

# PEEPULOIDS

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based on a short tale  
by  
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“Man, it was a long day at work!” I told Martin as I plopped down on the Eze Boy recliner. Martin doesn’t even lower his hoody or turn away from the TV but asked “oh yeah, how was it?” I start to let loose into the chair, the cool leather doing it’s thing on my sore muscles. “I hurt myself on the job but what can I do about it? My shoulder hurts real bad!” The stabbing pain can’t melt away fast enough. Martin turns to look at me with a mischievous grin. “Don’t get too comfortable in that chair man, I got just the thing for what ails you.”

“Oh yeah like what?”

“you’ll see bro, you’ll really see...”



Martin comes back inside after rifling through his trunk. He comes back to his chair and throws me a small bag.

“what is it?” I ask while hold up the clear baggie.

“It’s weed, this old man sold it to me the other day. I want you to smoke it, now more than ever.”

“I’ve never puffed on this before in my life, but this pain is just unbearable.” I was a bit embarrassed to say so but it was true, I stand out as a mamas boy.

“I know that man, your a complete square. But haven’t you ever wanted your very own peepuloid?”

“a peep-uh what?”

Martin grabbed his lighter and started rolling a joint.

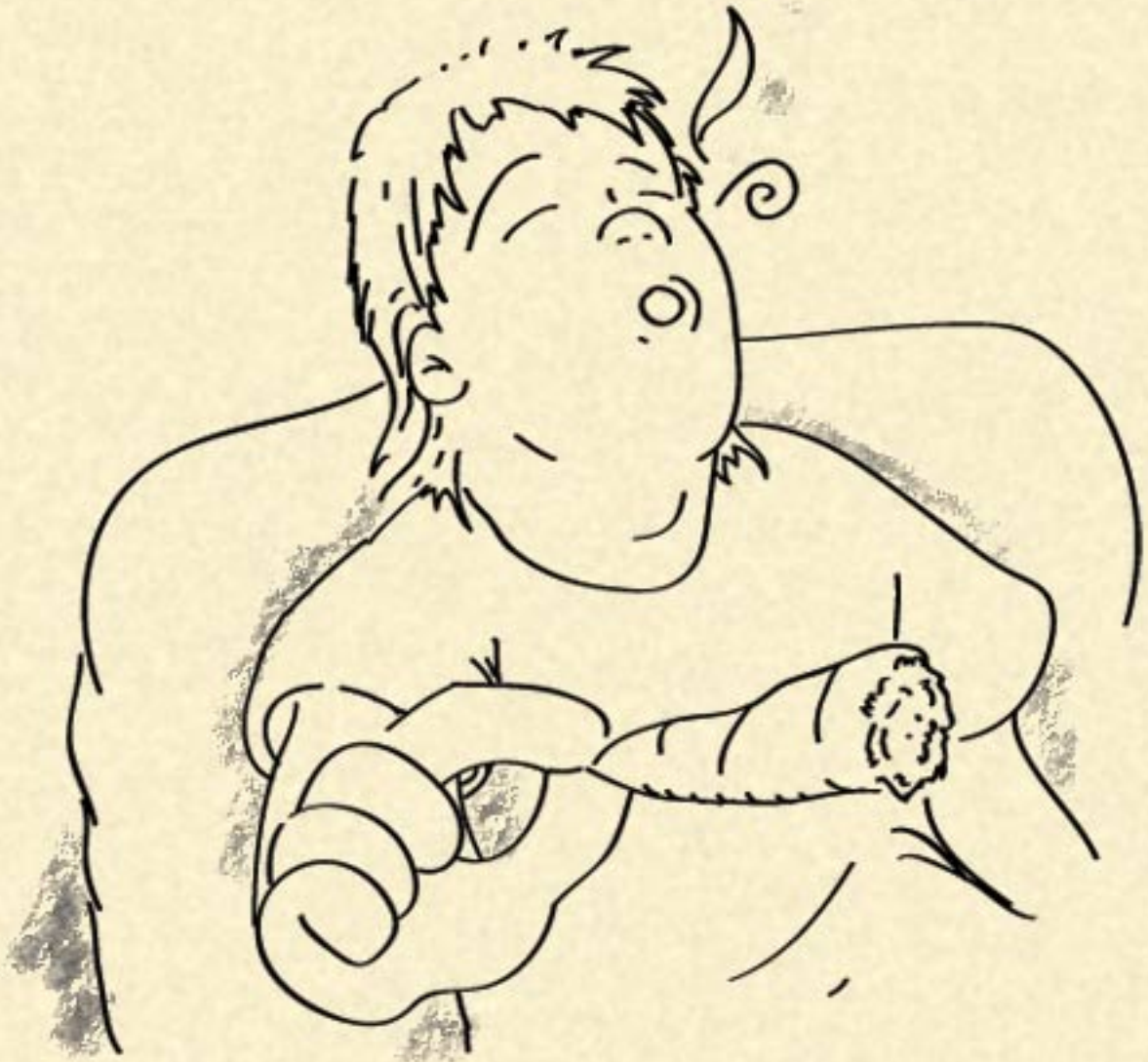
“Look, if this is really your first time then you need to make it GOOD,” He licks the rolling paper inbetween breaths like a pro. “when you inhale hold it for as long as you can then let it go and look up.”

He passes me the joint and lights it for me, I do as he says, I mean, what could possibly happen, right?

After about 30 seconds I can’t hold out any longer. I exhale skyward - lo and behold, out of the smoke a small figure materializes from thin air!

“What kind of sorcery is this?!”

“That my brother, is a peepuloid!”



“You see it too?” I whispered out, I wanted to choke from the smoke but the creature above my head was overriding all my senses.

“Yeah bro, I don’t even have to smoke anymore to see them.”

“Where do they come from?” The peepuloid slowly floated down my way and shrunk in size till it landed on my nose.

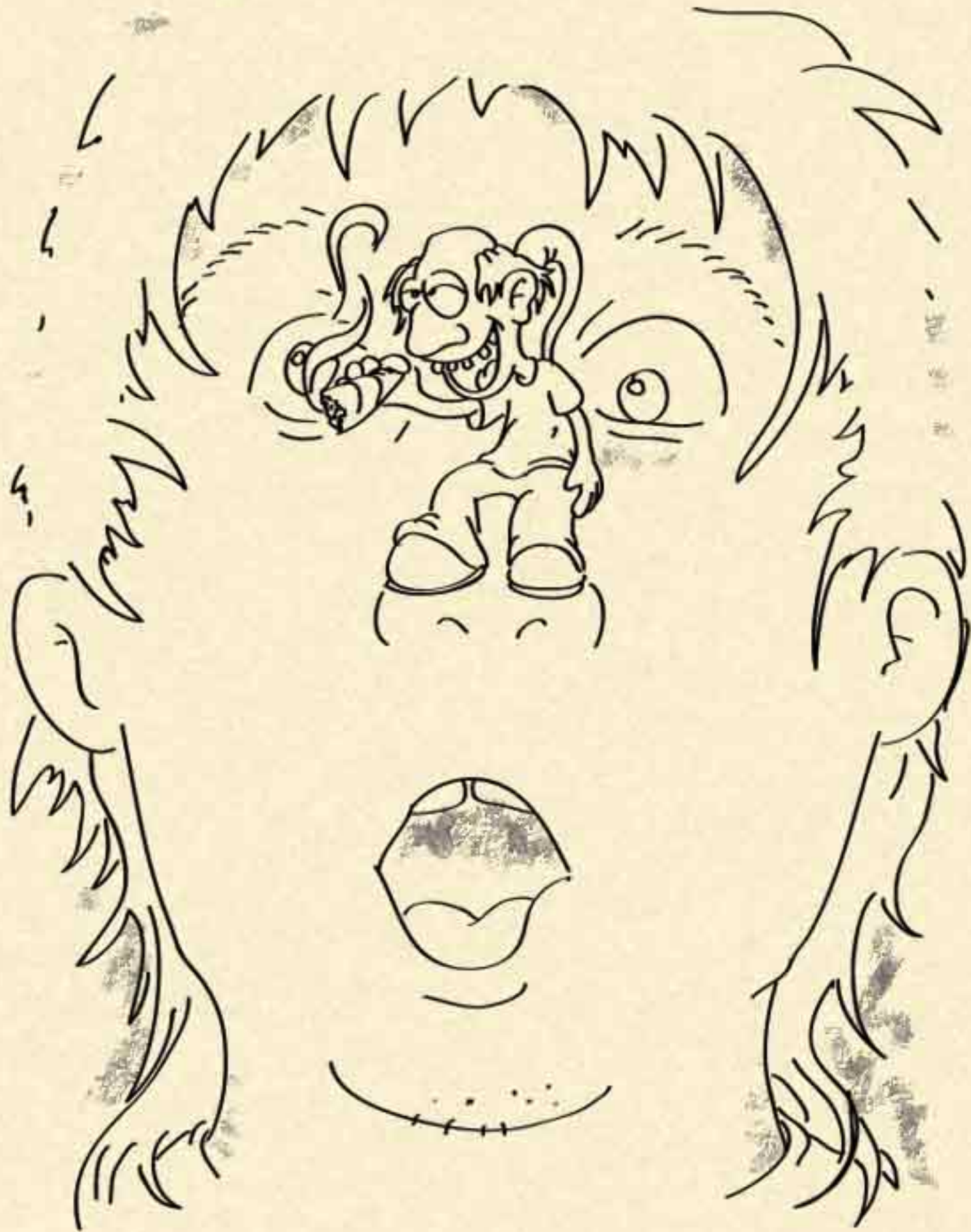
“You just saw for yourself, when a person smokes weed for the first time ever, the first exhale gives birth to a new peepuloid. They are EVERYWHERE, you just don’t notice them! The weed you smoked must have been the strongest ever since most people can’t see their peepuloid, you have to smoke a lot to even get to that level bro.”

“Where did this weed come from?” It reached down and took the joint from my lips, I was getting crossed eyed.

“An old man, he says they call it moondroponics - they grow it with moonlight only, or so they say.” Martin sparks up also and lays back in his chair.

“I can feel it on my nose!” I bark.

“yeah they touch you everywhere when your baked, get used to it! They like to mess with you.”



From out of the corner of my eye I saw a shadow in the kitchen. I turned to look and my peepuloid jumped away. I couldn't believe my eyes, MORE of them came out of every nook and cranny.

“You see this?”

“They are hungry bro, peepuloids get the munchies too - only worse, they are always hungry! When we get stoned, they get stoned right there with us man.”

By this time Martin couldn't even open his eyes anymore. I was getting hit hard also but I couldn't help but to watch them tear the kitchen apart. They gobbled the bag of cheez-puffys in seconds, dozens of peepuloids with the baddest case of munchies you have ever seen. They jumped on apples to squeeze juice out, they forced the milk open but from the looks of it they had no intention of putting the lid back on.

“This explains a lot!” I chuckled to myself.

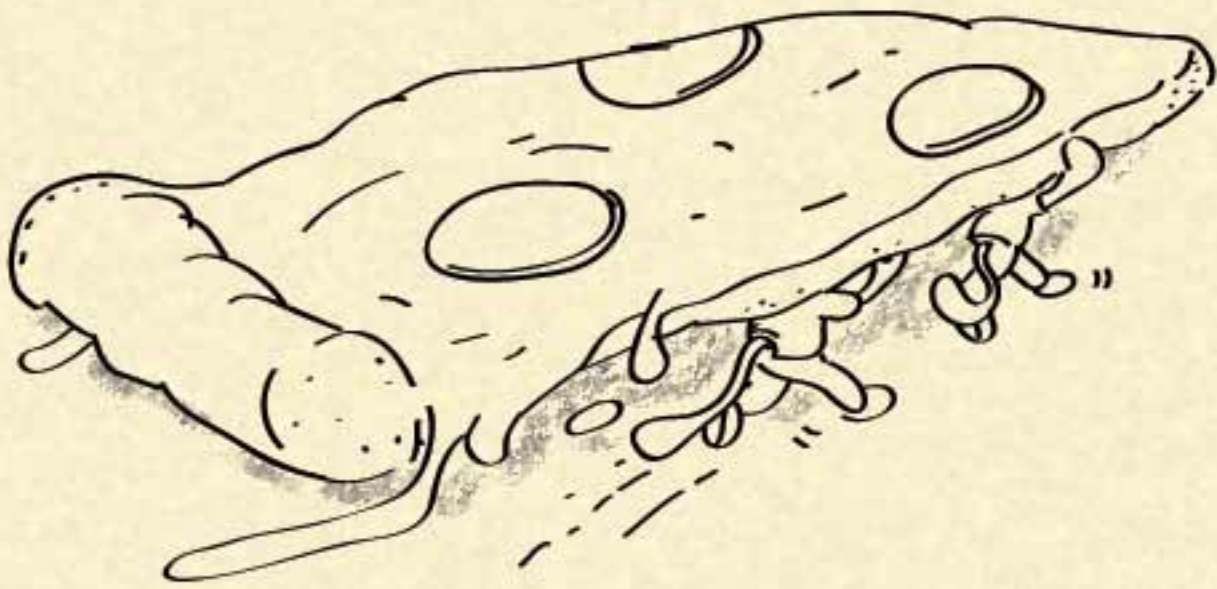
“Remember last week,” Martin said with a silly grin on his face. “You said, you asked ... who ate the last slice of pizza?”

“Yeah....I think, I don't remember.”

“Bro, peepuloids.”

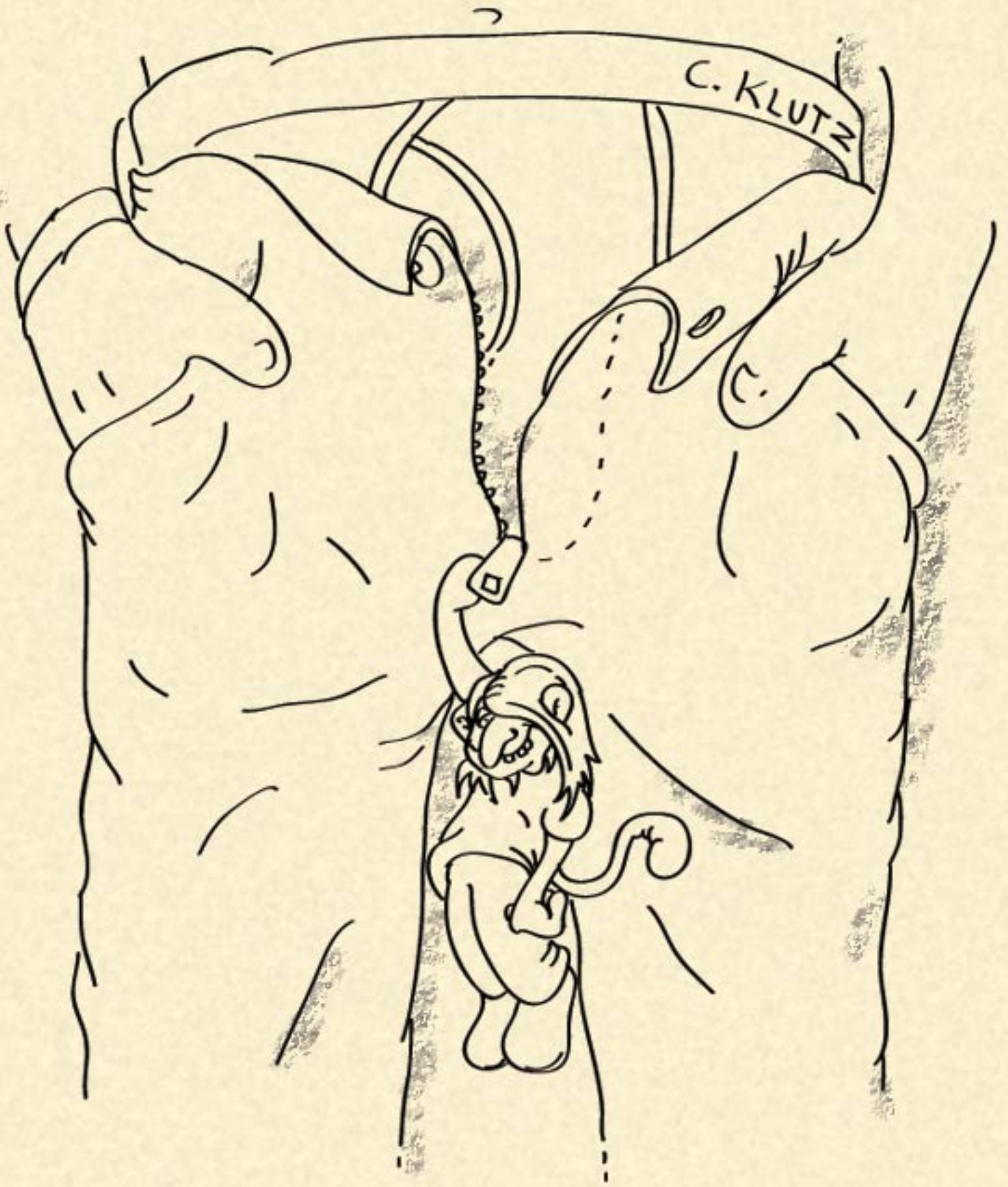
“oh...ok.” it all made perfect sense now.





A peepuloid jumped on my shirt and started to climb down, it took a button on it's way down. Another untied my shoelace. I turned just in time to see one take the batteries from the remote. I heard a whirl in the restroom and caught 2 peepuloids finishing a sprint on the toilet paper, which went DIRECTLY into the bowl. As the paper ran out one of them jumped and pulled my zipper down for fun. As I turned my shoulder in circles a lot more freely now, I couldn't help but to smile.

“Peepuliods!”



THE END