

-SYLVIA-

I was minding my own business at the party. Off to the side I sipped my rum and cola, sitting in a chair far too big for me. From across the party floor I spy some of the seniors from my school. I quickly look away.

Tre is with them. He's the point guard. I've kept a little photo collection of just him back home on my computer. I don't really want him to know I'm here. I hate being fucking shy sometimes.

Wishing I could say something doesn't change the fact that I wish I wasn't here. It's great to be at Arthurs, I know, but I want him and me to have private time. Nobody knows me, not even the people across the room that go to my school and are drinking and having a good time.

I get up to go across the room. When I look back my seat has already been taken.

"Get the hell off me, bitch!"

I turn down a hallway and two guys are having a scuffle in the kitchen near the bar. Their friends horde around them and try to separate them, and drag them into other rooms. The security guy at the door goes in to see what's up.

"You're fucking dead, asshole!" One screams at the other.

There's so much aggression around here.

I squeeze by two girls who are talking about college and there's an ugly guy and a drunk girl making out. I stay here, biding my time, sipping my drink and feeling pretty lonely.

I only came here for one thing. Where are you, Arthur?

"Sylvia, right?" A girl's voice asks me.

I turn and it's the same girl who I met at the racquetball court. She's dressed as an angel.

"Yeah." I say, "Aren't you Mathilda?"

"No. Martha. Have you seen Arthur anywhere?"

I'm actually so lonely that I even don't mind her being around. If I had the guts to go over and talk to Tre, I think I'd become a stuttering wreck. He's in a few of my classes, but it's a big school. We don't really talk.

“Who are you looking at?” Martha asks, turning around.
“Oh? That Jerk?”

She knows Tre?

“That little retard reached across me and brushed his mits on both my breasts.”

“Eew.” I say, wishing he'd try this on me sometime.

“He tried to make it look like he was just pointing at something, but it was totally obvious. I should have beaten the shit out of him.”

She doesn't know who she's talking about. Tre is a perfect sculpture of an athletic boy: Handsome, strong, smart. He's a little mysterious and very cool. Martha doesn't like him at all, and I know why.

She wants my Arthur.

It'll never happen. He's not a thing like her, anyway. He has a sense of class, tact. There's an air of real elegance wherever he goes.

“Mother fuck!” I hear coming from upstairs over the chatter and techno.

It's Loopy. Following his scream is the rolling thunder of running footsteps. I hear a deep snarling hiss. By the time I clear the blind spot of the stairway and look up, Loopy is on his way down the stairs. His Tibetan robe flutters as he rushes down each step. From behind him Arthur appears.

His Dracula outfit is so sexy. His hair is black and slicked back. His cape waves magnificently. He actually took a nice split between Bela Lugosi and Anne Rice in how a vampire should look. Dark Victorian clothes, and his eyes wide open in a sneer.

He doesn't think twice, but leaps. Not jumps, leaps at Loopy and crashes into him, rumbling down a few steps before hitting the landing. The people at the bottom get up and out of the way. Arthur grabs Loopy and lays him flat against the landing. Arthur makes a kind of scary monster face, with his fake fangs pointed outward from his lips. Then he lunges forward to bite Dave.

Loopy puts up his hand, and blocks Arthur. Dave pulls back his left and bunches a fist. He punches Arthur. That little gutter rat just punched my Arthur.

“No! Stop!” I scream.

I push Martha to one side, and rush for the two of them. I'm pushing people out of my way with all my might to get through the crowd. I push the last person aside.

Oh, my fucking God.

Arthur is kissing Loopy.

“Arthur! Stop it!” I yell at him. I get over to him and pull back on his shoulders. “What are you doing?”

He whips his hand backwards, and grabs me by the collar. I hear the fabric rip. He hisses at me and there is blood coming from his nose and mouth. His eyes don't even look human.

Dave comes up and pops Arthur again with a punch, and shoves him off. He already gave him a bloody nose! What more is he going to do to him? Dave pushes me back, and shoves Arthur with his foot, back into the crowd.

“Stay away from him, Sylvia. He's had some bad blood.”

Smiling like nothing phased him, Arthur stands and undoes his cape. He tosses it behind him. “Oh, Shit.” Says Loopy.

Arthur charges and Dave heads straight into him. With the same leap that Arthur tried, Dave tackles him to the floor. I run at them to try to break it up.

“Stop Fighting! You'll hurt him!”

Loopy has him in a bear-hug grip. He works into the crowd, which splits with hoots and hollers of “Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!” Drinks go spilling to the hardwood floor, and cigarettes are trampled underfoot. I'm still trying to split them.

“You're going to kill each other.”

The couch across the room, Dave charges Arthur, and dives him into it. He gets up and pulls back to punch again. I grab his fist.

“No! Stop!”

“Sylvia! Fuck off!”

With one shove, Arthur tosses us both off. I crash into someone. He slips and we both hit the floor.

I look up and say I'm sorry to the person I crashed into. It's Tre.

“T...Tr...Tre?”

“Sylvia? What are you doing here?”

Holy crap. He's talking to me.

“Uh, I just came for the party.”

I hear a viscous thud. Looking over, Arthur has hit the ground. He looks knocked out.

“What the fuck was that?” He asks.

“I don't know. They just started beating the hell out of each other.”

We stand up. “Did you know I was coming?” I ask him.

“No, but I knew when I saw you earlier. Obviously; you're our photographer.”

I catch myself holding my breath.

“You get us in the newspaper at the end of the week.”

“Get the Hell off me, bitch!”

Loopy is being pinned down by the guy at the door, and Arthur is being propped up onto the couch. He's mumbling to himself, bleeding a little and looks woozy. I look back at Tre.

So he knows about me, huh?

Huh.

-DAVE-

Tapping my foot against the wall in my cell, I sigh. The cop down the hall mutes the TV and I can hear his chair creak as he leans back. I roll over on the mat trying to get comfortable.

They took my watch.

I don't know what time it is. It seems like hours since I got here.

I look like a freaking joke. Still dressed as a Buddhist monk in the full robe. Asshole cop on the ride over says "Oh, yeah. My kid watches that show. You need to shave your head."

I always promised myself that if I ever got busted I would play it cool. I didn't I played it quiet. I've been calling cops "Sir" all night long.

The only thing that's cycling through my head is how I got busted because of Arthur. He's the dick that attacked me. Then he succeeded in kissing me.

I spit and rub down the inside of my mouth with my tongue.

Shit.

I roll back over on my other side facing the bars of the cell. Is this what jail is meant to be? Torture by boredom?

I'm thinking about Arthur again. He's the one that attacked me out of nowhere, but I'm the one who goes to jail. That's real fucking fair.

I don't want to think about Arthur because I'm pissed off.

He kissed me.

That faggot bitch.

I close my eyes, to re-focus.

'Rock of ages, cleft for me.'

I could have just turned in his insider trading info and then he'd be in here. Divine justice.

But no. He hit up some PCP and mescaline and I luckily knocked him out before we killed each other.

I can't get cozy. Both my sides are sore.

I hear the door down the hall open. Tapping of shoes. I suppose a cop just came in.

"Back from the bust?" I hear one of the cops say in a low pitched droll.

I can feel the rug-burns through my robe.

Arthur.

"That motherfucking pimp."

"What happened? Was he ready for us?"

"Yeah. You could say that. It's legal?"

"What the fuck are you talking about, it's legal? It's DeVron. He's done time for prostitution before."

"Yeah, but this is legal. He's running a legal brothel."

Arthur. Goddammit.

"He calls it an adult production company. He makes porn."

"I don't get it."

"He's had all his hookers legally re-classified as porn-stars. He then charges a \$400 flat-fee for anyone who wants to 'audition.'"

God forgive me.

"Yeah. That's prostitution."

"No. That's running an adult production company."

"Well, we got him for 24 hours, right?"

"Nope. Just standard search warrant. We confiscated 150 tapes, but 'Sassy Classy Assy productions' is still open, and DeVron is still running the show."

“Shit. Somebody's got to close that loophole.”

Psalm 101

I will sing of your love and Justice to you, oh lord. I will sing praise.

I will be careful to lead a blameless life. When will you come to me?

I will walk in my house with a blameless heart. I will set before my eyes no vile thing.

I can't see either of the two cops who are just down the hall away. All I see is the sheer white face of a cinder-block wall behind bars.

“Hey. Did Henry tell you about the robbery Jack got called to?”

“No, man. What happened?”

The deeds of faithless men I hate; they will not cling to me.

“Jack gets called in on a domestic. Neighbors reporting of strange noises coming from the house next door. You know; it's Halloween. He's expecting a prank. He goes there, and there's a sound coming from the basement.”

I will have nothing to do with evil.

“He gets inside the house on probable cause, and this place is cleaned out. Just the neighborhood tells you this is some proper rich-ass white boy. Inside, all the walls are stripped. Counter tops, jewelry, TV, stereo, it's all gone. There was nothing fucking left.”

Whoever slanders his neighbors in secret, him will I put to silence.

“So, OK, Jack looks around and there's a locked basement door. He goes down and the home owner is locked up to a pole in his own basement.”

I've lost my train of thought. Where was I? him will I put to silence. I was wearing gloves last night right?

Him will I put to silence. Whoever has haughty eyes and a proud heart him I will not endure.

“Jack unties him and gives him a tour of his newly robbed house. This guy lost maybe \$30,000 worth of stuff in one night, and that's before you count his stolen SUV. “

“Did they get any prints?”

I hold my breath.

“What?”

“Prints? Did they get any prints?”

My eyes will be on the faithful in the land.

“Oh, Not yet.”

I exhale.

“Perp got off Scott-free?”

“Well not quite. We got a description. That's the funny part.”

They that dwell with me; he whose walk is blameless will minister to me.

I hear a cop unfolding a piece of paper. There is a pause.

“No, fucking way.”

“This is our suspect.”

“This is the guy?”

“You recognize him?”

“Holy shit.”

No one who practices deceit will dwell in my house No one who speaks falsely will stand in my presence.

They start laughing at me.

Every morning I will put to silence all the wicked in the land. I will cut off ever evildoer from the city of the Lord.

“This poor son of a bitch. First you get dragged down in your basement, then you get chained to a pole, and a guy cleans out your entire house. Only to find that he's a goddamn pirate.”

"I mean, seriously. This can't be real. He's faking. Nobody would put together a sketch of a guy dressed like a pirate."

"Poor dumb bastard."

They start laughing. I'm laughing with them. They don't know it was me. They have no fucking clue.

God, my savior, has saved me once again. I laugh out loud.

Jesus, bless thy name. My messiah.

Hallelujah.

Thanks be to God.

"Hey, cell number three! Shut the fuck up!"

I stop laughing, forcefully.

"Yes, sir." I say from behind a wide smile.

"Well that's a cute story."

"Hey. This tube has A/V in, right?"

"Yeah, so?"

"Well, they have to tape those auditions of theirs, if they want to call themselves a production company. We got 150 of those tapes, you know."

There's a pregnant pause.

"Bring it on."

-ARTHUR-

On every precipice where all things might, per se to have or not with various options as such as the case may be for the one hand whether one is prepared of not being the issue so that much may be said for but not at where I myself might sometime find whether for good or bad at a time where I mean I'm lost but persistent and getting high like being so high right now is a trip a venture past and beyond my concepts of reality because theres always more of it to find and it comes looking for you so that not bound by time or motion or but by essence that is not just one lone solitary singular mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine persons experience but a universal experience where for all it's high glories and low terrors can be so much more than the concept of reality but we accept day to day without question for nothing else than what some unenlightened call consolation and others are left with something like a thirst, like a need for water, and air and food and life and hope and fame and fortune and love and sharing and compassion and dreams for nothing else intervenes with life taken time to time and place to place all across the world and even further up into space to down to the bottom of the sea and across the universe while others just seclude and say fuck it like it's no big deal not knowing what they are missing when who's lost and who wanders and who can tell the difference between something that they've never really seen before on such a mundane fashion as to never question the nature of it, lest quartered off and tried in such a way as inhuman for crimes un-named and not without retribution for so great a deviation as sin on this as we are made wary of expanding upon greatness, yes greatness, that cannot be embraced so easily as like falling or drifting or the feeling, the wonder, bliss of being this high to see the world as it really is and not like I just pretend it all the time the way I want to and for the way it wants me too all the time like it's some kind of escape but not a substitute for substitution is not what I nor they nor us nor anyone would could should want when such a great powerful graceful soaring to those heights can be within the reach of any one at any time and yet how incredible that with that come the possibilities of all of us together as one mind in one race unbound by prejudice or fear of words like cracker nigger spic chink whitey bitch dick douche whop diego kraut kike jap nip greaser jerry Yankee limy golf Zulu so much rather to be together in this joyful human existence where death can not be feared but understood as a part of life that can be bliss, such bliss, true bliss for the simple truth of just because the world is our world and our lives have meanings just for ourselves in our own little place on the corner of space and time with value and hope and love in a freedom from desperation that always seems to keep us running up and even swimming against the current when you feel the need to just go with the deluge the way to be there now in the way you're meant to be for the person you are like for what I am in this glorious moment meant for just now in this perfect feeling that is just mine and just us and it's all preferfect as it is supposed to be right now and right here.

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