



There's a foul taste in his mouth now, tuna fish with banana peppers maybe. He can breathe through his nose, but not very well which can be attributed to his deviated septum. Fat Boy surveys the room. Unfamiliar surroundings. He feels like a baby zebra stolen from its mother, placed on display in a Parisian petting zoo. No one's here to see the baby zebra. It's night time. There's no mother zebra. No other animals. Only him.



Fat Boy tries in vain to shed his constraints, but soon realizes the circumstances necessary for an escape are without prospect, uncompromising, unattainable. To flee is no longer an option.

*"Oh god, Jesus H. Christ. Fuck, Fuck Fuck"*, he screams through the wrapping paper, with each *Fuck* sounding more shrill than the last. Anxiety. Fat Boy will die today. He's an asshole. He falls forward onto his stomach. The ménage à trois of bone and flesh and concrete is both shocking and painful. Fat Boy manages to roll to his side. He thinks he may be able to get his feet free if he tries hard enough. He will not. He is FUCKED! Whoever did this to him knows how to tie shit really well. He hears a door open. The zookeeper has arrived.



The stranger is wearing strange pants. The kind with glow-in-the-dark neon colors, possibly a floral pattern. That's never a good sign.



A room minimally lit. One light bulb flickers dimly as it hangs overhead, wrapped around an industrial beam. The bulb is not the correct wattage.

*"I bet its one of those damn energy saving bulbs."* Fat Boy can't see shit; only his dried sweat stains on the floor are visible. His sense of smell is strong. He smells the urine on his clothes. His scent is a recipe of urine mixed with sweat topped off with a pinch of shit.



Fat Boy's captor stands motionless at the far end of the room. A silhouette shrouded in shadow. Fat Boy knows he's being watched. He can feel it. It causes him to wet himself, just like he did at night when he was an adolescent. His father was an angry man to say the least. He would wake Fat Boy up in the early morning hours sometimes by using a police taser on his sleeping body. The taser always made him wet himself. It was a horrible feeling.



The new arrival walks over to another part of the room. Fat Boy hears a clanging. Music starts playing. He recognizes the guitar riff. The track is called "Rumble". "Rumble" was released in 1958 by Link Wray & His Ray Men. Purely an instrumental track. According to grandmother's Encyclopedia Britannica, "Rumble utilized largely unexplored techniques like distortion and feedback." The song was banned from radio play shortly after its release. America is such a strange fucking place.



The music is loud now, really loud. The captor moves slowly toward Fat Boy. Playing an air guitar. Strumming the invisible guitar. Raising a hand high above the head, wiggling fingers, and then strumming again, playing right along with the music. Fat Boy watches with eyes wide open like an Australian marsupial, eating a banana or whatever it is those things eat, high up in a tree, always on the lookout for predators. One moment of complacency, one slip-up, a single mistake, can summon certain demise. Traumatic, gruesome, revolting death. The kind of death that's neither natural nor romantic. Mother Nature's a very naughty wicked girl. She's like a rebellious teenage daughter. Defying her father. Having sex with the devil.



*Has this become my truth? Or does it belong to someone else. All I hear is an echo in my head. A place of great mystery and even greater misery. A world without reply, devoid of retort, absent absolution. Empty expressions traveling into unknown territory ultimately reaching a Herculean phalanx of resistance. Come back to me my friend, my lover. Every night paralysis sets in. I self-medicate. I make a pact with god. Pain and question and question and pain fade away. Wash. Rinse. Repeat cycle.*



The captor stands over Fat Boy now. A rucksack drops to the floor, resting near the incarcerator's feet; sounds of metal touching metal resonate from within the sack, twisted voices ringing out in unison. AMEN BROTHER!!! Like an unholy choir made up of individuals whose spirits reside in damnation trapped in a world without time, without end. Centuries of mournful petitioning and sobbing have turned what once were voices into unintelligible noise. The confiner reaches into the bag and takes out a pair of scissors. Rusty scissors. Maybe wire cutters. Fat Boy doesn't know for sure. He's not much of a handyman. Fat Boy spends all of his excess time in the gym attaining larger arms, loving himself in self-absorption, or chasing tail. The captor leans forward and proceeds to rip off the duct tape covering Fat Boy's mouth. Fat Boy spits out the wrapper. "That hurt, faggot!"