

# Chapter 1 - Meet the Family

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What you'll read here is the story of Billy Bob and his family. His is not an ordinary family, the kind that gets up in the morning to go to work or school. The kind that pays their taxes and who lead respectable lives. No, no - his is the kind of people who do whatever the hell they want at whatever the hell the time they want. And if anyone has a problem with that, there just might be a 2x4 beating in store for him or her in the very near future. Not to say that Billy Bob is needlessly violent - no, no. As Alabama native Billy Bob would put it: "Us whites have got to stand for something and not just act like fucking niggers!" That's why he formed the National Association Against Racism and Nigger Violence, or NAARNV for short. Being a family man and all, he hastily signed up his wife and his three children as the organization's first members, with the family's kitchen serving as its headquarters.

At the beginning of this book, we find the Hix family in their trailer at 5116 Pinson Valley Parkway, on the outskirts of Birmingham, about to enjoy their favorite pastime - cooking meth. But not just any meth. For mother-of-three Betty Sue, only the best is good enough for her family, which is why she makes sure to use only the highest-quality ingredients for her special recipe; her husband and her three children, all of whom she loves with all her heart, deserve no less in her eyes.

"Hey, kids! Time for our Monday night baking session!" she shouts towards the children's rooms. Though the Hix aren't a very rich family, their mobile home still sports four bedrooms - the main bedroom for the married couple; and one each for oldest child Big Ray, their daughter Bambi and little brother Tommy Lee. Moments later, the sound of Big Ray's favorite band Max Resist, which until that moment had been banging across the house, dies down. Out steps their somewhat-hulking 17-year-old son, takes off the boxing gloves he's used for punching practice on the bag in his room and throws them on the living room floor. Big Ray is panting heavily as he comes into the kitchen, but nothing can stop him from joining in on the week's highlight.

Soon another figure comes out of the door at the far end of the house. It's 14-year-old Bambi, showing her usual frown. As she too comes into the kitchen, Big Ray turns to her. "Hey, gotten a girlfriend yet?"

"How so, you want me to bring a girl home since no one wants your redneck ass?" she responds.

"Better being a redneck than a dyke."

Betty Sue interrupts them in a cordial manner. "Oh, you kids. You're supposed to be happy now - it's time for meth, you know!" She raises her voice again. "Tommy Lee, are you coming too?"

From his room comes a muffled response. "Just a minute, mom, I have to give these niggers on Youtube the shit they've got coming to them. You just can't believe all their trash talk!"

Bambi sighs. "Oh joy, my little brother is picking fights with African-Americans on the Internet again," she whispers to herself.

There's a smile on Betty Sue's face. "That's my boy, always on the barricades holding off the niggers," she says. Once again she addresses her son. "Honey, but you don't want to miss our baking session. If you don't come out now, we're gonna have to start without you."

The family hadn't always lived in this trailer. Up until five years ago, they had spent half their time on the road, the other half living in outhouses on Billy Bob's dad's farm. But then Billy Bob decided that it was finally time to settle down and let the family grow up in a proper house. So he convinced his dad to give him two of his cows, which he would use as a swap for a home to live in. Then he borrowed his dad's lorry on which he transported all of the family's belongings along with the two cows, and went driving southward on route 79 into the big city of

Birmingham. Before they were even inside the actual city, they had spotted a "for sale" sign on the right, at Mimosa Mobile Home Park, and this is where they would now live. In exchange for the cows, Billy Bob Hix became the proud owner of his own 2-section mobile home, with an actual bed for every single person in his household.

Well, at that time they weren't the Hix's yet. When they moved in there, they had still carried the old family name Hicks from Billy Bob's dad. But the neighbors would make mean-spirited jokes about "the Hicks" that had moved in. They'd go, "Oh lookie - it's the Hicks again! Wanna trade for my old convertible too with some of your cows?" Faced with daily mockery, the family convinced Billy Bob to legally change their name. He felt very strongly against completely letting go of his roots, however, which is why he settled for Hix, a name they've been proud to carry ever since.

But enough of backstory. Billy Bob, who had spent the afternoon until then watching WWE Monday Night Raw on TV, now joins the rest of the family in the kitchen. "I can't believe I've not had any meth in my system for all of six hours!" he says.

"I know a guy who makes meth not very far from here, he's usually got a good supply," Big Ray intervenes. "If you're short on meth then just tell me, dad, and I'll go snatch some of his."

Betty Sue is upset at this suggestion. "In this family we don't go for any second-grade stuff. Big Ray, you know it's a house rule here that we make our own meth!"

"Yes, mom," he answers reluctantly.

"I tasted a neighbor's meth once... I almost threw up and decided for myself: Never again will I or any of my family take any meth that I didn't cook myself!"

Billy Bob takes charge of the operation. "Ok, let's see that we've got everything now then."

"Funnel?" Bambi goes "Check."

"Eyedropper?" Tommy Lee goes "Check."

"Glass dish?" Betty Sue goes "Check."

"Plastic jars?" Big Ray goes "Check."

"Coffee filters?" Bambi goes "Check."

"Sudafed?" Tommy Lee goes "Check."

"Chemicals?" Betty Sue goes "Check."

They all start washing off the surface of the Sudafed pills to get rid of the color markings, and proceed with the rest of the recipe; while Betty Sue envisions herself being Mary Poppins for a moment and breaks out singing.

"Mash pills to powder in a jar  
Pour methanol and you'll go far  
You shake the jar - and look!  
The eph will rise

You pour the top into a cone  
Burn 'til the liquor's flown  
Pour eph! Iodine!  
Add HCl and combine!"

Big Ray pours some sodium hydroxide into the jar, and Betty Sue resumes her singing.

"For a spoonful of meth helps the dull days go by  
The dull days go by-y

Dull days go by  
Just a spoonful of meth helps the dull days go by  
In a most inebriated way

Shake it gently into a swirl  
Pour some ether and make it whirl  
Isolate the top  
with an eyedropper

Fill a new bowl with water and  
some HCl and jar on hand  
And shake! And bake!  
The bottom you'll take

For a spoonful of meth helps the dull days go by  
The dull days go by-y  
Dull days go by  
Just a spoonful of meth helps the dull days go by  
In a most inebriated way"

After finishing her song, Betty Sue starts boiling away the water, leaving nothing but the meth crystals in the bowl. "My, we finished the meth cooking in the time it took me to sing the four first verses of that old Disney classic. There must be some magic to all of this!" she exclaims.

Though the daily grind can indeed be stressful and people don't always have the time - or the energy - to show gratitude, the Hix never partake of their meth without first paying the Lord his due respect. And so, as always, Billy Bob picks it up. "Let's all hold hands now and close our eyes," he commands. The rest of the family do as they're told, and he continues. "Lord, we thank you for the meth you give us today and we promise we will enjoy it to its fullest extent. We thank you that you've blessed us white people with the finest product of them all - meth - and not just some nigger junk like crack. May we enjoy long and prosperous lives while on it. Amen." They open their eyes, and their mood goes back to casual once again.

Betty Sue hands out glass pipes to the entire company, and now they sit in front of the jar with the crystals. Billy Bob is the first to pick up a crystal, put it in his pipe and smoke it. The rest of the family look at him to gauge how good the product is. A couple of seconds pass, then his face shines up. "Ain't that the berries! This is near 'bout the best meth I've ever had!" The rest of the family join in as well, gobbling up the meth they've just cooked in a voracious manner.

Moments later, they're all passed out on the floor.