

The Freakshow's Anguish: An Inner Monologue with Vic

Mr. Midnight

Is that the audience I feel gathering outside? Good thing I've already checked everything twice. They better not fuck this up, I'm sure the people outside are already whispering about me. Well I won't disappoint that's for damn sure. "Draw the curtains and behold!" Damn I love how those hooks feel, at least now that Fred stopped pulling the ropes so suddenly. It's only supposed to sting and feel weird, not fucking hurt. "See now as the Merman is dragged from his tank, pierced by our great hooks in the most shocking horror of the night! Each of six massive hooks threatens to tear the very skin from his back, at the slightest wrong move! Captured from distant waters for your viewing pleasure, this one of a kind freak of nature cannot be found anywhere but Madame Ruby's Gilded Phantasia Sideshow!"

Yeah, freak is about right. Is this really what I've come to? Letting people gawk and gasp and laugh at me? I mean I guess it's better than when they were doing it anyway for nothing, but fucking hells. Those assholes probably think the hooks hurt. They don't even stop for a fucking second to imagine it's them, it's always goddamn them. Were it that I could throw something heavier than fishheads at them...I'd have thought the sign stating "Vic the Bonefish: Shocking Acts of Suspension!" would have tipped them off, but here they come anyway then act all fucking disgusted.

"This monstrous man of the sea is pierced in 41 places, all with jaws that can shear flesh and bone!"

What, no mention that I did all of them myself? No point in complaining, part of the act and whatever. It's not like it's his fault. No it's only theirs, those shitheads out there that drove me to this life. I'd flip them off if I wasn't supposed to hold still.