

The cops picked up Roger Karpuk in a downtown bar four blocks from the apartment. He told them he didn't do it, told them about a pervert named Bob Urp. They picked up the alleged pervert at his house, got him out of his pajamas for a trip downtown, proving to Eloise Morgan, his live-in mother-in-law, that the spirits she'd been in contact with had been right about him all along.

SOME GUYS

Amber Gale's boyfriend took things a step beyond domestic discord, beat the shit out of her and knocked out several of her perfect white teeth. Amber moaned the blues through the stumps of her incisors, then she went back home to Mom and Dad, fell into their arms, became the recipient of good company-provided dental care.

With a mouthful of crooked and off-colored temporary caps, she sang Robert Johnson blues on a street corner on the coast route in the old downtown in the city of Loma Alta on a hot Sunday night, collected loose change and small bills in a hat from passing Marines who were unfamiliar with the blues, but knew a nice body when they saw one. When one of those young Marines — Roger Roff fresh out of Little Rock — insisted, to the point of strong-arming, buying her dinner or a drink, Amber scooped up her money, broke free and dashed over to the Burger 'N' Run and hid out in the Ladies' Room.

The night manager of the place, a portly middle-aged man named Ellis Leahy, noticed the agitated Marine lying in wait outside the rest room's foyer, and he called over the counter, "Hey, hotshot, time for you to hit the road; I don't think the lady is interested." He'd watched the girl from his drive-thru window, had witnessed her escape. The Marine told Ellis Leahy to mind his own fucking business, then he went in and pounded on the ladies' rest room's door.

Ellis called the downtown MP headquarters, and two ramrod straight staff sergeants showed up in three minutes flat. Roger Roff tried to take them on. They clubbed him to the floor, cuffed him, dragged him outside and heaved him into the back of their white government van.

Amber emerged from the rest room, bought herself a burger and a large diet coke with a portion of the night's take, and said thank you to Ellis Leahy. Ellis gave her a dismissive wave, raised a basket of sizzling fries out of the grease and said, "You're welcome." Amber shook her head and said, "Some guys." Ellis slid her hamburger across the counter and replied, "I know what you mean."