

If Yanowaddimeen

By Michele Dutcher

Mr. Woodcock smirked at the steamer trunk following his friend. "Why are you lugging stuff around when we have business to attend to, Doc?"

"The only business you have in mind is monkey business."

Mr. Woodcock shrugged. "What's in that thing?"

"Oh, in here? – A dead body," the small man answered flatly. He grabbed a stool at the table, looked around the small bar, and the large trunk parked itself nearby.

"You're hilarious, Johnson!" bellowed Big, slapping the table for emphasis. "A dead body indeed."

"The funniest thing is: the more I say it, the less people believe me."

A waitress came over to the men's table, turning to Mr. Johnson. "Can I get you anything?"

"A place to hide this body would be nice," Doc Johnson said flatly. Right on cue, the waitress broke out laughing. "How about a Budweiser, then."

She turned to go but Mr. Woodcock stopped her. "When do you get off, Sugar?"

"My shift ends in five minutes, so I guess I'm getting off seven minutes after that. If Yanowaddimeen."

"I DO knowwatyameen, Sugar."

"I like bald men," purred the waitress, stroking the top of his head.

"This isn't a bald head, this is a solar panel for a sex machine," insisted Big.

"You'll do. I'll meet you out back in ten minutes. And I'll be back in a second with your beer, honey." The happy pair was practically ROFL as she stepped away from the table.

"People sure take customer service serious around here," said Doc Johnson.

"You're welcome to COME along too," Mr. Woodcock told his friend. "If Yanowaddimeen!"

"Yes Larry, I know what you mean - I mean Mr. Big Woodcock. But I'll pass. I'm looking after this trunk and all. Are you sure you wouldn't rather go back to our cabin and play some blackjack?"

"Not a chance, friend. I'm standing firm, IF yanowad..." he stopped midsentence, noting that Doc obviously knew what he meant. "Why would I want to play some blackjack with you, when I could play some POKER with her! I'll probably see you about four in the morning."

"How can you tell time on this piece of ice, Big?"

"It's three shots of Bourbon after they dim the sunbelt."

Sugar was back at the table now, with a beer and two fortune cookies. Big crunched his cookie and read the holograph that popped up. "'You have a keen sense of humor and love a good time.' Boy! Have they got me pegged! Are you going to read yours?"

Before Doc could crunch his cookie, a guy at the next table, who was surrounded by three voluptuous women, began to read his. "'You have a keen sense of humor and love a good time!' Wow! It's like they've met me all personal like!"

"I'd like to meet you all personal like, Honey," said one of the women, resulting in a burst of laughter from everyone at the table.

"I think I have a pretty good idea of what mine says," said Johnson, absentmindedly munching on Mr. Woodcock's cookie crumbs.

"You ready, Honey?" asked the waitress.

"I was born ready!" said Mr. Woodcock, leaving his friend at the table with his crate.

Doc sadly got up from the table, motioned to the trunk to follow, and began to leave the bar. He passed two women who were quietly talking. One lady began twirling a strand of the others hair. "If you want to come up, Bambi, just whistle. You know how to do that, right? – Just put your lips together and BLOW." The other woman pressed her rouge covered lips together and let out a low slow wolf whistle, and the jolly pair joined hands and practically skipped out the door.

He shrugged – it was that time after all. The tiny man thought wistfully of an advertising holo he had seen on a planet circling his home star. It pictured a priest spanking a woman dressed as a schoolgirl who giggled with each naughty slap. Below was the caption: "Sin is fine for a Season – so spend your Season with us. " He remembered that he couldn't wait to get back home to tell Helen – god, he missed her.

Stepping onto the moving sidewalk, Doc saw the Sunbelt blink off. He looked up through the glass ceiling, peering into the center of the Milky Way. The stars looked so warm, but he knew better. The stars were like her, like Helen. He missed her, in spite of how close she was.

Doc's pants pocket began to vibrate and he took out a small communication device. He held it up to his mouth and said emphatically: "I'm not interested Congressman Hot Dog, so stop texting me!"

1:30 A.M.

Mr. Big Woodcock passed his hand over the key lock, and the door shhhhed open. He found his buddy staring at the entertainment wall. "Is that a banana in your pants, or are you happy to see me?"

Doc reached into his pants and pulled out a fruit and began to peel it.

"I see you still have that trunk with you. Can't find any place to put the body?"

"I checked out the freezer downstairs. It wasn't long enough."

"It wasn't long enough? That's what SHE said!"

"Huh?"

"Well, I am home early," Big said sheepishly. Then he looked over at the trunk, beginning to get angry. "I'm tired of seeing this damnable crate. What's really in here, Doc?" he screamed, walking over to it and throwing open the lid. His face was beginning to lose its color as a long "Sheeeeeeeet, Docccc..." seeped out of him, like a balloon running out of air. "What the..." But he never finished the question, because Doc was standing behind him with a raised tool in his hand.

The End