

# Where's the show?

*by* John Myles Aavedal

"Ugh!" Henry pulled hard and then slammed back and then pulled again, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead.

"Yeah! Just like that!" Karen pushed hard from her complicated position and then waited for Henry to start pulling before pushing right back with equal thrust.

The two went at it like that for some time before Henry collapsed on his ass, exhausted. He wiped sweat from his brow and looked at Karen, somewhat defeated.

"Dude, I don't think it's going to happen." He said.

Karen give him a pouty look. "You're just not trying hard enough. It always works when Jerome does it. He gets it done in, like, a few seconds."

Henry shook his head, "He's bigger than me, of course he can do it faster."

Karen sat back in the drivers seat of her grandmother's old Chrysler, "I guess, I mean it's just a car door. No one else has trouble getting it unstuck."

"What?!" Henry yelled from his seat on the grass on the hill that was moist with rain through the rolled up window, to Karen in the drivers seat of the Chrysler, parked on a hill over looking the dark, grey city beset with clouds about to release another torrent. He looked upwards and pulled a cigarette out of the pack he split with the bum who bought it. Sparked up the lighter he had stolen from

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his mother and eased out a breath of smoke upwards, a prayer to hold off the rain until he was inside the car.

From her own pack of legally purchased cigarettes, Karen lit one off of the car's lighter and came outside to join her young comrade.

"It's cool, we can try again in a few minutes." Karen plopped down next to Henry. Close to Henry. They were touching.

Henry noted the live hips rubbing against his and thought it cool. It was not often that parts of the female anatomy made contact with his own, still mutating, parts and so there was a brief thrill of the unknown spiking along his vertebrae, small explosions going off in his skull. Karen's jeans were well worn and rode low so that, in a brief glimpse downward, Henry saw a sliver of her pale skin; the soft part just above hips where stomach, back and pelvis met.

High winds pushed clouds around like so much puffs in the sky. The dark clouds were getting darker and a low rumble was heard from far off. Atmosphere was gathering and it seemed to Henry that the sky itself was pressing down on all of creation, his skull especially. A faint wind blew his jaw length hair across his face and into the cinder of his cigarette, burning locks racking his eyes and nose. But there she was smoking next to him and touching his own body. A thing erupted in Henry's brain, a feeling that could be expressed in words that wouldn't come. Moments passed as moments pass while the words clung to Henry's brain, fearful to leave his head. Every moment a moment wasted.

The two sat and smoked on the damp earth, not saying much. Eyes darting from one to the other and back to the sky.

"It's gonna rain soon." Karen said.

Henry let a large puff of smoke escape from his lungs. He nodded.

Glanced over at Karen who was scanning the horizon. Those big, blue eyes that weren't looking at him pulled from far away. He wanted to suck them out and devour them whole but to do so would be to defeat their beauty.

"Yeah, rain. Hmm." Henry mustered.

Karen brushed back some dyed black hair that the wind had tussled. She took another drag, all cool like and let loose a quick plume of smoke from deep within herself.

Henry's heart fluttered.

"So, where's this show?" Henry asked.

Karen took another drag and exhaled slowly, looking off into the grey city down below. "Somewhere downtown."

Henry stubbed out his smoke and got up. Walked to the car door and deliberated for a moment.

"Gonna give it a go on your own?" Karen took another drag and stood up.

A soft breeze precluded a softer rain. A mist, of sorts, that sprinkled down, not drenching but rather soaking the air surrounding. Henry looked up as the first drops started to fall, rainwater splashed his skull.

"Shall I roll down the window?" Karen started around to the drivers side.

Henry watched Karen's ass as it moved around the front of the car.

"Well, perv? You going in through the window or coming in my

side?" Karen had caught Henry's gaze.

Henry straightened himself up. "Window, please."

Karen, attempting to stifle a blush and failing, opened the driver's door and reached across the length of the car to roll down the passenger's side window. She sat in the driver's seat but didn't close the door. Ignored Henry's first attempt at entering through the window which resulted in him falling on his ass again. She swallowed a laugh. Shut her door. Found another cigarette and lit up. Rolled her own window down. Pulled out the torn up CD wallet she kept between the seats and began rifling through it as Henry, one leg in the car, tried to figure out how to get the rest of his body inside.

"You know, Jerome can get in here no problem." Karen chose a Misfit's CD.

Henry's body slammed into Karen's hand as she was attempting to insert the CD into the car stereo. The CD went flying. Henry's body was flung against the emergency brake, it held mercifully. His head landed in her lap.

"Sorry."

Karen sighed. "Drag your leg in. Let's go get some food before we pick up the girls."

Henry composed himself and buckled up. The CD was retrieved and cued up. Karen took a long puff off her cigarette and a longer look at Henry. His green dye job was several days grown out. His hair was returning to it's normal flaxen state. The two zits on his left cheek and right chin were nearly gone but a new one was forming on his forehead. Some peach fuzz was collecting around his lip and in spots on the rest of his face. There were marks on his upper right arm

from the spiked bracelet she had given him some months ago that he wore on his left wrist. The boy scout jacket he wore was full of holes, especially around the cuffs, probably due to the spiked bracelet.

Karen started the car and immediately the music came on. Careless passion erupted from the speakers. A driving sense of nowhere to go and that one had to get there as fast as possible.

"What do you feel like? Burgers?"

Henry pointed down the hill toward a street lined by three mast houses. "Down there's a Mexican truck that makes good tacos and such. They've got some vegetarian options, too."

Karen grimaced. "Yeah, I only was vegetarian around Jerome."

Henry nodded. "You can just back down this hill and take that road to the street."

The whole of the city stood below them. From their vantage point they could see a blanket of rain beginning to cover the city proper. The thick clouds stemmed from horizon to horizon. Darkness crept beyond the bounds waiting to descend. Karen put the car into reverse, sputtering up bits of wet dirt and grass as the Chrysler slid down the mound of city park and landed with a thud onto city roadway. The city was replaced by the motor mauled mound of dirt the car had sat upon.

"They can't prosecute for that, right?"

"Naw, people are tearing that hill up all the time. It used to be a parks project but got shut down."

Straight away on the road around the hill and then down to the city

streets.

"So, just keep going straight?"

Henry nodded. "Three blocks and then turn left."

Karen looked left and saw no one. Looked left and only saw Henry who was not looking at her or so it seemed. She accelerated into the streets being soaked, now fully and completely, by heavy drops of condensation that were also pelting the Chrysler's windshield. Accelerated into streets where large trees kept guard with heavy branches as armor against the elements so that middle aged families can let their children run wild.

