

Tee Jay wrote:

.... ah well, I guess I'll have to find something else to be jealous of - feel free to make up stories involving large quantities of jell-o.....

So I wrote this...

I'm in this little bordello in Cuba where the Jell-O flows like wine when a small, saucy vixen in a leather chicken suit strolls up to me and says..."ba-gock!". I tried all week to shake the memory but by weeks end I had to have her. My fingers trembled as I dialed the number scratched out on the back of the soggy, flaccid eggshell she had pushed into my pocket as we danced that evening to the sounds of the orchestra I had hired to play to help with the celebration festivities. You see, I had just finished my bi-annual swim from Pittsburgh to Cuba via the rivers and small streams I had learned to navigate as a boy. Being raised by otters had it's benefits and this was certainly a big one. As the phone rang in my ear, a small voice said in my other ear "Who ya callin'?.....ba-gock!" I turned quickly around to see a small, saucy vixen in a leather chicken suit glaring back at me. But that's not all I saw. That leather fowl was resting atop a six foot mound of banana-butterscotch Jell-O with a grin across her beak that could loosen a rusted exhaust bolt at 30 yards without the slightest indication of store-bought lubrication. I took the bait. Within the time a gnat sneezes I was up to my nipples in that wonderful feeling one can only get from leather, Jell-O, and raspberry flavored glow-in-the-dark anal beads with the optional vibrating massage feature tuned to "blister". Some things never change. Some things probably should. Ba-gock!

As my eyes begin slowly to focus in the dimly lit room; a painful realization creeps into my brain like a teenager coming home at 4am after losing his virginity to a man named Sal, a jelly donut named Phyllis and a hamster called Crazy Jake(just not in that order).The realization that the room is actually the hollowed out carcass of a small French car suspended outside the window of the Cuban bordello I had entered with good intentions three days prior to this hellish night was not what was really bothering me as much as the fact that I had paid good money to be treated this way and now I would have to explain to the guys back at the revolving restaurant why I was headed off to Las Vegas with Crazy Jake for a long weekend of love making. The reason was clear. I had to tell them. It all seemed so simple. The Russians had stolen the plans we had worked on for nearly 6 months. It drove some men mad just to think about hamsters at a time

like this but, damn it, I love the little bastard and he gives me the strength to go on. He has also been my friend and, at times, my mentor. He took me in when I was sick and nursed me back to health. He let me drink from his water bottle and when I ran in his wheel hour after hour he would offer a warm place in his cedar chips to rest my head. There was no way I would let the plans fall into the enemy's hands without a fight. Those Russians had been following my progress the whole time and now they were jealous. With the knowledge I had gained as a television weather man I could bring a small city to it's collective knees in just under 13 minutes and they knew I would use it to my advantage. Actually, the more I think about it, I'm not sure they were Russians. It's the slow, Southern drawl that the one in chicken suit had that tipped me off. I can never forgive myself for letting these things get out of hand. Just when I thought I had it all under control the other thing happened. And then there was Jell-O. And I'm only human.

Once again I am pondering the spikes I've super-glued to the inside of my contact lenses while the landscape outside my eye socket begins to distort. The beautiful crimson hue of the people surrounding me reminds me of the time Uncle Ed tried to attach a mailbox to his car. My view of the world was beginning to change quickly. Small Jell-O molds in the shape of geese soar overhead dropping little packages of cheese. Crazy Jake holds my hand as we push our way through the maze beginning to form all around my ankles. He's a good friend with a nice ass. We should be nearing a clearing when I begin hearing the sound of cheering from Crazy Jake's earring. It's a sound I have been fearing would soon be re-appearing. It's a ringing from this family heirloom signaling to all who will listen. I bend down to take in the strange music and laughter of the broadcast now growing ever more intense. Soon his small frail body will be taken away and replaced with something the leader of the tribe feels will better represent his deeds on Earth. His second cousin was replaced with a spatula. He was hoping the gods would be kind to him and maybe he could be a fire truck for a while until they decide what he will be for the rest of his days. This puts more than a little stress on our relationship as I consider making love to a fire truck. It can be done but at what cost? I shudder with chills of ecstasy when thoughts of that long hose and rushing water go crashing through my delicate world. In a perfect world the truck would have fuzzy stockings. In the real world he will most likely be a spatula without stockings at all. I can work with that. I have before. We go way back. Back before the ceramic bunnies and cookies laced with Hydrogen. Back before the mail was delivered to Uncle Ed's car.

One time while visiting the site of The World's Largest Binoculars we ran over a small sign. The sign had three words printed on it but after the tires had crossed it

we could only make out the letters B, w, a, r, T, e and the word "Sign". We think it originally may have said "Beware The Sign" but that would seem like a silly thing to print on a sign that was not very menacing at all but actually quite fragile. When I say "we" I am referring to myself and the voices. The voices said we should go to the big binoculars to get a better world perspective. Upon arrival we were stunned at the size of these monstrous peepers. They could not easily be stowed in the overhead compartment. We climbed onto the observation platform and took a gander through the mighty lenses. Somewhere, a very long way away, a girl was changing her clothes. Her curtains were pulled just far enough aside to reveal the silhouette of a man being beaten with, what looked like, a large rubber chicken. She herself was changing from a leather chicken suit into a sort of vinyl or latex chicken suit. She was obviously concerned that the amount of Jell-O on her old leather suit would spoil the pristine wholesomeness of the thing she would do next. As I looked past her and into the eyes of the hamster holding the rubber chicken weapon I suddenly realized just what I was seeing. More to the point I realized just who I was seeing. It was the only hamster I had ever had the courage enough to touch without first covering myself in lettuce to avoid rejection. Now here he was in a far away place with a latex clad woman and beating the man on the floor with ... hey... wait a minute.... that man on the floor... he looks like a guy I once knew... a guy I do know... He's the guy who's face I see in the mirror every morning while I'm shaving. That's my cousin's husband! I wondered where he was this morning. Shaving is lonely without a partner.

Slippery is as slippery does I always say. Slippery in ways unaddressed by anyone at today's meeting in the El Grande Burrito Room of the Taco Bell Plaza Apartments And Gaming Resort. A meeting only an idiot would attend. So here I stand surrounded by them. At one with them. Part of their peer group. Suddenly I realize the room is spinning slowly around a large cake decorated to resemble the third toe from the left on my right foot. The one that sings all night and has caused me to lose one apartment after another due to noise restrictions imposed after it was discovered that toes are nocturnal creatures similar to barnacles which latch onto the ends of your feet as you develop in the womb and can, at times, be quite disruptive. Singing toes. Large cakes. Spinning rooms. All we need is Jell-O and it's a party. Which brings me back to slippery. The room is slowly filling with a thick, cool liquid and the air conditioner has been turned down beyond cold. A familiar taste enters my mouth and my vision begins to blur as the liquid quickly solidifies into a large fruit filled Jell-O mold. The problem I am having is one I've never encountered anywhere before. Six small sheep slither somewhat sideways. Artistic angels act accordingly. Chairs choose to cheer for Choo-Choo Charlie. Very voracious vegans vibrate in the vestibules. This could be the strangest fruitcake I've ever been part of.

"Chickens eat souls" the man said from behind the washroom door. "Moist Tickets" he heard me reply through the hastily prepared ball gag apparatus. What I had tried to say was more like "most chickens" but with the state of mind I was in and the gag getting tighter with every breath it was almost indecipherable. It was not really helping the situation in the other room at all. I never realized a person could ingest such a large amount of chocolate bunnies and still remain attached to this side of the dirt. Several times throughout the day I had announced my independence from all things even remotely connected to bunnies, chickens, Jell-O, and bedroom slippers. The wheels, the wings, the underside of the underwear drawer, the unimaginable cruelty focused deep within six of the other farm animals. Which six, though? I decided to begin with the path less chosen.

Slipping along the furry path of life in the service of all things Jell-O with my special cake indicator antenna attached at the base with three chocolate screws. Only four of these in the world. Well... this world, anyway. The rest are kept in a place few people have returned from with any sense of what they used to consider sanity. All perception gets twisted in a place like that. Once you enter the cavern your mind will begin to spin with damp, yet sharp, baby bunnies. Ears missing, of course. That would be too much to process. Once I went in with Crazy Jake and our friend from space, Jimmy the Squid. Jimmy had his ears removed when he was young. He plays well with others. It's just so annoying when his tentacles go up your nose and tickle your brain parts. Hard to giggle with a nose full of squid. I looked at Jimmy just in time to see him turn inside out and go bowling with himself. He was, at once, the ball, the bowling lane, three fat Germans in lederhosen, a Slurpy, and a small neatly stacked pile of firewood once thought to be related to a famous wrestler who created one-of-a-kind pottery for charity events. I went home with a slight headache. Two Advil and a brain tickle from Jimmy was all I needed to set me straight but I have been trained to handle such anomalies. I was taught many things like this by a guy I met at birth. His birth, not mine. The guy's, not Jimmy's. Never mind. Just eat the side of the desk and go to sleep. I'll explain it all when we get back to the bowling lanes.

Three days ago, I walked along the ridge of Hell while pondering the flavor of molten lava. Six minutes later all Hell broke loose. It's much harder walking in loose Hell. It's like wet sand except your feet don't just sink into it, they melt down to the bone. I don't really care for that smell. I was disappointed to discover all my doughnuts had been eaten by the trolls and the cool Jell-O filling had been left in the morning dew to rot. Several times during the next few seconds I felt as if worms had burrowed into my eyes and mice were telling their friends about me. I wish they would keep it to themselves. It hurts when every mouse in town knows your secret desire to fold laundry and fluff pillows while wearing pants made from pure virgin olive oil and squid livers. Oh well, I guess I deserve what I get. I've

been very naughty and I only know one punishment that can cleanse my wicked soul. For this cleansing ritual I will need to gather a few things into a small basket made of cherry stems. I'll need many hard-to-find items but it will be worth the search if my soul can rest for a short time before the ultimate test of strength and courage. Spider testicles are at the top of the list, then the nose hairs of my imaginary friend, and lastly, the strangest of all ingredients, milk. Not ordinary milk, as you may have already suspected, but the milk which is only available by squeezing a swollen gland in the knee joint of an octopus. Once my sinful soul secretes secrets I will be able to continue my writings.

All I could see was blue dots and yellow streaks of light. The box was nailed shut and several fuzzy goats were licking the sides of my head. I walked out of my mind and sat down on the past to contemplate the future. Where was my mask? Had I left it on fire in the hall? I decided to try my luck at ping-pong but it was a poor distraction from the truth. Everyone has to do it sometime and this was my time. Times like this remind me of camping except without the marshmallows. I wonder what it would be like to sit on the fence and look back into reality? I seem to end up on the other side without ever taking the leap. Dancing and singing are great ways to answer the phone if you are sure about what you are about to hear. Do you hear it? I do. Bend back and enjoy the view from where you were a moment ago. Do you see it? I do. You are now where I was a moment ago. Does that put you in my past? You are in my past, present, and future. How does it feel to be in all those places at one time? Now, think of how many other peoples' pasts you are in. How many presents. How many futures. That's a lot of places for you to be all at one time. Maybe that's why we feel so strung-out sometimes. Too many places at once. I'm glad you are here now. Are you all the way here? Or, are parts of you wandering off into other places? Maybe we could get a big bag of rope and tie ourselves up so we couldn't get too far away from where I was going in the first place. The place with dots of blue and streaks of yellow light. We could use the mooring ropes from the Goat Ship. I seem to sense a pattern in which I think directly at things and they disappear unless I am thinking about them disappearing, in which case they stay.

What I was thinking when the Silly Alarm rang so loudly was this; If I had metal sheep, would I have to keep them in a magnetic field, and would they produce steel wool? That is the kind of question you would ask yourself if you were deep inside the smoke filled labyrinth and the cookies you had trusted were running toward the emergency exit. That exit is only for the cookies. You are not allowed. You must go the other way which may be thought an impossible passage and yet so many returns are made every year through that same porthole as if it were always safe. We know it has not always been the best choice but we follow our friends and their cookies each time the journey is complete. Somehow, I never remember being ahead of the one left behind but I've often been stuck in the

middle with nowhere to go but back through the same hole from which arose a deep crimson hue. It's not so much a light or a color exactly, but a feeling like the good side of a warm peach. I have seen many a hue from the likes of you but what's a poor yellow fellow like me to do? Have I not the heart? Have I not the clue? Ah, perhaps not as much as my sleek steel sheep do. They seem to be much more informed than I ever imagined. And, as my imagination has been known to run amuck, I may feel better if I put this Jell-O matter to rest next to the worn copy of the Jellybean Journal. I wonder what would happen if those two ever got together? Would the literary world implode with the force of a thousand million feather dusters fluffing the lost relics of dancing shoes and delving brews beyond the spiral stairwell of domestic aptitude? Flittery-dee, flittery-doo, what's a poor yellow fellow like me to do? I decided it was time to ask a friend. Not all friends are ready for these kinds of questions. I'll ask Crazy Jake my precious hamster. He always knows what's best. He will right all the wrongs in this evil world and we will be transported to a better place where the answers will appear before us on the shiny side of a giant toaster oven while the crumby excuses fall helplessly to the bottom for collection by another good friend, Stacker. He'll treat them with his special blend of pandemonium and nipple clamps until the world can swallow them without gagging on the dryness. It's a lot to ask but that's what friends like this are for, aren't they?

©2005 Xavier Onasis