



THE THUMP, THUMP, THUMPING

An Odd Tale from an Odd G
Reporting from San Francisco

“This is one of my top selling and personally preferred items. The larger model, it’s a god damn jack hammer. I just don’t see any practical utilization for it. I shudder at the thought of it on the highest settings. Need a seismograph to measure the readings. No, I steer my clients and trade show visitors towards this reliable, fit in your pocket, get the job done power tool.

Ruggedly constructed, slight indentation on the handle for grip here. Solid pad at an optimal circumference... ideal material. Safe to use in the water... It’s TSA approved, so you can bring it on a plane. I’m talking a by land, by air and by sea, full frontal attack that Sun Tzu would plan on your clitoris.”

“Retail \$300, no shit, look it up.”

“Now, the power is yours.”

Sitting to one side of these two girls kneeling, facing each other on a blanket spread out before the tent, one might wonder if she fully appreciated what had just been bestowed upon her. From the other profile, a single tear streamed down her face as her fingers wrapped round the grip.

Meanwhile across the alley...

“Now I don’t mind sharing my shit. Do it all the time, no gripe. I offered the guy, and I sure as shit wasn’t backing out or anything. So, you don’t go grabbing my shit right outta my hand.”

Oh hell no. Not how the game is played. Not by a long shot.

“I know, right, And then he’s inviting some other guy to smoke with us.”

Now, that’s the thing really gets under my skin. Call it a pet peeve. You’re no big shot hipster. I put you on the guest list... you gotta be grateful for that. I didn’t give you no plus one. Just this once: guest list, fuck no on the plus one, Not trying to get the whole scene high.

“Amen.”

So, you found a way to work this out cordially with the gentleman in question?

“Oh...I’m fucking pounding him, I mean let loose, both guns blazing beating til I can’t feel my hands and beating some more.”

You took your shit back...

“Hell no. He never gave it up.”

Wait, you’re pounding him, and he just holds your shit all that time?

“He was a big fucker. He just kind of curled up and took it.”

He took the beating, kept the dope. Didn’t offer to get you right or nothing?

“Fuck no, I got so dope sick, I ended up vomiting all over the dude, while he’s still laying there.”

He is lying there, beaten to shit, covered in vomit and clutching a bag of dope. Not the way you want to see a man go out. Some shameful, unseemly shit.

“Hey, did my girl come back today?”

(I have no idea who his girl is) Nah, didn’t see her. (Seriously, all of these guys from this camp keep saying “my girl”-not a clue)

“On this new stuff, I been putting it on her real good. I been meaning to ask if she has orgasmed.”

Siren goes off. Red flag raised-do not salute.

Yeah, you do that, man.

“You wanna check out the Tiny House Soup Kitchen? It’s good, but dine-in only. Plus, it’s a tiny house, so only seats like 1 at a time. Lines can be long.”

Nah, I gotta head back. I keep getting lost, don’t want to stray too far.

I’m checking trash bins all along the way. Trying to find some dinner. Only thing I came up with was a bag with three chicken McNuggets.

There are those apartments again. God damnit. I walked past these guys enough times, that they think I’m a creep or I’m looking to rob them. I gotta make this smart phone-map thing work.

I remember the intersection is scrawled on my fore arm in sharpie.

I’ve been lost long enough that homeboy will be back. I can casually figure out which one is “his girl”.

If you’re having trouble staying warm, just get lost a couple hours. Warms you right up all that walking around... Honey, I’m hooommme...”

Oddly quiet...tent perfectly still. When on the nod, a slight quiver from the slow fentanyl Butoh dance would betray the presence of inhabitants.

Safe to try the zipper I supposed. A bit of a thick brownish liquid trickled from the base of the tent. That would be fantastic if he brought back a couple big cups of actual hot soup from the tiny house spot.

A pause, a gasp, 3 chicken McNuggets fell, a few seconds apart from a slowly ungrasping hand.

By the time the third nugget hit, causing a crimson splash, as if landing in a glorious pond of bbq sauce, it was clear...murder had happened on this night.

The body tumbled out. Dude looked like he had the Olympics logo branded on his forehead 10 times. This series of circular indentations, bludgeoned into his skull.

The cold case, police file reads: "Known associates, G'Odd (presumed alias) called in and waited at scene not suspected...a female identified only as "my girl" whereabouts unknown, no known motive for crime, murder weapon unclear, and not found."