

Chapter 3

How Frank escaped from the vulgars, and what happened to him

The amalgam of abuses and enthusiasms shared 'round in the camp led at last to a universally celebrated discovery. When required, Frank could fire an assault rifle from the passenger window of a bouncing truck. The global excitement fostered by this news led to auspicious plans, and before he knew what was happening Frank was rolling to battle. He sat in the passenger seat of a bouncing truck, holding an assault rifle, surrounded by ammo cases.

His camp-mates had learned of a dance club in Bloomington that catered to Libs, and they meant to drive around it revving their engines and shouting free speech at the patrons. All of the guns were merely for protection, they were just going to spray-paint some free speech on the walls outside the club, and drive around. If anyone threatened them, Frank was to fire his assault rifle into the air in order to frighten them away.

Yet before they arrived in Bloomington, Frank's motorcade came upon a roadblock. Ahead, fresh wax gleamed from the high hoods of lifted pick-ups in a multitude of lights, barring their progress. A man from the roadblock hailed them over the brub of idling V-8's, and all parties became identified. The leaders of each group were brothers-in-law, and the man with the sister sought an accounting with he who had taken her to wife. It seemed this man had left her with nothing but their brood to come camping with Frank and his friends.

The leader of Frank's group then opined that said children were probably the spawn of a ... anyway, to which the leader of the roadblock retorted "YOU'RE a ...". This satisfactorily comprised the closing arguments necessary to advance these proceedings in compliance with state and local law. Cries of "Fuck You!" were drowned by a hail of high-velocity gunfire from both sides.

During these developments, Frank eased himself down from the passenger seat to the ground between the great rubber tires. When enough of the lights became shot out that the area around him lay in shadow, Frank ran into the woods and circumscribed the battle, sneaking behind enemy lines. There, he found a dirt-bike set out against circumstances much like these.

As Frank sped away from the battle toward the lights of Bloomington, he understood that he had sufficient reason to steal the bike, while his camp-mates were effectively waylaid by their rivals' cause. He breathed the best of all possible winds, speeding through the darkness on the road to Bloomington.

Frank's spirited two-stroke began to sputter and wheeze as he came beneath the city lights, dying of starvation at last before a black cinder-block cuboid pulsing with LED searchlights and sub-woofer bass rattles. The people Frank encountered outside certainly fit the category of "Lib" as he understood it. Perhaps this was the very club his camp-mates had set out to visit! Frank felt no enthusiasm for their particular style of free speech, however. Instead, he embraced this new environment as he might any other.

Yet before he could introduce himself, the familiar percussion of nearby gunfire drew everyone's attention. People began to flee from the exits of the black cinder-block cuboid. The music stopped suddenly, but the gunfire continued. Screams flew everywhere, and blood nearly as much so. While others dispersed, Frank made his way over the desperate and dying, into the nearest door.

A strobe light flashed horrifying still images, brains and limbs in a stew of blood. The massacre sprawled everywhere, so that Frank had no choice but to slog through it. Shots echoed from a far hallway. Frank had just been camping, so he was wearing his AR-15, an Uzi with four belt clips, two glocks, and a hunting knife. He pursued the sounds of gunfire, weapons ready.

Frank got the drop on the shooter, and managed to put one in his calf. His victim screamed in pain and rage, then disappeared around a corner. Frank advanced. When he reached that corner, he remembered his training, and placed his hat over the barrel of his gun. This he poked beyond the shelter of the corner, drawing bursts of gunfire and a cry of "Fuck you, Pig! Fuckin' DIE!" in adherence to deep-rooted regional traditions.

Colored lights began to dance in the high windows lining the hallway, announcing the arrival of the authorities. Frank opted to relinquish his weapons, retreating to a restroom nearer the carnage on the dance floor to safely await further developments. He thought of Missile-Tits, and wondered where she might be.

It took Frank longer to answer all the detectives' questions than it did to ride the bus to Illinois, a unique torture in itself which he suffered immediately thereafter. His food ran out as he crossed the border, but Frank had heard that everyone in that state was rich, and held traditional American values, so he expected to be treated well.

Frank found himself outside the bus station in Chicago, and begged alms from friendly faces. All failed to meet his gaze, and

passed him by as though unaware, until a man approached him with a hostile bearing.

It became clear that Frank's needs must be met elsewhere, as he had unwittingly infringed upon another desperate soul's long-staked territory. Frank ventured ever outward in an effort to advertise his difficulty without compromising another. At last he came to a meeting taking place in an open park, led by an impassioned orator who held forth at length about the inclement need for everyone to return to old-fashioned charitable values.

Seeking charity himself, Frank felt heartened enough to approach. The orator scowled, demanding, "What can you do for me? Do you fight for the good cause?"

Frank replied, "There is no effect without a cause. All things are necessarily connected and arranged for the best. I had to be driven away from Missile-Tits, I had to be jailed and tortured and beaten and shot at, and ride the bus, and I have to beg my bread until I can earn it; all that could not have been otherwise."

"My friend", said the orator, "did you know that the President trafficks in stolen infants, using the basements of pizza parlors as markets for their prostitution?"

"I've never heard anyone say so," answered Frank, "but regardless I still have nothing to eat."

The orator blessed him with a look of profound disgust and turned away. A woman stood within earshot, hitching up the stretchy material of her pants to more comfortably restrain the sprawling largess of her hips and buttocks, and the proud mass of blubber she sprouted at the fore. Having seen a man who did not know that the President trafficked in stolen infants, she pointed at Frank, loosed her impressive jowls, and barked a prodigious imperative, gaining the attention of several nearby persons much like herself. They enveloped Frank, and brought him to a port-a-john set up in the park, and forced him inside. In the service of advancing his education, they turned the port-a-john end over end, until Frank became coated with the materials collected therein.

Frank climbed out, gasping, and crawled his way across the bright green meadow of the park, leaving a trail of offal everywhere he passed. He was rescued by three men wearing obnoxious ties, who took him hand-and-elbow, heedless of the scobs thereby incurred, exclaiming about a "unique specimen" and an "unprecedented event".

They brought Frank to a well-appointed home and directed him to clean himself as they did the same. Refreshed, all sat upon tall stools around a high countertop, and introductions were made. Thus Frank met Neil, who wore a neon-bright image of galaxies and nebulae printed along his necktie. Gratefully, this assault upon the senses desisted well above the last button on his shirt, owing to his large and friendly belly. He met Bill, who wore an oversized bowtie bearing polka-dots both too big and too small.

Frank also met Carl, whose rat-chewed and faded navy wool-knit actually puffed dust whenever he took an over-large step. Carl continuously interrupted himself to confer with a person he called "Isaac", though Frank felt certain that no one else was present. Neil brought forth bread and beer, and Bill deposited two hundred dollars into Frank's breast pocket with a clever sleight-of-hand and an un-clever joke about keeping one's eyes open. Frank confessed his difficulties, and they offered to train him as a laboratory technician and television camera operator, and employ him in those arts thereafter.

Frank had to suppress the urge to sob, so great was his relief. "Les Payne was correct when he told me all is for the best in the world! Your generosity has lifted my spirits higher than all the contents of all the port-a-johns in all the parks of Chicago could ever sink them." Neil and Bill exchanged looks of concern. Carl stared flatly at him, as if he were a ghost.

The next day, as he was taking a walk, Frank met a beggar covered with sores. His eyes were lifeless, teeth black. His voice came rasping, ever interrupted by a violent cough.