

"Fraud Smaud"

Writing in the state I was in on that fruitful night, that prosperous night, that I pulled off another delusional scheme. Three shows from Extasy Entertainment with my buddy James Wagner. He was my bodyguard. Yeah, I didn't really need a bodyguard, but it was nice to have a friend with me when I was getting admonished for my talents and good looks. You see the bodyguard always gets a lot of attention at a show because he seems to be the persona, the guy anyway who is really attainable to a bunch of horny chicks. Did two shows at private residences and the last one at a bar in Norwood. This is a neighborhood where the sluts grow on trees. At least it would appear so in the minds of those who'd been there because the dialogue of the present seemed to portray such a phenomenon. Anyway, a master plan was in effect and James had to be discarded in some pleasant way or another. Just so happens he had a few friends who were in a bar up the street and it was convenient for him to stay there while I delineated from our skirmished route. I had intentions of acting out my plans even though he had no knowledge of them. Bub, that's James's nickname, just so happened to wander off to another bar where his friends had prearranged a gathering for him as well while I was doing my last show in a separate bar just down the street. When I arrived to pick him up to take him elsewhere than with me, he told me that he was staying with his pals. Good and good only. I continued on my way to fulfill the night's precarious endeavor.

You see, my last job of the night was to do a show in a gay bar in Dayton. But not really. Even if it had been the real scenario, it was best to get rid of Bub because he had no real legitimate interests in being in or around a gay bar being as it is that he nor I was, is or ever would be gay. So I'm on my way to Dayton, Ohio to a bar called the Foundry. Whether or not there is any symbolic meaning behind this name and the character of gayness I have no idea. Anyway, I really had no intentions of making it there. My plans were far more lucrative and in fact dangerous. You see, only six weeks earlier, I bought a Sight and Sound, deluxe, disco sounding stereo. It ran me for sixteen hundred dollars and some god for a few odd cents. I wanted it at the time because I wanted a nice sound system genuinely, however, I really didn't need this brand of quality. Just so happened that I was in the highroller scheme of things and had to be impressive in my purchase. Why buy the second to best when in fact you could buy the best and not suffer financial difficulty not until at least the end of the month. So I did. Reasonably at the time I felt that it wasn't going to be ridding my car anytime soon and it was surely an investment in esteem because it was like the penthouse of a complex, it was the best money could buy,

or at least damn near to it. It jammed tunes like a motherfucker and I wanted it, and that's that. It was that simple.

So tonight was the night. I would demolish my car and every aspect of it. Stereo and its entirety. Being the brilliant sole that I was and am I knew that it was fully covered as is all that I own or owe on that costs more than three dollars. A perfect plan from start to finish as long as I didn't die. I couldn't sell the car, and buy a new one. Come on, that's impossible to do at the age of twenty when you went to college and have no dough. I had to swindle my way into even getting ripped off and get into a new car in the first place. A 1987 Ford Escort and shit. Cheap American fucker and still only got it as a result of a typographical error on the part of the amateur car dealer. The dealer incidentally called for over two months trying to get the car back without a down payment. I had the car and that was that. So anyway, I'm heading down I-275 north at eighty miles an hour and still wasn't confident that the velocity would destroy the car. I sure as hell wasn't going to risk my delorious life without fully implicating my plan. I'd just flown by a white cross on the expressway that signified another poor hapless sap who'd lost their life by accident. Non-preordained and shit like that. I'm better than that I reiterated to myself. I hit the gas 'till I hit ninety and cut the wheel full force to the right. I, incidentally was in the fast lane, and had three or four lanes to cross before I could gander over the hillside to my destination of solitude and easy living without car and stereo insurance payment fears. Quickly and precisely, making sure not to infringe upon the lives of anyone else, I cut to the right and turned upside down in mid-air as I landed roofward on a tree leaving me and my car slideside on the ground. Smelling smoke I busted out of my seatbelt and launched myself out of my car and up the hillside where my car lay roofless and halvesided as my driverside door was dented in and betwixed with unreveled design. Up the hill and to the street, my leather laden ass made my way to where the few but still plenty stopped passersby waited to check for life or death.

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