Wobbling Knees And Swaging Twat

"I've wedged an 80lb Grip Ring between my thighs—I can't even deform it!
— Are you still doing your rehab exercises?
— Ever since my accident—and since I tried the "waffle iron" technique—yeah!
— Talk about a 3D comic strip!
— Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!
— Yeah!
Man, the harder I squeeze, the better the fluid from the syringe flows back into my Fallopian tubes!"

At the other end of the block, there's a hybrid vehicle that got stuck while charging. I feel dizzy. It might be because of the weed I smoked.

"It started burning at 7 o'clock sharp…
— How do you know?
— I was there, eating breakfast."

The other day—a month ago, actually—my gal took a pretty nasty spill on the pavement. And the old-timers in the neighborhood had a good laugh at her expense!

At the time—it was mid-February—the frost was bitter; fortunately, if one could call it that, she had finished her last delivery.

And now, she is so awfully mean, not only to them.

"I'm feeling dizzy…
— You ought to know by now: grub first, a puff afterwards!"

Fanny my gal still hadn't gone back to making deliveries since her accident, and was stuck going door-to-door peddling junk mail.
In the age of the internet—you can't imagine what a pathetic gig that is!

"Man, the car's onboard computer thought it was a roasted marshmallow.
— It's not the computer; the battery's gone haywire!
— Ha-ha-ha! The battery—man, you're crazy! Where did you read that? It just happened; the sirens are still going and the street is blocked off.
— It's a known fact, plain and simple: whether you're driving or it's parked, your car pisses itself—the battery leaks, and—bam!
— Isn't that an urban legend?
— I don't think so—look!"

There was an electric car charging rack there; they had moved the other wheeled units, and it was still smoking.

"That's the kind of thing older people drive. Fuck!
— Yeah, I've got my cousin's; I've been borrowing it since I turned sixteen. But on his land, I'm the one who's been driving the pickup for ages.
— They pointed the finger at the young people from the neighborhood!
— What? That's absolute nonsense! The bastards…
— It's always us—it's easy.
— Yeah, so that's the little bunch of low-lifes—toothless losers and rancid old scum—glaring at us from under their brows—well, once this mess is cleared up, they're in for it; I know where that one crashes.
— Relax, man—they're intoxicated by their own misery, and bashing us is the only thing keeping them going.
— Yeah…
— Batch of…
— Heap of I-don't-know-what?
— You said it, man!
— Yeah…
— You can clearly see that they aren't real people, but rather figures that have been peeled off a Crumb's album!
— Yeah…
— A bunch of badmouthing old bastards!
— Yeah…
— They don't have any spark left that flicker in their old fat grey cells? Only smelly farts…
— Yeah…
— That's so true man!
— Yeah…
— Fuck them all!"

The firefighters were clear about the causes, but some doubt remains, and an expert is on the way. Yet, right off the bat, it's always the young people who are branded as hooligans or grudge-holders.

"Bunch of bonkers…
— Yeah…
— Look that wacky old one!
— Dumb!
— Their hearts will stop beating, and soon they'll all be dead!
— Senile old fools!
— Gaah!
— Garland of old fogies!
— Yeah…"

There were the old folks—retired barflies or those wandering with shopping carts filled with their sleeping bags and bare survival essentials.

Neighborhood residents and sidewalk in-dwellers!

"Bunch of old has-beens, all gathered together, for once!
— Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!
— Why are you laughing?
— Well, that "dad" thing you said!
— Has-been?
— That one!…
— Ha-ha! True… Gotcha hard and deep!
— Yeah…"

I would never dare admit to her everything that goes through my mind when I've been smoking, but she must have a pretty good idea.
Her limb is still in a cast; it looks like she's carrying a mummified baby!

"It hit a nail on my head!
— Hmm?
— The contempt they ooze for what they were fifty years ago!
— Yeah…"

Shit, I was fantasizing about her jerking me off with a mummy, not turning my dick into a voodoo consecration!

"Eighty years or more, you mean!
— Huh… What?
— You said 50, but they're older than that—it's not just down to the booze and the job!
— Fair enough to say so.
— Yeah…"

Between impulse and calculation, do what you must.

You're in a service business. Selling your retirement.

You are an aging artist, and you haven't contributed enough. Take it easy, I'm new on the 'door-to-door entrapment' detail!

You haven't made enough pension contributions. You haven't! Why?

Haven't you sold enough?

Did you sell nothing but crap—mere shells with no substance? Hell!

Between dehydration and an overdose of opiates and alcohol, I got hooked, and right now, at this very moment, I'm a homeless junkie playing the monkey.

The monkey is the system.

Never I touch an opiate, only dollars bill.

Result of the "crash test" operation: technical glitch—you need two hands to deliver pizzas!

I mention it for the sake of the metaphor, and it amounts to the same thing. Except that the people getting into the elevator aren't the same ones who are about to empty their guts, in the throes of withdrawal.

I'm on the comedown from withdrawal. I've never sniff nothing!

Now I hold out my bowl and beg. To reach the beach. I beg. I'm an unborn baby still.

You're in a service, are you? A pimp, a gallery owner, a what!

My lover? Are we juggling in the jungle of a street crowded with boring people, glued to their smartphone screens?

"Call my teeth!
I was assuming dead on a concrete deck…" Oh, come on, it's only money business!

A penny, a billion dollars!

Just think: a fanzine, an unknown person, and suddenly—the stars!

"Hideous dwarves!
— Corpses!
— Stinking ones!
— Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! What a joke!
— Yeah… Try me again.
— Deal.
— Sputtering old fucks!
— Ugly owls!
— Always drunk at the crack of noon…
— Yeah…
— It's from constantly farting on their seats that their old banger catch fire—it's easy enough to talk about arson after that!
— Yeah…
— Fuck them all!"

Since her delivery box was empty, she had stowed her helmet inside, and she hadn't put it back on before hopping back onto her scooter. Big mistake!

"I've a punchlines in mind for them!
— Yeah?
— Yeah…"

She ended up leaving a chunk of flesh on the asphalt! Her right cheek was mangled, and her left arm—from elbow to shoulder—was in a sling.

"So, shout it, man!
— I don't know yet…
— Come on, spill the beans!
— Um…
— Geez, don't be such a sissy!
— Okay then, you got it.
— Shoot…
— Delivery: one free pizza with the purchase of two fanzines.
— Cool.
— Yeah?
— Yeah."

"Uh-oh!
I give you a ride a little while ago."

I'm in the fanzine. A dead beggar that nobody care about!

"Yeah…
— Fuck them all!"

Lucky it was February; otherwise, I would have lost my shoulder tattoo that strength along the arm and the outer arm.
Only the ink on my fingers needs to be touched up!

"And you can add this too: No offers can be combined with orders for thongs.
— Hmm…
— Hum what? Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!
— Not thongs—nasty old briefs. Like 'This offer cannot be combined with orders for nasty old briefs. Those with rancid tastes should abstain.'
— Ha-ha-ha-ha! What a joke!
— Don't laugh at yourself.
— Yeah. Piss your pants, but don't double over laughing like a sheet of corrugated iron!
— Yeah. True…
— Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!
— Let's split now. I have the whole day ahead of me.
— Yeah, me too…
— A life as an arsonist to live!
— Yeah.
— Super cool.
— Yeah?
— Yeah.
— Still, though, you shouldn't have used diesel to torch an electric car…
— That reeks!"

Lyrics: Lou-Hellen Drought & John Dees.