A Herky-Jerky Engine

Laughing. (Inhalation). I'm putting the kickstand up!
Dumb-dumb!! Dumb-dumb!

Dumb-dumb!! Dumb-dumb! Dumb-dumb!
Dumb-dumb! Dumb! He keeps staring at me from his secure counter.
Hee-hee! Hee-hee! Hee-hee!

There's a bike rack there, between the gas pumps and the fast-food joint. Right next to it, several mopeds, and a few motorcycles too.
They're on edge because of some jerk.

A chick or a guy!…
Not equipped with the master key set or the universal tool—and the know-how—and unable to cleanly drill through a locking fuel cap.
They went straight for it by punching holes in the bottoms of a few tanks!

Dirty, low-down work!

Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha! Ha-ha! Hee-hee! Hee-hee! He keeps staring at me and so I know he doesn't even know the beginning of my skills.
Fuck him! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha! Ha-ha!
What a pathetic loser, that old moron! Humph… Put your filth in a sick bag. Fill the speech bubbles with them.
All the old dads! Yeah!
Fuck all the old dads! They can go jerk off. Shake it inside a barf bag!
Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha!
Wah!! Wow…
It was a real piece of crap—all jerky and shitty!
But to overdo it in the heat of the moment isn't so wise.
Oh no, really not very smart.
The neighbors are already worked up enough as it is about the cost of gas and the whole ICE circus!
But, look, I'm only 16!

NOW, RIGHT NOW!

Right now, all my moped needs is gaz, and as for me, just a little pick-me-up! So I lit it and—wham! Then I turned it on—broom-broom!
It never conks out on me. Never…
Used to run jerkily, but ever since I de-carbonized the exhaust port and honed the combustion chamber before replacing the piston, it's been running like a dream! A quick twist of the throttle, and—presto!
A dream. Listen to this, *what a sound.*.. My soul is actually tipsy-curvy, all overwhelmed, only for earing that engine!

Hey! Listen again: broom-broom! Vroom! Broom… Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Vroom… Just for show, and to prove to him that I've got what it takes.
Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Vroom!…
The gas station attendant shoots me a dark look, followed by a gesture that means "get lost"—scram before I lose my temper!
To think it was a piece-of-shit moped I managed to get for peanuts!

After all that noise—during a spell that might seem like an eternity in the haze of a resin-packed joint—I'll have to drive off pronto.
The neighbors are already worked up enough as it is about the cost of gas and the whole ICE circus!
A quick burst of acceleration and—hey presto! Pronto, presto!
Broom-broom!
Broom… But right now, I've to hop on my moped.
And we sped off!

Behind me, I hear the peanuts popping and crackling as my exhaust spits them right into the face of the gas pump!
Used to be a real herby-jerky crap of trash!

I'm going to ease off for a while and avoid coming back here to fill up. It's too expensive anyway.
I ought to jump on the siphon-
ing trend and drain the tanks of motorcycles from other neighborhoods.
That could spark a gas war!
Broom-broom! Boom! Vroom!… Ha-ha-ha! Ha! Vroom!…
BROOM! What a blast!
Oh, shit!

Hurry up, moped!
Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!
Ha! Get out as quickly as possible. And once again, he can go fuck himself—and on top of that, they can go fuck them all.
Even though I'm only 16!
I'm not a virgin.

A cloud of unburnt fumes, as dense as a cooked comic-book speech bubble, saturates the gas pump area—which is a private open space!

Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha! Whoo! Ha-ha!
Ha-ha-ha! VROOM!… Wow!… Full throttle! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Ha! I can vaguely hear him barking out abusive remarks behind me.
Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!
Ha! Such a loser that old chump!

Lyrics: Lou-Hellen Drought & John Dees.