



# Clown Tear Junkies

*Douglas Hackle*

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## Clown Tear Junkies Douglas Hackle

Within the whacked-out worlds of these twisted tales, only one thing remains the same:

Everything is better when laced with the tears of a clown...

When a sexually adventurous couple decides to spice things up by bringing bees into the mix, they learn it's never wise to dial 811 in case of an emergency. A deadbeat dad gains employment as a lady-in-waiting in a fairytale bromance where every character looks exactly like someone else from John Carpenter's *The Thing*. The unknowing victim of a cruel prank, a simpleton spends his entire life waiting on a park bench for the hottest girl in school. Using only his twenty-sided die and good old-fashioned D&D magic, a man must continually resurrect the neighborhood kid regularly murdered on his own front lawn. An aging slaughterhouse worker and the iconic figure from Edvard Munch's *The Scream* hit the clubs every weekend in a vain attempt to get laid.

These and many more absurdities await in *Clown Tear Junkies*, the debut collection from Douglas Hackle.

## Clown Tear Junkies Details

Date : Published September 2013 by Rooster Republic Press

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Author : Douglas Hackle

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## From Reader Review Clown Tear Junkies for online ebook

### PirateSteve says

a slippery slope

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### Gregor Xane says

I listened to the never-to-be-produced audiobook version of *Clown Tear Junkies* (the one read by Smokey Robinson) and I must say it was excellent. These stories have something to satisfy everyone in your family. There are many, many huge cocks and bodies being smashed to a bloody pulp, copious amounts of semen and chyme, gay ice road truckers and polyhedral dice, blank pages, and pages filled with random letters, numbers and symbols. There's even a story that features an elderly man being pulled down the street in a little red wagon!

Readers who enjoyed Eat, Pray, Love, Chicken Soup for the Soul, and the works of Deepak Chopra need to read this collection right away.

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### Kirk says

This is your brain:

This is your brain on clownk:

Also . . .

This is a regular book:

This is Douglas Hackle's *Clown Tear Junkies*:

Admittedly, I haven't read a lot of surreal writing to completion. Generally, surreal writing takes a leap off a precipice into depths beyond my ability to suspend disbelief. But this book is really good. It does what surrealism should, in my opinion. Surrealism should challenge the conventions of whatever genre it falls into. When it comes to fiction, Hackle's work definitely pushes the boundaries on storytelling and stylistic conventions, featuring everything from characters being pelted with #, ^, and @'s to characters with infinite stutters. It goes off the deep end, as surrealism is wont to do, but Hackle does it with tact, never compromising the integrity of the craft for the sake of making the reader say, "What the fuck?" In sum: weird AND awesome.

If you're a fan of surreal writing, this book is for you. If you've given surrealism a chance and found it wasn't your cup of tea, this book is for you as well. Hackle will regale you with tales of big blue dicks, personified hospices, inebriated ID ID's and more. By the time you're done, the boring-ass collection of fiction at your

local library will seem like a pack of cheap wax crayons at Ponderosa in comparison.

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### **karen says**

i always feel bad about myself whenever i find myself liking one of these bizarro titles - and i don't always like them, mind you. but it's hard not to have a moment of serious self-reflection after reading, and enjoying, something like this that's so twisted and violent and...wrong. what happened to little english major undergrad karen who was so taken with *Villette* and *Bleak House*?? why is she cackling over this book with its repetition of the phrase "big blue dick" and its multiple decapitations and no fewer than six stories that end in either complete gibberish alphabet-soup or repetitions of numbers or all-caps yelling words, not to mention the story that consists of three blank pages??

oh, right - she realized that no one likes bitches with intellectual vanity rods up their asses and that bdsm with bees is fucking *funny*.

*quicquid*

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### **India says**

I'm still endlessly impressed with how weird, how funny, and how twisted Hackle's writing is. I would definitely recommend this to anyone who wants to read something amazing that is unlike anything you've ever read before.

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### **Karlyflower \*The Vampire Ninja, Luminescent Monster & Wendigo Nerd Goddess of Canada (according to The Hulk)\* says**

#### **BIG, BLUE COCK!!**

If the idea of big, blue dicks offends you, proceed no further.... and more importantly **do NOT** read this book!!

This book of Douglas Hackle's short stories is certainly politically, socially and anything-else-he-can-think-of-ly incorrect! **NOT SAFE FOR WORK**

However, if you live in the realm of bizarritiy and vulgarity more commonly found in the fantasies/nightmares of teenage boys, this book is for YOU!! Hackle's mind is a disturbing place to delve!

Within this compilation you will encounter pick up lines that shouldn't - and hopefully NEVER - work! (*So how about we go inside now and I make you my little bitch?* I swoon! Take me now, big fella :P) Also, you will find marionettes, leprechauns, huge-cocked geriatrics, girls that are literally so cute they'll kill you and much more! This is a cesspool of grotesque hilarity!

Lastly, if swearing offends you: well, fuck you.... and also, **DO NOT read this!**

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## **John McNee says**

This book pretty much earned itself 5 stars with the first four stories, but for the sake of completeness I read the rest of it anyway.

'Clown Tear Junkies' is a great title, too, because these stories are addictive. It's kind of like Douglas Hackle has found a way to pen the paint-huffing literary equivalent of those BuzzFeed/Cracked photoplasty/pic caption threads that you stumble upon at 4am and you know you should be in bed, but you keep on scrolling, telling yourself "one more, one more..." and then suddenly it's daylight and you have to go to work, but you're so wired and exhausted you can't remember what you do for a living, so you take the turn-off for the harbour and accidentally sleep-drive your car onto a crab trawler bound for Iceland where you're taken in by a family of moon-worshipping seal farmers and wind up betrothed to their heavily pregnant son Oslo who you know doesn't really love you, but he also doesn't want to be a single parent to a litter of Icelandic belly-spiders, so he pledges to give you a home and a life and even pay your way through Alcoholic Clown College, so you just think "What the hell!" and start picking out wedding dresses.

Let me be clear about this: I FIND THAT INCREDIBLY IMPRESSIVE!

Insanely inventive, wildly funny and - most importantly - not even a little bit like anything else you've ever read in your life, this is hopefully the first of many books from Hackle that deserve a spot on your shelf.

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## **Ms. Nikki says**

My mind is blown. Literally. It needs a new fuse -sleep- before I can absorb any other information without twisting it into a Douglas Hackle tale.

This read is like those psychedelic colors on that new Scooby-Doo show that zoom in, out, rotate, and play Jedi mind tricks on your brain.

I have never read anything like this. The characters in these stories were so freakin' far beneath/beyond normal stupidity that you can't help but feel sorry for them, root for them, or in my case, laugh at them uproariously with donkey-like guffaws. Did that makes sense? It doesn't matter because it's okay to be weird when you've consumed the clown tears in-between these pages.

There were lots of movie references that endeared me even more to these stories. One of my favorites being; The Thing. The Jeepers Creepers tidbit gets an honorable mention.

I learned new words. That's always a bonus when a writer teaches you something new. One of those words is "sterd." No, I'm not telling you. You'll have to get the book to find out.

Once you read these stories you'll know; your grandpa is your daddy, dialing 811 will hurt you bad, how to resurrect your loved ones, why your ID needs an ID, what it takes to be Irish, and how a backslash can kick your ass.

Warning:

There's mention of a big blue di\*k that the reader can suck on if something is not to their liking. Hopefully, you'll down some clown tears, relax, and enjoy this read for what it is...weird.

\*An Arc of this read was given to me for an honest review\*

This, and other genre reviews can be found at [www.horrorafterdark.com](http://www.horrorafterdark.com)

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## **Kris Lugosi says**

A very schizophrenic ADHD journey into the mind of one Douglas Hackle...

When you think you've got the gist of a story it turns left leaving you with a whole other meaning and conclusion than you could have come up with initially. THEN when you think there's no rhyme or reason....THERE'S A REASON!!

Clownk; bottled clown tears that will get you higher than a BBD....

Douglas Hackle is King of The Clown Tear Junkies and it is evident throughout his collection of 27 short stories. From the whacked out, sometimes confusing, always entertaining Douglas Hackle, no possible way to be disappointed if you are a fan of the bizarre, twisted, and often humorous side of story telling.

I FLUNKED KINDERGARTEN: A wonderful satirical look at how ignorance begets ignorance. Short and sweet just like the blissfulness of ignorance itself.

THE DATE: Meet Stuttering James. Meet Stuttering James date... then...try to wrap head around the most famous moment in cinematic history.

ON PLANET ZOHLZART IT'S OK TO GET WITH YOUR GRANDPA: This story teaches us all to take a moment and see things from other "cultures". Don't knock what you haven't tried and don't judge with your hateful words and letters! You don't know them!!!

STRUGGLE OF A DESCRIPTION: The true story of how the Lost World of the Weremanatees came to be without a king....yeah...pretty much...

THE PERFECT POPCORN RECIPE: One of my favorite stories in here! Five stars, this story follows the bromantical meeting of two men just wantin bro companionship with maybe a bit of a d\*ck suck here and there...they aren't gay. After one of the two realizes that they can't just get by on bromance, he seeks a job as a "lady" in waiting where he discovers the recipe for the perfect popped corn, a recipe seeked out by many....

811: This was a funny story. A couple experiments with other risqué forms of sexual gratification, but dial the wrong number when the whole experience goes awry.

FISHING WITH HIGGINSWORTH FIG VII: A TALE OF DENIAL: Higginsworth Fig is not liked by the neighborhood kids, or the parents...or anyone for that matter. So hated, that on several occasions the cruel townspeople would be beat him to a bloody pulp, left for dead. Thankfully, the boy's neighbor, Merv and his 20 sided die know just what to do to bring him back to life. And he does this every time Higginsworth is reduced to nothing more than a mess of dying flesh. I love the compassion Merv shows the boy and the connection he feels towards him. The last line of this story surprised me (shouldn't have..but did)

ICECREAM IN AMERIKKKA: Ha! You would think with flavors like 'My Dad' and 'My Son' and a father

son duo would maybe want to think twice about ordering it....either way this story has a Beginning, a Middle, and an End....spoiler alert...the end goes off with a bang.

WAITING ON A GIRL: This makes me super sad for the main character! Reading this story was like watching Nukem' High. Kranlin falls for a witchy witch of a girl who tells him to wait for her on a park bench. He does this...till he is old and encounters the old hag decades later only to find out it was a cruel joke....some more stuff happens, sexy times, and testicle replacement and what have you.....alksdjksanclnalwiuiiojfq1%\$3#!!#\*(ajklakjsd

FUNERAL, CEMETERY, AUTOMOBILE, ALCOHOL: Imagine if funeral, cemetery, automobile, and alcohol were entities...and they are all dying.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES (AND OTHERS) WANTED: I laughed through most of this. An ad is placed out by someone who wants nothing to do with a film they are wanting to produce and hire actors for. Because of the "snuff" nature of the film the person putting the ad out wants nothing to do with it and hopes it does not trail back to them...so how does one word an add that is not going to be printed?

THE DAY MY ID'S ID GOT CARDED: Ahhh, you don't get much cuter than i teeny weeny sentient ID card! This story was F\*\*\*\*\* awesome! I love it even more when it referenced a story that is also included in the anthology and that was brilliant!

LONG NECKS: A dapper businessman stands in a field in Indiana with an extremely long neck that extends into the universe attached to the torso of another long necked businessman finally ending in Eris, the bass guitar playing sonofawitch of the galaxy! If you wanna know how F\*\*\*\*\* good he is.....go suck a BBD.

GREEN IRELAND: An Irish child's tall tales are brought to truth when on a field trip to Dublin, the tall tales of the kid who cried "leprechaun" are confirmed.

\*\*\*At 7:53 p.m. Friday January 3, 2014, I laughed out loud. Laughed at the thought of finding a BBD to choke on.\*\*\*

A SALIERI MARIONETTE: The Heir Apparent has killed his girlfriend! Now it's up to the creepy witch Where'd-You-Get-Those-Eyes?' to help him bring her back. However the face of this witch is one not to be looked upon. Many that have, have seen their own deaths that they will succumb to. After seeing their fate, many spend their lives trying to escape the hand of death they have witnessed and wasting what life they could of had. What the F\*\*\* ever, the Heir Apparent wants his Salieri Marionette turned girlfriend so the risks will simply be heeded as warnings.....

THE SCREAM, MY DOG: What can I say? Despite the obnoxious obvious white boy sounding black lingo, it just fit. I loved the main characters dialogue and friendship with the key character in the famous painting. It's a sweet journey into a friendship with ups and downs. If you ever strike it big, just remember the little guys.

A KIND GAY CHINESE BLACKMAN: :D silly short random fun.

GIVE COURTNEY CUTE ANYTHING SHE WANTS: Super F\*\*\*\*\* obnoxious brat, but Why-I-Oughtta is an awesome character. Courtney is a spoiled brat bent on making her older brother's life miserable....if you think your little sis is bad.....

THE AUDACITY OF HOPE: Another favorite of mine in here. A man's basketball takes on racism and despite growing into a massive form he is unable to completely eradicate the hate entirely...well...the ending sentence says it all.

PLEASE BE DON'T BE AN UNKIND PERSON TO ME AND MY GRANDPA, AND PLEASE DON'T BE CROSS WITH US: I have my own theories about why the town hates Grandpa so much based on another story in this collection but either way Love this story to pieces as well. With a tie in twenty sided die revival spell, Little Antioch is a super cute little guy and I pictured his movements like the Patchwork Girl of OZ.

THE DOGHOUSE: A seriously back bumward family. I like the Doghouse the main guy goes into when fighting with his wife, but the reasons for which he is in there are again...bum backwards. A perfect story to end the collection with because everyone loves the Underdog.

I didn't review ALL of the stories and that's not to say they weren't great as well but these ones stuck out and whether you're strung out on clownk, sucking a BBD Douglas Hackle will delightfully amuse you with his words.

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### **Shamus McCarty says**

Hackle brings a unique voice to the genre. It's definitely Bizarro, but it rides a serious Absurdist wave. I hate saying that, because I hate Absurdist Fiction. I understand why it exists, and I respect authors who do it, well. But most of it I just don't like.

I don't like books or stories that completely abandon plot and fill in the spaces with metaphors. I find it irritating, self-absorbed, and showoffish. You don't need to prove to me that the Twilight and Harry Potter series suck. I figured that out myself.

P.S. You're an asshole. Stop writing anti-fiction and give me a character.

P.S.S. Ya jagoff.

There are also no "Shock you just to shock you." moments in this book. A lot of Bizarro has that. Hackle, doesn't roll that way. Hackle takes you on an intimate date between an insecure young man and "That Moment From The End Of The Karate Kid Where Mr. Miyagi Nods His Approval And Encouragement To A Badly Beaten Daniel-San As He Struggles To Form The Crane Stance Just Before Crane-Kicking Johnny In The Face."

I know that sounds absurd and nonsensical. But "That Moment From The End Of The Karate Kid Where Mr. Miyagi Nods..." is a character in the book. So is a Hospice named Applesauce, and Edvard Munch's famous painting The Scream.

I know what you're saying. "That doesn't make any fucking sense!"

And you're right. "That doesn't make any fucking sense." at first glance. But it may be the funniest book you've read this year.

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## Nefariousbig says

I'd like to apologize in advance for this review but I can't, Doug Hackle won't let me.

Doug Hackle doesn't apologize.

Doug Hackle is so un-sorry it's impertinent. I wouldn't have Doug Hackle any other way.

Clown Tear Junkies tries to contain 27 shorts that recently escaped from deep inside Hackle's bizarre and/or funny little smeghead. Each story has a flash paper-like quality that leaves you beating yourself in the head because it caught on fire\* or lighting another piece because you just burned your eyebrows off\*\*, but your friends' head just caught on fire and it was fucking hilarious!

Exhibit \*

Exhibit \*\*

Twenty sided D&D dice make more than one appearance, as do zombie ass gerbils, big blue dicks, and sentient ID cards. Julie Andrews does the alpine meadow scene from *The Sound of Music*, you know the one, where she's singing and twirling around, "right before she carves a swastika into her forehead and devours all the von Trapp children." Then, sometimes stories just end. Not because they are over, but because sometimes it's just better that way, and it's the only thing left that makes sense of the total and utter nonsense: "Something else happened after that, but at this point the author lost interest in writing the rest of this story. He took a deep swig from a can of Coors Light and started banging on his keyboard instead- &^% ^&84930257889435rjioweojij{ { { \$#\$%^ &&\*u.fgsdgfdsjgim".

There are certainly favorites:

### **The Day My ID's ID Got Carded**

This is my favorite story. I can't even say why, it just is. It might have something to do with when the teeny tiny sentient ID card, sitting in a teeny tiny chair, wearing teeny tiny reading glasses, tells Douglas (with an "r") that his story "sucked a big blue dick."

### **I Flunked Kindergarten**

Because when I was in kindergarten, I was infatuated with "Mr. D"\*\*\* (for obvious reasons!) and I plotted to steal him by deflating him and shoving him in my lunch box. I would have gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for those meddling first graders!

Exhibit \*\*\*

### **Three Blank Pages (and if for Some Reason You Don't Like 'Em, You Can Go Find Yourself a Big Blue Dick to Choke on)**

### **The Doghouse**

A tiny part of this story reminded me of a personal true story of when my son was about 5. In our house, the word "STUPID" was a bad word. It just was. It was rude, and there was no reason to use it. EVER. One day before dinner, I was on the phone, berating the phone company for something or another, and they put me on hold. I promptly yelled into the phone, "THESE PEOPLE ARE SO FUCKING STUPID." My son looked at me, totally shocked, wagged his finger and said, "AHHUUM, yooooou said the "S" woooord." I was so proud



## Janie C. says

An honest disclosure: I've been taking small doses of Clown Tears for years. I use them as an age-retardant. The shit is AWESOME, but it has a high risk of addiction. This book came with my first dose so that I would know what to expect should I take too much. But really - guess how old I am! You can't!

Have you ever wondered if Bizarro is for you? Here is a great place to start. (I started with Dr. Seuss.) How Much Is That Hospice In the Window - this story had me singing the damn rhyme for days on end. Finally, my husband said, and I quote: "8hdh\$fd\*fgsV#(h<6:7df>265i?=fdgs!!gql\$6^." Then this happened:

Those are three blank pages. Do you like them? No? Go look for a big blue dick. A witch named "Where'd-You-Get-Those Eyes?" showed me something scary. Now I hang out with The Scream. We don't talk much, but we are surrounded by beautiful swatches of paint and pastels. Who needs the real world?

Brony. I have nothing more to say about that. Did you know that there are ghosts in the graffiti? Look again, quick! Death metal and other delectable music exists in space, but you can only hear it from Indiana. Join hands with a longneck, and you will hear it, too. A twenty-sided dice can do wonders, especially if you have been decimated. Please don't be an unkind person. We are all doing the best that we can.

I ate up the stories in this book without utensils. They were delicious. Maybe I am a junky, but I think there may be a junky in you, too. Here. Just try one.

Quicquid.

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## Arthur Graham says

Three words, people: BIG. BLUE. DICKS.

I'm so late to this little boner party, I honestly have nothing worth adding to the awesome reviews that have already been posted. Anyway, this book speaks for itself -- skim my status updates for a general vibe, or read the fantastic "The Day My ID's ID Got Carded" in its entirety, free to sample here on Goodreads!

*Full disclosure: I edited this book, so I must've read it at least 6 times, and I laughed myself to clown tears with each and every pass.*

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## Melki says

**"Now there's some sad things known to man**

**But ain't too much sadder than  
The tears of a clown..."**

Oh, Smokey Robinson, you are **SO WRONG!**

There are many, MANY things sadder than clown tears.

How about...flunking kindergarten? 13 times! That's pretty sad, isn't it?

How 'bout having your colon pierced by a colon? Huh? (Actually, I think a semi-colon would be more painful, 'cause of that sharp little hooky-thing on the end, but what do I know? They're BOTH sadder than clown tears!)

Are the tears of a clown sadder than two men riding a coffin downhill or finding out they're out of your favorite ice cream flavor - fetal pony served in a chocolate wafer cone? I don't think so, Bub!

And isn't it sad when a well-hung grandpa gets pummeled to death every time he goes to the store?

And what could be sadder than an author who is obsessed with mime secretions and Big Blue Dicks? Not much!

Even though EVERYTHING IN THIS BOOK is sadder than the tears of a clown, it's still a BLAST to read. This is one damned fine cup of absurdist fiction. I loved every story and tried to make them last as long as I could...but eventually, I finished. NOW, THAT'S SADDER THAN THE TEARS OF A CLOWN!

And where mint jelly REALLY comes from?

Jeezy-creezy, that is oh, SO SAD!

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**Danger says**

I'm calling it right now: Douglas Hackle is going to be HUGE! And I don't mean that in the John-Goodman-at-a-Chinese-buffet way. I mean that in the Gangnam Style guy way. Douglas Hackle is a 100% certified Angus-all-beef patty genius.

Why do I say this? Because to read Hackle is to be at the butt end of some kind of inside-joke that leaves you baffled, befuddled and awed. It's like getting a glimpse behind the curtain, seeing the thing that was pulling the strings the whole time was really just a man, and then getting a glimpse behind the man to see the thing that was strumming HIS strings was really an infinitely long-necked businessman/freak who thought he was playing a bass guitar the whole time.

*Clown Tear Junkies* is a collection of short stories, all of which revolve around some kind of far-out or bizarro theme i.e. haunted graffiti, drinking with sentient paintings, fairy tale bromances where everyone looks like characters from *The Thing*, and the aforementioned long-necked businessman – and that's barely scratching the surface here. The stories in this collection are populated by all manner of sad caricatures and ugly souls. Yet, most of them remain blissfully ignorant or hopeful in spite of their unfortunate lot in life (that lot being the world they inhabit was dreamt up in the mind of a madman like Douglas Hackle). There is something very melancholy and nuanced about most of the characters in this book; people who are constantly the victims of the ever-escalating absurdities that assault them. But it's not all tears and Salieri

marionettes because this book is also FUCKING HILARIOUS! I'm not exaggerating. Douglas Hackle is one funny motherfucker and all the head-scratching pathos stitched into his words are blasted into your face via a shotgun full of humor. I'm talking LAUGH OUT LOUD kinda funny. A lot of the time, the humor is so spot-on that it supersedes even the pages it's printed on to start playing jokes on you in real life.

How can a book be playing a joke on you in "real life" you ask?

Shut up and I'll tell you.

It's all in the execution. These stories are often set in mirror worlds – places that resemble Earth as we know it, but twisted or bent in some disgusting way. Like a world where you can get murdered, over and over and over again, just as long as you have a faithful friend who's willing to resurrect you with his trusty D&D-style 20-sided die. Or a world where accidentally dialing 811 instead of 911 can reign down a life-threatening terror of such absurd proportions that it will ruin even the happiest couple's next lovemaking session. But it's not the settings that necessarily make this collection shine (although they certainly help!) but rather, it's the almost deconstructionist glee at which the author himself approaches storytelling. Employing such novelties as narrators who randomly bust out in cartoonish "gangsta" slang, obscure and often bizarre pop-culture references, Hackle even goes so far as to sometimes turn the spotlight back onto his own absurd premises, knowingly having the characters admit that they world they live in is fiction, only to charge ahead full-steam without batting an eyelash. It's almost like he's daring you to enjoy such silliness, and when you actually do, he laughs at you, takes it a step EVEN FURTHER than that, and then TRIPLE-DOG DARES you to enjoy it some more. Just like Andy Kaufman, who would read *The Great Gatsby* onstage if a show was going poorly, or who would wrestle women – willfully taking on the role of the "heel" – or who would dress up like the abrasive Tony Clifton and not let anyone know it was him. It's the kind of humor that took a lot of people a while to appreciate because Andy was operating on a level much higher than the rest of us mortals. And I have a feeling that's where Douglas lives too. He sits up there with his pen and paper or word processor or baby seal skin and razor blade (or whatever fucked-up instruments he uses to write stories like this) and he tells us the kind of tales we didn't even know we were thirsty for in the first place. The kind of tales that matter, in their own weird way. The kind of tales that make reading a joy.

This is certainly the most fun I've had with a book in the past year. I highly recommend it.

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