

“WISCONSIN
ZJ-0498”

, said the blue 1972 Chevrolet Chevette as it slowly pulled into the parking lot.

Before we fall deeper into this story it is my job to note that it is not 1972. It is present day. It is the exact year in which you are reading this story. Whether it be horseback or flying cars. Whether the nefarious anthill of The United States of America is yet to come, is coming, or is cleaning itself on an old sock. Whether these pages are being read by a tiny child in a subterranean sweatshop or the billionaire who collects their fortune. Whether the tree is getting cut down to hold this *ink*, or these pages float through the astral abyss.

It is *present* day.

Let us return;

The blue 1972 Chevrolet Chevette was in fact blue, yet it's tint was arguable to the blind. It may have read sky blue back in the shop. Back in its *glory days*. Back when it ran the town. When it played quarterback and dated Cara Cornstar, the head cheerleader.

Now it's exterior read a 9-5 at a failing hardware business. It's interior an energy drink and fast food diet. It's interior exterior interior a valium, fish oil, and mannequin fetish porn addiction...

“Oh my sweet Cara Cornstar, why didn't I baby trap you? Why did you have to leave the state to go to college? And then the country to go to that retreat? And then the planet to go to heaven after that militia kidnapped you and that awful new boyfriend of yours Chad Fiddler. (Fuck Chad Fiddler). Oh why do you hurt me so my sweet Cara?”

This despondent, heartbroken, and teal(?) 1972 Chevrolet Chevette continued it's roll through the parking lot.

Upon a glance the lot read 80% full. A deeper analysis and you'd find this to be untrue as it was in fact 83% full. This would be almost impossible to comprehend in a glance as the lot was 2,824,543 square feet.

Finding a spot in this 83% full lot may sound difficult. However, at 2,824,543 square feet, with an average parking spot consuming about 180 square feet, this allows there to be 15,691 parking spots. (With some wiggle room for a compact car, which abused a space towards the entrance).

Because of this unbelievably-large lot's size, finding an empty space was relatively easy (at 2,668 open spots). Yet due to the universal **“First Come, First Serve”** parking rule most (to all) of these free spots were farthest, toward the back of the lot.

Don't even ask me how far that is. I've already assumed those reading are American and are using the Imperial Measurement System. To give another exact number in this system without allowing the rest of the world the comprehensive ease of the widely accepted Metric Measurement System would be ignorant and elitist.

The reason I did break down the lot's size was to help you as the reader understand just how far this questionably covered 1972 Chevrolet Chevette was driving in search of a space to park. It never even considered looking for an empty spot in the front of the large beige - not questionably colored - warehouse. Which stood at 16.135 meters high (do the math, you ignorant American).

This beige warehouse was no more than soulless. It's architecture was dim and simplistic (primitive Americans, *ugh*). The exterior, flat enough to paint with ease. It's roof, flat enough to hold water (if it weren't for the drab flood pipes). It's backdrop, an endless desert, flat enough to walk until dehydration sets in. It fostered no windows or skylights. The only openings it did have were two square gaps on parallel walls, an Entrance and an Exit.

The one interesting facet of this otherwise mundane property was a bold large yellow and dark blue sign that held eight words:

SMALL TUBE

THE PRIDE OF NORTH-EASTERN CALIFORNIA

This is why we're here. This is why these words are in print on their white page. This is why this lapis(?) 1972 Chevrolet Chevette was rolling away from this insipid warehouse toward the back of it's 83% full lot.

SMALL TUBE.

Full parking space by full parking space it moved at the same speed of - sorry my metric accustomed readers - 8mph. Never slowing down. Never speeding up. Spot by spot.

Car. Truck. Car. Car. Truck. Bus (taking up an entire four spots, *tisk tisk*). Car. Car. Car. SUV. Truck. Another bus (this one has taken an entire five spots. we must forgive the one that took four spots. we deeply apologize). Truck. Car. Car. Car. SUV. Hatchback. Car. Truck. Beetle (I, nor' the characters in this story, nor' the publisher, nor' any associates connected to the creation and selling of this publication support or endorse Adolf Hitler, the Third Reich, the Nazi Party, or their associates). Car. Truck. Truck. Another Beetle? Hatchback. Empty Space. Car. Car. Truck. Car. Car. Car. Car.

Empty Space.

Finally. Twenty minutes and finally. The empty spaces.

The azure(?) 1972 Chevrolet Chevette slowed down to a cruising speed of - sorry my imperial accustomed readers - 8.05kph. It eyed an empty space.

While it couldn't have Cara Cornstar. While she ran off with Chad Fiddler. (Fuck Chad Fiddler). While they were gone literally and figuratively and *very* literally. It could at least have this vacant area for its owner's desired time.

Wheels, the front two, *Turn* as it pulls between the two solid white lines. It inches/centimeters forward. **Stops.** Too wide. It must fix itself. Wheels, the front two, *turn* in the other direction. **Reverse.** The vehicle centimeters/inches backward. **Stops.** Wheels, the front two, again *turn* deeper into the open gap. **Drive.** The vehicle inches/centimeters forward. **Stops.** Still not there. Again the wheels, opposite direction. **Reverse.** The vehicle centimeters/inches backward. **Stops.**

While the lot's open lane has only been occupied by our mechanical friend, another character has entered the scene:

A Cherry Red 1995 Honda Prelude - this color is certain.

The azul(?) 1972 Chevrolet Chevette knew it should turn. It knew it should go into drive and finalize it's pathetic parking. Allow this new creature to continue its own search for an empty home of tar and paint. But there was something in this other being. Something the 1972 had never seen before.

Maybe it was their nubile exterior. Their exotic oriental heritage. Their thin and petite headlights. Maybe the way their tires held themselves so naturally, patiently, graciously, waiting to pass.

The Chevrolet had never looked at a Honda like this before, or at least had never allowed themselves too. Was it attracted to another brand..?

It was.

In this moment the indigo(?) 1972 Chevrolet Chevette decided;

To forget about Cara Cornstar. To forget about her and Chad Fiddler. (It always secretly respected Chad Fiddler and his dedication to helping third-world countries. Maybe they could've been close friends? Best friends? If only this cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude had been around then. If only.) To forget of their kidnapping and the way they were brutally starved, tortured, and then slaughtered by child soldiers for intel. To forget about the other Chevrolets it had watched from a distance. To finally accept every side glance it had given to others. Everytime it checked-out the exteriors of a Toyota or a Dodge or a Cadillac or a Honda. To admit, that it was

pansexual. And it was in love with a cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude. It was in love with every little-

“HONKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!.....”

, said the cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude.

TURN.

DRIVE.

INTO THE SPACE.

Before the 1972 could steal another glance, the cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude rushed forward and in one swoop perfectly pulled into its own empty spot.

Park.

The 1972 sat.

It's windshield washer fluid slowly rose as it's 6 Compact Disc Player (installed by a previous owner) switched over to the 1996 album “*Crash*” by (the) Dave Matthews Band.

Track 3.

Crash into Me.

All the 1972 wanted was someone to love. Someone that they could give all of themselves too. Someone to completely remove them and their thoughts from Cara Cornstar and Chad Fiddler. (Fuck Chad Fiddler). Someone to live for. Someone to completely absorb until death. Someone to travel the astral planes with.

And just as it was found.

Just as it was feet/meters away.

It was gone.

You've got your ball

You've got your chain

Tied to me tight tie me up again

Who's got their claws

In you my friend

Into your heart I'll beat again

Sweet like candy to my soul

Sweet you rock

And sweet you roll

Lost for you I'm so lost for you

You come crash into me

And I-

click.

The zaffre(?) 1972 Chevrolet Corvette shut down, and the driver's door opened.

Mittun Frock. Caucasian. Male. The middle of his nifty-fifties. 5 feet 8 inches/1 meter 73 centimeters tall. Un-ironed navy blue button down shirt, an inch too short on the sleeves. Light brown khakis, an inch too long on the pant. Unpolished loafers, perfect size. Crawled out of his seat and into the lot.

Gently pushing the drivers door into its locking mechanism Mittun stared down the line of cars to the previously encountered owners of the cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude.

Not like Mittun recognized the year, make, or model of the opposing vehicle. He was not a man of cars. Or trucks. Or buses. Or beetles. Or any automobile for that matter. Nor' a man of boats. Or planes. Or rockets. Nor' a man of blue collar work. Or white collar work. Or orange, green, red, purple, pink collar work.

If I were to describe Mittun - which seems to be my job at this point in time - he was a man of markdown decadence. A man of purchasing artisan cheese at discount prices due to it being a day expired. A man of driving up the prices at the local *Sullivan's Auction House* and leaving before the antique is finished selling. A man of **FIRST-EDITION ONLY** e-book reading. A man of meaning to refurbish, then meaning to recycle, then meaning to trash, then burning in his family sized fire pit. (Mittun did not have much family. This nuclear fire pit just happened to be in the clearance section of his local *Kroger Superstore*.)

Out of this cherry red 1995 Honda Prelude emerged a couple.

The passenger door: Pharrell Jones. American-Asian. Male. Late twenties. 6 feet 0 inches/1 meter 83 centimeters tall. Wimpy looking.

"*Moreso simpy looking,*" thought Mittun.

I can't argue with you there.

Poor Pharrell Jones, always in the friend zone. Always missing the signals. Waiting to long too confess his feelings. No one likes a nice guy Pharrell. **No one.**

Perhaps I should tell this to Mittun who seems to always get stuck in this brotherly type relationship?

To my knowledge Mittun Frock's last sexual experience was on his 36th birthday in an Ohio car wash bathroom with a Mormon woman that objectively sexualized scoliosis. He didn't have diagnosed scoliosis, yet he did walk with a slight hunch, which was just enough to incite this once in a lifetime event. This was once in a lifetime as the Ohioan woman thought Mittun was nice... too nice.

Maybe I should give him this piece of advice? Increase his chances? Widen his playing field? His responsive, separated, italicized, and indented response above is an indication he can hear me, no?

Can you hear me Mittun Frock?

...

Mittun Frock?

...

Must be a situational, only for comedic purpose, type thing.

Anywho, out of the drivers door: Kerry Jackson. Australian. Female. Late twenties. 5 feet 9 inches/1 meter 76 centimeters tall. Blonde hair. Strong chin. Hourglass frame. Defined thorax. Muscular throat. Size 7 shoes.

If there was anyone to honk the horn of their cherry red car at Mittun, it was this striking creature. It was Kerry Jackson. If only he could receive and enact my all knowing and brilliant advice.

Don't be the nice guy Mittun.

Mittun's eyes stuck to Ms. Jackson as he considered her disposition. She was not married to Pharrell or any other man or woman or vehicle. Mittun knew this based on her carefree walk and incredibly short tank-top which almost breached her belly button. The other deciding factor to this conclusion happened to be her ringless hand. She for sure was not married, nor' was she in romantic cahoots with this Pharrell character. He was in the friend-zone, deep, no question.

Mittun had never been wrong in assuming a being's intimate relations before, and he wouldn't be wrong today. Not in the SMALL TUBE parking lot.

SMALL TUBE.

This is why we're here.

Not for Japanese cars or their American-Asian passengers or their ravishing Australian drivers. We are here for SMALL TUBE. This is why you opened to this story. This is why you exist in this moment. This is why you unconsciously draw breath. This is why your heart pumps and moves blood. This is why you're still reading.

SMALL TUBE.

Upon these two demanding words Mittun's hand ran to the rear door's handle. In one studied, practiced, and rehearsed fluid motion (pushing the handle up, back, up again, down to catch the hook, out, and finally twist) the door was opened. Pulled from the backseat, a rather tacky tweed jacket and hazel briefcase on it's way to decomposition.

As both are laid on top of the vehicle a patch of blue auto-paint chips and flakes to the ground.

The 1972 will not be happy to discover more balding upon its next ignition.