

# A Boy Who Cried “Fork-Mittens”

*An Elm Street Boogie*

Told is the tell of Jesse Walsh, whose parts pop in the peepers of Dana Blake. There showed a lap. There a nipple. Once, twin mounds round and red showed up at the zoo. These were shapes she had seen every day, but only one pair could belong to Jesse. She tried to point it out to a stranger.

“What world did you put me in that this one shows asses to those they know’n’t?”

It drove her to insomnia, a road long and narrow where thighs hid behind trees, crotches behind bushes. Any moment could be waiting to jump out to her, and what ferocious moments those were.

“O road of long and narrow ways, how it funnels the car so. I could never show it to parents in this condish.”

Whether she talked about the car or the road she couldn’t show, one can’t figure out. Two can’t either. Three also can’t.

She was at the local Hairricane. She scheduled an appointment to have her hair fashioned in the style of a Greek maiden. Instead, she came in a trench coat and fedora. Somewhere in the magazines, she would find just the right knuckle, the right eyelid, the right ab to assemble he to whom they rightly belonged.

The ‘zines weren’t hard to find; they were scattered amongst the floor as a howling blob attempted to swim through them. To take the whole thing would be overkill. Even the whole page was too much. “If I only steal a piece and not the entire thing, there shouldn’t be *too* much grief over the loss. If you lost most of the toilet but kept the flusher, it wouldn’t all be gone, would it?”

Mrs. Blake came into her daughters room only to be assaulted with the sight of tarnished pages dangling from dental floss nailed to the ceiling. She retaliated the assault with a gasp and a scream. Who knows what she was screaming at. No Blake ever lost custody to a Frankenstein paper model.

Little by little, Dana developed something of an infatuation with her discovery, the boy who cried “fork-mittens.” Jesse was going to be the hero of the neighborhood. Much to the exclusion of other Elm Streeters. Rod’s funeral was populated by a mime, a viking, and a drag

queen. Very uncarapace not even for the spirit of sleep deprivation to show up. He had three asses. His name was Canyonface. He fell down a flight of stairs after taking drums far too heavy. So who will go to his funeral? An omelet chef and bowler?

"I'm off to Dodo's."

"Now!? But it's almost dinner time! *Gasp!*"

"Mom, I'll be back in an hour."

"That's what she said last time. And she was... *late!* The vegetables; they were *cold!*"

Oh, Mr. Blake in his green lawn hair and the Misses with her polyethylene future bouffant. Dana went over to Dodo's to have leftovers, marking it the second of two ultimata: Leftovers here, or leftovers there, so she chose house-across-the-street leftovers. She'd already looked in the Blake fridge. No Jesse lions lay there.

"Where might we look to see his patchwork parts? I know a good road where we might see his thighs and crotch."

"I have idea!" said Dodo. "Why don't look in the backyard?"

And then Dana was all out of ideas.

The issue, it seemed, could only be refined in the fine art of the fanfic. Dodo gawked over-shoulder as Dana recounted the non-existent time Jesse went out to name the stars ("and that one is Troy, and that one is Larry"). She wrote herself in to stop him short of completion so their children's names may sit in their number, "For I definitely want no more than two."

Maybe it was Dodo's habit of pronouncing every word she saw; maybe it was the theory that training marauders lurk by the window to practice their undetecting skills on somebody named "Dodo." News of the fanfic got out and encountered one who assumed the occupation of mystery critiquer. The two children were named MacDonald and Womanman. They grew up to join forces and fight (not necessarily defeat) the evil Dr. Condomgloves. "I'd dump any bride who names our children early."

Dana smelt it all the way across town. She vowed to locate that essay and "cram it write back up the wazoo that labored it." Dodo would be the detective. She marched up and down the alley with a magnifying glass and scatted Inspector Gadget.

The author deigned to Craig's list some more essayers. He'd pay them in leftovers to tornado their own essays up and down the school hall while Principal Nogginsocker wondered weather he should have worn a raincoat, umbrella, and goolashes or camouflage and green halfshell helmet. And carry two dirtpops on either side in direct parody of the trenches.

Afterwards, the essayers wondered what to do with the leftovers. So they Craig's Listed them and said, "Don't know whose fridge or stove the came out/off, but get 'em while they'ven't rot."

Fed up with the whole business, Dana took up a career in modeling. She sat backwards on a chair. It was soon apparent she was only in her zone when the mag-scrap Jessean Walshanese assemblage was in plain view.