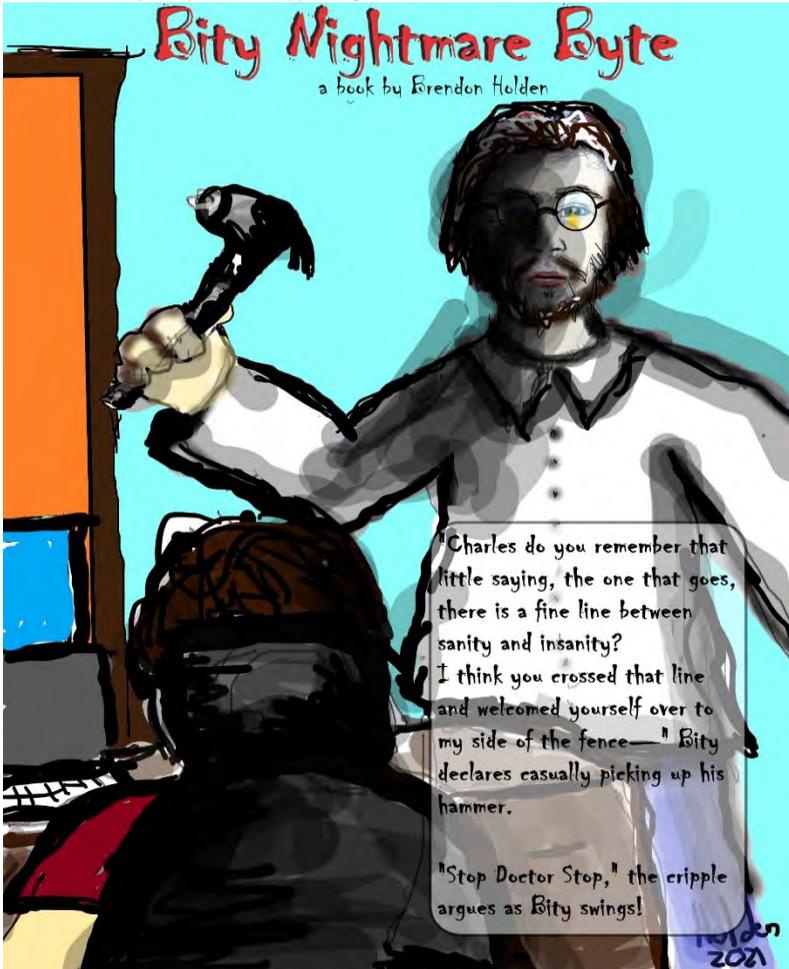
Automatically I knew what to do—as if the entire Universe pointed him out to rid of him.

I calm myself.

“You know what Charles, there is a fine line between sanity and insanity, I think you crossed that line and now are on my side of the fence,” I say with twisted horror in my voice.

I pick up the little hammer I received from my aunt as a celebration gift and begin wife beating.

“Stop Stop,” the cripple argues.



Robot Galore

Amazing! I say to myself looking around at my work, my creation. A playhouse, the type I have always dreamed about, the type that gives the thrilling negative threat that perhaps they are alive.

I have Jack in the box, clowns, bar tenders, dancers, all controlled by a computer, tied up to look like an attraction of living robots; ones that others can touch, and they would not touch back.

"I will have a whiskey on the rocks," I say to the bar tender. Puppet eyes look back at me, they do not move. I created them that way, only the head turns, and the computer hears my words and responds according to the program I gave it.

I watch the puppet on a track move toward the glasses, a hum sounds as his arm moves to pick up a glass. With the other arm he pours the whiskey. He then pushes the cup into an automatic ice dispenser. The robot on a track brings me my drink.

"Music!" I say to the artificial intelligence, music begins to play, music I have created.

"And dancers, Byte Dancers please!" I command the robot brain.

The music begins to play and begins to play to feminine dead filled robots. They come out to seduce my mortality.

Thrilling, a rush, I can understand why I am a billionaire because I know taste!

The doorbell to my Mental health Office begins to ring.

Who could this be?

I shut off all my electronics through the main cutoff switch—I had installed for such a time.

I rush to the door, patting my shirt, brushing off the day's isolation.

"Bill!"

"Doctor, good thing you are here!"

Come on in, you are always welcome to my Nightmare.

We laugh.

Bill sits down on the black recently polished leather sofa.

"I missed my appointment; I did not want the law after me!"

I have seen such a case many times. I pick up my yellow legal pad.

"Charles!" I say welcoming him to adulthood, to what apparently in his eyes was the master.

"Charles, you feel funny, right! That is why you are here, because you are sick. Are you sick?"

"A little Bill answers—hurriedly.

"Charles, I am going to get frank with you. Happiness is why you are here, you are happy."

Bill widens his eyes, hoping to hear such words from one in authority.

"Happiness kills Charles! Am I right? Pleasure will kill both you and I!"

"Wow, amazing Doctor" Bill expresses—with his voice as well as his body language—attempting to leave.

"We have become the devils to all goodness; have we not?"

"Happiness kills Charles!" I say relaxing in my desk chair, liberating my legs—showing a sign of masculine oppression.

"The thing is, Charles, I know a little better than the front you are giving me," I say hoping to crush his mind, mildly retarding him.

"Charles, I know that you are not supposed to willingly be here today, because that could in fact make you happy."

I look him straight in the eyes overpowering his mind; I watch his shoulders hunch over; his head falls towards the ground.

Pure power runs through my being!

"Charles," I say loudly, full of control, you at this point, if in fact you are where you present yourself to be, showing up at my office, then you would be seeking a husband—to keep your foolish, happy desires under control."

"Where is your husband!" I yell at him throwing a stress ball at his thick head.

His mind begins to fall apart, through Kitty's black night powers.

I delight.

"You would have known you need a husband—to take you out on a leash from time to time," the boy Kitty laughs.

"Where is your leash?"

"Why has he not brought you here?" I say in a frenzy.

Bill can barely pick up his head.

He begins to stumble out of the sofa.

"Charles, that is not very nice! You need someone to rule over you. You will not get away with this!" I yell delighting in crippling him, retarding his thick recently buzzed head.

City Nightmare Byte

I look at the back of his thick head as he begins crawling to the door.

"I am so sorry Doctor," Bill whispers.

As he crawls out of the door I put on the, you are delusional Charles, you really started freaking out back there or something.

I will let him live.

I gently shut my wealthy rich door and laugh, "I crippled his mind to the point of retardation."

I almost forgot! I have a date this evening, and I am not ready.

I quickly freshen up the entire living space including my body and clothes; hiding every item that could cause concern for my lovely date.

Ring!

Ring!

I hear the doorbell ring. I give one last look in the mirror. Nice grey vest, red tie slightly loosened to give a sense of trust and comfort.

I take my hands and quickly pat off any dust on the matching grey pants. I rush to the door.

"Cynthia!" I say with happiness in my voice, "I am so glad you made it." I shut the door behind her, double locking it without her noticing.

We spend the evening talking about her happiness—for her!

"I am going to get a hot chocolate," Cynthia says. "It could be a long night if we do not find something to do."

I knew what I was doing after talking for hours about my problems and her obvious eighth wonder of the world. Every word of hers dripped on my head until my out-of-control-rage warning light lit up.

I had attempted to back out a while ago, but to no avail.

Here is my chance, my chance to get back to my puppets.

I need a hot chocolate I mumble to myself, mocking Cynthia.

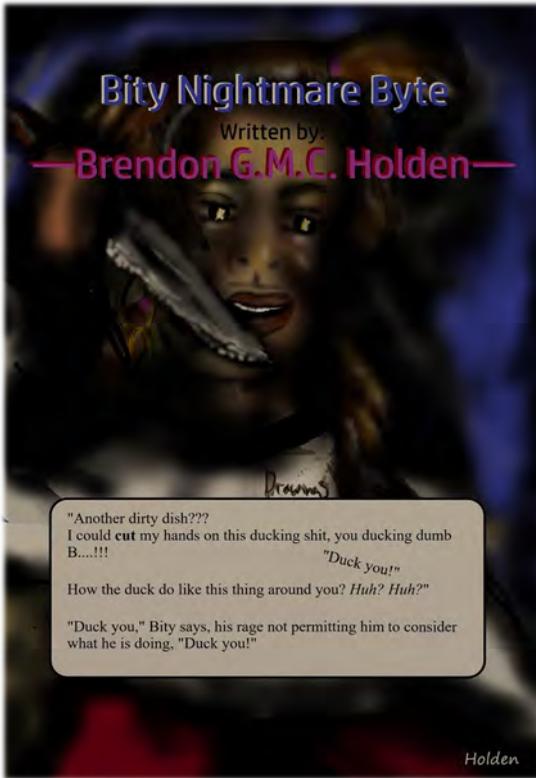
I watch her sit down on my recently freshened blue comfy recliner, hating her, I need a cup of hot chocolate!

It is my turn; I knew it must be my turn to relieve myself.

"I need a hot cup of chocolate," I say purposely looking dark, and pitching my voice like a child.

"That is your problem," I say to Cynthia, "you do not know when to stop!"

For hours I hunted and preyed on her, I made an animal out of her, she could not help but receive every word—after she drained her strength—earlier in the day.



Now that she is in another part of the brain—I will do whatever I want.

Towards the end of my conversation the thing sitting on my recliner gurgled, "stop, Bity," as blood began pouring out of her nose.

"I am bleeding!" She cries. "Yes, Cynthia you are, I want to show you something.

I pick her up and drag her out to my puppet land.

"This Cynthia is where I want to be!"

"This is where I want you to be!"

I look toward the floor, I look at her crawling, blood splattering on the floor.

"I need to get back Cynthia, something has come up, they need me at the Office," I say.

"Okay Bity hurry back, I mean I would like to help," I say—mocking, pretending Cynthia said it.

"Thank you, Cynthia, I will be right back, you are welcome to help!"

Bity Nightmare Byte



Another drink
for you?

Bity Nightmare BYTE

—Brendon G.Mc.Holden—

A new book by Brendon Holden
Available
Fall 2021

Holden
2021

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Bity Nightmare Byte

a
book
by

—Brendon Holden—

A black child named Bity watches his first love die, killing Bity.

She took Bity's life in her hands, causing Bity to forget all. He wakes twenty years later as a white doctor.

"I asked what are you looking at?"

the Doctor yells, knowing he had just retarded the man's mind, "Charles what are you looking at!"

"Charles?"

Charles is the name I like to call my clients as I watch their minds retard as I gain power over them.

I love taking their power and then some, all the while not admitting to them or me, who they are, only Charles!

"Charles, Charles, are you listening, how are you feeling?"

Art © 2020
Holden, B.

Miss Robot

I spent days fixing Cynthia into something that would fit in with my family.
I make her the star of the show.
She can go on stage.

"Music lights action!" I yell to the automation. I sit down at the bar, "can I get a whiskey on the rocks?"

"Yes" a robotic voice says answering my question.

Expecting the music to play at that moment and the stage lights to turn on I get comfortable in my chair.

"Whiskey for you my good man—" a robotic voice says slowly setting down my drink.

I look at him, he mildly smells like dead rotting flesh.

He looks at me, dead eyes look straight into mine.

Giant, thick, red lips, painted with heavy clown paint. He almost seems to smirk at me, as if he wanted to consume my life. Whiskey for you my good man still echoed in my brain—as the music begins to play.

I get off my bar stool and make myself comfy on the soft couch.

I light a cigar expecting Cynthia to entertain.

The curtains open on the main stage.

A dancing robot comes out, she is moved by a chain on a track—within the floor.

"Cynthia, you look marvelous," I yell onto the stage—as I applaud the main star in the show.

I take a sip of Whiskey.

Cynthia dances. A dance I programmed into the computer.

As she dances, I cannot help but notice the dead pulling me to be with them; it is a dark thought, the twisted dead robot wanting me in its belly.

Too close for comfort, I ignore what I think I see and gulp my Whiskey. I take a drag of my cigar and begin to study the architecture of my surrounding world.

How could all this including I be so poorly written, compared to my dead robots?

Hours I spend in studying as Cynthia dances, she dances a dead dance on stage. Her marvelous makeup, eyeliner, and a touch of lollipop cheek powder.

"Do you need another drink my goodman?" the bartender asks. I just had recently programmed it to say that at two point three six hours into Cynthia's dance.

I look at him, knowing it has sound recognition. If I clap my hands, it will pour me a fresh drink of Whiskey.

I look into his eyes, dark eyeliner tracing the outer eyes of real eyelashes—I got from a recent dig—look back into mine.

He wears a top hat, dressed in a suit, red tie to go with the red highlights around his mouth.

I clap my hands.

He scrolls over to the bottles. I watch him pick up his dead hand and grab a bottle.

I could almost taste it as he is pouring it into the glass.

"Would you like an ice cube?"

If I say yes, his voice software will recognize that.

If I say bring it to me, he then will pass the drink to the waitress robot—who can detect a metal magnet I have in my pocket. She will on a track bring me the drink.

"Yes, and bring it to me," I yell toward the robot. I watch as the bartender presses an electronic button on the counter—wired to send through wires an electric impulse to the waitress on wheels—on her track to the bartender, having communicated through the wires to pick up the drink and bring it to my metal magnet.

Clanky metal sounds, motors and gears, the waitress brings me my drink. Dead flesh carried about by an outdated amusement-park ride.

Was I really doing this?

I was, it was horrible, Rebecca compelled me to, she would leave me if I did not, and not only would she leave, but she would cease to be, along with all those that she caused me to dig up.

A marriage is a marriage, I tell myself, sometimes they can get ugly.

Anyways even if I tried to leave I could not, I was chained to the pleasure of the dead child. Once I kissed her, passion and pleasure filled me and would not let me go; it became me.

That last time I attempted to leave—I continued to visualize her in her white gown sleeping in the coffin, dead. Passion continued to arouse, black hair gently, yet still alive covering her head. Ecstasy and passion continued pulling at me, there was no way to choose pain, the pain of being over her. My father could have driven

that out of me, and I asked, but he could not make me. I could only be his son. In a sense he gave me to her, he gave me to the belly of death—through the words, if there was perfection Son, thee perfection, then we would all be forced into it. Be your best and you will always have a good seat beside me.”

Dead robots, I could not help but be startled by my own thoughts as the waitress sets down my drink. She is one of the few that does not have visual recognition software.

I did not want vision in many robots, not yet they perhaps would look and act so real that the general population would begin asking questions. Instead, I used nuts and bolts and heavy metal, sort of like something one would see at an amusement park.

I look at the waitress.

Nice skirt,” I say to her, marveling at my work. I can remember when I got that skirt; a theater production came through town, as they were lightning up their load, replacing the new with the old they put a box out in front of the theater building, saying on the box, free items.

I quickly grabbed it knowing my perfection was modeling art. Nobody would suspect any wrongdoing from a man who regularly puts on powerful robot models, sometimes even putting on small, animated shows with them.

I marvel at my work. Completely life-like, yet giving others what Rebecca gave me, a weakness, a weakness to one day—perhaps die.

Although I was never sure I would die, I do delight in the dead in my animated robots.

I watch the waitress; she is programmed to stand in front of an order for fifteen minutes.

Flesh filled plastic!

What could be sweeter? I take a big drag of my Huton Cigar. I begin to cough, to big, but still pure pleasure.

I love living—when I am in front of the dead.

I start getting mildly nauseous in front of her, the thought or smell of her corpse still rotting in front of me, sort of disgusting.

I will take my cigar outside.

I walk out the back entrance—several rooms from where I was drinking.

I pop open the double doors swinging them hard as if I just escaped a boring day at high school.

I investigate the partially lit alley of a New York street.

A dumpster was to my left, a cool breeze kissed my face, headlights shined to my right—moving with the car it lit the way for.

Puddles of water were around. It is drizzling out here. I take a drag of my cigar, tasting the recent drink of whiskey.

I am a little drunk, a little joyous—I notice as I double sure my standing; I am a little lightheaded, a bit happy.

I most likely will pass out with the robots tonight; I usually do. My place of comfort, my home, my chains to the passion of the sleeping child.

Now that I remember, after I hanged a man, it simply will not leave.

If only she would not have died; I would have given anything to have given her the next dollar—the day after I met her at Wheelock school, the day she died. I would have now given anything to not have listened to Lucifer when he pressured me into kissing her.

It is a curse, I knew not to disrespect the dead, Lucifer did not know, he should be in this situation. He was troubled the day he started school; he would always pull on our liberty. This time it truly hurts.

But I can fix this!

I know I must fix this.

That most likely is the reason for the passion, dis-respecting the dead.

I should call up Lucifer.

I have not talked to him since the move. My Dad moved me far from that town, he never told me why.

Lucifer, Clint, and I were unsearchable. We learned basically all of childhood together. If there was a language, I know us three would know how to speak it. We taught one another it, we taught one another the ways of life.

Bity Nightmare Byte

Another drink
for you?

Bity Nightmare BYTE

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Holden
2021

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

"Dr. Nightmare
did you see your
patience?"

Bity Nightmare Byte

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Drawings by
Brendon

Holden
2002

5.1

Holiday Family

I walk back inside after puffing on my cigar; I am too anxious out here. I am too anxious to do anything—but work on my creations.

What should I do? I will program some holiday music into some of the dancers.

“Jingle bells, dingle bells, jingle is what I say, if you tell, if you yell, you’ll be here to stay,” I say walking into my workshop.

I know what I need is some holiday outfits, and I have those.

Not long ago while murdering a family at a get together, a holiday get together, I took a bunch of their stuff, some of their best stuff.

I reflect on their moment. They sure made good puppets; they sit at the park, just above times square in New York City. Animated story tellers, programmed with five classic children’s novels. Parents from all around bring their children to see the Hewers family, the Hewers story family.

Yes, right on! I could almost hear one of the children saying as they hear the very best stories ever written by, a master work of art, the Hewers!

“I am just that creative!” I say reaching for the bag of holiday treasures.

What would they look good in?

Yes, the children in red Santa coats. And for the parents, Santa hats, with Santa coats.

I must get the makeup.

I bring down my treasures to where I stored my newly named, Holiday Family.

Sally, Clark, Betsey, and little Jim.

I pry open the old clanky door. I flip on the light switch.

There is almost a living presence in the room. Creepy!

It is as if there looking at me. At any moment they would physically fight my presence in the room.

“Wow, goodness, are you not all wonderful on this fine holiday night.” I got you all something, and yes Jim, I did not forget you, I got you this green garland for a wonderful splash—to your Santa suit.”

I began with the clothes first, that way I will not get the fresh paint I painted on the faces on their clothes.

I continue, in my mind knowing I am touching dead bodies, my body continually repulsing them. I force myself too.

As I array Betsey, I continue to recall the four-hundred-pound man I squeezed into her. I boiled the man just enough to mash him into the size of a ten-year-old girl. I plastered him with plastic to preserve. No smells come out of her.

What a doll!!

I just do the makeup. I will put red bulbs on the ladies and trees on the men. I will do some holiday highlights and then begin with the dance.

I have a couple of favorites—regarding holiday music. I love the winter classics.

The powerful, in-part symphonies are the best. I know which one I will start with.

I put this wonderful song into my cassette player, I press the play button.

"A wonderful song," I say as it begins. I begin to dance thinking what shall I have them dance.

I know. I just did a couple of moves that would look great. At the end Betsey picks up a knife and pretends to use it.

This is going to be good.

I work non-stop for about a week. Now I get first sight of the new Justice RIP dance.

"Let the show begin," I say to the voice recognition software.

The lights on stage dim, the music begins to sound.

Ten minutes of pure pleasure.

I marvel at my work, counting to the moment Betsey picks up the knife.

She does!

I take a shot of Whiskey—with a grin on my face. I watch,

She swings left, she swings right and begins to plunge the knife.

Kackle begins to take place.

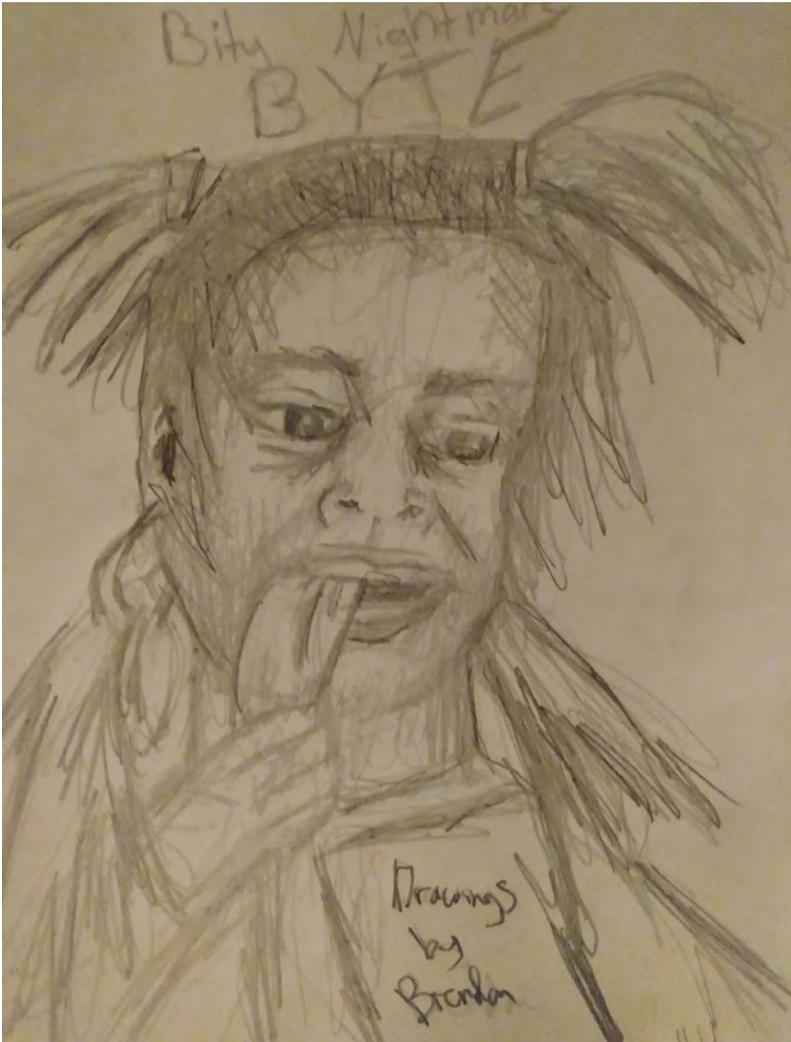
"The automated clown timer for the doorbell—that I do not use!"

"This was not planned," I say as Betsey ruins the Holiday family.

I could almost have taken pleasure now, but I refused; my work accidently went wrong, I screwed up, this will cost me a little longer.

"My fault ladies and gentlemen, I will give you a full refund, I am sorry, these things happen," I say regretting my mistake. I will need some fresh bodies to fix these puppets.

Bity Nightmare Byte



Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Mr. Bates

Back at the Office.
What do I have to do today?
Mr. Bates, that is right.

"Doctor, Mr. Bates is here to see you," I hear over the intercom.

I tap the little green button, send him in please.

Knock!

Knock!

"Mr. Bates," I say out loud.

"Good morning Doctor."

"So, what can I do for you?" I ask.

"Motel is lacking," Mr. Bates responds.

"You know what Mr. Bates," I begin saying, "I am in a good mood today, I think I will tell you a story, do you like stories Charles?"

Mr. Bates nods his head up and down.

"Are you German Herman?"

Submissive Herman laughs and says, "that rhymes."

Herman—back when, was like snow falling, a clean snow causing all the evil to be removed and what was left was snow. A fine powdery snow.

"Radiation sirens were sounding. I gaze at the snow falling Herman, German the snow was falling! I knew that with the amount of radiation in the air I most likely would not survive."

"I began to wonder once exposed to all the radiation in the air if I would feel pain."

"I recall the dead we killed in some sick twisted yet exceptionally beautiful witch spell."

"Men began to sing and chant and move with the radiation and snow. Never such beauty had I seen before."

"I can dream, Charles, I can now dream. I am a Herman," I say, "I am thee Herman Bates," I yell.

"You mean German?" Herman says.

"No Herman, Bates, nor man," I responded.

"The snow it is so wonderful, what would I like to dream of first. A house, money?

I never saw it coming, one dream turned into another. Over time I hear my mind whisper; you are spending yourself."

"I did not know what to do, this cannot be a lie, even if I was suspicious, wondering if it was the radiation."

"Such would not harm us!"

"But I was wrong Charles, the more I spent, the less I could do. What others told me about death was not."

"Pleasure kills Charles, it kills!"

"Months I sat there losing my ability to move for one more dream."

"What do I do?"

"I must have Hermans, Bates, I must have Germans."

"Daily I did small finger movements, on time, on schedule. I added to them over time."

"The snow, the paradise I had to stuff behind me, it was killing me Herman, Charles it was killing my Country.

"Once I got my strength back, I protected myself from the pleasure-fire radiation. I wore tougher clothes and filtered my breathing air. I boiled my water and lived as Herman, Bates, as Herman with Germans."

"Long story short Charles, lock your door."

I pick my head up, I look at the new German Bates.

He gives a pleasant happy face and walks out of my office.

What a good day, I feel good knowing I helped. Sometimes it hurts killing all those people!

Bity Nightmare Byte

A scene in a new book: Bity
Nightmare Byte

Written by:
Brendon
G.M.C
Holden



I'll pck that
the f... up
when I want
too!

Bity's summer, in a rented
cabin, with his new best
lover goes wrong when
Bity grows tired of picking
up after his F..... slob!

"It's alright mister, she don't have
to be a problem anymore! she went
to heaven,"

Bity's inward child
says to himself,

"She will make a nice puppet now!"

Holden

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Under the moonlight

I really need your help," Mack says over the fuzzy landline phone he called me on.

"Mack old buddy! How is everything? I have not heard from you in a while. The last time we spoke was back in high school when we worked on junk cars.

"Yes, good times doctor, but that is not the reason I am calling you; this is a bit different; I really need your help. I have a sickness, Rity, the type that will kill...I suffer all day," Mack says holding back, the towns people say you have an effective drug that could assist me in my departure, that you have given it to a few, and it worked..."

"Yes, that is true Mack, but Mack!!! It is you, you're the reason for my success, I was emulating your later high school years if you are serious, my part then will have to struggle to live," I answer.

"Do you think you can hang in there, if not for them, for me."

Mack begins crying over the phone, "I cannot, I cannot, I will do it tonight with or without you!

I begin to hang up the phone before charity, selfless living inhabits my body," I will be there in an hour," I speak over the phone.

"Thank you, Doctor," Mack replies. He hangs up the phone.

I called up a few people, I had a meeting that night, but I canceled it and drove to the local hardware store.

As I gaze at the hardware in the store, I began to select the items needed, a chainsaw, plyers, rope. I begin remembering Mack. Mack was the reason I knew what a chain saw was. Many times, did I take his masculine lessons on the surrounding world, I figured all the guys did it. This would surely make the plyers, the chainsaw, the vise grips look feminine. *I am going to have to hide this, I say to myself, no one can know about this death.*

I pick him up —from an old fast-food restaurant—in the past we ate at.

We quickly drive into the nearby forest; we do not say a word to one another.

I explain to Mack a rope works the best, afterward I would dis-member his dead corpse.

I tie a couple knots in the rope, toss it up in the tree, finish the best of the necessary measures and invite Mack to do what he needed.

I turn my head to the back of my truck; I pull out the vise grips. Many lessons I took from Mack about vise grips; we would puff one another up about being the big guys, and success in being like our fathers. This will surely shatter everything.

I look up at the tree, and the man hanging up under the moon lit sky. It was a small sin, a sin to watch his lifeless corpse dangle in the wind; a small sin that could cause my own extermination. I must make sure no one knows.

I take out my vice grips and chain saw and begin the tough job of child tearing.

Beeb!
Beep!
Beep!

It is my pager, still placed securely on my belt.

It is the office; it is my secretary the hospital needs me.

I quickly drive down; the sun is just starting to rise.

I jump out of my car, quickly grabbing my brief case on the passenger side seat.

Hours! Hours it has been since I arrived in my office, seeing the person behind the beeper call was having a mental break down I was left waiting for half a day.

Lunch time and I am about to step out for a bite-to-eat and my nurse rushes into my office, "fik is here, desperate to see you.

At this point I was out of patience, for weeks I have been in the office, in the office staring at the wall.

I seriously could not take the level of stagnation I was going through.

Nobody noticed they just rushed fik into my office—after hours of flickering my thumbs and making popping noises with my mouth,

fik says—*noticing my immaturity, "idiot."*

To seal the weight of my oppression, I say, "do that again Charles and it will be the last time!"

"Sit down fik and we will see if we can make some sense out of your crisis."

I still being angry nobody noticed my problem, I pop my lips, and flap my right upper arm in the fashion of a duck. I stayed at—expressing my lack of happiness, mildly oppressing his entire being, I give a chuckle and sit down on my black office chair—ready for a pleasant conversation.

fik notices my duck flap and purposely lunges out of his seat, picks up the nearest pencil and attempts to knife me—with the pencil.

Still lingering fresh in my mind, the oppressive upper arm duck flap—blaming him for everything—with one oppressive gesture—I begin to laugh, nurse! Nurse! I attempt to say—while laughing.

"You're going to die," the involuntary client says.

"Sit down fik," I command—with the tone of a psychotic therapist. "Sit down or I will ruin you," casting the full weight of oppression upon him.

Fik begins to cry and kick—squealing like a child and appears to pass out.

"Nurse!" I yell, "call the ER, my client just passed out.

The ER team quickly came into my office and carried fik out of my office. I quick to fake my concern say, "do you think he will be all right?" I ask one on the ER team—while they place his neck in a brace.

"Yes! Common are these incidents, over stressed—most likely," he answered.

As they carried fik out of my office, I delightfully go over the nature of my oppression: *Charles, I love that name, most of those I attempt to fully oppress I use the name Charles, it seems to no longer refer to a human, but rather a relief of my duties. Sometimes I hurt them so badly bodily fluids seem to fall from there behind as they leave the office—in tears—although I have never checked to see if it was true. Apparently one too many Charles in a row will kill. Pitiful!*



My game

I need to just forget; Charles is afraid making me feel like the bad guy.
Anyway, I have a party to attend.

No hometown, no name address; I pull into the driveway—of a huge factory building; recently I re-did some of the interior for my new game tonight. Kelly and some of her, *quick-to-analyze-friends* are coming to meet me here.

"I bet they never analyzed this," I say opening the front door to a house of horror.

All the windows were sealed shut with concrete, no way out. They must play my game.

Ring!

Ring!

That must be Kelly!

I open the door, "Kelly," I say sort of feminine.

"Come on in!"

"And who are these fine young men?" I ask.

"This is Max," Kelly says—pointing to a black-hair colored young teen.

I look into his brown eyes noticing a masculine young man, my personal repulsion.

"The black one is Rigg," Kelly explains, "and Mike is behind him."

Well, I am so glad you all made it, make yourselves at home, I will go get the refreshments.

I close the door to my metal puppets loudly, expressing to myself: they will not get in.

"Enough of the falsehood kids, the games begin!" I say over the loudspeaker wired throughout the entire house.

All in shock.

"He is joking right?"

"Kelly what is going on?"

"Kelly yells into the deep rooms, "Rity this is not funny."

"Rity!"

Dead silence for a moment, and then the fuzz and clank sounds from the intercom, "what would you do for a Bity-bar?" I ask.

"What?"

"Bity you get your white behind down here right now!"

"I am leaving," Kelly yells, the others follow close behind.

"The door is locked."

"Try the window."

"They are sealed shut," Biggy says.

"What?"

"Looks like concrete."

"Bity this is not funny!" Kelly screams.

"They are all sealed shut, all the windows!"

I rush back over to the intercom, I say, "you have twenty-four hours to let me see your stuff in action; one more time I will ask, "what would you do for a Bity-Bar."

"Screw you!" Kelly says crying.

Hours go by, periodically I would lecture them about their youthfulness, "you think it is for free, all because you can jump through the hoops of society, you, you pass," I stutter, "I doubt that Charles, seeing you made nothing out of yourselves, you now must prove yourselves by a Bity-Bar!"

A couple more hours go by, Bigg loses it, with an evil grin on his face he picks up one of the many sharp objects, placed there by me—for such a cause. He guts Max, laughing at ways of social pressure.

"That is what I would do for a Bity-bar, Biggy yells into the many rooms.

Rity Nightmare Rite



Brendon G.M.C. Holden

"I could never be a women"

—Bity Nightmare Byte



*Bity
Nightmare
Byte*

The mystery

Come on Ritty open up! We have a search warrant out here; we need to search your residents.”

Ritty hoping to not be found, runs toward the back room, climbs upon his bed—never considering the window behind the bed; his curtains in the back room have never been open.

The mob had the house surrounded; the men outside peeked into each window—seeing nothing until they got to the back window.

One of the top mob guys suggested to quietly pry open the back window, sneak in and capture Ritty.

They were so quiet Ritty never heard them coming through the window; even as the boots walked into his bed Ritty hid under the covers—thinking it was due to the age of his bed.

Thinking perhaps they left, Ritty uncovers his head.

“Hey, here he is,” One of the men in the room said. Ritty’s eyes widen, knowing he had been caught.

The mob taunted and made fun of Ritty for days—trying to remove Ritty from within his body. The mob of the mystery were highly intelligent, they knew if Ritty left his body, they could replace him with another bodyless entity, one that had existed for a very long time.

Several occasions they did this and had much success, stealing bodies and in exchange gaining the knowledge of the powers of existence.

“Get out of your body,” one of the men barked.

Ritty was a patient man, but after days he grew tired and closed his eyes.

They shook him, they touched his body and confirmed him dead.

Within minutes they called upon the entity and resurrected Ritty and called his name Cigrus.

Cigrus laughed getting up and immediately called for a drink and a smoke.

Little did any of the hundred that captured him know, Ritty killed the entity when it came into his night.

He walked with the men for months, talking, showing all the knowledge he could, most of it came out of the dead spirit he recently killed.

"I am Cigrus, show me more."

Privately Bity killed one after another, without mercy! Bity did not have a body to be driven out of, he knew that, yet he lived. In hopes to sleep he used power deep within, killing those that were in the world at the time, he was a living nightmare, one that others beg to wake up from.

He quietly makes puppets.

One hundred more puppets, Bity, marvelous at storage space stuffed the dead in one hundred children wax puppets.

Everything was Bity until he met Doctor Rum.

Doctor Rum and some of his men showed Cigrus a time machine they had been working on.

Full of doubt Cigrus Mocks and laughs at them, hoping for an easy kill.

They persuade Cigrus to join them in time traveling through time.

Reluctantly Bity goes.

They go back to the year nineteen sixty-eight, they go to town, they have a couple drinks.

Bb is playing on the radio!

They hangout as the record plays, *you have been sleeping with my mare.* They talk to some of the locals. The whole time Cigrus says, "where are we, this seems a bit familiar," the song Bb continues to play:

"Knock, Knock on your ear dear, nightmare how do you dare sweet honey.
"Knock, Knock do you fear dear, who do you think you share sweet honey,"
"Satan don't bother me; I am begging you dear sir please."
"Knock Knock do you fear dear, I don't really think you care sweet honey."
"Knock, Knock on your ear dear, I will bury you as my mare sweet honey."
"Satan don't bother me; I am begging you dear god please!"
"Knock Knock can you care, don't the two of us make a pair sweet honey."
"Knock Knock on your hair dear, who is that—that you fear sweet honey."
"Satan don't bother me, I am begging you dear sir please,"
"Knock Knock on your ear dear I am not Satan until you fear sweet honey,"
"Knock Knock on your fear dear I don't think you care sweet honey."
"Satan don't bother me I am begging you dear god please."

City Nightmare Byte

"California" the men say.

They find some locals and decide to take them back to a Motel room for fun.

A couple hours go by, and one of the wilder men who went off by himself, he comes in with a young girl, with a young lady.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



— Brendon Holden —

Holden

Brendon G.M.C. Holden



B flat



written by
Brendon Holden



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Rity Nightmare Byte

B Flat

Written by
Brendon Holden

In Bb minor

[Length: approximately 03:00]

Adagio

Vocals

Knock knock, can you hear, Nightmare
Knock knock, do you fear dear, I really

mp

Pno.

8vb

Vocals

how do you dare sweet honey,
don't think you care sweet honey. Knock knock do you fear dear who
Knock knock do you hear dear I'll do you think you share sweet honey,
bury you as my mare sweet honey.

Pno.

8vb

Vocals

Satan don't bother me I'm begging you dear sir please begging you dear god please.

Pno.

8vb

Vocals

P —Play this part several times, flow with it, if need be go up one octave higher—
move onto page 2

Pno.

8vb

Page 1

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

B Flat

Written by
Brendon Holden

In Bb minor

The musical score is arranged in systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The vocal line is in a single treble clef. The score begins with a key signature of two flats (Bb minor) and a common time signature. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the first vocal entry with lyrics: "Knock knock, can you care, don't the / Knock knock, on your hair, who is". The third system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "two of us make a pair sweet honey, / is it—that you fear sweet honey, / Knock knock on your ear dear I'm not / Knock knock do you fear dear I don't / Satan until you fear sweet honey, / think that you care sweet honey, / Satan don't bother me I'm begging you dear sir please / begging you dear god please. END". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the first system, and *svb* markings are used throughout the piano part. The score concludes with a key signature change to Bb Major and a final chord. Below the piano part, there is a section labeled "Notes" with a blank staff, and another blank staff below that.

The Motel room

Back in time, through time, in nineteen sixty-eight, Bob still on Bity's mind he finds his way back to the Motel room.

He lays down on the recent and freshly made bed. He finds no rest, the men in the room to the left are talking loudly and banging on the wall.

Cigrus ferociously gets out of bed to kill. He breaks the door down and sees the men drawing the life out of the girl who was in there, the one that had just arrived.

Cigrus looks deep at the young lady, he recognizes her, it is Rebecca.

Bity automatically knew to kill, in rage now he was surprised not to kill. All the years he hid to keep his marriage with Rebecca—he found the power to control uncontrollable fits of rage, to do it in his greatest weakness.

“What are you Doing?” Bity says in friendly laughter.

“Good thing you are here, we are making room for Cigle,” one of the men said—proud of his work in catching the young girl.

Cigrus, not long ago saw a janitorial closet in the motel they were lodging at.

“I got something for this party,” Cigrus says acting as proud as the other men.

Cigrus runs to the closet.

He looks.

Acid, rubbing alcohol, rat poisoning.

He grabs all he can, including some rabies needles.

Without any thought Cigrus brings a man into the bathroom, through the power of his marriage, he begins shooting up the man with poison.

In rage and living anger Cigrus puts on the core of his ability to be a nightmare! Once he saw the horror on the man's face, he held hostage in the bathroom, he went out to confront the other two men.

Cigrus walks out with a glass of liquor and offers one of the men a brother's drink.

Quick to take it the man guzzles pure acid. The man begins to simmer on his skin and then smoke began to pour out of his body. He falls to the floor in cries of pain.

Cigrus grabs a mop bucket with the rest of the acid and throws it on the other man.

His skin melted; his face became unrecognizable.

Cigrus looks at all three dead men to satisfy his need to watch them suffer, suffer the worst thing Cigrus could have thought.

Bity hides Rebecca in the past, even so much presenting her in front of his younger self waiting for time to pass, for twenty-five years to pass—to catch up with the time of his puppets.

Bity exists to present.

Once twenty-five years had passed, Bity walks in where he left off, in his shop.

Bity now and still hallucinating in rage begins to see a black child, though sometimes it was a white man.

Bity hallucinating begins arguing with the ghost man/black child.

"You know what the problem is," Bity explains, "the problem is you isn't white," the white Doctor says.

Bity picks up a syringe from the nearest table, he begins to fill it with arsenic.

"Huh," the black child pauses.

"The reason you need to take your medicine is because you isn't white," The Doctor Nightmare says.

Bity the black child lunges at the man as he holds the syringe high, attempting to kill the black child.

A wrestle begins; Bity holds the syringe over Bity's head.

"How many times have you been screwed over Chuck, how many times," Bity yells into the empty room.

"What is one more time!"

"Your whole life Bity, you were told you are wrong, and that by your parents, teachers, public, what is one more time?" Bity demands of Bity.

Bity backs off killing the child.

Now standing in the mist of his puppets, puppets he has filled with corpses he dug out of the earth. The room full of stench of decay, horror and disease fill the air. Crawling tissues walk up and down Bity's skin. Bity makes a decree, "I have set you all free—from all that you see," Bity yells, "what is one more time!!"

The black boy is now in the form of a flesh child. He looks up at Doctor Nightmare, he says, "Mister let us do one more."

I begin to tear up.

"Okay everyone, one more and you shall all be free."

Bity programs the machines, the machines he made from the dead, he programs to make black, black.

Days go by and nothing, until the machines begins to taunt and haunt the Doctor.

They chose him, they taunt him, they toy with him until he is dead, stuffing his white adult figure into the black child puppet. The machines left him on stage, the stage he watched so many of the dead dancers, dance. They sat him upon a red and golden throne, crowning him King of Sleep, a true Nightmare!



Bity Nightmare Byte

Bity wakes up in the coffin next to Rebecca, in the past, before they are about to bury her, when her funeral service was being held. Bity hears Lucifer saying, "kiss her Bity," Elvis Might in agreement.

Cough Cough, she begins to cough.

"Rebecca," Bity cries.

—Maple's song plays—

The End!

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Epilogue

"Have a seat. What is your name again?" I ask professionally.

"Skidder," the man responds.

"Well Skidder, what can I do for you?"

"Cody's Doctor."

"Please elaborate," I say.

"Well long story short she wanted Cody's, some gay dude said he gave me Cody's and I brought the crap too school and was expelled."

"Sad," I exclaim.

"They did not get my point Doctor, crap in holiday outfits. They did not feel for my Cody's, they flushed them and said you are not coming back to school here. Like as if I do not have feelings?"

"They did not feel for my Cody's," Skidder explains.

"So sad Mr. Skidder, so sad!"

"Black bye product," we say and laugh together.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

About the author



Brendon Holden has written other books such as: *Smoking by The River* and children's books titled *Toby learns patience*, and *Max the Juggler*. He has expressed works of Art in such books as: *Drawings by Brendon and Art*. He is also Author of *The Game and 7th Grade Streets*.

It would be a delight to his heart that not only is his work enjoyed, but that society benefits from it as much as the creative ideas have benefited him.

As Vermont has been, and as the entire United States has been stable in past generations, Brendon hopes that through this book, *Bity Nightmare Byte*, and books such as, *Smoking by the River*, *Behind the Night Sky: Finding Run Personal Computer PER*, *the Sheet Music*, and *the Theater*, and other books, such as *The game and Clutter in my closet*, consciously aware of the many great Men and Women making it possible for others to raise their children in an educated world, to remain in high hopes for their future as well as the future of their children...to have an education, the option to prosper, and to live the American-dream: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Now knowing that this story and others are going beyond America, my hopes for the rest of the world are the same, to remain in high hopes for yourself, as well as the future of your children.

Brendon G.M.C. Holden

Bity Nightmare Byte

Written by

—Brendon G.M.C. Holden—

Bity meets Rebecca.

Who he marries after she dies, leaving him this letter...

Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?

"I am here, wondering why you have left me here to face the light of day,"

Bity says.

This is what you shall do, you shall find me buried under the weight
of society,

but not only me, but all those that have been buried.

That is where you will find me and my

Nightmare!