

Nothing to Worry About

by Terry DeHart

The boss has a serious problem--he's too nice for his own good. He's a sucker in a world of predators. He turns the other cheek so often, I'm starting to think he's a coward--and believe me, that's not a good thing to be, in this line of work.

So, the boss is driving his Lincoln Town Car in heavy traffic. (He never lets me drive because sometimes I get a little crazy.) We're going to a big meeting in San Francisco, driving up the 101. The other eleven guys in our crew are flying in from D.C. I make a note to myself to tell them that maybe the boss is going soft, with all of his Father this, Father that crap. He came from a dysfunctional family, if you ask me. I'd think of popping him myself, but he's still got some magic left in him. He makes deals that nobody else could make. People still listen to him, and the women just flat-out love him. So I stick around. I'm thinking maybe this guy can still help me move up the food chain.

But he's driving me crazy because of his lack of balls. Picture this: The boss driving on the 101, holding steady at the speed limit. The other cars are shooting past us like meteors. I'm chain-smoking in the passenger seat. The boss smiling when a trucker gives him the finger. The boss just shaking his head when I ask if maybe I should whack the dude. The boss getting cut off and only sighing in that "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do" way of his. Me trying my level-best not to break out the Uzi and cut me a swath. The boss slamming on the brakes to avoid an accident caused by a couple of things: an ego the size of Jupiter, and a cell phone. Then somebody rear-ends us, and the boss is finally starting to get irritated. Horns honking and curses flying and people getting out and it's like Friday night smack-down. Fights are breaking out all around us. The boss is almost as pissed as he was when he threw the moneychangers out of the temple. He gets out of the car and his hair is standing straight up and then a yuppie runs

over to him and kicks him right in the balls. It's the truth, I swear to God. And that's when the boss goes postal on the 101.

There's some real fire and brimstone shit--explosions and bolts of lightning up the ass. A flame that looks like a fist comes down out of the sky and does a real number on these assholes. Then a big cloud comes along and sucks up the whole mess like a giant vacuum cleaner. It's a real end-of-the-world kind of deal.

Anyway, it's nice and quiet after that. It's a miracle because ours is the only car on the 101. The boss starts up the Lincoln and takes an exit off the freeway. He stays on the surface streets. I don't say a freakin' word. The boss stops at a liquor store and buys himself a cigar and a nice bottle of wine and a red carnation for his lapel. I make a note to myself to tell the other guys that he's human, after all. Long as we don't piss him off, we got nothing to worry about.

