

One Screwy Day 8

by

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Hi, it's Mental, here. We all have our stories to tell. Some of them may seem silly and trivial to others, but to me, some of them - not all of them - make me mourn inside. I guess I'm just a sentimental kind of guy. You may not understand my thought processes when reading the following events documented by me, few would, but wheels still have... they still have... Oh God. I promised myself I wouldn't cry... I have to go... Read the following as a cautionary tale. Please, learn from it, please! Someone please learn! I'm going to write about myself in the third person from now on. Why? Because I'm a weirdo...

Mental is riding his bicycle in his red military jacket and this time in baggy, camouflaged trousers, too. As the road is bumpy, potholey and hazardous, the officer narrows his eyes in concentration. A sign says 'Welcome to Charltonham's Dodgiest Area!' Having noticed it, the man looks authoritative and nods his head up and down, as if to say 'I know what I'm doing. We're all safe'. Many cars whizz by, some of them rusty. In the not so far distance, the road bends to the right. The weather is grey and litter is all over the place along with a few syringes. Mumbling tramps are on the pavement. They could basically be saying anything. Possibly 'drrrrmmmmrrrgs' as in 'drugs' or perhaps 'dmmrrrrmmmy' as in 'money'. What is known is that they're off their faces on some kind of narcotics. The various shops could well be on the brink of falling apart. They don't look clean, at least. Not even the greenest trees and areas of grass make this area look in the slightest bit happy.

Tragedy strikes: Mental punctures his wheel on a most likely infected needle. Mental dismounts and looks to ground in sorrow with his hand on his forehead. His tire has been infected with HIV. The man talks to himself: 'Oh God. Who's ever heard of medication for tires? I'm afraid your time on Earth is over, my friend. My only option is to put you to sleep... But how do I do it?' Mental retrieves a plastic cylinder with a screw top from his pocket, removes the needle from the wheel as careful as f**k and places it in the container. He then puts it back in his pocket. 'Strangulation is relatively painless, but what if someone sees me? They'll think I'm a madman... Think, think...'

Mental walks back to a hobo whilst dragging his bike then starts a conversation: 'Hello, citizen. You don't happen to have any HIV medication for my bike's tire, do you?' The vagrant replies: 'Grrr... What are you on? Crack? Smack? Burrrrr...' 'What do you mean?' 'I'm just sayin... I want some of your stuff...' 'What? I'm not on drugs! My tire genuinely has been infected, quite possibly by you! Look! See my puncture??' 'Ohhh yeah. I give it a couple of days. Tires don't have the immune system humans have. And those days won't be pretty. The only thing I can suggest, is maybe cutting it in half with scissors. End its suffering.' 'What? I'm not a savage!'

Mental rubs the back of his head to find crumbs have been forced upon it and shouts: 'Ow!' He turns around to see a child on a healthier bike, speed away from him and laugh: 'Got you! Threw a sausage roll at you!' Mental has no option but to ignore his tire's needs... No... Having thought about it, he must honourably carry his transportation with him as he chases the felon (or rather limps in his direction) whilst screaming: 'Come back here! You do know throwing that disgusting food at me is worse than sticking your middle finger up and waving it in front of a nun?' A voice from a now unseen youngster replies: 'So??' 'So? When I did it, mistaking her for a notorious criminal like yourself, I got into a whole load of trouble!' 'Baaaahahahaha!' Sadly, a weighed down Mental is no match for a hyper kid. The latter gets away with ease, though the lawman keeps trying with a righteous passion.

It's not too long before a now panting Mental reaches the bend in the road. To his horror, he sees more than litter and rundown shops - just in front of him is a bike rack and a bearded, middle-aged madman, wearing badly looked after chains. He is brutally assaulting a mid-range mountain bike with what seems to be a once physically fit suspension. The policeman puts his bike down on the pavement and screams: 'You sick b*stard! What did the bike do to you?!' The vandal gives some professional kung fu kicks to the wheels, completely mangling them. Mental can't believe his eyes: 'What the hell do you think you're doing?? How would like it if I mangled you??'

The felon turns to the officer and stares in his eyes as cold as ice: 'Come on. It's not as if bikes feel pain. Neither can anything that's not alive.' Mental isn't fazed and responds with more than bitter sarcasm: 'Oh right, bikes aren't alive.' 'Of course not! They wouldn't even move if it wasn't for you touching them.' 'Neither would someone who was badly crippled. And you know what would happen to me if I beat up a cripple?' 'What happened?' 'Oh f**k you! Saying I beat up people who are bedridden! Who do you think you are?' The vandal bites the tire. Mental puts his hands on the sides of his head on yelps: 'You monster! That's the most sensitive part of a bike!' The vandal comments, coolly: 'Notice the lack of screams? A cripple would still scream, that's the difference.' Mental nods his head: 'Right you are. Go back to kicking.' The thug does so.

Like a fox, Mental sneaks up behind his highly focused nemesis. In one move, he puts his left hand tightly on his hairy mouth as his right holds his chest. He then headbutts the back of his head. The lawman has an interesting point: 'You're not screaming, are you?!' The hooligan mumbles in pain and tries to wriggle out of the cop's grip but the latter is too strong with his extensive military training.

He continues: 'Yeah, you like that, huh?' Mental progresses onto kicking the thug's ankles: 'Oh this is so much fun! They may not be my ankles I'm battering, but that's the point, right?? You know they call my Tyson Mental back in the station?' For the finale, Mental nibbles his victim's ears. He doesn't have it in him to bite them. Mental decides he has dealt enough punishment for now and lets the crook go.

The vandal turns to the cop with clenched fists and wild eyes: 'What was that?? You nibbling my ear and assaulting me?? I can report you for that! Not just to the police, but the local mental institution!' 'Oh come on. You were attacking a poor defenceless creature...' 'For the last time, bikes aren't animals!' 'Yeah. Now it's you who's going to the nuthouse. And furthermore, you're a prick. Personally, that sounds like a great reason to attack you.' 'But I think YOU'RE a prick.' 'Yes, but you're not as clever as I am. Your opinion doesn't matter.' 'Someone who nibbles people's earlobes is not intelligent, he's just a freak!' 'Would you look down on me if I told you I looked for AIDS medication for my punctured tire? I got a bit of a strange reaction for doing that... Well at first. Then I did some explaining.' 'You're just a moron, aren't you?!!'

The vandal rubs his chin: 'You know what?' Mental rubs his better looked after chin and replies: 'What?' 'When I get the opportunity... Could be tomorrow, could be next year...' 'Go on...' 'I'm going to go to a bike shop and sneeze all over the bikes, giving them all flu.' 'You're a nasty piece of work, you know that?' 'Yeah. Then I'm going to give them all a good kicking.' 'You wouldn't...' 'Well you've just seen what I'm capable of...' 'And you know what I can do.' Mental leans towards the crook, holds him so he can't break free and gently munches on his ear again. The latter is less than happy: 'F**k off!' Mental stands back as his victim is paralysed from shock. 'Swearing at a police officer? You've really done it this time.'

Remember the disrespectful kid cyclist from before? Well he appears right in front of Mental's face with his mobile extended far out in his hand. His two-wheeler is on the ground, not far behind him. The cop jolts: 'Where the hell did you come from??' The boy replies: 'I've been hanging around here for ages filming you two to see what the fuss is about. Literally been five meters away... Just wanted to get a closer look. Soz if I'm in your face.' 'Oh. I guess I was concentrating too hard on the dipsh*t. Oh by the way young man, look over there!' The boy turns around. Mental then grabs some handcuffs from his pocket, takes the trouble maker's hands and locks them up behind his back in a flash. Think the skill of a professional magician. Ment' comments, coolly: 'That's for assaulting a police officer with an offensive object and filming a policeman who is making a fool of himself. Oh and look over there, bike-hater...' The more hardcore felon also twists around, still dazed a little.

From his other trouser pocket, Mental gets the same kind of equipment and performs the same expert manoeuvre. The vandal comments as he stares into Mental's peepers again: 'So that's why you're wearing baggy trousers...' 'Yep. Got another two of those metallic bad boys... And don't go running away, unless you want to be locked up forever.'

Mental looks towards his wheel and sheds a tear: 'I'm so sorry, little guy... It's the only way...' The man takes off his tire whilst comforting it with gentle strokes. He then removes the inner tube, and holds it in front of him whilst bowing to it, in respect. With gathering tears running down his face, he strangles the tubing for 10 seconds, before folding it and putting it in his pocket: 'I'll bury you later, pal...' The boy asks: 'What the f**k was that?' 'Show some damn respect! Anyway, it's time to walk you two to the station...' The young boy licks his lips. Mental responds: 'If you think that's going to get to me, you're wrong. I have no problem with eating sausage rolls, I just think it's too far when people dressed as the food try to destroy the world. It's just arrogance. So I win. Anyway, let's go. On the way we can talk about our favourite grapes...' The hero of the day snuffles then pulls himself together with a strong posture.

Mental leads the way to his place of work, whilst dragging his deceased or possibly partly deceased (I'm not completely sure how it works) bicycle. He talks again: 'I'm not saying I've had all the grapes in the world, but over all, I think the sable variety is the best so far for me. I have had others more flavourful, but I wasn't too keen on the texture. Know what I mean?' The vandal replies: 'I only really know red grapes and green grapes...' 'Ah, the typical thuggish philistine.' 'They're just grapes, for God's sake...' There is an awkward silence before the vandal continues: 'Ok, what's your favourite? Green or red?' Mental rolls his eyes: 'Such a vague question...' The boy butts in: 'Red!' Mental nods: 'Good man'. Mental grabs his mobile from his spacious pocket and dials a number: 'Yo Morgan! I got two twats, I mean thugs!... No, it was flippin' easy this time - they're not joyriding grannies, that's for sure... Yeah, see you at the station!'