“Yerrrr, orphan’s tears on tap my guy!”

The goat-headed bar demon scalped the unbaptized child’s head into a growler.

“Sic...” said Abegunde, gulping nervously. He wiped sweat from his forehead as he took the growler from the bar demon. The growler screamed and begged for mercy as it was passed off.

Abegunde swiveled the barstool around and leaned back on the bar, reluctantly sipping his drink while checking out everything else that was going on. His hands were shaking violently, and some brains spilled onto his Hawaiian.

“Tastes like screaming sounds. Nice, I guess...”

The At-the-Stake Tavern was going off that night, and the opinionated women hadn’t even arrived yet.

A new white guy walked into the bar in a blue collared shirt and khakis.

“What’s he here for?” Abegunde asked the bar demon.

“Raped his family then ate them,” said the bar demon as he cracked open a bottle of the Blood of the Indians for Queen Elizabeth, who was licking her lips and clapping her hands excitedly.

A black guy walked in next.

“Okay, so what’d this guy do?”

“Same as you, guy, nothing.”