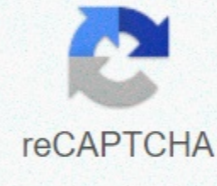




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Lost causes of bleak creek sales

The boy ran through the woods, and blood was coming out of his hand. He was starting to sming. I can't faint. I just need to get to the fence. He could hear his pursuers screaming. They sounded as scared as he felt. He didn't know if it was due to blood loss or the shock of what just happened. They were going to kill me. He knew this place was twisted from the first day he got rid of everything, including his own name. But despite all the bizarre, disturbing things he saw, he still assumed that the brutal punishments were designed to intimidate. Not exterminate. That's why he was so calm, willingly letting them guide him blindfolded and gagged until his palm was cut. What if this particular test was no different? Maybe he was doing exactly what they wanted, running through the trees like a trophy animal. They just cut his arm. No arteries. Moreover, he surprised himself when he got away from the two men who held him, one of them huge, much larger than any of the adults he saw there. Did they let him go on purpose? No, it shouldn't be sold. He fought like a life. The boy felt a glimmer of pride. All those hours of remembering Jean-Claude Van Damme's moves were worth it. I can't wait to watch Kickboxer again. He could not move in full, as branches, stones, and logs snuck up on him in the mealy moonlight. He avoided obstacles and hoped to aim straight. Where's the damn fence? He saw him just before he collided with him, the grass on the pasture on the other side of the chain shining dim gray under the night sky. He began to rise without thinking, the pain exploded when a metal wire slipped into his open wound. He choked back the scream, hoping to conceal the exact escape point. As he clenched his jaw to summon determination to rise to the 10-foot barrier, he saw it: the cutting part of the fence not five paces away. As he made his way through the flap and rose in the pasture, he heard the roar of the engine to his left. The pickup truck was rushing through the pasture in his direction. They tried to fend him off. He ran into the sprint towards the tree cover on the side of the pasture and saw his own shadow in front of him as the headlights shone on his back. He was sure of his speed. Ninety-nine percentile in the president's challenge shuttle run. He timed it himself. But they quickly closed the distance. Get to the tree line. He knew there'd be a barbed wire fence on the edge of the field. He'd have to clean it up in a step. Within seconds, they rushed at him. He was just a few steps from the trees. The headlights lit up the short fence and helped him assess his distance. Stuttered- proceeded to set his jump, then threw his leading leg into the air. Pure jump. He heard the truck, to a stop on the wet grass behind him, the door opens. The men are screaming. He knew this stretch of forest well; there was hardly a piece of nature in the city that he didn't explore himself. Another hundred feet and he made it to the clearing. He broke into a wide alley stretched through a forest, a grassy corridor that followed sewage pipes to a sewage treatment plant. He heard men clumsily moving through the woods, bumping into branches and grumbling to themselves. Morons. He randomly chose the direction, threw himself down the clearing, and in less than fifty steps reached the shaft. He grabbed a stick nearby and tucked it into a notch on the cover, just as he had done a thousand times before, and no longer thought of his throbbing hand. The heavy metal disc rose, at which point it grabbed the underside and lifted the lid on the edge, releasing a pungent smell. He quickly descended into the darkness of rank and raced as fast as he could on the iron trimmings. The dishevelled men jumped out of the trees ten seconds after dropping the shaft cover into place. The boy listened as their swear words passed him. He waited until he heard them again, and then he sat for another five minutes. He lifted the cover and emerged into the stuffy night air. The boy ran deeper into the woods. NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER - Stranger Things meets the South. Frosty, cheerful and thrilling - I liked that! --Felicia Day by the authors of Rhetta & Linka Myths and the creators of Good Mythical Morning... It's 1992 in Bleak Creek, North Carolina - a sleepy little place with all the trappings of an ordinary Southern town: two Baptist churches, friendly smiles along with quiet judgments and an unquenchable appetite for pork products. Under the jolly FAA\$ade city, however, Bleak Creek teens live in constant fear of being sent to Whitewood School, a local reformation with a history of putting unruly youth back on the straight and narrow - a record so impeccable that almost everyone is willing to ignore the suspicious deaths that have occurred there in the past decade. Initially, high school freshmen Rex McClendon and Leif Nelson believe what they were told: that the students' strange deaths were just tragic accidents, an unfortunate consequence of succumbing to vices like Marlboro Lights and Nirvana. But when the filming of their low-budget horror masterpiece PolterDog goes horribly wrong - and their best friend, Alicia Boykins, is sent to Whitewood as punishment - Rex and Leif are forced to question everything they know about their humble hometown and their precious school for delinquents. Eager to save her boyfriend, Rex and Leif pair up with recent NYU film school graduate Janine Blitstein to begin piecing together the disturbing truth of the school and its mysterious founder, Wayne Whitewood. Co the find leaves them struggling with evil that transcends their wildest fantasies - one that shakes Bleak Creek to the core. The praise for The Lost Causes of Bleak Creek The Lost Causes of Bleak Creek is like your best friend from high school - a little weird and a little twisted, but no matter how much trouble they caused, they always made you laugh. You don't have to be a GMM fan to realize... Lost Causes Bleate Creek, will it be an amazing book? F@*# yeah! Kurt Sutter, creator of Sons of Anarchy Most people don't read books, let alone write them. This puts Rhetta and Link in the top 1% of smart people in the world. Read this book. Rachel Bloom, co-author of Crazy Ex-Girfriend It's scary, it's fun and it's a hell of a carnival ride. -Kirkus Review NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER - Stranger Things meets the South. Frosty, cheerful and thrilling - I liked that! --Felicia Day by the authors of Rhetta & Linka Myths and the creators of Good Mythical Morning... It's 1992 in Bleak Creek, North Carolina - a sleepy little place with all the trappings of an ordinary Southern town: two Baptist churches, friendly smiles along with quiet judgments and an unquenchable appetite for pork products. But beneath the cheerful façade of the city, the teens of Bleak Creek live in constant fear of being sent to whitewood school, a local better-off who has in the past returned to unruly youths flat and narrowing - a record so impeccable that almost everyone is willing to ignore the suspicious deaths that have occurred there over the past decade. Initially, high school freshmen Rex McClendon and Leif Nelson believe what they were told: that the students' strange deaths were just tragic accidents, an unfortunate consequence of succumbing to vices like Marlboro Lights and Nirvana. 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Kurt Sutter, creator of Sons of Anarchy Most people don't read books, let alone write them. That Rhett and Link in the top 1% of smart people in the world. Read this book. Rachel Bloom, co-author of Crazy Ex-Girfriend It's scary, it's fun and it's a hell of a carnival ride. - Kirkus Review &g; Skip to Content Novel Formats & Editions from the creators of Good Mythical Morning and authors of #1 New York Times bestseller Rhet and Link's Mythical Book, an exciting and darkly entertaining novel in the spirit of Stranger Things and the Goonies about two best friends fighting against darkness in the heart of their southern city It's 1992 in Bleak Creek, North Carolina, a sleepy little place with all the trappings of an ordinary Southern town: two Baptist churches, friendly smiles along with quiet courts and an unquenchable appetite for pork products. 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