

CLIFF ADLER TINY BIBLE SALESMAN



A Zine Story
By Randall colley c 2024

Chapter 1

THE TIKI HUT BAR

Vera owned the TIKI HUT BAR. It was a small outdoor beach bar a favorite hangout for tourists and locals. Times were hard now that a big hotel had opened an upscale beach bar not far down the beach.

Cliff sat down on a stool at the bar and lit up a cigarette.

Vera was surprised that he was there so early in the morning, "It looks like you need a cup of coffee, Oh my... you look a little rough this morning what happened to your eye, then she said as a joke, "What did you just get out of jail?"

"Well, Yeah I did."

"Jesus, Cliff, what did you do this time?"
Cliff responded, "I got in a fist fight with my boss."

Vera laughed, "It looks like he won and you lost."

"More than you know, Vera, he mumbled to himself, more than you know, can I have a beer?"

Vera asked, "Off the wagon?"

Cliff angry, "Yeah, just bring me a beer."

She set a bottle of beer in front of him.

Vera asked, "Can I be a bartender and give you some free truthful advise Cliff?"

"Sure, Vera, why the hell not?"

"Cliff, face it you have issues."

"Like what?"

"Well, for starters, you drink too much, you smoke too much, and you have an 'off putting' personality."

"What does an off putting personality mean?"

"It means you have a way of insulting and pissing people off for no reason. Need more?"

Cliff was annoyed, "I don't drink or smoke anymore than everyone else in this bar, including you, and you're pissing me off right now."

"See what I mean, Cliff, you have serious anger issues and your drinking will someday take you down to nothing but a piece of bread."

Vera's brutal honesty was interrupted by an enthusiastic, happy salesman who came into the bar carrying a big leather box.

"Hello folks, my name is Franklin Jacobson."

Vera cut him off before he could say anymore and said, "Mr. Jacobson, I am sure that you are a nice man, but I can tell you that right now I don't have any money to buy anything that you are selling."

The salesman turned to Cliff, opened the box and took out a small red Bible, "How about you sir, would you be interested in a Tiny Bible for only \$9.95?"

Cliff snapped, "Are you fucking crazy mister? I lost my girlfriend, I lost my job, I lost my apartment, I wrecked my car, I have no money, I have no where to live, I had to walk here from the jail because I don't even have a bicycle and my mother hates me."

"I can't even pay for this beer. How in the hell am I going to buy a stupid Tiny Bible for \$9.95?"

"Sir, if you had one of these Tiny Bibles you would find comfort to know the story of Job, a man who was in circumstances similar to yours."

"If I may tell you the story.

God and Satan were walking in the cool of the morning and God made a bet with Satan that he could take away all of Job's money, his home, his property, kill all of his animals, then kill his wife and children and then he could cover his body with boils and Job would still worship him."

Cliff now in a rage, "And that is supposed to make me feel good? Preacher, get out of here before I hit you in the head with this beer bottle."

The salesman grabbed his chest and fell to the floor.

Cliff in a panic trying to help him, "Preacher, I did not mean it, I am just having a bad day, come on Preacher hang on."

Vera called for an ambulance.

An old man appeared from the beach. He said, he was a retired doctor and he was able to start CPR until the ambulance came.

The preacher pulled Cliff close and whispered to him.

The old doctor rode with the preacher in the ambulance to the hospital.

Vera asked Cliff, "What did that Preacher say to you?"

He told me to take the box of Bibles and sell them, and whatever money I got for them would be mine to keep.

He said go to the places Jesus would go, into the lowest sordid places on earth, where the sinners and the down and out live.

Vera asked, "What are you going to do?"

Cliff answered, "Nothing, I am not a preacher, and I am not a salesman, I am a carpenter."

"What about this box of Bibles?"

"You keep them Vera and sell them to your customers, \$9.95."

"Cliff, in 45 days I won't have any customers."

"What happens in 45 days?"

"The bankers will foreclose if I don't have \$10,000 to pay off my Bank Note in 45 days, I lose the bar."

"Well, do you have the money?"

"No, I have some, but not even close to \$10,000."

Cliff got up to leave.

Vera asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to work Vera."

"Where?"

"Selling Tiny Bibles \$9.95."

The salesman left his bicycle and hat in front of the bar.

Cliff strapped the box of Bibles to the bicycle, put on the hat and headed down the highway.

He yelled back, "Vera, you can call me, 'Cliff Adler, Tiny Bible Salesman \$9.95.'"

Chapter 2

THE CHURCH

Cliff's first stop was at the Holy Evangelical Church and he carried his box of Bibles inside.

The Pastor met Cliff in the lobby of this impressive Mega church and asked him which company he represented?

"I am Cliff Adler, Tiny Bible Salesman."

"Tiny Bibles, that's a new gimmick I'll have to have our marketing manager look into that, but sorry Cliff, we have our own supply chains from production to distribution. Let me show you one of our merchandise shops.

We have the largest selection of small and large print leather bound Bibles in the country for \$177.00 each. We use the Lord's numbers for pricing our merchandise. It's good for marketing and sales, believers like the Lord's numbers.

We have framed pictures of a blue eyed Jesus on the cross best seller of the elderly. We have Jesus book markers and accessories for the Bible's. Baby Jesus in the manger; big sellers at Christmas helps us compete with Toys for Tots.

Wooden crosses on a string, cheap low cost big seller with bikers along with Jesus on a Harley. Jesus helping sick children; big seller with grandmothers. All tax free.

Cliff asked, "Do you ever take your Bibles into the drug houses, homeless camps the places where the mentally ill, alcoholic and drug addicted people live?"

Lord no son, those people are sinners, they are dirty, hopeless, criminals. 'God helps those that help themselves.'

Church people and Jesus our Lord and savior, do not like alcoholics, drug addicts, criminals, LBGQVC people and those men-women transgressors people.

Christians like clean, well dressed decent people. Seminary 101 son, sinners and poor people don't tithe. No constant money steam means no church.

Our Bibles are made by prisoners in prisons all over China and shipped direct to us tax free. The best Bibles sold in the USA are made in China.

Prison Bible ministries are our biggest fundraisers. People love to donate \$77.00 to make sure every prisoner has a Prison Bible. Who knew crime would pay so much?

As you can see, we don't need any Tiny Bibles, but thanks for stopping by, I have to leave now my new BMW is ready for pick up.

Come to church on Sunday, it's bring your 'gun' day and we're raising money for our favorite political candidates that will help us fight those homosexual, transgenders.

We need political power, not that weak love everyone and turn the other cheek, beatitudes nonsense.

Jesus did not understand the modern world like we men of God do.

Pastor, forgive me, but if you had a Tiny Bible you would know that Jesus, ran the money changers out of the temple with a cat of nine tails. Looks like church business is now big business.

Cliff got on his bicycle and continued on his journey, he learned that the church just might not be the best place to find Jesus.

CHAPTER 3

THE COWBOY SALOON

Cliff was hot, tired and discouraged. He stopped at the first bar he came to get a bottle of beer. It was The Cowboy Saloon.

He went inside and set his box of Bibles on the bar counter.

The bartender asked, "What's in the box mister, we don't allow no outside drug dealers in here."

Cliff responded, "Just a box of worthless Bibles."

Bartender asked, "What will you have to drink mister?"

"Whatever I can trade for one of these Tiny Bibles."

"How much do they sell for?"

"\$9.95 each but for you only \$9.95."

"OK, funny man with the stupid hat, I'll take one of those Tiny Bibles because you look like a man that needs a beer, how about 3 beers for one Bible?"

Cliff said, "How about three beers and a pack of smokes?"

Bartender said, "Deal."

After drinking three beers, Cliff was his usual sarcastic self and he got a little loud and started insulting some of the people that he was trying to sell his Bibles to.

The bartender said, Cliff we don't want no trouble here tonight. This is pool tournament night and Okeechobee Slim will be here, it's a five hundred dollar prize to the winner. There's gonna be a lot of people in here, so we don't want any trouble.

The bar soon filled up with cowboys and cowgirls drinking and having a good time. The pool tournament was going on in the back room.

Cliff was able to sell a Bible to a church going lady in the at the end of the bar.

He sold a couple of Tiny Bibles to some elderly people at a back table.

He now had enough money to buy more beers.

He asked a cowboy while at the urinal in the bathroom, "Hey, cowboy, want to buy a Tiny Bible \$9.95?"

"Mister this is a bar not a church get the fuck out of here."

"I am sorry but I see you can't read."

"How do you know I can't read?"

Cliff could not help himself and answered, "Because if you could read you would be in the Cowgirls bathroom, not the Cowboys bathroom."

Anticipating that the cowboy would take a swing at him, Cliff threw the first punch and knocked him out. He sat him on the toilet and closed the stall door.

He went to the bar and sat next to a cowgirl in a short dress.

"Hey, good looking cowgirl, do want to buy a Tiny Bible for \$9.95?"

She laughed and said, "Is that the best sales pitch you got mister? Hey, lady want'a buy a Tiny Bible \$9.95, that is funny."

Cliff asked how about this, "Hey you good looking Cowgirl how about I give a Tiny Bible and you give me a..."

Cliff was cut off by a huge cowboy with a pool stick in his hand, "That's my girl jackass what did you just say to her?"

She said, "Nothing, Derick, he said, "I should buy you a Bible for your birthday."

"Shut the fuck up Debbie, I didn't bring you here for you to whore around while I'm shooting pool."

Once again Cliff could not help himself, "No Derick, what I said to your good looking girlfriend was that she should buy you a Tiny Bible to match your tiny dick-head."

The bartender intervened and told them to take it outside, no fighting in the bar.

A few minutes later, Cliff came back. Debbie asked, "Where is Derick?"

Cliff answered, "He is taking a nap in the bed of his pickup truck, he said he will be in when he wakes up."

Debbie said to Cliff, "This is easy I sold 5 of your Bibles to those cowboys at that table, while you were outside talking to Derick, so I bought myself a beer, hope that's okay."

"Now why didn't I think of wearing a short dress to sell more Bibles?"

"You are funny, but your hat is stupid."

Cliff took his box of Bibles into the back room where they were shooting pool and sat the box down on the middle of the table in the middle of a pool game.

The cowboys were very angry that he disrupted their game.

He challenged Okeechobee Slim to a game of pool one on one.

Slim ask him how much money do you have.

Cliff said I have this box full of tiny Bibles \$9.95 each.

Slim said, "Okay I'll take that bet, my \$20 bucks against your box of Bibles, take it or leave it."

Cliff took the bet.

They were playing nine ball. Cliff broke the rack and ran the table winning the \$20 bet. Now Cliff offered a double and nothing bet to Slim. Since Cliff won, he broke again. He ran the table again. Now he had \$60.

This went on all night. Cliff had now won over \$2000 from Okeechobee Slim and Slim was not a happy Pool player.

Cliff walked around the bar collecting more money he won, from making side bets with a bunch of cowboys, and they were not happy losers.

That's \$50 from you and \$25 from you and \$50 from you... one of the cowboys said, "Mister you got a way of pissing people off did you know that?"

"So I have been told."

Slim and his entourage, were very angry. Slim accused Cliff of being a pool hustler and they wanted their money back.

But the last straw was when Cliff told Okeechobee Slim that maybe he should think about changing his name to Okeechobee Chubby.

Cliff drank until he was sufficiently drunk with the money he had won.

He left the bar with over two thousand dollars. He got on his bicycle with his box of Bibles and started to leave when Debbie stopped him.

She said, "Hey Preacher looks like you got lucky tonight. I know a little motel down the road I'll meet you there with a six pack and maybe you might get real lucky."

Then several cowboys pulled him off his bicycle and took him behind the bar and beat him with pool sticks.

They said we don't like pool hustlers in our bar. One of the cowboys asked Derick what should we do with him he's almost dead.

Derick said, "The same thing we did with the last hustler, take the money and take him down to the overpass. They will think he was hit by a car."

One of the men said there is money and tiny Bibles in this box. Derick said, "Just take the money stupid we don't need no tiny Bibles."

They put Cliff in the bed of their pickup truck and drove him to the overpass. Then threw his bloody, unconscious body, along with his bicycle and box of Bibles over the guard rail.

CHAPTER 4

OVERPASS HOMELESS CAMP

Several of the homeless people came to help, they gathered Cliff up and took him to a safe place under the bridge.

A man they called Doctor Joe, tended to his wounds. Doctor Joe was once a real doctor until his medical license was revoked after he got addicted to OxyContin from a car accident.

The other homeless people brought what small medical supplies they had. A homeless man gave up his refrigerator box and his blanket so Cliff would be out of the cold night air.

They fed Cliff soup from the soup kitchen and what meager food they could cook on open fires. One of the homeless men was a mechanic and was able to fix his bicycle.

Cliff stayed in the underworld beneath the overpass for several weeks while his wounds healed.

Cliff learned a lot about the people in the homeless camp. He learned to steer clear and give the mentally ill space.

If they stopped taking their medications, they could be violent, but none of them were ever as violent as the sane normal men from the bar that beat, robbed and left him for dead.

He learned a lot about human nature. He learned about the disease process of alcoholism and drug addictions. He learned about the victims of mental illness and medications that could treat it.

He learned about how the mentally and physically disabled, the unemployable, the down and out people had learned to live and survive under a bridge in harsh weather.

Before going into the homeless camp Cliff had complete contempt for the mentally ill and their behaviors that he saw in the streets.

He was sure that alcoholics and drug addicts were just weak willed, and the homeless should just get jobs like everyone else.

Now he had an understanding and compassion for their struggles and respect for their strength and resourcefulness to deal with the hand of cards that the gods had dealt them.

One day, a local gang came into the camp to terrorize the people as they did quite often.

They beat some of the men with baseball bats and tore down their tents and sleeping places.

They knocked over their shopping carts emptied and broke their possessions on the ground, looking for anything of value.

The leader of the gang came up to Cliff and ask him what was in the box? Cliff said a box of Bibles \$9.95 do you want to buy one.

The gang leader said, "Funny man, now open the box I want to see the Bibles."

Cliff opened the box, and took out two Bibles one in each hand.

The gang leader instructed one of the members to dump out the box and see what was in it.

Cliff said, "Don't touch the box."

The leader laughed, looks like we got a tough guy here. About 10 gang members with baseball bats, surrounded Cliff. Well, Mr. Bible man here's what we do with tough guys.

As they closed in on Cliff, he looked directly at the gang leader and started pounding him with his fists holding the two bibles.

He hit him with the power and force of a whirlwind and pulverized the gang leader and then one by one knocked down all the gang members that circled him.

When it was all over, Cliff said to the gang leader who was on the ground, "From this day forward your job in life is to protect these people and see that no harm comes to them."

"Do you understand?"

The gang leader said, "I understand."

Then he asked, "What the hell kind of preacher are you?"

Cliff said, "I'm not a preacher. I don't preach the word of God I sell the word of God \$9.95."

Doctor Joe was helping both the injured homeless people and the gang members.

Cliff started again on his journey down the highway on his bicycle with his box of Tiny Bibles.

Cliff came across a delivery truck with the hood up and engine problems on the side of the highway.

Cliff asked if he could help?

The driver said not unless you can take a few hundred pounds of frozen uncooked food that will thaw and spoil in a few hours, but I don't think it will fit on your bicycle.

The company said I can give it away before it spoils.

Cliff gave him a Tiny Bible to read while he waited for help.

A few miles down the road, he stopped at a food truck to get something to eat.

Coffee is all I have Mister thieves stole my food last night. I don't know what to do and I don't have money to buy more food.

Sir, this is your lucky day if you drive your food truck about 2 miles down the road there is a man that will give you a truckload of free food, but you must stop at the underpass and feed the homeless for free and what you have left is yours.

Here is a Tiny Bible for free.

Later, Cliff stopped at a roadside diner to get something to eat.

There was a group of nursing students in the diner at a table with their instructor.

The nursing students were disappointed that their class was canceled for the day.

The instructor looked right at Cliff and said out loud, "That is one good looking man."

Cliff was embarrassed, until he looked out the window behind him and saw the man she was looking at.

There was handsome man in the parking lot selling shoes from his van called 'WING MAN SHOES'.

Cliff went over to their table and said to the instructor, "Nancy I know where your students can practice some real nursing today with people that really need your help."

The instructor wondering how Cliff knew her name, she checked her name tag assuming that he read it, but she realized she was not wearing her name tag.

"How did you know my name?"

Cliff said, "I recognized you from your nursing graduation picture I saw yesterday."

That's not possible Mister, I graduated from nursing school 20 years ago where would you see a picture of me yesterday?

"Doctor Joe showed me a picture of you that he keeps in his wallet."

"You saw my father, is he okay?"

"I have been searching for him for over 2 years, I miss him so much where is he?"

He lives in the homeless camp under the overpass. He helps the homeless. He needs all of your help today and the people need your help.

Nancy asked her students; If they wanted to go on a real nursing field trip.

"Let's go Nurse Nancy."

Cliff gave all of the students a Tiny Bible.

In the parking lot the shoe salesman said to Cliff, "You look like you could use new pair of Wing Man Shoes."

Cliff said, "I don't have any money, but I can trade you a Tiny Bible for a new pair of shoes."

I can do that, I was blessed today when 2 tourists buses stopped before breakfast this morning and I have sold 50 pairs of shoes before lunch and I have 25 pairs left.

Nancy and the students were getting in their van to go to the homeless camp when the shoe salesman saw Nancy and said out loud to Cliff, "That is one beautiful nurse, I think I have just seen my future wife."

Cliff said, "Wing Man", this really is your lucky day.

"I can get you a date with your future wife, but you will need to give away your last 25 pairs of shoes."

"You got it, whatever it takes, who do I give them to?"

Cliff yelled to Nancy as she was getting into the van, "Hold up Nancy, Mr. Wing Man is going to follow you to the homeless camp."

"Now my friend, the rest is up to you."

Cliff strapped his box of bibles on the bicycle and continued on his quest.

CHAPTER 5

THE BIKER BAR

Cliff stopped at a biker bar on the edge of town for what Vera would call some hair of the dog, but he just wanted one beer and maybe sell a Bible or two.

He had not had a drink since he got beat up at the Cowboy Saloon.

The bartender said, "Dude you don't look like a biker."

Cliff asked, "What was your first clue?"

"It was that stupid hat."

"Well, bartender trust me I am true biker."

While he was drinking his beer, a huge surly biker with an eye patch they called Chopper came in.

He was holding Cliff's bicycle over his head and asked what dumbass parked this stupid bicycle in my parking spot.

Cliff said to the bartender and that would be my bike.

Cliff said to Chopper, "Sorry mister, my bad, I didn't know it was your space."

"Nobody parks in my space."

The other bikers in the bar were chanting, "Chopper's gonna Chop some ass." "Chopper's gonna Chop some ass."

Chopper said, "Little man this is what I am going to do you, then he twisted the bicycle and threw it against the wall."

Chopper grabbed Cliff by the throat and lifted him off the ground like a rag doll.

He walked him around the bar and slammed him onto the pool table.

Cliff's nose was bleeding. A biker brought in Cliff's Bible box and put it on the pool table. "He had this box with him Chopper."

Chopper asked, "What's in the box mister, you got drugs in there, meth, a little weed?" Chopper took out a big knife, "Open the box little man before I open you up."

Another biker opened the box, "It's just books, looks like tiny red Bibles, he's a fucking Bible salesman."

A biker chick wearing a jacket that read, CHOPPERS PROPERTY said, "Come on, Chopper, he's just a Bible salesman don't hurt him."

"Oh, you got a thing for preachers Nadine?" "Hey Preacher man you got any dirty parts in those Bibles I think Nadine wants you to read to her."

Cliff couldn't help himself, "How about I read you the part about an eye for an eye, oh. . . sorry dude it looks like someone already did that."

Cliff reached into the box and took out a Tiny Bible.

Chopper growled, "You are dead mister," and began beating him unmercifully.

He would stop hitting Cliff just long enough to take a drink from his beer then start back.

Cliff was able to get to his feet while Chopper was taking a drink.

Holding the Tiny Bible he punched Chopper in his good eye which sent him staggering blindly around the bar yelling, "I can't see, I can't see, I am blind."

Cliff punched Chopper until he collapsed unconscious on the floor.

The bikers were all in total disbelief, no one had ever beaten up Chopper.

A biker asked, "What the hell kind of preacher are you?"

Cliff answered, "I am not a preacher, I don't preach the word of God, I sell the word of God \$9.95."

"Put the money in the box boys."

Cliff sold 21 bibles after he beat up Chopper.

His bicycle was destroyed so he strapped his box of Bibles to Chopper's motorcycle.

Nadine came outside and warned him, "Chopper is crazy he will hunt you down and kill you if you take his motorcycle."

"How about if I take his motorcycle, and his property, hop on?"

They rode off together into the night.

Cliff woke up the next morning just like he had done many times before, in a cheap motel room, full of empty beer bottles, overflowing ashtrays, broke and completely alone.

Chopper's motorcycle, all of his Bible's and all his money was gone. He said out loud to himself, "Damn you Nadine."

CHAPTER 6

THE GAS STATION

Cliff continued on his journey now on foot. He walked down the highway for hours carrying his empty Bible box.

Then he heard the sound of bad breaks screeching behind him. It was big sand truck that stopped on the road next to him.

"Get in mister I can take you to the next gas station."

Cliff climbed aboard grateful to be out of the sun and not on his feet.

Ralph told him his life story as they went down the road. He had 2 children, a boy and a girl 8 and 10 years old.

His wife was diagnosed with cancer and he has been working day and night trying to make enough money to pay the doctor the 10,000 dollars she needs to start her cancer treatments.

He misses his wife and children with all the hours he works hauling sand.

He stopped at an old gas station on the edge of town.

Ralph said, "Sorry Cliff, I don't have any money I can give you. I am working day and night 7 days a week, saving every penny I can."

"I can give you a piece of stale bread that's all I have left in my lunch box."

Cliff said, "No thanks Ralph, I'm good, thank you for the ride. You might want to get those brakes fixed."

"Good luck Cliff."

Cliff went inside the gas station to see if he could get a glass of water. He had no transportation, no money, and an empty box with no Bibles.

He asked the gas station attendant how far was it to Oceanside? He said it's about 70 miles straight down that highway can't miss it.

The attendant said, "That's gonna be a long walk good thing you got a pair of "Wing Man" shoes."

Cliff started on his way down the highway.

The gas station attendant said all excited, "Wait, wait, hold on a minute."

He went into the back room into a storage area and came out with a purple Thunderbird bicycle that was just like the one that he had.

He told Cliff that an old man left the bicycle here years ago and told him he'd be back to pick it up, but he never came back.

He said, "I keep the tires aired up my son used to ride it, he said the wings could make it fly, he has a great imagination."

Cliff asked, "What did the man look like?" The gas station attendant said, "He was just an old guy, he wore a stupid hat just like yours."

Cliff strapped his Bible box on the back and started to ride off when the man said, wait, then he ran back inside.

He came out with a tiny red Bible, he said he also gave me this Bible I don't read much, I must confess I never even opened it, I'm giving it to you, maybe you can use it. Cliff put the Tiny Bible in the box.

CHAPTER 7

WRESTLE MANIA

Cliff was riding down the road in the dark, when saw the lights from the wrestling arena ahead.

The arena was packed with thousands of cars in the parking lot.

He got off of his bicycle and noticed that his Bible box was very heavy he looked inside it was completely full of Bibles. He thought surely he could sell a few Bibles with this many people.

The marquee reads "LAST MAN STANDING WIN \$10,000."

The Television at the Biker Bar was on the Wrestling channel.

Hello everyone, I'm Gordon Solo and this is Pat McKinney, the ring announcer is Terry O'Brian.

This is an exciting night anyone that can throw the Hustler out of the ring will win \$10,000 in cash tonight.

Cliff, got in line with about 50 contestants. The Hustler was in the middle of the ring, throwing the people out like cordwood just as fast as they could climb in.

Cliff was the last contestant to enter the ring with his Bible box.

To add suspense the Hustler would always tease, torture and toy with the last contestant before he threw them out of the ring. The fans loved it.

The ring announcer asked, "Who are you mister where do you come from and what do you have in the box?"

I am Cliff Adler, Tiny Bible salesman \$9.95 from Oceanside. The crowd went wild chanting, "Cliff Adler, Cliff Adler."

The Hustler picked him up over his head and slammed him onto the mat. Then he jumped from the top rail onto Cliff's tiny body.

But he was not finished, he bent, twisted, and slammed Cliff onto the mat.

Cliff was desperately trying to crawl to his Bible box. The hustler picked him up, spun him around, threw him back down again.

The crowd was wild. "Hustler, Hustler."

While the Hustler was climbing to the top rope to finish him off, Cliff was able to reach into his box and take out one tiny Bible.

Cliff rolled out of the way and the Hustler did a belly flop in the middle of the ring.

The ring announcer said, "No one has ever gone this long in the ring with the Hustler.

If the preacher can get him out of the ring, he will win \$10,000."

Some of the bikers were watching the TV when one of the bikers yelled, "Chopper I think that's the preacher that stole Nadine and your motorcycle he's from Oceanside and he's going to win \$10,000."

Chopper said, "I'm gonna kill that preacher" let's go and forty bikers left the bar headed toward Oceanside.

Then Cliff picked up the hustler and held him over his head and slammed him to the mat.

The crowd was chanting "Preacher, Preacher."

Cliff climbed to the top rope jumped down and smashed the Hustler to the canvas.

Cliff was a whirlwind in the ring, spinning the Hustler, throwing him in the air, the crowd was astounded.

The fans went wild. No one had ever beaten the Hustler until now.

Cliff held the hustler over his head and walked around in the ring. The crowd and the announcers were going wild and screaming as he threw him over the top rope and onto the floor.

The announcer said, "Oh sweet Jesus, the Preacher just beat the Hustler and won \$10,000."

The Hustler was humiliated and screaming at Cliff.

The Hustler climbed back in the ring, screaming that he was not gonna pay \$10,000 to a Bible salesman. The crowd booed him. Cliff picked him up and threw him out of the ring again.

The announcer handed Cliff a money bag with \$10,000 in cash.

Cliff dumped the Bibles in the middle of the ring to make room for the \$10,000 money bag.

The TV announcer asked, "Gordon, what is the Preacher doing?"

"Pat, it looks like he is throwing out Tiny Bibles to the fans."

The crowd chanted "Tiny Bibles, Tiny Bibles, Preacher, Preacher."

Cliff took the ring announcer's microphone and said, "I am not a preacher. I don't preach the word of God, I sell the word of God \$9.95."

Cliff left the arena to get on his bicycle.

The Hustler and several wrestlers surrounded Cliff in the parking lot.

The Hustler said, "Give me back my \$10,000. You're not gonna keep my money."

The wrestlers jumped back when Nadine came roaring in on Chopper's big Harley.

Cliff hopped on the back of her motorcycle with his box of Bibles and they drove off into the night.

The next morning Cliff woke up from the same bad dream again.

He was alone in a cheap motel, naked, hungover with empty beer bottles, and an empty wallet on the nightstand.

He was sick and tired of being sick and tired. He knew his life had to change.

The \$10,000 prize money and Chopper's motorcycle was also gone.

He said out loud, "Damn you Nadine."

Cliff had a long talk with himself as he walked the five miles back to the Wrestling Arena. He had never been so lost or felt so alone.

He found his bicycle in a dumpster. He was able to fix the bike so he could ride it.

He promised no more this was it, he would quit drinking.

He just wanted to go home and see Vera.

CHAPTER 8

THE BRIDGE

All Cliff had to do was cross the 2 mile bridge and then a mile or so and he was home.

He saw motorcycles coming towards him on the other side of the bridge.

They stopped on the bridge and Chopper got off an old beat up motorcycle with 40 bikers in single file behind him revving their engines.

Chopper walked towards Cliff carrying a baseball bat.

He said, "Little man I knew I would find sooner or later I want my bike where is it? You're gonna tell me before you die.

But first I am going to break your legs with this bat and then my boys are going to ride over you one by one so I can watch."

Cliff could not help himself and he said, "So Chopper does that mean you don't want to buy a Tiny Bible \$9.95."

Chopper in a rage, "Preacher you are a dead man."

At that moment, Cliff heard the familiar sound of metal to metal, the squealing sound of bad brakes behind him.

He jumped out of the way as Ralph driving his big sand truck came barreling onto the bridge.

Chopper and the bikers had nowhere to go except jump into the river trying to stay clear of the sand truck as it plowed one by one over 40 motorcycles, turning them into mangled, smashed up bike parts, strewn all over the bridge.

The bikers were in the river down below, swimming for their lives.

After the mayhem and destruction came to a stop, it was impossible to cross the bridge.

His bicycle was also destroyed and he was afraid that he would not get to Vera before the 5 o'clock deadline. It would take hours for the tow trucks to clear the wreckage from the bridge.

Cliff began handing out Tiny Bibles to the drivers that were now stuck in a 3 mile long traffic jam.

Later, as one lane opened to allow one car at a time to pass over the bridge. Cliff handed out more Tiny Bible and the drivers would throw money into his Bible box as they passed by.

To his surprise every time he reached into the box there was another Tiny Bible they never ran out.

Once the bridge was cleared, Cliff took the Bible box and started walking it was only a mile to Vera's Tiki Bar.

Cliff stopped when he saw Ralph's sand truck being hooked up to a tow truck.

Ralph said, "I don't know what I'm gonna do Cliff. It's going to take all the money that I have saved to fix my truck.

I am sorry about your bicycle. I should have fixed the brakes like you said."

Cliff was almost home when a motorcycle going over a hundred miles an hour blew passed him from behind and knocked him off the road into a ditch.

He picked himself up and walked the last mile home. He was disappointed and defeated he had high hopes when he left, but he came back with nothing.

CHAPTER 9

THE TIKI BAR AND GRILL

Vera said, "Hey Richard, you're a little bit early for banking hours aren't you."

Vera asked, "I have till 5 o'clock correct?"

Richard said, "Vera, I figured if you had the money maybe we could do the paperwork early if not you still have until 5 o'clock you are correct."

"You know Vera, I don't like doing this, but the bank is the bank."

"Actually, I would've been here sooner except the bridge is down to one lane. Looks like a truck plowed through a motorcycle gang on the bridge."

Vera asked, "Was anyone hurt?"

"No, I don't think anyone got hurt, but a whole bunch of bikers took a nice swim in the river."

The traffic is backed up for miles and miles. It's crawling one car at a time across the bridge.

It's almost 5 o'clock and I'll be off the clock. Can I order a beer?

Richard reached into his back pocket for his wallet, Vera tried to stop him, she said, "No Richard, the last beer is on the house."

"I don't want you to be the last person to buy the last beer in my Tiki Bar."

Richard pulled out a tiny red Bible, "Oh, I thought this was my wallet sorry."

Vera asked, "Where did you get that tiny Bible?"

"Oh... some homeless guy was selling them at the bridge to just about every car that passed, the drivers threw money in his box."

"I even threw a twenty in the box."

"You saw Cliff?"

I don't know if I saw Cliff, but I saw a guy with the stupid looking hat selling Bibles at the bridge."

"Do you want to sign the papers now?"

Vera said, "Not yet, I'll wait until 5 o'clock. Cliff will be here I know he will."

Richard was drinking his beer and chatting with Vera when the door opened and Cliff came in.

Richard said, that's the homeless guy selling the Bibles.

Cliff asked, "Do you think a guy could get a cup of coffee in this place?"

Vera ran to Cliff she hugged and kissed him, oh my goodness I've missed you so much. I am glad you are back and you're safe.

Cliff said, "I've missed you too Vera. I love you."

Vera said, "I love you too, Cliff."

Cliff said, "I'm so sorry Vera but I failed. I came back with absolutely nothing the same thing that I left with, no money, nothing I failed you."

Vera said, "Cliff, you could never fail me."

Richard said, "Wait a minute there was thousands of dollars in that box I saw the money myself."

"I put \$20 in that box myself. What happened to all that money?"

That moment Mr. Jacobson walked into the bar.

"Well Cliff, I see you faired well, you survived your quest and you returned home safe and sound."

Cliff said, "Yeah, Mr. Jacobson, I left with nothing and I came back with nothing."

Mr. Jacobson said, "That's not true Cliff, you came back with a lot more than you think."

Mr. Jacobson opened the box on the bar counter and pulled out a canvas bag that read, 'WRESTLE MANIA \$10,000 PRIZE MONEY'.

Cliff thought back to the motorcycle that knocked him off the road, and said to himself, "Nadine."

The banker took a call on his cell phone. "Oh Susan that is wonderful news." He put his phone in his pocket.

That was my sister it seems a Bible salesman gave her husband Ralph, enough money to pay for her cancer treatments."

The banker looked at his watch and said, but it's after 5 o'clock Vera.

Then he said, "But technically the money was here before 5 o'clock, so it looks like you can pay off your bank note and the bar is yours."

Mr. Jacobson said, "Cliff Adler is it okay if I take back my Bible box?"

Cliff said, "Mr. Jacobson, I'm sorry about your bicycle, and yes please take this box, but I am keeping the hat."

Mr. Jacobson said, "Don't worry about the bike, I have a much better bike waiting for me outside."

Cliff smiled when he heard the sound of Chopper's motorcycle revving up in the parking lot.

Vera said, "Cliff how about we change the name to the Tiki Bar and Coffee Cafe, it will need a lot of work."

Cliff said, "Vera, I am a very good carpenter."

Vera said, "That's good Cliff because you are a terrible Bible Salesman."

The End.