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" MEMORYS ON GREG THE GRIM REAPER "  
By PAT/SALTY

GREGORY "THE GRIM REAPER" SCARPA IN NEW YORK CITY WAS A REAL CHARACTER. WHAT A PIECE OF WORK he WAS. he'd HAVE A GUY KILLED JUST BECAUSE THE GUY WAS A 2ND COUSIN OF A GUY he ALREADY HAD KILLED - THEN OLD GREG WOULD PERSONALLY KILL ~~the~~ THE GUY WHO DID THE KILLING - TO SHUT HIM UP - HEY, THEY DIDN'T CALL HIM "THE GRIM REAPER" FOR NOTHING, YOU KNOW. EVENTUALLY THE ONLY WAY he COULD MAKE ANY MONEY WAS PULLING OFF CONTRACT ~~jobs~~ JOBS BECAUSE - EVEN THOUGH he WAS A BONAFIDE MEMBER ~~of~~ - NOBODY WOULD GO INTO BUSINESS WITH HIM OR HAVE ANY TYPE OF CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE WITH HIM ON ACCOUNT OF EVERYONE WHO EVER DID SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR OR END ~~up~~ UP DEAD. AND he LIVES UP TO HIS NICKNAME IN EVERY WAY. he LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE DEPICTIONS OF THE GRIM REAPER. THIN, GAUNT, DOWNRIGHT GRIM. he DRESSED IN HIS FAVORITE COLOR, BLACK. EVERY DAY. BLACK. BLACK PANTS. BLACK SHIRT. BLACK SHOES. DROVE A CADILLAC - ~~THE READER~~ <sup>THAT</sup> CAN GUESS WHAT COLOR ~~his car~~ WAS. he EVEN HAD A SPECIAL BLACK CADDY he USED WHEN he PLAYED GOLF. HIS HOUSE IN BROOKLYN, PAINTED BLACK SURROUNDED BY - WHAT ELSE? - A BLACK PICKET FENCE. NORMAN ROCKWELL IT WASN'T. NORMAN ROCKWELL NEVER MET GREG SCARPA. IF he HAD, he WOULD HAVE ENDED UP DEAD IN A NEW YORK MINUTE. he DID

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HAVE A SOFT SPOT, HOWEVER; FOR CATS. YOU MIGHT THINK; OH, RIGHT, BLACK CATS, RIGHT? IF SO, YOU WOULD BE WRONG. CAUSE THE GRIM REAPER HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR ALL COLORS AND ALL KINDS OF CATS. USED TO SAY THAT HE LOVED CATS CAUSE ~~HE~~ CATS KILLED RATS AND CATS KILLING RATS REMINDED HIM OF HIMSELF (KILLING RATS - GET IT?)

POETIC, HE WASN'T. ONE TIME A GUY WHO LIVED NEXT TO ONE OF HIS PLACES KILLED ONE OF GREG'S CATS BY ACCIDENT. SO GREG WAITED A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND FOLLOWED THE GUY AND KILLED HIM BY ACCIDENT BY RUNNING HIM OVER WITH HIS CAR. SAID ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. ANOTHER TIME ONE OR MORE BIG FAT RATS ACTUALLY KILLED A COUPLE OF HIS CATS IN SOME RAT INFESTED BASEMENT IN THE CITY - THIS HAPPENED ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO DURING THE SUMMER. SO HE WAITED FOR THE NEXT THUNDERSTORM TO HIT THE CITY ABOUT A WEEK LATER THEN, AS THE THUNDERSTORMS RAGED, HE SPED ON OVER TO THE BUILDING WITH TWO ASSAULT RIFLES AND A THOUSAND ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION IN A BLANKET AND PUT ON THERMAL IMAGING GOGGLES AND PROCEEDED FOR THE NEXT 20 MINUTES (WHILE THE THUNDERSTORMS OUTSIDE COVERED THE SOUNDS) TO SHOOT ~~UP~~ THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF EVERY LAST RAT AND WALL AND THING IN THAT CELLER FOR HAVING KILLED ~~THE~~ <sup>TWO</sup> OF HIS BELOVED CATS. THE WHOLE BUILDING STANK SO BAD OF DEAD ROTTING RATS THAT →

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NO AMOUNT OF CLEANING AND SPRAYING COULD GET RID OF: ~~WATER~~. THE GRIM REAPER SETTLED ON YET ANOTHER OF HIS IDEAS; HE DECIDED TO BURN DOWN THE WHOLE BUILDING AND - IN THE PROCESS - COLLECT THE FIRE INSURANCE. ONLY ONE PROBLEM. GREG - BEING THE EVER HARD WORKING GUY IN HIS SPECIALIZED LINE OF WORK - HAD FORGOTTEN TO KEEP UP THE INSURANCE PAYMENTS AND THEY HAD STOPPED COVERAGE OF FIRE INSURANCE FOR THAT BUILDING.

NO PROBLEM; I'LL BURN IT DOWN ANYWAY, HE SAID. BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE LITTLE PROBLEM. THERE WAS AN OLD GUY GREG HAD HAD IN ONE OF THE OLD APARTMENTS UPSTAIRS FOR YEARS (THE GUY HAD WORKED WITH HIS DAD YEARS BEFORE BACK IN THE 1930'S AND 40'S) AND THE OLD GUY FLAT OUT REFUSED TO MOVE OUT, SAID AT HIS AGE (IN HIS 90'S) THAT HE WAS TOO OLD TO MOVE AND GET A NEW PLACE AT HIS AGE AND THAT GREG COULD DO WHATEVER HE WANTED AFTER HE DIED. GREG READILY AGREED - WHICH SHOULD HAVE SET ALARMS GOING OFF ~~IF~~ IF THE OLD GUY HAD EVEN HALF HIS MARBLES. SO A FEW NIGHTS LATER GREG SHOWED UP AT THE OLD GUY'S DOOR AND THE GRIM REAPER DID WHAT THE GRIM REAPER DOES; IT WAS A TENANT EVICTION PROCEEDING CONDUCTED BY THE LANDLORD FROM HELL, SO TO SPEAK. A CLASSIC LATE NIGHT EVICTION DONE GREG "THE GRIM REAPER" SCARPA STYLE. IT WASN'T PRETTY, TO BE BLUNT.

The LANDLORD Greg SCARPA WANTED his TENANT OUT NOW AND he DIDN'T CARE IF The Guy WALKED OUT ON his OWN OR HAD TO be CARRIED OUT EITHER ALIVE OR DEAD BUT HE HAD TO GO NOW, NOT TOMORROW, NOT NEXT WEEK, BUT RIGHT FRICKIN NOW! The OLD TENANT Guy WAS EITHER STUPID OR HAS A DEATH WISH AS he SAID TO GREG The ONE THING NOBODY SHOULD EVER HAVE SAID TO GREG; "IF YOU WANT ME OUT YOUR GONNA HAVE TO KILL ME!" LOCK, SAYING THAT TO A Guy LIKE GREG SCARPA WAS LIKE TELLING A CLOWN TO be FUNNY. IT WAS LIKE TELLING AN ICECREAM MAN YOU WANT ~~ICE~~ ICECREAM. LIKE TELLING A ~~J~~ JEHOVAS WITNESS YOUR LOOKING TO FIND GOD - IN OTHER WORDS, TELLING THE GRIM REAPER SOMETHING LIKE THAT WAS LIKE WAVING A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF A BULL. GREG WHIPPED A REVOLVER OUT OF his pocket AND SHOT THE Guy DEAD WITH ONE SINGLE SHOT FIRED NO MORE THEN A COUPLE OF FEET FROM THE GuyS HEAD. THE OLD Guy CRUMPLED DEAD TO THE FLOOR. SON OF A BITCH !! GREG SCREAMED AT his LIFELESS CORPES. NOW WE HAVE TO GET RID OF THE GODAMNED BODY BECAUSE IF WE LEAVE him here THEY'LL FIND him AND THEY'LL INVESTIGATE AND THAT WILL FOUL UP ~~EVERYTHING~~ THE WHOLE PLAN TO BURN THIS WHOLE FUCKING BUILDING DOWN! NOBODY SAID A DAMNED WORD. AND he WAS RIGHT IN THAT RESPECT; GREG MAY HAVE BEEN PSYCHOTIC BUT he WASN'T STUPID. →

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A LOTTA GUYS SUSPECTED THAT THE ONLY REASON GREG DIDN'T KILL EVEN MORE THEN HE DID WAS SIMPLY ALL THE TIME AND EFFORT IT TOOK TO DISPOSE OF HIS VICTIMS AFTERWARDS. IN SALTY SPEAK; THE REAPERS

CAT PROBLEM HAD BECOME A RAT PROBLEM THAT BECAME A STINKING BUILDING PROBLEM THAT BECAME A TENANT PROBLEM THAT ~~NO~~ THEN BECAME A BODY DISPOSAL PROBLEM THAT THREATENED TO MUSHROOM INTO A COP INVESTIGATION PROBLEM THAT THREATENED HIS BUILDING ARSON SOLUTION. DAMNED CATS!

EVERYONE KNEW THAT HIS WEAKNESS FOR CATS WOULD ONE DAY BE HIS DOWNFALL. THIS SHIT STARTED WITH HIS CAT OBSESSION

OF FEEDING AND TAKING IN STRAY CATS AND PUTTING THEM WHEREVER HE COULD; HE HIMSELF HAD PLACED THE TWO STRAYS HE HAD FOUND HERE IN THIS BASEMENT. THE TWO THE RATS HAD KILLED. WHICH CAUSED HIM TO SHOOT UP THE ENTIRE BASEMENT,

WHICH KILLED SO MANY OF THE RATS. ~~IT~~ ~~CAUSED~~ CAUSED THE ENTIRE BUILDING TO STINK LIKE CRAZY. WHICH CAUSED GREG TO DESIDE TO BURN THE WHOLE BUILDING DOWN. WHICH LED HIM TO GET RID OF HIS ONLY TENANT IN THAT BUILDING. WHICH LED TO THIS BODY DISPOSAL PROBLEM.

THOSE DAMN CATS HAD STARTED ALL THIS! BUT GREG FINALLY JAST GOT THE INSPIRED IDEA TO LEAVE THE DEAD GUY RIGHT WHERE HE WAS AND HE SOAKED THE ~~THE~~ WHOLE BASEMENT + ~~STAIRS~~ STAIRS AND FIRST FLOOR

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AND HALLWAYS WITH 4 FIVE GALLON CONTAINERS OF GASOLINE HE HAD IN HIS CARTRUNK AND WHEN HE TORCHED THAT SUCKER YOU COULD SEE THE FRIGGIN GLOW ALL THE WAY FROM THE NASSAU COUNTY LINE. END OF PROBLEM, END OF RAT PROBLEM, END OF TENANT PROBLEM, END OF BUILDING, END OF TWO VACANT BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE THAT ALSO CAUGHT FIRE. GREG THE GRIM REAPER EVEN HAD THOSE TWO ITALIAN DETECTIVES FROM THE N.Y.P.D. ON HIS PAYROLL. THE TWO THAT LOOKED LIKE LAUREL AND HARDY. THE FAT COP AND THE SKINNY COP NAMED CARACAPA. FOR YEARS HE'D USE THEM TO FIND OUT GUYS IDENTITIES & ADDRESSES AND STUFF. SO HIS BUSINESS WOULD RUN MORE ~~SPACIOUSLY~~ EFFICIENTLY. THE GRIM REAPER FINALLY MET HIS OWN END DYING IN PRISON OF AIDS, OF ALL THINGS. HE HAD GOTTEN A TRANSPLANT FROM SOME DONOR WHO TURNED OUT TO HAVE BEEN INFECTED WITH AIDS. GREG, BEING GREG TO THE END, ORDERED FROM BEHIND BARS THAT THE SON OF A BITCH WHO HAD GIVEN HIM AIDS BE TRACKED DOWN AND GIVEN ONE OF HIS GRIM REAPER SPECIALS BUT, ALAS, THE GUY HAD ALREADY DIED HIMSELF FROM AIDS AND WHEN THE WORD ~~OF~~ OF THIS GOT PASSED ~~WAS~~ ALONG TO GREG (BY THAT TIME HE WAS DYING HIMSELF IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL) GREG SAID HE DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT, HE WANTED THE GUY DUG UP SO HE COULD BE KILLED AGAIN ANYWAY. I BELIEVE GREG WAS MAKING A JOKE. I HOPE HE WAS JOKING...