



Friday the 13th: The Missing Chapter

April 13, 2007 By [Shawn Decker](#)

In writing a book, a lot of things end up in the crap heap, never to be read and usually for good reason.

✖ Though I wasn't particularly impressed with his music, Liberace shared my sense of vanity. Hey, I was a preppy teenager and, yes, this is shallow, but I was entering junior high school at the time and my looks were very important to me. If I were in a state of rapid decomposition, Liberace could help me look better than I did when I was alive—a kind of *Queer Eye For The Dead Guy*. As for Rock Hudson, well, nobody could handle a guy called "Rock." And since so much was made not only of Hudson's diagnosis, but his sexual orientation as well, *The Enquirer* would definitely be on our hit list.

But not before we cleaned up my town first.

We'd initiate our attack on the boys. This would not only eliminate my dating competition, but also endear me to my new friends. By targeting the hunky football players' dressing room, we'd attract the unsuspecting meatheads with Ace's enchanting piano music and sparkling sequined outfits. Nakedly lured from their showers to the 50-yard line of the dimly lit football field, they would come closer... closer... *closer still...*

Bam!

From behind the bleachers Rock and I strike with an onslaught that could only be described as jock and awe. The athletes finished, we'd move on to the band geeks, whom we'd easily destroy without resistance. Left to fight over my affections, the cheerleaders would plead their cases with the visions of carnage I'd masterminded not too far from the frontal lobes of their brains: the savory treats of my loyal, brooding cohorts.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

PS... Bloodlust not satisfied? Check out this compilation of every death scene in *Friday The 13th*.

Enjoy! And Happy Friday the 13th!

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