

Jimmy The Pickle

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Chapter 1: Grandpa's Magical Purchase

Deez lived in a crooked little house that leaned so far to the left it sometimes puked soup onto the floor just for fun. The walls hummed lullabies whenever you walked past, and the clocks - oh, the goddamn clocks-squirted mustard on the hour. Everyone in town treated it like a normal Tuesday. Deez, meanwhile, usually ended up tasting regret and old socks whenever he tried to catch a splash.

His grandfather lounged in a chair shaped suspiciously like a slice of bread, wearing a tie he swore was made of spider silk but that Deez suspected was old yarn dipped in glitter. Grandpa waved lazily at a crate in the corner. It was dusty, covered in moldy glitter, and emitting a faint, ominous wobble.

"I bought this cucumber from a wizard," Grandpa said, like he was announcing the goddamn weather. "While sleepwalking. Fifteen thousand dollars. Don't ask me why. It's called Goodluck."

Deez squinted. "Goodluck?"

"Jimmy," Grandpa corrected, waving a hand like he was shooing flies. "Goodluck the fucking cucumber. And yes, he wakes up after breakfast, or after lunch if he's being a lazy prick. Totally normal. Don't make that face, Deez. You're acting like you've never seen a talking vegetable in your life."

From the crate came a wiggle. Jimmy twitched once, then twice, and finally let out a low, sarcastic mutter: *"Oh, fantastic. Another human. What the hell took you so long? I've been waiting, staring at dust, questioning my existence. Hello, short-ass meat sack."*

Deez stumbled back. "It... it talked!"

Grandpa shrugged. "Yeah. Happens. Don't stare like a dumbass. You'll make him grumpy. That's when he bites."

Jimmy wriggled fully free of the crate, stretching to nearly the length of the room. He sniffed the air and muttered, *"Jesus Christ, this place smells like despair and old socks. Who's your interior decorator? Satan?"*

"Don't mind him," Grandpa said casually, sipping a cup of something that bubbled suspiciously. "He's polite... mostly. Sort of. You'll get used to it. He grows a little every day. Keeps life interesting."

Deez narrowed his eyes. "Grows a little every day? Like... how little?"

Jimmy tilted his head and let out a low, disgusted groan. *"About a centimeter for every dumb-ass thing this old man says. If he keeps talking, I'm going to be big enough to crush a car before lunch."*

Deez blinked. "You... you curse a lot."

Jimmy snorted. *"Yeah, well, congratulations, meat sack. Welcome to the real world. Where cucumbers are alive, clocks spit condiments, and cheese doors are apparently a breakfast item."*

A man walked past, casually biting a corner off one of the wobbling cheese doors. He nodded at Deez. "Morning, kid. Breakfast's on the damn floor if you're hungry", throwing the cheese doorknob to the floor.

Deez swallowed hard. "I... think I'll pass."

Grandpa waved a hand toward the crate again. "Tomorrow, we'll take your ass outside. See how you handle the streets. You're going to love it. Or die. Either way, learning experience."

Jimmy twitched, burped something vaguely pickled, and muttered, *"Fucking fantastic. Can't wait to terrorize the town. Bet they love a giant talking vegetable rolling through at sunrise."*

Deez realized he had no fucking clue what he'd signed up for. And yet, as Jimmy stretched another inch, as the clocks squirted mustard on the walls, and as the cheese doors wobbled like they were laughing at him, Deez felt something dangerous: excitement.

Because this was going to be... one motherfucking ridiculous adventure.

Chapter 2: Jimmy Wakes Up for Real

Deez stood in the crooked doorway, gripping the edge of the wall for balance as Jimmy stretched another inch or two. The cucumber was now long enough to poke his head through the ceiling beams, and his green skin glistened like some kind of slick, angry emerald.

“Good morning, meat sack,” Jimmy muttered, voice low and dripping with sarcasm. *“Time to get your ass moving. The streets won’t terrorize themselves.”*

“Streets... terrorize themselves?” Deez asked.

Jimmy rolled an eye. *“You’re dense. Don’t ask stupid questions. Just climb on my back before I squish your ass into the floor like yesterday’s pancake.”*

Deez swallowed. He had no idea what yesterday’s pancake was supposed to mean, but he didn’t care. He climbed on carefully, half-expecting Jimmy to spit him off. The cucumber twitched under his weight and let out a long, exasperated sigh. *“Oh, fuck yes. Congratulations, kid. You’ve successfully mounted a giant talking cucumber. Prepare for mild nausea and existential dread.”*

Grandpa sipped from his bubbling cup in the corner. “See? Normal day. Totally fine. That’s breakfast, Jimmy,” he added, tossing a glob of mustard at the cucumber’s side. Jimmy flinched but didn’t complain-mustard, it seemed, was a condiment and a threat.

They rolled out the door. Outside, the streets looked normal... for them. A man was riding a giant snail while reading a newspaper upside-down. Clocks squirted mustard onto rooftops, and the rooftops seemed to catch it like little sticky trampolines. A lamppost winked at Deez as they passed.

“Welcome to suburbia, you pathetic meat stick,” Jimmy muttered. *“Hold on tight, we’re about to turn your shitty Tuesday into a full-blown clusterfuck.”*

Deez gripped Jimmy’s glossy skin. “I-uh-what the hell are we going to do?”

Jimmy let out a low, mocking laugh. *“What do you mean, ‘what the hell’? We’re going to roll through the streets like two motherfucking legends. People will bow, throw condiments, scream, and do absolutely nothing about it. Trust me, I’ve been alive for this kind of nonsense.”*

They passed a bakery where the bread loaves were tap-dancing across the counters, humming show tunes. A woman was casually chewing on a door that had transformed into cheddar. She waved at Jimmy and said, “Morning! Try not to flatten any children today, okay?”

Jimmy snorted. *“Yeah, yeah. I’ll try to restrain my natural cucumber instincts. Don’t worry your stinky little head about it.”*

Deez looked down the street and saw a river bubbling up green slime. A man was fishing from it with a net, catching what looked like tiny screaming pickles. *"Is this... normal?"* Deez asked quietly.

Jimmy let out a long, sarcastic whistle. *"You're funny. And naive. And yes-this is normal. Don't look too shocked, meat sack. You'll ruin the illusion."*

By the time they reached the edge of town, Jimmy had grown another inch or two. He was long enough now to block half the street, and Deez was starting to feel like a tiny passenger on the back of a ridiculous, living green train.

"Strap in, kid," Jimmy muttered, shifting his weight. *"Next stop: adventure. Or terror. Or both. Probably both. And remember: screaming is optional, but highly recommended."*

Deez held on tight. Somewhere between the cheese doors, mustard-squirting clocks, and dancing bread, he realized one thing: his life had officially become the most fucked-up, hilarious nightmare he could possibly imagine. And Jimmy? Jimmy was just getting started.

Chapter 3: Rolling Through Absurdity

The streets stretched out like a melted painting, colors bleeding together in ways that should have been impossible. DeeZ gripped Jimmy's slick, green ridges like a man hanging onto a rollercoaster made of sarcasm and vegetable fury. Jimmy had grown another inch overnight, long enough that the top of his head nearly scraped the tips of the crooked rooftops.

"Alright, meat sack," Jimmy muttered, voice low and dripping disdain. *"Time to see if the world's ready for me. Spoiler alert: it's probably not. But who the hell cares? Not me."*

"Ready for what?" DeeZ squeaked, holding on so tight his knuckles went white.

Jimmy exhaled audibly. *"For chaos, dumbass. Adventure. Mild death threats. Your choice. And before you ask, yes, I fully intend to crush anything in my path if it looks at me funny. Or smells funny. Or exists. Got it?"*

They passed a candy-brain tree, one of dozens dotting the outskirts of town. Its branches were long and rubbery, sprouting glowing fruit that hummed like tiny opera singers. A man in a top hat climbed it and plucked a fruit, slicing it open with a butter knife and eating it while humming a tune in perfect harmony with the fruit.

Jimmy muttered, *"Oh, fantastic. People eating opera fruit. I'm surrounded by geniuses. Make sure you applaud, meat sack. That's how they know you're civilized."*

DeeZ squinted at a bridge made entirely of jelly. "We're... going to cross that?"

Jimmy shifted, making the jelly wobble. *"Hell yeah. You're strapped to me, so unless you want to end up as a jam smear on the cobblestones, keep your ass steady. And don't freak out when the bridge giggles at you. That's normal. Everything here giggles. Even the cobblestones."*

DeeZ blinked. The bridge gave a high-pitched cackle as they rolled across. He almost lost his grip, but Jimmy adjusted mid-slide like some kind of sentient, sassy limousine.

The town's inhabitants waved and went about their "normal" work. One man was fishing in a river that tried to bite him at every cast, muttering curses like it was a regular Tuesday. Another woman walked past, chewing the handle of a door that had transformed into cheese. A cat in a waistcoat tipped its tiny hat at Jimmy.

"Oh good," Jimmy muttered. *"We're officially in a functioning madhouse. Fantastic. Say hi to your fellow lunatics, meat sack."*

They passed a bakery where bread loaves were performing synchronized tap-dancing routines. A loaf flipped into the air and landed on the counter with a perfect bow. "Nice form, Bernard," said

a baker, scraping crumbs off his apron, “but try not to sing too loudly. The pickles get jealous.” Jimmy muttered, *“Pickles? Really? I’m supposed to be impressed by sentient bread? Christ, the intelligence around here is staggering.”*

Deez glanced down at him. “Are... are you going to eat them?”

Jimmy huffed. *“Eat them? No, meat sack. I am too polite. For now. Maybe later, when I’m hungry or bored. And trust me-I will be both.”*

As they left the town proper, the landscape became stranger. The rivers ran thick with what looked like green tapioca, and clouds dripped pink goo onto the ground. A man in a business suit fished pickles out of a slime puddle, dipping them in syrup before placing them in a wicker basket labeled *“Lunch: Normal.”*

Jimmy’s growth slowed slightly, but he was now tall enough to cast a shadow over entire fields of candy-brain trees. *“Look at that, meat sack,”* he said, puffing up proudly. *“I’m officially terrifying. You’re welcome.”*

Deez noticed a small, crooked town in the distance. The rooftops were square, triangular, and sometimes spherical. Chimneys puffed smoke that smelled like popcorn and burnt licorice simultaneously. On one rooftop, a man was playing chess against a pigeon. The pigeon shrugged, moved its rook, and gobbled a pawn.

Jimmy groaned audibly. *“Perfect. Everyone’s insane. I love it. The pigeon won, by the way. Don’t be surprised if he challenges you to a staring contest.”*

Deez clutched Jimmy tighter. “I-uh-this is... normal?”

Jimmy let out a long, mocking whistle. *“Yeah. Totally normal. If you’re a cucumber, an idiot, or happen to be alive in this hellscape, nothing is weird. Just roll with it, kid. Pretend you belong. It’s easier that way.”*

As the sun dipped lower, casting the world in a weird neon glow, Deez began to realize something: he had no idea where they were going. The vinegar lake, the cucumber family, the giant pickle nightmare-that was all still ahead. And Jimmy? Jimmy was getting bigger. Slowly. Exponentially.

“Next stop,” Jimmy said, smirking, *“is probably somewhere you’ll scream. Or cry. Or both. I’m predicting both. But hey-don’t worry. I’ll be right here, keeping your sorry ass alive. Mostly.”*

Deez tightened his grip. Somewhere in the distance, a clock squirted mustard onto a jelly bridge. A cat in a monocle tipped its hat. And Jimmy, the giant, foul-mouthed cucumber, rolled on like the most absurd, sarcastic chariot imaginable.

Because in a world like this, *normal* didn't exist. Only chaos, absurdity, and cursing cucumbers did-and Deez was officially along for the ride.

Chapter 4: Breakfast of Maniacs

The first thing Deez noticed when he woke up was the smell of toast. Not normal toast. No, this smelled like burnt rubber dipped in vanilla perfume and slathered with mustard.

He sat up in his bedroll on the barn floor and saw Jimmy, now a little bigger than the night before-maybe up to Deez's waist-using his stubby cucumber body to knock spoons off a shelf just for fun.

"Jimmy," Deez croaked, rubbing his face. "What the actual *fuck* are you doing?"

Jimmy rolled around like an idiot, laughing in that deep smoker's voice of his. "*Breakfast, meat sack! Gotta start the day with chaos. Builds character. Or ulcers. Same thing.*"

Deez squinted. "You don't even eat."

"Wrong, bitch. I feast on despair and awkward silences. Now get your ass up. We're rolling."

Before Deez could reply, the barn door creaked open and in came Old Man Cabbageface-or that's what everyone called him because his cheeks looked like two bags of coleslaw trying to escape. He carried a plate of what Deez assumed was food until he got a better look.

"What in God's lonely asshole is *that*?" Deez gagged.

The plate was stacked with **boiled bacon-and-Skittles wraps**, glistening with some kind of melted butter and dusted with cinnamon for no fucking reason.

Old Man Cabbageface grinned a toothless grin. "Breakfast of champions, boy! Skittles for color, bacon for the soul!"

Deez stared. "That's... that's not a breakfast, man. That's a hate crime."

Jimmy cackled so hard he rolled into a wall and dented it. "*Holy shit, meat sack, I'm framing that line. This place is a goddamn fever dream and you're acting like Gordon Ramsay.*"

Old Man Cabbageface ignored him, shoving the plate toward Deez. "Eat up, son. Sun's already halfway up the pig pole!"

"The what pole?" Deez muttered.

"The pig pole! For the sun pigs! Where the fuck you from, Mars?"

Deez stared at Jimmy, who only shrugged-or whatever the cucumber equivalent of a shrug is.

“Just eat the nightmare bacon candy and shut up,” Jimmy said. “You’re gonna need strength for the road. And by strength, I mean emotional damage.”

So Deez ate. And he hated himself for it. The bacon was soggy like it’d been boiled in a bath with a corpse, and the Skittles oozed rainbow sludge that stained his fingers like clown blood. Every chew tasted like regret.

When he finished, Jimmy was outside waiting, now a little bigger again. Like, **waist-high to chest-high** big. And his color seemed darker, richer, like he’d been photoshopped to look intimidating.

“Holy shit,” Deez whispered. “You’re... you’re growing.”

Jimmy smirked with his nonexistent mouth. *“No shit, Sherlock. It’s called dominance. You wouldn’t get it.”*

“You look like you’re juicing steroids.”

“Bitch, I am the steroid.”

They hit the road. Or what passed for a road—a dirt path lined with lollipop trees and fences made of stacked grilled cheese sandwiches. Every so often, a fence post twitched and someone’s voice whispered, “Eat me,” in the wind.

Deez tried to ignore it. He focused on the horizon instead, where the sky had started pulsing like a migraine.

The first village they passed was normal—if normal meant **buildings made entirely of cheese that people chewed through for doorways**. At every house, someone stood gnawing on a cheddar doorframe while chatting casually.

Deez pointed. “Uh... Jimmy?”

“What?” Jimmy said, rolling casually like this was a Sunday stroll.

“They’re... eating their fucking houses.”

“Oh, you’re real observant. Want a medal? Of course they are. It’s breakfast architecture. Keeps the property value high.”

Deez threw his arms up. “That makes zero sense!”

“Neither do pants, but here we are.”

They passed a clock tower that went off at noon, except instead of bells, it **blasted mustard in golden arcs across the town square**. People ran out with jars, laughing, catching mustard like it was the first rain after a drought.

One guy yelled, "Praise the clock! Extra tangy today!"

Deez's brain broke a little more. "Jimmy... why does the clock shoot mustard?"

"Why the fuck not?" Jimmy said flatly. *"Better than shooting depression."*

They kept moving. Deez didn't talk for a while after that. He just stared at the world unraveling like a bad acid painting-though everyone acted like this was just another Tuesday. Even Jimmy, now the size of a small horse, hummed a jaunty tune like nothing was wrong.

But Deez felt something crawling under his skin. Not bugs. Not paranoia. Something worse: the sinking realization that the farther they went, the less the world made sense-and the bigger Jimmy got.

When they finally stopped for the night by a creek that smelled faintly of pickles and gunpowder, Jimmy stretched out like a king. Deez sat on a rock, hugging his knees.

"Jimmy," he said quietly. "Why does everything feel like it wants to eat me?"

Jimmy laughed in the dark, low and cruel. *"Oh, meat sack,"* he said, his glowing green eyes fixing on Deez. *"You ain't the meal."*

Deez swallowed hard. "Then... who is?"

Jimmy grinned. *"Guess."*

The creek bubbled like it was laughing. The moon rose red as raw meat. And Jimmy? Jimmy grew another inch before Deez fell asleep.

Chapter 5: The Gelatin Bridge and Other Crimes Against Nature

By the time the sun punched the horizon like an orange fist, Jimmy had grown another few inches. He was now **definitely horse-sized**, and his skin gleamed like polished green marble. Deez woke up drooling on a rock, his neck screaming in pain, to the sound of something slapping the ground in a weird rhythm.

He blinked-and saw Jimmy breakdancing.

“Jesus tap-dancing Christ,” Deez muttered, rubbing his eyes. “What the fuck are you doing?”

Jimmy froze mid-spin, perfectly balanced on his cucumber tip. *“Warming up, bitch. Big day ahead. Bridges to cross, candy to punch, gods to disappoint.”*

Deez sat up slowly. “Yeah, totally normal schedule.”

Jimmy tilted slightly, his voice low and mocking. *“Sarcasm noted. Now quit whining and hop on, meat sack. The day ain’t waiting for your existential crisis.”*

Deez climbed on, still half-asleep, and off they rolled down the cracked dirt road lined with gumdrop shrubs that occasionally belched glitter. The air was thick with something sweet and rotten, like someone baked a cake with roadkill and optimism.

As they rounded a bend, Deez saw it: a **gelatin bridge**, wobbling over a chasm filled with churning pink slime that hissed like it wanted to crawl up and lick someone’s face off. The bridge was translucent, with chunks of fruit floating inside like a Jell-O mold from hell.

“What the *fuck* is that?” Deez said, pointing.

Jimmy didn’t even slow down. *“Lunch.”*

“Lunch?! That’s a bridge!”

“Why not both?” Jimmy said, rolling onto the gelatin without hesitation. The entire thing started vibrating like a twerking ghost, and a sound like wet armpits filled the air.

Deez clung to Jimmy for dear life. “Dude, this thing is gonna fucking eat us.”

Jimmy chuckled. *“It only eats quitters. You a quitter, meat sack?”*

Deez screamed as the bridge started **singing**-a high-pitched falsetto opera about loneliness and fruit salad.

“Holy mother of horse dick,” DeeZ yelled, “it’s ALIVE!”

“Everything’s alive,” Jimmy said casually. “The floor’s alive. The trees are alive. You’re alive-barely. Try not to cry; the bridge likes salty tears for seasoning.”

Halfway across, a chunk of gelatin sprouted a **mouth with braces** and whispered, “Don’t step on me, you greasy bastard.”

Deez shrieked. “It just fucking TALKED.”

Jimmy hissed through laughter. *“Yeah, and it’s judging your shoes. Don’t trip, dumbass.”*

When they finally rolled off the bridge, DeeZ collapsed on the ground, shaking like an unplugged vibrator. Jimmy stretched and smirked. *“Not bad for a meat sack. Didn’t even puke.”*

Deez sat up, glaring. “Why does everyone act like this shit is NORMAL? Singing bridges? Jello with braces? People eating their fucking houses? What’s WRONG with this world?”

Jimmy leaned in, his cucumber body towering even taller now, **nearly elephant-sized**, and whispered in a voice like broken glass: *“What if I told you this world isn’t wrong? What if it’s YOU that’s wrong?”*

Deez froze. His mouth went dry. “...What the fuck does that mean?”

Jimmy rolled back, laughing like a demon gargling whiskey. *“Nothing. Or everything. Keep moving.”*

They didn’t go far before the next nightmare: **The Candy Brain Forest**. Trees shaped like exposed human brains, pink and pulsing, growing licorice vines that twitched like worms. Each tree whispered insults in the wind.

As they entered, DeeZ heard it: *“Hey, nice hair, asshole. Bet your mom regrets that face.”*

Deez snapped his head around. “Did... did that tree just roast me?”

Jimmy cackled. *“Oh yeah. Candy Brains don’t hold back. Thick skin required. You might wanna cry now and get it over with.”*

Another tree chimed in: *“Riding a cucumber? Wow. Peak loser energy.”*

Deez screamed, “Shut the fuck up!”

The forest exploded in laughter, the trees slapping their vines together like they were clapping at a bad stand-up set. Jimmy was losing it, rolling side to side like he was about to piss himself.

“Holy shit, meat sack, you’re killing me. This is better than therapy.”

As they pushed through the forest, Deez noticed Jimmy had gotten even bigger-now **massive enough that his shadow swallowed whole paths**. And those glowing green eyes? Brighter. Hungrier.

“Jimmy...” Deez said slowly, his stomach tightening. “You’re... not stopping.”

Jimmy grinned, his voice dripping venom and smugness. *“Why the fuck would I stop? You wanted family on the other side of the lake. I’m your ride. You think boats can talk shit like me? Nah. You got lucky.”*

Deez didn’t answer. Because deep down, he knew something wasn’t right. Something about Jimmy’s size. Something about the way his laughter sounded sharper now, like teeth hiding in the dark.

When they finally cleared the forest, the sky looked wrong. Colors twisting like oil on water, shadows moving like they had their own agenda. And far, far ahead, Deez saw the glint of **the lake**.

Jimmy stopped at the crest of a hill, his massive body blotting out half the horizon. He looked down at Deez, voice slow and heavy. *“You ready to finish this?”*

Deez swallowed hard. “Finish what?”

Jimmy chuckled, low and dark. *“Everything, meat sack. Fucking everything.”*

Chapter 6: The Lake of Hunger and Lies

The first thing Deez noticed was the smell.

It wasn't fresh water. It wasn't lake breeze. It was **sharp, acidic**, like someone left a salad to rot in Satan's armpit. The wind burned his nostrils and coated his tongue with something sour that made his stomach clench.

"Holy *fuck*, Jimmy," Deez gagged. "What the hell is that smell?!"

Jimmy didn't even flinch. He was too busy basking in his own glory, now so massive that trees barely reached his knees. He looked like a green god rolling down the dirt path, smug as hell.

"That smell, meat sack," Jimmy said with a smirk in his voice, "is destiny. That, my tiny screaming parasite, is vinegar. Pure, beautiful, lake-sized vinegar. Mmm. Smell that power."

Deez stared ahead, eyes wide. The lake stretched to the horizon, glittering under the sickly green-and-pink sky. It looked calm-too calm. But the closer they got, the more Deez saw tiny ripples, like something was breathing under the surface. The whole thing shimmered like glass, hiding the fact that it was **eating the sand at the shore one grain at a time**.

"I'm not stepping in that," Deez muttered. "I'm not even *touching* that shit."

Jimmy snorted. *"You think it wants you? Nah. You're nothing but skin and poor decisions. This lake? It's looking at me."*

Deez clutched Jimmy tighter, panic bubbling in his gut. "And you're not... worried about that?"

"Worried?" Jimmy laughed so hard it shook the dirt road. Birds fell out of the sky from the vibration. "I'm a goddamn legend, meat sack. Look at me. I'm enormous. I'm glorious. This lake can suck a pickle."

"Dude," Deez said, voice cracking, "this is wrong. All of this is *wrong*. Vinegar lakes? Cheese doors? Mustard clocks? People chewing their own fucking porches like they're Doritos?!"

Jimmy stopped so suddenly Deez nearly flew off. The cucumber turned his massive head toward him, eyes glowing faintly now. *"You think you're better than them? You think you're normal? Newsflash, asshole: there's no normal here. Never was. You either chew the cheese door or the cheese door chews you. Got it?"*

Deez opened his mouth to argue but froze when he saw them.

The townspeople.

Dozens of them, standing silently at the lake's edge, staring. Their eyes were sunken, their clothes stained with mustard and crumbs of god-knows-what. Some were gnawing on sticks. Others chewed on their own goddamn sleeves.

And they all turned at once when Jimmy rolled up.

"Oh... fuck me sideways," DeeZ whispered.

One of the men stepped forward, a tall bastard with a beard that looked like it was knitted out of bacon grease. His voice cracked like dry leather. "Well, well," he said slowly. "Look who rolled in."

A murmur rippled through the crowd:

"Jimmy..."

"Jimmy the pickle..." "Big Jimmy..."

Deez leaned down and hissed, "Jimmy, why the hell do they know you?"

Jimmy puffed out his chest-if cucumbers had chests-and said proudly, *"Because I'm a goddamn hero, that's why. Last time I came through here, I made an impression. Saved their asses during the Great Jelly Flood of '09. Legendary shit."*

The bacon-beard man tilted his head. "You sure did," he said, licking his cracked lips. "Saved us all. And now..." He grinned, teeth yellow like old popcorn kernels. "...you're back."

The crowd stepped closer in unison. The sound of their feet on the dirt was like a hundred whispers scratching the air.

"Uh, Jimmy," DeeZ whispered, his voice shaking, "why do I feel like these psychos aren't about to give you a medal?"

Jimmy chuckled low, but even he sounded uneasy. *"Relax, meat sack. They're just... excited to see me. Who wouldn't be? Look at this green perfection."*

Then DeeZ heard it-the soft sound of stomachs growling. Dozens of them, in sync. Like a pack of starving wolves dressed as farmers.

"Jimmy," DeeZ said slowly, "when's the last time these people ate?"

Jimmy hesitated. *"...Eh. Maybe a week? Or two? Who's counting?"*

The bacon-beard man took another step forward, his shadow stretching long and thin like a greasy knife. "Sun's been gone for days," he said, voice sharp as broken glass. "No sun, no boiled bacon-and-Skittles wraps. Nothing but hunger."

The crowd murmured in agreement, licking their lips, eyes gleaming with something primal.

And then, like a single monstrous heartbeat, they all said it together:

“We’re so... hungry.”

Deez froze. His stomach dropped to his boots. He leaned down and whispered, “Jimmy... buddy... they’re talking about you.”

Jimmy didn’t laugh this time. He didn’t speak. For the first time since they left, the big green bastard looked... scared.

“Cling tight, meat sack,” Jimmy muttered, rolling backward. *“This just turned into a clusterfuck.”*

Behind them, the lake rippled and hissed like boiling acid. Ahead, the starving mob started to close in. And Deez? He realized something awful:

Jimmy was still growing.

Not fast. Just enough to make the air feel tighter, the shadows longer. And in that sour vinegar wind, Deez smelled not just hunger... but inevitability.

Chapter 7: The Lake of Lies

The lake wasn't blue. Not really. It shimmered like mercury under a rotten sky, and it smelled like salad dressing and corpses. Deez slid off Jimmy's back and dropped to his knees in the dirt, breathing hard.

"There," he panted, pointing across the water. "They're there. I see them."

On the far side of the lake, cucumber silhouettes waved in the hazy light-tall, green, swaying like seaweed in a bad dream. His family. The whole reason for this hell trip.

Jimmy crouched beside him, now **colossal**, his shadow swallowing half the shoreline. His voice was low, vibrating through the ground: *"Yep. There they are. All smiles. All salad-ready."*

Deez squinted. "What?"

Jimmy ignored him. Or maybe he didn't. His voice had gotten weird-warped, stretched, like someone chewing vowels. He slithered closer to the water, his massive green bulk casting ripples across the slick surface.

That's when Deez noticed something off. The lake didn't ripple right. When Jimmy touched the water with his tip, the ripples fizzed white. Like vinegar.

Deez sniffed. The stench hit him like a punch in the throat. "What the fuck-"

"Vinegar," Jimmy whispered. *"Lake's full of the shit. You know what vinegar does to cucumbers, right?"*

Deez froze. "...No."

Jimmy's eyes gleamed like toxic emeralds. *"It pickles them. It fucking makes them delicious."*

Before Deez could scream, the townsfolk appeared. Crawling out of the trees like ants. Dozens of them-gaunt, gray, starving. Their clothes were rags, their eyes bloodshot and hungry. They smelled like sweat and desperation.

The first one staggered forward, lips cracked, voice trembling: "Sun's been gone a week... no boiled bacon... no Skittles wraps..."

Another moaned, clutching his stomach: "Haven't eaten in days... Lord have mercy, is that a giant cucumber?"

Jimmy smiled-if a cucumber could smile-and said, *"Yes, bitches. Salad's served."*

The crowd roared. A sound that didn't belong in a human throat. They lunged, teeth bared, knives flashing from nowhere. Someone yelled, "Cut him! Fry him!" Someone else sobbed, "God bless this miracle pickle!"

Deez scrambled back. "What the FUCK?! No, no, no, you can't-"

Jimmy leaned down, his breath smelling like brine and death. *"It's fine, meat sack. It's what I was made for. Bought for. Your granddaddy got his Good Luck Wish, remember? Fifteen grand for a promise? This is it."*

Deez's stomach dropped into hell. "No. Jimmy, don't you fucking dare-"

But it was too late. Jimmy was **shriveling**, his flesh wrinkling, glistening with vinegar as the lake hissed and foamed around him. He sank in slow, like he wanted it, like this was the big finish.

The townsfolk cheered. They surged forward with jars, ropes, and axes, hacking and laughing. Vinegar sprayed everywhere. Steam rose. The air filled with the sound of wet chopping and feral joy.

Deez screamed. "STOP! HE'S ALIVE!"

But nobody cared. They didn't even hear him. They were too busy cramming chunks of Jimmy into their mouths, their faces slick with brine and greed. One man bit into a piece and moaned like he'd tasted heaven. Another stuffed two pickled chunks into his shirt, sobbing, "Thank you, Lord. Thank you for this feast!"

Across the lake, Deez saw the cucumber family-his family-watching. Silent. Horrified. He tried to run to them, but the vinegar shimmered, laughing in bubbles, and the bridge was gone.

He dropped to his knees in the mud, choking on the smell of pickles and blood and vinegar, screaming until his voice shredded to nothing.

The last thing he saw was Jimmy's enormous, wrinkled head sinking under, eyes glowing one final time. *"Told you, meat sack,"* he whispered, voice bubbling through brine, *"this world... eats everything."*

Then the townsfolk ate him too.

Chapter 8: The Feast and the Family

Deez couldn't breathe. Couldn't blink. Couldn't stop staring at the **orgy of hunger** happening in front of him.

Jimmy-**fucking Jimmy**-was gone. Not dead in a tragic sense, but *eaten*, shredded into wet chunks and slurped like soup. The townsfolk tore into him with hands, knives, **teeth**, groaning like porn stars who hadn't eaten in months.

One guy with a beard dripping brine stumbled toward Deez, holding a pickle chunk like a trophy. "You want some, buddy?" His voice was casual, like offering a french fry. "Best shit I ever tasted. Crunchy as fuck. Like eating summer."

Deez gagged. "You people are fucking insane-"

The guy laughed, shoving the pickle into his mouth and moaning loud enough to wake the dead. "Oh sweet Jesus riding a pogo stick, this is better than bacon Skittles!"

Behind him, a woman in a blood-streaked sundress dragged a whole slab of Jimmy through the dirt, licking vinegar off her fingers. She waved at Deez like they were old friends. "Don't be shy, sugarplum! We got enough for everyone!"

Deez stumbled backward. His boots squelched in mud that wasn't mud anymore-vinegar and green slime and something that smelled like **hope dying in a jar**. He looked up. Across the lake, the cucumber family was still there.

Still waving.

Only now... they weren't waving hello. Their leafy arms **drooped like nooses**, their faces carved in horror. One of them-maybe his mom?-was shaking her head slowly, tears of brine rolling down her skin.

"Mom?" Deez whispered, voice cracking. "I-I tried. I fucking tried to save him-"

She opened her mouth. But instead of words, a stream of **tiny pickles** poured out, screaming in tiny voices: "*Why didn't you save him? Why didn't you save him? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE HIM?*"

Deez staggered back, hands over his ears. "SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

The townsfolk barely noticed. They were too busy grinding Jimmy's remains into **pickle powder**, snorting it off spoons like coke. One guy had smeared green mush all over his chest and was howling at the sky like a wolf.

And then it got worse.

The lake began to **boil**. Big white bubbles belched out vinegar steam that smelled like acid and armpits. From the foam, shapes emerged-green, wrinkled shapes. Jimmy's pieces. His chunks. His fucking pickle-flesh... **crawling back together**.

"Oh no," Deez whispered. "No no no no no-"

The townsfolk cheered. "He's reforming! Hallelujah!"

Jimmy's voice slithered through the steam, broken but clear: *"Meat sack... you thought this was over?"*

Deez spun, eyes bulging. "WHAT THE FUCK-"

Jimmy rose from the vinegar like **Godzilla made of pickles**, towering, dripping brine, his skin a patchwork of chewed chunks. His glowing eyes burned through the haze. The people dropped to their knees, chanting: "PICKLE KING! PICKLE KING!"

Jimmy grinned, jagged and wet. *"They're gonna eat you next, meat sack."*

Deez bolted. Sprinting through the mud, heart hammering like a cracked engine, he heard footsteps behind him-townsfolk laughing, chewing, their voices warped:

"Get him!"

"Meat sack stew!"

"Chop him, pickle him, fuck him up good!"

The trees weren't trees anymore. They were giant **forks**, stabbing at the ground, scraping for meat. The sky split open like a rotten melon, spilling mustard rain. Clocks marched out of the forest, spitting yellow streams like machine guns.

Deez ran until his lungs were glass. The chanting grew louder. "PICKLE KING! PICKLE KING!"

And then-he stopped.

Because standing in front of him was his cucumber family. Except they weren't cucumbers anymore. They were **jars**. Glass jars filled with pickles, floating in midair, lids sealed tight. Inside each jar, a face screamed silently, pounding on the glass.

His mom. His dad. His brothers. All floating. All preserved.

"No," Deez whispered, tears slicing down his face. "No, no, no-"

The jars cracked. Vinegar gushed out. And from the flood, Jimmy's laughter roared like thunder, shaking the ground, tearing holes in the world.

Deez dropped to his knees as everything melted. The jars. The people. The lake. Even Jimmy's voice was dripping away, turning to white noise, until-

BLACK.

Chapter 9: The Unraveling

Deez fell.

Not like gravity-fall. Not like tripping-on-a-sidewalk fall. No, this was **falling through colors that didn't even fucking exist yet**, spinning through a hole in the air that tasted like pennies and burnt toast.

"Fuuuuuck!" he screamed, voice stretching like taffy. It echoed forever, bouncing off invisible walls made of teeth.

When he hit the ground-if it was a ground-everything **wobbled** like Jell-O on a washing machine. The sky was mustard-yellow, dripping into rivers of ketchup that hissed like snakes. Trees-or what he thought were trees-were giant skewers with slabs of bacon and neon Skittles sliding up and down them like stripper poles. And in the distance, a **choir of clocks** sang hymns in perfect harmony, their cuckoo birds puking ranch dressing on the hour.

"Oh no," Deez muttered, clutching his head. "Oh, I am so fucking gone."

Something scuttled past his foot. He looked down-and there it was. A pickle. With **legs**. Wearing boots. It tipped its tiny cowboy hat at him and said, "*Howdy, meat sack. You lost?*"

Deez shrieked and kicked it. The pickle exploded into **confetti and sour cream**, and from the mess crawled three baby forks that screamed in Latin.

Deez ran. Again. Because what the fuck else do you do when the ground starts chanting your name? Every step he took made a sound like someone opening a jar of mayonnaise.

Behind him, the mustard sky cracked like an egg. From the yolk spilled **Jimmy's face**, massive, grinning, stitched together from a thousand pickles, eyes glowing radioactive green.

"*You thought you could leave me, meat sack?*" Jimmy's voice was deeper now, shaking the air. His laugh turned into the sound of **glass shattering underwater**.

Deez tried to scream, but his tongue wasn't a tongue anymore-it was a **miniature Jimmy** wriggling in his mouth, whispering: "*Lick the brine, baby. Lick it good.*"

He clawed at his face, ripping the tiny Jimmy free, hurling it into the ketchup river. It splashed and hissed like acid, then **sang a jazz solo as it sank**.

And then the river rose. Because why the fuck not? It rose and swallowed the sky, pulling Deez into an ocean of ketchup and vinegar. Fish with human teeth swam past, all wearing business

suits. One of them stopped and shook his hand. *“Pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Meat Sack. By the way, you’re late for the meeting.”*

“The what?!” DeeZ coughed, choking on ketchup, trying to swim.

The fish rolled its eyes. *“The meeting with your sins, obviously.”* Then its head exploded into **marshmallows and bees**, and DeeZ was alone again.

Floating.

Spinning.

Until he saw **them**.

The jars. The cucumber family. Except now there were **hundreds of them**, all stacked like an army, glass glistening in the crimson ocean. Their faces were clear this time. And they were smiling.

“Mom?” DeeZ croaked, spitting ketchup.

She nodded. Her jar cracked open with a hiss. Brine spilled out, mixing with the ketchup ocean, and she spoke in a voice that was sweet and sharp, like honey poured over razor blades:

“Come home, DeeZ.”

The ocean twisted, pulling him under. He screamed, bubbles bursting from his mouth, as hands-cucumber hands-grabbed him, dragging him down. He saw his reflection in the glass of a jar, warped and dripping.

But it wasn’t him.

It was **Jimmy**.

Smiling. Always smiling.

“You’re next, meat sack,” the reflection whispered. *“You’re gonna taste real good.”* And then everything went **black**.

Chapter 10: The Wake-Up

Silence.

Not like peaceful silence. Not like birds-chirping, wind-in-the-trees silence. No. This was **dead silence**, the kind that feels like the world is holding its breath.

Deez blinked. Once. Twice. His eyes burned like someone had poured bleach in them. His mouth tasted like metal and regret.

And then it hit him: he was lying on a wooden dock. A **real dock**. Not a pickle kingdom. Not a ketchup ocean. Just a splintered, sun-warmed dock stretching over a calm blue lake.

The sunset smeared orange across the water like paint on glass. Gulls screamed somewhere overhead. A boat engine coughed in the distance. Normal sounds. Normal fucking life.

Deez sat up slow, his joints creaking like rusty hinges. His shirt was soaked in sweat. His hands shook so hard he had to grab his knees just to stop them from looking like they were about to dance off his body.

He looked down. No jars. No mustard clocks. No fucking Jimmy. Just his pack of smokes lying next to him, crushed and damp. A lighter beside it. And... yeah. A little tab of paper stuck to his thumb like a goddamn joke.

“Oh,” Deez muttered, voice cracked. “Ohhh... fuck.”

It all came flooding back. Not the whole thing-thank Christ-but flashes. A screaming lake. A pickle with legs. His mom’s voice, dripping with brine. And Jimmy. **Always Jimmy.**

He buried his face in his hands and laughed. Hard. Too hard. The sound bounced across the lake, hollow and cracked, like it belonged to someone else.

“Jesus Christ,” he whispered, staring at the sunset. “Never doing that again.”

He lit a cigarette with shaking hands, dragged smoke deep into lungs that felt like they’d been set on fire, and exhaled slow. The gulls kept screaming. The sun kept sinking. Everything kept moving, like none of it had ever happened.

But for Deez? The taste of vinegar never really left his tongue.

The End.

Author's Thoughts

You finished it? Jesus. You're just as twisted as me.

What's the lesson? There isn't one. Life's weird, meat sack. One day you're eating bacon-Skittle wraps, next day you're screaming in a vinegar ocean while a giant pickle whispers your name.

Don't buy cucumbers from wizards. Or do. I'm not your dad.

Stay brined everyone and enjoy your day!