like the jaws of an alligator as he worked his own jaws up and down making weird grunts. He couldn't stop going up to some machinist with a long cylindrical part and blowing through the part as if he were doing a trumpet call, then loudly announcing the machinist's name as if he were announcing a King. He just couldn't stop putting a big C-clamp around his head and closing its steel pads against his temples and walking up to machinists telling them how he had this pressing pain in his head and asking them for aspirins.

Being a machinist at his machine just wasn't good enough for him.

DESTINY

The managers are afraid The managers are afraid some auditor with a clipboard will come walking through the building and notice the 60-year-old machines and, thinking them useless broken-down antiques, order them taken out and melted down into scrap metal. So the managers never spend any money buying new machine parts to replace the old ones that inevitably wear and loosen and lose accuracy, rendering the machines closer and closer to being useless broken-down antiques.

COMPANY MAN

He arrives back skidding to a stop on the stripped-down little-kid-style Goodstone Aircraft Company bicycle he uses to ride all over the plant in and out of building after building for hours, stepping up to his machine and punching the SPINDLE START button and standing there turning handles and making chips fly out of a block of metal as he spends the last 2 minutes before the mid-morning break cutting metal feverishly, just as immediately after the 10-minute break he is up jumping to his machine to grab a handle and push the SPINDLE START button and cut metal feverishly for another 2 minutes before hopping back on his bike and riding out of the building again for another hour or two.

He really takes seriously the supervisor's repeated stressing at meetings about the importance of working during those 2 minutes right before and after breaks.

That's when Goodstone's idle-time auditors walk around checking for machinists wasting time.

THE MANTRA

At 7:00 a.m. unlocking his toolbox and throwing open its lid he'll begin yelling, "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." and then "Fuck it. Fuck it. Fuck it." and then looking over at me with wild-eved despair say, "Fuck it Fred! Fuck it Fred! Fuck it Fred!" waiting for me to look and then slamming his airgun down onto his sheet-metal workbench top so that it SLAPS and yelling, "Fuck this place! Fuck this place!" waiting for me to nod and then taking out his hammer and pounding out an ear and nerve shattering drum roll against a particularly reverberative steel section of his machine, turning to stare at me with legs spread, shouting out as loud as he can, "Fuck 'em! FUCK 'EM ALL, FRED! FUCK 'EM ALL IN THE ASS!!"

It's just a little early morning Goodstone Aircraft Company ritual he goes through that makes him feel better.

VALUABLES

Goodstone Aircraft Company never buys enough new parts or tooling to go around in the machine shop. So on our 3 shifts, we cram our toolboxes full