

“Legend of the completely non-existent street yeti

1

‘Holy Shit!’

There, apparently wasn’t enough gauze in the medical kit.

Things didn’t look good for our hero at that moment, and he was in a very real danger of bleeding out.

The gunshot had punctured his abdomen and exited an inch to the left of his spine. Lucky he wasn’t dead instantly.

“call 911!”

“No fuckin way man!”

“Damn it, give me that phone.”

“Shit on that!”

“first you tell me that tonight was going to be an easy score, then you tell me that street yeti was just an urban legend, and then I get shot with your damn pistol that wasn’t even suppose to be loaded. Tell me, should I just kill you now, or should I be allowed to recover properly whilst trying to forgive and forget, and give you time to get to some little third world country with no extradition where you can live out the rest of your life looking over your shoulder watching for street yeti?”

“I like the second one better.”

“Give me your damn phone.”

After a brief exchange with the 911 operator, our hero is less irate.

“Should have just retired like Phillip, I’m getting too old to go about sneaking through sewers and house breaking.”

“What the hell was that thing that chased us?”

“What the hell did it look like?”

“Looked like a street yeti, but --”

“If you say that street yeti don’t exist again, I’m going to shoot you dead where you stand!”

“It could have been a big dog.”

“Peter.”

“Yes, Michael?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

2

Here we find out one of the reasons Michael is cranky  
(and getting shot isn’t the one I’m thinking of)

And so on it went, until the ambulance arrived. Michael survived and made a full recovery and even had the charges against peter dropped. That eventful night Michael decided to turn over a new leaf and quit the house breaking business, and so peter (not being a complete idiot, but being near enough for it not to really mater,) did as well.

“Alright”

“Alright”

“So, now what are we gona do?”

“What do you mean?”

“Now that we’re out of the house breaking industry.”

“No, I meant what do you mean by “we”?”

“Look, I know I shot you, but it was accidental.”

“Ok, now how exactly was it that your gun was loaded, even with you for that matter, when it was

supposed to be such an easy score, and in a good part of town?"

"Take it easy man, shit."

"Take it easy? Now I don't know if you noticed you fucktard, but every thing you said tonight was just plain wrong, and to top that you had a live round chambered, what the hell is wrong with you? JESUS."

"Man, I said I was sorry."

"No you didn't, you said it was an accident."

"Man, why you got to be like this all the damn time?"

"I aint, just when I get nearly caught breaking & entering, chased by a yeti, shot, and nearly bleed to death, tends to put a man in a foul mood."

"Aw, come on it weren't that bad."

"Are you fucking serious? Damn it, I'm going home."

"Well, I recon we'll discuss what we're gona do tomorrow."

"There you go with that "we" shit again, tell you what, give me a few days to not be pissed at you any more and well see if the "we" thing will work. I'm going home."

"Give my best to Sharon."

"IDIOT! That bitch ran off and took Smokey with her last week. It just isn't enough for you to shoot me is it, you got to torture me too?"

"Damn, sorry Michael, forgot."

"JESUS HAROLD CHRIST! Man I should shoot you and run off with Yvonne, steal your dog, and see how you like it."

"Whoa, actually half the time that wouldn't be so bad, except maybe the shootin part. Dude I'm sorry. It weren't my fault, I aint even got a dog"

"Moron, I'm goin home. Don't call me tomorrow. I need some time to my self"

With that our protagonist goes home to an empty room in which he drinks about eight and a half beers and starts with all the depressing, drunk thoughts that men having super bad days have.

### 3

Questions mike had to (drunkenly) ask himself

"What the hell am I gona do now?"

Why did she have to go?

Where am I gona get rent?

She didn't have to go, did she?

Why in the Sam hill do I keep hanging out with Pete?

Why couldn't she stay?

Is there any more beer?

Wonder where she is?

What am I doing with my life?

Didn't she know I needed her?

Was that really a street yeti?

Wasn't she the most beautiful woman in the world?

TV dinners or instant noodles?

Why?

Do I really still want to kill Pete?

Where could she have gone?"

The empty apartment had no intention of answering any of these or the other hundred or so questions for Michael, However at this point he certainly wouldn't have noticed if it did.

### 4

Pete and Yvonne

(And why Michael running off with her half the time wouldn't be so bad)

“Hello! Are you home sugar?”  
“Pete, your back a little late, every thing alright?”  
“Not really sweetie, I just had the worst day I think I’ve ever had.”  
“Well what happened?”  
“You want the full or readers digest?”  
“Really that bad?”

Peter had a hard time telling Yvonne anything bad, its not that she was crazy but she tended to throw heavy objects at him when he had been extraordinarily stupid, and tonight’s events would definitely qualify as such.

“Well we were goin to break an easy score up on the good side of town”  
“Are you going to need your helmet for the rest of the story?”  
“Probably, but I don’t want to get it just yet.”  
“Damn, that bad?”  
“That bad.”

(Pete knew no matter how bad it could be, some times he deserved having a full case of beer thrown at his head, so sometimes he would forgo the helmet as penance)

“So bad in fact, I’m giving up house breaking right now!”  
“.....holy.....shit....., babe? Mike isn’t dead is he?”  
“No, no, but I don’t know if he ever wants to talk to me again.”  
“What happened?”  
“Well, we cased the out side really good. The place had those crapy older second story windows that a 4 year old could open with out breaking the glass.”  
“I remember those...”  
“So we started up the side of the building with Mikes ladder, and started in, only to find that it was completely un-furnished. Then the alarms started, must be something new cause there weren’t any sensor attached to the windows.”  
“Wow I’m going to have to check that out”  
“And then some dude, in a sombrero and nothing else kicked in the door and leveled two peacemakers in our direction.”  
“Now, you’re making this up.”  
“Nope, gods honest truth. So we did the only thing that we could, we jumped out the open window, landed hard in a dumpster and started running like our heads were on fire, that’s when we noticed the blue lights at the end of the ally that we were running towards.”  
“Shit, baby.”  
“so we ran back under the window which the naked vaquero was now hanging out aiming those six-shooters at us and making a noise like “wa-ga-la-ga-lu-ga!!!!” but much faster than I said it, and started busting caps in our general direction.”  
“Oh baby, you didn’t get hurt did you?”  
“Naw, I think the freak just wanted us to shit our selves (which nearly happened). Any way the cops were more concerned with the lone ranger than us, so we got away from that scene and stayed to the alleys for a while, and you’re not going to believe the next part.”  
“Go on.”  
“well we turned a corner and came upon a dude eating out of a dumpster, except this dude had to be about eight foot tall covered with tiger striped fur done up in spikes, with a pair of white chucks on his feet. Looked kinda like Chewbacca gone punk rocker.”  
“Oh my god, a street yeti!”  
“It couldn’t have been they don’t exist.”  
“Well, what the hell else could it have been?”  
“I don’t know, I’m still thinking on that one. It let out this horrible yell, I can still hear it in my

head, kinda a sad, angry, happy sound, know what I mean?"

"No, can't say that I do."

"Any way it charged us, so I pulled my piece."

"You idiot, you don't take a gun out on a job"

"I know, I know mike lectured me about it after I shot him."

And now here comes the first projectile, a can of grape soda, which nails Pete square in the forehead

"OW, fuck baby, waja do that f.....? Okay I deserved it."

"WHAT THE FUCK, PETE."

"He is okay now."

"IT DOESN'T MATTER, YOU STILL SHOT YOUR BEST FRIEND, ASSHOLE!"

"And that's why I'm not sure he will ever talk to me again."

"HE DAMN SURE SHOULDN'T, DIP SHIT!"

"I said I was sorry, damn, he didn't die or anything!"

"THAT AIN'T THE DAMN POINT, HE IS YOUR BEST FRIEND AND YOU SHOT HIM?  
YOU DON'T DO SHIT LIKE THAT EVEN ON ACCIDENT!"

"Do you want, me to finish?"

"Damn it, you had better."

"Anyway mike wanted my cell to call the ambulance, and I wouldn't give it to him at first thought it would cause trouble, kind of thoughtless of me at the time."

"Idiot."

"Ya I know, but he said something about wanting to kill me and I thought better of it."

"Damn well should have at first!"

"(just like I'm thinking better of telling you this right now) so he called 911 and chilled out a bit, might have been blood loss, in any case I rode along in the ambulance and they got him patched up.

"That's a relief any way"

"It wasn't any treat riding along in the ambulance, I hate those damn things."

"I meant that they got him patched up, moron."

"Oh,"

"Go on."

"He dropped the charges, and said he was going home, and I said give my best to Sharon"

"Oh, no you didn't, why didn't you just pour Tabasco in his wound?"

"I just forgot is a..... OW!" (This time it was an ash tray)

"He is you best goddamn friend, Pete, you shouldn't have to remember to be a little sensitive especially after you shoot him!"

"Like you are with me right no..... (coffee mug), GODDAMNIT!"

"DON'T EVEN START!!!"

"Why....do...keep... doing ...that?"

"Because sometimes you think better with a little head trauma."

"Maybe... think...better...if.... Stopped....throwing...at...head."

At which point Pete goes unconscious, and as usual when similar discussions in the past have happened with Yvonne, she drags him to bed and puts an ice bag on his head, she has a hard time loving him sometimes but can't really help herself and thinks it's good that he has given up the house breaking business. She had given up on burglary years ago, and found a respectable if not profitable position as a bank teller. Right now she is the happiest woman in the world, despite the rather intense amount of violence she had inflicted on the love of her life. We see her walking to the phone, with happy tears in her eyes, she has to call Mike.

ring.....ring.....ring, is there any more annoying sound when one is shit faced, depressed, and incoherent?

I think not. Maybe Mike thought that something bad had happened to Pete (and that thought brought a smile to him) so he groped semi-conscious for the phone, knocking over several empty cans.

“Mike?”

“Ughh?”

“It’s Yvonne, I’m so sorry for what happened tonight.”

“Whaug....”

“You shouldn’t be drinking like that after being shot, Mike. Thins out the blood and makes you bleed easier.”

“um.”

“I want to thank you for not killing Pete, as well as apologize for all that shit tonight, I know sometimes that Pete doesn’t think, but I still love him and really think that now you two are getting out of the business that he and you will both be much happier. I also want to thank you for being with him tonight to get your self shot, cause he would still be in the business, if it hadn’t happened, if you weren’t you Id run over there right now and give you a big kiss and a hug.”

“Uggh?”

“Yes hug. Mike I’m sorry to say it but I’m glad that you got shot other wise things would just have stayed the same. So thanks....a lot, more that you could ever know

“Wugga?”

“Ill tell you all this again when you can remember it.”

“prob.”

“Prob?” what prob?

“neh.”

“Okay Mike thanks lots, oh and drink some water, you won’t feel as bad tomorrow.

“s’kay.”

“Goodnight.....click.....beepbeepbeep”

Mike listened to the busy signal for a good 12 seconds before he realized that that was in fact the most annoying sound to hear while shit faced

## 6

The day after...

It happened to be warm for January, rather pleasant overcast. Yvonne decided to stay home from work to spend some time with Pete, whom was, after last night’s discussion still in rather a lot of pain. Thing was that he was glad about this, feeling as though he had reached a turning point in his life. He could happily say for the first time since he and Yvonne had been together that he really wasn’t afraid of her any more, or at least the projectiles. He did love her and he knew that he had put her through some stupid shit, and mostly he deserved what got thrown at his head. It wasn’t last night that changed his outlook, it was how she was looking at him when he woke, what was it? Pride? In fact it was, and he really didn’t know how to react. Holding the ice pack against his head, and looking at her, he decided that quitting the business was absolutely the best thing that he could do for her.

He felt absolutely horrible and needed to pee, so trying not to be sick to his stomach he got out of bed and went down the hall, a short time later he returned and Yvonne had a bottle of aspirin and a glass of seltzer, which he thought was the sweetest, most beautiful thing in the world, so beautiful that he had hardly noticed that he was currently vomiting in a trash can.

“whaugggg!”

“you feeling any better?”

“a little, was last night really as bad as I remember?”

“yes babe, but you will be okay. I talked to Mike after I knocked you out, told him how happy I am that you two are giving up burglary.

“you mean he actually talked to you? I just thought that if any one called he’d have pretended to not be there.”

“well, he didn’t actually talk, more grunted. We will call him back tomorrow, when he’s sobered

up, and doesn't want to kill you any more."

"all ri.....Whaggg! Damn!"

"you sure that you don't want to go to the doctor?"

"you've never asked me that before."

"just concerned is all."

"its just strange is all, you never seemed to care before when I was si.....hawg."

"things have changed is all ."

"you really think so?"

"I know it."

"give me half an hour, and let me let my stomach calm down then I'll take you up on any conversation you want along with that seltzer and aspirin."

"alright babe, just go back to sleep and ill be here"

She let him sleep for two more hours, thought he could use the extra rest. She started making a big breakfast of biscuits, eggs, sausage and gravy, all that really good stuff that the doctors say will kill you when you eat it too often, and got a bottle of Champaign that they had been saving for an event worthy of celebration. If Pete quitting wasn't cause for it then the old bottle would sit until dooms day. Mike on the other hand was nowhere near to a celebratory mood. The only thing worse than being drunk, depressed, and asking questions, was waking up hung-over, with the same questions, and being no closer to having any kind of answer at all. It wasn't good.

## 7

Mike try's to open his eyes

"now the last week, had to be a dream. I'm going to open my eyes and see Sharon. She is absolutely the cutest with that bed head. I'm not going to make love to her cause I'm hung-over, she probably is too, but maybe in a couple of hours. So now I just have to convince my self that it was just a dream, so she will be here when I open my eyes. last night had to be a dream."

He then noticed the pain in his abdomen.

"shit.... I could just be sick to my stomach"

He knew that he wasn't though, the pain was different.

"okay.... Maybe it is my appendix, I've heard that sometimes if you are in pain while you sleep that you dream crazy things."

Part of him knew it was bullshit.

"when I open my eyes everything's going to be okay."

At that point all of him knew it was bullshit, and he was scared shitless to open his eyes. It was then that the decision was taken out of his hands, as the dry heaves started. He made record time to the bathroom, and after having produced nothing but gagging sounds and pain, he didn't see her on his way there.

He sat a good long time with his back against the bath tub with tears in his eyes, trying not to scream.

## 8

After his personal apocalypse

When mike finally left the side of the bathtub, after a long time that could have been hours, of self pity induced weeping, he had a plan in his head for what he would do next. It would be dramatic, possibly dangerous, and most certainly doomed to failure. But it had a slim chance of success, like a tiny, tiny sparkle of hope at the far end of a tightrope stretched across the grand canyon . If he couldn't get to it at least he would go over the edge spectacularly!

Things were coming together in his head, which is to say less than rationally. Next he did something no one, least of all him, expected. He called Pete.

Ring...ring...ring....

“answer the damn phone”  
 “hello?”  
 “hi, Yvonne. Is Pete around?”  
 “.....do you still want to kill him?”  
 “no..... well yes, actually, but I wanted to talk to him about the yeti.”  
 “yes, he is around but I don’t think he should talk to you right now.”  
 “why’s that?”  
 “minor concussion.”  
 “so you two talked last night?”  
 “yes, he was more stupid than usual, so it was bad for him.”  
 “sorry to hear it”  
 “no...your not, I’ll have him call you when he feels a little better.”  
 “alright, later then. Oh and I’m sorry for losing it with him like I did.”  
 “don’t tell me, he is the one who should be apologizing to you. He will and the two of you can forget it ever happened.”  
 “I don’t think it will be forgotten, he’s gona owe me big for a long time.”  
 “be that as it may, right now he needs rest. You sound like you could use some too.”  
 “well later then.”  
 “later.”

## 9

### Thoughts on mythical creatures

The problem with the street yeti, happens to be that they really don’t exist. Even though people see them frequently, there has never been a documented case of a live capture, Nor has a deceased one been found. Up until very recently the center for the documentation of mythical, supernatural and downright odd creatures have denied the existence of tooth fairies, unicorns, phoenix, and the Easter bunny, but in each case the evidence eventually piled up so high they had to admit that they existed. Such had not happened with the north American street yeti, so for all intents and purposes it doesn’t exist.

Now, the tooth farie has been categorized as an off shoot of the common garden farie family, who’s long sharp teeth make it impossible to find mates, so with a rather dumb sense of irony they buy teeth from children and sell them to back alley scientist, involved in illegal cloning experiments, to afford orthodontic alteration.

Unicorns thought to have been extinct since the great flood, had been discovered in Ireland in the late 1990s, of course everyone knows about the horn and the beauty of the creature, but no one would want to get close enough to get a good look at them as they emit a stench so horrible that they actually smell better dead.

9 out of 10 cases of spontaneous human combustion are caused by phoenix, who had found an easy life as a house pet. Their handlers try to comfort the bird in its last few moments of life, and unfortunately go up in smoke with it. The bird, of course, is none the worse for wear.

And the Easter bunny, greatest of all recently no longer mythical creatures, is actually a mutant squirrel with long ears and the ability to lay eggs, odd thing is it lays only regular chicken eggs, how or why is as yet unknown, as is also how the critter reproduces.

The side effects of finding that these wonderful animals actually exist, is that the people who discover them are nearly always instant celebrities, which mike was going to count on to get Sharon’s attention wherever the hell she was.

And He would need Pete’s help to catch that furry bastard.

## In search of knowledge

It was 4 in the after noon and Pete was recovering nicely. His head no longer was killing him and Yvonne was tending to him. Mike on the other hand needed supplies . Pepper spray, stun gun, tazer, 12 gauge beanbags, duct tape, steel toed boots, a giant steel cage on wheels that could be towed, ammo, tranquilizer gun and darts, and street yeti bait, what ever that may be

There were about a hundred different things that he would need but none more important than information. He knew where to get everything except that. Whom exactly did you go to, to find out what street yeti like to eat? what there natural habitats are? once you have captured them how do you care for and keep them healthy?

He was drawling a blank.

So he did what every red blooded, not quite rational human did when answers wouldn't present themselves.

Google

The first answer to his query happened to be a rather sad, sick, stupid gorilla suit porn site, that he wished he could forget seeing.

After about fifty or so other similar sites, he came upon the center for the documentation of mythical, supernatural and downright odd creatures (c.d.m.s.d.o.), guidelines for hunting and ethics page.

1. If at all possible quarry should be taken alive.
2. In this day of computers and photo shop, still images and video will not be acceptable as proof of existence, however may be filed in the c.d.m.s.d.o.'s reference database.
3. At no time should the actions of the hunter conflict with local, state or federal laws.
4. Professional hunters are no longer required to have the B.S. in the study of mythical creatures, although it wont hurt. Freelance hunters must have at least high school degree, and safety certification in the use of lethal and less lethal weaponry.
5. As the hunting of mythical creatures is an extremely dangerous pursuit, a last will and testament, or living will is required.
6. The c.d.m.s.d.o. accepts no responsibility in cases of death, dismemberment, disembowelment, spontaneous combustion, blindness, deafness, insanity, being turned to stone, or other related conditions.
- 7.it is recommended that all hunters enroll in the modern adventures insurance agency's (m.a.i.a.) high risk program, though not mandatory.

It went on for another 50 or so entry's, and mike thought to himself

"shit! Theirs more to this creature hunter thing than I thought."

When he tried to get Pete on board Yvonne would have a shit fit, but Pete owed him big, so she wouldn't be too terrible.

The internet was a complete waist as far as street yeti info was concerned. So he grabbed his jacket and went to the library.

No luck there either.

Mike decided to call the c.d.m.s.d.o. and try to find any research information on the street yeti, they had none that they were willing to share. he made an appointment to get licensed and certified.

He decided to give Pete a day to recover as he knew what had happened with Yvonne, as had happened repeatedly in the past.

His concealed carry license was still good, and he was fairly sure that it would work as the certification for lethal weaponry.

Pete was resting after breakfast which took place around noon. Nice to sleep in when your lover nearly



killed you the night before. It was okay, now that he had quit things would change, they had even now.  
The phone rang and Yvonne got it.

“hello?”

.....

“.....do you still want to kill him?”

.....

“yes, he is around but I don’t think he should talk to you right now.”

.....

“minor concussion.”

.....

“yes, he was more stupid than usual, so it was bad for him.”

.....

“no...your not, I’ll have him call you when he feels a little better.”

.....

“don’t tell me, he is the one who should be apologizing to you. He will and the two of you can forget it ever happened.”

.....

“be that as it may, right now he needs rest. You sound like you could use some too.”

.....

“later.”

Pete asked “who was that?”

“mike, he wanted to talk about the street yeti.”

“why am I the only one in the world who knows that they don’t exist?”

We see a large grin spread across Yvonne’s face

“because, you’re the only one in the world who is too dumb to believe your eyes.”

“hey... that’s really uncalled fo.....

She gives him a long deep kiss.

“holy shit! What was that for?”

“you’re an even bigger dummy than I thought, if you can’t figure it out!”

Pete looks confused.

“hell, I aint that d...”

She does it again.

“wow....., “

We will let them have some privacy, as good taste dictates we must. We come back to them after about an hour.

“so have you figured it out yet?”

“actually, I forgot what were talking about.”

“it doesn’t matter right now. What are you going to do now?”

“well I was thinking of making love to you again in a little while.”

“no, I meant now that you have quit housebreaking? Not that I would mind what you had in mind.”

“I don’t know. Ill start looking for a job tomorrow. Its been a long time since I’ve made an honest living.”

“why don’t you take mike with you? It might give him a chance to burry the hatchet.”

“possibly in my face?”

“he probably wont want to kill you tomorrow. He sounded like he needed something, and he can’t stay mad at you when he needs your help.”

“noticed, did you?”

“shit, he has been that way as long as I’ve known you two. It really didn’t take long to notice that. Give him a day or two to get it out of his system and yall are best friends again.”

“well, I’ve never shot him before.”

“things have changed, you hadn’t noticed it as much as I had, and things will be different, maybe not better but I can hope.”

“I wish I had your intuition.”

“let tomorrow sort its self out.”  
“jump off that bridge when I get to it?”  
“something like that”  
At this point were going to leave the two love birds to what can only be called (in the most vulgar way)  
“screwing each others brains out.”

12

What denial can cause a man to do

Mike arrived at Pete and Yvonne’s apartment early the next day at about 7:30.

Bang, bang, bang, “WAKE UP”  
“IM COMING DAMNIT HOLD YOUR GOD DAMN HORSES”  
Yvonne opens the door.  
“Mike, to what do we owe the pleasure of your visit? You here to kill Pete?”  
“Why do you keep asking that? Anyway no, I need his help.”  
“he was going job hunting today, and I think that I talked him into inviting you to go with him.”  
“why precisely would you do that?”  
“give you two a chance to kiss and make up.”  
“I don’t even want to kill him now, why would you think that we needed to?”  
“well he did shoot you after all, and you were good enough to not have had attempted murder charges leveled., so naturally he needs to apologize to you.”  
“damn right, but there are more important things that we need to talk about.”  
“what could be more important than preserving a life long friendship?”  
“Sharon.”  
“mike, I know its hard but, you got to give her up.”  
“why? she didn’t even leave me a dear john, in the years that she and I have been together she could tell me anything, why couldn’t she just dump me face to face?”  
“because you tend to be rather intense, and start yelling, you can be a perfect asshole, and sometimes, quite frankly, your frightening.”  
“I love her. I’m sorry I just cant accept that she would just turn her back on me without any warning.”  
“you know that sometimes you are even dumber than Pete.”  
“what the fuck you mean?”  
“I mean that there was warning, and you either ignored it, or didn’t notice, as is the problem with all men, you are oblivious.”  
“I don’t need this, where is Pete?”  
“come on in, Ill get him up.”  
Mike sat down on the futon and waited about ten minutes before Pete and Yvonne came into the living room  
“so what’s up?”  
“Pete, I need you to help me capture a street yeti.”  
“shit mike, you know that they don’t exist. Why in the hell cant everyone else just come to grips with that?”  
“you saw what I did, why cant you believe what you saw? “  
“it was dark and I couldn’t see it so good, it might have been a basketball player.”  
Yvonne then states “well, it wasn’t so dark that you couldn’t tell that it was covered in orange and black fur, kind of kills that theory.”  
Mike looks at her and doesn’t quite know how to react to her being on his side, as in the past she has always had her own side.  
“what about when you got bit by that tooth fairy and had to get rabies shots?”  
“so what about it ?”  
Yvonne puts in two more cents “you know that when that happened they didn’t officially exist either.”

"thank you Yvonne."

"yes, but me and the tooth fairies had a damn fine business agreement when I was five or six, so how could I not believe?"

"I don't believe it! Are you saying that if the street yeti gave you money you would believe that it was real?"

"well maybe not, but I would need some kind of concrete evidence that they did exist."

"what could be more concrete than what happened the other night?"

"a hank of fur, or its white chucks, or I don't know, shit."

Yvonne says "Peter dear, if you were to help mike with this and prove that you are right you would never hear about any of this again, and besides what the hell else are you going to do right now?"

Michael and Peter look at Yvonne like she had a horn growing out of the middle of her forehead.

"okay, damn it, I'm in, but only to prove you wrong!"

"as you have never proven me wrong, I'm not too worried about it."

"shit."

Pete storms back to his room in a huff to get changed.

Mike says to Yvonne "thank you ."

"Your welcome."

"I thought that you probably wouldn't let Pete help with out a fight."

"I just thought that this yeti hunt you have planed would be less boring than finding honest work right now and the transition wouldn't be as much of a shock for Pete. Besides I feel that I owe you."

"for what?"

"getting him out burglary. It would have been only a matter of time till he got himself in to real trouble."

"makes a little since."

"and I'm going to help too."

"what??"

"you didn't think that I was going to let you two go out to get your spines ripped out through your noses with out backup, did you?"

"fuck, I didn't even think of that."

"so senseless leader, what do we do now?"

"we go shopping."

Phillip (whom had been mentioned near the begging of the story) had been out of the housebreaking business for over four years, and was working as head of the R&D department of nearly lethal inc. a unique company that specialized in cutting edge less lethal weaponry.

Less lethal was a bit of a misnomer as the company built just what its name said, and Philip, having a bit of sadistic streak (only a half mile wide) was perfect for his job.

One of his favorite inventions was "the beach ball gun", which would launch a beach ball like projectile at a speed of approximately 75 m.p.h. and spread tear gas over crowds as it bounced at a high rate off their heads. (just imagine an overweight guy in glasses with a pocket protector, testing this at a riot and giggling like a school girl, and you get the idea of what Phil is all about)

Another was the stazer, which despite being wildly inaccurate could penetrate bullet proof vests and light armor plate, then delivering a high voltage shock.

It was Phillip that mike needed to talk to now.

At about 9 am just after opening Mike, Pete and Yvonne walked into the Nearly Lethal factory showroom.

The clerk at the counter asked "are you all finding everything alright?"

Pete was looking at an expensive net cannon going "ooh," with his mouth agape when mike replies

"yes, is Phillip Enders here today?"

"Phil? Hell he practically lives here, if you ask me he likes his job way too much. Ill go get him for you."

The clerk opens the door to the factory / R&D area when a loud bang is heard, followed by “son of a whore! Damn fuse!”

“on second thought now might not be the best time”

“tell him its mike, and if he wants to collect on that bet that he’d better get his fat ass out here.”

“I would, but it appears that he has glued himself to his work bench for at least the next 20 minutes or so”

“can we go back there?”

“just don’t touch anything, and I mean anything okay, I wouldn’t do it if you wanted to see anyone else but the last time Phil was mad at me it took me two days to regain control of my bodily functions.”

Mike, Pete and Yvonne went through the door and beheld machines of various sizes and shapes dominating the factory floor. Along the walls in the massive room there were work benches with almost any hand and power tool imaginable, about half way down Phil was sitting at his station, in so far as you can sit when glued to a work bench that is, as he was covered head to toe in dark green sludge he hadn’t noticed them yet.

“how are you Phil?”

“at the moment not real good mike. How are you?”

“been better, just what the hell happened to you?”

“proto type glue bomb, for some reason our fuses are faulty and they go off for no damn good reason, ill be okay, stuff sticks like super glue but dissolves in about twenty minutes, how’s business?”

“over and done. Just got too crazy all of a sudden, I got tired of risking my freedom for what I was getting back, oh and Pete shot me, bad omen type stuff.”

“Pete shot you?”

“yup.”

“fuck.”

“my sentiments exactly.”

“so what brings you to our little toy shop? Looking for something with which not to kill Pete?

You cant be here to pay off that bet.”

Pete interjects “I’m right behind you, you know.”

“actually I didn’t know as I cant turn around for the next 18 or so minutes.

Mike, Pete and Yvonne all say good bye and wait for Phil in the showroom.

At about 9:35 Phil comes out of the factory door , tinted green face smiling. Mike for the first time in a week and a half, bursts out laughing.

“damn, what the hell is in those glue bombs of yours?

“this, oh, identification dye, helps the cops keep track of arrestees.

Yvonne says “you are about the silliest thing ive seen.”

“what, today?”

“no, ever.”

“nice to see you too.”

Mike says “Phil, we need certification, and less lethal gear.”

“what? Right down to business, no time to get re acquainted with old friends?

“were going to the c.d.m.s.d.o this afternoon to get licensed, so time is of the essence.”

“shit, why you want to do that? And why the rush?”

“long story, tell you later. Can we get credit?”

Its Phil’s turn to burst out laughing.

And so they started to peruse the wares held within the show room, and not finding anything that they could afford with out any serious financing or credit. It wasn’t that they were poor, or bad with money but that cutting edge technology was prohibitively expensive.

The problem was that all of the gear that was on display was more or less intended for military or law enforcement departments.

“what do you think that you’ll need?”

Michael replies “ few tasers, 12 ga. Beanbags, pepper spray, tranquilizer gun and darts, .

“shit everything is going to come to more than what you were willing to spend”

“so there is no way that you can help us out Phil?”

“I didn’t say that, but you wont like what I can do.”

“oh god”

“I’m going back to my station and call the president, and tell him what I am going to do.”

“is that really going to fly?”

“yes because, 1 I’m the vp in charge of R&D, 2 every one in this company is afraid of me, including him, and 3 because we are in dire need of field testers.”

“what!”

“well all this shit doesn’t test its self.”

“after seeing what that stupid glue bomb did to you, hell no! I aint that dumb. That shit could get someone seriously hurt.”

“I have been playing with this shit for four years and I still have eight fingers and seven toes left, it aint that bad.”

“fuck, I really don’t need this right now, is there any other way that we can get the gear?”

“no. I also said that you will be testing didn’t I so in fact ill be paying you to take the gear.”

Pete asks “what dose it pay?”

“no Pete you heard what he said about fingers and toes. It don’t matter what it pays if it cripples you .”

“you will also have very good benefits.”

Pete says “go on.”

Mike slaps his forehead and says “I cant fuckin believe it.”

Yvonne says “well you two do need to find a job.”

“then its settled I’ll just run back and get some paperwork and well get you two started right away and get your l.l. certification.”

Mike yells “is any one even listening to me?”

Yvonne asks “could I work part time also?”

Phil replies “sure, I’ve got no problem with that. I’ll even let you set your own hours”

Mike yells even louder “YALL ARE FUCKIN INSANE!”

“mike like you said you really need the gear and this is the only way you are going to get it.”

“yes but I want tested and reliable gear, not what you have in mind.”

“just think though, you will be part of making it reliable, and the pay isn’t bad, besides what the hell else can you do?”

“shit!”

“so you will do it.”

“fuck”

“Is that a yes?”

It was in fact.

Once they got done with Phil they headed over to the c.d.m.s.d.o’s world headquarters, where they filled out a long application on a computer situated in a tight cubical

“what does immolated mean?” asks Pete

Mike and Yvonne are so deep in discussion that they didn’t even hear Pete’s question

“so what makes you think that this is going to get her attention?” asks Yvonne

“come on, you see how the media plays this kind of shit, where ever she is she is going to hear about it and why I did it.”

Pete asks "what does eviscerated mean?"

"and you think that she is just going to come running to you and you beg for forgiveness, that is of course if we can catch it?"

"no I just want to talk to her, maybe the begging for forgiveness could come later, but right now I just want to find out why. Why would I have to beg for forgiveness anyway? not like did any thing wrong .."

"hey guys, what the fuck does rigidified mean?" asks Pete, who is looking rather red by this point.

"petrified" says Yvonne

"turned to stone" says Mike at the same time so Pete still doesn't understand.

"you still don't get it, you did do something wrong or worse didn't do something right!"

"huh?"

"something that let her know that you care, or was just sweet, you know little shit, sometimes that stuff counts for lots."

"she wouldn't have left me over something like that."

"clueless"

Pete asks "could one of you look at this word? I cant even pronounce it."

"take peter here for example, now he is sometimes as dumb as a bag of hammers."

"hey!!" Says Pete.

"but at least he is good about letting me know that I'm loved and needed, can you say the same for yourself?"

"shit, I don't need you analyzing me now!" says mike as he storms out of the cubicle.

Pete asks "babe, what the hell was all that about? "

Yvonne replies "nothing I'm just trying to make sure that we aren't wasting our time here

"well, you know that I think that we are ."

"yup."

"babe?"

"yes Pete?"

"how the fuck you spell apprehended ?"

## 16

### Sharon and smokes

On the other side of town, a pretty burnet woman was at the bus station ready to head for greener pastures, she seems familiar to all of us as we all know someone like her. She had been having problems with her now ex, he never laid a hand on her, but often shouted when he got excited and tended to blow things out of proportion.

Her one great regret was that she couldn't change the way she was for him, and that he couldn't do the same for her.

"sorry Ms. No pets allowed on the ride." said a mean looking and bad smelling ticket seller

She looked down at the little mutt that had made her life with mike, at least a little more tolerable and the little mutt looked back with a look that might have said "fuck em"

Downtrodden, she turned to leave the station, and went back the three blocks to where she was staying with a distant, but friendly cousin. Along the way she had a discussion with the mutt.

"So smokes, you want to wait around back of the station to bite that jerk?"

Smoky just looked at her for a second and then started walking on, drawling out the retractable leash.

"didn't think so, you have always done better with the live and let thing than mike and me."

They walked a few more yards  
“how do you think he is doing?”  
Smokes just stopped and gave her a look that may have said “why are you worried about him?” or possibly  
“lets get home, I’m hungry.”  
She took the first interpretation.  
“I don’t know, its just that we had been together so long that.....”  
She just couldn’t seem to put into words what she was thinking. She missed him a little but didn’t know if she loved him any more. A tough thing to put into words.

She was glad that it was over, all the late nights waiting for him to come home after what he called work, all the ill gotten gains that had helped to support them, all the worry about the cops busting down the door to arrest him. None of that stuff mattered now, all in the past. She was free to start over, without him. She knew that smoky and her would be better off, and maybe he would too. She had explained all of it in the letter she left him, which he hadn’t found yet due to her compulsive hiding of things. It started so sweetly and soured so slowly that it took her some time to realize that he just wasn’t the guy that she fell in love with anymore.

“tomorrow you stay at cousin jenny’s house and I go rent a car, we will get away from here then”  
Smokey seemed to say “that’s cool as long as we can stop at the rest stops so I can smell the other dogs butts.

17  
Toys

after the application process was completed they had their three day waiting period to go through before becoming licensed , so they went back to nearly lethal to pick up the experimental gear that Phil had for them to test.

A folding table had been set up in the factory area in an unused corner, beside it stood a very happy looking, yet still green tinted Phillip.  
On the table there were new devices of various description, shapes and sizes .

“so this is it?” asks mike  
“this is the most sophisticated non lethal equipment in the world, you could show a little awe.” replied Phil.  
“what the hell is this?” asked as he picked up a high impact plastic leg holster containing five dart like objects with what looked like a key chain remote attached.  
”thrown stun darts, with remote trigger.”  
“Dibs!” squeals Yvonne who excitedly grabs the holster from mike, with an evil , gleeful look flashing in her eyes.  
“oh god .” muttered Pete just loud enough for Yvonne to hear.  
“don’t worry babe, I promise not to use these on you “  
“how about these?” asks mike as he picks up an object about the size of a soda can  
“that’s a glue bomb”

Very, very gently mike sets it back on the table and Phil bursts out laughing as he says “mike that version is perfectly safe. Its remote detonated, the only version were having trouble with is the grenade type. This one is good for less lethal ambushes.

“ill take your word for it.”

Pete pipes in as he grabs a large long barreled rifle like device “what’s this?”  
“we are calling that the ‘stop snipe’ right now, we’re working on a better name.  
“Okay, what’s it do?”

“delivers a dart out to 150 yards accurately, filled with any different number of chemical agents. Right now the only darts we have for it are filled with a paralysis agent that doesn’t interfere with major organ functions like some other agents do.”

“what does that mean?”

"Pete honey, that means that what ever you shoot wont suffocate from lack of lung function." says Yvonne  
Phil says "you must be the intelligent one."

"and while I'm being intelligent, may I ask whom we are testing these fine products upon?"

"glad you asked, you are officially unofficially attached to the county sheriffs dept. some very nice young men from the SWAT team volunteered to be tested upon."

Mike responds "did that just slip your mind when we signed on for this? I have never made any secret of how I feel about the law."

"relax mike, jeez you really need to chill a little."

"its just that I try not to piss off lawmen if I can help it."

Its okay they just really want to be on the cutting edge and know what this gear is capable of, so yall are going to have some fun with them

## 18

### The inevitable run in with the law

By some cosmic fluke Mike Pete and Yvonne were now standing in the presence of the county sheriffs departments SWAT team. Perhaps it was just insane karma, this was the crew with which they were to test those woefully expensive toys that Phil had provided them. Its not like mike didn't like cops but after all up until two days ago he was a professional freelance burglar.

In a corner away from the SWAT guys mike asks Pete and Yvonne "what the hell are we doing here?"

"don't you remember, you two needed gear and honest work." said Yvonne

Pete says "not to mention the health, dental and life coverage."

"Shut up Pete, I mean with the cops?"

"you know what they say about beggars and choosers." says Yvonne

"damnit"

"just think though, the fact that they don't know that you two were breaking and entering for years is a testament to just how damn good you two really are."

"were just lucky." says Pete

"Damnit, damnit, damnit"

"hey yall ready to get the show on the road?" shouts one of the SWAT guys

"in a minute." says mike. "let us gear up."

## 19

The SWAT guys were playing the part of an angry mob of rioters. Mike Pete and Yvonne were playing the law (complete with riot attire). One of the SWAT guys threw an empty pop can at them and Yvonne returned a hand thrown dart like projectile that thudded into the mans sternum. Screaming and convulsing ensued.

"well that one works." said Pete.

Mike shot the next man in the face with a wad of slime, underneath which his muffled screams could barely be heard as he fell hard on his ass. Two more put him on his back

A rock pinged off of Pete's helmet "why in name of god does everyone aim for my head?" yells Pete as he shoots the offender in the leg with a dart, instantly he goes down and starts screaming "I cant feel my legs!! Why cant I feel my legs!?"

"Looks like this one works too."



This goes on for another half hour,( and by this time they had gone through nearly all of the gear that was to be tested and having a blast) until pete pulls the pin on a un marked green canister grenade and is instantly covered in green sludge . Everyone on both sides stops and looks at the now immobile pete “idiot” says mike and Yvonne in unison.

The swat guy in charge holds up his hands and says “we surrender. Were going to buy the beer.”

About 4 hours later the ten of them stumble out to the curb outside of the pub .

“That went well enough” slurred pete

“I keep going back to when you glued your self in place” says Yvonne “so what do we to tomorrow?”

“we start looking for a yeti to catch” said a buzzed mike

20

As per his custom mike was banging on Pete and Yvonne’s door, it seemed to them that by now that he would understand that he was nearly always welcome, and should just walk in and take the recliner in the corner of the living room (which by this time had a permanent mike’s ass shaped depression). But he wouldn’t so Pete had to go open the door for him.

“morning mike.”

“Pete do you still have those night vision goggles ? The ones that you painted day glow orange?

“I never understood why he did that, check the big closet out there.” came Yvonne’s voice from the bedroom, Accompanied by the sound of rummaging.

“I must have told you both a hundred times its so I can find them in the dark”

Yvonne shouts back “just like I’ve told you a hundred times that if you can find them in the dark other people can find you”

Mike walks over to his accustomed place and puts down the heavy duffle bag next to the recliner, and says “you know she has a point. Sometimes your just too stubborn”

“your one to talk.”

“huh?”

“you know what I’m talking about.”

“lets just say for the sake of argument that I don’t”

“you cant even admit that maybe you have gone completely nuts.”

Yvonne squeals and yells “there you are!”

“what she on about?” asks mike

“she was looking for some of her old night time gear” says Pete as he retrieves the garish looking things from the closet.

Mike throws him a roll of camo duct tape “use this on those. what do you mean completely nuts?”

Pete was well aware of what was going on with mike right now, he knew when he wasn’t pissed off at something that something was wrong, and something even more wrong was liable to happen.

Yvonne steps out of the bedroom wearing an almost black pair of bdu pants, the same color shirt, and a dark grey vest with lots of pockets and a dark colored boonie hat.

“that’s much nicer than what Pete and I use to ware when we burgled.”

“lookin good hun.”

Yvonne says “so what is the plan.” and Pete silently thanks her for getting him out of the conversation with mike.

Mike gets a detailed hand drawn map out of the duffel. "today and tonight we are going to scout out the area where we saw the yeti....

"the yeti you saw, I still don't know what the hell it was."

"oh, not this shit again."

## 21

### Dumpster diving

Day three of the mandatory three day wait, was going by with such monotonous boredom, Yvonne was sitting on top of one of the two buildings on either side of the ally where Mike and Pete had first seen the yeti.

"You see anything from up there?" mikes voice echoed up to her from the dumpster that he was digging through.

"no, nothing yet"

They had brought the walky-talkies that mike and Pete used during their burglary days, but the batteries were dead, so they sent pete to get new ones and lunch. In the mean time mike was examining the contents of the dumpster to find out what inside had captured the creatures interest on the night they saw it.

"So what do you think that you are going to find in there?" yelled Yvonne, knowing the answer but just hoping to make the time go a little faster.

"What ever it was eating that night. Why don't you put up that canopy, its got to be getting hot up there?" She thought this was possibly the most sane idea that Mike had had in a while so she set up the little picnic shelter they had brought with them.

Pete returned at about 1 o'clock with lunch

"hey yall, they didn't have roast beef so I got turkey instead." said Pete before he realized that he couldn't see either Mike or Yvonne.

"go on up the fire escape and meet up with Yvonne, ill be up in a few."

"just what the hell are you doing in the dumpster mike?"

"looking for what it was eating."

In an unintended stroke of brilliance Pete said "They took the trash off yesterday morning."

## 22

### Just stay down wind

Several minutes later, the three of them sat up on the roof, mike sitting about ten feet away, out from under the canopy.

"mike would you care to move down wind?" asks Yvonne

"why?"

"cause you smell like a fucking dumpster and I cant eat like this."

"oh sorry."

Now Pete was certain that things were going to get worse, because mike never apologizes when he is in his right mind, not to mention that Yvonne's tone was rather offensive, and he didn't even get a little pissed about it.

"so did you get the batteries?" asks mike as he walks in a wide semi circle around them

"right here, you wont believe how much those assholes wanted for them."

"where did you get them? Same place as the subs?" asks Yvonne.

"naw, I had to walk another block to the electro shack. why didn't we bring the gear with us today?"

"we wouldn't be able to start the actual hunt until midnight, legal any way, but there is nothing in the rules that says that we cant start looking before that." says mike

"so why not do it not so legal?" asks Pete

"for once in my life I want to do something the right way. We just got out of a bad business so I

don't see any reason to take unnecessary risks with my freedom  
"sounds reasonable, ill go get the gear tonight at eleven thirty and have the stuff back at midnight." says Yvonne.

Several minutes pass in silence while they eat their subs.

"I just want you two to know that it means a lot to me that you guys are helping with this. I know that I haven't been the most reasonable or rational type lately, but I hope that you can forgive me that."

Yvonne says "you would do the same for Pete and me. Why don't you go home and get washed up and changed, that yeti could smell you a block and a half away, we'll keep an eye on things here until you get back."

"you really think I smell that bad?"

"yes, I think that it would be in the best intrest of this endeavor for you to go clean up and change  
"ya, we got this covered mike."

"okay, just look about the ally for some good hiding places while I'm gone."

"no problem" they say at once

## 23

### Stupidity, worry and guilt

"something is wrong with him." said Yvonne, a few moments after mike went down the fire escape and was well out of earshot.

"I'm glad you noticed it too. He is just too damn calm"

"what is wrong with him?"

"I've seen it before, a few times but never this bad. Its like when he starts to focus too much on something that he becomes..... almost nice, like the asshole part of his brain shuts down."

"I haven't known him as long as you, so what can we expect him to do?"

"no telling. Last time I saw him anywhere like this was right before the first time he proposed to Sharon."

"I never knew....."

"you remember that morning I came home covered head to toe in pink paint and rose pedals, and I didn't want to talk about it?"

"yeah."

"I still don't want to talk about it. Needless to say she said no, and so mike talked me into breaking into the county municipal garage with him. He thought that he would hijack one of the floats for the thanksgiving day parade a few days away and re paint it to show her how he really felt."

"so what happened then?"

"well there was a fire truck with a big water tank on it. So mike gets the big idea to fill the damn thing with paint, only thing was mike don't know shit about using a fire hose.

"uh huh."

"So that's where the paint came from"

"this happened about three years ago?"

"yeah how did you know?"

"I had heard on the news that a 2 alarm fire had been put out using pink water based paint, that they didn't know how the hell it got into the tank. Oh my god, I would have killed you had I known."

"yeah I figured, so I didn't tell ya. Anyway we get to his apartment. Him standing on top of the pink thing, with me driving while covered in pink paint. He starts yelling up at his apartment, and singing this sappy song at the top of his lungs .

"please tell me you two were drunk."

"Far beyond completely wasted. Anyway she comes out the door, call him an ass, and slams it hard."

Yvonne can only be silent at this, and she suddenly feels very ashamed of what she had said to mike back

in the cubicle on the day they had applied for their c.d.m.s.d.o licenses. The color drains from her face

“Babe, you okay?”

“yeah, go on.”

“well mike tells me to drive on down the road, and about 3 minutes later at about 6 in the morning he sees a flower shop that was just opening for business, and screams at me to stop. He scared the shit outta me so I slammed my foot down hard on the break, but my foot being covered in slippery paint slips off onto the gas pedal. I’m just happy that the little station wagon that the float was built on had the windshield removed.

So after we went threw the front windows of the shop, that when the float crashed into the back wall and I flew threw the air, and landed on a table covered with flower arrangements I was mostly un hurt. Luckily no one was in the shop, they just had the lights on a timer.”

“you not making any of this up?”

“gods honest.”

“Pete, I love you.”

“Huh? I thought you might throw something at my head.”

“no.” she says while trying to smile, with tears starting to form. “I think that you may be the best friend in the world for helping mike out with this insanity, and one whole hell of a much better friend than me.” he puts his arms around her “don’t worry about it, if you, me, and mike live through this you can apologize then.”

## 24

### revelation

Mike jumps out of the shower about fifteen minutes after he jumped in feeling (and smelling) like a new man. As he is drying off his foot finds a wet, slippery, patch of linoleum. And such we see him with the most exaggerated flailing of arms, land naked with his head just under the toilet tank. He sees that there is an envelope taped to the bottom side.

“wha?”

As he pulls the envelope off the notices a bulge in one corner. His mind reeling he tears it open and finds a note written in her familiar handwriting along with the ring he had given her twice.

He reads over it three times just to make sure that he isn’t imagining that he is reading, he has found his “dear john”

## 25

He doesn’t tell them that he found her letter, so they commence the hunt. They stake out the ally for three nights and on the third, they catch a bum dumpster diving

## 26

### Stupid car rentals

Sharron has had some trouble in her life, but nothing compared to getting a rental car at age 23. For some reason they don’t want to rent cars to people under 25

“well that’s a bull shit rule” her cousin Jenny says to her.

“and they have a no pets policy too.” replies Sharron.

“I’ll never do business with those jerks, hey I bet that Ronnie has a car on the lot that will get you where you need to go “

“he hates me and wouldn’t let me borrow it, if he did.”

“hell, he’ll let me, you just relax cus, were going on a road trip.”

## 27

### Going for a walk

On night four of the yeti hunt the three tried something different, starting at the dumpster that Mike and Pete jumped in on the night they first saw the yeti and backtracked down the alleys to the dumpster where they saw it. In truth it sounded like a dumb idea to Mike and Pete, but with nothing else to go on they gave it a try.

“so why do you think that this is going to work?”

“just think, if it lives in this area then we might just find it out for a leisurely stroll. “

“Just that easy?”

“well it may go to that dumpster every blue moon or so, but if it gets out and looks for food every night we may well run into it.”

He really couldn't argue with that logic, even though he didn't like it.

“so we just hope that we run into it?” Pete asked

“that's the idea, it might be that it can smell people around the dumpster, too.”

“now your just being paranoid “ said Mike

“well if it knows that people are hanging around that dumpster it wouldn't come back would it?”

“for all we know the thing moved to Florida.” says Pete

Just then they hear a yowling in what sounded like the next alley over.

“I don't think that it moved anywhere.” says Mike as he starts to run

28

### The cleansing power of ronsonol

Sharon had her doubts as to Jenny's plan to borrow a car from her car salesman boyfriend, but she came through. Jenny could seemingly get away with anything where Ronnie was concerned, it was really a shame when she would break up with him in two weeks

The plan was to head out to Virginia where Sharon's mother rented out apartments and she would live there until she could get back on her feet.

“lets get this thing packed.” said Jenny

“its so small, is everything going to fit?” said Sharon as she looked at the little sub compact.

“if you leave that ugly half dead boxwood”

“but I have had that tree since I've lived here”

“if your going to miss it that much ill send it up, besides what did I tell you about starting over?”

Jenny had said that it may be best to forget the past and just let go of the things that reminded her of him, and he had been the one who had given it to her. Jenny had been no stranger to starting over, she had done it more times than she would like to remember.

Sharon thought about what she had said.

“you were right, lets just chuck it into the trash.”

“I think that this deserves a ritual”

“what are you talking about ?”

“Ill show you.” she says as she grabs the stubby potted tree and proceeds to drag it around to the lot beside the apartment building. She set the plant about in the middle of the lot, and ran to a charcoal grill near the edge and came running back with a greasy looking yellow bottle of lighter fluid.

“here.”

“you always were such a pyro.” Sharon says as she takes the bottle, looking at it she notices that the tip is slightly melted. “you must get lots of use out of this”

“its mostly full. Ill leave you alone till your ready to go.”

She walks around the plant a couple of times, thinking of all the things that had happened between her and Mike, and feels good about it all, even the shit she regrets, it all makes her feel like she is watching a sweet movie with a bad ending.

The boxwood comes to represent to her the past, in all its good or bad.  
She starts to spray down the little tree, and her heart feels lighter  
She knows that she won't ever forget the past, but needs to build a new future upon the ashes.  
She strikes a match and lets it burn.

It burns for an hour and she watches it the whole time, when it's done she feels like she can face anything  
the future can throw at her.

"God, I feel lighter." she says when she gets back to Jenny, who by now has the little car packed to capacity.

"I know what you mean, every time I start over I bury or burn or drown the past, once I told an ex that I had thrown a ring he had given me, into a pool at the base of a water fall, and he didn't understand.

"Why not, seems like any guy that ends up with you would have to be understanding? Or at least a little more willing to try."

"Love. It is the best and worst thing in the whole world, and men in love don't understand anything."

## 29

### The Yeti

By the time that Sharron had finished her ritual, and finally got ready to leave, Mike, Pete and Yvonne were in a dead run to get around to the next ally. The sun had set hours ago. The yowling was repeated a few times as they were running.

Mike rounded the corner first, and was running along the sidewalk by a main road.

Yvonne catches him before he turns the next corner.

"You can't just jump around that corner." whispers Yvonne, as she hands him a small mirror on a retractable handle, like mechanics use.

Mike takes it and slides it around the corner. "I don't see anything, it's just too dark"

"Pete, we need the goggles."

He hands them to Mike, who promptly puts them on, and looks at the mirror

"Oh my God," says Mike "it's there, it's right there."

"So what now?" Asks Pete

Get your flashlights out, I'm going out first, you two follow, I'll shoot it with a tranquilizer, Yvonne hits it with those stun darts, and Pete you keep that dart rifle...

"Phil calls it a stop snipe."

"I don't care if he calls the damn thing bread pudding, just keep it on that son of a bitch, and shoot it if it doesn't go down."

"Okay."

Before Pete even gets that out of his mouth Mike rounds the corner and shoots the creature in the ass. The beast howls in pain and turns toward the trio, caught in the beams of flashlights is momentarily dazzled. It turns away and starts to run, but not before Yvonne hits him with two stun darts, at this the creature utters a yell that puts its previous cries of pain to shame. It doesn't stop even yet when Pete shoots it with the stop snipe, just staggers a little and keeps running.

Desperate Mike runs after the beast. "Go down you idiot fucker" he screams as he shoots again at it with his dart pistol, to no avail. He is gaining ground, and reloading, when quite possibly the worst idea that he has ever had occurs to him.

## 30

### How not to ride a street yeti

He shot the dart into the yeti's left shoulder blade, and then threw the dart pistol down, and grabbed a familiar green canister from his vest, pulled the pin and held the spoon. There was a cart ramp leading up to a diner's back door. Luckily the guard rails at the far end of the ramp had been removed. He ran up the incline not realizing how hard he was breathing, he was still gaining, that's all that

mattered.

He leaped from the edge of the ramp, and let go of the spoon, and collided with the yeti hard enough to knock it over, but not before he and it were covered in the sticky green adhesive .

“GOT YOU NOW YOU SUMNABITCH!” Mike yelled as he adhered to the beast.

“OH MY GOD!” yelled Yvonne and Pete at the same time when they saw what Mikes madness had lead him to. He was firmly stuck to the back of a street yeti, with his left arm free and punching the beast in the side of its huge head, whilst cursing and slandering the yetis mother.

Against all odds the yetis legs were mostly uncovered by the green glue. So the chase became a ride at least for mike. The end of the ally was only about twenty yards out.

As the yeti was significantly dazed from the numerous chemical darts, electric shock, and the beating that mike was administering with his free left arm, he had slowed somewhat. Mike let up the punching, “are you done yet?” he asked

This startled the yeti into a second wind and it began to run again, directly into the street, into the headlights of an on coming car.

### 31

#### The friendly hijacking of Sharron

Jenny and Sharron finally got smokes into the little car, it had been a tight fit but some how they all managed a modicum of comfort, and so they started

“So, how long do you think it’ll take till we get there?” Asked Sharron

“well I was thinking of taking the scenic route so maybe a week.”

“really? Your kidding right?”

“no, I know that its only about an eighteen hour drive, but I need a vacation, so I am hijacking you girl. So we’re going to drive two or three hours every day and stay in run down little motels, drink cheap booze, seduce strangers, that kind of thing.

“jenny! You cant be serious.”

“why not? We never got to spend enough time together when we were growing up, and besides what else were you planning right now?”

It was as good a question as had been asked of her lately, and she couldn’t think of a good reason not to do things Jenny’s way. It didn’t sound like a bad way to start a new life.

“why the hell not? I’ll call mom and let her know not to expect me yet.”

At this Jenny squealed in delight, pumped her fist in the air and started making “oof, oof” noises

“you know that I haven’t seen anyone doing that since the early nineties?”

“this calls for some road music, grab that cd case in the floor board.”

Sharron started rummaging in the passenger side floor, but couldn’t find it.

“I know that I saw you throw that thing in here but I can’t find it.”

“here let me look.” Jenny said as she reached over into the floor board only momentarily taking her eyes off the road.

“What the hell is that? HIT THE BREAK!” screamed Sharron just before they ran into what looked like a street yeti with a man attached to its back.

### 32

#### Totaled

The car was moving at about 35 miles an hour (which was about the little Junkers top speed) when it hit Mike and the yeti. They rolled up the hood into the windshield, utterly destroying it, and ended up on top of the roof, by the time that the little car had stopped. The roof was so badly deformed that the doors would not open.

“HOLY SHIT!” Yvonne shouted

“WHAT IN THE NAME OF HELL!” shouted Pete as he started running toward this new mess

“MOTHERFUCK!” cried mike right before passing out on the back of the yeti (which luckily landed on its chest ) which was fortunately was now either unconscious or just had no more energy to struggle with.

“What the hell did we hit?” asked Sharron.

Pete reached the car and was immediately recognized by Sharron, and Sharron by Pete.

“what the hell are you doing here?” they both asked each other

She replied first “I was headed toward Virginia “

Before Pete could reply Yvonne said “Pete you call 911, and make sure that Mike isn’t dead, worry about everything else later” even as she was getting her cell to call the c.d.m.s.d.o.

Jenny asked “is everyone okay?”

Smokey gave a little whimper from the back seat

Pete got on the phone with the 911 operator while he was making sure that Mike was still breathing. He was, but looked like both his legs were broken in a couple of spots and he didn’t dare to try to pull him and the yeti off of the car, the yeti looked none the worse for wear. The operator said to stay on the line and that an ambulance was on its way.

Yvonne contacted the c.d.m.s.d.o., and they had a capture truck on the way out. She had advised the agent she talked to, that Mike was glued to the back of the beast, and it might be so for the next 15 minutes. The agent had been in the business long enough not to ask why, but still couldn’t help but wonder.

“What in the world is going on?” Jenny asked Pete

“god if I know. Sharron you really don’t want to be around when Mike wakes up.”

“Mike’s here? Where?” asked Sharron

He motions to the partly collapsed roof of the car and says “way to long a story.” and asks “are you two okay?”

“Yes. Can you see smokes from where you are.”

Yvonne who just got off the phone said. “I see her, she’s okay shaking like a leaf though.”

“you’re here too Vonnice?” asks Sharron

“You know that I hate it when you call me that.”

In the distance a siren can be heard .

### 33

Mike tries to open his eyes again  
( with much less difficulty and much more physical pain)

He was sleeping uncomfortably on his back. He never slept on his back, and the pillow was warm, nothing in the world as annoying

He resolved to turn over on his side and flip the pillow. As soon as he tried agony shot threw his legs, ribs, and right arm.

“agahhhhh!” he not quite screamed as his eyes almost audibly popped open “shit, so that wasn’t a dream either.”

Mike was in a cast up to his chest and right arm, Pete was sitting in a chair in the hospital room, sleeping.

“wake up Pete.”

“ughh”

“WAKE UP, DAMN IT”

“Wha...? Mike your awake.”

“I know that, where exactly am I?”

“hospital, look mike...”

“and I am here because I got hit by car while I was glued to the yeti?”

“yes mike, but...”

“the c.d.m.s.d.o. has it?”

“their going to want to talk to you soon, mike...”

The door opened then, and Yvonne walked in with several pots of flowers and balloons, followed by Sharron.

“Sharron? I didn’t think that I’d get your attention that fast.”



“well jenny and I hit you with the car so it was kind of hard to not get my attention.”  
“you hit me?”

“she was driving.”

Yvonne put the flowers down on the table at the far end of the room and said “Peter dear, lets go down to the cafeteria and get a cup of coffee .”

“but I don’t even drink coffee.”

She gave him a dangerous look and said “I think you really, really NEED a cup of coffee.”

Pete sighed and said “I think I need a coffee, can we bring anything back for you two?”

Mike said “I’m good.” even though he wasn’t

Sharron said that an un sweetened tea would be nice.

“Okay.” said Pete as he walked out the door

“if looks could kill.” said Sharron

“then we would all be dead” finished mike

They sat in uncomfortable silence for a minute or two

“so what’s all this?” asked Sharron when the silence became too heavy.

“what do you mean?”

“hunting mythical creatures, giving up burglary, and almost getting your self killed?”

“I didn’t know where you went so I thought it would work to get your attention.”

“why? didn’t I make it clear that we were over in my letter?”

“I didn’t find the letter until a few days ago, You really need to learn not to hide things so well.”

There was another minute of uncomfortable silence.

“so why couldn’t we work things out? I mean we always did before.”

“How? Are you going to steal a float and paint it pink every time something goes wrong? that’s just the problem Mike, every time something happens you go completely insane, you do stupid things, you can’t just buy me a bouquet, take me to dinner and make love to me, You have to move mountains, YOUR JUST TOO GODDAMN INTENSE, AND I CANT FUCKING LIVE WITH IT!”

“quiet down a little, I don’t want you kicked out.”

“I just can’t handle it anymore.”

“I get that, and its okay, I just wish that you had dumped me face to face.

“I don’t think that I could have.”

“why not .”

“look, its hard enough to see you right now and not give in to my second thoughts. If I had tried it in person I couldn’t do it.”

“so were quits then?”

“yes Mike.”

“so there is no hope?”

“Mike, don’t do this to me.”

“sorry, I just don’t want you to go.’

“its too late, I’m already gone.”

“is there nothing I can do?”

“no.”

“would it help if I started crying?”

She gives him a go to hell look. “now your just messing with me.”

“so you really are gone.”

“I don’t want you to think that I don’t care about you, I just cant handle all the crazy shit.”

Another moment of silence.

“you know, if my right arm weren’t broken I’d give you a good-bye hug.”

“Mike, I’m sorry for everything, I know that I put you through some dumb shit too.”

Mike says “its okay” as he starts to tear up not sure if its from the physical or emotional pain

“just promise me one thing, girl” he says

“what?” she says as she starts to cry a little too

“The next time you dump another poor loser like me, don’t hide your dear john under to toilet.”

This gets her to laugh a little, and it does lift his heart a bit, she always was more beautiful when she laughed

“mike I have got to go, I just stayed to make sure you would be okay. You will be okay, right?”

“I’ll live.” which was exactly what he feared.

34

After the madness

Pete’s honest work as a tester at nearly lethal was paying off, he was happier and healthier than he had been in years, and due to Yvonne stopping with the throwing of heavy objects at his head, he seemed to get a little more intelligent.

Yvonne quit her job and started working part time with Pete and Mike testing gear, the other part of the time she was running their creature hunting company, helping Mike and Pete look for leads

Phil is happily employing the three part time, in weapons testing and marketing. Shortly after Mike glued himself to the yeti Phil perfected the fuse for the glue bomb, and rechristened it the “yeti stopper”

Mike still hasn’t paid off his bet.

Sharron had started her new life in Virginia after Jenny got another car from Ronnie. Her new life began about a week after she had left the hospital room, where she was managing her mothers rental business, and living peacefully for the first time since she had met Mike.

Jenny was bound and determined that she would have her vacation and get Sharron off on the right foot so against Ronnie’s wishes she ran off with another Junker and got Sharron to Virginia just the way that she said she would, drive two or three hours every day and stay in run down little motels, drinking cheap booze and seducing strangers, the whole way to Virginia. As predicted she broke up with Ronnie two weeks later.

Smokey is fine, none of the events depicted in this story effected her in any way, except to reaffirm her belief that humans are possibly the dumbest species on the planet.

The Street Yeti escaped from the c.d.m.s.d.o headquarters about a week after it had been captured, but in its time in captivity many thing were learned. Did you know that street yeti speak an odd mixture of Spanish, German, and Pig Latin when they aren’t yowling? They are actually a humongous bipedal , giant three towed sloth with orange and black fungus growing out of their skin that looks like fur, and the white chucks they ware are a device to attract suitable mates. Now the world knows, thanks to Mike, Pete and Yvonne.

Mike Somehow had avoided any permanent injuries to his spine, And about six weeks later they cut him out of his body cast. What followed made him wish that he had been killed, six months of rehabilitation, learning to walk again.

He didn’t have to worry about money because the modern adventures insurance agency(even though he didn’t have a policy with them), c.d.m.s.d.o, and nearly lethal inc. all approached him to be their spokesman, and of course he accepted . In between appearing in m.a.i.a adds and testing experimental less lethal equipment, for nearly lethal he kept his ear to the ground for leads on new mythical creatures.

He is of course, still on occasion depressed over what had happened with Sharron, and trying to get himself back to a comfortable place, he knows only this about everything that had happened: “this will hurt for a long time”, but he accepts that “if it is to heal its got to hurt.“, just like his physical therapist

says to him.

Authors note:

Its finally done!

It took way to long to get these 27 pages finished, and I thank everyone who stuck with me through this stupid little story.

I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it, if you didn't enjoy it there are two possibilities

1. I am the worst fucking writer in the world, will never amount to anything and I suck.
2. You are a hateful, humorless dick who was sired by a rat.

I can not stress enough that I do not believe that of you who read this is a hateful, humorless dick who was sired by a rat (it is up to you to decide that you are or aren't )

go ahead and write me to let me know, just how much you enjoyed of didn't enjoy it, and what it was that you did/didn't and help me grow as a writer

If you did enjoy it I am glad, if not that's okay too .

I believe that the little world I created here has got a few more stories left in it

Peace, love and hard liquor

(if you cant find the first two you can always buy the last!)

Wachertopknot!

Mitch

04/24/07-01/09/09 (way, way too long to write 27 pages)

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