

# Inner Charlie

*by Daniel Crocker*

## Inner Charlie

When Charlie woke up he couldn't find his inner Charlie. It was the damn alarm clock again. Every morning it woke up Charlie. Every morning he couldn't find his inner Charlie. Maybe he would go to the bar. Sometimes it helped and sometimes it didn't.

"Charlieeeeeee," he yelled sounding just like the old Warner Brother's cartoon women who screamed for their children. Nothing happened.

Charlie took a shower. The water rolled off his Charlie in tiny beads. He dried. Then he brushed his Charlies. The bar, yes, the bar would help this morning.

He thought he'd put on some nice disco clothes. Then he put on some nice disco clothes. Yeah, lookin' very Charlie today. But, as any Charlie will tell you, lookin' Charlie and bein' Charlie are two different things. Charlie jumped into his 2013 Charlie convertible and rolled down the street. Funky, Charlie, Funky!

The bar had a nice scene goin' on for a Charlie morning. The beatniks and artist would be there. Charlie ordered a Charlie on the rocks. He noticed some Charlies he knew sittin' in the corner, drinkin' Charlies and wearin' their disco clothes.

Funky, Charlies, Funky!

He joined the Charlies. "Hey, Charlie, how you doin'?" How 'bout you Charlie?" "Fine," said the Charlies, "how are you Charlie?" All right I guess, but I'm havin' a hard time findin' my inner Charlie this morning." The Charlies nodded in grave understanding. "Have

another Charlie maybe that will help." Charlie ordered another Charlie and knocked it back.

"I'm working on an interesting poem. It's called "Charlie," said Charlie.

"Yes, my novel, Charlie, is coming along well, Charlie."

"I was working on a play until my Charlies kicked me out of the house."

"That is so un-funky, Charlie."

"I know, Charlie."

"My painting of the Charlies is complete. I hope to sell it to a rich Charlie soon."

"Charlies, my inner Charlie just isn't comin' today. I think I'll go home and sleep."

"Un-funky, Charlie, un-funky."

"You know what it's like when you can't find your inner Charlie, Charlie, you get all Charlied out in no time."

"I've never understood gettin' Charlied out, Charlie, I'm all funk'd up with Charlie. It is the basis of my poetic philosophy. I live to Charlie. I am a Charlie. It eats at my very Charlie soul in a way the non-Charlies will never understand."

The Charlies all nodded solemnly in agreement.

"You guys are all so Charlie. I don't know how you do it."

"Are you sayin' that you ain't Charlie?"

"No, Charlie, I'm Charlie all the way but sometimes I just wonder if there is more to life than Charlie."

The Charlies gasped in disbelief.

"Charlie, you've gone un-funky. You need to quit talkin' like that or go. We can't have the Charlies on our backs for bein' unfunky and hangin' with a non-Charlie."

"NO, Charlie," Charlie said suddenly afraid of the respect he could lose, "I'm Charlie, Charlie. I ain't gonna wander from my Charlieness. Charlies everywhere will envy my Charlieness. I'll be back on top I just need to find my inner Charlie and I'll be the Charliest again."

"Well, until then amscray arlychay."

Charlie turned, head down.

"Wait, Charlie," The Charlies said, "We forgot somethin'."

The Charlies took turns kicking Charlie in the Charlies until he cried. Then they threw him out back in a dirty alley, where no Charlie would ever be caught dead.

Charlie brushed himself off, looked around at the bums, and ran.

Charlie left the scene. It was not funky to be so un-Charlie around the Charlies. He didn't know what had come over him. He was empty. He needed rest. He hadn't written a Charlie worth a damn in weeks. He had heard that sometimes medication was enough to bring back one's inner Charlie but he was still a little too Charlie to try it.

Charlie's dog, Charlie, was fucked up when Charlie got home.

He fed him some Charlie brand dog food then sat down.

"Charlie, it must be nice to be so blissfully Charlie," Charlie said before he Charlied his way back into his Charlie for a nice long Charlie.

Before Charlie feel asleep he found himself wondering what it would be like to be a Henry or a Mike. He wondered what they did when they hung out. Would it be at a farm? A discount store? Maybe at a bar, but certainly not at the bars the Charlies Charlied around in. It's crazy talk, Charlie. Henrys and Mikes are just too un-funky, too redneck. But, certainly there had to be some Mikes who wrote just as well as Charlies. No, if there were the Charlies would have told him about it in Charlie school. No, The Henrys, Mikes and Randolph's just weren't Charlie. They were toto un-funky.

When Charlie awoke he couldn't find his inner Charlie but he felt like he was coming closer to it. He Charlied out of his Charlie, grabbed himself a Charlie, and headed out the Charlie with a Charlie-eating-Charlie wide across his Charlie. Yes, he was a Charlie and he'd hang with the Charlies. It was his destiny to write the

Charliest Charlies of them all and no Tom, Dick or Harry could stop him.

