

## The Funeral of Andy Buttons by Jason Shannon

Andy Buttons tragically died. He was partying on the Kiss tour bus with Stockwell Day, who was wearing a wet suit, and Paul Stanley showed up with a couple of Cuban hookers and a brick of cocaine, and said, “Hey, we’re gonna bang these dirty whores! Rock and roll!”

And then Paul Stanley sprinkled an avalanche of blow all over the whores’ asses and Andy dove in. Now, you’re probably thinking that all that snow shot his blood pressure through the roof, and that his eyeballs exploded, and that’s how he died, but actually, in that moment a zombie drone broke into the bus. Andy was distracted, bent over with a rolled up hundred dollar bill pressed to the ass of that hooker, and he was gored through by the spiralled antlers of the zombie menace.

His funeral was held a few days later. Andy’s best friend took care of everything. Jay Shanahan was in Alice Springs, Australia, fending off dinner plate-sized spiders, when he heard the news. He was also on location for the new HBO post-apocalyptic drama based upon his epic novel series.

Jay was distraught hearing the news of his dear friend. He reminisced about the time Andy passed out, face-down, in a staged photo-shoot, in a Cuban fountain, and got chemical burns from the cleaning agents. He remembered when they went to the Toronto Zoo, and the chupacabra escaped and bit Andy in the neck, and he had to be quarantined for three months to ensure he didn’t turn into a vampire. Jay thought fondly about the time they went to the Korean DMZ and were nearly shot at by North Korean guards. And his heart was heavy remembering the time Andy broke Jay out of prison by posing as his gay lover during a conjugal visit.

The timing couldn’t have been worse. The HBO producers were just gearing up to film a huge orgy scene, with lesbians and pegging and copious pouring of lubricant, and a six-titted, platinum blonde shamaness with a skein of lightning flashes in her pupils prophesying in the nude, her ashen hair being whipped about by a wind machine as she booms in a mixture of English and Sumerian. Even her merkin was ghostly white. Intercut with this, the editors will show a ghastly scene, 10,000 years hence, and she’ll speak the key line upon which the entire series is built.

Jay didn’t want to miss that scene – he really didn’t want to miss that scene – but he booked the first flight out without hesitation. He flew back at once and organized the greatest funeral the town of Belleville had ever seen. Everyone was invited. And all sorts of world leaders stopped by to pay their respects to such a legendary man.

Catherine the Great showed up with her boyfriend, Secretariatov.

Octavio de Mendoza, El Presidente of the Western Hemisphere, was there as well. He showed up with his wet nurse, a pretty young woman in a short skirt and not much else. Her bra was a bar tap, with straps and suction cups like a mother’s breast pump. But on the front of it was a tap like the beer spigot at a bar. If Octavio turned the nozzle, it would pump her breasts, and she lactated cool, bubbly root beer, which would slosh down into a chilled mug for the august El Presidente.

The iron-fisted lord of northern and eastern Europe, Attila the Hun, rode in on a shockingly red horse, along with his number two, Lord Aybars. Attila had had his hair done for the occasion, the silver-blonde locks flowed flawlessly down his back. He wore his best hot pink riding gear, with the jewel-encrusted Sword of Mars on his hip. In his high voice, he said, “OMG! Can you believe they charged me nine whole antoniniani for that macchiato?! Huns these days will never be able to afford their own yurts when we’re paying out the nose like that, totes mcgoats!”

Then he sipped the macchiato he’d purchased en route, drinking it from an upturned human skull.

All the way from Mongolia, Genghis Khan came to pay his respects. And he brought with him his 27-year-old daughter, Tumelun Tombs. She carried two Mongolian scimitars in her hands, and had a bit of blood smeared on her Mongolian, bandeau-style top; her midriff was exposed, showing taut female abdominals. There was also the smell of smoke in her hair, that pungent naphtha and burning flesh-type smell.

Two different leaders from Australia came in – the first of them the most radiant and beautiful woman in the Southern Hemisphere, Empress-concubine Viola Spade. She’s Genghis’ favourite, and drains him nightly of all his incredibly virile seed, so he named her queen of Australia. The fact that she’s got three titties

probably helped the decision. The other guy is the bandit king of the deep Australian desert, Aybars. He rules the barren wastelands from a nuclear bunker, his robed lackeys ready to take your horse at gunpoint and leave you for dead. In fact, his men were causing a lot of problems, and HBO was paying a lot in protection fees; Eilish, the svelte Aussie starlet playing the white-haired shamaness, was abducted the previous week by some M107-wielding goons, but was quickly released after they discovered the nature of prosthesis.

There was also Olivia II, Princess of the British Empire, who was also the first royal born from an artificial uterus. She showed up with a date, because a funeral is definitely the sort of place you bring a hot date to. But the date was a robotic whore, what they call a skankbot. You push a button on your phone and she can change her hairstyle or inflate her boobs to a bigger cup size. The only problem is the random updates. You don't want one of those to come in while you're scissoring her – is she cumming, is she having a seizure, have Russian ransomwear hackers patched into the network and they now have video of you bumping uglies with this terminatrix, who knows?

Riding in along the trans-Siberian, a young Joey Stalin hopped off the train. He was wearing bright red women's lingerie, though tried to make himself presentable by buttoning up a woman's blouse. It didn't help that he had semen pasted into his hair. "Da! I am honour-bound to attend funeral of any committed communist. How did Comrade Buttonokov die? Overwork in glorious factory for wellbeing of people?"

His information was out of date; Andy had given up on socialism many years before.

Next there was the Supreme Leader of North Korea, Bret 'Raw Dawg' Floyd. He was a white would-be gangsta from just down the road in Trenton, but inherited the Hermit Kingdom after a night of total debauchery.

Empress-concubine Viola Spade whispered to Princess Olivia, "I once entrapped a minister by cajoling him into trashing an imperial suite in a party so grand that Charlie Sheen would blanch, but even I quail at the thought of a Pyongyang soiree."

Arrogant and boisterous, Raw Dawg announced to the attendees, "Yo! Let's celebrate this mofu in style! I brought my bitches to give him a North Korean send off!"

Following behind him was a legion of scantily-clad Korean young women from the Joy Brigade, who immediately collapsed to their knees and wept and wailed openly and volubly. They used small articles of their meagre clothing to wipe their noses, tears gushing like waterfalls.

From China came the Prophet Feng. He was God's third son, after Jesus and Hong Xiuquan.

Lastly, a small shuttle about the size of a school bus descended from the skies. It sliced through the atmosphere, then arced up and hovered for a moment, before gently setting down in the funeral home parking lot. A ramp lowered from it and two aliens came marching out. Their names were Barsbarian and Tūmstone, and they were piebald humanoid alien cats from the same litter. Tūmstone had a black and white Hitler moustache. Barsbarian said, "Arr! We be meant to be plunderin' booty on Planet Rehar-4, but we took a wee sojourn to memorialize the greatest cap'n o' them all, Mad Lad Andy the Cutlass, aharr!"

Everyone proceeded inside and took their seats as the priest, Father Pierre, began the ceremony.

Barsbarian the pirate, Aybars the Hun, and Aybars the bandit king all sat together. Likewise, Tūmstone the pirate and Genghis' daughter Tumelun Tombs sat together.

Father Pierre went on a long tangent about when he was first posted in Ontario, his English very poor, and the time he tried to order a Big Mac combo from McDonald's. They kept asking him if there was anything else, and he kept re-clarifying his order, and wound up with three combos and three large Cokes.

As the priest was jabbering on, Jay Shanahan brought out the special entertainment for a proper send off. In the back of the funeral home they had set up a stripper pole, with whirling red lights and a smoke machine and disco ball and everything. Andy's favourite song, performed by Susan Boyle, began playing softly, and the stripper came out onto the makeshift stage wearing thigh-high platform stiletto hooker boots.

Back in tenth grade, before Andy had been kicked out of that class for being a 'gay homosexual Satanist' who needed to watch *Rosemary's Baby* to be scared straight – or, so said the teacher – the world religions teacher had taught them about the Men's Fancy Dancers, ceremonial dancers in a Pan-Native tradition originating with the Ponca Nation of modern Oklahoma. Upon hearing the name, Andy immediately turned to Jay and said, "If we ever own a gay strip club... which we won't... but if we do, we should name it the Men's Fancy Dancers."

Well today, one of Jay's business ventures is gay gentleman's lounge with that very name. And the feature dancer is a former classmate of theirs, a guy by the name of Allen Odette. Once upon a time, back in high school, Allen met Andy and Jay at their favourite lunch hangout, Mr. Zed's. He walked in, saw Andy eating the last of his French fries, and said, "Remember the time I gave you a French fry? Well, you owe me a French fry now, asshole." And he was already grabbing a French fry by the time he said that and popped it in his mouth. Years later, wearing nipple tassels, a g-string, and purple platform stilettos, Allen brings huge crowds to Men's Fancy Dancers every Saturday night.

For this somber occasion, Jay gave Allen the day off, so he could come here and perform. He danced on a stripper pole the entire time as eulogies were read. He ran through the entire discography of Susan Boyle, which is the only soundtrack Andy would have wanted at his funeral.

The service was not without incident. Attila the Hun spent the entire service face-timing with his girlfriend back in Rome. The wailing of the legions of North Korean women became quite tiresome at points, and not even Raw Dawg Floyd could shut them up. A verbal altercation broke out between Joey Stalin and Empress Catherine about leadership in Russia. They opted to settle things afterwards; there's going to be a fellatio contest held in the pool room of Mr. Zed's, and the winner takes Russia. Tumelun Tombs' pet leopard mauled and ate at least one of the women of the Joy Brigade. Aybars the bandit king pick-pocketed Princess Olivia's cellphone, and started messing with the settings on the skankbot; her negligee tore asunder when her breasts got too big, and she sat there topless at the funeral. As Jay was giving the eulogy, the Prophet Feng took Father Pierre aside, and scolded the priest for being too tolerant of Joey Stalin's antics, and the topless sex robot, and Allen's dancing, and Jay's lascivious lifestyle, and Genghis' harem, and of Raw Dawg Floyd not sex segregating his entire society like a true totalitarian should. Barsbarian and Tūmstone went outside and looted the hearse, stripping it to its frame and leaving it propped on cinderblocks.

About halfway through the eulogy, the service was abruptly interrupted when a ball of light sparked out of nowhere. It blew up to about the size of a Volkswagen, then spat out two guys in HAZMAT suits and scuba gear from November twenty-third, 1808. Taking the breathing masks off, the one said, "Sorry we're late, we were just partying it up with pirates in Macao!"

The other one looked weak-legged, but had an elated grin on his face.

Tūmstone the pirate cat said, "Arrrrr!"

Catherine said to her boyfriend, "Ivan's ghost! Those are the two who told me I'd be most well-known for being your mistress. Good Lord, they haven't aged a day in forty years."

One of the HAZMAT guys went up to the casket. "Andy, buddy, remember when we punched Pythagoras in the dick? That sure taught him about that damned theorem."

"Before we jet," said the other guy, "one last thing..."

Then he went up to the Prophet Feng and bitch-slapped him across the face. Arrogantly, he used a nasty slur to denigrate the messiah.

"Yo, dawg, did he honestly just say that vile word?" said Supreme Leader Raw Dawg Floyd.

"It's not an exceptionally vulgar word Down Under," said the blonde and stunning, three-breasted Viola.

Then the two guys popped in their scuba masks and were again engulfed in light, vanishing into the wormhole.

An argument broke out between President Octavio de Mendoza and Joey Stalin. "No, it's capitalism in decay, you reactionary hog!"

It seemed as though it might come to fisticuffs, de Mendoza snarling back, spittle flying.

Attila the Hun cut in with, "Girl, all this dialectical materialism and means of production and labour aristocracy, like, I can't even. Leave my girl Octavia alone. Oh, this root beer is just deliciouuuuus."

The Hun went to refill his upturned human skull, pulling down the nozzle on the bar tap on El Presidente's wet nurse.

"Everyone, everyone, please," urged Jay. "Let's all be amicable. Now, we need to go to the lawyer's office. There's urgent business to settle with Andy's will."

The reception was to be held in the pool room of Mr. Zed's. Jay had already called ahead to ensure they had a generous amount of bourbon, vodka, and 151, so everyone could toast Andy with a drink called an end of the world. The Prophet Feng, hearing this, offered to show them all the end of the world, and pulled out

his winepress. Tumelun Tombs got on the phone to order another truckload of naphtha, Barsbarian began listing off planets he'd seen obliterated, Attila the Hun looped a lanyard over his neck with a badge naming him the Scourge of God, Olivia hurled an accusation at Catherine that she was plotting the thermonuclear annihilation of the Earth, and Viola started talking about this 150-year-old shaman foretelling doom when she got her third titty.

"It's just a cocktail, guys," said Jay, exasperated. "No need to threaten Armageddon."

First, however, they all proceeded to the lawyer's office, which was located on the forty-second story of the Tower of the Horse, Genghis' new administrative capital for the North American province of his empire. It had been built atop the ruins of the Ramada Inn, and housed one thousand, three hundred and eighteen of the continent's finest horses, along with stablehands and breeders and kumiss winemakers – as well as a handful of private offices, including the lawyer's.

Jay took his car, Allen sitting shotgun. Tumelun, Genghis, Attila and Aybars took their horses. Aybars the bandit king took a camel. Catherine rode her boyfriend. Olivia was ferried via stagecoach, driven by her moustachioed servant, Sir Lionel Kensington. Barsbarian and Tūmstone took their space ship. Joey Stalin rode the rails, riding several of the passengers while en route. Octavio de Mendoza took his hover car. Viola was borne in a litter, being fanned by minions along the way. The Prophet Feng raptured himself there. Raw Dawg Floyd walked.

All these people crowding into the lawyer's office, the bespectacled attorney brought out the will. Jay and Allen were sitting up front. Allen leaned forward in anticipation. He'd been told Andy had bequeathed a special possession to him, but it would only become legally his if he danced his exotic routine at the funeral. That was an ironclad clause in the will; it specified the soundtrack, the dimensions of the stripper pole, the nipple tassels, the bare minimum number of gyrations. Allen had, reluctantly, done it all, so that bequest, whatever it was, was now rightfully his.

The lawyer began reading. "And finally, one last bequest to my old friend, Allen Odette, who I attended Nicholson Catholic College with in Belleville. First, a stipulation, in order for this bequest to be valid, Mr. Odette needs to perform the following at my funeral services."

And then the lawyer went on to detail all the exact specifications in Andy's will. Red light needed to be present. Allen needed to wear a g-string where other guests could deposit small bills. Etcetera, etcetera.

"All that happened," confirmed Jay.

Allen was now tapping his foot in eager anticipation. The nipple tassels were jiggling.

"Given that all the above is done as specified," continued the lawyer, reading, "then the contents of my personal safe shall be bequeathed to Mr. Odette with the following message: Allen, buddy, I've owed you this for a long time. Please forgive me that I didn't give it sooner."

The safe was duly brought in on a mover's dolly. The lawyer twirled in the combination. Aybars the bandit king prepared to steal whatever was inside. Stalin, as a communist, also prepared to steal it. Barsbarian said, "Avast ye, let's plunder the booty!"

The Prophet Feng, as a trusted man of God, swung open the safe's door. Everyone present clustered in tightly to peer at the treasures within.

Inside was a single mouldy French fry.

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If you like this story, check out my website at [www.jasonmshannon.com](http://www.jasonmshannon.com). There are more stories at least 98% as ridiculous as this one, and audiobooks, and I have five novels, from which a lot of these characters originate. The following is a cast of characters denoting where these characters come from:

Allen Odette – The Jay Shanahan universe

Andy Buttons – The Jay Shanahan universe

Attila the Hun – *Attila the Valley Girl*

Aybars (bandit king) – *The Moon Panther*

Aybars (Hunnish nobleman) – *Attila the Valley Girl*

Barsbarian and Tūmstone – forthcoming space pirate novel  
Bret “Raw Dawg” Floyd – *Well That Just Happened...* (forthcoming)  
Catherine II – *Those Rumours About Catherine the Great*, *The Pranksters’ Guide to Time Travel* series  
Éilish Raffin – *Viva la Winter* (forthcoming)  
The Prophet Feng – *The Zimmer Insurgency*  
Genghis Khan – *The King and the Khan* (forthcoming)  
Jay Shanahan – The Jay Shanahan universe  
Joey Stalin – *Stalin’s a Whore*  
Lionel Kensington – *It’s Called Soccer*  
Octavio de Mendoza – *The Zimmer Insurgency*  
Olivia II – *Rain’s Agenda*  
Tumelun Tombs – *The Ballad of Tumelun Tombs*  
Two time travellers – *The Pranksters’ Guide to Time Travel* series  
Viola Spade – *The Hounds of Harujin*, *The Moon Panther*

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