

## Another Ricky Day

I could tell you an exhorbitant number of rediculous stories about us and not one of them would be any less dramatic or absurd as the other. Let me give you just one example. This goes back to the time I was working at Gold's Gym, right over that-a-way by where Surf Cincinnati's at, ya know. Anyway, I was practically running the fuckin' place. The owner was a total crook, deceitivous black and white striped uniform type. Selling narcotics, steriods, weapons, what have ya. A bunch of mafia, shoot you in the head, type shit was going on in there . But like I was saying, I was working over there when Ricky and I had this particularly fucked up evening. It was, let's see, myself and two other precarious guys my age working, who incidentally were total drug dealers, users also. Oh, and not to mention gun traffickers. Anyway, I'd been minding my own damn business, doing absolutely nothing, as was basically my job, when Ricky came flying through the door of the back office like a bat outta hell . What the hell is this shit? Here, what's this shit, she hollered? Here she is holding this metallic coffee bean can shaped piece of shit wrapped in construction paper which was used to hold the broken pencils and pens in the back room, in the rear of the nutrition center. Anyway, what it was was a, well, someone had written Nicky loves Bob on it. Oh, no? Right, her name was not Nicky, it was Ricky. Well, there just so happened to be a brand new babysitter working in the gym named Nicky. What a coincidence, ay? I'll kill that fucker. She was talking about this 6 foot, 220 pound guy who was always fucking with her and teasing her about how she was so stinkin' jealous. I 'm like, shut up!!! Who cares, right? Ya know? No. She 's going to kill the bastard. For goddamn real she was. The bitch was fuckin' serious. Anyway, within about what, two seconds, she's out the side door in a ravenous rage. I'm like, dudes. By this time the club members were gathering to see what the fuck all the commotion was about. That's where the front desk is. Anyway, Roy and Aaron, the other two guys, were like man she's a fuckin' nut case. One of them probably wrote the shit in the first place. So we're all laughin' and shit, but inside I'm like, fuck. This is gonna be another one of those screwed up neverending nights when I'm like squashed in fresh shit. I'll be a hundred hours late for work tommorrow, my face'll have these fuckin' malformed diamond holes in it from that damn engagement ring I gave her and whatever other damn obscurity she can accomplish against my flesh and bone.

So whatever, the very damn next thing ya know it's like one in the delerious morning and I'm like, tired as an ass at the top of the canyon. My limping eyes are all like, what!!! What am I not thinking? I got to go find my stupid ass girlfriend. Dude, I know what you're thinking. I have no fuckin idea why myself. It's even gonna get stupider. Believe that? Here I am going down this winding ass black top road to see my baby, ha ha, and I'm going like two-thousand miles an hour in my new maroon three-hundred Z turbo that I bought on laundered money from my illegal underground gym operation that I was later busted for. That's a story that I can tell you later. You wouldn't believe that either. How does a long-haired, rebellious, seventeen year old punk buy a ten-thousand dollar sports car with no verifiable income above that of a shepherder's. Well, goddamn, ya got

fuckin' me. So anyway, I'm racing like the Indy to Ricky's grandmother's house. I'm gonna kill, or at least maim, the crazy, blueyed bitch. I'm raging like a one ton bull. Pissed off I was. That roid rage was kickin' in hard, that means steroids. I get there. No, she ain't there. So what do I do? The so darn familiar usual. I'm like, got the headlights turned off in my car, waiting in the descending driveway. I'm gonna bust her cheatin' or somethin', ya know. Coming home wth another guy, or stinkin' drunk, or who the fuck knows, right? This bitch is fucking super crazy. Anyway, about a year passes, at least it felt like it as I took off, what, six years of my life beating the fucking leather steering wheel half to death. Oh, and not to mention banging my already aching head against the side window with my blood about a million degrees beyond the boiling point of fresh piss. I'm like fuuuuck!!! I'm screamin' like a hawk on a field mouse, you know? I'd be like, ah ha, here comes the bitches' headlights now. Then, they like fling by and then, well, here I go again, six more years. So let's see, that's six plus six plus, dude I'm telling you for certain, if I had to add all the times, I'd be minus a damn billion and shit.

It gets to be about four or five in the morning and I'm like ten long, green yards beyond the sanity of a hairy gorrilla with a tight cockring on and I get to thinking, well, maybe she's at her alcoholic mom's house. She only lives about seven small houses down on the other side of the street. Why the fuck I didn't think of that like three or more hours ago, I have no fuckin' clue. So I pull way down in the gravel driveway which sits just off the road down through this short, narrow pathway of trees and I race to the front door. Slammin' my balled up, angry fists against the wood door like a madman and cussin' up a pissed off thunderstorm that could offend the devil, right? I'm all lookin' through the little diamond shaped door window and I can see her mom layin' on her old, dust ladened couch in her usual drunken stupor. Next idea. Turn the dented brass doorknob. Well, her mom wakes up. What the hell are you doing here? I'm like, all composed all of the sudden. Is Ricky here? She's like, na, she ain't here. I could hear Ricky in the other room talking over some music. I trudged on past her mom who just suddenly caved over and falls back to the dingy couch. Ricky? First I yelled her stupid ass name. Then I'm like through the paper machet structured door with a loud crash. And there she is, a cold beer in her feeble hand, a filtered cigarette in the other, a cute litte cowboyish hat on her thick head, and of course this surprised look on her mischevious face like, whoops. Next to her, or at least in the same fuckin' room, are two strange guys and they're lookin' like the fear of God is upon them. I didn't even know she drank or smoked, and the two guys, well, I was like in sudden shock. I turned around. I'm just like, out the bedroom door, ya know? I mean what the hell do ya do when this shit's goin' on behind your heels? So I'm about to get in my car and she's all running after me saying wait and you don't understand. Then hold on dammit! What the fuck is this shit? I turn and scream bloody execution-style murder. I was so fuckin' confused and pissed off, not to mention tired as fuck and wanting nothing more than to just get the hell to sleep. Here I am, a hardcore bodybuilder, trying to be Mr. Damn Olympia and shit, eating seven enormous meals a day, around eight thousand filling calories and, well, I'm like wondering to myself all the while. How am I ever going to get any kind of serious results when I'm up all damn night and gettin' like zero rest. So the next thing you know I'm trying to get into the old Z and she's like ripping at my poor clothes and trying to get into the driver's seat to stop me. I'm like going nuts.. I find myself grabbing her long,

blonde hair and yanking her out of the car and just slammin' the bitch to the gravel paved ground and she just keeps jumpin' up like a damn drugged jack rabbit and throwing herself into my car. I know it sounds extremely crazy. Anyway, I kick this huge dent in my front fender panel. When I start fuckin' up my car she knows damn good and well I'm pissed for real. This time she's not even budging, though. Then I get on the hood and start just jumpin' up and down like a chimpanzee that's dropped its banana in a place he can't retrieve it and just tearing the hell out of it. This is a new, motherfuckin', burgundy Z, dude. Leather interior, loaded, my pride and joy and shit. I was totally insane at this point and here she is just sittin' in the driver's seat looking at me, tears all in her blue eyes and fuck, man, she wouldn't get the fuck out.

Next thing ya know I'm casually jogging down the middle of Mack Rd. I just like gave up and shit. I decided, well, what the fuck. I'll jog home if that's what'll save me. All I sincerely fuckin' wanted was to get the hell back home and get to sleep in my own, long lost bed so I could get some rest. I had to be at work at like six o'clock in the morning. I mean we're talkin' like an hour at best if I'm lucky and can do it when I get there. Yea, right! But of course she ain't gonna sit in the driveway and let that happen. Next thing ya know she's hangin' beside me in my car. Honkin' the horn and telling me to stop right away and amiably talk about it. What!!!! I'm like, fuck you ya dumb, psychotic bitch. You know? Well then she starts grinding the gears and telling me she'll ruin my harmless car if I don't stop immediately. I'm like, go right ahead. I really had no recognizable cares what the hell she did. I was like ten ostrage asses from oblivion. I turned to her face, which is like two feet beside me, I mean really, can you picture this. I'm jogging down Mack and her meddling ass is driving beside me, driving for God's sake in my Z, grinding my gears trying to quietly reason with me. I spit in her face. A big louser and shit. She didn't even seem to notice. She's begging at this point for me to just turn off at her grandmother's driveway which descended down a hill on the passenger's side of the car. Anyway, so she pulls ahead and turns into the driveway, her grandmother's, and waits. Of course, I ain't really stoppin. So she starts screaming bright red, bloody murder, gets back in the damn car and flies up like a hovering buzzard to me again. Then, if that don't beat everything, she races above to this dangerously steep ass hill on Mack which was only about fifty yards ahead of me. She pulls my car to the wrong side of the fuckin' street, gets out of my car, and starts running, like a sprinter that's gotta shit, towards me. I'm like thinkin', well, she'll get to me and I like dog her out and race to my car and get the fuck out of here, right? Wrong. She's got the same devious plan, at least most of it. We both avoid each other when we meet except I run to my car and she runs towards her grandma's. No keys. The bitch took my keys! I'm like lookin' at the top of this steep hill thinkin', oh shit. A car's gonna come and smack the poop stuffins out of my poor car. So now I'm charging after her like an irritated bull and within the time it takes a good drunk to cum in a hoe, I'm on top of her tight ass on our way to the ground under my heavy ass. I come to find myself just grinding the back of her hand into the concrete so she'll like let the fuck go of my car keys. Anyway, I get them and I'm running back to my car. I get in the driver's door, which I left ajar, hit reverse to get back into the right damn lane, and like that, she's in the fucking passenger's seat trying to again calmly reason with me. I swear to ya, dude, if she would've let me get the hell fire home and sleep, the night would've been like a bad memory and I'd have

forgotten the whole damn thing. Forgotten indefinitely and forgiven completely. I just wanted to sleep so that I could grow. I have an obsessive personality you may have guessed.

So it's only like a couple of minutes later and were both just screamin' like teenage chicks at each other. Dude there was red rich blood fuckin' everywhere from the back of her skinned hands. She's all trying to tell me that she loves me, and doesn't want to loose me. All the while I'm just eatin' it up knowing that she was on the loosing end of this power struggle. Anyway, I start talking all rational like and I'm saying, look, I'm going home now. If you want to come, that's cool with me. Complete change in my whole demeanor. Only an act, but what the fuck at this point. I'm a master in the art of manipulative persuasion., and I'm like, if you really want to come home with me, that's fine, but I'm going home now, you ain't comin' in, and I ain't going out with you ever again. That did it of course. I guess I knew it damn well would. She starts the fiery tirage again. Punching me hard like a boxer in the already destitute face and just gettin' blood every fuckin' where. Then she tells me, she's gettin' the hell out. Like right. I'm going at least forty miles an hour and she's opening the fucking passenger car door. So, what do I do? I'm like, go ahead ya stupid bitch. I lifted my tired foot off the gas, swung it around the gear shift and I just kicked the living shit out of her hip and there she quickly goes. I could see her discordant body tumbling on the son-of-a-bitching blacktop street. I just busted out pathetically crying and shit. I thought for sure she'd be real dead. I'm all like, Ricky!!! Baby!!! My foot just like slammed the brake to the floor. My car begins three sixtyin' like a motherfucker and I'm just like, what!!! So at this point, I'm out my door and thinkin', God, my baby, and what the hell do ya know, she's gettin' in the driver's side talkin', please don't leave me. I love you. God I was pissed all over again. She's like, indestructable. I swear, man. Why couldn't she have just died?

Back to the never ceasing journey home, to my mother's house that is. The mood is like totally dead. Totally!!! We're literally covered in brown blood stains from head to toe. My beaten face with its diamond ring holes, her scraped hands and now her slit forehead. Jeffrey Dahmer couldn't do this good a work. Anyway, between the new hospital that sits just parrallel to where her street dive occurred and my house is the Forest Park police department. I'm like thinkin' to myself, hey, I'll go there. Anything to get home and sleep. The police would surely see the need to separate us. I would surely come across as the sane one when we got there. So like I maintained the silence, got to West Kemper where the police station's at and I turn. Where are you going, she's askin' all innocently? To the fucking police station to get your psychotic ass out of my miserable fuckin' life you cunt. She starts beggin, come on, I love you and all that shit. Don't leave me, I'm sorry. You name it 'cuz, she was pleadin' like a junky to a crack dealer. Totally ignored. I pull into the police station's parking lot and I'm honkin' the horn, screaming rape and not a damn cop in sight. I get out of the car right, she's like clinging to me. She manages to get out on my side, over the gear shift and all, never loosing grip of my sweatshirt, and she's just still beggin'. Meanwhile, I'm still honkin' that horn with my free hand, kickin' the rear side panel now, the car lookin' like it's been in eight wrecks, twice, and then she starts trying to get away. At this point I'm holding on to her sweatshirt. Hers was more like a muscle shirt 'cause it had the sleeves cut off and

it had the little sexpot knots holding it over her shoulders right? Next thing ya know I'm like taking these killer bolts to the face, blood upon dry blood and she's just toiling like a fuckin' pissed off thoroughbred and I lost her as her sweatshirt comes off in my hand. Well here I am again, saying, aw fuck it. Go. So I'm getting back in my car and I start thinking, oh no. Someone's gonna see her, rape her, whatever. Not my girl I'm thinkin' now, dude. Don't even say it, it's a strange mentality now, but I'm telling ya, it was perfectly rational at the time. I find myself chasing after her again within what, eight seconds, and once again I got her by the arm and I just like slammed her to the pavement. This time it was over I was thinkin'. I'm telling ya what happened next is just like totally beyond comprehension. I had her on her back, on the cement, her head propped on one of those cement curbs and I whaled on her, dude. I fuckin' weighed two-hundred and sixty odd pounds, she's like one-twenty and I swear I socked her dead square in the face five fuckin' times. Each time I drilled her man, her head was like pounding that curb. It was crazy no doubt, I'm tellin' ya. And she, well, she just continued to kick the living shit out of my nuts. She even bit my hand and ripped the skin off my knuckle when I hit her the last time. That there is one bad chick. Mike Tyson would've been worse off. I mean to tell ya she got up fast as shit when I gained control and stopped nailing her and I'm tellin' ya too, she was totally just clung to me again, with both her arms and legs like totally wrapped on my ass and tight like she had strength to spare. I was fuckin' amazed. I couldn't have hit her again for all I was worth. I was literally exhausted from beating her with absolutely nothing to show in the way of a defeated fighter. We were so out of control and like the whole time it was like we were the only two fucking people alive. If I was alone and pissing on the pavement there'd been like five cops and six eye witnesses and like here we are half, or more like three quarters killing each other and we couldn't attract the attention that plain, airpopped, popcorn gets from a Jenny Craig client.

The dust settled again so to speak, at least for the moment, and we were on our way to the car, you know the one with all the big ass dents. Anyway, I go and open her door for her, I'm telling ya, I'm a complete gentleman to this chick, and she'll tell ya that today if she's still living. But like I was saying, I got her into the car. I got in my side and we looked at each other and I was just thinkin' like, Christ almighty, what the fuck is goin' on? I was so disgusted with this whole mess and I could only blame her for it. Ya know I wasn't about to take any bullshit ass blame for this one. I'd done told her a hundred times all I wanted to do was get the hell to bed and I'd forget the whole thing in its entirety. So my blood's still boiling as we're exiting the police station's lot and low and behold who the fuck's coming around the corner of Winton and West Kemper but a dumb ass, donut eatin' police officer. I'm again like honkin' the horn and telling Ricky this time that I want the ring back off her finger. We were due to get married, of course, I mean how could two people as compatible as us even think of living separate lives. So anyway, she starts pleading again please don't, Bobby, please don't. Our voices were controlled but neither of us was so stupid as to believe that that shit would last beyond the passage of the cop car. So I'm like frantically using this fuckin' pig's car as collateral. I get my stupid ass ring back and she's just, at this point sitting there, weepin' like the willows and I'm there like, cool, hey not fists flying, no screamin', no weapons for her to cast into my chest or nothin' ya know? How long will this last I wondered? Quately I'm like, honey, we both know it'll be best if we just give each other some time apart. Fuck,

I'm thinkin' to myself like, ya know, a century and a half. What's the motherfuckin' use man, right? Well, there went all the quiet I was finally enjoying. Fuck you, shut up, you said you'd never leave you fucking bastard. She knocked my rear view mirror off the windshield, drove her foot into the dash, slung her elbow into her window and hit me in the adam's apple all within let's just say, well to be safe, about a second. With this I decided, to be on the safe side, ya know, still conscious, and keep my dumb ass, never learnin' mouth, the fuck shut.

Silence again, except for the occasional wisps and sniffles that is, and were makin' good time at about sixty, ya know? Here I am looking to my left at the hospital that sits just off the road where the nut that sits currently at my side just flipped like a fish out of water only some hour or so ago. Next we have here the hill where this same nut lost the top layers of her right hand in an effort to prevent me from seeing my ever-so-cherished car crushed like an unsuspecting grape by a passerby, and then, what do we have here but the nut house where my nut resides. In all but a minute we're in the driveway and I'm sayin like, ya know, ah well, girlfriend, time to get the fuck out, if ya know what I mean. Trying to inflict a little humor, once again composed. One can only look for humor when the absurdity of his surroundings are this far gone. Nope, not Ricky, she's sittin' there in that same damn seat with that I ain't laughin at you you stupid motherfucker look on her face and I'm once again about to loose it. Get out!!! Da da da da. Please, for everyone's sake, but mostly for mine dear, get the fuck out of the fucking car before this shit starts again. Of course not. So I'm flying to the front porch. Next, I'm like clobbering on the glass, screamin' and cussin', again. Believe me, it's all routine by this time. No control. Just me, hanging out in the body of a crazy fuck with a short wick and no plausible means for escape. About that time old grandpa Ricky Day is standin' in front of me, gun in hand, pointed at head, mine that is, telling me to leave. If the dumb old nerd only had a smigion of a clue how bad I was trying. Anyway, the comfort of the gun at my head was only temporary. Faster than a morning woody falls limp in a cold morning shower, Ricky was standing like a soldier in front of me sassing her grandfather to shoot if he wanted to. And ya know, I'm standin' there like, all right! Now. Give it to her. I should have been so fortunate. But I'm there, hanging out behind her, trying for the umteenth time to explain that I just wanted to get home sir, wouldn't want to hurt the good rapport I got going with the family and all. Ricky of course, well what's she doin' all this time, she's still hollering up a fuckin' storm, the kind they name when they slash through small towns killing thousands. Well, I finally made another break for the car and was caught just short of exiting the driveway, so, again we were at it. Fists flying but this time I was too near departure, right? I mean to tell ya I was manhandling her now. I had her bouncing off the street I was slammin' her down so hard. This of course was after she refused my first offer which was to leave peacefully. How foolish of me to ask such an off the wall request.

Well anyway, I'm in my car and the next thing ya know I'm approaching that sacred hill again. I can see Ricky lying flat on her face on Mack. I didn't really know or care if she was dead or not, it's not that I'm not compassionate or anything, just too fuckin' tired to give a flying fuck. Well then, hey look, I'm thinkin' to myself, there's where old Ricky did that cool summersault. I just can't tell ya how damn glad I was just to be goin' the

hell home. Dude, let me tell ya, it was like the whole evening never happen.

So here I am, in a jiffy, strolling through my side door, hippidy hoppidy Easter's on its way and shit, blood caked like Betty Crocker makes it from head to toe, cuts, well more like slashes from ear to ear, bruises to make up for unslashed areas. I'd have sworn then and there I never felt better. Collapsing on the couch I see old mom cautiously making her way from her room to get the scoop. Jesus Christ, what happened? I killed Ricky, I said and was out like a light.

Morning came. The phone was ringing off the damn hook. Finally giving in, I'm up and atom, "hello." Who do ya think it is? It's a fuckin' nurse whose been conned by Ricky to call me and tell me where she's at. And where's that? Yeap, in that same fuckin' hospital where only hours ago she was an outpatient of a different kind. Ya know, the kind that goes out the fuckin' car door at forty or so on the pavement, out in front of it. It turns out old dumb fuck Ricky came to after I left, went in her grandparent's house and took a bottle of Tylenol three with Codine. Somehow she managed to be an outpatient and not in the psychiatric ward but I've 'till this day not determined how that ever came about. Within an hour I was in the hospital room, and after a brief argument over whether or not it was my fault or hers, which we decided to discuss at a later time to prevent being thrown out by the nurse and security guard that was to assist me into the room, the old ring was on her finger again and we were gonna be married. Can you just picture this shit? Here I was, dotted with holes along the entire length of both my cheek bones, scratches and bruises on every inch of my face. Her, there she was covered in gauze, at least from the neck up, black eyes, busted lips, and a one carot diamond engagement ring on her finger. What the fuck?