

Blurbmonger

by Larry Strattnr

“Yo! Blurbomatic Man!” Rick says, giving me the “V” sign and a smile as we approach on the sidewalk.

I “V” sign him back with a smile and a four finger squiggle.

Rick is a friend of mine and only my friends know what I do for a living.

With a nickname like Blurbomatic you might think I have some weird appearance about me. I don't.

I'm about five foot, ten, wavy auburn hair, ears sticking out a little but not too bad, an aquiline nose and fair complexion. My nickname calls out my occupation, writing cover blurbs for novels. My name is the one you don't recognize among the blurbs from other authors and notables. Mine will be the most extravagant blurb. I'm a way better blurber than the other blurbers who are just doing a favor for a friend or as my darker side suggests, have a deal with their publisher to blurb books being promoted by the house. Since these other blurbers have their own sales and oeuvres to worry about their blurbs are sometimes weak and equivocal. I don't write anything lengthy. I just Blurb. Hence, Blurbomatic. I am the Blurbmeister.

Rick is short red-haired and looks like his head has been plopped directly onto his torso. He works in Flow Control at the Water Treatment Plant. I could call him, “Yo! The Ruby Neckless!” But I only indulge in nicknames if they happen to contribute to one of my blurbs like, “the Voice of Love, Mr. Motorcycling or Queen of Real Romance.”

Rick is hearty, loud voiced, a vocal boomer with a strong laugh. I could address him, “Yo! Mr. Megaphone.”

We get closer on the sidewalk and I say, “Rick! You look like the first day of summer and sound just as warm. You are my perennial favorite!”

He looks at me narrowly. “Have you been down to the Dew Drop Inn lately?” He asks, naming one of our mutual watering holes.

“A veritable plethora of experience” I say “only surpassed by the color of its patrons.”

“No shit. Was Francine there?” Rick has the hots for Francine. Unfortunately she is six foot two, likes guys her height and prefers some of their height to consist of neck. Rick has a hard time with those requirements and mostly goes around with erections lasting more than four hours with no medical attention.

“Forget about Francine and just stop by. It's a summer must. There are a number of dazzling and exuberant talents always there. Some of the most important emerging voices in town stop by.”

“Bullshit.” Says Rick “I'm not interested in emerging voices. I just want a shot at hooking up with Francine.”

“That will be a tall order.” I say before I can help myself. “I'll admit she is a sagacious and compelling person, perhaps wise beyond words. But sometimes the last person you want in your life is the only one who can save it. I'd look for someone shorter. You need a bold new vision that will transform your future and bring prosperity to your soul”

“Screw that.” Says Rick. I'm not looking for a mental roller coaster ride. I just want to get my nose in Francine's pants.”

“That should not be too difficult.” I say unkindly. “Just walk up to her.” I feel immediately contrite. “She is a subtle, warm and above all, honest person. It would have been a mortal sin not to have told you the truth. You may chortle, you may weep, but you must learn to accept. I realize this experience, for you, is powerful and deeply unsettling. You must face it, unflinching.”

Rick gives me a finger sign other than the “V”. “Face this.” He says. “Blurbmonger.” And walks away down the street.

“Poor Rick” I think. “Everything has changed for him. I am heartbroken for him but spellbound by his story. His plight is painfully moving yet always compelling, always leaving me wondering what astounding revelation will be next.”

