

And Arawan is the element hell and doors lead to him from poor cold street urchins huddled under hot bakery windows at night for bakers work funny hours; perhaps they are funny people for they make funny face cakes and angel cakes and ginger bread men and toffee whirls so like to whirl it up.

“Recruit them young, I make no excuses,” Arawan looking for a new meth bottle for he has recruitment signs over the bakery window; ‘Fresh bread,’ and is a lie and is just a lure to get the poor cold orphans huddled under the window for a trap door exists right there.

And guess who pulls the string to open the trap door, which is when he can get a swig of meths to steady his hands.

Shame and bad wicked Arawan and hope you catch something bad some place.

“And is not a cruel master as allows them to lick the steam off the hot water pipes when they get thirsty and there are geysers here that shoot up steamed fish but they must catch there own. I don’t employ domestic staff for can you imagine how many cooks did need paid to feed the zillions in hell. Let them live off the larva that’s what I say.

And since business is so good at the bridge have allowed everybody a cup of meths to liven things up. A moment for them to forget where they are and better not breath out as meth fumes is highly inflammable.

And here is Red Ears gnawing a leg belonging to a fairy murderer. Gnawed till the end of time for Blameworthiness dictates the sentence.

In this case he had none; he strangled his poor defenceless mother-in-law. Did her when she slept. No provocation, his murderous action was full of reckless wicked intent, yes a class one murder and he goes straight to level 9 Hell to shovel sulphur into Harry bags for he has contacts in the chemical industry you know.

But I need meths for my mother in law is mitigating circumstances too.....so felt sorry for him and let him work his way up to level 1 then send him back to 9. A change of atmosphere does staff wonders.

And need not worry about his leg, it will grow back, all bits do beyond the veil.

And needs his legs to wash my soul collecting wagon as is gory work.

And see here the Most Wanted Posters and all are at the bridge.

And use these moles as darts,” and he flung one at a poster but because he was drunk hit a newspaper and somewhere someone felt a cold breeze run up his spine; death was coming to collect.

“I am innocent honest, wake the drunken Burke up quick,” but a snore windy and belch greeted the protester as ghouls in black hoods in a wagon driving by Marty’s cousin thirty times removed is driving approached.

And the drunk rolled off his seat and fell on red ears who offended went to find a leg to gnaw elsewhere.

“Ha he ha he, not again, I can’t stand this,” somewhere in hell as a leg is gnawed.