

WELCOME TO NEW JERSEY



2 STORIES
RICHARD W. CARR

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A Florida Tail

I had finally done it. I had fucked a celebrity. And I'm not talking about some weak celebrity like Britney Spears. I'm talking about someone bigger than Jesus and richer than Bill Gates.

Oh, I can still remember that ass up in the air, that huge head, that concrete smile. Her sweet vagina attainable only through the slice I made in the back of those red shorts. And all eight fingers spread out in front of her as she panted like a dog in heat being kicked in the nuts. And speaking of nuts, how did I get into this situation you ask? Well let me tell you a tale about a piece of tail.

My friend Dan and I decided, fuck New Jersey. We were going to take our tattooed asses down to Disney World in Florida for a few days. So we loaded our shit into the Party Van.

The Party Van was this enormous van that sat in my driveway *all the time*. We used to have pizza delivered to *it*. There was a big mattress in the back complete with beer stains, puke stains, jizz stains and vaginal secretion stains. The outside was dark blue; it was born in 1978, and had about ten speakers in it. Dan hit a Dunkin Donuts with it once. The van was fine.

So there we were headed to Florida, we each had about six hundred bucks. It was late September so we figured we would have no trouble getting a hotel room for a few days. If nothing else we could stay in the van. It wouldn't be the first time.

Occasionally we had to stop because of the tail lights. The real ones didn't work anymore due to a fire under the dashboard which occurred a few months earlier. So we bought new ones. They were duct taped onto the back and weren't exactly legal if you know what I mean. The new, self installed wiring went all the way through the interior of the van, starting with a toggle switch screwed to the dashboard. The wires went out the back window and spread to both sides. Sometimes the tape would let go and the lights would dangle and smack against the back.

Down the east coast we went. Smooth sailing all the way to Florida, which was more than a surprise, it was a blessing considering that the transmission on this thing had been slipping for the better part of a year. But no matter, we were there.

What's the first thing you do when you get to a place of vacationing with your best friend? That's right, you buy beer. A thirty pack of MGD loaded into the van and our search for a motel began.

The weather was one of those days where it's cloudy outside, but it's bright like the sun is shining. So we parked and walked around a block that was nothing but hotels. Palm trees surrounded the Palm Hotel, The Florida Inn, the Flame Motel. All were full, except for the last one, The Rainbow Inn. Two hundred and fifty bucks for 3 days and 4 nights, how could we refuse? We brought in the beer, drank some, and then hauled in our luggage. Locked, loaded and ready to fuck Tinkerbelle in the ass.

We wasted no time. We each had about four beers and made our way over to the Magic Kingdom. Now this "Kingdom" is *not* very magic. To be honest it kind of sucks.

“Dude, this is killing my drunkenness,” I said.

“Yeah, I hear ya,” Dan answered, stroking his goatee, glaring back at every father who was glaring at us as if we were going to rape their children. Sleeveless Marilyn Manson shirts and Disney World don’t mix.

Feeling a little dizzy, I found a bench. We slumped down and tried to figure out what we were going to do on this trip. Balloons floated by being held by staring children. A clown ran by.

Fuck the Magic Kingdom.

“I heard that there’s like this island where it’s New Years Eve every night,” I mumbled.

“Cool,” Dan said, “We need some shit like that...and some chicks.”

Then *it* happened.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but Florida was about to become legend. Legend like when Ray puked all over my neighbor’s front lawn. Legend like when Big Jay ran naked through the city of Long Branch screaming his head off in the middle of the night drunk as fuck.

Mickey Mouse walked up to us...and waved.

I glanced up with a semi-smile. Dan looked up with that disgusted look on his face. Then Mickey shrugged, turned around and started to walk away. He got about ten feet when a smile crept over Dan’s face.

“Get ready to run,” Dan grunted.

“Run for what?”

Dan shot up and bolted towards Mickey. I sat with one arm up on the back of the bench and grimaced. Dan ran as fast as he could over grey cobblestone, holding up his old black Jnco’s with one hand and gaining speed with every swing of the other, clenched into a fist. He got about two feet away before he pulled his leg back and released a green army boot straight up Mickey Mouse’s ass.

He cut left and started to run. I don't know what it was. Maybe it was the shock, the beer or maybe I just didn't care, but I didn't move. I felt compelled to see what was going to happen next. My head cocked to the side as I watched Mickey hold his ass and drop down on one knee...then both.

Dan got pretty far before he realized that I wasn't following him. And all I could think to myself was the guy in the costume was either a real pussy, or Dan really kicked him way too hard.

Mickey sat staring at the ground a moment. Then he pulled off his big plastic rubbery head.

"Holy shit," I whispered to myself. The head unveiled very blond hair, streaked by very black hair. I began to realize that the body of Mickey Mouse was filled by a tiny Goth girl.

I must be an asshole. For some reason you think; *Oh Mickey Mouse is a guy so...you know. And that costume looks so big so...you know.* How stupid. I ran over to the girl and she was beautiful. Her septum ring had obviously flipped down from where she was hiding it in her nose, and there were tears.

"Did you just kick me," she sobbed.

"No," I said just as Dan was running back feeling bad, "My asshole friend here did." I looked up and grinned at Dan.

"I'm sorry," Dan said, pleading for forgiveness, "Shit, are you ok."

With the apology out, the girl got up and smashed Dan in the face with the Mickey Mouse head, "Oh fuck!" Dan screamed.

"You fucker," she said calmly. *I loved this chick.* The tears had stopped at this point, "Is your friend always this big of a dick?" she asked.

Now for the record, Dan is not a dick. An asshole and maybe a slob at times, but definitely not a dick.

"Yeah, he's a big dick," I said, "But you'll have to excuse him, he's been drinking."

Dan wiggled his nose around with his hand. This is freaky in itself, because Dan has no cartilage in his nose. It was all basically punched out of his face from fights he got into as a teenager. But you can't really tell until he pushes nose flat against his face.

"You guys have been drinking in the Magic Kingdom?"

"No," I said, "We drank at the hotel and then came here. We have no idea what we are supposed to do here. We just thought it would be cool to drive down."

"Where are you and asshole from?" she asked.

"We're from Jersey. You can't tell by the toxic look in our eyes?"

"Look I said I was sorry," Dan yelled from the bench.

"What's your name," I asked.

"My name is Jess." Her dark blue eyes connected with mine.

Jess put her head back on and showed me around the Magic Kingdom while Dan followed. Two freaks and Goth girl disguised as Mickey Mouse wondering through Disney World.

On her lunch break, Jess decided that someone owed her a good time for the bruise on the ass. For reasons I couldn't fathom she agreed to come over to the hotel later that night and drink the rest of the beer with me, Dan and a friend of hers also named Jess.

"She likes assholes who beat up women," she snapped at Dan.

"Cool, I guess...whatever." Dan looked disgusted.

Back at the hotel Dan and I took showers and prepared for whatever the evening would bring. One never can tell in a situation like this. For all I knew the girl could have still been pissed and just wanted to bring some huge guy over to kick Dan's ass. Eye for eye.

The room was pretty typical. Two beds, beige and white wallpaper and crappy brown curtains. It was impossible to decipher if the room was 60's, 70's, or 80's, but whatever.

"Dan, you should definitely kick more childhood icons in the ass dude," I said, lying on the bed staring at the wall.

"I know right." Dan sprayed on deodorant, "You just gotta trust me Rick, I know what I'm doing." While he's saying this I take particular notice of the green goat skull tattoo on his arm. It was put there to cover up a hideous Type O Negative tattoo that was done in Ocean County Mall when he was 15 by a guy with a pen and a lighter.

"I know Dan, I know."

Two minutes later there was a knock at the door. Dan must have known what he was doing, because there stood two hot, Goth Jess's. Let the drinking begin.

Dan and Jess number 2 were made for each other. I've never seen a guy and a girl get along so fast and drink so much beer in 15 minutes. Jess number 1 and I had maybe 2 a piece while Dan and number 2 were working on number 5. And boy, they thought that Jess number 1's boot shaped bruise was the funniest thing they had ever heard of.

"You should have seen her swing that head at me," Dan roared.

Then it happened.

Jess number 2 had to throw up. Dan picked her up and brought her into the bathroom.

"That didn't take long," I said. Slam! They disappeared into the bathroom leaving me and Jess number one all alone lying on the bed together.

It was so easy to talk to her. She told me all kinds of things about her life. About being molested by her uncle. About being raised a catholic and how she hated it. That she was taking art classes to become an illustrator. I loved this girl.

But it's important to remember in situations like this, it is only temporary. I am from New Jersey. People from New Jersey always go back. Jersey is not a state, it's a condition. Even the people who live down in Florida who are originally from New Jersey don't really live there; they are on permanent vacation.

After another hour of talking, touching, drinking, more drinking and all that good stuff, she ran her black fingernails over the tattoo of Jesus on my arm. The tattoo is sort of the crucifixion, except for the fire and smoke blasting from all directions, with the naked children praying at the bottom.

"What is this all about?"

"It's kind of a mix of things," I said, "It's kind of me and Christ mixed together. And it also represents my sympathy for Jesus."

"Sympathy?"

"Sympathy that such a fantastic teacher like Jesus is viewed as the head of such a corrupt organization of war mongering, money sucking liars."

Then she kissed me...passionately.

Nails raked down both our backs, clothes were being removed quickly. This wasn't going to be just basic sex. This was different. Very fucking different. Frighteningly different.

With my shirt off she straddled me and starting biting at my nipple rings. She arched her back and pulled off her shirt exposing pale white ribs and a black bra. Then she ripped off her skirt, exposing a pair of black panties with white print that read, '100% White Trash.' I loved this girl.

Just when things started to get really hot and really naked, she said, "Hold on a sec, there is something that I have always wanted to do." Then she ran outside in her underwear.

I stayed on the bed and reached into my bag to grab a condom. The alcohol really started to set in at that point. The room spun a little. Not a lot, I wasn't sickeningly trashed, just drunk. I tried to ignore the pounding sound and

the moaning that was coming out of the bathroom. Not only because it was my best friend naked having sex in there, but because I knew that Jess number 2 had thrown up and now they were kissing each other.

I laid my head on the pillow, and shut my eyes for a second. All of a sudden something gently landed on my face. I opened my eyes and found that it was Jess number 1's underwear. I grinned and sat up.

“Ahhh!” I screamed and shook my head.

In the doorway stood Mickey Mouse, holding a sheet rock knife in his left hand.



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A Hero in Need is a Hero Indeed

I was lying on the “floor” of “our” room. I use the word floor loosely. I hadn’t seen the floor in a long time. I was actually lying on a layer of clothes that was over a filthier layer of clothes that was covering some dog shit, cigarette butts, beer cans, and broken glass. I found a meatball sub under there once during an archeological dig. I don’t know how long it was under there, but it was warm and that shit just don’t fly with me. In the garbage it went, I don’t care how hungry I was. And I won’t even mention the litter box that was off to the side, overflowing with shit and piss lumps. And I *don’t* mean cat piss either.

Underneath the window the plants grew. Out of the carpet I mean.

I had saved a tiny sparrow long before this era of my life and we kept him in a cage. When he died we just left him there. Eventually some of his bird seed was blown out of the cage onto the floor under the window. The air conditioner in this very same window hadn’t been moved in seven years. So needless to say, it wasn’t in the best shape. Water was leaking out all over due to the fact that the condensation wasn’t escaping properly anymore. The once blue wall underneath it was drenched with water and black rot which made its way to the carpet, watering the bird seed. The seed took root and grew into a fine little green bush. I loved that bush.

And how could I forget the T.V. slash ash tray. One of those televisions with the VCR built into it. Well that bastard wouldn't give me back my tape one day. So Dan and I bashed the shit out it with crowbar and a baseball bat and took that shit back. The remains were all over in plastic hunks, perfect for ashes and spit.

So where was I, oh yeah, in "our" room. This was really my room. I grew up there almost my whole life. Complete with Hulk Hogan posters, a poster of a map of the moon and a Generals poster with Doug Flouty on it. Now the walls had become covered in sharpie marker; with the lyrics of my band scripted everywhere, Marilyn Manson posters, poems and murals of us dead had been drawn in extreme detail. If you looked at the walls at the right angle in the right light, you could see carved words, pentagrams, crosses, and drunken rants. Usually wild philosophies about God or the abandonment of said God.

"Beer," I said.

Something about money was grumbling around the room when we realized that there must be enough change floating around the muck to buy six forties and anything else we could get.

Dan reached down under the thin plastic covered brown mattress of his blue kiddie car bed. A mustang forming a 90 degree angle with my bed up against the wall. He pulled out the filthiest "gray" sock I had ever seen, "Start loadin it up." And so the hunt began.

Samuel, Tom, Dan, Dino and myself on another quest to get fucked up and live life for yet another night. Even if it was in an alcoholic haze, it made us smile for a little while. Smile because we could forget Dino's alcoholic parents, my divorcing ones, self mutilating girlfriends, abandoning fathers, the insane asylum incident and just about anything else that was a nightmare at the time. We would find enough money one way or another.

And we did. We collected over 20 dollars from the wreckage of my life. Six forties of *Old English*, and a six pack of beer. This *can* be done for that price if you know how to manage your money.

Sock full.

Step two: Find a place that sells beer at 2:30 in the morning.

“But where does one go at 2:30 in the morning to buy beer?” you ask.

Answer: Asbury Park, where else.

Tom was the only one of us old enough to buy beer at the time. That meant that he and one other brave soldier had to go into this bar in Asbury Park and attempt to buy alcohol with a dirty sock full of change. And I don't mean *mostly quarters* either.

With my dad asleep, we could steal his minivan. There were no seats in the back of it, so the soldiers sat lined up on the floor.

Tip: *The good thing about driving a family vehicle is that the cops pay much less attention to you. Follow the speed limit, make sure all your lights are working, and you'll be ok.*

“Dude there's a problem,” Tom whined.

“What?”

“I forgot my license.”

As if it wasn't bad enough that we were parked outside this bar in the middle of Asbury Park. A town where we didn't belong. This late at night it looks like the bomb hit it already, and we white-ass mother fuckers did not belong there.

“Dude you should have seen it,” Tom said, “We walked in and like, the music stopped and everyone just stared at us.”

“Yeah dude,” Dan chimed in, “Even I don't wanna fucking go back in there.” This from a guy who lived under the boardwalk in Seaside with a bunch of crack heads when he was 15.

“You asshole,” I said, leaning back against the drivers seat of the getaway van.

“Yeah asshole,” Dino yelled from the back, arising from whatever inner conflict was going on under his mop of yellow dreadlocks, “What the fuck man?”

Just then, God smiled on us. Our savior emerged from betwixt the buildings. An angel covered in dirt and grime. He wore a black hat with ear flaps atop his head, matching the one remaining black tooth *in* his head. His suit was brown...shit brown.

And I don't think he bought it like that either.

“Wassup man, wassup man.” Naturally he walks up to me. “Let me tell you why niggaz is so po.”

Immediately I saw a problem. A black man telling me racist black jokes. This could be a double edged sword. If I laugh I'm racist, if I don't I'm rude. Fuck. Then he laughed really hard, so I did too. Then we all did.

“Whatchu white mother fucker's doin here, tryin buy shit?”

“Yeah man,” I said, “This fat mother fucker over here forgot his license, so we're all kinda screwed.”

“Well I *could* help you guys out you know.”

“I don't know man.” I couldn't quite grasp the idea of giving this guy all the money we had in the world. We needed alcohol, and I was sure he did too. “Let me consult my friend.” I leaned over to Dan and spoke to him through the passenger side window, “What do you think dude?”

“Give him the sock man,” Dan said as he stroked his beard, “If he tries to take off I'll run him down and beat the fuck out of him.”

“Well he's gonna want something.”

“Hmm...tell him he can keep what's left in the sock.”

I leaned out the driver's side window, "Ok man, here's the deal; you go in there and buy us six forties and you can keep whatever is left in the sock." I handed it over. It jingled.

"You want six?"

"Yeah, six forties of Old English," Tom and Dan stood close by.

Two minutes later our hero exited the building with six forties...ghetto bagged and all. There was much rejoicing.

"White lady pussy."

I wasn't sure if I had heard him right, "What?" I asked.

"C'mon man help me out," the hero said.

"With what?" I asked with a half smile.

"You know man, give me ride to the fuckin strip club so's I could get some fuckin white lady pussy. I don't want no bitch missin a eye or a leg or some shit."

I nodded, and almost without hesitation I hit the rear release to the van. The back door arose like a red doorway to the Starship Enterprise. The soldiers in the back moved over and made room for our "sock of change holding" hero. A great man sat with us in the van that night, and with him came a scent. And I don't mean potpourri either.

Me, 19 years old in the driver's seat of a stolen van. Dan, 19 years old riding shotgun. A 15 year old and a 17 year old in the back accompanied by a 21 year old white guy with no identification or legal residence and a black homeless guy from Asbury Park holding a dirty sock full of change. Add 6 Forties and you've got one big prison sentence.

"Let me give you some advice young one," the hero spoke to Samuel. Samuel being the obvious youngest in the bunch was the one to receive the wisest advice, "When you meet a bitch see, it don't matter if she fat or ugly or nothin. Yo friends might say no don't fuck that bitch, then when you turn yer back, they fuckinz um. So fuck everythin you can. Everyfuckin thing," Samuel

wearing a hat that read 'Poonhound,' paid close attention. Cheers and roars of laughter arose from all in attendance.

It was only a few blocks before we reached the club. I pulled up outside and barely noticed the two cop cars sitting out front, "Ok man, here we are."

"I aint gettin out," the hero said.

"Why not?" I asked dumbly.

"Maaan, if they see a homeless black man gettin outta a van full a white dudes they gonna know some shit is up." Wisely put I thought.

So we waited, and soon the cops drove away. The doorway arose, and our hero stepped from the vehicle.

"Hey man," I yelled back, "What's your name?"

"Homeless Joe," he said as he gave a nod and crossed the street.

And as he slowly faded away through the doors of the strip club, holding his sock up proudly, somewhere in the back of my mind I heard *The Star Spangled Banner* playing...softly.





About The Author

Hello everyone. My name is Richard W. Carr as you may or may not already know. I am an English major with a 4.0 GPA at Brookdale Community College in New Jersey and I am the president of the English Club. I will have my Associates Degree next semester. Also, I am studying abroad in Ireland for ten days in June.

I love Chuck Palahniuk. *Choke* is one of my favorite books ever. I've been writing stories for a few years now along with various other endeavors. One of my dreams is to get my collection of short stories published. For a long time I didn't think that my writing was going to fit in anywhere, but now I know that is just not true. The open-mindedness of the world is growing by leaps and bounds. That makes me feel good.

I used to play in a band that opened for some pretty big names like *Type O Negative*, *Gwar* and *Adema*, among many others. Therefore a lot of my writing is done in lyrics. I love *that* because it gives me a chance to write poetry and spoken word.

Between my stories, my lyrics and the constant onslaught of creativity that my position in life requires, I feel more creative now than ever. Currently, I am playing in a "band" called EGO. I put *band* in quotes because I think that it is better and far more exciting than your typical clichéd band. Our website will be www.EgoIdEntity.com. It should be up and running by June 1st 2004. I'm also working with a production company called Unscene TV. We are working on a *Goth Calendar* for 2005 and a DVD. The DVD will feature underground artists, writers, film makers, bands...etc. For more info go to: www.unscene-tv.com. (recently the website crashed due to an overload of visitors, check back periodically...☺).

I hope that everyone enjoys my story.
Richard W. Carr

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