

SALT ON THE NUTS

THE ADVENTURES OF A WHITE TRASH

SAILOR

BY

ANONYMOUS

AS TOLD TO

SCOTT L. ANDERSON

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2006

I'd like to dedicate this book to the all the breweries,
bars, and liquor distributors of this fine country of
ours. You provide a invaluable service to our
nation's fighting men. And also a big thanks to all of
the prostitutes and other employees of the sex
industry for keeping a big smile on the faces of our
freckle faced boys and women of the United States
military.

Don't piss in my ear and tell me that it's raining!

Acknowledgements

I want to thank Big Ernie who is the owner of Big Ernie's Diner. (The joint's name has been changed at the owner's request in order to keep certain riff raff out). Big Ernie's is a legendary Long Beach dive located down on the docks of Long Beach harbor. It's long been a hangout for longshoreman, drunks coming off an all night bender, crooked cops, hookers, drug dealers, and other great folks too many to list here. Big Ernie's coffee tastes like hot piss and his eggs have the flavor of turpentine, but you don't come to Ernie's for the food or the java anyway. It's purely for the ambiance. You see all the waitresses at Big Ernie's all wear see-through negligees. Some wear g-strings or thongs and others wear full panties, but you get a full tit shot from every goddamn one of them and some even wear see-through panties, but it's the ones who have a thick bush that drive me crazy. I just love the sight of a full muff peeking around the edges of a pair of hot pink panties, the seventies porn star look. I'm just not a fan of the shaved beaver. The landing strip or the Hitler look is OK, but I just can't stand the sight of a clean snapper.

Don't get me wrong, the babes at Big E's aren't going to be starring in any Hollywood features or strutting down some fashion runway and a few are getting a little long in the tooth but who gives a shit? Poontang is poontang where I come from. I'm getting off the track here but I wrote damn near all of this book sitting in a corner booth - which even had a phone jack so that I could access the Internet and my e-mail - at Big Ernie's. I'd start at six in the morning with my French Legionnaires breakfast - a cup of Big Ernie's rotgut urine-like tasting coffee and a unfiltered Camel - and wind up the day around 1600 with a cheeseburger and a six pack of Miller High Life.

So many thanks to Big Ernie and his wonderful staff. To Big Ernie's Diner! The only diner that I've ever waxed my cane in.

And I before I forget. Many thanks to Jerome, who got me this very nice and very hot laptop computer that this book was written/typed on, and at such a bargain at that. It's not often that you can get a brand new Dell for an ounce of Columbian and a hundred bucks. Thanks, buddy, you're the tops!

Of course, a round of brews and a slap on the ass to Scott Anderson, the co-author of *Salt On The Nuts*. Scott and I went to boot camp together and were crewmembers onboard the USS Dixie - where needless to say we often got boiled as owls together - and were able to get back in touch with each other after I survived those hellacious years. I saw some of Scott's perverted and twisted writings on the Web, contacted him, and convinced him that he was the only one who could help me out on *Salt*.

Finally, to Javier and Felicia. You both know why.

-Anonymous

Somewhere in the Pacific - 2006

WHY I FELT I HAD TO WRITE THIS FUCKER!

Boredom is the number one reason I wrote this book. Do you know that about one out of every three swinging dicks stuck in the witness protection program kills themselves? Jesus Christ! That's fucking scary! Not that I want to kill myself, at least not on purpose. To tell you the truth I've probably been committing slow suicide my whole goddamn adult (and teenage) life with all the booze - both fine and rotgut - that I've swilled down, cigarettes and Cuban cigars inhaled into my tar stained lungs, bottles of speed gobbled, lines of coke snorted, horse shot into my veins, whores screwed from countries where penicillin probably has never been heard of, high speed drunken driving, nights spent in jails so fucking tough you wanted to shove your socks up your ass to prevent some big motherfucker from cornholing you.... Shit, I could go on forever here. My point being that after I was placed in the "Program" all I did was sit around on my lazy ass drinking Jim Beam out of the bottle and screaming at George Bush on the goddamn television and that's probably what most of the program members

do until they get so damn sick of it they eat a bottle of sleeping pills or blow their brains out with their pistols. They paint the ceiling with their brains because they are bored shitless. And that's a fact!

Then one day as I was scratching my ass and watching these hot chicks on MTV shake their plastic enhanced tits on my some spring break show - fuck, is it spring break year around on that horseshit channel? - thinking about flogging the mule, when my wife Gladys, who had I met at a gentleman's club downtown, charged into the living room and started screeching at me.

"Get your ass up and find something to do you lazy bastard!" she screamed in pigeon English.

"Like what, honey?" I whined.

"I don't give a shit, just get the hell out my living room. I'm sick of you getting drunk and jacking off in here all day long." She picked up an empty bottle of Old Milwaukee and hurled it at me, just barely missing my head. She sure didn't behave like that when I used to have to pay for her services.

"I don't what to do. I'm bored," I whimpered as I tried to curl up on the couch in the fetal position.

"Oh no you don't, mister! You get your skinny ass up off the couch, get your stinkin' ass in the shower and go out and find something to do or I'll cut your cock off with my butterfly knife." She strolled over and put her Marlboro Light out on my right cheek (ass). "I'm going to get my nails done. You better be out of here when I get back or there will be big trouble, white boy!"

"Fuck!" I screamed in pain. "I'll kill you, you dirty slope bitch!" I jumped off the couch and limped after her - I moved from side to side since my knees are ruined and the fresh burn on my ass didn't help matters much either - but she was already out the door and jumping into her Honda. As she burned rubber down our quiet residential street I saw that she had gotten a new bumper sticker opposite of the "W FOR PRESIDENT" that had been on there since the last election. The new one read "FUCK OFF RETARD". My wife was such a delicate flower, but that's why I had married her. Plus, I loved her little heart shaped ass, that she could suck the chrome off of a trailer hitch, and got half of her ex-husband's military retirement check. I knew that she was a hooker when I married her but

I sure wish she had told me that she had been in a Bangkok mental hospital for three years before that. But what the fuck could I do now?

I rubbed my burned ass and headed back into our rental love nest. I popped the new version of *Apocalypse Now* in the DVD player, sparked up a reefer, popped a cold brew and settled in for the afternoon. I was halfway through the movie and halfway into the bag when it came to me. Of course! Of course, goddamn it! How could I have been so stupid? The answer was right there on the screen - this wouldn't be the first time that something on the idiot box or the movie screen had inspired me as you'll see in future chapters - and I had seen that fucking movie at least a dozen times. I could write a book about all of my adventures! That would get both myself and Gladys off my ass.

The military is getting a bad reputation now with Bush getting us into that pissing contest with those camel fuckers over in the mid-east over WMDs or oil or whatever his line of the week is, but it doesn't have to be that way and *Apocalypse Now* showed me that. The military used to be a fun life filled with drugs, booze, hookers, and unsavory

behavior. It was goddamn fun! Not this politically correct bullshit that goes on now. Those sailors on that river patrol boat (PBR) who ferried Captain Willard up the river had a helluva fun time until they all got killed or went insane. They were drinking cold beer, smoking good weed, killing gooks, and in the new enhanced version of the film they even got to fuck a Playboy bunny. That's what the military, the Navy mind you, was all about. Having a good time!

By the time Gladys was back from getting her nails done or blowing the fleet down at the docks or whatever the fuck she was doing, I was already down at Big Ernie's banging out the first three chapters of this book. By the time I was done, months later, and this baby had gone to press she had moved out, drained my bank account, and stolen most of the my personal property. But it was all worth it because not only did I get my own adventures down on paper, but also through telephone calls, the wonders of e-mail, and the good old fashioned postal service I was able to re-capture both the good and bad times of my adventure filled life.

So let's quit fucking around and let's get started.....

TWO DAYS AGO I AWOKE WITH A HANGOVER THAT COULD KILL A HORSE

The late Caribbean sun was incinerating my naked carcass. I tried to open my eyes but they felt like they were sealed shut with sand and grit. If I kept laying here there was a damn good chance that I would die of dehydration and heat stroke or get a hell of a case of sunburn on my johnson. The only reason I had awoken from my marijuana and booze induced narcotic-like feeling sleep was the gentle touch of the ocean on the bottoms of my feet as the tide came in. I moaned and forced myself up into a sitting position. If there was a chart to rate hangovers by, say on a scale of one to five, five being the kind that would knock a gorilla on his ass, and one being the kind that a strong cup of coffee would take care of, the hangover I have right now is off the charts at a seven. I threw up some Blackjack gum earlier this morning and I don't think they even make that crap anymore. To make matters worse, I could take a shit through a screen door, if you know what I mean.

I'm normally a six pack a day kind of guy. Two beers with my breakfast, two with supper, and

two in the evening as the day winds down. That may have the folks at AA classifying me as a lush but I beg to differ. I very rarely tie one on and I function in my day to day activities just fine, thank you, and I even get a kickass workout in every morning. I run two miles down the beach, swim a mile, and run the two miles back. Seven days a week. Just give a skid row rummy five bucks and a short dog of MD 20-20 for incentive to even attempt that workout and watch the results. But man, did I tie one on last night. I hooked up with these two tourist chicks down here on spring break who thought I was some fuckin' Jimmy Buffett throwback - even though with my out of control hair and beard I more than resembled a member of a ZZ Top tribute band - because I live in an old Airstream trailer on the beach. They must have bought me close to a half a case of Corona and I don't know how many shots of that tequila that the old lead singer from Van Halen - the shitty one - is always pimping. I threw in a half ounce of weed and a little blow for the party and we wound up having a threesome right there on the beach. As I looked over my shoulder I could see them still

passed out together on a beach blanket about twenty yards away. I don't think either of those girls couldn't even buy liquor legally if they were back in the states.

The sudden thought of that forced me to my feet which almost made me pass out. I was just a couple years short of fifty with a very questionable history and background so I definitely didn't want the local law to discover me laying naked on the beach much less in the vicinity of two possibly underage naked girls. I slipped on my shorts and hurriedly walked the quarter mile to my old battered GEO Metro. Over three hundred thousand miles and still running like a top. There was still a few cold beers floating around in my cooler in the backseat. I popped the cap off of one and drained it in one long gulp. Yes! Hair of the dog. Breakfast of champions. I turned the key and listened as the engine sputtered, caught, and then purred just like a kitten. I opened up the last beer and took another refreshing pull. Life was going to be OK.

I put her in gear and took off for home. Passing by a burned down cantina I gave it a quick eyeballing. The only thing left standing after the

blaze were the cinderblock walls. The owner had nodded off after shooting up a spoon of brown heroin, failing to extinguish the candle used to heat his spoon, and that wound up torching both himself and his place of business. Against the north wall, buried four feet down in a airtight, watertight, plastic Pelican case normally used by rock and roll roadies to keep electronic gear in, was a thick file in a briefcase that I had placed there years ago. Day by day it's contents increased in value. When I finally realized just how valuable it was and how dangerous it was becoming to own is when I had hired Javier to place a little safeguard surprise above it. It had been expensive but worth it in the long run. Really cut down on the worry and stress factor.

When I turned into the grove of palm trees that partially obscured the view of my trailer from the road I felt something in me stir. And not just my ravaged guts. The door of my trailer was wide open and I could hear my stereo - a Bose, which was the most valuable item in the trailer - blasting. Good old Mr. Earle, the Texas troubadour, was busy cursing out the government:

"So fuck the FCC

Fuck the FBI

Fuck the CIA

Livin' in the motherfuckin' USA"

What the fuck is going on here? If I was being robbed they were sure going about it in a dumbass fashion. My rifle was inside the trailer so I reached under the front seat of the Metro and picked up the German switchblade I had traded even up for a bag of quality Mexican weed with a European tourist steroid freak who had sported an eye patch and some unusual gang-like tattoos on his biceps.

I snapped the blade open and held it close to my side as I walked up to the trailer.

**SEPTEMBER 24, 2005. THE DAY I BATTLE
BOTH HURRICANE RITA AND A EX-
CONVICT CRIPPLE**

"Fuck! This has to be about the craziest goddamn thing I've ever done in my life!" I screamed out in the roaring wind. And that's saying a shitload!

I was running down the Galveston seawall pushing along a cripple that I had duct taped down to a wheelchair and no one was even batting an eye much less trying to stop me to ask just what in the hell I was up to. The son of a bitch even had two big cinder blocks tied down with rope in his lap! Of course, Hurricane Rita was churning her guts out in the gulf and almost the entire island had evacuated and it was like trying to stand inside of a wind tunnel that somebody had dumped a truckload of sand in, but there were still quite a few folks hanging around. Outside! Granted most of them were either surfers with death wishes or homeless folks who had no where better to go. But Jesus Christ, are there no heroes left anymore? Even the people from The Weather Channel and CNN sent down to cover the hurricane weren't paying me a bit

of fucking attention. Too wrapped up in their goddamn news broadcasts.

The cable on the island had long gone out so I had no access to the news other than the radio and they weren't saying shit as usual. But I knew that the deadline for the 6:00 PM evacuation ordered by the mayor had passed by hours ago, so when I had taped the asshole down into his chair and pushed him the two blocks up to the seawall I had been expecting to see almost total desertion. I sure as hell hadn't expected to see at least ten tattooed, dreadlocked surfers trying to score the ride of their soon to be short lifetimes as a pack of the homeless cheered them on and toasted their courage with long pulls off their forties of Old English 800 as they pumped their fists in the air. All while the cable news retards babbled in the foreground about the dangers of surfing during a category 5 hurricane.

So at that point you could say my options were severely limited. My mission was to get to the 61st street pier and dump this son of a bitch, wheelchair and all, into the Gulf of Mexico, without getting caught. Then I had to bust my ass back to his rattletrap garage apartment to retrieve my 1995

GEO Metro hatchback and get my own ass off that island before Rita blew it off the face of the earth just like Katrina had just done a couple of weeks before to the Big Easy.

And goddamn it! I was gonna complete my mission! I didn't give a fuck what that fat bitch from MSNBC thought!

I had never gotten one letter the whole time I had been in Mexico. Not a single one in almost twenty fucking years. Since I was a fugitive on the lam it didn't seem to make much sense to do a whole hell of a lot of corresponding with people. I did have a box at the bodega where Javier, the bodega's owner, would put my grocery tabs and newspapers from the states, but that was about it. Javier was quite a nefarious and shady character himself. Former member of both the Mexico City police department and Mexico's version of the DEA, he possessed an impressive array of underground contacts. Javier had recently sold me a mint condition Russian AK-47 along with a Soviet made land mine - why I needed a land mine you'll find out later. Feed Javier a couple shots of tequila

and a few hits off a bong of some good weed and he'd tell you stories about hooking a car battery up to some poor bastard's nut sack. Anyway, one day the letter showed up. It was typed on paper with a Department of Homeland Security letterhead and it was written like a fucking cryptic telegram (even though I have never received much less seen a telegram}:

RB was released from the Fort approximately five years ago and is wheelchair ridden courtesy of an "accident." He is playing both sides of the fence. A sometimes paid informant for the G. Is also trying to sell information to the AB. Mentioning your name to both parties in reference to various incidences. Consider yourself to be in grave danger. RB currently resides Galveston, TX. Suggest you relocate. Regards.

The author was a mystery but I understood everything that letter said. Obviously, shitty things from my past were back to haunt me.

That's what brought me to Galveston during the middle of the landfall of a potential category five hurricane. I had no idea when I took off for Texas that there was a hurricane making a beeline

for the Texas coast. That time of the year there was always something stirring in the gulf but it seemed like it always hit Florida and with the ass pounding that New Orleans just took who would think that another major one was on it's way. Anyway, at that time I was just flying by the seat of my pants. My radio wasn't picking up much on the trip coming across the desert and I had bigger things on my mind such as my radiator exploding or the engine seizing from the watered down gas I had purchased in the backwater towns I drove through. Or even worse, would my ancient fake identification hold up at the border check? When I crossed the border at Brownsville (my first time in the good old USA in almost two decades - the border guard barely looked at my ID - so much for the vaunted post 9/11 security) the news radio stations were hysterically forecasting the imminent land arrival of Rita, so I was about the only vehicle headed in the northeast direction. By then it was too late to turn back - I was just going to have to take the chance that "RB" hadn't evacuated from the island.

Texas is one big goddamn state and it took me almost another eight hours to get to Galveston.

The reports were that the main evacuation route for the island was via Interstate 45 that ran out of the north of end the island through Houston, so I opted to come in on a county road on the west end. The place was like a ghost town when I rolled in and the winds and rain were really starting to pick up. I could barely keep the tiny GEO on the road. I met two cop cars and one sheriff's vehicle on my way into town and neither of the three paid a bit of attention to me although the sheriff gave me kind of a weird look as I passed by. One of those "What the hell is he up to?" and "What the hell, it's his funeral!" looks, followed by a shrug of the shoulders to his partner. The city of Galveston itself is not a very large city and incredibly easy to navigate in, especially when most of the city has evacuated - news reports had the majority of people's asses stuck on the freeway - or is bunkered down. With the aid of a coffee stained ancient Rand McNally and the address from the letter - whoever had penned the letter had been kind enough to give me "RB's" address - I found the place in less than ten minutes.

He hadn't moved up the food chain much in

the last thirty years that was for goddamn sure but I'm sure it beat a prison cell. I was parked in front of a ramshackle garage apartment that was located in an area that was going to be fifteen feet underwater if the hurricane stirred waters of the gulf breached the seawall which was only two city blocks away. There was a dim light burning upstairs and a window a/c rattling on the side of the shanty. The garage door was halfway open so I grabbed my six cell flashlight, (handy for both seeing things in the dark and beating people over the head with) bent under the garage door, and found myself standing behind a battered Ford van from the early eighties. I flicked the light on and looked at the Texas plates. Handicapped and expired. Shining the light through the windows showed me that "RB" was subsisting mainly on generic cigarettes, Hardees burgers, Snickers bars, and Old Milwaukee.

Slowly I crept up the short flight of stairs and wound up on a short landing that was so shaky and termite infested it felt like I could fall through it at any second. I gently placed my ear against the door. Nothing. I went into sort of a football stance and rushed the door, intending to break it down with

my shoulder and not realizing that the door was open and slightly ajar. I hit the door, shot straight through into the apartment, and rolled ten feet inside, finding myself at the foot of a wheelchair. There sat "RB" in all his glory. With a bullet hole right straight between the eyes. Other than the bullet hole, the wheelchair, and short twenty or thirty pounds, he looked remarkably almost the same as the last time I had seen him. Laying side by side on the moth eaten carpet were two items that I had seen before, although not recently. A cheap chrome .22 Saturday night special that I had seen "RB" murder a man in cold blood with - I would bet a dildo for a doughnut that it was also the pistol that had sent "RB" to the pearly gates - and an old wallet of mine, still containing all my long expired identification, that had been stolen from me years ago by a midget who had also taken the opportunity to shoot me. Just the fact that that these two items were together proved that I was in very deep shit. The rest of the apartment revealed nothing although it was cockroach infested, filthy beyond belief, stunk like a dump at low tide, and featured a clothesline that ran the length of the room which held about ten

colostomy bags. The whole apartment was really one room with a tiny kitchenette and a bathroom with a door just big enough to fit the wheelchair in. Whatever money "RB" had must have had and it couldn't have been much by the looks of the place, had been invested in computer equipment. One wall was lined with monitors and printers, but even though I was far from being a computer geek, even I noticed that the CPUs had all been removed. He also had an unusual array of photos and documents framed on his walls. A dishonorable discharge from the Navy (I didn't even know that you could actually get a DD certificate - why the hell would you want one?). A release form from Leavenworth prison. And a collage of photos obviously taken in the Philippine Islands - woman shooting ping balls and smoke rings out of their vaginas - were prominently displayed, and a photo of good old "RB" feeding a baby chicken to an alligator at Momma's, an infamous PI nightclub known for its bootleg narcotic sales and hookers with venereal diseases.

It looked like I was certainly being set up, but whoever was doing it must have misjudged the

timing of the hurricane bearing down on the island and the discovery of "RB's" body along with the set up evidence. They may have miscalculated by several days by the pungent odor of both "RB's" decaying and his apartment. Although I'm sure the place was pretty rank even before he started to decompose in the tropical heat. Getting rid of the gun and the wallet would be no big deal but disposing of "RB" would be a little trickier. And there was no question that he needed to be disposed of. Rattling around in his cranium was a bullet that ballistics could most certainly match to a murder that happened over in the Pacific almost thirty years ago. I decided to dump his body in the gulf and let Mother Nature take her course. I rooted through a closet and found a Navy watch cap that I jammed over "RB's" forehead to hide the bullet hole and then pulled out the kitchen drawers looking for some rope, but luckily also found a roll of duct tape. I taped the body down in his wheelchair and then went down into the garage to find a suitable anchor.

The water and waves were crashing up and over the pier as I pushed the wheelchair to the far

end of the fishing platform. The force of the winds and water had busted up most the timbers, supports, and rails so getting "RB" into the drink would be no problem. It was beginning to become almost impossible to stand up in the wind. I stopped and took a deep breath and took a look around. It was just us two all alone. If anyone had seen me, no one seemed to care. A cop car slowly cruised down the seawall but didn't even tap his brakes. At this stage of the game everyone had their own problems to worry about. Winding my arm up I hurled the pistol as far into the gulf as I could. I looked down at the corpse. I swear that the son of a bitch's mouth had curled up into a sneer. Fucker was mocking me even in death.

"Goddamn it, Ricky! You just couldn't leave it alone, could you? You just couldn't fucking couldn't leave things alone! You asshole, look at the shit you've got me into again!"

I took a running start and pushed the wheelchair off the end of the pier.

TALES OF DRUG DEALING AND GETTING CORNHOLED IN THE SLAMMER

Said "asshole" that was duct taped down in his wheelchair was former Boatswain's Mate First Class Richard "Ricky" Brewer AKA "RB". The last time I had seen or heard him until about two weeks ago had been back in late seventies when we were stationed together (both his legs worked then) at the CINCPACFLT boathouse over in Pearl Harbor. Ricky had been your typical Navy "lifer." He was an alcoholic of Kennedy-like proportions. Would ingest any type of drug - illegal or legal - as long as he could catch a decent buzz from it. And was married to a scrawny, white trash, Tennessee, trailer-trash whore named Blanche who would fuck sailors for cigarette money while Brewer was standing duty at the boathouse. The couple, who of course had also spawned three children, were constantly broke because they spent their meager military income literally like drunken sailors on cigarettes, booze, drugs, and Elvis memorabilia {both were huge Elvis freaks and both feebly fashioned their appearances in a vain attempt to look like The Pedophile King and his young high

school bride} so they were in hock to dozens of people, some who if weren't paid on time liked to break knees and ankles in lieu of payment.

In an asinine move to get their asses out of deep debt, Ricky and Blanche began to deal heroin, cocaine, weed, and speed out their house which was located in Navy housing in Ewa Beach. Of course, some snitch eventually dropped a dime and a full scale SWAT team, doors being broken down, automatic weapons drawn, "get your fucking asses down on the motherfucking floor with your hands on your goddamn head, asshole!" raid had been professionally executed at the Brewer homestead.

The last moment I saw Brewer until the week of Hurricane Rita was at his general court martial as he was being led out of the courtroom in shackles after being found guilty on a astounding variety of charges, the worst being the possession of narcotics with intent to sell. The dumb shit's hair was still dyed jet black and slicked back Elvis style and his sideburns which were still borderline too long for Naval regulations. Facing charges that would send him to Leavenworth prison for a long goddamn time - and did - the ignorant peckerwood

hadn't even bothered getting a regulation military haircut.

I personally didn't give a shit and actually was quite overjoyed to see him go. And that's because even though Brewer got his ass in a twist over dealing dope and was going off to get his skinny white ass turned-out at the slammer for the next twenty or so years, he had even bigger skeletons hanging in his closet to worry about. Shit that I'm sure he was as relieved as I was that didn't somehow pop up in his trial.

1977. OAHU, HAWAII - SALT ON THE NUTS

Duty at the CINCPACFLT was considered “cake duty” back then in the Navy. CINCPACFLT stands for Chief in Charge of the Pacific Fleet. The admiral who that title was bestowed upon ran the whole goddamn Pacific Fleet of the United States Navy and with a job like that you get your own yacht and a boathouse to keep it in. The only time the yacht went out into the harbor is when the old man had an urge to entertain either bigwigs or his fellow (high ranking only) officers. That was only once every couple of months or so, so when we weren't waxing his yacht or the "barge" as it was called, we ferried "important" tourists out to the Arizona memorial and back. Some of the guests that were taken out on VIP cruises included: President Carter's daughter, Amy, Jack Lord of *Hawaii 5-0* fame, Don Rickles, and Don Ho. Pretty heady stuff for the Navy but you wouldn't think it by the crew that was stationed down there. A sorrier assortment of losers you could not imagine. Even though I was one of them I could never figure that one out.

The chief in charge was Boatswain's Mate Chief Marty Mason. A highly decorated veteran of

the Viet Nam war who was also a world class lush and white cross addict. A giant of a man with twin propellers (screws in Navy language) tattooed on his ass, he was mean as a snake and wasn't above physically assaulting members of his crew for infractions such as smoking dope or even giving the perception that you weren't listening to him. These assaults normally happened when the Chief was either drunk (often), suffering from a hangover (very often), or a combination of both (constantly).

"I'm so fucking salty that the last whore who sucked my cock told me that I had salt crystals on my nuts," he would scream out as he walked around the boathouse kicking people in the ass and smoking - and inhaling - Roi-Tan Falcon cigars even though one of his lungs had been shot out in Viet Nam while serving on a river patrol boat.

His second in command was the previously mentioned Ricky Brewer who had yet to get sent up to the big house. The chief engineer was Engineman First Class Darin Brooks, a incredibly racist black man who was married to a white woman and who was always talking about how he'd like to fuck young white boys in the ass when he was at sea and

who obviously made all the young white boys in the crew nervous.

The rest of the revolving and transient crew were made up of castoffs from the many far flung branches of the Navy. Everyone stationed at the fucking place had some sort of history - drugs and alcohol abuse was the norm and sexual deviancy ran a close second.

The two women stationed there were well known base sluts, although Janine, a white trash babe from Georgia, really gave it her all to stand out. She fucked the entire crew of a submarine, gold and blue crews, including the XO and CO. In less than a year! Quite an accomplishment since submarines are normally at sea six months out of the year. But that even couldn't beat out Rose's accomplishments. Rose was a beautiful, doe eyed babe, and the daughter from a mixed marriage (Native American and black) who moonlighted as a high dollar prostitute down in Waikiki. She even had a pimp (without a heart of gold) named Harold and who she was always holding out on. This type of bad business behavior eventually resulted in the suspicious and volatile Harold (who used both a

blackjack and pool cue) beating the shit out of Rose to the point to where Rose needed to be flown out to the mainland for her personal protection else Harold may have decided to eventually pour a bottle of Drano down her throat like that pimp did to his whore in *Dirty Harry*.

Then there was Malcolm, a seaman who was perpetuated by bad body odor and ringworms and who lived at the boathouse and was suspected of banging the boathouse dog, Brownie. I think you get the idea of what the crew was like.

I myself had been busted for possession of a small amount of marijuana after the dogs had been run through the barracks. I had previously been assigned to the office of Naval Intelligence where my job description entailed mainly drinking coffee and ferrying messages between the many offices of CINCPACFLT. Upon being busted for weed I was stripped of my security clearance and banished to the Navy's version of purgatory. The only thing that kept me from being sent first to the brig for a short stint of bread and water and second to the fleet where I would spend the rest of my enlistment painting and cleaning shitters, was the fact that I

had been selling bags of high quality Hawaiian weed to the base personnel chief, a giant black man with a massive afro who closely resembled NBA great, Wilt Chamberlain. He also banged Rose on occasion and knew that I was aware of this so I think he thought it would be prudent to transfer me to somewhere more of my liking in case he needed some more good reefer or if I decided to spill my guts. It probably would have been better for me in the long run if I had gone to the fleet.

I was on duty. When you had duty - about once every six days - you had to spend the night at the boathouse where you made sure that no boats sank or any local lowlifes broke into the paint locker to huff paint and break into the vehicles. It was about ten at night, I was high on a combination of Hawaiian Bud and Primo beer, and I was watching Brewer and Malcolm screw a pig. About twice a year the admiral would throw a shindig at the boathouse for the beautiful people (again only high ranking officers and their wives) of CINCPACFLT and this always included some kind of slaughtered flesh, usually a roasted pig but

sometimes a calf. A crew of three or four locals would bring the sacrificial hog down and would string it up by it's feet, slit it's throat, and bleed it to the death while catching the blood in the bucket which would be used later for a blood sauce. This event always included lots of beer, weed, sometimes narcotics if they were available, and was always preceded by Brewer (and this time Malcolm) sodomizing the poor bastard before it's neck was cut. Brewer considered this act to be his way of sticking it to the man although I'm sure the pig didn't think of it that way. The local Hawaiians thought this was rather strange but always laughed so damn hard I thought they'd shit their pants.

"Those bastards are blowing me by proxy when they eat this goddamned thing," Brewer bellowed out above the squeal of the pig. It was a more horrifying scene than watching Ned Beatty getting it in the ass in *Deliverance*.

"You going to get in on anything of this?" Brewer asked me as the Hawaiians cheered on Malcolm as he took his turn. By this time the pig had finally had enough, and Malcolm who barely weighted a hundred pounds, was stuck inside the

pig and was hanging on like it was a fucking rodeo as the hog ran around the pen.

"I think I'll pass, but thanks anyway."

"Suit yourself, but you don't know what you're missing. It's almost as good as a woman. Sometimes better." Brewer turned to walk to the beer cooler. "Oh, by the way. Don't get too fucked up tonight. Blanche has my car so you're gonna have to give me a ride home after we get done killing this fucking pig and cleaning the place up."

Way after midnight we were flying on a back road that led into Navy housing. I was in the backseat of the government truck, Malcolm was passed out in the shotgun seat, and Brewer who was blind drunk, was at the wheel. We had left the boathouse unmanned, an unbelievable regulations violation, to give Brewer a ride home. Malcolm and I were about equally loaded and the rationale was that both of us would take Brewer home and the one that had sobered up the most in the half hour ride would drive the truck back to the boat house. It was obviously going to be me as Malcolm had already puked down the side of the truck once and was

already in a alcohol and Valium induced coma.

Blue lights were flashing behind us! I could see Brewer's eyes as they flashed up into the rearview mirror. "Jesus fucking Christ on crutches! Cops! Do you pricks have any dope on you?"

"No!" My response was immediate even though I did in fact have a small bit of weed in a baggie in my front pocket. But I knew why Brewer was asking. If I said yes, the crazy prick would try to outrun the cops. We were in a huge government issued pickup - the kind with four doors and a full backseat - we couldn't outrun a fucking Volkswagen much less a cop car with a shitload of horsepower.

"Does Malcolm?" Malcolm was still passed out with the top of his head sticking out the passenger window.

"I don't think so!" That tight bastard never had any of his own weed. Malcolm was the biggest goddamn Bogart that I had ever met.

"All right, I'm going to pull over. Just keep your mouth fucking shut and let me do the talking. I'm going to throw the admiral's name around here and hope this cocksucker buys it."

The cop was out of his car and heading our

way.

"Get your hands in the fucking air where I can see them!"

"Yes sir! No problem. What's this all about?" Brewer had pulled over half off the road half in a slightly declining ditch. We were about a half mile from the Navy housing complex. The cop, plainclothes of some sort, was standing out in the middle of the road with a huge pistol, looked like a Colt .45 government issue, held in both hands like he was out at the range shooting at paper targets. He looked real young and real fucking nervous. In one motion I slipped my hand into my pocket and threw the dope baggie under the backseat.

"I said hands in the fucking air!" The door closest to me was thrown open. "What did you throw under the seat, asshole? Slide all the way over and stick both your arms out the side window! You move and I'll blow your goddamn head off!"

I quickly slid over and did as I was told.

"Yes sir!"

"We work at the CINCPACFLT boathouse," Brewer piped in.

"Shut the hell up, lean forward, and put your

hands through the steering wheel! I don't give a hot turd who you work for, punk!" The officer began to climb in the backseat, keeping his eyes on me, one hand on the pistol that was only about two feet from my head, the other hand began to probe under the backseat. Up close, the officer was probably not a couple of years older than myself. And he looked just as scared. He was trying to be the badass. The tough guy. It was a mistake.

Suddenly Brewer spun completely around in his seat and shoved a chrome .22 semi-automatic pistol against the officer's head. The two shots were no louder than a couple of large firecrackers. Blood and bits of skull splattered about the back cabin of the truck as the officer stood straight up - slamming his head on the top of the cab and then crumpling down on to the road.

"Ricky! What the fuck are you doing?" I opened the door and ran around the back of the truck over to the officer. A large pool of blood was already forming on the road around his head. His eyes were open and looking up at me as his mouth moved like a fishes does when it's out of water. And dying.

Brewer was already down next to the officer going through his pockets and found his wallet.

"Fuck! This asshole is NIS!" He took the cash out the wallet and threw it back down on his chest and then leaned over and picked up the now known agent's .45 and stuck it in the front of his pants.

"Come on! Grab one of his legs, we have to pull him off the road and down into the ditch!"

"You're fucking crazy, dude! What the hell do you think you're fucking doing? You just killed a goddamn NIS agent!"

Brewer stood over the agent staring at me with bloodshot, snake-like eyes. "Yes, I fucking did! And your ass is along for the ride! All the fucking way, so shut the hell up or I'll do your ass next! Now grab a leg and help me get this asshole off the road before anyone shows up!"

BOOZE, RIPPED-OFF DOPE, PENTHOUSE LESBOS, AND BRASS KNUCKLES

I was only eighteen and I had already witnessed two murders.

This is the first one.

I'm sorry. I know that these are flag waving, George W. Bush and Billy Graham praying, ultra-conservative, Toby Keith patriotically singing with tears in his eyes, politically correct times. But there is still no way to say it but just like this - I was sitting on the stool, reading a Penthouse, and taking a cocaine rush induced shit when the first murder went down.

It was the summer of 1975. My high school days had ended just about a month previously and I had no immediate plans other than to continue on what I had been doing for the past two years which was getting stoned and dealing some weed and desperately trying to get laid for the first time. Contrary to public opinion the two do not mix as I was soon to find out. Not the getting laid part, I meant the dealing and getting stoned part.

I was looking at this lesbian pictorial - are all lesbians that hot? - and just thinking about

jerking off when I heard the front door bust open. Lynyrd Skynyrd was jamming so goddamn loud on *Don't Ask Me No Questions*, that at first I couldn't hear or understand what was going on. The door buzzer had gone off first and I had assumed that it was just announcing more folks, hopefully chicks, coming in to party. Man, was I fucking wrong!

The stylus on the turntable scratched across the record. The music stopped. In fact, it sounded like the turntable was knocked right onto the floor.

"Hey dude, what the hell are you doing! Watch the fucking album. I just bought the goddamn thing. Fucking thing cost 5.99!" Mike was seriously stoned. "Hey! What are you doing here?"

"Just keep your ass in that chair and don't move a muscle you lowlife motherfucker!"

My scrotum tried to crawl up into my stomach. I knew who's voice that was. His name was Cletus la Favor. A local thug, pimp, and drug dealer. Two weeks ago I had broken into - technically the door was unlocked - his Corvette that he had left parked in his driveway. I had been riding my ten speed home down his dark street when I had seen la Favor park his car in front of his

house and stagger through the front door, his tattooed, tree trunk arm wrapped around one of his ladies. I don't what the hell had gotten into me to do it, probably the nine beers that I had drank, but to my utter disbelief and joy, I had discovered a half a pound of gold Columbian and a .38 caliber snub-nose in the backseat, damn near in plain view. I had ripped off both items but hadn't told a soul about it. la Favor was bad news. He had done hard time in Stillwater and there was a local urban legend going around that said he was known to strap on a pair of personalized brass knuckles when people were either drunk, stoned, or just plain stupid enough to cross him.

To my horror I suddenly realized my mistake. Several nights ago, Mike and I had gone to a small keg party and in a lame attempt to get in the pants of a hot number who was way out of his league, Mike, without my knowledge had turned her on to a couple of joints of the Columbian. That had to have been how la Favor had found out. The backwater town we lived in got buzzed mainly on Hamm's beer, white cross speed, and Mexican ditch weed. It wouldn't have taken much for la Favor to

put two and two together.

"What's the shotgun for, man? That's not cool, dude. Guns aren't cool!" Mike was going through this weird "violence isn't the answer" hippie period. I think that he thought that would help him attract more women. It didn't.

"Where's the dope at you little cocksucker? My fucking dope and my fucking pistol? I know that you and your buddy took it!"

Mike's current girlfriend, a sweet dimwitted bimbo named Angel and who was only sixteen but easily could have passed for twenty five, (I think that Angel may have been her stage name) and who stripped on the weekends at the Aragon Bar, screamed out in either fear or pain or both.

"Shut up you cunt! You either shut your goddamn cock holster or I'll shove something in it!"

"Why are yo...." A hideous shriek of agony.

"First you have the nuts to deal on my turf, you dirty fucks! (Our pot operation was so small time I couldn't believe la Favor even knew about it) Then you rip me fucking off! Now I ain't gonna ask again, where are the fucking drugs? My fucking drugs!" la Favor screamed.

"We don't have shit, man! We haven't ripped anyone off!" Mike protested. "Just this little dab of coke is all and this quarter ounce of weed is all we have! You can take it if you want it!"

"You lying prick! Where the fuck is that little asshole friend of yours that's always hanging out here? He's the one I really need to talk to." There was a pause. "Hey! Get your hands off her tits and check this dump out!" he barked to someone.

Panicking, I realized that I was the "asshole" in questions and that I was trapped as the proverbial shithouse rat. Quickly thinking (for once), I closed the toilet lid and stood up on the stool. There was a panel in the ceiling in the bathroom leading to a ventilation shaft and I shoved the panel aside and slithered like a snake up into the overhead and pushed the tile back into place. It was pitch black inside and smelled heavily of mouse piss. I could feel their little shit pellets crunch under my hands. Someone was in the bathroom below me looking around. Jesus Christ! What's going to happen if they lift the lid and see a fresh shit in there? They'll link me to the turd and start searching for me. Probably

shoot me right through the ceiling. I stifled a whimper.

"There ain't anyone in the crapper. But holy shit! You should see these dyke bitches in this magazine, boss!"

"Put the fuck book down and take the slut out to the car, tie her up and throw her ass in the trunk you goddamn moron. We'll take care of her later. I'll handle this little son of a bitch."

I could hear Angel screaming out a blue streak as she was taken down the stairs. The word "motherfuckers" was mentioned predominately. We were a mile out of town in an apartment over a waterbed warehouse. There wasn't a soul around to hear her.

"What? What do you want? I'll do anything! I'll give you anything! Just bring Angel back up here and I'll..." Mike's voice was suddenly cut off like someone had him around the throat.

"Too late, asshole. You had your chance."

All I heard after that was this weird, wet sound like someone hitting a ripe pumpkin or melon with a stick. Then the racket of la Favor, all three hundred pounds of him lumber down the stairs. I

could hear him bitching at his flunky through the attic vent.

"Hey dipshit! Quit feeling up the fucking bimbo, we got work to do. Dump her off at the farm and get back here with a can of gas. We're gonna torch this fucking place. And leave the fucking beer." A high horsepower engine revved up and gravel sprayed the side of the warehouse as a car raced out of the parking lot. Then total silence. But I knew la Favor was still out there. I could hear him belching and farting.

I laid up there in the dark with the mice and their shit for what seemed like hours but was probably just a couple of minutes before I could muster up the courage and make myself crawl back down in the bathroom. I had to do something or I was going to get roasted like a hot dog along with Mike and his apartment. I walked gingerly around the corner into the living room. Mike was sitting straight up in his easy chair with his back to me.

"Mike! Mike!" I stage whispered. "We gotta get the hell out of here! They're going to burn the fucking place down!"

He didn't answer so I slowly walked around

the chair. His eyes were open but he was obviously dead. He was the only person I had seen dead except for my grandmother and that had been at her funeral. I remembered that she had looked like she had been cast in wax, like a candle minus the wick in her head, and real peaceful. But Mike didn't look like that at all. Punched into the middle of his forehead, like his skull had been made out of the cheap sheet metal we used to use for projects in high school shop class, were the initials "CIF."

"Brass knuckles," I mouthed to myself. The legend was true!

Suddenly the stairs started creaking as la Favor began to make his ascent up the stairs. Mike had a Louisville Slugger that he had gotten a bunch of the Minnesota Twins to sign years ago at a father and son banquet with his local Cub Scout troop. It was sitting in a place of honor on a shelf above the stereo. I grabbed it and flattened myself against the wall next to the open stairwell door. When la Favor stepped into the apartment, I stepped into my swing like Tony Olivia going for the fence.

"What in the fu.." The bat caught la Favor right on the forehead. Dead center. His eyes rolled

back in his head then snapped back to look dead straight at me. He stood motionless for at least three seconds glaring at me as I got ready to wind up again. And then he suddenly dropped like he had been shot. There wasn't much damage. Just a nick in the middle of his forehead that was dripping a single stream of blood down the side of his head. The son of a bitch wasn't dead. I could see that he was breathing, but goddamn I really popped him! The prick must have had a head as thick as a coconut.

Dropping the bat, I ran over to the closet to grab the two hundred dollars in dope money that I knew that la Favor had missed. Mike always kept his money stash in the inside pocket of his Levi jacket. I then went to his bedroom to retrieve Angel's tip jar that she kept hidden under their bed. I don't think she would miss it - no one would ever heard from Angel again I thought at the time. On my way out the door I stopped and pulled the trucker's wallet out of la Favor's back pocket with the chain that was hooked to it. I jumped down the stairs five at a time.

I was fucking flying on my ten speed down

the county road and I thought I had it made in the shade until I saw the oncoming headlights and I could hear the familiar throaty roar of the engine. Without giving it a thought I shot straight down into the ditch and racked my nuts seriously on the crossbar when I hit the bottom and I flew over the handlebars into a pool of stagnant and shitty smelling water. The car roared past without seeing me.

Doubled over on the bike with a serious case of swollen nuts I barely made it home. Per usual, the old man was watching an old late night episode of Dragnet. The drunk old coot was going deaf and I could it hear it two doors down as I came up the street. Stepping into through the screen door, I peeked around the corner of the living room. My father was passed out on the couch which was a nightly occurrence since my mother had run off with a trucker and the old man had been laid off at the packing plant because of carpal tunnel syndrome. There was at least ten spent bottles of Grain Belt beer and one full bottle on the coffee table in front of him. I grabbed the full one and sat down on the recliner to try to figure out just what in

the hell I was going to do to get out of this mess. I didn't have a lot of time to dwell on it.

Angel's tip jar had almost a hundred bucks. la Favor's wallet contained four and a half and some change. Along with Mike's two hundred I had some decent cash to give me a running start. Then it popped in my head as I looked up at the commercial that always signified the half way point of the Dragnet shows. That's what was going to be my way out! It was a Navy recruiting commercial. It was like I had just noticed it for the very first time even though I had seen the goddamn thing at least a hundred times before. It's more than an job! It's an adventure! Just what I was looking for since I need to put some serious distance between myself and this redneck shithole. Well, fucking A! Now I was thinking! The local Navy recruiter was twenty miles away over in Austin. I looked up at the clock. It was close to three AM. The recruiter must open around eight or so. I went into my dad's room and opened the top drawer of dresser and grabbed the envelope where all my personal shit - birth certificate, social security card, high school diploma - was kept in a manila envelope. I grabbed that and the keys to the

piece of shit Chevy Vega that my mom had left - along with the payments - when she ran off on us.

I stuffed a change of clothes and the envelope into a gym bag and walked back into the living room. The old man hadn't moved a muscle. I thought about leaving a note but didn't. It was better this way.

**MEMORIES OF WHITE TRASH TOWNS
ALONG WITH PROMISES OF ASIAN SEX
AND BRYLCREEM HANDJOBS**

"You'll get all the slant eyed pussy you can shake a stick at," leered my recruiter with a tobacco juiced grin as he groped himself through his polyester trousers and mimed what I imagined by the grease on his pumpkin shaped head was a Vitalis lubed hand job. Fuck the good training and travel! Obviously sex with hot, young Asian women was this recruiter's top recruiting tool.

"Fuck yes!" I had screamed out as I got caught up in the moment.

My recruiter, Don, was oily and unpleasant, with beady little pig-like eyes, an alcohol flush to his face, gin blossomed nose, and seriously overweight - like a hundred fucking pounds. He leaned back into his chair which groaned under the pressure and lit up an unfiltered KOOL while letting out a thundering fart at the same time. The entire room immediately stunk of rotten eggs.

"Just wait until you get to the P. I., that's the Philippine Islands to you landlubbers," he coughed out, "the whores down there will jack you off and

use Brylcreem for lubricant. Much better than Vaseline." Brylcreem and not Vitalis for lubricant! Well, some sort of old man hair tonic, so I had been close.

The recruiter lifted his hands and looked up to the nicotine stained tile ceiling as if he was welcoming little baby Jesus down from Heaven. "Nothing finer than a Brylcreem hand-job. And you won't catch the black clap going that way either."

That would be the first of countless times that I would hear about the dreaded "Black Clap." Usually you would hear it after you bragged or lied to one of your shipmates about some broad you had banged the night before. The shipmate would be jealous that you had gotten some pussy and he hadn't so he would throw this fairy tale your way. The story was almost always the same. Some sailor in Thailand or San Francisco, the location doesn't matter, picks himself up a whore and catches a case of the dose. Only when the corpsman diagnoses it, he gives the sailor the bad news, but not before he calls the Shore Patrol who slap the cuffs on him because of what he's about to hear. They have to handcuff him you see because they news he is about

to hear is going to drive him apeshit and he'll try to kill everybody in his general vicinity. He has the Black Clap and it can't be cured. All the penicillin and tetracycline in the world won't help him so he's like fucking Typhoid Mary but more like Gonorrhea Gary. He's contagious as a son of a bitch so they ship him off to some mysterious island never to be heard from again - I would imagine that there's a lot of cornholing going down on that island with all those infected horny sailors running around - no women to hump and they're all gonna die anyway. He would be reported to be lost at sea, killed in action, or some other line of crap to his parents and they would get paid off with his military life insurance (SGLI) so they wouldn't ask any nosy questions.

Before I had walked into the recruiter's office the only thing I knew about the Navy came from two things: I had seen the movie *The Last Detail* with Jack Nicholson last winter. Jack is a sailor's sailor in that flick. Boozing, brawling, banging chicks, smoking reefer, and Jack even tells a jarhead officer who runs the brig to go fuck himself. So that was cool. And the second thing was

this comic fuck book that my brother got from an uncle of ours who had been on a trip down to Juarez, Mexico. My brother had kept it hidden under his socks in his dresser drawer but I found it when I was looking for some loose change and cigarettes. The comic book had these drawings of Popeye the sailor man and his slut Olive Oyl fucking in all these wild positions. Popeye had this huge crank and Olive's beaver was real hairy, not like that shaved shit that's all the rage in the porno industry these days. I know it was just a comic book but goddamn! If that's what sailors get to do - bring it the hell on!

Don had been so excited that I wanted to sign and ship out that day that he had blown off the standard police check with a conspiring wink. Three hours and a ass-load of signed papers later I was on a bus headed for Minneapolis and the armed forces enlistment center. Unfortunately for me the first stop on the bus route (I had dumped the Vega in the parking lot of a roller rink) was just where I had run from. As the Greyhound pulled into the station I slid down low in my seat.

Albert Lea, Minnesota. My hometown and

scene of the crime. At that time home to the Wilson's meat packing plant, the town of 20,000 had a constant funk about it, courtesy of Wilson's, that smelled like a bathroom right after someone had taken a huge crap while smoking a White Owl cigar. You literally could not open the bedroom windows on many summer evenings because of the stench.

Eddie Cochran, the fifties rock and roll star, had grown up in Albert Lea and I can goddamn guarantee you that he was not thinking about the city when he wrote *Summertime Blues*. Marion Ross, of *Happy Days* fame, had also spent some time there. But they were the far and few between of the town. The majority of the population were employed by the packing plant until they would eventually be run out of their jobs by vicious labor strikes, carpal tunnel syndrome, the red meat high cholesterol hysteria, and cheap Mexican labor. It didn't help that only twenty miles away was the town of Austin, the home of Hormel which is the birthplace of Spam - the all time leading seller in the canned crap food aisle of your local grocer. It's the meal made up of pig and cattle intestines, lips,

assholes, and scrap meat the janitor shovels up off the floor, all packed in a tidy little brick and shoved in a tin can with a glob of gelatin to preserve it. Traitors in Albert Lea bought the shit up and fried it in the pan for Sunday morning breakfast adding to the overall stench of the town.

Humid and as hot as the gates of Hell in the summer with mosquitoes buzzing in your face constantly, it then got down to freeze your nuts off cold in the winter, the place was no picnic to live in. With weather conditions like that, the main source of entertainment was alcohol, and lots of it (along with suicide since Nordic blooded people just seem to love to shove a shotgun in their mouth in the winter - Finland has nothing on Minnesota in that department). Beer for hot summer days, vodka and whiskey for the cold and dark winter nights. The folks of Minnesota are known for their hardy stock and love of liquor. A relative of mine had been known to crawl under Model-T Fords back in the day and drink the alcohol used for anti-freeze straight out of the radiator.

Savvy Minnesotans who didn't relish the taste of gun oil in their mouths to hasten their quest

for the big sleep had many other fun options. Snowmobiles became popular and along with the booze came high speed accidents involving barbed wire fences and decapitations, a sort of polar Jayne Mansfield accident if you will. Drunks drove their cars on to the frozen lakes to ice fish and wound up falling through open holes in the ice, some not seen again until spring found their bodies bobbing to the surface. A lunatic decided to blow a car through the ice with dynamite when the local country club put the junked auto out there for a lottery - a Minnesota tradition, the person who picks the day and time wins a prize! The dumb shit didn't know how to handle explosives and blew his ass all over Fountain Lake. The owner of the ambulance service, a four hundred pound mouth breather, uttered the quote - most likely bullshit - retold around the town for years when he scooped the man's brains up off the ice and asked "Does anybody want a set of brains? Never been used."

It was then and still is, a dead end town. The typical southern Minnesota town half full of churches, the other half bars and strip joints. Sneak in to the Aragon Bar or The Name of the Game - a

filthy beyond belief bar with the biggest cockroaches I had ever seen until I got to Hawaii - on a Saturday night to watch sad eyed and coked up strippers wearing g-strings and pasties as they humped the fire-pole and then you could conveniently go listen to the reverend the next morning and forget all about how your old lady screamed so fucking loud the glass in the windows almost busted out in the trailer and you had to sleep on the Sears not paid for couch when she discovered you had shot your wad in your pants after you had gotten so worked up and had blown half or all of your paycheck that you earned slaughtering hogs and calves on some cheap sluts from Minneapolis shaking their asses. Sins absolved! Just like that.

You know that kind of town if you're from that godforsaken part of the country. The kind of town freezes that it's ass for eight months of the year just waiting for (hopefully) four months of spring and summer. Summer brings on fishing, long walks, movies at the drive in, root beer at the A & W, and the county fair with it's dangerously unsafe rides, rip-off games, demolition derbies, and

suicidal sprint car drivers racing on the old beat up old horse track while the fans bombed on 3.2 beer watch intently just hoping that tonight might be their night to witness a fatal crash. Afterwards they stagger out to the midway, pausing only to barf their beer and foot longs behind the Tilt a Whirl (built locally just down the road over in Faribault), to catch the *Chez Paree* strip show imported to the town by the tattooed covered carnies. Just like the burned out whores uptown in the bars only these gals is different. They come from Iowa or Arkansas! Foreign gals. Ten bucks for a blow job after the show. If you don't get your head bashed in for your wallet first by her carnie pimp.

Goddamn! I was sure going to miss the place.

DROPPING LSD, JERKING OFF AT THE PUSSYCAT THEATRE, AND SHIPPING OUT

"Sir! Sir! Wake up. You're disturbing the other passengers."

I blearily pulled my face away from the window that I had stuck to from dried drool and looked up at the stewardess who was shaking my shoulder. I had been dreaming about the porno movie I had seen at the Pussycat Theatre on Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis that had kicked the previous night off and realized that I might have been shouting out things like "hairy snatch" and "let me stick in your ass, big mamma." Passengers were looking at me in horror. By the stench surrounding me I must have been also farting like a circus elephant. If I had pulled the same stunt after 9/11 my ass would be sitting in a jail cell right now.

Jesus Christ, what a day and a half it had been. It all started off when I had checked into the downtown Radisson Hotel. When I found my room and opened the door I discovered that I had company. And my company appeared to be both lonely and stoned. He was also talking a mile a minute and appeared to be some sort of drug fiend.

"Hey, buddy! Guess we'll be bunking together. Cool! My name's Bobby. You're Navy, huh. Me, I'm joining the Marines. Just like my brother, which by the way reminds me. Do you like to party?" When I nodded at him (I had yet to utter more than a single word), he reached into his pocket and pulled out a glass vial and handed it to me. "Acid, dude. My brother is stationed out in Frisco and he sent it to me. Owsley acid. They call it that cause some freak named Owsley makes it. Suppose to be the best in the country. The Hells fucking Angels get their acid from this dude. There's enough for both of us. Let's drop it and make a Fucking-A-Dilly-Bar party for our last night."

We washed the tabs down with a swig out of Bobby's can of Schlitz malt liquor. The good old Bull. The LSD took about fifteen minutes to kick in as we chatted. And it kicked like a mule.

"Fuck, Bobby," I stuttered. "This is some potent shit! We better get some food in us and a couple of beers to try to mellow out some or this is going to be a long night."

Bobby had started making this weird look with his face like a chipmunk chattering and he kept

repeating "Yes, dude, yes! Fucking A yes!" It was really starting to freak me out. I realized that I may have made a huge mistake.

We stumbled down to the dining room where our government issued meal tickets got us this greasy and goddamn nasty Mexican dinner which we both inhaled. I don't know how since it was like eating a dead squirrel and didn't taste much better than it looked. We damn near got thrown out of the joint because Bobby kept whistling at this hot little waitress and flicking his tongue out at her like Linda Blair when she had the lead role as Satan - which I was starting to think Bobby wasn't too far off from - in *The Exorcist*.

After we finished our rotgut meal we staggered out on to the streets of Minneapolis to find a bar that was lacking in the skills of checking the identifications of underage drinkers. It took about half a block to find. The place was dark and dank and all of the customers appeared to be about ninety fucking years old. They were drinking Old Style beer, obviously the house special, and were glued to the television which seemed to be playing an endless loop of *Leave It To Beaver*, *Maude*, and

Good Times reruns.

“Cold beer for our men and hot whores for our horses,” Bobby yelled out as he slapped a twenty on the bar. The bartender, who looked like an old queen from the silent film era, popped two cold ones down and gave a sly wink and swished back down to the other end.

“Fuck, I think we may be in some sort of retirement home homo bar,” I slurred out, I was so high I couldn't tell if I was really talking or not. "Is there a parrot on the bartender's shoulder?" Behind the bar there appeared to be a giant purple lizard wearing a turban and it was crawling slowly across the wall.

“Who gives a shit,” said Bobby, “As long as the old bastard keeps bringing these beers,” he belched out. “Maybe he'll blow us if we tip him enough.” I looked at Bobby in horror not knowing if he actually had said that and meant it, or if I was now having auditory hallucinations.

“You boys having a good time tonight? You two can sure put the beer away.” The old fart ran his tongue over his yellowed dentures. I looked down at the bar in front of me. I couldn't believe that I had

drank that much and not taken a piss. We must have been on about our fourteenth beer apiece by the amount of empties in front of us and it appeared that the old geisha boy was ready to make his move. I had totally lost track of time and just where the hell I was. How many fucking episodes of *Leave It To Beaver* are there?

“I guess were doing OK,” I babbled.

Bobby responded by opening his mouth and barfing a geyser of beer and bad Mexican food all over the old queer. We both vaulted off of our stools and ran out the door screaming and laughing like hyenas and tore down the block until we found ourselves, like a vision from God, in front of the legendary Pussy Cat theatre. *Deep Throat* had played non-stop there for years. It was a double feature, the second show was called *I Cream On Jeanne*. I was hoping that Barbara Eden was really in it. She had been the subject of many of my stroke dreams. Thinking back, how in even my LSD addled mind did I think that Barbara Eden would be performing in a porno film?

“I gotta see this flick,” Bobby said, “I heard this chick Linda Lovelace can go down on a mule

and not bat an eye.”

After getting our tickets I went to take a leak while Bobby went to the concession stand. Like I'd eat anything that was sold in a porno theatre. The walls of the bathroom were covered with graffiti and with the phone numbers of men who either wanted me to call them so they could blow me or visa versa.

“What in the hell is wrong with this goddamn town,” I wondered as I pissed all over my shoes looking at all the amateur porno scrawled on the walls. The majority of them poorly done renditions of stick men with massive cocks, balls, and exposed assholes. If the theatre was showing just regular old porno flicks - guy on girl, girl on girl - why was all the graffiti homo related? Another question for the ages.

Bobby was waiting for me in the lobby, rocking from one foot to the other. He had bought a box of World War II era malted milk balls and was eating them with his mouth wide open. I had to swallow back my gag reflex. What a disgusting sight!

The theatre was one of those old time places

that had gone to shit and now showed only skin flicks around the clock. Fucking place must have held two thousand people at one time in it's glory years and now there were about fifteen in the whole joint. Me and Bobby, eleven single men, and two either really ugly women or two transvestites who were wildly making out.

I didn't give a shit though! Man, once I started to watch that Linda Lovelace, who was short in the tit department but fine in the ass and bush, get down with old Harry Reems, I was sporting a piece of wood that Rod Carew could have used to knock out a homer at the old Met stadium. The urge to jerk-off off was intense. I just had to beat my meat, just had to, but I couldn't with Bobby next to me. What shitty luck I was having.

"Look at them ugly chicks swapping spit," Bobby yelled out. No one in the audience as much as turned around. "Goddamn that ain't right! What would Jesus do if he saw that?" (If that dumb asshole had only been able to see into the future he could've thrown a trademark on that one. Advertising firms could have dosed Bobby with acid and he would envision future marketing

slogans). Suddenly without warning he stood up and stepped out into the aisle and hurled a milk ball as hard as he could at the two spit swappers. It shot over their heads by fifteen feet. The place was cavernous, no one even heard it hit. Or cared for that matter.

The next time he wound up like he was trying out for the Yankees, even going through the whole wind up with the kick and everything, but his throw was way over their heads. Eventually throwing the box empty, Bobby turned and ran up the aisle for more ammo. Eureka! I took the opportunity to un-zip and pull out my crank. I'm sure this was illegal but since I had noticed about everyone in the place appeared to be either beating their hogs or someone else's it must not be too well enforced. I was really getting into it when out of the corner of my eye I spied Bobby moving down the center aisle firing malted milk balls like a sub-machine gun. His hand would dip into the box, he'd fire, and then take another step down the aisle. The acid in my brain gave the milkballs the visual effect of being shout out of a bazooka along with a bright orange tracer. Very cool looking. But he was still

way off the mark and I was about on mine when suddenly...

“What the fuck?” someone shouted. The two transvestites were out of their seats and running up the aisle towards Bobby. Obviously he had finally hit his target. The sons of bitches were a lot bigger than they looked sitting down. They charged up the aisle looking like linebackers wearing nylons, wigs, nightclub dresses, and high heels. The three of them went down in a pile of punches, curses, and kicks.

I don't know if it was the combination of the acid, sweet Linda up on the screen giving it her all, or the adrenaline of the fight - but I shot to my feet and shot a molten lava shot of spunk that arched over at least two rows and landed right on this old dude's neck!

He stood and shrieked like a wounded deer, with his pants hanging down to his knees, his white ass glowing in the dark as white as the moon. “What the hell was that?” He screamed out again as if battery acid had been poured on his neck.

Without stopping to look, I bolted up the aisle as I jammed my prick back into my jeans at the same time. I ran straight through the lobby and

out the left side lobby doors just as two cops came in the right side of the lobby. I sprinted like an Olympic track and field star packing a full load of steroids, all the way back to the hotel.

And I never saw Bobby again.

I was leaning against the front of the hotel trying to catch my breath when I heard her voice. "Do you want to party?" I couldn't decide if I was still hallucinating or not. For I was looking at another vision sent straight from heaven. My second in about an hour. A gorgeous blonde Amazon! She was incredible! Playboy shit! I mean she was that hot. Long blond hair. Huge jugs in a halter top. Shapely legs pouring out of denim hot pants. Must have been close to six feet tall. She was the whole fucking package!

The power of speech had left me. I could only nod numbly. In my drug and alcohol soaked brain pan I knew that she was a hooker but I didn't give a shit.

"Give me your room key." I handed it over without question. She ran her tongue around her lips and Pearl Drops white teeth and turned and walked across the lobby as I followed along. Staying

slightly behind her so that I could check out her gorgeous ass, obviously she was wearing no panties. We stepped into the elevator and as soon as the door closed she turned and grabbed my crotch and stuck her tongue in my ear. "I'm going to wear that big cock of yours down to a matchstick," she hoarsely whispered.

"Do you have someone else in the room with you?" She was standing by Bobby's bed and looking at all the empties of malt liquor scattered about.

I don't think he'll be back tonight." Fucker had to be in jail by now. I was hoping anyway.

She smiled coyly at me. "Good. It's 50 for a blow job. A hundred for a suck and a fuck. And a hundred a half hour for any extras. Do you have the cash?"

I walked over and flashed the remainder of the wad I had stolen from la Favor, Mike, and Angel.

She smiled again. "That's a start." She started stripping off her clothes. She looked over at me. "Well just don't stand there, get those clothes off so we can get this party started." My crank was

already so hard I thought I'd pass out. The blonde had perfect jugs with tollhouse cookie nipples and her trim was shaved into a heart. There was a tattoo of Curious George beating his meat emblazed on her ass. She opened her pocketbook and pulled out a couple of horse sized pills. "Have you ever taken a Quaalude?" She pulled a beer out of the cooler and popped the top and washed one down. "Makes fucking twice as good. Here, take this one. On the house."

The ringing of the phone brought me out of my coma. I was laying on floor of my room buck naked. The phone stopped ringing and quickly started up again. I staggered to my feet and had to hold the sides of my head to keep from passing out.

"Hello," I gasped into the phone.

It was my wake up call. "Good morning! It's five o'clock! Rise and shine! The bus leaves for the induction center in..."

"Fuck off!" I snarled and slammed the phone down. I barely made it into the bathroom before I puked into the bathtub. Standing up I caught a glance of myself in the mirror before I

passed out.

I'll never know what really happened that historic night. It was one for ages that's for sure. But I do know how fucking shocked the security guards looked when they found me passed out on the bathroom floor. I guess the woman who had given me the wake up call had been a little concerned about how I had answered her call. Security found me laying in a pool of my own barf and looking like I had been dragged behind a car. All my clothes, money, and other personal shit had been stolen. The guards were kind enough to dig through a lost and found bag to scrounge me up some Viking sweatpants and a matching t-shirt along with a packet of underwear (size medium - irregular) and black socks that were stuffed in a sweaty smelling gym bag. For shoes they gave me a pair of old shower shoes. I wound up looking like a member of a group home for retards.

Quite a way to start your military career.

DROP YOUR COCKS AND GRAB YOUR SOCKS

It was way after midnight. My first official day in the Navy. The bus that had met us at the airport (the sailor at the airport who met our group had been downright rude - calling us "fucksticks," "limpdicks," "needledicks," "pricks" and other greetings with penis-like meanings) had pulled on to the base and dropped us off at the some cement bunker filled with metal folding chairs. We sat silently facing a wood box with a big slit in the top. An officer strutted in, "All right you assholes, I've got the fucking duty tonight and I want to get some sack time. I've had a long fucking day and I'm not in the mood to fuck around with you pansy little pricks so let's get this goddamn shitting show on the road. If any of you cocksuckers have in your possession any liquor, drugs or narcotics that are not prescribed, guns, knives, pictures of your girlfriend's pussy, pictures of your mother's pussy, pictures of your boyfriend's cock, fuck books, or in other words anything you don't want us to find, you now have the chance to discard these items. If you have any of said items or anything else the Navy

decides you can't have you will march your sorry fucking ass to the front of the room and drop it in the hole in the top of the box. This is your one and only motherfucking chance to come clean. If any one of you bastards are caught with these items after the next five minutes are over your ass will be swinging in the breeze. You will be sent to the brig where Marines with huge dicks will bend you over and fuck you in the ass. Is that understood? Goddamn it! Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir!" We all screamed out.

About half the room scurried to the front to drop some sort of contraband into the box. I didn't have anything to worry about since I had been robbed by the beautiful prostitute less than a day earlier. The guy sitting next to me had pulled out about a half a dozen Trojan brand rubbers (?), a half pint of Jack Daniel's, a *Playboy*, and a *Penthouse*, out of his gym bag. As he was dropping his swag into the box the officer caught him nervously looking at him.

"What are you eyeballing you fucking geek?" He shrieked in rage.

"Nothing, Sir!"

"Nothing my rosy red asshole! Drop and give me twenty pushups you ignorant fucking maggot!"

The recruit finished his twenty (done poorly) pushups and charged back down the aisle, propelled by a kick in the ass by the officer. "Move, motherfucker!"

"Jesus Christ!" He whispered as he sat down and rubbed the sore cheek of his ass. "That guy is wearing a cross on his collar. He's a goddamn chaplain!"

I've only been in the Navy for a matter of hours and it already sucks the big one. Sleep is granted to us around two that morning. I can hear people crying softly into their pillows. Less than three hours later we are marched into the chow hall for our first meal in the military. We had been woken rudely by two assholes who had charged into the barracks and had hurled empty fifty gallon garbage cans across the floor. The place is starting to take on a sort of prison atmosphere as fellow recruits in the chow hall whistle at our long hair as if they plan on cornering us in the showers and

taking our anal cherries from us later on. These sons of bitches have only been in the Navy slightly weeks longer than us and already they think that they are wise beyond their years.

Breakfast, which had consisted of some runny eggs and some gruel that was billed as oatmeal, ends for me early when a guy sitting across from me barfs all over his tray. Our table had already been warned by a sailor wandering up and down the aisles to keep our "pie-holes fucking shut" or we'd find our asses out on the loading dock "pearl diving." Pearl diving we quickly learn is the practice of taking one's dog tags and throwing them in a 50 gallon slop barrel full of wet table scraps and then having to retrieve them. I consider asking the sailor who warned us how we could pearl dive if we hadn't even been issued our dog tags yet but decide to be prudent and keep my yap shut.

After chow our heads are shaven right down to the bone. We look like we belong in Auschwitz. The barbers think they're fucking comedians and leave our sideburns on for comedic affect.

Stripped to our underwear, we are issued a full sea bag and then we are marched over to stencil

all our clothes. We will soon learn that the Navy is a den of thieves and if you as much as catch a case of the flu and shit in your pants and crawl into the bathroom (called the "head" in the Navy) leaving your stained underwear on the floor, within minutes someone will rip them off. And probably put them right on and wear them for the next week! So everything must be stenciled with your name.

THE MEANEST MOTHERFUCKER IN THE WORLD (IF NOT THE NAVY) was the son of a bitch who was in charge of us stenciling our clothes in boot camp. Anyway, here I am in my first day of boot camp, guts already churning like a dog trying to shit a peach-pit, and this scary asshole comes tearing in and starts screaming and ranting and raving about what a bunch of scrotum heads we are and how if we fuck up our clothes he's going to hold us personally responsible and have our sorry asses court martialed! Hell, I didn't even know what a court martial was. Right away I screwed up stenciling a t-shirt and this dude, I think he was a first class petty officer, took one of these big brushes we were using to stencil with, gets a bunch of this India ink on it, and jams it right in my

motherfucking mouth. I had black teeth and lips for the next four weeks. It takes a long goddamn time to stencil all of those clothes since they give you a whole sea bag full of them and I was shaking the whole goddamn time and I about puked from that ink.

The Navy had the biggest fucking swimming pool in San Diego that I had ever seen. They see if you can swim by throwing you in the pool for about ten minutes and then wait and watch to see if you'll drown. These guys walk around the pool and shove you away from the sides with these long cane poles. Some recruit shouted out "Hey Chief! How long do we have to do this fucking dog paddling?" and was rewarded by catching one of those poles that was thrown spear-like across the water, right in the middle of his goddamn forehead. Now one recruit, me, walks around with India inked stained teeth while another has a big red dot in the middle of his forehead. Several fellows almost drown and are immediately sent to some kind of swimming school Hell which they must complete successfully before actually starting boot camp.

Our company is christened #149 and we

meet our company commander - Boatswain's Mate Chief Johnson, a short, burly black man, and a world class jack-off. He's also a fucking thief. He immediately confiscates everybody's cigarettes and informs us that only two cartons of cigarettes are allowed in the barracks at one time. One carton of menthol, the other regular. He proceeds to collect two bucks a week from close to fifty people for cigarette money, yet we don't get to smoke but a day or two a week and only one cigarette per person at that. This goes on for the entire nine weeks of boot camp. The dirty son of a bitch is making a small fortune off of us but since we are held captive we are basically helpless.

I take my first shower in the Navy - the comparisons to prison life are becoming frightening realistic. My brother has told me about friends of his who have done time at the reformatory in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and how blacks love to rape skinny white boys in the shower. Obviously this doesn't happen much in military boot camp and I'm goddamn relieved about that fact. One black dude in our company by the name of Bolds has a hunk of pipe that damn near hangs to his knees. If he got a

hard-on while taking a shower there wouldn't be room enough in the shower for all of us.

While in high school I had blown a knee out while running from the cops after a pot sale had gone down the shitter and later had surgery to remove the torn cartilage. This old injury flares up again in boot camp from all the marching and running and at sick call they give me a jumbo jar of Darvon. They hand the shit out like candy. It's my first excursion into the world of prescription drug abuse as my bunk mate and I begin to gobble down three or four a night. Grissom, a big old fat boy from Texas, is getting loaded the old fashioned way, with illegal recreational drugs. His girlfriend mails him hits of acid by hiding them behind the stamp on his letters. He tells me that tripping while in boot camp is "fucking awesome, pilgrim." It appears that Grissom has watched quite a few John Wayne movies.

About halfway through our training people are starting to feel the stress and the tension of military life. There is talk of giving blanket parties to the company fuckups and several are then carried out. A blanket is throw tight over the unsuspecting

recruit and then he is pounded in the body with fists and bars of soap shoved in socks. Chief Johnson appears to sanction this behavior, especially when it's done against the white guys in the company. All of us from Minnesota agree that if one of us is singled out that we will all respond to that person's dilemma and beat the shit out his attackers. Joe, a lad from St. Paul, has irritated several people because he has pissed the bed several times but nothing happens after it is realized that we Minnesotans have formed a posse.

There is a rumor going around that we are being dosed with saltpeter - which is a chemical that supposedly keeps a man from achieving a good stiff woody - in our food. I suspect this isn't really true but I then realize that I haven't been being experiencing morning wood or any kind of wood for that matter. I don't masturbate even once while in boot camp and I was a twice a day guy - sometimes three - back home. I suspect something is rotten in Denmark.

Close to graduation, Chief Johnson tells us that he is going to break the rules and bring in pizzas for the company. He's only going to charge

us five bucks a head so with eighty recruits in the company he walks out of the barracks with close to four hundred bucks. Days later when the food arrives, there are only twenty five pizzas and most of them are cheese only. Chief Johnson is obviously building up quite a retirement nest egg at our expense.

There is talk and fear of a snitch in the company. It seems like when anyone is stupid enough to bitch about Johnson in public, he is quickly singled out later for a “marching party.” A “marching party” is a invitation that you can't turn down to an event where you are forced to don a rain coat and are then forced to exercise for one to two hours straight until you drop, puke, shit your pants, or pass out. Which ever comes first.

It's three days before graduation. I wake up around one in the morning and get up to take a leak. Again I'm eighteen years and I don't have a piss hard-on. Strange! Anyway, I pad down the aisles of bunks to the head, take my leak, and then notice something out of sorts when I walk out the door of the head. There is always a assigned night fire watch for the barracks and they almost always

approach you when you get out of your bunk. Usually not because they are taking their job seriously but they are fucking bored beyond belief and just want to chat. I see a light streaming out the partially opened door of Chief Johnson and when I step off to the side to peek in what I see almost makes my legs give out from under me. Johnson is leaning back in his chair and his pants are about a quarter of the way down. On his knees in front of him is a recruit named Murphy. Murphy is the company yeoman, he handles the office paperwork, and he is also the fire watch that evening. By my angle I can't be sure but it looks almost 100 percent that Murphy is blowing Johnson. I sneak back to bed and never tell a soul.

At lunch the next day, Cooney, who is the recruit chaplain, (his job consists of giving the evening prayer before lights out - "Shut the fuck up for evening prayer" becomes his standard line) tells me that he thinks Murphy is the company snitch. Cooney has told Murphy to fuck himself on several occasions and was always awarded with a marching party and if he has his way he's going to track Murphy down after boot camp and beat the shit out

of him. I almost tell Cooney what I think I saw the night before but decide to keep my hole shut.

Our orders are in. I've been assigned to the CINCPACFLT headquarters building in Pearl Harbor. I'm happy as a son of a bitch. I luck out in that I don't get assigned to a ship out of boot camp, a major coup, and Hawaii is suppose to be crawling with hot babes and kickass marijuana.

The night before we graduate and ship out everybody is busy packing their sea bags. I look up and find Chief Johnson standing by my bunk. He's got this weird look on his face and it's the first time I've noticed that he has eyes like a fucking snake. Predator eyes. He gazes around the squad bay and steps closer to me. His voice is a whisper, "I know you were there. Watching me. Weren't you? You sneaky little bastard. You ever say as much as a word to anyone, I swear to baby Jesus I'll have you fucking killed. I've been in the Navy a long goddamn time and I know a lot of people who can hurt you." He winks, slaps me on the shoulder, and walks away. "Have fun in Hawaii. Lots of hot beaver over there," he throws over his shoulder.

THE GODFATHER OF THE HOMEFRONT

"Did you know Cletus la Favor has mob ties?"

I feel like a gerbil is running around inside my colon and not the good kind of gerbil up- the-ass feeling that Richard Gere is rumored to get. I was standing in the massive passenger lobby at Travis Air Force base. My flight to Honolulu was departing in minutes. Pumping a shitload of quarters into the phone I had made the first phone call to my dad since I had blown out of town.

"What does that mean? You mean like *The Godfather*?" Visions of Marlon Brando having guys whacked pop into my head. I could hardly hold on to the phone my hand was sweating so bad. I change hands and wipe the sweat on to my uniform pants.

"It means, you dumb shit, that he hangs around with guys who run people who piss them off through wood chippers or give them the old concrete overshoe treatment. What the hell went on out at Mike's anyway?"

I had to whisper into the phone. "I don't have a lot of time here but the short story is la Favor

busted in and beat the shit out of Mike with a pair of brass knuckles. He killed Mike, the fucking bastard! He thought we had stolen some dope from him. I hid my ass up in the attic and then I heard la Favor say that they were going to burn Mike's place down so I conked la Favor on the head with a baseball bat and got the hell out of there. What happened to la Favor anyway?"

"He had a helluva concussion but he's going to be all right. I can't say that for Mike though. By the time the fire department got that fire put out he was burnt down damn near to his skeleton."

"What about the cops? Are they doing anything?"

The old man snorted through his nose.

"Those dumb shits couldn't pour piss out a boot if the instructions were on the heel. They think Mike just got stoned or drunk and fell asleep with a cigarette and burned the place down. I'm sure that la Favor has some cops in his pocket anyway."

"Does la Favor know I was there?"

Silence.

"Dad! Does la Favor know I'm the one that hit him with the bat?"

"He's got a good idea it was you. In fact, he's positive it was you. He was out here at the house with one of his boys asking questions about a week after Mike's funeral."

Jesus Christ! "What did you tell him?"

"I told him the truth. That I hadn't seen you for going on a week now.

"Are you going to be all right? Is la Favor going to go after you?"

There was a loud sigh. "I think I'll be cool. Cletus knows that I was good friends with his dad when we worked together at the packing plant." Peter la Favor AKA "Pighouse Pete" had been a local legend know for his incredible drinking prowess and barroom brawling skills. He once knocked out a horse at the county fair with one punch. A goddamn draft horse at that! He also was rumored to have a gigantic cock and favored black truck stop prostitutes. Pete was currently serving a life sentence at the Stillwater penitentiary for murdering his second wife - probably killed her with one punch - for screwing a Mexican short order cook. The cook also wound up dead. Out on a country road with his hands tied together behind his

back with barbed wire and a bullet in the back of the head.

"Where are you at, son? It would be better if you just turned yourself into the police and let them handle this. They're world class fuckups but I don't think la Favor is going to let this go."

I gently hung the phone up.

A WORLD OF SHIT OR MY TIT IS IN A WRINGER

Both the military and civilian law enforcement agencies of Oahu were literally hopping. The FBI, Naval Investigative Service (NIS), Army CID, and the local police were scouring the island. Tearing the place apart looking for clues or answers. Kicking asses and taking names! A NIS agent, George Charles, had been shot in the head - murdered in cold blood - and his body had been discovered in a ditch. He was only twenty nine years old and had left a wife and daughter.

Contrary to popular belief and current television. NIS agents are not now, and were not then, beloved high-tech crime fighting heroes. Shitty actor Mark Harmon may say that but he's full of crap. The assholes spent most of their time busting folks for smoking dope, pilfering government goods, or sailors on ships in the harbor flashing their dicks or asses to tourists on the Pearl Harbor tour boats (which had happened four times since I had been stationed at the boathouse). The average sailor considered them to be sneaky, fucking stool pigeons and to tell the truth, not too

many swabbies where crying crocodile tears over Mr. Charles's demise. That's not say that what happened wasn't horrible - especially for me - but that's just the way it is.

We had driven the truck to Brewer's place and pulled it straight into the garage. Brewer had jumped out to close the garage door behind us and I immediately had heard a back door slam. I looked out the back window and saw a semi-naked man running through the back yard while trying to throw his clothes on. The side interior door suddenly swung open, revealing Blanche in a pink see-through nightgown with no panties underneath. I suspect that I am becoming a borderline pervert as I catch myself leering at her after I had just witnessed her husband kill someone in cold blood. Then I experience a quick flashback of Blanche and I fucking standing up in the broom closet at the boathouse. I remember that she had smelled like cigarettes, dime store perfume, and cheap wine.

"What the hell is going on? I thought you were spending the night at the boathouse?"

Brewer stepped in front of her. "No, honey. I caught a ride home with these guys but we have to

clean the truck up. Malcolm had too much to drink and puked in the cab. I'll be in in a minute."

She shot nasty glare at me - I had had a hard time getting it up for her even though I hadn't been laid in months prior to our encounter - and stepped back into the house. "Well, hurry the hell up and don't wake the kids."

While Blanche was bitching out Brewer, I had taken the opportunity to retrieve my stash from the back of the truck. I shoved it back into my pocket and pulled Malcolm out of the front seat and laid him out on a huge pile of government canvas that I'm sure had been stolen and was on the garage floor. The drunk son of a bitch had remain passed out through the whole ordeal. He didn't move a muscle as we cleaned the interior of the cab from top to bottom with four rolls of paper towels and two bottles of disinfectant. It smelled clean as a whistle. That fucking thing hadn't been that clean since the Nixon era. Brewer stuffed the used paper towels in a paper grocery bag.

We wrestled Malcolm into the truck cab. That didn't take much since the anorexic little bastard - he lived off of bologna sandwiches and

coffee - barely weighed a hundred pounds. Brewer lit up a cigarette. "Drive out the front of housing. Watch your speed. If Malcolm doesn't ask questions there's no reason to let him know. If the cops pull you over just tell them that you were dropping me off because we worked late." He stepped closer to me and stuck his little pistol in my gut. "Nothing fucking else! Not only are you involved up to your neck in what happened tonight, but I remember what you told me about that guy that's looking for your ass back home. The dude you smacked in the noggin with a baseball bat. Things could rough for you if you turn pussy and decide to spill your guts."

I can't believe I had bragged to Brewer about drilling la Favor with a baseball bat. It had been after a long night of snorting cocaine, munching on mushrooms, and drinking shots of rotgut tequila. I had totally forgotten about it up until then. That had been such a blackout night of partying I'm surprise that I hadn't told him that I had also fucked his wife in a broom closet. My ass was in deep hot water. Once again.

The ride home had been non-eventful. Malcolm didn't know a thing, I had to fireman carry

him to his bunk when we got back to the boathouse, and business went on as usual. NIS agents paid their visit to the boathouse exactly four days after the murder. They didn't hang around long. Everybody's stories seemed to check out and the agent's interest appeared to already be waning. Brewer had already spoken to the cops after they had interviewed almost every adult member of the Navy housing complex where he lived and where just outside of the agent's body had been found. He claimed that he had spent the entire night at the boathouse after the pig slaughter and Malcolm and my statements backed this up. Malcolm could have passed a lie detector test, unless they asked him about humping boathouse dogs or pigs - he thought he had never left the boathouse that night.

I knew the interviewing agent's stenographer on a casual basis prior to their visit to the boathouse. A ravishing, tanned, long legged beauty from Florida named Reggie (short for Regina) Morales who wore her blonde hair in a sexy shag cut and who had the finest ass I had ever seen in uniform. She was married to a hot-headed, insanely jealous, and somewhat dangerous dental technician

of Mexican persuasion named Joe. Joe Morales was a high degree black belt and claimed to be the light-heavyweight kickboxing champion of Texas and who was known for beating the piss out of people who were stupid enough to as much as glance in his wife's direction. Reggie sometimes had drinks with Rose, the boathouse prostitute, and had confided in Rose that she had only married Joe to piss off her rich daddy, owner of a flourishing speed boat business in Cocoa Beach, and that she sometimes got off on Joe's psychotic jealousy. We had spoken several times in passing - when she had picked up Rose after work or bumping into each other at the base post office - that kind of shit. But the combination of her job and her husband made for a nervy combination. Understandably, I about shit my pants when I swore that I saw Reggie wink at me from her side of the room after the interview was over.

HOT SEX WITH UNDERCOVER AGENTS

Paranoia racked my entire being! Prison was in my near future. There was just no two ways about it. It had been months since the incident and the police appeared to have no leads at all, in fact the whole thing appeared to have blow over, but I just knew that the proverbial shit was going to hit the fan sooner or later. I could feel it in my bones. The booze and the drugs that I was consuming on a daily basis wasn't helping my psyche and rampant paranoia either. And then there was Brewer of course.

The dumb son of a bitch, to my utter horror, went through some badass Clint Eastwood metamorphosis. He'd have a beer or two after work, bring up the murder even though by then no one gave a hot turd about that old news, and then make stupid shit statements to Rose and Janine, in pathetic attempts to get in their pants, like "dead men tell no tales" or "that asshole had it coming." One long work day, when nerves were shot and ragged, he even spouted off to the resident racist Brooks, how he had "capped one nigger already in Houston for trying to cheat my ass in cards" and

wouldn't hesitate to do it again. Brooks promptly called Brewer a "honky fucking cracker," grabbed Brewer by the throat, and the two exchanged blows before they both tumbled into the bay. Chief Mason pulled both them out of the water and up on to the pier by their hair and slammed their heads together like Moe would with Larry and Curly. Or Shemp, whichever you prefer.

The handwriting was on the wall. There was no escaping it. No need to fight it. I decided to start getting ready for the joint. I quit drinking and smoking weed. Got up early in the morning everyday to run five miles and then lifted weights for two hours after work four times a week. I gave up junk food and ate mainly chicken washed down with protein shakes. Everybody thought I had lost my mind - no one could figure out just what in the hell had gotten into me - and they were right. I was toeing the edge of a nervous breakdown. Falling into the abyss. But I was damned if I was going to let some guy fuck me in the ass in Leavenworth prison when the time came.

Then one day I was walking out of the chow hall when I bumped into.....

"Holy shit! I thought that was you. Do you look different!" I turned around and there she was! Reggie! Beautiful blonde Reggie! NIS stenographer and wife of an insane kickboxing champion.

"What's up with that? You been working out?"

Puffing up my chest. "A little bit. Trying to get in shape. Hitting the weights."

"Well, let me tell you. It's paying off." She actually pushed her hand against my chest. I almost shot my wad in my pants. "Wow! Hard as a rock." My chest not my crank.

"Would you like to have a drink sometime?" Fuck! I must have lost my mind. It just slipped out without a thought. Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! This hot babe was not only married to a martial arts maniac, she was the secretary and stenographer for NIS. She could be a narc herself. I knew this, yet my sick, twisted mind couldn't get past those beautiful tits and legs of hers.

She didn't bat an eye. "I can't tonight but Joe is on duty tomorrow. How about we meet down in Waikiki tomorrow night."

Unbelievable. Yes! This was sheer suicide but I didn't give a fuck.

"The Blue Kangaroo at about seven good for you?"

That was just fine with her.

This is my disclaimer: I would never have fucked Reggie if I had KNOWN that she was a undercover NIS agent (secretary/stenographer, yes - NIS agent/narc, no). Well, I might of - she was so goddamn foxy and so far out of my league - but I would have at least given it a moments thought. I like to think that she wanted to bed me down for purely personal reasons and not that she was some femme fatale just using her lean, tanned, track star body to pump me (literally) for information.

My new found sobriety pledge had ended the next night.

Drinks and handholding at The Blue Kangaroo had led to a marathon make out session that started on Waikiki beach and ended up in her car that was parked down a dark side street. Then came clandestine lunches and afternoons we would sneak away from work to drink wine and smoke thin joints of Thai stick and cuddle on a blanket in secluded parks. Finally our affair was consummated

on a night when the kickboxer was on duty and we humped wildly in their round waterbed covered with a comforter with rabbit fur lining. The woman had a body like an Olympic athlete - equipped with cupcake sized breasts and muff shaven into a short landing strip. She drove me crazy. If she asked me to kill her husband and run away with her, I would have done it in a second. Rose had taken me aside one day at work and whispered "This isn't good. Trust me, I like Reggie, but this is not going to end up good for you. You've had your fling. Just let it go." But I didn't listen. Rose was a hooker for Christ's sake! Who the hell was she to tell me how to run my life? I didn't give a shit. I was too far gone. This was insanity at it's worse. I loved every minute of it. It was sick, suicidal behavior. Yet, unbelievably fun.

An act of God had Reggie's husband fly back on a Thursday to the mainland. He was going to compete in some military martial arts tournament in Virginia and wouldn't be back until late the following week. I spent the entire weekend at their house. Buck naked from almost the minute I walked in the door. Reggie had stockpiled the refrigerator

with food, beer, and champagne so there was no reason to leave and she didn't want the neighbors to see me wandering around. In the narcotics department she had a ounce bag full of a weed called Mango - a locally legendary strain of marijuana that was supposedly crossbred with a mango tree, leaving the smoke with a delightful taste and a kick in the ass to boot - and who's creator it was rumored had been murdered by jealous island mobsters who wanted a bit of the action. To round out the weekend there were several grams of Peruvian flake and just a dash of MDA - a weird but fun hallucinogenic that supposedly the U. S. Army had developed for mind control purposes. The fact that I never questioned how two lower enlisted people could afford these delicacies and delightful treats much less get their hands on them shows just how blinded I had become by the sheer force of Reggie's lovemaking and brainwashing skills. Snorting, drinking, hot-tubbing, fucking like two kids on a prom date, more drinking, more snorting, endless fucking, the weekend was a blur.

It was our sexy pillow talk that helped get Brewer busted.

On that late Sunday night wrapped in each other's arms - spent, burned out from the booze, the sex, and the drugs - under that goddamn rabbit fur lined comforter. Reggie's head was nestled on my shoulder and she was lazily tracing her finger in circles on my stomach.

"Is it true that Ricky Brewer is dealing drugs out in Navy housing?"

Don't ask me why that question out of the blue didn't set off all the bells, whistles, and alarms in my head. You know why it didn't. I had just spent the wildest Caligula-like orgy weekend with the absolutely hottest woman I would ever know in my life. All systems were down. You can't blame me for that. Plus it seemed like Reggie was always asking questions about shit like that. Duh!

"Why would you ask that?" I murmured sleepily.

"I saw a file at work on of the agent's desk when he was out on a case." She rolled over and picked up the round mirror off the nightstand that had four or five lines of flake on it along with a rolled up dollar bill. I watched her snort up a line in each nostril, her rock hard breasts didn't even move.

She handed the mirror to me and I hoovered up the remaining lines. Putting the mirror back on the nightstand she leaned over and practically tickled my tonsils with her tongue.

She broke off the kiss. "I'm worried about you. I don't want to see you get in any trouble. I think Brewer is bad news."

We went at it again even though by then my poor cock was practically crying out for rest. The woman was insatiable.

Afterwards, I looked into those lying blue eyes of hers. "Don't worry. I'm not involved in anything with Brewer. Sure I've partied with him a shitload but I have nothing to do with him selling drugs. I would never do that. That shits just crazy. He's going to get busted big time for that crap eventually."

"I think the agent's thought at first that he could have been involved in Agent Charles's murder but his alibi checked out."

I willed my body not to tense up. This was not the kind of post-coital chit chat that I normally enjoyed. "Brewer? Fuck, he's not a murder! Yea, he's been selling coke and horse out of his house

but he's sure as shit not a murderer.”

She snuggled back against my shoulder.

“You just stay away from him. OK?”

“Sure. No problem.” Even with all the blow in her system, she dropped quickly off to sleep.

I didn't sleep a wink that night. Something all of a sudden felt horribly wrong. I now realized that Reggie had always been slyly pumping me for information the whole time we had been together. Not just idle chitchat. I just had been too goddamn stupid to know it. Casually asking about the drugs being sold in the barracks or on the base and who was involved, stereos and other electronic gear that was constantly walking away from barracks rooms and offices, missing guns from the MAA's office, something about a blackmail scheme going on. And I had always been more than willing to talk - even if I didn't know shit about what she was saying. Trying to pump myself up. Make me seem more important to her. Thinking that she was honoring me by sharing inside information that she was hearing at the office. Mr. Fucking Bigshot! Just like I had done again only ten minutes ago. She had been getting me to bump my gums with hot sex and

good drugs. Using that beautiful trimmed little beaver. I was a fucking snitch and didn't even know it! Until now. Talk about a way to ruin a excellent weekend.

THE DAY THE PROVERBIAL SHIT FINALLY HITS THE FAN

“Ricky Brewer and his wife were arrested last night for possessing a large amount of heroin and cocaine with intent to sell. They are in scalding hot water right up to their white trash asses!”

Chief Mason had us lined up in front of the boathouse and was reading from some sort of Navy press release. Although I don't think the "white trash" and "asses" comment was actually in the written statement. The crew was standing at attention in the warm Hawaiian sun. The Chief looked like re-fried shit. Badly hung-over and acting like he had just gotten his own ass chewed by the command, which I'm positive that he had. It was time to be very careful. He could be very dangerous in this situations. Like stepping on the tail of a Gila monster.

“He’s really got his balls and his wife’s tits in a wringer this time. They could maybe get twenty years or longer in the slammer for this high horseshit.”

I felt like I could drop right there in the parking lot. Holy Christ! Could I be the reason

Brewer and his lovely bride had been busted? Chances were starting to look good that I at least had a minor hand in it. About a week after our weekend orgy, Reggie had mailed me a note. Fucking mailed! Not even a goddamn phone call. I got a fucking Dear John letter out of the blue and she wasn't but five miles away from me.

...Joe and I have decided to give our marriage another shot. I will always remember you and our times together fondly. Please don't try to contact me. It would be too hard for both of us.

With much love,

R

I tried to call her at work a couple of times but she hung up when she heard my voice. The urge to blow my brains out or hang myself had been almost too much to resist. I drowned my sorrows in two bottles of some cheap champagne, and a Quaalude. In a rage, I threw a punch at a giant Samoan bouncer in a downtown shithole bar and was rewarded with a return punch that blackened my eye and knocked me on my ass. Upon my return to the base I downed a bottle of MD 20-20 and I tossed all the outdoor furniture off the deck on the

roof of the Pearl Harbor barracks. I woke up the next morning under one of the ship piers where I had passed out in a pool of (my own) vomit and feces. I was torn in half. Figuratively that is - although I really did feel like shit. I now knew that something with Reggie was dirty - why had she been so interested in Brewer all of a sudden? Was she more than just an enlisted secretary and stenographer for the Naval Investigative Service? But I wouldn't let myself believe that. I couldn't let her go. There was certainly hard evidence of that. When I got back to the barracks after waking up under the pier, I discovered a fresh tattoo on my chest. Directly over my heart was another bright red heart that was torn in two. "Reggie" was inscribed between the two torn pieces. It was hard to believe that I had actually been in a tattoo parlor and couldn't remember a second of it.

“Hey! Fuckstick! Are you listening to me?”

The Chief was glaring at me with murder in his eyes.

“Yes, Chief.”

“Good! Because you need to be listening because every motherfucker here is going to be

effected by what I'm about to say.”

This wasn't going to be good.

“I had my dick handed to me this morning by **THE** Admiral himself. The goddamn fucking Admiral! He's not very fucking happy about what in the hell has been going on with his crew down here in the last month or so. First there was Janine...”

Janine, one of the two females at the boathouse, had caught a case of the clap from some sailor who worked on one of the tugboats over in Pearl. Before it was diagnosed, she passed this little treat on to the Captain from the USS Badger (in quite a coincidence, it would be determined at Brewer's court martial that he had gotten three pounds of China White heroin from the cook off the Badger. It was brought on board on a West-Pac cruise somewhere in Asia and had been smuggled back to the states on the ship and then stored it in the ship's galley cold storage) who promptly passed it on to his wife. Then, not a day later, she screwed a pilot from Hickam Air Force base that she met while whoring around for drinks at the officer's club with the exact same results. Pending her

Captain's Mast hearing, Janine had been pulled from the boathouse and re-assigned to the Pearl Harbor chow hall, I have no idea why there of all places, which promptly had a 40% drop in sailors dining there.

...and we all know what happened to Rose.”

After Janine's stunt, Rose stepped up to the plate to add some more drama. Flash back in time to what I mentioned earlier, Rose had been holding out cash from her pimp, Harold, who had finally decided to beat the ever loving shit out of her for this transgression. Well, this was the month, of all the months he had to pick this one, that it happened. After her ass-kicking, Rose, who looked like she had gone a rough three rounds with Smokin' Joe Frazier, was immediately shipped back to the mainland for her own safety on the first jet burning towards California. In a related and somewhat suspicious event , I had read in the paper just two days ago that Rose's "business manager" also known as her pimp, Harold "Sweet Cool" Jones, had been shot dead on a Honolulu street corner. Caught one right between the eyes as if the shot had come from a sniper on the roof of one of the

downtown buildings. A strange way for a pimp to buy it, for sure. There were no witnesses and there were no hot leads in the investigation. As if anyone cared.

...the Admiral is sick of this bullshit and he's made his mind up. He's going to change out the crew. Everybody here will receive transfer orders in the next six to eight weeks." He turned and kicked Brownie, the boathouse dog, in the ass as she strolled by. The mangy beast ran off shrieking. Malcolm, further strengthening the rumors of bestiality, broke ranks and chased after her

"I tell you what. I have never been so motherfucking humiliated in my entire life. I've been in this man's Navy over twenty fucking years," he screamed, his face as red as the proverbial fire engine, "I'm a salty motherfucker. I'm so goddamn salty that I've got salt on my nuts! I've got two goddamn purple hearts and a silver star and I have to put up with this shit? My fucking dead grandmother's ass I will! Not get the fuck out of my face and get back to work you lazy assholes!"

THE HORROR, THE HORROR

Brewer pled out guilty to the charges. He was a regular fucking Prince Valiant in a couple of respects though. The Feds agreed to drop all charges against his wife and leave her with custody of their kids if he'd take the full fall. And fall long and hard he goddamn did. Twenty to thirty in Leavenworth. Chief Mason still had a bug up his ass and made us all attend the sentencing for some reason know only to himself. Probably some scared straight bullshit. The sentencing didn't take but twenty minutes but you could cut the tension in the air with a knife. Brewer barely made eye contact with us, he merely glanced our way as he shuffled off in full restraints - cuffs, leg irons, the whole bit - you would have thought he was Charlie Manson. I'm not gonna lie to you and say I was sad to see him go. I had been terrified the whole time thinking that he was going to try to make some deal concerning the departed NIS agent Charles - turn the whole thing around so that it was me or Malcolm that smoked him and not him - and how he bought the farm but it didn't happen.

The Chief leaned over to me, the son of a

bitch reeked of gin even at this hour of the morning, and nodded to a side of the gallery with his chin.

"Isn't that the bitch that came down to the boathouse with NIS when they interviewed everybody about that agent getting shot? I thought that cunt was enlisted. I wonder what the hell that was all about?"

I tried to look over without turning my head and hoping not to see what I knew I was going to.

"Oh, sweet mother of fucking mercy," I groaned to myself.

There sat sweet Reggie. The former love of my life. The woman I thought and would have killed for. All decked out in her full dress uniform. Wearing the bars of a lieutenant junior grade Naval officer.

"The bitch must have been undercover the whole time she's been stationed here," the Chief kept on babbling, "what a lowdown sneaky fucking whore. But I tell you what there old son, I fuck her till the cows came home if I got the chance. Oh, yes indeedy. I'd eat the peanuts out of her shit. Hump her till her nose bled. How about you?"

He viciously slammed his elbow into my ribs and chortled sadistically - his one lung

sounding like an out of tune accordion - I didn't feel
a thing.

UNDERWAY IS THE ONLY WAY

"You'll like the seagoing life. I always did. You don't have to take as much shit as you do on shore duty. Shore duty is for fucking pussies! The worse day at sea is a hundred fucking times better than the best day ashore. That's what I always fucking say." Chief Mason raised his ass off his barstool and let loose with a thundering fart and a loud belch at the same time. He was shitfaced drunk and surprisingly in a very good mood. I was pounding them back myself but had fortified myself earlier with two jolting lines of crystal meth and the alcohol wasn't even close to cutting through that yet.

My orders were in. I was going to Long Beach to catch out on some Navy garbage scow called the Dixie that was in the yards there for a major overhaul. The remaining crew from the boathouse were giving me my final send off at some dive in Pearl City. Behind the bar there was a gigantic cage full of squirrel monkeys who seemingly non-stop ran around shrieking, gobbling peanuts, throwing feces, and jacking off.

"You don't want to blow me cause you're a

motherfucking racist bitch! You know that? You fucking slut! Racist cracker twat! Why don't you just call me a nigger and get it over with!" We turned around from the bar to watch Brooks as he chased off some brunette bimbo with huge jugs that had been stupid enough to sit down with him. So far he had driven away three woman and the majority of the men with his ranting.

"Petty Officer Brooks! At fucking ease! Is that anyway to treat a lady?" Mason chastised him.

"Bitches! Goddamn fucking bitches!" he cried out as he slid down into his booth, his head in his hands. "Bitch was probably a guy with a tit job anyway." Brooks sobbed into his hands.

Mason turned back to me excitedly. "That reminds me of a helluva story..."

I was stationed on this cruiser out of Boston and when we were in port we used to go to the combat zone to go to the strip shows, get drunk, and maybe pick up a hooker. One Friday night we took a new guy fresh out of boot camp along. I think he was from Iowa or somewhere but all I remember was his name. Billy. Well, charming Billy got all loaded on draft beer and struck up a conversation

with a transvestite. Since he was hitting it off so well we all decided not to tell him that the chick he was hitting on was really a dude! They must have sat there for an hour or so while Billy kept buying the him-shim vodka and Cokes. We could hardly contain our giggles and grins when Billy announced that he was going to go out to the alley for a blowjob which he had paid fifty dollars for. But the funny part was just beginning. When Billy came back in he had a grin like he had been eating shit sandwiches.

"So how was it, Billy? As good as you thought it was going to be?"

Billy gave this big mid-western grin. "Better than I imagined. When she started to blow me I got so turned on I told her I'd just had to have her pussy. But she said that she was on her period so I'd have to screw her in her rear and it would cost another fifty bucks but I didn't give a shit."

"So you cornholed her?" asked one of my prankster shipmates.

Young Billy chugged down his Schlitz and slammed the mug down on the bar. "Big time! I nailed her so hard she'll call her Mom to tell her all

about it."

"Was it like screwing a sheep back on the farm?" yelled out one wag.

"Better." Billy responded.

"Well you just fucked a guy in the ass!" We had all screamed out at once. Billy had look on his face like we had just told him that his dog had died, but it was all in good fun.

Then the Captain's clerk started dancing around chanting "Billy fucked a him-shim! Billy fucked a him-shim," until Billy freaked out, ran out of the bar, and jumped into a cab. We stayed in the bar and partied until closing and then staggered back to the ship. It wasn't until the next morning that we had heard that Billy had gone total bugshit when he got back to the ship and threatened to burn the goddamn thing down to the waterline. He had to be restrained and sedated by a corpsman and was carried off on a stretcher.

I wonder what the hell that was all about? We never saw Billy again. He was a good guy and I always missed him after he was gone. Last I heard was that he was locked up in some Navy hospital ward somewhere.

"Holy shit, Chief! That's quite a story." This bastard was psychotic. This asshole himself needed to be locked up in a room with padded walls.

"Those were the days. Those were the days." He tossed back another shot of Jack Daniel's and sighed. "It's all gone to shit now. Especially with Rose and Brewer gone."

What in the hell was he talking about?

"What's gone to shit?"

Mason slammed down the rest of his beer chaser and signaled for an encore from the barkeep. He exhaled wearily. "We had a good thing going. We were gonna make a lotta cash when it was over. Then those two stupid shits had to fuck it all up. All for some drugs and then that goddamn pimp had to get hooked up in everything. But then again Rose was stupid enough to hold out on him so she probably deserved what she got." Christ, I thought the big redneck was going to start weeping.

"What are you talking about, Chief?"

He leaned over on to the bar on his forearms and looked at me with a sneaky grin. "Guess I can tell you now with you shipping out tomorrow. Wouldn't hurt much I guess." He did an exaggerated

look around the empty bar. "Past couple of years me and Brewer and Rose were taking snapshots of a bunch of visiting dignitaries and high ranking officers when they were fucking Rose."

What in the fuck? "How in the hell were you pulling that off?"

"Rose would take them up to her place and we had a little camera area set up in a crawl space with a two way mirror in her bedroom. That fucking Brewer is as skinny as a garden snake so he could slide in and hide in there and burn up a roll of film. Rose would turn on the stereo with some romantic shit so they'd never hear the camera. Worked like a fucking charm."

Holy shit! "How many guys did you do that to?"

Mason tried to process that through all the booze floating around in his booze soaked brain. "Fuck, maybe thirty or forty guys and four or five women. Rose didn't mind going down on a woman, that's for damn sure." He tugged at the crotch of his pants. "Holy shit! Was that hot to watch or what?"

I found myself wishing I had been there. "What in the hell were you going to do with the

pictures?"

"Blackmail the sons of bitches. We were going to wait until Brewer and I retired and Rose got discharged. Couple more years and then we were going to blackmail 'em all. I got all the negatives in a big binder." He gave me a wink and whispered, "Some of those assholes are pretty famous. Some real bigwigs. Politicians, actors, the whole shit and kaboodle. We're sitting on a goldmine." He stood up and staggered towards the men's room.

I thought my brain was going to explode it was so far into overdrive. Brewer, the Chief, and Rose had been in business together the whole time. Did Brewer tell Mason about the NIS agent? He couldn't be that goddamn stupid but who knows. The Chief didn't act like he knew, but was he holding out on me? If he did know, I don't think he would have told me about their dirty little blackmail business. Man, if I could just get my hands on those photographs. That could buy me a little bargaining power down the road if things got hinky for me. Who knew long it would take Brewer to start bumping his gums at the penitentiary about killing a

NIS agents and some snitch would feed that info to the administration in hopes of an early release.

Mason and his wife, an old Filipino hooker that he referred to as "Mommy" - "Mommy" once blew me behind the boathouse at a wild drunken party - lived in a shitty little one bedroom apartment in Pearl City. I couldn't imagine that he would be stupid enough to keep that kind of sensitive and hot material in his house where his wife could find it. The floor safe in his office at the boathouse! That had to be it. The old bastard seemed to have his head down inside of it every time I walked in his office. And I think I knew where the combination would be. He was too much of a rummy to keep it memorized. I could see it in my head like I was watching a movie. The Chief, looking pissed, would slam the safe shut, sit up, and close the desk drawer on his right side and then bark out "what the fuck is it?" He then would take his keys out of his pocket and luck up the desk with a flourish.

I waved to the bartender just as I heard the bathroom door slam shut.

Two double shots of Jack Black and a frosty beer chaser were waiting for the Chief when he sat

his fat ass down on the stool.

The Chief's car was a new model Thunderbird and was a breeze to drive. Power steering so smooth you could turn the car on a dime with one finger. I had driven it many times after the Chief had gotten too loaded to get behind the wheel. Those last two shots of Jack I knew would put him over the edge. Brooks was sprawled out in the back, passed out, but still muttering racial epitaphs - "cracker" "fucking honky" "white slut" - in his alcohol inspired nightmares. The Chief had rested his head against the passenger window and was snoring lightly. I was fingering his key chain trying to feel for the desk key that I knew was on there when I pulled up in front of the house that Brooks and his wife rented.

I quickly turned the car off and jumped out and walked around the back of the car as I slid the desk key off the ring and slid it into my pocket. I opened up the passenger door. "Chief, I need a hand to get Brooks up on to his porch." Mason stood up shakily and suddenly bent over and heaved out a huge amount of Tennessee sipping whiskey on to

Hawaiian soil. I quickly jumped back to avoid the splatter. “Watch it, goddamn it!”

“Oh, yes. Feeling better already.” He pulled open the back door and pulled Brooks out by both feet. Standing him up, we each took an arm and draped it over a shoulder, and dragged him up to front porch. We laid him down on a reclining lawn chair. Brooks had a wife who was a notorious bitch and neither of us was willing to ring the doorbell to wake her up and hear her shit at this hour. The Chief began to giggle and then started to undo the front of pants of the passed out sailor.

“Chief! What in the hell are you doing?” I whispered urgently. What the hell was the crazy old bastard going to do? Blow him?

“Go to the car and look under the passenger seat. I got a fuck book under there.”

Pulling out the magazine from under the seat I quickly glanced at the title. *Anal Adventures From The Beaver Trail*. The cover had a buxom blonde on it who was bent over and spreading her cheeks as she leered at the camera from between her legs. Her asshole was spread so wide you could have thrown a silver dollar inside. When I got back to the porch,

Mason had posed Brooks half naked with his hand wrapped around his dick. He set the magazine gingerly on his lap.

“That ought to start some fireworks in the morning for old Brooks.”

“Without a doubt.”

“You can drive Mommy’s Vespa over to the barracks. Leave it at the Master of Arms office and I’ll send someone over to get in the morning.”

We were standing in front of his apartment building. I had pulled his wife’s scooter out of their covered parking space and was trying to get it started. The booze had kicked in again with the Chief and he was having a hard time standing up. The Vespa finally fired up - the damn thing sounded like a chainsaw as I revved it up.

“Good luck, asshole. Been nice knowing you. Enjoy your time at sea,” he mumbled as he headed up the sidewalk.

“Thanks, Chief.” As I dropped the kickstand and started to pull away I looked over my shoulder and saw Mason leaning against the building and taking a leak on the front door.

I pulled on to the street and headed for the boathouse.

There was a guy fresh out of boot camp on duty at the boathouse that night. Arnold something or another. Born again Christian and world class loser. What the hell was the Navy coming to? The front door was locked but that meant nothing since the boathouse was merely half a Quonset hut bolted over a long pier. The tide was going out so I walked under the pier and hoisted myself up into the boathouse. I could hear the rookie snoring in the duty room. Chief's office door was unlocked. I closed the door quietly behind me and turned the lamp on that was on the desk. I unlocked the desk and pulled out the top drawer. There sat the combination to the safe. It was written on the bottom of a business card to a local Korean bar known for it's waitresses giving hum jobs to the customers under the table and for it's excellent barbecue chicken. The card was taped down on to the bottom of the drawer. 4-11-0. 4-11-0? Goddamn! The poor alky couldn't keep that in his head? I pulled back the floor rug and gave the dial a

couple of spins and entered the combo. I got it on the first try. The leather briefcase filled almost half of the safe. The other half had a bottle of Jack Daniel's and a bottle of what appeared to be white cross speeders. I pulled out the briefcase and unzipped the sides of it. The assholes had done a really nice job. Each future blackmail victim - looked like damn near fifty people - had their name typed out on a sheet of paper with the date of his/her dalliance with Rose. There was one photo of the act paper clipped to the side and on the other side of the sheet were the negatives which were also paper clipped in place. Then each package had been neatly slipped into a clear plastic sleeve. Very classy and well done considering that it was accomplished by three total dipshits.

I looked at the clock on the wall. It was almost five in the morning. My flight to Los Angeles left in less than three hours. I locked the desk, dropped the key into the safe and closed it up, and slipped the case under my arm and turned the lights out. When I opened the office door I could still hear the watch-stander snoring.

I slipped out the front door, fired up the

scooter, and headed for the barracks.

I wouldn't know until several years later that my first and only successful attempt at safecracking would lead to an unbelievable chain of events. I found this out after I had bumped into Mason's wife, "Mommy," who was working a strip club in Long Beach that I had waltzed into after a long day of unloading bananas down on the docks. The morning after my going away bash, Chief Mason, in the midst of a crippling hangover, arrived two hours late for work. To his horror, he would discover the key to his desk missing. It would take him several minutes to bust his desk open with a mallet and a crowbar. Witnesses reported hearing a shriek of agony followed by a string of curses and the sound of furniture being destroyed. Chief Mason would step out of his door, sweat covering his beet red face, and walk Frankenstein-like - arms stretched out in front of him as if to strangle - towards the previous evenings watch-stander, poor Arnold the Jesus loving sailor. His last words were "What in the fuck happened here last night you ignorant fucking.."

And then he dropped dead in his tracks.

DECK APE

This was a Cheech and Chong situation if I had ever seen one. The floor of the car I was sitting in, a Datsun 240Z, was absolutely littered with white cross. Speed. Uppers. Go-Fast. Whatever the hell the slang was for it then. The shit was everywhere. Must have been two hundreds hits spread all over the floor and the seats and between the spent bottles of Heineken. I was bent over in the passenger seat trying to pick the tabs out of the carpet, my eyes tearing up from the smoke from the lit Marlboro that was stuck in my mouth .

"Jesus Christ, Jay! If the fucking highway patrol pulls us over we're gonna wind up getting our asses reamed in the Los Angeles County Jail. If we even get that far. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Jay belted out that loud laugh of his. "Denny and I did a little partying last night. I forgot about the mess."

Denny was Dennis Barry, a good buddy of ours. Bar none the wildest son of a bitch I would ever meet in my life. With a short squat hairy body and huge stevedore arms, Dennis would stroll down the decks of the ship like a lost silverback gorilla,

swinging those tree trunk arms of his. Good natured and funny when sober, shit in your pants funny when stoned, and short tempered and dangerous when drinking, Dennis was one of a kind. The son of a Hollywood film lot worker, Dennis planned on getting on at Fox Studios as soon as his enlistment ran out. It was amazing that he had lasted almost four years in the service. But amongst the non-lifers to the Dixie, Dennis had achieved God-like status.

He had been assaulted by the Captain of our ship. And lived to tell the tale. Captain K. J. Roth was a blowhard of epic proportions. A former football playing washout who had tried out with and miserably failed with the Green Bay Packers, Roth was a huge lug of a man with a tiny head who favored wearing cowboy boots and carrying a silver six shooter in a monogrammed holster as he strutted around the ship like a deranged combination of George Patton and a fucking bandy rooster. Equipped with the brain the size of a pea, he was the never ending target of practical jokes from the crew which included having his engraved bowling ball thrown over the side which divers were unable to locate in the murky waters of Sand Diego Bay,

calling his stateroom late at night “Quit jacking off up there, Roth,” his sheets on his bunk short-sheeted constantly, mess cooks pissing in his coffee pot, and the almost daily theft of his sports section from the newspaper delivered to the door of his stateroom. Even though a football failure he lived vicariously through the box scores.

“Sons of bitches!” he would scream over the ships intercom as he stood on the bridge with spit flying out of his mouth. “Sons of bitch bastards! I want my fucking paper back right now or liberty is canceled for the crew for the next goddamn year.”

He would never get it back.

The ship was in dry-dock and was torn all to shit. It was like being stationed on Satan's private yacht. Smoke. Welding sparks flying everywhere. Flush one toilet it would back up two rows down on someone taking a crap - now that was funny. Hammers banging. With all the needle guns and knuckle-busters going as deck hands chipped off years of coats of paint you couldn't hear yourself think.

Dennis and I were up on the O-2 level of the ship up by officer's country, shirking from our

duties as we smoked, coked, and joked. With all the yard noise we were both wearing Mickey Mouse ears and were mostly just trying to read each other's lips. It was so fucking loud that we couldn't hear the ship's pipe, which is the Naval term for a loudspeaker announcement that Captain's Mast was about to begin. Captain's Mast being the equivalent to a civilian's misdemeanor court appearance. Only in the civilian world you aren't normally sentenced to 45 days restriction to a ship and you spend your nights scrubbing shit stains and cum tracks off of toilets.

Since we were wearing ear protection and you couldn't hear the goddamn announcement anyway we weren't expecting Captain Roth, trailed by his cast of flunky officers, to come charging around the corner like a fucking maniac and hit Dennis with a block that I can guarantee the dumb bastard never threw as hard in the Packer's training camp. If he had he might have made the team.

Dennis never saw it coming and went flying into the bulkhead (wall), bounced off it and came back with a cocked fist that he most likely would have broken the nose of his assailant with in any

other set of circumstances, until he stunningly saw the commissioned moron standing in front of him.

“Goddamn you! Don’t you know how to come to attention, asshole?” screamed Roth. The spit of course flying out of his mouth again, spattering the front of Dennis’s coveralls.

“I’ll have your ass court martialed! I’ll have you in the brig tonight sucking a Marine’s cock!” He turned and stormed off down the deck followed by his stunned henchman.

Roth had his timeline all wrong. By that night Dennis's parents had secured the services of a top notch attorney. Within a month, Captain Roth, who was in line for admiral had not only lost his command but was forced to retire. Fuck thinking about making admiral.

Dennis was rewarded with an early honorable discharge and we all kept in touch after he got out.. But he wouldn’t let the Roth incident go. For sort of a hobby he had taken to calling Roth late at night and tormenting him about the loss of his command and promotion. Dennis had a buddy at A T & T who kept getting Roth's phone number when he kept changing it. Within a year, Dennis

would be dead of a morphine overdose. Roth eventually capped himself with his service revolver. In his typical fuckup style he wasn't successful and spent his remaining years in a veteran's nursing home.

"Fucking A! There's even some black beauties and a hit of ...shit this looks like a tab of blotter acid," I yelled out in glee. "This is gonna be a fun drive I can see." I popped the top on the only remaining full beer, warm, and washed down a white cross, a black beauty, and the tab of acid.

The year was 1979 and our ship, the USS Dixie, was home-ported out of San Diego. The ship had been in a major overhaul at Todd Shipyard in San Pedro when Jay and I had met. Since then, the ship had finished up it's overhaul early - which is another epic story in itself and had cruised back on down to San Diego. Jay and I drove back to LA almost every weekend together. He owned and lived in a apartment complex in Hollywood. I had kept my apartment in Long Beach when the ship returned to San Diego and commuted on weekends and days off. I planned on living in Los Angeles

when my enlistment ran out. It had been slightly over a year since I had left Hawaii. It had been the only year of my time in the Navy that had been relatively calm. Although I still worried about Brewer talking about the NIS incident, it was filed farther back in my mind. The briefcase rested comfortably in a safe deposit box in Long Beach.

The Dixie hadn't been a bad ship to finish up my tour of the Navy on. It was a destroyer tender. A huge floating hulk with dozens if not hundreds of shops on it. Any Navy ship, destroyer class or smaller, could tie up alongside of her and get damn near any problems it had taken care of. It rarely got underway so the many of the crew lived off of the ship. It was a den of thieves, drug dealers, drunks, and Navy castoffs - a typical post Viet Nam Navy vessel. I had laid low my year onboard the ship but had witnessed hundreds of drug deals, busts, assaults, and even an attempted male on male rape. Recently four crewman had been arrested for hanging out along the Mexico border, which was just a few miles away, and robbing illegal aliens as they crossed the border.

"Hey man! Check it out, dude. That new

guy is Beaver from that television show." There was new meat laying a fresh coat of paint on the anchor. I had walked over and taken a look at him. Negative. I walked back over to the guy spreading the scuttlebutt. "You're full of shit, Jimmy. That's definitely not Jerry Mathers." Jimmy was Jimmy Carnahan, a pasty skinned little fart that liked to paste a sign up in the bus windows every night when the lifers bussed us back to the barracks. Same goddamn message every night. "Girls - show us your tits!!" The little bastard drove me nuts.

"Hey new guy," I shouted. "What's your name?"

"Jay North," Jay had shouted back like he hadn't given a shit who he was and had turned back to his coat of battleship gray.

I looked back to Jimmy. "*Dennis The Menace*, not *Leave It To Beaver*, dumbass. Two different shows and two different people." Jimmy tore off towards the stern of the ship to spread his hot new gossip, probably stopping off at a head to wax his cane as he was a well known and notorious shipboard masturbator.

Jay started up the car and pulled out of the parking lot like he was late for a date with a five hundred dollar prostitute with a purse full of Bolivian blow and I banged the top of my head on the glove box in the process. "You're sure getting short, aren't you? Shit, man. That's fucking great."

"Couple more days, man. I'm short. Short as a motherfucker." Short was short for short-timer. Military slang that meant my enlistment was soon to expire. My time ran out the following week and I had enough leave to burn out the rest of my enlistment. My shipboard days were done. This would be the last time Jay and I would be making the LA run together. I rubbed the bump already growing on the top of my head.

"Stop at a liquor store before you get on the highway so we can score some beer for our long journey. I think we'll need some with all this speed in the car. We might wind up with a bit of the proverbial cottonmouth."

Jay pulled over at a package store and I ran in. Throwing two twelve packs of Holland's finest and a couple of packs of Swisher Sweet cigars onto the counter, I perused the stack of skin magazines,

always looking for lesbians pictorials, while I waited for the clerk to ring out the customer ahead of me.

"Would you like to share that beer with me? We could have a party, you and me." I looked up to see a black wino leering at me. He had a big booger hanging out of his nose and bleeding chapped lips that he was smacking at me. Bathing also didn't appear to be a high priority on his list. "I'll blow you for a beer," he whispered. The dirty old degenerate looked eerily familiar.

Just in case in might need it, I reached into my back pocket and felt for my folding Buck knife which was standard issue for sailors in those days.

"Get the fuck out of here you old rummy," hollered the clerk who was obviously retired Navy by the faded tattoos on his forearms. "Fucking class of people we get around here these days," he muttered as he shoved two jugs of Thunderbird into a paper bag and handed them to the drunk. "Now get the hell out of here you smelly old bastard."

The wino followed me out the door staying about five feet back. I turned around and faced him. "What in the hell is your problem, asshole?"

He had an evil grin on his face. "I know you. You was in my last company. Your ass is in hot water. boy. Hot motherfucking water! I've had people who came to talk to me about you. Bad motherfuckers, too. Been looking for your ass. Gonna put a cap in your ass someday, that's for motherfucking sure."

"What the hell are you talking about? What company? What bad motherfuckers?" Who the hell was this guy? Looked just like another San Diego alky to me but still eerily familiar.

"Less than a goddamn year and they kick my ass out. I lose my pension, Everything. Just cause some boot can't keep his mouth shut. Could have been you. Maybe you was the one that talked."

I stood there silently looking at the wreck in front of me. Then it registered! My boot camp commander. Only four years had passed since I had seen him. Laying back in his chair with a recruit named Murphy kneeled in front of him. The passing of time had not been kind to this wretch. I tossed a five dollar bill down on the sidewalk and walked quickly to the car.

"I don't need your charity you prick! Look at

me! This could be you! This may be your future!"

I jumped in the car and threw the beer onto the floorboard.

Jay looked at me oddly. "What in the hell was that all about?"

"Did I ever tell you about that time in boot camp when I saw that recruit blowing the...."

Jay's laugh echoed out the windows as he headed on to the on ramp.

I turned around in my seat and looked back at the liquor store. Former Navy Chief Johnson was standing in the middle of the street. Giving me the finger. I uneasily settled back into the passenger seat. What did he mean? Bad motherfuckers? Who was looking for me? I once more felt the need to disappear. Disappear into the mist.

I'VE GOT THOSE OLD VOMIT ON THE SHOES BLUES

The dream was back. It usually came in the nights when I had drank too much and kicked in at the point when the body's blood sugar is altered and drops as it is effected by the amount of demon rum pumping through it's veins, heart, and brain. First the eyes snap open. Looking at the clock you realized you've only been asleep a few hours. You already feel the start of a hangover. Terrible cottonmouth. The dreaded hot pipes. You need a drink of water but don't get out of bed. You need to piss but you don't stir. Your eyes close. You start to drift off. The snakes and spiders in your brain start to stir and to move about.

The dream is about Rose. It almost always is. You now know that Rose is dead. Or worse. A year or so ago you called a buddy of yours back in Hawaii. Big time weed dealer on the island. A Navy guy that got into the business while stationed in Pearl Harbor and decided to stay after his hitch ended. He's always full of colorful stories, information, and gossip. Which is one of the reasons you call him. That and to check up on the

past.

Janine has found Jesus and changed her cock chasing ways and is now the secretary to the Pearl Harbor Chaplain. A huge drunk. The chaplain not Janine.

Chief Mason dropped dead of a heart attack at work. "That guy was a prick with ears." Old news.

Then he tells you that Rose came back to Hawaii. Somehow she was still in the Navy. Some big wig admiral on the island liked that pussy so much that he pulled some strings and got her re-assigned to his staff. Then one day she disappeared. The kind of disappeared that involves being ground up and fed to the sharks or buried in a shallow grave. The rumor going around is the old admiral flipped out and beat poor Rose to death over some weird sex thing gone wrong. Supposedly a couple of enlisted pukes took care of the dirty work for the feeble prick.

In the dream, which is always the same, you walk into Rose's apartment. You call out her name. Your looking for Reggie but will fuck Rose if she's willing. The place is dark, disheveled, and smells of

death. When you call out her name, she answers from the bedroom. The bedroom is even darker than the living room, lit only by a candle. A black candle. Rose is sitting on the bed. Naked. Her body is emaciated. Her face is battered and covered in dried blood. Her eyeballs have eight ball hemorrhages. She looks at you as she plays with herself and beckons you to come to her with her free hand. When she smiles at you, you can see that her teeth are rotted and stained like she's been chewing betel nut. Like an old Viet Names whore.

Sometimes you wake up screaming.

Not this time. A loud clicking noise wakes me. It's my answering machine shutting down after taking a message. I had turned down both machine's volume and the telephone's ringer. Even though I had been a full time, dues paying member of the longshoreman's union for almost three years I was still considered a rookie. So if a ship came in unexpectedly on a weekend - this was a Saturday morning - I was often called in for the unloading, hence the answering machine which I fucking hated. The sun was coming through the only window of my shitty studio apartment - one room

that holds a bed, ratty couch from the Salvation Army, small stove and refrigerator, television, and a tiny bathroom off to the side. My hangover appears to be bad but not crippling and I painfully roll over and discover that I still have company from last night. A cute, chubby Mexican gal named Felicia, a waitress from the bar that is just across the street from my apartment. One of those bars that is so ancient and so nasty that it doesn't even have a name any longer. For some reason it used to be called "The Gong" but now is just referred to as "The Place." She's laying on her back and has her mouth wide open as she snores softly. The sheet is pulled down just below her belly button, exposing a beautiful pair of jugs. This is her third or fourth time at my place. She's in the country illegally, speaks very little English, and sends home money faithfully every month to her husband and two children who live back somewhere deep in the interior of old Mexico. I recall drinking shots of tequila chased by iced down bottles of Pabst Blue Ribbon - a nasty combination - with Felicia and the bar's cadaverous-looking owner, Rocky. Rocky had been an old time pornographer back in the fifties

and had actually served time in San Quentin for producing and distributing a film of two women getting it on with a large pig.

I gently run my hands across Felicia's breast and then down to her bush. She is truly a beauty and I sincerely wish that she wasn't married. She sighs, mumbles something in Spanish that sounds like "knock it off, fuckstick" and rolls over on to her side and resumes her snoring. I roll over back to my side of the bed and sit up with my feet on the floor. The alarm clock tells me that it's ten o'clock. By union rules I have two hours to respond to their call. I grab my pack of Camels and light one up with my battered Zippo. I sit and stare at the lighter for several seconds. It has my old Navy ship, the USS Dixie, inscribed on it, the only keepsake I have from my days in the military except for my honorable discharge certificate. Standing up I shuffle over to the small refrigerator and get out a can of beer. Testing the waters I gently sip it. Tasty. The old hair of the dog. It seems like everything is going to be all right. I think I'll call the dock office and take a sick day. They won't be able to say much since this will be my first and then I'll take Felicia

out for brunch and then maybe we'll got to the beach later. She loves the beach. I take my cigarette and beer and sit down on the couch and pull out the answering machine from under the couch. One call is waiting to be listened to. I turn the volume up slightly and hit play:

There's a pause then a coughing jag. I about shit the couch when I hear the voice. "Hey asshole. Long time no see. I just wanted to let you know that I got some bad news yesterday. My old man got shanked up at Stillwater. The poor old fucker died in the prison infirmary before they could an ambulance out to the prison. Bad fucking way to go. Seventy some years old and a nigger runs a sharpened up piece of plastic through you. Shit! Anyway, that means all bets are off. I know that my old man and yours used to be tight but as you can see, those days are fucking over. So I hired a private detective to look you up. Didn't take too fucking long since you left quite a trail. Plus, we have a mutual acquaintance. A little birdy in Leavenworth prison. He got hold of me and said you he had some information about you. That made things a lot easier for the dick I hired. So anyway. Here's the deal you

miserable little prick. You got two weeks to come see me. If you're one goddamn second late I'm going out to your dad's house and break both his fucking legs and burn his house down with him in it." There was some wheezing laughter. "Just like what happened to your buddy. Mike was his name wasn't it? And I've got another nice little tidbit for you. I just discovered that you have an older brother who's married and has two beautiful children. I never knew that before. They live down in Florida. Pensacola I believe. Very successful couple. Pity for anything to happen to them because you're such a fuckup. You can leave a message for me at the Aragon Bar. Have a nice day."

I almost jumped out of my skin when the hands touched my back. I whirled around to find Felicia standing, still naked behind me. She looked at me quizzically.

"Problem?"

"Yes, baby. Big fucking problem."

I leaned over and put my head in my hands. It was time to pay up. I looked back up at Felicia who was looking at me with genuine concern in her eyes. I wished to God I could just crawl into bed

with her and never have to go anywhere again.

"I have to go home for a while. But on Monday I need you to go to the bank with me. I have a safety deposit box there. I'm going to put your name on the access list so that you can get a key to it."

WHITE TRASH, UGLY STRIPPERS, AND BARTENDING MIDGETS

The police officer who worked the day shift guarding me spent the majority of his time trying to fuck the LPN that was on duty at the same time. When she wasn't around he never spoke a word to me. Usually he just parked his fat ass in a chair while reading issues of *Muscle & Fitness*, *Flex*, *Soldier Of Fortune*, and *Clits and Tits*. When he wasn't doing that he was laughing like a retard at some moronic daytime game show.

"This local cop gig is just small time shit for me. Just a resume builder. Soon as I get enough time in I'm going to put my application in for the FBI. With my background, Army, college, and a couple of years here on the force. Shit, I'm a shoo-in for the Feds."

"Really. Isn't that dangerous work? Bank robbers and all that kind of stuff." The young nurse sounded starry eyed with wonder and awe.

"I live for danger. I even tried to join the Green Berets when I was in the Army but they turned me down. The pussy bastards. Said I was too radical for them."

"Sounds like you've had a real exciting life. First the Army, then being a policeman. I sometimes wish I could do something like that. Things can get pretty dull around here. This about the most excitement we've had here in years."

I could hear the crinkle of leather as he hitched his gun belt up. "That's why I'm here. This guy is one bad dude. They put me on the tough cases. This prick gives you any crap you just let me know. I don't have time for scum like this. I'll kick his ass around the room if he gives you any grief."

"Oh, he hasn't given me any trouble. Hasn't spoken a word and he is handcuffed to the bed."

I was down on the floor of the Aragon Bar. That's not a floor you normally want to be laying on. I don't think the goddamn thing had been swept much less mopped in the last decade. Sticky spilled beer, cigarette butts, piss, spunk, those nasty frozen Margaritas that come out of machine, chewing tobacco, and God knows what else were all part of the sights and smells of my current location. Unpleasant to say the least.

"Don't you move a muscle, motherfucker!"

That was the bartender talking and the asshole who had shot me with a tiny chrome .25 automatic. To add insult to injury, the dirty son of a bitch was a midget. I had been shot by a midget! Quite a life I was living.

"Shit! Jesus Christ! Goddamn! This fucking hurts! You little sawed off bastard!" I was curled up in the fetal position clutching my wound. The shot, almost point blank, had caught me high on the shoulder. Luckily for me the .25 snub-nose automatic is one of those pistols that are designed to be jammed directly into the body before emptying the clip, a close range weapon. Probably why it's called a Saturday night special. Since the bartender had fired over the bar at me, a distance of about three feet, and had been aiming at my heart, he had missed by about five inches.

"Cletus! Cletus! Are you OK? Talk to me! Oh, shit!" The bartender was now leaning over Cletus la Favor who was lying face down on the floor, his head in a rapidly increasing pool of blood. He was not moving. Sirens could be heard off in the distance.

la Favor hadn't noticed me when I walked

into the bar and sat down in a booth across from the bar and close to the stage where a silicone enhanced, g-stringed, peroxide blonde who looked to be about fifty, bumped and grinded all over the stage. She was dangerously skinny with huge tits that sported pierced nipples. Obviously she had to be on some sort of speed or crystal meth for as active as she was, bounding all around on the stage like she was playing Las Vegas. As she pranced around I realized in astonishment that she wasn't as old as she appeared to be since I now vaguely recognized her as a member of my graduating class and who had once been a member of the cheerleading squad.

Besides the stripping ex-cheerleader, la Favor, the midget bartender, and myself, there were only two other patrons in the bar. A drunk Indian who was face down in his booth and a old geezer who appeared to be jerking-off under the table as he gazed lovingly at the stripper who's name I now remembered for some strange reason. Janet Eason. Her stage name was Juggy Jillian.

"What are you drinking?" A mean eyed waitress sporting a platinum colored mohawk had

appeared out of nowhere and was now standing alongside my table. She was wearing a white muscle shirt and her arms and shoulders were totally covered with tattoos and she too was sporting a huge pair of enhanced hooters.

"Beer. Whatever you have on tap." She gave me a odd look as she went to get my brew.

That bitch should looks familiar, I had thought. Holy shit! Was that? It was Angel! I thought she was dead for fucking sure after la Favor had killed Mike and dragged her ass off in his car. All this time I had been too worried about saving my own ass much less worry about what the hell happened to her. Did she recognize me? I don't think so. Shit, it's been almost ten years and I've put on almost fifty pounds and sport a full beard with hair hanging halfway down my back. She must be part of la Favor's crew now or he's got her turning tricks for the bar crowd here. Or maybe not! I now remembered that Angel had danced here at the Aragon from time to time back then. Maybe she had been the one that snitched us off. That's why la Favor came back up the stairs that night. When they took her downstairs to the car she must have told la

Favor that I was there but I must have been hiding up in the attic. That's why they were going to burn the place down. la Favor could never have gotten his fat ass up into that crawl space.

I reached inside my jacket and felt the miniature baseball bat tucked inside the inner pocket. It was a memento from my childhood. They only thing I had found when I rooted through the burned down remains of my childhood home. la Favor hadn't waited for the two week deadline that he gave me. It had been only eight days since he had called me when I got back home. When I pulled my rental car up into the driveway all that was left standing was the garage. I had walked around aimlessly poking at the rubble. I found the Minnesota Twins bat stuck under a fallen and charred ceiling beam. It was only slightly burned and discolored but intact. It was from a game day giveaway from the only time my father had taken me and my shit older brother, Ronnie, to a pro baseball game. The Twins versus the Yankees. The Twins had yet to come close to winning a World Series and had gotten the crap beaten out of them that day. But it still had been a great day. My

brother and I had been allowed to binge on the hot dogs and watered down Cokes while the old man got belligerently drunk on draft Hamm's beer. To my delight my brother had gotten hideously sick on the dogs and barfed right there in the stands.

"Your daddy ran off three days before that criminal cocksucker burned his place down!" I looked up to find my father's ancient neighbor, Roy Huffman, standing in the driveway. He had looked a hundred years old when I was a kid and still looked about the same. Not a day younger or a day older.

"You the one that Cletus la Favor ran out of town aren't you? The one that cracked that fucker in the head with a baseball bat."

"That's me all right."

"Well, your daddy figured out once Pighouse Pete got himself killed up at the prison that old Cletus was going to start coming around to finish old scores so he took off. Packed up some shit in his old pickup and was gone. Must have been about five in the morning. Bought the time I came out to get the *Star Tribune*. If that shit for brains paperboy found the right yard to fling it in that is."

"Any idea where he went?"

"Don't have a clue. Can't say that I'd tell you anyway if I knew. I'd prefer not to have Cletus la Favor come over here and burn my goddamn house down. That big son of a bitch always was fond of fire for some reason. That and running cats over with lawnmowers He was an evil shit even as a child."

I dug the small bat down into a pile of what appeared used to be my old rock album collection. The only cover I could make out was Lynyrd Skynyrd's *Second Helpings*. "I guess you're right on that call." I started towards my car.

"You planning on planting that bat upside Cletus's head again?" The old fart laughed with a wheeze brought on by a lifetime of Lucky Strikes.

I stopped at looked at the bat I still held in my hand for a second and then looked back at our old neighbor. "You know, that's one hell of a fucking idea. Where do you think I could find that fat tub of shit?"

Roy spit in the grass and looked around like someone may be listening. "The Aragon Bar. Without a doubt. That nasty pricks whole life has revolved around that crap-pile. Strippers and booze

and drugs. Wouldn't surprise me if he has a bed in his office there." He turned and headed towards his house and then quickly turned around. "But you didn't hear that from me."

I decided right then and there to check out the "The best defense is a good offense" theory that you always here sportscasters babbling about.

Angel had my beer on a tray but sidled over to where la Favor stood at the bar, hunched over as he weeded through a stack of *Easy Rider* and *Hustler* magazines. She gave a quick glance towards my direction and then began to whisper in his ear. I pushed away from my table and was already five feet behind them when they both started to turn towards me. Cletus had his hand in his jacket pocket and was pulling out a pistol. Looked like a military issued .45. As he turned he started to raise his arm up. I wound up my swing from my hip.

"Eat this, bitch!" The bat caught Cletus just at the point where the jaw meets the ear. You could have heard the crack out the bar and across the street. Spit and blood shot from la favor's mouth. The bat shattered upon impact and the top half flew

across the bar and smashed into the mirror that was behind all the dusty booze bottles, sending the broken shards of glass flying. Cletus's legs seemed to lock in place and he fell face down on the floor, stopping on the way down to smack his face on the old time brass foot rail. I turned to Angel but she was already busting ass out the back door.

I didn't hear the shot from the midget's pistol.

SHITTING IN MY PANTS AND DOING THE THORAZINE SHUFFLE

The nurse who was sliding a needle into my IV didn't look familiar. On this shift it had always been the cute one that the cop spent all his time and taxpayer's money on trying to get a piece of. This chick wasn't even wearing the right uniform. She looked more like one of the nurse's aides by the scrubs that she was wearing. In fact she looked damn near too young to have even gone to nursing school yet. Jet black dyed hair cropped real close in a punk sort of way and skin so pale she appeared almost translucent. Kind of tall but skinny as a rail. I had been sleeping and hadn't noticed her come into my room. The cop was strangely absent.

“Who are you? I haven't seen you before.”

She looked at me and smile and turned back to my IV.

"Hey! Did you talk to my doctor or the head nurse? Today is my court day. I'm not suppose to have anymore painkillers before I go to court."

She ignored me as she pushed the syringe plunger down. I noticed she had a weird little black tattoo at the base of her thumb and forefinger.

She had barely pulled the needle out when what felt like a supercharged rush of cocaine hit me. She kissed her finger on placed it on my lips.

“Bye bye. Enjoy your trip,” she whispered.

I barely remembered what happened in court. I was so fucking loaded and hallucinating so badly I literally had no concept of where I was. Drooling, crying, shouting out “motherfuckers, shit, Jesus Christ, you cocksuckers,” over and over. The judge was obviously not pleased by the foul mouthed and disheveled wreck that was sitting in front of him. There was a court appointed attorney sitting next to me who had visited me just one time at the hospital prior to my arraignment but he either was so shocked by my appearance, had been bought off by whoever had done this to me, or just flat didn’t give a shit, because I was sent immediately to the state security hospital for the criminally insane for a 60 day observation period. The state trooper who was to escort me over to the booby hatch refused to even handcuff me much less stick me in his car for the fifty mile drive unless someone pumped me full of tranquilizers.

I woke up two days later in a cinderblock cell.

I was laying on a plastic mattress with no blankets, no sheets, and no pillows. All I was wearing was a paper nightgown that left my ass hanging out in the breeze. Someone was looking through the tiny window that was set in the middle of the steel door of the cell.

“Sleeping beauty has finally fuckin' woken up.” I heard yelled out.

A tiny door under the window opened and a set of brown kaki pants, matching shirt, a white t-shirt, and white jockey shorts, along with a pair of shower shoes were shoved through the opening.

“You got five minutes to get your ass dressed, nut!”

My mind was oven baked. I could barely get the underwear on much less the rest of the clothes in five minutes. The door swung open and two beefy guards stomped in, each took one of my arms and led me out the door. They half walked and half dragged me to what appeared to be some sort of locked down television viewing area. Several other

drugged out dudes in equally disheveled states sat there watching *I Love Lucy*. I was thrown roughly down on to a plastic covered chair.

“Just sit there and keep your goddamn pie-hole shut.”

I drifted in and out for hours but finally started to come around. At that point I had no fucking idea where I was and none of the guard where very helpful whenever I asked a question when one of them would come into the room. They all had different styles of responses to my questions but the meanings were the same. “Shut the fuck up! Would you like to have this billyclub shoved up your ass? Sit down and shut the hell up you dumb fuck! Shut your mouth, you retard!” I got the general drift.

Time had lost all meaning by then but it must have been getting late because the evening news was on when a guard swung the door open and stepped in. He pointed at me. “Come on, you stinking turd. You’ve cleared processing. Let’s get you down to your unit.”

After I was handcuffed, I was led down a hallway and shoved rudely on to the unit, the heavy

metal door slamming behind me. There was two Indians, four blacks, and three other white guys sitting at several tables and who were all sitting there staring at me. One of the white guys was about the biggest dude I have ever seen. He was easily six foot six and way over three hundred pounds, some fat but a lot of muscle. Big cannonball shaved head with a tarantula tattooed on the top of it and a swastika inked right in the middle of his forehead. And he had mean, beady little eyes that had blue tears tattooed under them. Now that I think about it, he kinda looked like that fat bastard, Butterbean, that years later was always fighting on cable TV. A guard walked over and removed my handcuffs.

“Time to eat,” was all he grunted.

Supper was being handed out, and man it looked like shit. And I hadn't eaten in I don't know how long. Suppose to be some kind of chicken patty but looked more like someone had stomped on a mouse, fried it up in a pan, and threw it on a bun. There was a blob of mashed potatoes big enough to feed two men and it was covered with some yellow, gelatin like gravy. All topped with a pile of mixed

vegetables and a oatmeal cookie as big and hard as a hockey puck. Kool Aid to drink. Kool Aid got served at every meal .

There were three tables bolted to the floor and each table could seat four people. Two of the tables were full, the blacks had one table to themselves, the two Indians and two white guys had one, and the big man was sitting at the remaining table all by himself. I could feel everybody watching me when I walked over to his table and sat down. Those beady eyes were burning a hole in me.

"Gotta pay to sit at my table, punk." He had a voice that sounded like it had been thickened by years of whiskey and cigarettes, but he talked real low, kinda rumbled. "Ass, grass, or cash. No one rides for free." Didn't that use to be a bumper sticker?

"Excuse me?"

"What, are you fucking deaf? To sit at my table you have to pay. Today it will cost you that cookie and half of them spuds."

"What if I don't want to pay?"

"Then you'll have to squeeze in with the rest of the retards over there."

I pondered his offer for a quick second and decided fuck it. "Hey, man, I don't want any trouble. But I'm hungry as hell. I haven't eaten for probably three days now."

"Your story is tearing at my heart, but tough shit."

This guy was fucking enormous. There was no way in hell I could take him on and not get either seriously beat to shit or outright killed. But I was so hungry you could hear my guts rumbling from across the room. I was beyond the point of caring. That hotshot of mescaline or LSD or Angel Dust or whatever that broad had shot into my IV had burned a hole in my psyche. I had lost the ability to give a shit.

"Look, man. I just got locked up in here so I'm not looking for any more trouble. I respect where you're coming from, I know you're the boss here. But I'm fucking hungry, so if you want to get squirrelly, I guess you should just fucking jump."

It got so quiet in there you could hear a mouse fart in the corner. The big man didn't say a word, just sat there looking at me like I had just flown in on a starship. Suddenly his face broke into

a grin.

"Fucking A! Finally a motherfucker comes in here that's got a set a nuts on him." He stood up and pointed a sausage sized finger at the other two tables.

'Unlike the rest of you fucking retards and baby rapers."

He reached across the table to shake my hand. I could feel the bones in my hand crunch.

"Norm Grabowski is the name. Those pricks may think they run the show." He shot the middle finger to the guards who were staring at us from the observation pod. "But this is my fucking unit."

Truer words had never been spoken.

Norman "Spider" Grabowski was the end result of over twenty one years spent in the state's finest penal facilities. From the age of thirteen on, Norm had been locked up in every correctional institution in the state, eleven months being his longest break between sentences. He had a rap sheet a mile long. It started off with shoplifting, and then continued on with burglary, auto theft, assault, sale of prescription narcotics, statutory rape, possession of

over one hundred pounds of marijuana, cooking speed, and about anything else you could think of. He was also a suspect in the unsolved murders of five black inmates. Now at the age of thirty-three, Norm was a high ranking member in good standing of the Aryan Brotherhood prison gang, a gang not known for their liberal views, and had been committed to the security hospital as mentally ill and dangerous after stabbing a guard at the penitentiary in the stomach. Guards and inmates alike were scared shitless of him.

Norm shoved his sandwich into his mouth and stood back up and walked over to the table where the other two white inmates were sifting. "Let me introduce you to these homos." Norm stood behind a lanky, greasy haired, foul smelling man of about forty who was wearing clothes from the disco era. "This first shitbag is Bob. And he is a shitbag, literally. He got thrown off a tier at the pen by a gang of brothers who were strong arming him. Busted up his back and left him shifting and pissing in a bag. They had to put him in here for his own safety while he recuperated. But Bob, being the great guy that he is, wound up almost strangling a

nurse to death while he tried to rape her with his useless dick. Now his whole life revolves around coffee, cigarettes, and enemas."

Norm leaned over and spit a green lunger onto Bob's mashed potatoes, walked over and stood behind the remaining white inmate, then suddenly grabbed him by the back of the neck and slammed his face down into his tray. The guards in the pod all jumped to their feet.

"This puke is Danny. Danny got brought in here for raping his ten year old sister. Said some demon was talking to him, told him to do it. The quacks have been pumping him full of thorazine and electric shock three times a week and now Danny has refried shit for brains. Every night he lets the soul brothers come into his cell and play ass darts on him. Then the injuns get sloppy seconds."

Norm wheeled around and faced the guards in the observation bubble. "Get back to jacking-off, you fucking pussies," he screamed. You could see the guards shuffling around uneasily in their bubble.

He came back over and sat down at our table. "I'm not going to insult you by introducing the rest of these scrotum heads. They're not worth

the shit on the bottom of my shoe." The blacks and the two Indians ate their supper silently while looking down at their trays. "Just a combination of city and prairie niggers," he yelled out towards them.

Norm leaned over this dinner tray and gave me a grin. "I'm glad you're here, brother. I need a good right hand man," he whispered hoarsely.

A week had passed and I was starting to work on a wicked case of claustrophobia slash cabin fever. Being locked up on a maximum security, crazy as a shit house rat ward, without being crazy will kind of do that to a guy. It's not something that I would recommend. Because of my association with Norm, the other inmates avoided me like I was carrying the Ebola virus, so I didn't have any problems in that area. But it's damn hard to live in a place where the accepted behavior includes sitting in the television lounge jacking off while watching Oprah, participating in a nightly massive anal and oral gangbang of a brain fried fellow inmate, throwing your shit around like you were playing handball, or sitting down with a issue of *Rolling*

Stone and eating the entire magazine after you got done reading it.

It was recreation time and we were out in our unit's tiny yard. There was an old, rusty Universal weight machine stuck in the corner and I was watching Norm go through his routine on it. He was using every plate on the stack and was still doing at least fifteen reps per session without breaking a sweat.

I was voicing my concerns to Norm that I had been there for a week and had only talked to the shrink once.

"That's all they need." He grunted as he benched the entire stack of three hundred.

"Who's they?"

"The court. The Man. You know what I mean, brother."

He sat up and wiped his medicine ball sized head with a towel. "Look, this is how it works. You stroll into a bar and hit a dude over the head with a baseball bat. He doesn't die but he winds up in a coma so he might as well be dead. You act like a born again retard in court. They send you here for a court ordered observation. Shrink comes in and has

a little sit down with you. Writes up a nice report to the court and the next thing you know you get the big M. I. and D designation. Mentally ill and dangerous. That's the worst you can get in this craphole." He wagged his finger at me. "Gotta watch those shrinks. They are very fucking sneaky."

"How long a sentence is a M and I?" My voice was squeaking.

Norm gave a evil grin and started pumping out reps again. "Don't forget the D on the M I and D. Dangerous is the key word here. Judges hate the word dangerous. Bad at reelection time. They don't want to be the guy that lets out the nut who rapes a boy scout and burns down a church the first day he's out on the street. So a M I and D could be for years. Could be forever. All depends. Getting committed ain't like getting sentenced to the joint. That's the thing about the bughouse. Free world people think that a convict is getting off easy by getting sentenced here instead of prison, like it's a fucking country club."

He let the pile drop with a loud crash. "What bullshit that is! In here with the M. I. and D., the big bitch, that can be as good as a life sentence. You

throw in the electric shock and all the dope they pump in you every fucking day, couple a years you'll be doing the thorazine shuffle and shittin' in your pants. Just like old Danny. The unit punchboard."

I couldn't believe the shit I was hearing. I was so stunned I couldn't hardly speak. "That bitch in the hospital dosed me, man. LSD or some shit. I've dropped a lot of dope and never been that fucking whacked. That's why my ass is in here. These fucking doctors have to figure that out. Won't they?"

Norm sat back up on the bench. "Dude, I'm not saying that it's going to happen but I seen it happen a dozen times since I been here. But it seems to me that someone wants your ass in here. Maybe so you'll be easier to get to. It's more than obvious than you're gonna have some badasses looking for you after the shit you pulled." He stood up, casting a huge shadow over me.

"But it doesn't have to be that way, little dude. I know how to get you out of here. But it ain't for free. Its gonna cost you, big time. You'll owe both me and the Brotherhood."

He started in on his lat pulls. "Up to you. So think about it." He grunted as he pulled the stack down. "Just don't think about it forever."

Norm had AIDS. He had contracted it shooting speedballs and sharing the needle with his Aryan buddies at the penitentiary. He had done the hit on the guard because he had nothin' to lose. That was why he was at the security hospital. Since he was going to die anyway, the state figured it would be safer and smarter to send him to the security hospital while he waited to punch out rather than to lock him up in segregation. From the hole he could still carry out prison business, but by putting him in the nuthouse they could cut him off from his Neo-Nazi friends. Isolate him somewhat.

'Wonder if they don't commit me? What if the doctors clear me. Then I just have to stand trial? If I copped a plea I'd maybe I'd only do five to ten. The court may take in to consideration about my father's life being threatened? With good time I could be out in a few years."

It was almost time to lock in for the night. Norm and I were the only inmates sitting out in the day room, the rest of the unit had either already hit

the sack, the medication the committed inmates were on tended to make them turn in early, or they were in Danny's cell, pounding his ass for a nightcap.

"That's the chance you have to take. You can wait it out and see what the courts say. And you may be right. They may just go to trial and you can cop a plea. But if they don't, or if that guy you whacked dies, you could wind up being in here until you're a shriveled up old man blowing dudes for Snicker's bars and cigarettes. Man, look at Danny. The bucks are in there every night nailing him. I'm not going to live forever. And you'll be in here all by your lonesome. Think about it. I'm going to fucking bed, got me a new stroke magazine in the mail today, gotta break it in." The giant inmate lumbered to his feet and headed towards his cell.

The guard on duty announced on the intercom that it was five minutes to lock down and as I was walking to my cell, I glanced in at Danny. They had him stripped down as naked as the day he was born. One guy was hitting him from behind while another was slamming him in the mouth. He looked out of the corners of his glazed eyes at me. I

turned around and walked over to Norm's cell.

"I'm in. I'll do what ever the fuck I have to do to get out of here."

"First thing you have to do is give me the address of your parents and any brothers and sisters."

It was morning and we were leaning over trays of greenish scrambled eggs, hash browns, and a gigantic, sweating sweet roll that was laying on top of the whole mess. The sight of Norm shoving it all into his gaping cake hole was about enough to put me over the top.

"What the hell for?"

"That's just the way the system works, dipshit. I get you out of here, you're going to have to work for us. You decide to bolt and run away from your obligations, the Brotherhood needs to know where to find you. They can't find you, well then mommy and daddy and little sis will have to take the heat for you. And I can goddamn guarantee you that if they know where you are, they'll talk." He spread his python sized arms wide. "Take it or leave it."

"My mom ran off years ago and now my old man is on the lam, too. The only address I can give you is for my brother down in Florida." This wasn't going to be good but what the hell else could I do?

"Florida's no problem. Got plenty of brothers in the sunshine state." Norm reached over and grabbed my sweet roll.

"When does it happen?" I was going to have to rush to my cell, the combination of the smell of the breakfast and the thought of what Norm was telling me was making me want to power puke.

"Couple of days. My boys on the outside have to make sure you gave me the right addresses of your folks. And by the way, if you try to fuck me and give me some bogus information you will be in a world of shit. I'll take you out right here."

I was on my hands and knees barfing into my toilet when Norm stuck his head in. "I forgot to tell you this. Get your armpits wet and soap 'em up and let 'em dry without washing off the soap. Tonight show the nurse the rash, tell her that you're allergic to the roll-on deodorant. They'll switch you to spray. But don't use it, just leave it in your cell. You're gonna need it."

Straight up midnight and the unit was quiet as a tomb. I looked out the cell door window of my cell and could see just the tops of the heads of the two night guards, both of whom Norm said were major league stoners and never made more than two rounds a night, usually one at the beginning and one at the end of the shift. They were watching a movie on the VCR, looked like *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. I turned back to my bed to check out my supplies. Two cans of Right Guard, one mine, one Norm's, a damp towel, and a book of matches.

I stuck a piece of cardboard that I had cut from the back of a notepad to fit into my cell door window so the guards wouldn't see the flame. I took one of the cans of Right Guard, lit a match, and sprayed it. It took off like a fucking flame thrower!

As soon as I directed the flame to the security crash proof glass that was installed in my outside window, I knew that it was going to work. The glass seemed to start to melt almost immediately. Halfway through a can I had an opening about ten inches wide. Within five minutes both cans were empty and I had a hole easily wide

enough for me to slide out. I cooled down the edges of the hole with the damp towel and started to slide my head out the hole.

"What in the double fuck is going on?"

In a panic I pulled my head back in. One of the guards was standing inside my cell! He had obviously been smoking weed. His eyes were like two piss holes in the snow and he was holding a can of beer. I couldn't believe that I didn't hear him come in. He was standing there in the middle of the cell with his jaw hanging down and this look of stupid amazement of his face.

On nothing but shit in your pants fear and pure animal instinct, I threw the hardest fucking roundhouse right that I have ever thrown to this day. The punch pole-axed him right between the eyes, I could feel the bones snap in my fist, and the guard dropped to the floor like he had been shot in the head.

I turned and somersaulted through the window, falling about four feet, and landing flat on my back, knocking the wind right the hell out of me. I staggered to my feet and while clutching my throbbing, broken hand to my chest, I slipped into

the shadows and began to work by way down the side of the building to the cover of the woods that bordered the back of the hospital.

There was only one light on in any of the cells. It was Wes Dibley's, the resident evil genius and mad bomber. Locked down for trying to blow up a bank, he was the one who had given Norm the idea about using the Right Guard as a blow torch. He was stark naked and was standing in his toilet bowl, a *Playboy* in one hand, his dick in the other. His head turned slowly towards me, like it was on a swivel, like he was a fucking owl. He gave me a slight nod and a smile and turned back to his fun.

I ran into the woods.

When I broke free of the woods on the other side I came out on to a county road. Following Norm's directions, I stayed down low in the ditch and ran south about two miles to a closed Exxon station. Behind the station, a beat up old Cadillac was idling with it's lights off. When I walked up in front of the car, the lights came on, blinding me. I heard the door open.

"Did Spider send you?" The voice was

female.

"That's me," I whispered.

"Well, get in cowboy. You can drive."

Sliding over into the passenger seat was a woman child who was crack whore thin and had the teeth to match. Her hair was spiked up in a punk fashion and she must have had thirty facial piercings. Her face looked like it was made out of aluminum and every inch of skin on her that I could see was covered in amateurish jailhouse tattoos. She was smoking a huge fatty that she was washing down with a peach wine cooler.

I put the car in gear. "Where to?" I was sweating like a whore in church and smelled worse.

"Keep going south about four miles and we'll catch the interstate into the city." She passed me the joint.

"Are you Norm's wife?"

She laughed like a little girl. "Me? Norm's wife? Hell no! If he screwed me he'd crush my bones to dust." She giggled again. "Norm has a little dick anyway."

That was about all she seemed to want to talk about that and I wasn't real interested in the size

of Norm's crank or his sex life so I let the subject drop. I needed to calm down anyway. She popped a CD in the stereo and cranked up some kind of death metal shit so loud I thought my ears would start bleeding. As I pulled onto the interstate she slid over next to me, unzipped my fly, pulled out my crank, and slid her lips over the head of it. I groaned as my eyes rolled back into my head and I had to fight to keep the car on the road. In spite of the situation - I had just broken out of a mental hospital - I felt myself wanting to cum immediately.

She sat back up. "Oh no you don't." She reached into her purse and pulled out a vial of white powder. Licking the head of my dick she tapped out a small pile of the coke onto it and rubbed it all over the head, numbing it.

"Mmmmm. That's much better." She started in again, blowing me all the way to Minneapolis.

"What the hell took you so fucking long you scrawny crank bitch?"

We were standing in this incredibly nasty, filthy house trailer, just north of Minneapolis, that smelled like extreme body odor, cat piss, pot, and

Old English 800 malt liquor. And standing in the kitchen screaming at us was this enormous, bleach blonde woman, that I figured out quickly was Norm's wife. She wasn't wearing a shirt or a bra, just a pair of dirty jeans, and her giant tits were completely covered with a massive Harley Davidson tattoo. As she moved around they swayed like bowling balls. I'll bet the bed she and Norm bone-danced on had to be reinforced with cinder blocks.

She reached out and grabbed Cathy's face with a grizzly bear sized paw. Cathy being the woman that had picked me up.

"Did you fuck him? Huh? Is that what took you so long?"

Cathy giggled. "No, Glenda. I just blew him."

Glenda slapped her hard across the face and then turned and glared at me. I felt as if I was locked in a pen with an insane Doberman.

She shook Cathy's head like a dog shaking a rat and pointed at me with her free hand. "Now you listen to me you bag of shit. Cathy is off limits to you, you understand? You touch her one more time

you'll find your balls in my martini glass and your ass floating in a swamp. I don't give a shit what Norm says."

She turned back to Cathy. "Strip down and get on the couch," she ordered.

Without a word, Cathy stripped down, she was even scrawnier naked, and knelt on the couch, doggie fashion, while Glenda walked to the back of the trailer. When she came back out, she had taken off her Levis and was strapping on a huge black dildo.

"Sit your ass down in that chair, asshole. I want you to watch this."

Pushing a sleeping, mangy cat and a couple of empty Budweisers out of the way, I eased myself down into a recliner.

Spitting in her hand, Glenda lubed up the fake dick and shoved it hard into Cathy's ass. The scrawny creature cried out in agony. No pretense on foreplay there. Glenda looked over her shoulder at me. "Don't you think about fucking with me! We own you, you piece of shit. Don't ever forget that." I could hardly hear her over Cathy's screams of pain.

The sun was trying to stream in through the grit and grime that was coated on the trailer's windows. The seemingly endless dildo assault on Cathy had finally ended and she was laying in a corner, unconscious. Glenda had force fed her a handful of reds that a mule would have had a hard time swallowing. The whole incident had been like watching an X-rated version of the *Twilight Zone*. Glenda had taken off her fake crank, but was still lounging naked on the couch, like a sexually satisfied walrus, working on her sixth bottle of Bud and smoking from a large bowl of hash. I was trying my best not to look at her. I just kept my line of vision on a velvet rendition of Norm sitting on the table with the rest of the disciples in *The Last Supper*. Norm was drinking a bottle of beer and had his arm around Jesus' shoulders. Glenda leaned back and let out a loud belch that practically rattled the windows, then glared over in my direction.

"Take off your fucking clothes off and get over here."

"Huh?"

"You heard me, fuckstick! Take off your clothes and get over here. You got a pussy to eat."

"Glenda, please, I don't think Norm would..." I was stammering like one of the nutjobs in the hospital.

"Listen to me, shitbird! I don't think you quite understand the situation you're in. Norm and the AB got you out of the stammer. So now you work for us. What we say, whatever we want, you do. Jesus Christ, you're stupid. What do you think Cathy is here for? She's paying off a debt her old man owes up in the penitentiary. If it wasn't for us he'd have an asshole so big you could park a go-cart in it. You owe us! We broke you out and we're protecting you from the people who want your stinking ass dead for hitting their boss in the head with a goddamn ball bat! So you will do what we say and you will damn well like it, scumbag!"

She leaned back on the couch, spread her legs, and used her fingers to open up her gaping snatch.

"Now get out of those fuckin' clothes and get over here. But first get in my purse over there by your chair and get me a fresh pack of cigarettes."

I shakily stood up and took off my clothes while the fat hog leered at me and then picked up

the dildo and began to slide it into herself. I shuffled over, stark naked, and opened up her purse. When I bent over she must have seen something she liked. "Oh, yah. I'm gonna break that brown eyed beaver in good." My dick and balls shriveled up to the size of a thimble and a couple of acorns. I was close to puking or passing out, it didn't really matter at this point.

Nestled in next to her Marlboros was a wad of cash the size of a Big Mac. My adrenaline started pumping like I had just mainlined a dose of meth when I saw what was nestled under the cash. A snub nosed .38.

Glenda had already realized her fuckup, because by the time I had whirled around and aimed the pistol, almost dropping the damn thing in the process, she had already staggered to her feet.

"You better drop that goddamn piece right now, asshole!" She screamed.

Without thinking or aiming I fired off a round. But the fist that I had broken on the guard's head had swollen to the point that I couldn't even open my hand so I was holding the gun with my left, my wrong hand, so the first shot went wide of

Glenda's head and took out the living room window. If you have never done it before, you wouldn't believe how loud it is to shoot off a high caliber pistol in a shitbox aluminum trailer.

"Jesus Christ! Have you lost your fucking mind?"

Glenda started to slowly walk towards me. "Now give me the gun you little pisspot and we'll forget about everything, because I don't think you know just what the hell you're doing." She pointed a sausage sized finger to her head. "You might have gone a little whacko here." She took another step. "Let's just calm down here. Think it over."

I dropped my aim down to her tattoo covered tits and started firing, four quick shots, the force of the them driving her back down onto the couch. She was sitting there, frantically trying to stop the spouting geysers of blood that were pumping out of her by covering them with her hands, when I walked over and fired the remaining shot into her head. Some of her brains blew out the back of her skull and sprayed all over the curtains. I dropped the gun, bent over and barfed on my bare feet.

After I was through throwing up my shoes and socks, I dressed as fast as humanly possible and went back to Glenda's purse and shoved the wad of cash and a big block of hash into my pocket. Cathy must have been in a coma because she didn't move a muscle through all that screaming and shooting. I picked the pistol back up, wiped it off with my shirt, and put the weapon in Cathy's hand. I was just about ready to take off when I realized that I may need the gun. Most likely someone was going to be after my ass and I didn't want to get caught unarmed. But I had used up all the bullets when I dusted Glenda. I quickly went into the back bedroom and began to pull dresser drawers out. This fucking place had to be crawling with guns. But nothing but crap and piss stained underwear, Levis, and Harley t-shirts. Jackpot! In the closet I found a sawed off shotgun and a box of .12 gauge shells. Grabbing the shotgun I noticed a throw rug on the bottom of the closet. Now these assholes didn't seem to be the type to be spending much cash or time on decorating their shitty trailer much less their closet. Whoever had put the rug back down had been sloppy. I could see the edge of what

appeared to be some sort of hatch. I pulled the rug out and found a trapdoor cut in the floor. I dug my fingernails into the side of the door and pulled up. Inside was a large gym bag, the kind hockey players need to stuff their skates, shoulder pads, and other hockey shit into. The bag was jam-packed with balls of cash rolled tight with rubber bands, several pistols, bags of weed, and all sorts of identification - driver's licenses, passports, social security cards, the works. I had hit the fucking lottery. Pulling the bag out, the son of a bitch weighed a ton, I headed for the door.

The screen door in the living room slammed shut. I put the bag down and leaned against the wall of the bedroom just next to the door. I gently pulled the slide back on the shotgun to see if there was one in the chamber.

"Cathy! You dumb fucking bitch!" The voice sounded familiar. It was female. "Wake up! Wake up you dumb fucking cunt!" The sound of slap echoed through the trailer. "Goddamn it! Shit! Goddamn it! Oh, God! Glenda!" Then it got real quiet.

It sounded like someone was walking down

the short hallway. Flicking off the safety, I stepped into the doorway. The door frame exploded in splinters just inches from my head. I fired the shotgun once, catching Angel directly in the chest, the force of the blast knocking her off her feet and down her back into the living room. I grabbed the hockey bag and stepped into the living room, Angel lay spread eagle on the floor, a massive hole in her chest - the shotgun must have been loaded with buckshot - in her hand she clutched a huge .44 magnum pistol. Luckily for me it had been too much pistol for her. Her body twitched with spasms but her eyes were empty. There was a suitcase on the floor of the living room. I popped it open. Inside was a set of handcuffs and leg irons, a blowtorch, hacksaw, vise grips, can of Drano, and a variety of knives. Obviously, my ass had been set up from the get-go. From the punker that had dosed me at the hospital right up until now. They wanted me at that security hospital because from there Norm could spring me, get me back here, and well, the proof was in Angel's suitcase how things would have turned out for me. This cat piss smelling trailer would have been the end of the trail for me if it had

worked out for the parties involved.

Grabbing the keys for the Cadillac, I raced out the trailer door. Someone must have heard the shots because I could hear sirens in the distance. I fired up that old Caddy and took off in the opposite direction.

Once I got back to the city, I parked the car in the parking lot of a grocery store and hopped into a cab that took me to a hotel just outside the airport. I had to lip read the guy's lips who was behind the counter because the combination of all the gunplay inside that trailer had left me temporarily deaf. My fucking ears were ringing like I had just come from a Foghat concert and I had sat front row stage center. I was there for two days waiting for my charter flight to Cancun. The one time I turned on the news they were talking about the double murder of a felonious biker's wife and her niece. The cops had a female subject in custody but were suspicious about the whole damn thing. I got to feeling sick all over again so I never turned on the news or read the paper again. I spent the time smoking Glenda's hash, eating room service, peering out through the

curtains, watching pay for view porno movies, and going through the bag I had lifted from the trailer. I went through all the numerous fake IDs and picked out a driver's license, passport, and birth certificate that matched me pretty closely after I paid a quick trip to a drug store for some hair dye and a beard trimmer. That's all you need to get into Mexico. Your drivers license and a copy of your birth certificate. I never knew that until Norm had told me. The dumb shit! I took the guns and tossed them in the dumpster, I wasn't going to get caught carrying a pistol on a flight or into Mexico. But I couldn't believe the amount of cash that was in the bag. Running drugs and whores must be a very profitable business. Straight cash and no taxes. I stacked the majority of it inside of a suitcase and just hoped that it would not be one of the few that would be opened by Cancun's custom officers. Then I filled a shoebox with several wads of cash and the remaining drugs along with a letter to Felicia, my sweetheart barmaid from California. I told her to keep the cash and sell the drugs and what my plan was. I didn't tell her exactly where I was going but that I would contact her later and she could bring

what she was holding for me.

At the airport, standing in my Hawaiian shirt and shorts, I was shaking like a crackwhore's fetus I was so nervous. I kept looking all around the lobby looking for cops or tattooed covered bikers, but all I saw was families of tourists or drunk college kids going on spring break.

Just before they announced my flight, feeling guilty, I decided to call my brother, he answered on the second ring.

"Hey, bro, it's me."

"You really screwed up this time, Mr. Big Shot! The police have already been here. You better turn yourself in. What the hell were you thinking of, breaking out of that hospital? Now you're going to have to go back to court, and this time you're going to wind up in prison! Not some country club hospital where you can play tennis and goddamn racquet ball. And you know what? I'm glad! Maybe a little time in prison will straighten you out, you good for nothing bum."

"I didn't call for a lecture, asshole. Is Dad there?"

My brother snorted into the phone. "He was.

Couple months ago the drunk old bastard stopped by on his way to Key West. He was babbling about always wanting to go there or some shit like that. That he was sick of the snow. He wanted to spend the night but I sent him to a motel. I didn't want the kids to see him like that. Goddamn drunk loser. No wonder Mom left him."

The boarding for my flight was being announced.

Well, I guess all bets were off again. "I just wanted to call and let you know something, big brother. If any big guys on Harleys roll up into your driveway, you better lock the doors and call the cops. See ya!"

"What in the hell are y.....

I hung up the phone and walked down to the gate

BACK TO THE TRAILER (IN MEXICO)

Like a dumb shit I had left the lock open to my abode. Sometimes I couldn't believe what a fucking fool I could be. Coming around the side I ducked down under the kitchenette window and placed my back next to the open door. A rental scooter was parked about twenty feet away. My dog, Ramos, a flea bitten old mutt was no where to be found. The smell of a really nice perfume mixed with the aroma of coconut oil sunscreen was wafting out of the trailer as I gingerly stepped through the door holding my knife down against my thigh. Sitting on my bed, smoking a cigarette and drinking from a can of beer, was a older and very good looking woman. She was wearing a cleavage revealing lime green bathing suit and a pair of cutoff jeans. Her wear was cut short and was grayish blonde. I remembered it as strawberry blonde. Feeling the trailer shift as I stepped in she turned and smiled at me. Ramos, the traitor, was laying on the bed with his head in her lap as she scratched his mangy head. I felt like I was in the middle of an acid flashback. I walked over and shut off the stereo.

"Son of a bitch! Look who's here."

She smiled brightly at me. "You've lost weight but you look taller."

"That's a weird way to greet someone that you haven't seen in almost thirty years. Almost rude one could say."

She laughed. "Well, forgive me, this is kind of a weird situation. And you do look different from what I remember. Different but not bad. You've got the beach bum look down that's for sure. That's all I was saying."

"Well, it's been a long time, Reggie. Things change. How are you?"

She nodded at the knife. "You can put that away." She leaned back on her hands. Even from this distance I could see a tiny bead of sweat run down her tanned cleavage. Bad habits die hard.

I folded the blade and dropped the knife in my pocket. "I guess I can do that. It doesn't look like you could have a pistol on you the way you're dressed. So are you here to arrest me? Let's just get this out of the way. I know why you're here. I didn't kill that NIS agent. I was there but Brewer did it. It was a traffic stop gone wrong. Ricky freaked

because he and his old lady were dealing all that dope and he thought that he was going to get busted. Jesus Christ, I'm almost fifty fucking years old. Can't you people give it up?"

Her green eyes flashed in anger at me and then she looked down to the floor. "I know all that but I'm not here on business."

"Bullshit! So you're the one that wrote that fucking letter. I should have goddamn known! I almost fucking drowned in Galveston but I guess I was lucky that a goddamn hurricane was hitting the island or else the cops would have been there to arrest me. The weather kind of fucked up their stakeout. You were setting my ass up again. Just like in Pearl Harbor."

"I didn't set you up in Pearl Harbor and I wrote you that letter to warn you! I didn't fucking think that you'd go up there to kill Brewer."

"I didn't kill him. The cocksucker was already dead when I got there. Someone shot.." I realized suddenly what was happening and what was being said between us. "Wait a fucking minute here! Just who the hell are you working for now? It still can't be for NIS. Even they couldn't be that

fucking concerned about that ancient murder to waste the cash on sending someone all the way down here to check out old leads. Who the hell are you working for? What the fuck are you doing here? How much do you know about what's happened to me since I left the Navy?" Ramos, startled by my tone of voice, jumped off the bed and ran out the trailer.

Reggie stood and flicked her cigarette butt out the window and quickly lit another one up. "No, I retired from the Navy years ago. I've been working for another agency for almost ten years. I can't tell you who it is but after September 11th I've been working closely with the Department of Homeland Security. Running background investigations, looking over intelligence on domestic terrorism, monitoring wiretaps, Patriotic Act bullshit. And then one day an old case file just was magically dumped on my desk. It really rang a bell. Some supervisor saw my name in it as a previous investigator on the case so they thought I might be interested in it."

"Me? The file was on me?"

Cigarette smoke streamed out of her nose. In

spite of my worked up self it seemed oh so sexy.

"No, not you. Seems like an old ex-prison snitch named Ricky Brewer who had turned himself into some sort of a semi-professional computer detective was trying to sell information on an old murder of a NIS agent that happened in Hawaii almost three decades ago. He said he even had gotten his hand's on the murder weapon. He also claimed that the murderer had in his possession a large photo album containing photos of a sexual nature involving many military officials and political figures. Very graphic shit! Snorting coke, anal, oral sex, bondage, shit that ran the whole gamut. Brewer had copies of some of the photos but said the originals and negatives were in the photo album. Some of these people mentioned do in fact hold some very high and important public offices right now and the snitch, that nasty prick Ricky Brewer, claimed the person who was holding this photo album planned on using it for a huge blackmail scam. The fucking media would eat that shit up with a spoon if it was all true."

I sat down on a stool across from her. "It was Brewer and Mason and Rose who were pulling

that scam off. Not me. I didn't know about it until the night before I shipped out of Pearl. Mason got all liquored up and babbled on about it. I thought it was just all bullshit until now."

Reggie let out a sigh. "I always thought Rose was into something a lot deeper than working for a call girl service. She was a sweet girl really. Just real mixed up."

"What do you think happened to her?"

"Her last known whereabouts was supposedly at the house of an admiral in Pearl. He denied everything and his alibi checked out. It's been too many years. Nothing will come of it."

Reggie stared deeply into my eyes. "But I'm telling you straight right now. Whoever has that photo album, if it does exist, is in very serious danger. There are people in our government who are willing to kill to get their hands on it. Things have changed since 9/11."

"I don't have it if that's what you're here for. Anyway, people working for the government are the last people that I'm going to lose sleep over. You could say that I have a much more hardcore bunch who would like stumble on to my ass these days. If

they found me a prison cell would be a cakewalk compared to what these assholes would do to me."

She paused for several seconds and then took a deep breath. "Did you really kill those two people after you broke out of that security hospital?"

I walked over to the cooler and grabbed two beers and handed one to her. "So you do know. I guess your agency does have big ears. Doesn't it?" I sat back down across from her. "I had to or I was one dead motherfucker. It was just one bad thing after another in my life that started when I was barely out of high school and led me to that moment. A fucking nightmare."

She nodded her head. "la Favor."

I gave a short laugh. "I forgot I told you about him. I guess I never could keep my mouth shut once I climbed into your bed. You sure could work your magic."

"Did you really walk away from that trailer with 150,000 dollars in cash?"

"150 large? Is that what they said? Hell no! It was closer to 200 grand. It was so heavy I could hardly carry the bag into the airport. Whoever said

150 either couldn't count or they had been skimming on the cut."

Reggie's face turned serious. "Those Nazis still have a contract out on your ass! Still, after all these years. That's what Brewer's game was. Through all his Internet research, prison ties, and government flunkies and informants he was talking to, he devised a plan. He'd get the Feds interested in the old NIS murder and grease the wheels with that idea about the photo album and they'd track you down. Once you were in custody and inside a federal prison you'd be an open target for the AB or the Nazis. Our intelligence reported that he was in almost constant contact with them about you. And then he'd collect the reward. It's nothing to sneeze at. A quarter of a million is a shitload of money, especially for a scumbag like Brewer. I just don't think he realized how dangerous a game he was playing."

"Who killed Brewer. The Feds, the skinheads, who?"

She took a sip of beer and looked out the window. "I really don't know. Brewer was piece of shit. No one is crying in their beer that's he's dead,

that's for damn sure. The world is better off without him."

I didn't want to ask the next question. "Then why are you here? Don't even tell me that you're here to catch some sun and relax. That this meeting is just a coincidence."

She didn't answer. Just kept sitting there looking out the window. I slipped my shirt over my head. "Look at this." She turned and looked at the tattoo over my heart. "You broke my fucking heart the day I saw you in that courtroom. I've never gotten over you, that's a goddamn fact. But if you're here to arrest me or shoot me, either way, let's get this shit over with. I'm getting to old to keep on running."

TODAY - DEJA VU ALL OVER AGAIN

"Your ferry leaves in about two hours. We better get dressed."

"You really need to get his tattoo colored in again. Being out in the sun all day long is fading it." We were laying in my tiny bed, our bodies intertwined and covered in sweat. Reggie was lazily tracing her finger over the outlines of my tattoo. The moment seemed strangely familiar.

"Does your husband have your named tattooed on his chest?"

"Hell no! This is my fourth time down the altar and not one of them has ever done anything near as romantic as that."

"I can't believe that you've been married four fucking times. Unbelievable."

"Well, my line of work plays hell on the married life. That's for sure."

I felt maudlin all of a sudden. "Does he treat you good? Are you happy?"

She looked up at me. "The captain? As good as a seventy year old man can. He is very sweet and I'll never have to worry about money again. The sex isn't that great of course. But with Viagra.."

"I guess I don't need to hear anymore."

She stood up and walk naked down the short hall of the Airstream and began getting dressed. Pulling on a pair of black panties over those gorgeous tanned legs. Aging had been so gentle on her. A few extra pounds but incredibly sexy. "Are you jealous?"

I laid back with my hands behind my head and stared up at the ceiling. "Without a doubt."

Suddenly and without warning, I felt an incredible pressure on my chest! Jesus Christ! I was having a fucking heart attack! No, it couldn't be heart attack. The pain was coming from the right side not the left. I clutched my chest and looked down. My hands and the sheet were covered in blood. I tried to speak but nothing came out. Just a squeaky gasp. Trying to take a deep breath was impossible! The closest doctor had to be five miles away. In a panic I looked up to Reggie for help. She was already standing over me. I could swear that I could still see smoke coming out of the silencer. The bitch had shot me! First I had been shot by a midget and now by a topless woman wearing nothing but black panties! At the angle I was laying

in the bed the bullet had hit me just under the collarbone. The bullet must have exited out the back because down feathers were floating in the air. She quickly cuffed my hands over my head to the bed frame.

Reggie had my knife in her other hand. "I can't believe you never got that goddamn tattoo removed or covered up after all these years. You certainly are the romantic. Now I'm going to have to cut the fucking thing out. I certainly can't leave my name inscribed on your chest." She leaned over and stuck the silencer's barrel against my forehead as she stuck the knife against the tattoo hard enough that it felt like the blade had gone in at least half an inch. "Tell me where the briefcase is and if it's where you say it is, I'll call the police after my ferry gets to the mainland and have them send a doctor. I don't think you'll bleed to death in that time."

"Fuck you, you lying bitch," I whispered hoarsely.

"Still trying to be the tough guy, huh?" Reggie walked over and put a CD in the stereo and cranked it up. "Still like that redneck shit, don't you?" She leaned over me and stuck a dirty sock in

my mouth then stuck the knife deep into the tattoo again, one hand against my throat to steady herself as she carved the knife around the tattoo. I closed my eyes and screamed in pain as I bucked my legs up and down in a feeble attempt to knock her off of me. Suddenly she stood up and flicked the piece of flesh against a window curtain, tore the curtain loose, and folded it up.

She pulled the sock out my mouth. "Tell me where the briefcase is and you'll live. I promise I'll call for a doctor when I get to the mainland."

I nodded to her. "OK," I gasped. "Just down the road there's a burned down cantina. Against the north wall there's a hole in the wall with a burned out candle sitting in it. Dig down about three, four, fuck, I don't know how many goddamn feet. That's where your goddamn case is. There's a shovel underneath the trailer."

She tapped my face with my knife. "That's a good boy. But if you're bullshitting me, I'll come straight back here. And this time I'll cut your cock off and shove it down your throat." She leaned over me and dragged her hard nipples across my face.

I didn't look at her as she dressed but I heard

her walk out the trailer door, dig around underneath for the shovel, and start up my GEO over the stereo:

*“People say I'm no good and crazy as a loon
Cause I get stoned in the morning
I get drunk in the afternoon”*

I lay there in that hot sweaty trailer as the blood ran out of me and I waited. And waited. And waited some more.

The explosion was loud that it shook my trailer. Seconds later it sounded like it was hailing outside as something metallic sounding rained down on to the roof of my trailer. Then I smiled and closed my eyes. Because I had to wait no longer.

EPILOGUE

Obviously since you're reading about this I made it out there alive, but that was some pretty poetic shit I wrote at the end, huh? The hail coming down on to my trailer was from the mine that exploded when Reggie stuck her shovel into the top it. The fucking thing was packed with hundreds of stainless steel ball bearings. Since Reggie was standing directly over it when the mine exploded, the force of the blast practically vaporized her. The key word there is explode. Since the mine exploded not imploded, and the briefcase was under the mine, it survived almost without a scratch. The sound of blast alerted Javier who got to me before I nodded off into the Big Sleep and I was whisked off to the mainland by boat where I was laid up in the hospital for almost a month. It was there that the Feds finally caught up to me. It was quite a wild scene in my room. Javier had rounded some of his old buddies up from his days in the police department to watch over me. Big dudes with bad fucking attitudes, brandishing shiny long knives and automatic weapons, and they had the Feds shitting in their knickers for a while. Of course, they still ran the

whole line of bullshit at me. I was going to be arrested. I was going to do the hardest time imaginable. I was going to the Super-Max prison in Colorado where I was going to get turned out by the Black Panthers, the Mexican Mafia, and the Aryan Brotherhood. I was going to be a bitch with an asshole so big you could drive a Ford pickup through it. One dildo even threatened to send me to Cuba where they have all the terrorists locked up. But they were missing one crucial item and they knew it.

The briefcase! The briefcase was gone. And the only person who knew where it was, wasn't fucking talking. Me! When it was all said and done, they didn't give a hot shit about the NIS agent killed all those years ago, or me breaking out of the nuthouse and shooting those dirtbags in that trailer, or even Reggie - one of their own - blowing her sweet ass to hell digging up that mine. They wanted that goddamn briefcase. Not even the whole briefcase. Just the photos and the negatives showing ***** **** (my agreement with the Feds negates me from writing HIS name), all coked up, naked except for black dress socks, getting a hum job from

a beautiful hooker.

I had them by the nuts and they knew it. They could send me off to prison. They could even kill me. But that picture. That fucking picture would still be out there. It could resurface anytime at my command. So they cut me a deal. They'd give me a new identity (the third one of my life) and shoot my ass straight into the Witness Protection Program. Give me protection from the skinheads and the Nazis. With one condition. Keep your fucking mouth shut and never let that photo or it's negatives see the light of day or your ass will be deeper in concrete than Jimmy Hoffa.

I guess I can live with that.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Anonymous hails from Albert Lea, a small redneck meat packing plant town located in southern Minnesota. After fulfilling his dream of getting the hell out of there (just not in the way he wanted it), he has traveled around the United States, Germany, Mexico, Canada, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and the Pacific. He has been a pizza delivery boy, sailor, drug dealer, bartender, longshoreman, Cuban cigar importer, and more recently, a writer. Currently he is a member of the United States Witness Protection Program. He has been shot twice and stabbed once. To catch a glimpse of him you'll need to rent or buy a copy of *Girls Gone Wild Cancun* - in the background of one scene where a young lady wearing a neon pink bikini flashes her huge jugs you can see **Anonymous** (wearing wraparound shades and a Pittsburgh Steelers ball cap) cheering her on with a raised Corona in one hand and a Cuban cigar in the other.

Scott L. Anderson has been employed as a sailor, soldier, prison guard, and as an attendant at a maximum security mental hospital. Inspiration for his writing comes from both his personal

experiences and the experiences of the people that he has been lucky to know in his life. His work has been featured in *Suspect Thoughts*, *Plots With Guns*, *The M.A.G.*, *Nefarious*, *Moonwort Review*, *Circle Magazine*, and *Loompanics, LTD*.