

the order for that one and where. He indicated that he was on some kind of mission that was of vital importance and top secret to boot.

'Take Sara, for instance. We've been in contact for years. Her home base is still Saturn but that could change on a moment's notice. What are you having run off?'

'Runes. I'm the head of a Secret Society that specializes in the significance of signs; have you ever heard of The Semiologists?'

I thought I had a strong shot at becoming a statistic judging from the look in his eyes. It was only later, that I realized he hadn't gotten the joke and he had perceived me as a threat from a rival power."

SUB SHOP KAMA SUTRA

"I was still working my brother's string of sub shops in Syracuse when I heard this incredible story. Elaine, one of his managers, was trying to get through to her store on the horn but the phone was off the hook. It was snowing like crazy but she got her car out intent on driving a couple of miles to the joint, liberating the kids on the job. She got there around 11 and is about to walk in when she sees the kids lying down by the counter working each other over in a major way. Her first impulse is to break them up but thinks instead: Someone I know should see this. So she calls my brother. He's like racked out at the time but it's only a little snow and what's a couple of miles, anyway? This is Syracuse after all. He's there in about ten and can't believe two kids in their teens are trying out positions he thought you could only see in X-Rated movies. His impulse is to break up the party, they are on the clock after all,

and is about to put the key in
when Elaine says:

'I'm going out for a couple of beers,
you want one?' The shop was sheltered
from the snow, it wasn't really that cold,
zero wind chill, so he says:

'What the hell.'

After all it was shaping up to be
one hell of a show."

WORKING HARD ON 10 TO 15

He shot things from
observation decks in
National Parks.
Humans were things
to him and he had
this strange habit
of pulling down on
people with water
pistols just for fun,
threw coke bottles
full of gasoline from
speeding cars just
to see what happened
next. He was a
Washington Park
regular hanging out
with the tough punks

and their boys.
He liked to feel
the sun coming up
in his veins, the bucks
that came with illicit
sex and bombing runs
just before dawn.
He was eighteen and
invincible; getting
caught never occurred
to him which is one
of the reasons Maximum
John gave him 10-15
without a chance of
parole. A large
incendiary bomb went
off inside.

SHE LOOKED AS IF STARRING

in Return of the Attack of
the Bimbos was a mission
she was committed to complete.
You don't often see wenches
dressed almost that naked
who aren't on some kind of
assignment. I almost asked
her how much when I put her
Absolut and Tonic, with lime
in and out, instead of saying,
"That'll be three bucks."
I'm getting old but I'm not dead
yet and the sly ready for sex
look she gave me indicated
I was in for a long night
no matter what happened.