

Dentist Hopper

by

Leeeway

It Doesn't Matter If It Takes My Lifetime . . . What I'm Working for is More Than Well Worth the Struggle

His name was F. Scott Zachary and his wife, Anna, was good enough to carry him on her dental plan and drive him to the dentist after teaching elementary school. He was a senior citizen, self-published author, high, wide and once handsome, heavyweight, black househusband.

Anna waited in the waiting room reading a book until he finished his appointment, which usually lasted half an hour. He wore partials, uppers and lowers, covering both sides of his absent smile. Unfortunately, there was no hope for Zach and Anna to find a black dentist out in the San Fernando Valley, as that would have been the missing link to give his complex a break, his sensitivity a rest, and his cavities fulfillment and relief. The result was, he usually couldn't resist, but buy liquor in a decade of drinking and overeating after a session with any of the many white dentists he saw.

He saw two different dentists (specialist) during this period about the possibilities of getting implants. They both sat gazing at him like blue-eyed ghouls, while telling him the risks and time it would take for the best procedure. Then they quoted the absorbent cost he passed on, deciding rather to go the partials route at this juncture for life.

The morning crept by while he thought, and solving the mystery of his partials haunted him. A simple solution was to call 1-800-Dentist and just ask for a partial's specialist in the North Valley. He'd have to maybe spend five hundred dollars or even one thousand five hundred dollars from scratch. But because of the hateful revenge launched upon him, after he decided to leave every dentist he had problems with in the valley, he was tagged a 'dentist hopper' by the lot of them and punished for his rash decision to change dentist in mid-stream, so to speak, being that they were inept, and he abruptly left forever.

Tom Hanks character in the film *Cast Away* was his own dentist on a deserted island. Would that Zach could treat himself, somehow, but today he reminisced to back in the very beginning of brutal bouts with his mouth after the tooth fairy jive and putting that kid stuff baby tooth under his pillow, then waking up to find money, loose chump change. He recalled when he tied a string to the doorknob, closed the door, tied the other end of the string 'round a loose front tooth, and waited until somebody opened the bathroom door, yanking the tooth out. Also there was the clove in Jiffy toothache medicine you put on cotton and stuff the tiny piece of cotton in the cavity. There were many home remedies, ice packs, hot water bottles, but the best was aspirin, until they wore off.

When he became a young man, he swished hard liquor around in his mouth, on the developing growth of wisdom teeth back there. He left those good ol' days behind by cutting new teeth, molars, bicuspids, incisors, and sharp carnivores. In those D.C. days post baby teeth, during his sweet tooth days, he visited Dr. Mitchell, his lone black dentist, who was an elder in Zach's church, and sang what his cousin Gerald called a barroom tenor. Whenever Dr. Mitchell sang, showing off his rusty pipes in the Presbyterian Church choir, it was whispered

he might hurt you if he hauled off and yanked hard, pulling out a tooth at the bloody aching root. Gerald became a dentist like his father before him. Aah, the thanklessness of dentistry, the low esteem and rank commonality of the profession, albeit attributes also as having a Dr. in front of your name . . . oh yeah, and the dental bill.

New York, New York (Blues)

*New York New York
They call it
New York New York
It ain't small it's
New York New York
I'm gonna take a walk
To old New York*

*New York New York
The greatest
New York New York
City and state is
New York New York
Oh well I've heard big talk
About old New York*

*Do they really have
Big tall buildings there
Man yeah
New York New York*

*Are the girls really pretty
In that old city
Man yeah
New York New York*

*New York New York
Ground zero
New York New York
My hero*

*New York New York
I'm gonna take a walk
Because I heard big
Talk*

*They say it's oh so nice
They had to name it
Twice
New York New York*

*Do they really have big
Tall buildings there
Can you ice skate all
Day in the square*

*Are the lights so bright
On old Broadway
That you can't tell night
From day
They say*

*New York New York
Watch it like a hawk
New York New York
Tourist gape and gawk
New York New York
The world's tuning fork
New York New York
New Yorkers pop my cork
In New York New York*

Zach remembers laying up in New York City at the Alvin Hotel, suffering in pain he wouldn't wish on an enemy. Ultimately, when he couldn't stand the persistent pain, he scrambled out of bed, dressed quickly, and headed straight off Broadway, where he remembered seeing a dentist sign up in a second floor window he passed on 52nd Street.

The dentist on 52nd Street was in and alone, no receptionist or assistant, nor other patients, just Zach and him. He was white, young and about Zach's age then, thirty and glad to see a patient. They got right to it and Zach told him he was dying of agony. He pointed to the throbbing abscess tooth, aching like hell. The dentist checked and Zach said, "Take it out, pull it, I want it out!" After giving him Novocain with a stabbing needle to numb his gum, the dentist complied to his wishes with pliers. Next, he pulled the tooth Zach pointed to out; it felt at the core of his existence. Thank God, Zach thought, and thanked the dentist.

After he paid him, he returned to the hotel. No sooner had he undressed and got back in bed, wham, it hit him harder than imaginable. It was an agonizing horror driving him up and out of bed with a deep sob and he groaned from the soul. He rushed into the bathroom and looked in the mirror at the gaping bloody hole in his gum, and could not believe what he saw next to it. The real toothache was still throbbing there, and he realized this stupid, ignorant excuse for a dentist pulled the wrong tooth. "Damn!" he cursed as he dressed slovenly and dashed out of the hotel with the punishing, almost maddening toothache going on mega force, paralyzing the left side of his face.

He got back to the dentist and like before, the man was alone. So without any formality, Zach ran past him and flopped in the dentist chair without a word. He placed his finger on the terrible, tenacious tortuous tooth and put the dentist finger there for positive proof. Although he couldn't speak, the dentist understood his grievous error and went to work, trembling at his big mistake. When his travail ended, he

treated his sore, wounded orifice with pain pills the dumb dentist gave him, and bought a fifth of Jim Beam. Now he had a dark, ugly space at the back left side of his mouth, if he dared laugh or smile wide enough to show it. He felt lucky it wasn't in the front of his mouth and went on with his life.

In Hollywood he got two vicious toothaches, one after the other in the same year. He went running upstairs on Western Avenue to this guy he saw from the street, actually working on patients in his picture window. Plus, he was working on the "cheap" (Mexican patients) in his window. The dentist on display was just a few blocks away from his apartment. Zach still didn't know any better, so he continued saying, "Pull it out!" A big bad foolish move he's paid for since. All he ever had to do was say, "Save my tooth, just fill it." He could've had all of his teeth if he just said that, but no, Zach was ignorant and lost two more teeth on the right side of his mouth.

His smile ruined, he went on again with his life, returning to New York City, where one sad day his big front tooth broke off in half to his shock, and because he didn't have much money, he couldn't repair it. That negligence cost him everything. He became embarrassed by his appearance and shied away from going to job interviews for fear he'd look clownish. He thought back to growing up and singing the great Spike Jones big novelty hit song, "All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth." It wasn't until he returned to L. A., this time out in the San Fernando Valley that he discovered the missing half of his front tooth could be replaced on his wife's dental plan, and it was.

A dental hygienist cleaning his teeth was also necessary now, and before he knew it, he really did visit the dentist once a year. The only non-white guy who worked on his teeth then was Korean. He always stank of the food he ate previous to Zach's appointment. So Zach concluded visits and began to head into oblivion, dental health wise, where all his dentist were white as he wished his teeth were.

Everyone has a fear of dentist and rightfully so because of the many misfits who sully the profession, masquerading as at Mardi Gras and portraying characters of note, when skulking beneath those tight, white surgical mask they wear, lie heartless, unfeeling, uncaring quacks, preying upon unsuspecting victims, who wander without a warning into their webs of willingness, to simply accept cash and/or insurance to pay for these grave injustices they hand out with little bags of toothbrushes, toothpaste, floss and mouth wash.

Zach, like many others, had a deep seeded dread of dentist until they proved trustworthy. That means he always exhibited a strong lower lip factor, so strong in resistance to the scraping, poking with sharp, hooked, pick-like instruments or tools that edge and prick deep into cavities, darkly forbiddingly nerve exposed to the point past just plain sensitivity, but excruciating blinding agony, causing all of his oral hygienist to reprimand him for his stiff lower lips, rigid recalcitrance.

Then there's the action of a nervous, natural, roaming, uncooperative tongue that refuses to keep out of the way from medical metal objects probing inside the wide-open orifice administering treatment and/or surgery. Zach and Anna tried a big dental service in Van Nuys she found in the Yellow Pages.

The place stayed busy, but never packed. People kept coming and going, getting all of the services they rendered there, in a mass production atmosphere. Nobody noticed you here because you were as if on an assembly line. He decided to get his teeth cleaned and test the service first before moving on to anything more serious.

The waiting area was huge with many chairs, torn/old magazines and couches. His name was called by one in the crew of impersonal workers behind a glass enclosed receptionist space. Zach went through the door the bored white girl pointed to. He was met by an unattractive, hard looking Mexican woman, he followed to a cubicle down a long hall, where as many as thirty people split on both sides could work at one time, if need be, in each of the rooms. The Mexican woman got Zach in the dentist chair, bibbed him and began to clean his teeth without a word or a look even. She was mechanical and non-interested in anything, but finishing the job.

When he winced after being stabbed in his gum, the woman stopped and gave him Novocain all over his mouth, with the jab, jab, jabbing of a needle. Later his mouth felt like hardening to stone. She still didn't speak, but speeded up her attack on mangling his mouth. He could not feel a thing, his mouth was hard as a rock, and when she started to polish his teeth, blood squirted and splattered on his bib and clothes. Then she spoke, "You bleeder, huh?" He looked at the blood all over him and became alarmed and concerned. He asked for a mirror and the Mexican woman left the room. He sat there spitting blood, which was considerable, oozing out in a steady stream of red fury. Soon, a white woman in a white smock,

who smiled a pale, cold hard stare, joined him. She looked at the cuts in his mouth and told him to go down to the men's room at the end of the hall, to clean up and stop the bleeding. Then she added, as if this was normal, "You're quite a bleeder." Zach got the menacing mixed message, collected Anna in the huge waiting room, and they left without a word.

With another schoolteacher tip, he reluctantly followed Anna to a Dr. Nortrious, whose grateful patients nicknamed, Dr. Notorious. He told Zach four of his teeth had to be pulled because they were bad on both sides of his mouth and then partials would fit. Zach thought it over and ambiguously allowed the distinguished dentist to extract his teeth. Dr. Notorious was top notch, and not one uncomfortable thing happened under his personal care. The dentist put a big gold tooth at the rear of Zach's mouth to support a partial on the right side, and he told him, "If anybody ever has to pull this tooth, for whatever reason, they're going have a hell of a job doing it." Zach believed him as he could feel with his tongue how solid and definite the gold tooth, his first was.

Now the once vacant unbecoming sides of his mouth were replaced with a perfect smile profile. The partials were precious to Zach because a great dentist, Dr. James A. Notorious DDS, made them. A white teacher at her elementary school introduced Anna to him. The teacher raved over the dental work he did for her. The good dentist not only designed Zach's partials, but also continued to treat him with exams and fillings, plus cleanings his dental hygienists did every six months.

On one visit, an especially troublesome dental hygienist complained to the good dentist, that she couldn't really clean Zach's teeth because they were way too sensitive. She then asked for permission to use Novocain. Dr. Notorious unwisely allowed it and never checked her work afterwards. When Zach got home and the Novocain wore off, he felt and saw the awful cuts in his mouth, the hacking hygienist caused when she cut him up. Regretfully, the Zachary's made an excuse and broke off with the excellent dentist, whose only fault was not being able to trust his staff to keep prejudice at bay, and in this case, overt racism, along with expert efficiency up to snuff before she cut his mouth to pieces.

Zach had asked this same race hateful, young white mother and working wife for her husband's phone number, after she bragged about his cyber skills as a computer programmer. The wicked woman faked emitting a sharp cry of alarm at the suggestion, causing him to change the subject to silence, until she calmed down. She also thought herself to be pretty, when she was merely attractive. Still she yearned to talk about herself in intimate tones, monopolizing his ear while working, cleaning his teeth, and for some odd reason known only to her, she liked to whisper, even sing and hum softly in his ear.

Zach noticed the woman was two-faced and if he and Anna were in the waiting room, when she had to come behind the counter there, where the stoic, frozen, waspish receptionist sat and worked, she, the race hating hygienist named Carla, would not look at or speak to him or Anna. The willful woman cleaned Anna's healthy teeth too. Anna didn't need partials; she'd saved her teeth and took good care of them, only needing occasional fillings and a yearly cleaning to enhance her wholesome, but sexy smile.

Anna's eyes were hazel and quite lovely, so the bigoted busybody asked Zach what color Anna's eyes were, and when he balked at the answer, she went on and on in his ear about how terrible it was he didn't know, and added if Anna knew he didn't know, she'd blow a gasket and never forgive him.

Zach remembered the worse scenario leading up to the brutal laceration she did on his mouth. Dr. Notorious came in beforehand to check her cleaning procedure, which obviously was in question. While he was there, the dentist had this little comical bit he did with Zach, whereby he indicated Zach lean to the right or left with a motion similar to how people train dogs. It was intended to be funny, and Zack smiled at the so thought joke with the grinning dentist. But this great humor was wasted on the racially motivated woman, who took the actions of mock obedience by Zach, when commanded by the dentist, to mean this was the way she should treat him from now on, like a dog.

When Dr. Notorious left, she instructed Zach as the dentist had done and gave him a sharp jab of Novocain and another and yet another, until he was completely rendered numb as possible. Then she went to town, and attacked his teeth, gums and his tongue, which took two days to heal. When he saw her brutality at home in the mirror, he cried.

Zach and Anna never told the great dentist about the chop shop/slice and dice/mutilating/bigoted butcher working for him, but instead moved on after giving a lame excuse about wanting to be closer to home. Anna called the number on TV six months later and hooked up with a Doctor Bunt in the Northridge neighborhood where they lived.

Dr. Bunt was a cagey character that wore a lime green surgical mask all the time, and his patients never saw his face. He was very quiet and giggled from time to time for no apparent reason. He worked behind the mask with a young, blonde, svelte, Scandinavian woman dental assistant, intern type, probably just fresh out of, or still in dental school. Nevertheless, he allowed her to work on Zach and he would leave the room to treat other patients.

Once while Erica, that was her name, began working on Zach's new crown for his number ten-tooth, suddenly he was startled by a blood curdling scream from a boy patient in the next room with Dr. Bunt. Anna was sitting in the waiting room, doing her school lesson plans, but she stopped short, as did everyone there at the sight of this white boy running from Dr. Bunt with the gory bib still 'round his neck. Anna told Zach, who didn't see it; Dr. Bunt had the pliers in his hand, and she swore as he passed by and went after the terrified boy out into the hall, she heard the demented dentist giggle.

The crown Erica fixed, adjusted or whatever she did, kept slipping off. Then repeatedly, the mental dental midget, Dr. Bunt could never get Zach's partials to fit properly either. They kept him coming back maybe four times, until he became fed up, when the disturbed dentist told him, "Sometimes it takes many re-adjustments before partials fit just right."

Not believing this lie, Zach was desperate for a good perfect fit. That's how he and Anna wound up going to the first storefront dentist's office they saw on the way home. Dr. Byshanski was the dentist who examined Zach, he and his stodgy nurse. Zach and Anna had seen her with another woman, who worked there, standing outside smoking cigarettes. The stocky woman re-adjusted his troublesome partials, and he relaxed, laying back in the dentist chair to be

sure all was well. Twenty minutes later, the dentist returned and told him that he'd best get a root canal on that number ten-tooth as it was going bad and would be a world of trouble, if not taken care of. The dentist said he didn't do that work, but gave Zach a card with the name of another dentist in the area. He never quoted the cost of the procedure, and Zach left with Anna.

The new specialist guy was fast, muscular and firm. He drew the purposed oral operation on an envelope, showed it to Zach, and then promptly ripped it up. Zach put himself in the mutilator's hands because the man's office was in the same type building and setting as all the other dentist he'd seen, no better or worse. So things being what they were, he went along with the root canal, and the tough guy dentist yanked out the half of number ten-tooth that was left. Zach thought about not having all of that trouble anymore and swallowed the pain pills he got from the drug store downstairs from the dentist office.

Months went by while he lived with the cavity in a space up front that ruined his appearance. As a result, he went to see another dentist, a couple actually, man and wife team. The Connallys worked together side by side. They performed in a wide-open workspace, no partitions, with about six more empty dental chairs for treating patients. The husband's name was Tom, she, the wife was Irene. Zach's first treatment was a cleaning; he found out was being done by a substitute oral hygienist. The woman was about twenty something, hip and not about to do anything she didn't have to do on this temporary job. She cleaned his teeth and had a dirty street potty mouth while doing the deed.

Next, the dentist, Tom, took over and began to grill Zach as to how he and Anna got his name, and decided to come to him for treatment. Since Zach couldn't remember the exact connection as to how and why he found and chose the dentist, he told the truth and admitted his memory failed him, but he'd give it serious thought. This intrigued the dentist and his wife as they both began to interrogate him now.

She was most offensive when she questioned him about his cologne, not giving him a chance to answer, but telling him he wore Old Spice, the same as her father. Then she attempted to connive and convince him it was okay, as she didn't mind the scent. Zach realized he'd gone overboard with his application of the cologne, if she could smell it, that's when Tom, the dentist reassured him with a joke, that now Zach really didn't know whether his wife, Irene, didn't mind the cologne or not.

Working together, the two dentists begin to compliment Zach's partials and Tom said it was excellent work, and they both asked in unison who designed them? Zach told them about Dr. Notorious and both dentists lit into him. They wanted to know why he would leave such a known, eminent, capable, craftsman as Dr. James A. Nortrious. He told them what happened with the dental hygienist, and the woman Irene chastised him for not telling the great dentist. Her husband, Tom agreed, and when Zach told them it caused all of his dental problems, especially the trouble with his number ten-tooth. The dentist, Tom, confided in him that he didn't have to have the root canal, as all he needed was a crown.

Zach noticed how the dentist, Tom, made all of his many patients in the waiting room gather, jump up and down, raising their hands and literally beg for his services, in order to receive an appointment. He stood there behind a small counter basking in his own self-importance while his anxious patients clamored for his attention. He would then pick and choose whomever he decided to bless with an appointment.

Wherever Zach got the reference to the Connerly's, it was considered privileged. Even so, he and Anna broke off with these nosy, dominating dentists and went to see another guy in the neighborhood. Dr. Frank N. Stein was a young dentist, just starting his practice in Granada Hills that a new teacher at Anna's school recommended. This guy was so suspicious of Zach's intentions, he doted on Anna and treated Zach like an experiment, inviting all of his dental helpers to touch and look at Zach's mouth. The woman on the desk in reception was most hostile and insisted on having all of Zach's x-rays from the Connerly's, who'd obviously spilled the beans on him. When she demanded he or Anna call for the x-rays from the Connerly's the third time, looking at Zach with cruel, cold, contemptible gray eyes, he lied and went along, saying he'd call at home, even saying he'd return for the appointment. They never went back.

He had a speech impediment and worse, a rearrangement of the proper alignment for his teeth, since the root canal had him wrestling with a non-fitting tongue that was too long now, as he bit the tip of it constantly. This biting went on in the inside of his mouth also and all over his gums daily. Next, he learned the pesky partials could be taking up too much room in his mouth, after that big oaf called him "chief," and yanked out a perfectly good half of a number ten-tooth, when all he

had to do was make him a crown. This rip off and rip out took place at the suggestion of the store front dentist, who had a deal with this monster of a guy named Jack Shifferin, called Jack the Ripper in the trade. He yanked the tooth for profit, over seven hundred dollars, the bill read seven months later, when they threatened to turn it over to a collection agency because Zach didn't want to pay.

He wanted to sue, but he'd need Tom Connerly to repeat his whispered theory about the root canal being unnecessary. Hence, Zach knew he'd have to get the talkative, controlling, conceited dentist under oath, and even then he'd lie to avoid giving him exculpatory evidence to win a lawsuit. All because Zach left his unpleasant practice that hadn't a trace of dignity nor grace, putting patients in the stupid position of begging for visits and having all of their business discussed in an open room with strangers listening, while they were treated by other dental workers there.

It was being revealed to Zach, the San Fernando Valley was a confederation of butchers in league with the devil of dentistry, as they all toiled in torture chambers, at dime a dozen dens in every other strip mall and or alike medical building out here. Hell, this thing could get bad as the film *Marathon Man* starring Dustin Hoffman and Sir Lawrence Oliver. You know, "Is it safe?"

There's a line in an old black and white film titled *The Feminine Touch* starring Don Ameche and Rosalind Russell. It went "It's a funny thing about dentists, everybody thinks theirs is the best."

In contrast, he had to live with the continuing cutting, biting, scraping of his constantly bruised and battered tongue, chewed on the tip from it being disproportionately fitted in his always-sore mouth, since that brutal root canal. And now a bone cracking operation was needed to place a metal piece there at the number ten-space in the actual bone, and hold the crown this next lady dentist suggested. Zach decided to go with a woman this time, so he followed her orders and had the oral operation for his number ten false tooth.

Her dentist drill burned another of Zach's teeth until the miasma of decay, tartar and enamel wafted up into his nostrils, and he held his breath to avoid the stench. There were no answers to his questions about the machinations she put in his mouth with his partials, especially the lower one. She, his dentist only responded with an incompliant smirk. Then after a dental 101 crack, she said he needed, her coarse raucous laughter filled the whole office.

For all of this, she was having a hard time repairing his bad fitting lower partial. During these follow-ups, he broke a tooth on his upper partial and breached the lower partial in the rear on the opposite side of his mouth. He couldn't eat with food seeping into his gums from the placebo-like lower partial. Then when he got them back from repair, they were still in disrepair and the dentist tried again and again to fix them. This back and forth resulting in no solution to his growing stress, correlated into a metaphor about the Katrina victims cause. Zach saw himself as New Orleans and his mouth was the levee on the right lower side, lower like the ninth ward.

In three attempts, there was still a severe soreness when he tried to wear the lower partial. He could only stand it for fifteen minutes or so, thinking it fixed like the levees come June. “Well, let’s hope not, but if they operate on the belief a Category 5 won’t do worse damage, if a direct hit from a full blown hurricane should come . . . not a mere squall, mind you, but the Ragin’ Cajun force, plus of Katrina might, right on target this time, so that even the Garden District and French Quarter, Algiers and all other wards and parishes spared last time; this next big one would . . . you get the idea.”

Zach thought and recorded this in his remembrance of that event. His quizzing his dentist about alternative procedures cost more each time he inquisively inquired, and again the Katrina victims’ analogy came back to him. He still didn’t know what to think, with all of the cash figures being bandied about, because not one red cent was spent in the ninth ward to date, and like his mouth was left to suffer the cruel indignity of ruination as he chomped away on his front snagger teeth to eat food, and likewise in cruel comparison, those evacuees received only hollow words in their empty cavities of despair.

He couldn’t reach the dentist verbally as she handled his case with swift lip service, instead of his teeth and he gave up ever realizing relief from all of the suffering he lived with, just because she couldn’t help him accurately. Governor Blanco was impotent as Mayor Nagin was, and Zach was mute. And they like he could not speak and get the ear, plus heart of the President, which now was strangely comparable to the dentist turning a deaf ear on him.

In these days of war in Iraq and the impending threat, real or staged in Iran, he wondered if all the Katrina evacuees would ever be returned home. He knew that the slightest move of aggression will shift the attention of the world press so fast and furiously writing and talking about the response from America, no one will think of the stranded evacuees ever again with importance.

In New Orleans Old New Orleans

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
Louisiana town
In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
Shrimp gumbo
By the pound*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I met you
At the Mardi Gras*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I don't know
Who you are*

*We danced all night
Made love all day
Then you went away*

*I never did
Unmask your face
Your name you
Didn't say*

*You said you'd
Meet me
At the church
You left me
In a lurch*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
You made my love
Come down*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I feel just like
A clown*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
Louisiana town*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
Shrimp gumbo
By the pound*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I met you
At the Mardi Gras*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I don't know
Who you are*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
You made my love
Come down*

*In New Orleans
Old New Orleans
I feel just like
A clown*

Fangs

She took a culture swab from his mouth or put one in.

Now the die was cast and he was with the worst of the lot. He'd made the fatal error of giving in after deciding to leave, but at her insistence, through her rotten receptionist, that she, the dentist, had another plan for dealing with his number ten-tooth problem, and could solve the lower partial at the rear leakage of food, always irritating and annoying his tender sensitive gum, he came back. This seepage of food was also burning him from acidity, when he tried to chew and it became impossible to do. Then dribbling saliva at the most unexpected uncontrollable times became his shame.

The dentist lied to get him to come back, and that's when she began to make him wait with Anna, who suffered innocently because she had dental insurance and acted as his driver. Now he knew the dentist to be hateful and vindictive, but he felt as the molds had to be made and four visits remained, he'd have to accept her abject animosity in order to get . . . what? It occurred to him her spiteful partials she'd offer would probably be the most evil in existence, just made special for him. And the fit would be no better than those he dreaded wearing, even in a pinch (ouch!).

Dr. Greene liked to explain away her incompetence. Zach tried to justify and rationalize her jive, also like the valley village idiot he stayed manipulated to her whims and because of indecision, he was a jerky fat fool. When he cancelled and had Anna quit her services, she had her rattlesnake receptionist call, and Anna played that recorded message for him. It was on the main home phone he never answered. The

rat's ass receptionist knew this and played him again. Zach just listened to the message. He thought he was free of her B. S., but she had other plans, saying through her rancid receptionist, she had another idea on how to handle his partials, so he should reconsider. Anna was neutral; she simply handed Zach the receiver and let him decide.

A day or so later before the dental miracle was to take place and bring him back into the fold, his phone rang and it was the rascally receptionist with a change in plans. She wanted to set the appointment back from four to three p. m. Zach thought, and the recondite receptionist asked if she should call Anna on her cell phone. Reluctantly, he okayed it and hung up.

When they got to the dentist office, it broke down like this, the dentist put feces in the game again and made him wait. He stewed in the reception area for twenty minutes, feeling bad and had. Anna parked the car and went to the drugstore on the dentist floor for their pills. Before she came in, a dental hygienist called Zach.

The first step was a cleaning by a new dental hygienist. She'd cleaned Anna's teeth, and she had an accent, an Eastern European one, they both agreed, but they preferred to think she was a Nazi. It seemed to go with the scenario unfolding as they saw it like the S.S. The woman went to work on Zach. She was thorough and quick, a no nonsense type, who performed her thankless dirty job well. She finished and made excuses for the dentist, saying she'd be fifteen minutes late and he should wait back in the reception area, and the dentist would see him soon as possible. Anna was there waiting; they talked until another dental hygienist called him, and once again he returned to a different cubicle in the rear to be treated by the dodging dentist.

When Dr. Greene made her grand entrance, Zach knew she was lying and he didn't smile as before. She noticed and stopped the charade, looking serious as cancer at him looking back at her angry as Aids. She had no miracle for him he discovered, so tiring of her stalling; he decided to get new partials. He'd rather pay the one thousand two hundred dollars she quoted coldly over her shoulder, as he followed her back to the desk in the waiting room. He'd pay for new partials now and put an end to her waltzing in, pretending she could repair the original ones.

She began to examine the partials for the first time, looking at them in his presence and commenting before in the cubicle. "You see," she began with a phony professional air. "This hook is broken and a bar is missing. That is why the lower partial goes up and down like it does." She confirmed only the lesser part of the problem, leaving the main one of the breach on the right side, at the rear of the lower partial like an unsolved mystery.

Thus, with a two-minute examination, standing there toe to toe with him, the dentist frowned at the once excellent partials, now ruined by her. Zach knew he had to replace the partials because they were also worn out by now. He still didn't trust her to be able to match the ones Dr. Notorious made so expertly. Moreover, he felt, she was all he had, unless he wanted to start looking for another dentist.

At the reception desk, they went over the schedule and money. Zach envisioned Anna's dental insurance paying for the partials. And as they'd saved ten thousand dollars for self-publishing his latest book online, his twenty-fifth, he took a shot and made the appointment for the first of three steps it

would take to make the new partials. It was strictly business between them now, and he didn't like or trust her at all. He detested another hatchet job, from a hatchet face who'd bury the hatchet in his mouth.

He'd hated, but stood the busy burning buzz, drilling, picking, and poking sharp intrusions between the teeth into the meaty gums. The extra x-rays and messy molds, the scary needle and numbing Novocain, the inane jokes or dumbing down small talk about the weather. The top secretive, suspicious sounding whispers milling around back behind the dentist chair, the quiet shoptalk, dental code, plus other patients. That coarse cachinnation of hers, after sending you to a specialist for jobs they don't do, her keeping your partials to be repaired and getting the specifications wrong.

Your eating on your front teeth and gums until you get the partials back ruined. The time spent idling in the dentist chair and looking out the window at palm treetops, the sky, the telephone pole wires, the filling out postcards to yourself for your next appointment, the constant cleaning now twice a year, the punishing polishing, the rinse that runs down your chin and onto your clothes, instead of in the receptacle, when you try to spit, while the dental hygienist is watching.

Then the preparation for appointments, no cologne, just be clean as not to offend. Wear all clean clothes; clean your partials before you give them to the dental hygienist for cleaning, in that secret way they do. Say little as possible when the dentist is working on your teeth, and do the same while the dental hygienist cleans your teeth. Stay in good with the receptionist. Thank each one who helped you and leave smiling. Oh yeah, and don't forget to brush your teeth and scrape your tongue.

Incidental music, sentimental mood music for the mental dental nerve damaged, played on electric toothbrush and plastic tongue scraper.

Don't Forget to Brush Your Teeth

Don't forget to brush your

Teeth

Brush 'em good after you

Eat

After you eat your words

Pretty baby

This song may sound absurd

But so are the lies you've

Heard pretty baby

Then rinse out

Every little doubt

You've got about me

Pretty baby

Don't forget to brush your

Teeth

When you swallow dirty

Lies

Brush your teeth

Brush your teeth

Don't forget to brush

Your teeth

Nasty rumors down

Inside

Brush your teeth

Brush your teeth

And scrape your waggin' tongue

*You heard the dirt
Swallowed the lies
The bitter truth
Spit out your pride*

*All those things
Made your jaws tight
And spoiled love rotten
'Cause you took a bite*

*Don't forget to brush
Your teeth
After you eat your words
Pretty baby*

*This song may sound absurd
But so are the lies you've
Heard
Pretty baby*

*Then rinse out
Every little doubt
You've got about me
Pretty baby*

Dental hygienist: “Are you ready for more weight . . . I mean rain?” He heard the southern belle’s wisecrack spoken sarcastically to him in the dentist chair, as she put the green paper bib around his at the ready neck. Then the dentist came in with ripe, fresh orange stinking on her unwashed lily-white open hand, she put in his wide-open black mouth, without a rubber glove. She’d had a swab slyly taken from his ever

gaping, trusting mouth before to test for Aids, or submit his DNA to the police to check for a criminal record maybe, who knows, but she had the DNA test taken first, so she could stick her bare unwashed hand, that stank of fresh ripe orange in his mouth. He rationalized she'd really washed her orange stinking hands, however the orange scent still remained and that's why he smelled and even tasted it now.

He remembered before at another visit, the same good-looking, wise cracking dental hygienist led him into an examination room, which had that exact same aroma. So he accepted the acidic, fruity odor of orange was just maybe a solution they all used after they washed their hands. This feeble excuse failed to satisfy his delusion as he recalled the same sexy dental hygienist responded in a positive admission, when he told her he smelled orange by saying, "Somebody's been eating an orange."

Anna noticed a waiting game going on in the waiting room of the dentist in question. Dr. Greene had her minions on the ready to stall, cajole, jive and do whatever to keep Zach and Anna waiting for nothing. This was to be his punishment for wanting to quit her pitiful practice.

This last of visits was to get molds made for his upper and lower partials he decided to get, so he could stop eating like a rodent on his front teeth. One front tooth there was once broken in half before being crowned, but without warning it could break with one hard bite. Of course, the diabolical dentist knew this and continued her plotting against him anyway. After waiting in the dentist chair for fifteen minutes at a stretch, when the dental hygienist from hell pretended she forgot she had to make molds for both upper and lower partials, he became dejected.

Zach didn't bitch about it to the vivacious voluptuous woman, who told him during the small talk, she felt compelled to engage a captive audience like him in, that her parents were coming to L.A. over the weekend. He was polite and she continued about them seeking snow, and they'd be overjoyed, as there was still snow in the mountains for them to experience. Zach said, "Big Bear," a local ski resort, to concur with her excitement. And she joked about all the cold California weather they'd been having. She then told him that her parents were from Louisiana, thus leaving a topic for him to become as her straight man and ask, "Where in Louisiana?"

And when he did, she said, "Ground Zero," a Katrina reference and he agreed, "Right." After she took the messy mold out, he followed her to the waiting room and told Anna the bad news; the demolition dentist said they'd have to come for four more visits.

Dr. Greene escorted another patient to the desk, where she stopped and talked to Anna and Zach standing there waiting to make their next appointment. The dispassionate dentist looked into Zach's cold eyes with her own colder eyes, and they both knew the mutual feeling of rank raw animus shared could never be repaired any more than the partials she ruined. She tried to change the subject and take the attention off the tension by telling Anna she'd seen her shopping in Whole Foods.

The remiss receptionist had laughed with Anna and the dogged dentist at his reaction to the bad news, he'd have to make four more visits, plus, the office would be closed for a week while the doldrums dentist went on vacation. It was a known fact that doctors and dentist mostly took their vacations in July. This setback only exacerbated things, and he was faced with a decision to replace the disrespectful dentist.

He kept nipping at the fatty tissue on the inside of his lips. He had to be very careful when he ate and take it slow, so as to protect himself biting with a ferocity, using his sharp incisors and ripping up his sore mouth. In other words, he ate, chewing his soft food diet in slow motion. He had to take his sweet time, thanks to Dr. Greene insisting he go the distance, while she vacationed without fixing his partials.

When Zach woke up on Tuesday, he'd weakened his resolve to diet over the long weekend. Drinking and eating all day Monday, the fourth, added to his weight and wait. Now it was high time to as the rapper, Young M.C. said so eloquently, "Bust a move!"

He told Anna his feelings and gave her the new dentist in Mission Hills information. He wanted her to call just to check it out and see if the new dentist was aware of the partials problem and how to solve it. Zach felt he needed a specialist now, but how and who do you talk to and find one? Those eight hundred numbers flashing on the TV screen from day to day and time to time? The smiling white girl saying, "Call this number for a great dentist in your area?" Zach tried this method once and got a problematic episode with Dr. Bunt, whose insane ways caused him all of the negative treatment he'd received so far from his current dentist, Dr. Greene.

Once she bounded into the room and chanced a big grin, while teasing him about his breaking the false number ten-tooth replacement she had attached to his upper partial. She explained later the tooth was hollow. That made all the difference in the awful, lifeless, and flat feel of it he experienced. Then he thought about the fact that whatever the

acrylic aspect meant on the lower rear of his bottom partial, there had been no sign of improvement. That said, he could not eat on either side, wearing the old partials and could only wear them minutes at a time in public for cosmetic purposes. They sat now on his bookshelf outside the tiny toilet in his bedroom. He watered them daily like plants and went without them everyday for the most part to escape the pain.

Another irritating chore facing him was a colonoscopy call he was expecting any day. It would come by mail or by phone, but so far after months of waiting, he'd had no contact about it. His doctor chuckled when he told Zach, "Some people really have a hard time mentally with the long wait for this examination." Because of his father's colon cancer and death, the doctor threatened to schedule him to be checked out. He had the colon examination at least three times over the years previously, and still worried every time he did.

Zach also feared being recalled to jury duty. Anna was called, and she served a day only, however, she said they still reserved the right to call her back if need be. The greatest concern he felt was for his career, which was at its lowest ebb and although he had his work online, he was at a lost with no agent and/or publisher, publicist, nor manager to get his realistic fiction to the public.

Zach piddled around in his early morning malaise, then when a spark of ambition caught flame, he got his information together and called this dentist, Dr. Beck. A woman named Consqualla Smith answered immediately, before he could even hit the remote button and turn down the satisfying sodomite, satyriasis, sapphism sounds of sex on *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*. He told Consqualla about his partials and asked if the doctor could make, or prescribe transparent partials, since the god awful Dr. Greene told him he couldn't get them. He always

knew Dr. Greene was hateful, and she would hurt him badly given the chance. This was always an anxiety hanging over his head, and apprehension horror he felt when she came near him with any sharp instrument and put it in his mouth. He was fearful of the ol' crow deracinating his mouth and tearing out the roots of his teeth.

Consqualla confirmed that she would accept Anna's dental plan and gave him an appointment to see Dr. Beck. The date was in July on the 27th. That was a Thursday, so he called Anna at school on her cell phone to confirm the date and time. She was in a meeting, so he went back to watching the Playboy TV channel and his favorite show, *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*. This prurient part of his personality pronounced the pornographic inequality of man's penis perverting his psyche.

He especially enjoyed seeing this hot tan, brown skinned, black woman lick the crack of this black guy's buttocks, who leisurely lay there and partook of her passionate, freakish tendencies. She seemed to go nuts in the next scenes, sitting astride his monster sex organ and consuming the whole of it, while bucking up and down, 'round and 'round, yelping in wanton black lust. The lucky guy took it all in stride as she seemed to throw away all pretense and thrill seek to his enormous members, by the balls authority and penetrating pulsating powerful guile.

The phone rang and he scrambled for the remote and turned down the sexy, heavy breathing, submissive suggestive sounds again. By the second ring he confirmed it was Anna on the receiver's screen. He turned down the jazz station also and answered the phone.

The Fish Joint

Amy Kellogg was way sexier in a Moslem wrap on Fox News than *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*' in the altogether, salacious, sodden, vulgar, vile, viscous vixens.

Anna had heard him say he got the dental appointment, she confirmed that, and he told her he corrected the woman Consqualla, when she called him F. Scott, and he told her to address him as Mr. Zachary. Anna accepted the appointment time and date, so he relaxed and she said she'd call again to find out what food they might need when she went shopping.

They hung up and he listened to this white woman on TV speaking out her low life, libidos enjoyment in ever so graphic, but plain, even empty headed terms, saying her oaths in a simple minded litany of emissions as this white guy went about the dull job of pounding away at her shaved, pink childish looking vagina, like he was wielding a power tool or pneumatic drill. His monument to manhood was cut the very likeness of a caliph's scimitar, the curved Turkish sword or dagger, shaped penis he relished saber rattling in her face.

The porn show ended and Zach switched to the news on Fox and the futile adventures of fools. Aah, he understood Iran's threat and Halliburton's jones to block the Strait of Hormuz and bogart all the oil shipped there. The map of the area in crisis and the rising and falling Wall Street prices filled his head until Amy Kellogg, a fetching Fox foreign correspondent came on the TV screen.

The Precious Gift of Allah

*The mosque in Mecca awaits you
The mosque in Mecca awaits you*

*Brother Abdullab
I'm on your side
I see your God in you
And you believe - - - - - in Him*

*The precious gift of Allah
The precious gift of Allah*

*The mosque of love
He offers is true
Sister Hanifa your beautiful way
Confirms your faith to me
That you believe - - - - - in Him*

*The precious gift of Allah
The precious gift of Allah*

Zach got a call from the new dentist, Dr. Beck's office. It was another voice on the line, not the one he got along with. This bitch wanted him to come in early, she said, "Now, if possible." He told the bossy bitch, Anna would have to shower first and then they'd leave. She said, "Okay," and he hung up hard. Anna said she'd shower after the dentist appointment and she knew where the new dentist was located in Mission Hills, as she'd checked him out.

Doctor Beck's office was done up in a fisherman's motif. He had fish he caught stuffed and mounted on the walls, and fishing poles stacked upright in the corners of the waiting room. He had pictures relating to the sport of fishing all over. His TV was turned on in the waiting room. The receptionist was a stout, bulky, brown nosing Latina girl, friendly enough, he guessed, probably this Consqualla character he talked to on the phone at first.

Behind her where she stood at this awesome circular counter, he saw the busy back and forth hustle and work ethic on a speed dial as they went on with the job of pulling, filling, and cleaning teeth. A few women workers came to the back of the great round counter and pretended to look out and about, but Zach knew they were only curious about him and Anna. They sat together in comfortable straight back chairs, talking about the questionnaire Anna filled out correctly for him on both sides.

After the questionnaire was turned in, he went back to the dentist behind this ugly, little, blond white woman. He sat in the dentist chair and she placed a bib 'round his neck like Saddam Hussein's noose, while telling him she was Dr. Beck's assistant, Mary something. Next, the dentist, Dr. Beck came in and introduced himself with a friendly handshake, manly manner. The dentist told him everything he needed to know about his partials and he worked diligently, conscientiously trying to solve the problems of the upper and lower partials, to no avail. Zach went along anyway and he knew he'd have to purchase new partials, and because of the brochure the dentist gave him, he knew exactly what to ask for anywhere, Valplast removable non-metal partial denture unbreakable, thin, color, no acrylic.

The dentist walked Zach back up to the deep circular counter, and the same ugly, little blond bitch, Mary whatever's blank eyes spied him with obvious contempt. He knew by now all of the receptionist types behind the counter could be assholes. They watched the money for most dentists and wouldn't give you a break for shit.

Zach thought back to Sue in Dr. Notorious' office and he remembered her profane fiery temper when she snapped at him to bite down, he did and she yelled, "Not now, hell you almost bit my damn finger, shit!"

Then once with the good, no, great dentist, Dr. Notorious, who shook Zach's hand and commented to Sue, speaking of Zach in fun, "He's a nice guy, but his hands so wet."

Zach laughed with the dentist, but Sue said, "You can always tell the ones who" She stopped short, shutting her trap, only because the brooding, moody dentist would have thought her attitude was a hell no, no-no.

So this woman, Dr. Beck's assistant, Mary Ann, Mary Lou, Mary Jo, Mary Lee, whatever was money, money, money and no better, just uglier when she tried to overcharge Zach one hundred dollars, but Dr. Beck stopped her and asserted his authority. At that, Anna made a check out to the dentist, as he said for fifty bucks and they split. Outside in the car, the top partial was almost cool, but the bottom one still sucked slop and Zach couldn't eat on them as before.

He recalled Dr. Greene and that reprehensible receptionist of hers laughing in the waiting room, when Anna told them, since Zach looked more presentable today, she was going to the Red Lobster with him for dinner. Dr. Greene knew this to be especially funny as an inside joke, that he would go out to eat lobster on those faulty, painful partials she refused to repair.

Now although he had a new dentist, the partials remained in disrepair. Plus, he had all of these cold, new bitches to deal with. He'd seen the husky one going for this young, thin white guy, who came in and sauntered up to the counter with a, to her, likable leer. Zach guessed that guy would never feel the same crap as he, and only he would be at the busty bitches mercy.

The dentist let it drop that if Zach had a toothache over the weekend, he'd be in deep trouble because there was a dental convention in San Diego and all of the dentist in town would attend. Zach wore the top partial in public only and continued to eat on his front teeth. He'd have to call and get the bottom fixed. If not he'd get those hip, new flexible, modern partials Dr. Beck let him see and hold in his hand. It was worth all of the problems this fiasco of ineptness produced, if he got these great new partials as the ones Dr. Notorious made had endured their day, and it was just simply time to change.

The seventh rolled around and Zach was filled with dental dread, and consumed with the conspiracy he knew to be brewing at Dr. Beck's 'Fish Joint.' No one called and no card was sent to his knowledge, but he and Anna readied to be there on time. She was to pick him up at four thirty in the afternoon, he thought, but later she came back at three fifteen and said she would only need to go to the bathroom first, and then they could leave. He found out the actual appointment was at four.

When they got there, he saw the big-boned woman, who sat at the rear of the wide inner circled counter with her broad back turned to him. Standing at the counter, he noticed about three other women back there. The needs-to-reduce ringleader receptionist turned slightly and over her shoulder she called Zack by his first name, F. Scott, loud and clear on purpose, another cruel joke of dental derision at his expense for the bitches to enjoy.

So, it had started again with this cheap shot, which the ugly, little blond dental assistant, obviously in on the insult, reacted to with a knowing grin of approval as she stood on the side of the counter gloating. Then as quickly as the rebellious receptionist said his first name, she now managed to say his surname in a softer, but more professional tone. He thumbed through a new *Time* magazine on the counter, even though he'd already read it cover to cover at home. He was humiliated at his quick response and friendly smile, when she called him F. Scott, as he was taken completely by surprise and reacted out of nervousness and a desire to be liked. The big woman had a look of conquest upon her plain mischievous face. He felt exposed for the pompous fraud she and they thought him to be, simply because he played into her unexpected deception, and answered when called racially in kind, you might say.

All this after he distinctly asked to be called Mr. Zachary. He emphatically insisted on this modicum of respect from any service he received, in which he was to be called by name. All except the HMO, that could whistle and he'd come like a dog to be treated. Well, she'd made her point to the staff, who heard his prompt, cooperative response right on cue, like a good little, though big fat, obedient, ol' colored man.

Embarrassed and pissed, he took the *Time* magazine to his seat, but before he sat down he said to Anna, “They’re fuckin’ with me again.”

And she said, “Yeah.” And shook her head.

The mean spirited jokester, reprobate receptionist, came charging out of the door to the waiting room, where Zach and Anna sat alone. She got to the exit, turned her head and said, “See you guys.” Zach and Anna ignored her because they both felt she’d tried in vain to suck them in to her exit line, as if she might be talking to them, when they both knew she was speaking to her rapt audience of co-workers hanging on her every word. And they were disappointed as she, when her exit line fell on Zach and Anna’s deaf ears. Plus, they averted their eyes purposely and she left in sullen silence.

The ugly, little blond dentist’s assistant stood in the doorway leading back to the dentist cubicles, when she called his name correctly. He’d seen Dr. Beck standing at the side of the counter after the first joke, insult, and trick was pulled on him, to expose him as a weak insignificant loser, who wanted recognition at their expense. He figured they’d said, “The nerve of this fat jerk, let’s get ’em !”

Zach knew immediately by his body language that the dentist was the author of the insult. The guilty man stood back there testing the aftermath of his patient’s reaction to the pain inflicted upon his ego. Dr. Beck never looked up to acknowledge Zach, but only waited for some indication as to his mood, now that he’d been totally hurt emotionally beyond repair.

The ugly, little blond woman stood aside, matter of fact like, after calling him, “Mr. Zachary,” properly and she added nonchalantly with a smirk, “Go straight back.” He got there and she corrected his wrong turn saying, “To the right.”

She was behind him asking how he was, and Zach said, “Good,” never showing the slightest interest in how she was. So she took her time fastening the bib around his neck as he sat forward waiting, with his considerable poundage weighing on his frame full force.

The dentist sided up to the chair speaking about him to her saying, “I was wondering how he was too,” an obvious reference to that painful greeting at the counter with the reptilian receptionist. Next, he showed Zach the mold he took of his mouth from the last visit. He held it down by the side of the chair, like he was sharing a secret with Zach or selling him contraband.

This was how he loved to ease in. Zach spoke to him, and as was his creepy way, he began telling him some fictitious fish story, while his ugly assistant bowed her hideous big head and began milling around behind the chair, doing some dentistry task. He actually measured this stupid fish he said he caught, using both hands. Once again, before Zach could fake interest in his fish tale, Dr. Beck was talking to her and then he turned with the messy material in a mold he was to make of Zach’s upper teeth.

Zach opened wide, and the dentist guided the messy metal container in place. Time began to tick, and he noticed the two of them engaged in some phony conversation to take his mind off the impending ordeal of waiting for the mold to harden, and quickly be removed from his mouth. More time went by

and he was aware it was taking longer than the last time and longer than ever before, as he'd had molds made from almost every dentist he'd seen in ten years. But this was beginning to be a harrowing experience with panic setting in, so Zach motioned with his hand and said hoarsely, "I can't breathe."

Dr. Beck moved right in front of him now, and as if he knew exactly what Zach was going through, he made an attempt to calm him by saying, "I looked back there and I thought I saw an obstruction, but it's all clear, so you can breathe."

Zach breathed, but the apparatus in his mouth just made the whole exercise uncomfortable. As he labored, gulping for air, he noticed the dentist's assistant never said another word, and Dr. Beck's voice and demeanor were out of the ordinary taut. So Zach knew he was deliberately punishing him, probably for the revenge his previous dentist, Dr. Greene wanted. Zach suspected Dr. Beck talked to her, as he was new, black and coming with a big complaint against her. Then they could have gotten together and planned the punishment they'd exact from him in four more visits.

Finally, Dr. Beck felt the upper mold and decided to remove it. He deceptively walked to the left side of the chair, reached in Zach's mouth unexpectedly, and snatched the damn thing out. Caught in another surprise and shock, Zach groaned and shook there for a few seconds, while the dentist went on about how well the mold was formed, in order to divert his attention away from that last unorthodoxical orthodontist procedure, or more like a maniac maneuver for the fun of it.

Zack flashed back to the first visit and waiting in the chair, while the dentist talked to another patient. He thought they'd never take a break from discussing fishing in detail with great interest and joy. That same guy that Dr. Beck was talking with

was sitting in a dental chair, grinning straight at Zach, as he went by him to the next cubical in the rear. He seemed to be waiting to see Zach, not meet him, talk to him, but see him as if he were on display, like some big fish hanging on a hook at the Marina del Rey pier.

Dr. Beck had this sink you could spit in and he had all of the dental crap to floss and rinse with on a sideboard. Zach passed like before and made sure of the next appointment, he wished would be his last, and the denigrating dentist continued with the jokes, while his ugly, little, blond assistant looked on when he asked, “Would you like some more of the seaweed mold material to eat?” Obviously a crack at Zach’s weight, meaning he must be greedy enough to eat anything at all, even that messy mold making crapola.

And Zach answered, “Yeah, a carton.”

Zach and Anna left, as he suffered the insults of these fools treatment. He endured creepy Dr. Beck and staff’s practical jokes and each time he saw them they creeped him out.

The next day, Thursday, Anna came home late from a union meeting downtown. She brought her phone into Zach’s room, so he could hear a message Dr. Beck’s office left. He told her he didn’t want to hear it, and she should just tell him the gist of it, please. Anna frowned and said they had to change his appointment for next week to the following week because the service would not be able to finish his new partials until then. Zach knew not to argue with them as he’d never win and be forced to shut up, wait, or go through the same shit again with another doubtful dentist in the valley. He was sure they, the slimy staff, were lying and Dr. Beck was allowing them this pound of flesh, that they fully intended to devour every morsel of.

Caught as Croaker

By his not being a ladies man and none of them (staff) being ladies, they had nothing in common, but plaque, tartar, blood and spit.

They let everybody go! Jurors jumped up after applauding and cheering. Zach had previously seen their grotesque faces, them shifting positions in the uncomfortable seats, bodies twisted and stretched out, sprawling all over the joint. They all wore expressions like you'd see in hell itself, and he envisioned them in a live TV reality show, depicting the actual anxiety jurors go through when summoned, from the parking of the car to the walk to court, the entry past the guards at the metal detector, clearing that, then seeing one of two elderly retired guys who hand out the juror badges.

Next, he got a hardship form and figured maybe they would go for his excuse to get out of jury duty. He filled it out and wrote a weak comment in the bargain on his own behalf. Luckily, he didn't have to turn it in because of a decision he made to go through with serving his hopefully short time. He began to sneak peeks and look at the characters in his area of the jammed jury room, while reading all three of his newspapers, he wisely brought with him. Anna brought a book along to kill time.

He still believed these people should be audio and video taped in the jury room, not as creeps and jerks so much, but solid citizen, working stiffs messed over by a funky jury selection system that plays hard ball, head games with the law abiding, common people at large, caught by the ones in charge.

Jury duty sucks sediment, Zach knew, but it was the way they had fair trials in America to free the innocent and punish the guilty. That's why these honest average types caught up in Lady Justice's net, just can't escape from it when called to serve her.

Some squealed with real delight when their names were called to sit on a trial lasting only two weeks. Zach didn't want to serve a second. He'd rather let all the crooks go, to keep from going to court and sitting up there looking and listening to some strutting bore, trying to cop a plea for some snake of a criminal, who paid him unknowingly to save the taxpayers money by setting him free. Then the public wouldn't have to pay for his jail time.

Zach stayed distant and smug; he faked only looking in and at the newspapers. Anna on the other hand was friendly. She smiled and conversed with her fellow jurors and maintained a good rapport with everyone. He realized his legs were weak. He swore he'd fight to keep them from ever having to amputate his legs, remembering others who had that hellish diabetes diagnosis were all dead now. He'd use the treadmill to get his legs back in shape one day soon.

Everybody in the juror room felt like they were being had if they didn't want to be there. They felt manipulated like him. He compared it to a government top-secret study. "Herd 'em up like sheep; send a letter, an official looking letter. Then watch 'em answer in droves to appease a nebulous they that controls the room as the law clerks say some judge does it.

Yeah!” Zach continued belittling the jury system he hated for being held against his will by some anonymous judge, who decided they should hurry up and wait, while they worry wart about trying to get out of jury duty. “God help us,” he said and sighed, after agonizing for days, knowing he had to comply, go to jail with a fine, or run away for good.

His legs hurt from inactivity. They ached, but held fast after six hours or so; finally relaxing, when the court clerk announced everybody could go home. A big win, win and the second one in the legal system for Zach, who considered he was lucky with the law . . . maybe. He and Anna had put two of the stumbling blocks aside; jury duty and they coerced the creepy crawly dentist to lie at least and say he’d finish the job on Zach’s new partials, the next visit.

Since jury duty was a quickie, and Lady Luck stood in for Lady Justice, and maybe Jesus intervened in order to give Zach a break and help him dodge a big baad bullet. Now the most deadly problem on his agenda was an impending colonoscopy procedure! He erupted in profanity at the thought of this gross intrusion. Anna grimaced, frowning, as she hated to hear him curse. He’d gone through the mental misery of his Dr. Kingsley telling him the time had come to get a colon check up. “Because as I remember, the doctor went on, your father was . . .”

“Yes, and he’s dead,” Zach interrupted, just audible for the doctor to hear, and Dr. Kingsley went ahead with setting up a colonoscopy for him. He promised Zach he would be notified the instructions by mail. Then the doctor looked very much amused at his inside joke, he only shared partially with Zach.

Zach loathed the colonoscopy procedure as he'd suffered through three because of the severity of not allowing the intrusive instrument to examine your large intestine could result in colon cancer, so at all cost he must not refuse this plight. After all it had been ten years since he was so violated and dumped into the street without so much as a "Howdy do," Anna said, having shared the same punitive prophylactic treatment back then, when some strange liquid, a white fluid flowed down your leg and dried up after you dressed without washing it off, for dreading to stay at the lower level, in that dark, tomb of an environment, where by a sudden knock at the lonely, big empty dressing room door, a voice called your name to follow them across the hall only wearing a green patient gown, open in the back.

It was pure hell back then lying on a cold slab while some guys, maybe doctors he hoped, invaded his anus. And he recalled how they'd asked him to move, via a loud speaker no less, into different positions with that thing up his rectum. The men in the control room monitored the whole proceedings above a large-scale lab floor. This same HMO was still treating him in the valley, but now he was hardly prepared for the brand new colonoscopy.

Anna dropped Zach off and parked while he went in the fourth entrance, then up to the fourth floor and 421, the gastroenterology (GI) department. When he got to the waiting room, he stood in line. The fairly large room was brimming with butts in every seat, but three. It was too hot in there and he sweated from his brow. He sweated profusely all over until he got waited on. The people there were white, Asian, Mexican and Zach. He paid the ten-dollar fee and after standing for ten minutes, took a seat.

Anna came in from parking the car and a gentleman sitting next to Zach honored her. The man offered her his seat. She'd sat away from Zach, and the stranger wanted to do a good deed, when he saw they were a couple. "Bless his heart," Anna said smiling with all the others sweltering in the hot waiting room.

Zach's name was called by this direct woman, who walked into the room wanting to know where his designated driver was. Zach addressed her and called Anna over to join them there in the hall, where the woman gave her the information she'd need to reach Zach and drive him home. The rules had changed; the procedure had wings now. He followed the direct woman alone, straight into a ward of sheet-covered patients, passing gas in beds on wheels. The nurses would roll him out, when it was time to take the plunge he'd worried so much about, as the time was nigh.

She took him to a cubicle and drew the curtain to just a tad of temporary privacy for him to undress. Another woman came in with a slight personality. She cracked bad jokes because she had the unskilled job of sticking him with an IV needle, which he was use to from the many blood samples he gave. But the unfunny woman kept on saying it was going to hurt as she readied him for the puncture. So he knew the silly woman must be an intern, because if you cared, no one would mind when you stuck them, as you would surely learn how to do it right before stabbing somebody. He realized they had to jab you, and he steadied to get the point of it, like a vaccination. He thought back to grade school, and the stupid woman stuck him, and it did hurt like blazes.

He was steadfast, but very perturbed at the dumb nurse grinning and saying, “Opps . . . I told you.”

They, the two women had a slight question and answer period with him as he faded into a state of semi-consciousness. Next, they rolled him wearing an open at the back patient’s gown, under a sheet covering his lower body into another room. When the anesthetist came over to introduce himself, Zach was dumbfounded. He’d never ever dreamed they’d put him under. When he asked the direct woman, who was his nurse, if he’d be awake, she lied, sort of, by saying maybe a little.

Well, it was too late, he was sick of waiting. They almost sent him home because he and Anna misconstrued the strict instructions, and he ate before he should have. He was suppose to fast for thirty-six hours not twenty-four hours. The nurse had to consult the doctor if he would or should proceed. The doctor granted Zach the procedure, even with the knowledge he’d taken a baby aspirin two days before. The aspirin was a no-no, and neither he nor Anna was aware of it.

In any event, now here he was about to be put to sleep with an intravenous instant anti-insomnia insertion to his blood stream. The last thing he remembers was the anesthetist asking him what he ate last and Zach said and open face sandwich and the guy said, “What kind?”

Zach said, “Cheese and a slice of tomato.”

The man smiled and said, “Sounds good.”

Zach said, “It was . . .” and he was under, blackout, nothing.

Blackout

Blackout
It's a blackout
Blackout
When I'm thinking
'Bout you

Blackout
It's a blackout
Blackout
When you come into view

Blackout the glow of
The light in the hallway
Blackout the glitter
That shines from the
Street

Blackout the lamplight
That's on my night table
Then I'll be able
To fall fast asleep

Blackout the memories
That crowd my mind lately
Blackout this dreamin'
Of false fantasies

All lights out and turned off
To welcome the shadows
Then embrace the darkness
Until I see

*Little blue bright light
Of deep concentration
Little blue bright light
Of imagination
Fades away slowly
When I think of you
Whenever I'm thinking
Of you*

-----*Top*-----

Expelling Gas Exponentially

Butt holes in cubbyholes with assholes

When he woke up, he was back in the curtained cubicle. The curtain was drawn and the two women were there watching him. They checked to make sure he came to and out of it okay. They had him hooked up to a machine that had his vitals on a screen, and his arm kept getting tightened with the band around it, where he was squeezed as by a boa constrictor to get his blood pressure, which was very good, Anna said, when she joined him at his bedside. They wouldn't allow him to leave and he stayed a prisoner attached to the machine, passing gas now like all of the patients, who went through the procedure.

One young black, surgical masked, shapely nurse kept walking by, and as the curtain was pulled open, he was exposed like the others there, crepitating, relieving themselves at the request and insistence of the nurses to do it louder. Later Zach said, he never smelled a thing up in there, but Anna said she did. So he understood with that chorus of gaseous emissions all around, why that one young, stacked nurse was the only one there in a surgical mask, because every other person working there was use to it by now.

A white man vaguely familiar came over and asked how he was doing. It turned out he was the anesthetist who administered the anesthesia to put him under. The guy was checking his work. Later, the doctor introduced himself with a picture of the actual biopsy he performed on Zach. Three photos in color on a card he showed Zach revealed where the polyp was he removed. Zach asked if he got it all, and he assured him he got rid of that malignant little mother. Zach mused, an operation, they performed a serious operation on him and he didn't even feel it. He still felt nothing, but glad it was over because the doctor said he was fine.

Nurse with the Rubber Glove

*She came in the room
Dressed in white
Good lookin' woman
Dark as night*

*She said I won't
Give you any pain
Pull off your pants
And underwear
Lay on the table
Don't have no fear
I'll lubricate
And give you
The fickle finger
Of fate*

*Spread your cheeks
And don't be shame
It won't hurt
That's why I came
The doctor said
You won't let him
Do this test*

*For prostate
 Trouble
 And colon cancer
 This is the only
 Cocksure answer
 Don't be afraid
 'Cause you won't
 Feel a thing*

*She put the glove
 On her hand
 And I began to
 Sing - - - -*

*I been goin' from
 Doctor
 To doctor to doctor*

*But still I feel I
 Can't get the right pills
 To cure my ills*

*I been goin' from
 Woman
 To woman to woman*

*I gotta find a nurse
 To make a house call
 First
 And operate as my love*

*'Cause the agony's worse
 I gotta find a nurse
 I'm dreaming of*

*Lord I'm gonna burst
 Gotta find a nurse
 Angel above
 I got the grown man's
 Curse*

*I gotta find a nurse
With the rubber glove
Nurse with the rubber
Glove*

*I been going from
Intensive care
To intensive care
To intensive care*

*To get an injection
Of real affection
In my blood*

*I been going from
Critical list
To critical list
To critical list*

*For the velvet touch
I need so much
To save my life*

*Well I'll be damned
I passed the exam
Escaped the surgeons
Knife*

*Old squeamish me
Extreme anxiety
She used TLC*

*Push came to shove
Gentle as a dove
The nurse with the
Rubber glove
Operated with love*

He sat mentally excoriating himself for watching as two steamy bodies, a built black woman and white blond woman went at it like slithering horny-toed lizards. “Hell of a woman,” he cursed, “hell all of ’em are on *Seven Lives Exposed*. That’s the new *Friends* on Playboy cable TV.”

He beat up on himself because he knew by now the hidden harms way lurking in looking at this corrupting cuckolds content, leading to a sordid suitry, twisted view of sex, in addition to a false association with an unhealthy outlook concerning the treatment of women, plus, a priapic case of aching testicles, writhing throes called Blue Balls.

He’s also at it again in the Little Pleasures’ Head Shop, where he gets his smoking equipment, screens, a new pipe, then maybe, yeah, a little scented candle for later. He thought back to the recent past, to yesterday and the day before yesterday and his near dementia praecox lament about the deep dread he felt for ‘the fish joint’, as he referred in private to the king of creeps, Dr. Beck’s dental practice. He had a visit to make there this day likened to a dooms day scenario.

He decided to just face all of that discord on the right note, even if it fell on tone-deaf ears and he did. Anna in all of her womanly wisdom went shopping first and came home about fifteen minutes early. He schlepped the double bags, paper, and plastic in the house from the car, put the perishables away, and they left. The thing was, he forgot his lower partial and left the damn thing on the kitchen sink and had to return for it.

Everybody was there in that area behind the massive circular counter of ‘the fish joint.’ He saw creepy Dr. Beck, the devilish dentist and guess what, that’s right, he was being extra creepy. He had his back turned the whole time Zach stood at the counter talking to the insult to injury, heavy set, rash receptionist, who was decidedly more friendly now, yes, and much warmer. “And is that a big fat pudgy-wudgy juicy smile for me,” Zach wondered? He couldn’t believe the switcheroo in her probably obese brown eyes.

She really pulled a spurious scam on him before, when she called him by his first name, F. Scott. Zach bristled then standing there after he even grinned back at her, but remembering he’d asked to be called by his surname with a mister in front of it, he regrouped. Now when he took his seat in the reception area, she was smiling, cheerful as Merry Xmas, joking, cajoling, and strolling over to chat with him and Anna. After that, the whole damn visit went smooth as silk. He even got an appointment to have his teeth cleaned, on the same visit he was to pick up his brand spankin’ new partials.

He thought of getting his smile back with the new partials, maybe a big bright sexy one like Anna’s. There was only one possible snare; the creepy, demonic dentist started talking about *The Marathon Man*. The film he said, “Dustin Hoffman had a gap in his teeth, remember?”

And Zach interjected, “Yeah, a diastema.” The creep-show of a dentist really didn’t recognize Zach’s mispronunciation of the medical term, not until he saved the day with the proper pronunciation over and over with emphasis galore. Zach got it and remembered there was a gap at the rear, where he had all the trouble with his current partials being replaced. Maybe this was his Achilles heel, so to speak, acute gum disease and jaw decay from this gap. He didn’t trust the dismal dentist.

Anna scolded him when he yelled at her. She snapped, “Hey don’t talk like that to me! You didn’t talk like that to the dentist. You didn’t ask him to explain the visits to you.” He did, but it was useless.

With gritted, snagger teeth, he sat in his colorful George Forman striped skivvies Anna bought him. He even wore them like shorts outside doing chores. She also bought the cheap, uncomfortable, reclining leisure chair he sat upon, which was on sale at Staples for ninety-nine dollars, a cash money bargain for his La-Z-Boy butt. He wore the chairs out she bought like that, one by one, and three just like it, sat broken by his heavy frame, time and time again. Now they were covered with cobwebs, wrecked with the rest of that dusty discarded junk in the garage.

He hated the fact that he had to go back to the quack at ‘the fish joint’ dental office for his last visit. Today was the day he’d get his long awaited new partials. When he and Anna arrived inside ‘the fish joint,’ the roly-poly receptionist, with a smart Alec, clear crisp voice, spoke up by saying, “Good morning, Mr. And Mrs. Zachary!” They answered back and sat down among a rather full house of impressed patients.

Zach was called immediately to the disappointment of the others sitting and waiting. The short in statue, butt ugly, dirty blond woman, who assisted the dubious dentist, called Zach and told him to follow her back to the rear. She stood side by side with Dr. Beck, the prime suspect as Zach joked to Anna at home.

They were both as accomplices in crime instead of a dental team. He looked at them coolly, without smiling and spoke to the distant dentist who said, "Hi," in a half ass manner. The dentist chair was a relief, and just what he needed at home to replace his cheap chair, Zach thought as he took his seat. After the butt ugly, blond bitch put the bib around his neck and left, the double-crossing dentist crept up beside Zach showing him a brand new purple case that would hold his new partials. He flashed it about like hot jewelry, held low by his side, showing off its shiny color with a steely grin.

Because Zach reacted to the case, the world's creepiest dentist tried another of his witty remarks to break the ice, He told Zach that they made cases that glowed in the dark for people who grind their teeth at night. "Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh." After the failed attempt at humor, Zach asked the dufus dentist if he should remove his partials, and was hit with another jive joke, "That might be a good idea."

Then it occurred to him to ask about the lower partial. The point he made was the fatal flaw in the whole plot. The dead-on-his-last-nerve dentist stopped short, when Zach questioned the measuring and mold making process being applied to the lower partial, seeing that the partial was defective as hell. The creepy crawly dentist calmly informed Zach, he needn't worry because nothing was done with the lower partial, as only the upper partial was being prepared for him.

Zach was in a state of shock, thinking back over all the visits he made to 'the fish joint,' at least five now, and all he had to show for it was the one top partial, the one he didn't even need, if the old one held up. Zach was pissed livid. He collected his anger and stood up to face the smaller in height and weight creepster of a guy who said, "We must of got our wires crossed. I thought that was what you wanted." Never a I'm sorry, oh damn, or that's awful, nor any gesture of sympathy for the terrible blunder, because it wasn't a blunder, but payback plain and simple for the witch bitch dentist he had before, Dr. Greene. This jerky guy was getting even for his leaving Dr. Greene. He gathered his feelings to reign in his temper and Dr. Beck said softly, "I'll be happy to make you another lower."

Depleted of his nice guy act now, Zach snarled, "How long will it take?"

Dr. Beck knew he'd won and told him, "About four or five visits."

Zach burst at the seams, mad as a hornet and stormed by a tough titty type worker, he broke past on his way out in a huff to the reception room. He snatched up his tiny leather bag in the waiting area without a word to Anna and continued, slamming through the exit door. In the car, Anna asked what happened and he ran it down.

Later in the day, Anna came into the bedroom with the hall phone receiver saying only, "It's them." She played back the message that said the crusty creepy, rat bastard, dry dentist would allow him credit for the lower partial and that he should come back and finish the treatment. Zach figured this to be a fly fishing lure for a three hundred and thirty-five pound big mouth black bass.

Though dentists are educated beings, taught skills in the profession since B.C. to comfort, relax, and administer the best possible treatment to patients and wouldn't hurt you; the human dread of dentists is not unfounded. So therefore, it wasn't unusual to meet with one/two/three etc., who dealt in teasing and tormenting him. He suspected and was so suspicious of each and everybody in 'the fish joint,' he was even paranoid about the patients waiting like he was in the waiting room. Anna never thought about a conspiracy concerning the appointments he kept, while continuing to complain about one thing and another to her. He told her the creepy Dr. Beck was a mental dental guy and had in mind to perform some incredible medical mistake on him, on purpose, by setting him up with free visits.

Unintelligent Design

Dr. Notorious could see the first cell of cancer metastasizing in your mouth.

He felt to fish or cut bait from the default dentist for having his refractory receptionist Consqualla call on Anna's voice mail and say they'd make his lower partial, as they should've done at first. He still cringed at that crack the dud of a dentist laid on him about them getting their wires crossed. He offered this meager, stupid excuse for over looking the many times Zach indicated his trouble with the bothersome bottom partial, that cut and pinched the rear of his gum to malevolent malfeasance and anomalous venerable aberration.

He was adamant with the scheming, dreary dentist, he thought. So there was no intelligent reason why the man took the partial, and seemed to file it down or make some adjustment, unless to convince him that an effort was evident as empirical evidence, while he sat in the dentist chair watching and waiting.

This pretense went on each time he saw the daffy dentist, and there was no real improvement in the grip of the old partial. It always seemed worse after every visit. Now with this damnable disappointment, it was apparent the devious dentist was up to some foolishness with the snake of a dentist, Dr. Greene, who sucked slime also. She never liked or trusted Zach. She listened to him go on about his once benign, now maligned by her design, misaligned mouth needing to be realigned after an unnecessary in kind extraction he suffered at the hands of a prognathous beast producing butcher, this fraudulent storefront dentist sent him to see in a blind.

They were both in cankered cahoots, as one would diagnose the worse case scenario to an unsuspecting, ignorant, innocent patient, who'd believe his critical findings via verisimilitude and x-ray, or just his word usually. Then he was sent to this big ol' strong guy in a white coat, called Jack the Ripper, whose oral surgeon specialty was root canals he performed all day. They charged Anna over seven hundred dollars for that scam.

Bloody Jack the Ripper

*Bloody Jack Jack Jack
Jack the Ripper
Bloody Jack Jack Jack
Jack the Ripper
Bloody Jack Jack Jack
Jack the Ripper
Bloody Jack*

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Would grab a ho and grip her
In the London fog of 1888*

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Pulling down his zipper
On the little black bag he
Had so full of hate*

-----*Top*-----

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Took his knife to strip her
Then he loved to shove it in and out*

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Escaped 'cause he was hipper
But I know who he is now
Without a doubt*

-----*Top*-----

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Drank ginger beer ate kippers
As he wrote a Sherlock Holmes mystery*

*Bloody Jack the Ripper
Was a cloak and dagger dripper
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Secretly*

-----Top-----

Dr. Greene lied to Zach, telling him the dislocation of his tongue not fitting in his mouth could be due to Bells Palsy, a deadly disease, and he should look it up online and maybe tell his doctor about her theory. Dr. Kingsley, the head of the infernal internal medicine department at the HMO, was extremely blunt, his career achievement gave Zach the impression the doctor was a brainy guy. He simply shrugged that dismissive thing he did when you suggested something without medical merit to him. Afterwards, Zach held this rejection against the evil, hateful, witch doctor Greene for being uninformed and sending him on a wild goose chase for fun. He could still smell, feel, and taste her cruel orange stinkin' hand in the funk he encountered with each visit to 'the fish joint,' and he joked she'd wiped her stinking orange smelling hands and dried them with the Hippocratic Oath and Dentist Pledge.

Anna forgot or never even considered his thoughts about any of this and without thinking, she asked him if he'd go to Whole Foods and start shopping while she got the Subway sandwiches. He didn't think much about it then, only his overweight appearance weighed upon his mind, but for the first time in ages, he left the shotgun seat in the car he occupied and walked from the parking lot space to the store. The Whole Foods array of fruits fascinated him, and gazing upon

California grown grapes: green, red, black, and purple mellowed his sour thoughts. Then after seeing strawberries, ripe and ready to eat, he saw the perfect watermelon, and used this technique he learned on TV to touch the end of a worn vine stub for choosing the right one. He looked at white peaches, which he found to be the best, so very sweet; you didn't need to add a sugar substitute. They'd given up seasoning with sugar and salt long ago.

He thought of Anna, looked around for her and moved on with the shopping cart to the cheeses, ignoring the bloody murdered meats in the showcases to his right. He avoided all the eyes, hiding his discomfort behind his shades, as best he could, until Anna joined him. She took forever to shop, he felt, and it hit him in the wine section, Dr. Greene, the dentist fiend shopped at this very Whole Foods Market, and if she shopped today, she'd probably be in here buying oranges now. Zach immediately blamed Anna for this oversight, as he had told her before, he didn't ever want to go in this Whole Foods again, because of the potential encounter with the woman he thoroughly despised, like a patient suing her for malpractice should.

Anna strolled over, her big smile beaming brightly at her success getting him out of the car. Zach mostly sat in the passenger seat and waited for her while she shopped from time to time. He cut that back though because of some rude idiots, who disrupted his writing on a legal pad. They were in a big ugly white van and they were just like the van. It was two or three of these dumb jerks that cranked up some doggerel demo recording they wanted to play for the world. They turned up the volume right next to him on purpose. Then because he did not drive, he was trapped unless he either left the car and went into the store or stayed there insulted to the core.

Shopping in the Market for Love

*Shopping in the market
Shopping in the market
Shopping in the market
For L-O-V-E*

*Shopping in the market
Shopping in the market
Shopping in the market
For love*

*People are carnivorous
I'm convinced of thus
Shopping in the market for love*

*Lewd and lascivious
90% of us
Shopping in the market for love*

*People are immoral
Common and deplorable
Shopping in the market for love*

*Super intellectuals
Super oversexuals
Shopping in the market for love*

*Rushing to and fro
Ev'rywhere I go
I bumped into you
And what do you know
Love was leakin' like a sieve
And I begin to live again*

-----Top-----

At long last, Anna returned from the furniture store, beaming broadly, as usual. He had even endured a guy in the white van getting out and standing away from it, while he turned on the car burglar alarm as he held a key chain in his hand and pushed that loud little button on and off to rattle Zach. Zach relaxed, sitting there ignoring the whole thing. He didn't tell Anna until much later. Now here he was in a public place, where the witch doctor of dentistry came to shop, and would show her mean hatred for him. He didn't look for the battle-ax with an ax to grind, but continued to occupy his thinking with the food.

Anna took her time to buy bread. They'd decided that would do it and they would leave, so he got in line. He stood until it was his turn, but due to the fact that he had no money in his wallet, only a Visa card, he got out of line and pushed the shopping cart over to the bread counter, where Anna was just getting waited on. Tabasco sauce, the green kind was low, and Anna went to get it before Zach could stop her. Reluctantly, he followed behind her, stopping at a tight squeeze as this woman knocked over the side of a packaged cookies display on the floor. He stood at his cart and a white woman made a comment about the traffic jam. Zach looked at the woman, who kept her eyes to herself as she spoke to him and he said, "You need a traffic cop."

The woman never missed a beat and replied, "Just go with the flow," making him feel bested in the hip remark department, and uncool, like she topped him in an off the cuff exchange of one-upmanship. When he spoke of the insulting incident to Anna, he added the woman was high as hell and he wished he had some of what she was smoking.

Small Fry

The dominatrix of dentistry vs. the distraught wannabe debauchee, once 3/5 of a man, now thought transparent and his patroness

He escaped the run in face-to-face with Dr. Greene and thought about the next visit with Dr. Beck, the creepiest dentist in the world. When they got to ‘the fish joint,’ they had to wait for over a half hour. A black guy, the only one Zach ever saw in all of his ‘dentist hopping’ in the San Fernando Valley, was there at the backside of the spacious circular counter. He was young, dressed casually and he had two kids in tow, a boy and girl. The kids seemed to be about four and five year old cute little devils.

The little boy came out into the waiting room first, and the girl next. Then the father came out and spoke to Zach as the girl begin to put what appeared to be marbles in a cloth bag on the empty chair by Zach’s chair. She took her time, and Zach knew she was going into a bag kids go into, when they want to show off for attention. Her father used his best composure and tried to reason with her, but she wouldn’t respond, so he was forced to wait for some minutes until she decided to leave.

While the guy stood there helpless, the buxom woman, Consqualla Smith came out into the waiting room to leave for the day. She wasn’t tall for a woman, only about five six, just proud of herself and she held her bloated body erect with a look of, I know something you don’t know, gleaming in her guilty gregarious grin. She left and the kids and their flustered father followed.

Little Boys and Girls

*Little boys and girls
All you children of the
Whole wide world*

*God loves you big and small
Heaven loves the little
Children
Blessed are the little children*

*Little boys and girls
You're the diamonds and the
Pearls of tomorrow*

*Ev'ry race
Ev'ry creed
Ev'ry color in the rainbow*

*Little boys and girls
They can see the silver
Lining in the sky
They give this life a whirl
I'm gonna stay in California
With my kids*

*Little boys and girls
Become brave men and women
Of the future*

*All of you little boys
And girls
In corduroys and curls
I love you*

Enter Hester, the slave as he and even Anna called the diminutive, overly subservient, Mid-East dental assistant, who opened the door to the deferring dentist's den and called Zach's name with clear humility and a gracious bow, "Mr. Zachary, sir!" He went back and she trailed after him. He had to wait again; this time it was maybe fifteen minutes in a different cubicle, where Hester bibbed him in the dentist chair and left.

Dr. Beck continued the stupid joke, repeating his name with over emphasis, "Mr. Zachary!"

When Zach first came in that same day at four in the afternoon, Consqualla Smith, the rude receptionist did not speak. Instead this other person, a phony blond he'd never seen before, smiled back at him and said, "Hi." He told her he had a four o'clock appointment, and she acted in on the running gag too.

After sitting a chair away from Anna for room, he perused a magazine. Consqualla got up and came to the counter to blurt out, "Good evening Mr. And Mrs. Zachary!" This was all way over the top, and it became an inside joke with them in 'the fish joint.' Soon after, as he bounded boldly down the hall, passing her cubicle, Zach looked in at a meretricious Mexican woman cleaning a patient's teeth. This same woman was often there on each visit cleaning teeth, when he went by, and she shared his hard look with her own.

Dr. Beck went on with that same ol' B. S., Zach thought, while the creepy guy talked about the partial, and he questioned the man's sanity, this time by nearly spelling out the 'lower partial' to the jokester, who was obviously playing a silly game at his expense, for the benefit of himself, his antecedent, Dr. Greene and both mental dental staffs, as they were all in on it.

While he mixed the mold, he would make and take of the lower partial, during the preparation, it was clear the dolt of a dentist and his slavish assistant hit a snag. He'd asked the slave, Hester, to put a certain specified amount of goo in the mix, and she'd done it wrong. She became emotionally beside herself in the cubicle with contrite genuflecting, expounding explanations and prostrate promises to make up for her beseeching blunder of total trifling.

Zach was relaxed, sitting in the dentist chair watching them behind him, reflected in the window. Dr, Beck needed more of the solution that made the mold and he sent the slave, Hester, to the storeroom to fetch it. She swore obedience, bowing and scraping as she left to get two things, the mixture, plus a Brunson burner. This alarmed Zach, and his imagination soared with the thought of the creep putting a red hot partial back in his mouth and searing his gums so badly, he'd be sore for a week. He waited on guard with a balled fist by his side now to break the detrimental dental guys jaw, if he burned him in some insipid stunt.

The slavish Hester returned and as was her usual performance, she brought back a broken Brunson burner. Dr. Beck sent her back profusely professing her sorrow for the mistake, and berating herself just short of self-flagellation for all in the rear to hear. After all that, she got it right and the creep of a dentist set up the partial mold job. When he lit a

match and put it out by making damn sure it was out, the slave, Hester, was inspired to say, “Excuse me, please sir, Dr. Beck. I don’t want to talk too much, but that’s what I do with burnt matches. My real estate broker told me that’s how most fires start, because people think the match is out and toss it in the trash still lit.”

The two men were hanging on her every word. And Zach thought, this slave mentality woman has the gift of gab. He thought about the heated partial being put in his mouth again, and right on cue a fire truck, a long hook and ladder rolled by outside the window on the street, then another smaller fire truck and another coming back from a call, symbolic of the worse conflagration image he could think. He smiled thinking the B.S. artist, slave Hester, could trill in pyromaniacal ecstasy, while burning Dr. Beck’s ‘fish joint’ down with a match she dropped on purpose in the john trash can, after smokin’ a joint probably.

When Dr. Beck finished, he showed him what he said was a perfect mold. It meant nothing to Zach, no more than the creep telling him about going on vacation in the Colorado Rockies while he had to wait. This long waiting coincided with the wasted wait on another vacation he refused to do for Dr. Greene, the witch bitch dentist he left because he wouldn’t wait, while she vacationed in Sunkist Florida (smile) with her emetic, orange stinkin’, unwashed hands.

Zach told Dr. Beck he wanted a teeth cleaning, and the deplorable dentist got up from his paper work, and they both went back up to the colossal counter to find an appointment for the cleaning. Anna was involved now as she sat in the waiting room to confirm the date in her book. She looked over and spoke to the cruel creep, who refused to even glance at her, but went on faking through the appointment book, insisting he couldn't find a time for Zack before a month and a half.

Zach said he'd pay cash when he was told the dental insurance insisted on waiting a month before paying out on another treatment. The decreascent dentist snickered, ignoring Zach's need. He'd curtly blown Anna off, dissed her completely, abruptly showing his so thought smug superiority. Then he closed the book, saying Consqualla should handle it because he hated to change the appointments.

When Anna talked on the phone to the ridiculing receptionist, Consqualla, the canny cunning, chubby woman stalled, saying there was nothing for a cleaning until a month and a half away for Zach. Anna said she said she'd call if a cancellation came up. Plus, Anna added, she'd even take off from work, as a morning appointment might solve the problem for a cleaning. He took the disappointment as further indication the dull dentist was playing him for mean fun.

Zach got up slow and stepped gingerly into his tiny toilet to urinate. He could hardly put weight on his right foot, which ached from gout and/or arthritis. Anna got up to go to school, and he took two Tylenol pills for arthritis. He began to feel relief as he made the bed. Anna brought him the newspapers

and said she'd call him that morning after she checked with Consqualla at the dentist office. That afternoon before his next appointment, the second one that week, Anna said Consqualla called, but left no message. She told Zach she'd call her back, plus, check on her own teeth cleaning, for that evening at four o'clock.

He couldn't live his life without Anna, and like many couples from their era, they lived together with vivid, morbid memories of each other's sexual indiscretions. Zach cheated as did Anna and now they were in their golden years, living a life of resolve and great expectation from Zach's books. Yet it all seemed impossible to do, whenever they talked about the task of hooking up with the proper channel to expose all of Zach's work, his library of fiction, realistic fiction, non-fiction, poems, essays, songs and song lyrics. He'd been at it since junior high school in D.C. and he believed as Anna did, his life's work was vast, knowing no equal. Thereby, their living arrangement and conubial condition thrived.

Golden Years

*After the laughter
And tears*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*Exciting love
Ever after
Is here*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*These golden days
I spend with you
In our secluded
Rendezvous*

*Sometimes we sit
At home and talk
Great day in the mornin'
Take a walk*

*Then we could
Drive off in the car
Out where no one
Knows who we are
This time I'm wiser
Only an old lonely miser
Hoards his heart*

*After
The rapture
Three cheers*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*The future's brighter
At this stage
My dear*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*These golden days
I spend with you
In our secluded
Rendezvous*

*Sometimes we sit
At home and talk
Great day in the mornin'
Take a walk*

*Then we could
Drive off in the car
Out where no one
Knows who we are*

*This time I'm wiser
Only an old skinflint
Miser
Midas wearing a dark green visor
Hoards his heart*

*It's never too late
To switch gears*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*Forever
I'm loving you
It appears*

*Golden years
Golden years*

*Golden years
Golden years*

Oh yeah . . . we got 'em!

Zach never worked after he left New York City. He hated being told what to do. He couldn't take orders and now he didn't really like people. He became a misanthropic recluse of sorts, staying on the lot at Anna's house in the San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles California, almost never venturing out, except to the doctor and dentist.

As an ironic twist to the monotony of matrimony and all of his mordant missed monogamous moments, Anna's first sexual encounter was with a guy at Howard University in D.C. She was knocked up while going there as a student of education, and to make things way worse, she was having unprotected sex with Zach, who believed and trusted he was her first sex partner. Anna and Zach got married; the other guy went on to dental school and became a successful dentist in D.C. "No doubt," Anna said. Zach always felt Anna never really knew who the father was, but without having a paternity test, he buried the miscarriaged, dead fetus in his parents' backyard at their request, and went on with his marriage.

Today thinking back, he knew and recorded, "When you grew up in the segregated streets of Washington, D.C., you were at risk of any sexual problem, if you had genitals. He was sure all the healthy girls in D. C. were hot natured as the guys, and they all experimented with one another in spite of marital commitments or not. It was a sex-fiendishness about the rapid coupling going on in D. C. Everybody did it and went on with their lives. In the sixties, we all just broke out in this orgasmic frenzy to fornicate!"

Makin' Love Outta Both Drawer Legs

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
Makin' love to you and Suzy too
Makin' love outta both drawer legs
You and Suzy both know what to do*

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
Makin' love until I'm black and blue
I'm lovin' Suzy and I'm lovin' you too*

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 Makin' love is a full time job
 Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 If I can't make it then you take
 It to Bob*

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 Not too many women understand
 And not too many if any men can*

*Makin' love to my woman
 Makin' love to my wife
 Makin' love to my sugar
 Makin' love to my spice
 Makin' love is the only
 Thing left to do
 Makin' love all my life
 To Suzy and you*

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 Then you began to see a guy named Lou
 Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 And Suzy started datin' someone new*

*Makin' love outta both drawer legs
 Now I'm alone
 Without either of you
 In raggedy underwear
 And cryin'
 Boo hoo*

Zach joked like Jack Benny saying, “Dentist Day, again?” He felt his right foot smart something fierce every time he attempted to walk. Only when he simply stood straight up did the terrible pain stabilize to a mere soreness. But as soon as the pressure was applied by moving the right foot, he suffered the agony of aging, obesity and bad health in general, so common today. When Anna came to pick him up, for the first time in all

the many trips they made to the different dentists and his and her doctor Kingsley, Zach wasn't nearly ready. He had showered and applied his toiletries, combed his salt and pepper hair and beard. He had his socks on and his underwear, the striped spiffy ones Anna picked out, he loved. His new blue t-shirt was on the bed, but he still hadn't decided on which shoes he'd wear. He struggled to put on his blue slacks while Anna was in her bathroom. His leg hurt so badly he could hardly stand and maneuver the aching foot through the right pants leg. It was an excruciating exercise, all those afflicted with the dreaded disease called gout suffered.

He arranged the belt carefully and kept it straight through each hoop on his trousers. He dried his upper body again and slipped on the brand new blue t-shirt. He tucked in the over flow, up and under on his bulging waist. After stroking his hair and patting it back in place, he went through the act of finding everything essential he needed to take, especially his partials.

The old upper partial he didn't need, he'd leave and just take the new one. He put it on and it was a tight fit at the back of the roof of his mouth, but when he reached quickly to grab the painful lower partial in the new shiny purple case Dr. Beck just gave him, the damn thing fell off the cabinet shelf and landed under the bed. He inadvertently cursed loudly at the open window beside the bed. Luckily, he saw the partial wrapped in a small plastic bag on the floor within reach, even with his lame foot. He left the purple case under the bed for later and washed the faulty lower partial with hot water from the shower, then put it in his mouth. He checked his fake smile that he wouldn't need in the mirror. Satisfied, he gathered his leather bag, his shades, his key, and left to join Anna, who was out waiting in the car.

When they found a parking space, it was so tight Anna was trapped on the driver's side, but through stubborn determination and with a grunt and groan, she managed to get her full figure out of the car door, while he waited for the uncomfortable feeling to settle down in his sore foot. He limped slowly to the door of 'the fish joint' and Anna went in first. Immediately, the same blond piece of excrement that said hi to Zach the last visit, snubbed him instead of calling him Mr. Zachary, probably at the insolent intermediary instruction from Consqualla Smith, the big head, ribbing receptionist, who took her marching orders from the no deadline dentist.

Zach saw the younger mall hair bitch speak back to Anna's greeting and avoid looking at or even speaking to him. He laughed to himself at the stupid slight and stood instead of sitting; then as the waiting room was empty, he exercised, walking up and down without looking over behind the tremendous circular counter at the dumb bim blond.

A guy came out with cotton impacted in his swollen jaw. He spoke to Zach saying, "Good luck, man."

And Zach spoke back saying, "You too, man." And the little guy left. After waiting about twenty minutes more, this teen-aged white girl sat in the waiting room with him and Anna. Her mother joined her, and then another woman and they talked up a storm with the silly dilly blond behind the counter, who continued to spite Zach.

At long last, the specious slave, Hester, came out quickly into the waiting room wearing a beige surgical mask, like a burka, and asked him how long he had been waiting. She was demonstrating her same servant-like demeanor, but more mendicant she kept at it, following him back, apologizing and explaining until he had to stop short and see a woman sitting in his usual dentist chair as Dr. Beck surreptitiously worked on her teeth.

The sorted slave, Hester, showed him to the adjoining cubicle with adulation and continued to bitch about wishing she had known he was out there waiting and added a prayer, “Be blessed your heart, sir!” She said this for his understanding and his being so patient, he guessed. She rambled on and on while arranging the overhead lamp and putting on his bib. She told him they’d been busy and it had been a long hectic day, however, she assured him the ducking dentist would see him very soon.

Zach knew the sneaky slave, Hester, to be a jive con artist, who was slicker than grease, but he liked her and called her by name when he saw her, and if she was around, he thanked her the same before he left. Dr. Beck finished and came creeping in the room behind him, easing up beside him and saying, “Mr. Zachary!” loud enough for those in on the joke to hear.

And Zach answered, “Doc.” The divisive dentist came close and began to tell him why he couldn’t do the job on his lower partial mold. He said some technical B.S., about the dental service and other vague code speak Zach didn’t comprehend. That said, the bottom line was instead, he’d clean Zach’s teeth and finish the lower partial mold the next two visits.

Stall, stall, stall, but Zach went along like the Republican right wing did with the war in Iraq and New Orleans, plus, the Mississippi Gulf Coast did with the same kind of dollar disappointing news over and over, that remains politically unchallenged. He went along with this nut job, numb scull guy, who would enjoy going into his wide open, vulnerable mouth with these very sharp instruments, to pick and scrape, until the decay collected with hard tartar, adhering to the seventeen teeth left in his mouth were cleaned.

Zach became fearful as the dabbling dentist began to get at him with this pick thing he never saw, never even dared look at, when it lay beside him on the tiny table in a tray, with all the other cold, stainless steel, cutting tools of torture at Dr. Beck's disposal. The hooked weapon was digging deeply into the exposed fleshy, tender part between his sensitive teeth and gums. He tensed and tried not to anticipate a big slip-up he would feel, as there was no Novocain, and if this fool cut him to the quick and apologized, it wouldn't help the severity of the situation one bit. It would exasperate the strained relationship to the max. Zach didn't want to react in violence, as he knew with no witnesses, the dangerous dentist could have him arrested and jailed. Then the lawyer's fee would break Anna.

The horror of this cleaning took him back again to Van Nuys about ten years before. He bled uncontrollably then, when a misbegotten Mexican woman cut him up so badly the blood squirted out of his mouth. The oddity was he never felt a thing because of the excessive Novocain cover up that concealed the slicing and dicing going on in this cheap,

corrupt, chop shop where the migrant dental worker, beast butcher from the Brown-Skinned Service Employment Agency of Van Nuys went at him like a maniac, ripping wildly at his gums and tearing his tongue to pieces. Only the spouting blood stopped her ravaging his mouth further. She became worried at her malpractice, as the evidence flowed from wounds she inflicted and she called in a deceptive dentist to handle the problem.

Before she did, she said off handedly to him, “You bleeder.” Insensitivity and cruelty raised their ugly heads, when the Death Valley dentist came in and repeated this same irresponsible, egregious line with him over their vicious work, and he discovered the house of horrors was for real.

She sent him hemorrhaging to a toilet down the hall of hysteria, and he passed many stalls where the grinding, buzzing of whirring weapons to the wary bore into the teeth and gums of victims mouths, trapped in all of those blood dripping, dental dungeons on both sides of the soundproof corridor for crying out loud. Zach and Anna walked away without a word, when the bleeding stopped enough for him to see the gash in his tongue and slashes on his gums still oozing blood, he swallowed all the way home.

Now this callous creep stabbed him a bit on a nerve, just one time and quickly went on touching on the touchy teeth, sending his nerves on an alarm from head to toe, until it was all taken to an extreme sensitivity wise, before the polishing began and his body became a stiff hulk, with an exposed nervous system, reacting to the strange feelings he hated. All

during his cleaning, the doggy breath dentist talked up a storm, and at Zach's insistence, the man talked about his trip to Colorado. Zach suggested this subject when he feared for his mouth, if the man cut him. Just maybe, he surmised, this nut would take it easier on him if caught up in his own B.S., about himself exclusively.

The daydreaming dentist told him about how blue the skies were in Colorado. He joked about the new math used there on the trail to measure miles. He bragged of playing a CD of "Rocky Mountain High" by John Denver while simultaneously seeing first hand, live, that very breathtaking beauty all around him, his wife and family.

He rationalized about his favorite forte, fishing, and confessed he didn't catch a thing. This impressed Zach that the man who featured his whole practice on proficiency as a piscator had come up empty. Then Dr. Beck said he'd accept this irony, as he was glad to just be there and see the vast beauty that blessed Colorado. He told Zach about the ewes, a goat-sheep like female of the species, called big horn sheep with curled horns. They came out on the Rocky Mountain roads, posed and nibbled there at something in that gravel they ate. The dismayed dentist said he never saw what it was they ate. And Zach goaded him sheepishly, "Gravel," as a weak joke and rejoiced, he was finished without a mishap, mistake or misunderstanding again.

The two spoke about Zach's gout and Dr. Beck said his brother had it too. Zach added just call him Hop-a-Long Cassidy as they both went on talking about ol' cowboys back up to the roomy circular counter and set up the next visit. It was a quick decision, probably thought out when all of this scheming, scamming was conceived and the delighted dentist said, "The thirteenth, come in then." Zach spoke to Anna sitting there waiting, and she checked her date book to confirm that same date for her cleaning two weeks away.

He had hopped and hobbled down the hall after Dr. Beck and noticed the young, brainless blond behind the counter, who looked at him with her watery, vague eyes, as he struggled like a stroke victim cripple back to the waiting room. He also saw that the cold-hearted, disinclined dentist continued to dis Anna by refusing to look at or speak to her the second time in a row within the week.

They left accepting the put down while Zach made his way painfully, slowly to the car and home, ten minutes away. He believed Dr. Greene's surrogate, Dr. Beck, did her mental dental damage. He imagined the gossipy guy calling her to report the latest crafty tactic he used on him, as an unsuspecting fool. And even if he did suspect, that would make the "paybacks a bitch," literally more enjoyable for both double trouble dentists to revel in, as he wallowed in the squalor of the excreta they spewed in his life.

The only recourse left to Zach that he relished was the book he was writing, reporting each wrong doing going on in the 'the fish joint.' He crafted his manuscript with all of the creative juices he could muster and a good memory too. He recalled it all and didn't need to embellish, or go off on some fake, fictive kick in order to depict this undeserved disservice spite. He never even changed the names of the real characters

to protect himself from a lawsuit, as this would surely get more than even with both disliked dentist, when published non-fiction online. Zach was certain it was his only means to show these skuzzballs, operating as public servants in the medical profession, misusing the trust they got and had, to attack patients, if they, the dispelled dentists felt abused, when a patient decided to leave, after being mistreated and messed over in their cruel calculating care.

What's Up, Doc

Weitz & Luxenberg = Lawyers

Zach was proud to be a writer as this would be much more catastrophic to Dr. Beck than merely suing him. Plus, lawsuits have too many cheap shots and any lawyer could use race, in this case, because most of the witnesses, who worked for the douche bag dentist were white, as all of the patients were, except for that one black guy and his two little kids.

He recorded the book on his tape recorder and decided to go all the way by keeping the appointment on the thirteenth. This way he'd either have a fantastic finish to the book or a sequel, plus, docudrama, movie or TV series on HBO. He knew the big phat hook line and sinker to his tell all exposé was coming, and all he had to do was ride it out. He'd chew on his front teeth for two more weeks like Bugs Bunny, just to sink his sharp writer, eye teeth into both ditzy dentists, who were cock sure they had him where they wanted him, and would hurt him so badly, he'd never try to take a white dentist for granted again, anywhere in the San Fernando Valley.

The worry while you wait dental practice at 'the fish joint' stalled again by mysterious goings on, due to God only knows, Zach thought as he pondered how long the standard mold making process took? Then how long does the fix and mix for partials take to harden as a rule? How many visits does it take to make upper and lower partials? He had to find out how much time was wasted on purpose by Dr. Beck, since the very

first visit, and add up the dates, time wise. Then whatever, he knew it was an anomalous amount of time for making partials. He had to find out if any real problems existed, so that the dental service wasn't able to fix his partials during the time period between, when he missed each date by the dentist receptionist calling off the appointments.

He had maybe two more visits until he gets teeth, hopefully, but this could change. He should sue and subpoena all of the incriminatory dental service evidence, plus, all of the relating excuses from Dr. Beck, when they bumped him. Zach believed if Dr. Beck lies and says he, the plaintiff, asked for the time extensions without proof; it's his word against the lying deadpan dentist. At this late date, he'd lose unless he found concrete proof Dr. Beck's people called the appointments off for whatever reason, but especially for a lie that the instrumental dental service could not handle the partials at those times.

Dr. Greene and Dr. Beck told him that their dental services were very fast, like overnight even in some cases. Dr. Greene proved this point by ruining his partials overnight, when she must of given the service the wrong specifications. Accordingly, he needed to check Anna's voice mail to see if any of the cancellations were still there. If not, he ought to take the tape to a forensic expert, to see if they can find the messages left by the robust receptionist.

If the race card came into play, it came as an inadmissible accusation, his word against Dr. Beck's. So he never really had this strategy as a specific motive to win a lawsuit. They'd simply disapproved of him personally, he and Anna, he thought, because they'd changed dentists in mid-stream for

critical reasons, and he had asked to be called by his surname. Both dentists took whopping chunks of time off, for meanness on Dr. Greene's part, but for sheer sport and maybe a helping hand payback on Dr. Beck's part. No matter, they both wound up going on vacation on his time.

Dr. Beck never wanted to give him the feeling of a job well done. They hung him up with exhausting visits, taxing Anna, who had to wait and drive him home. If the phone records of calls made to him were on record at the phone company, it still wouldn't prove the calls were cancellation calls. Then if the answer lay in the voice mail only, he was screwed without that solid corroborating evidence.

There were many messages left, at least five. His lawyer could only call Ms. Consqualla Smith, the rotund receptionist at 'the fish joint,' and put her under oath, to admit she called or risk committing perjury. Next, probe deeper and go after the patients of Dr. Beck, who were waiting for similar dental work on their partials at the same time as he. He might question those who received their teeth (partials) on a more reasonable corresponding time period with his, without having to wait.

Zach wanted to know what the standard is and how common the procedure is? He needed to ascertain from 'dental detectives' online, if only his lower partial could have been repaired. This would have saved him half the fifteen hundred dollars in cost, and all the excess time spent, plus, the stress of making molds and putting up with ugly treatment from the scurrilous staff, each and every visit.

The War in Iraq and the War on Terror in the world was now as inappropriate a strident ruse as his dental trouble. Zach couldn't prove he'd been had by two deceitful dentists, who took it upon themselves to persecute him by extending the time to a stringent stretch of just waiting in vain for he and Anna in 'the fish joint.' He felt the fact that they, the patients, made appointments after four in the afternoon could be held against them, as they were not coming at the best time for openings. Then if the dentist log, the same book Dr. Beck stood at the large circular counter and thumbed through is accurate, it would shed light on the question of whether or not the time they came had an influence on how long the making of his new partials should take.

Zach puzzled over the word partials, in this case plural, rather than be interpreted as a partial in the singular sense and the wrong upper one at that. So it was to be Dr. Beck's word against his. He guessed Dr. Beck would lie to keep from paying him a million dollars in a wrongful dental work lawsuit, or whatever this case is worth he has. He figured it had all been done before and was on record in legal files. Now he and Anna had to go online and familiarize themselves with the law firms, who specialized in such cases as theirs and won them in court.

Oh, the humiliation and searing embarrassment he suffered, not being able to wear his partials because he was too sore, and he couldn't stand them for any more than a half an hour at a time, at the most. It put him at his worst impression in public, with all those dark gaps in his mouth, showing and rendering him at a disadvantage for six grueling months, shamefully eating away at him and causing an obvious disfigurement.

He woke up at five thirty in the morning, the Sunday before his next visit to the creepy dentist and analyzed his situation. He knew now why the depressive dentist had said he couldn't really do any new work on his teeth, like cleaning, unless the job fell at the beginning of the next month and not while he was receiving the work being done on his new partials, which the creepy catastrophic Caucasian had promised by phone, via his round receptionist, Ms. Smith. It was on voice mail, but unfortunately erased by Anna as she did once she heard each message.

He asked her never to do that again with the debatable dentist and to keep all of the voice mail they left on her phone in tact, as it showed their reluctance to talk to him out of some hard arrogance and just plain ego madness. Ms. Smith felt she would avoid him and satisfy her boss, by simply eliminating him from the whole phone operation. Zach went along with this manic maneuver by refusing to call them or talk to them either. He'd told the dawdling dentist, he would pay cash for a cleaning as soon as possible, and the creep snickered at the suggestion because he basked in the belief that Zach was feeling the waiting game, and it weighed upon his nature now a ton.

When Dr. Beck brought up the fact that their dental insurance policy would not cover two dental jobs going on at once, Zach knew that would explain much of the waiting, unless he had tapes of the rotten receptionist canceling the appointments for weeks at a time. The court could examine the dentist service records, and he could get an accurate account of them, if they did work on partials like his, during the same time the rhino receptionist and Dr. Beck said they didn't.

All this 'dental detective' and forensic work was a must in order to pin point the irregularities involved in this criminal act against him. Equally important, he rationalized, if the dentist really was going to assume the whole cost of the lower partial, the insurance company would not be involved at all. The time frame was the important factor in all of this confusing conundrum, he felt, so when Anna got up he would get the dates of each appointment since he began with Dr. Beck, and tally up the time spent on making partials that were still incomplete. He also didn't like the way his new top partial felt, with those distracting rough ridges on the top he could feel with his tongue. They had an annoying, uncomfortable texture and quality to them; he knew he would never adjust to.

He couldn't think of the missing piece of the puzzle to save his life. He knew it was there, this answer to all of his earthly problems, the way to sue this bastard of a bad dentist, who was manipulating him and Anna, on a slow course down an endless road of cancellations, false excuses, terrible service, all assisted by an angry vengeful staff that included nearly every working stiff in 'the fish joint.'

Zach saw a tall, young white guy walking around back there as he sat in the waiting room. The guy seemed very much at home and was probably a janitor type. He figured somebody had to keep 'the fish joint' clean as it was. Zach noticed the last visit when Dr. Beck cleaned his teeth, 'the fish joint' had more than just a fishy motif, but denizens of the deep design to it, the place was put together nicely, meaning money was spent. That equated into a big sum of money and means, plus profit. The disingenuous dentist did okay. He was pulling 'em out and pulling it in.

Zach was certain the king of creeps made a quarter of a million a year and by now after twenty, thirty even forty years, he was worth a few million dollars in the bank. More than enough for Zach's inevitable lawsuit, if only he could find the one fault to cinch victory via a hired courageous courtroom counselor, imbued with considerably more than pyrrhic passion. Cold as it was in 'the fish joint.' the cruelest cut was the creepy S.O.B., Dr. Beck ignoring Anna right to her pretty face. Gentle, good, nice as pie Anna, who never had a bad word of real malice about hardly anyone.

You really had to suck scum to be on Anna's shit list. She just went along doing the right, correct thing, holding her noble head up high and taking care of business each day on her job as an elementary school teacher. She taught kids and loved it. Anna was more than happy to go to work; she was excited and enthusiastically in her element. This perturbed Zach, but he had to go along with her as the sole breadwinner in the household. He hated his being reduced to a mere meek househusband, every workday she got up and went to her job singing.

Education

E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N

Education
That's what the children need
Education
So they can write and read
Education
All across the nation

Education
For ev'ry boy and girl
Education
All the around the world
Education
Have a global graduation

E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N

Apply yourself in school
Don't be a stupid fool
Don't hang out on the street
You'll go down in defeat

Your brain will set you free
Your mind can make you so happy
Forget hard drugs and crime
Just study all the time

Education
Is the only hope
Education
Is a rescue rope
Education
And a scholar's dedication

Higher learning
Get a Ph. D.
College knowledge
Is the remedy
Education
Holds the master key
To occupations

Education
La la la la la
I'd love to walk you
Home from school

Education
La la la la la
We can learn
The golden rule

Education
La la la la la
Hold your hand
Carry your books

Education
La la la la la
How beautiful straight
A+ looks

E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N Spell it again
E-D-U-C-A-T-I-O-N

He wrote using a tape recorder when he felt like it, so many a day he sat watching TV after he read his three newspapers. The cable TV was his constant companion, that and the radio, which was tuned to the jazz station all the time, unless he was asleep. No one came to call, no friends, relatives, not one neighbor, nor solicitor who'd ever been there before and rang, then knocked at the door in vain returned, only Cleo, his daughter and sometimes her Hispanic husband, Jesus, when he could, stopped furtively by.

Zach was alone, except for Anna, who stayed with him while threatening to leave after each tirade by him, of which there were more than you could count. She asked him to leave and take the ten thousand dollars in savings, when he fought verbally with her, but he wisely declined, knowing his place and decided to stand his shaky ground. Both he and she called it her house. It was her biggest bill; her greatest accomplishment and joy to drive up on her lot and go into her own place.

She was mortgaged to the hilt and paid another fortune on upkeep, food and medical. Anna shopped incessantly for she and Zach, then she complained about having to do all of the marketing, since he didn't drive. She continued piling up the food and putting on the pounds. This binging life style gave them both no incentive to exercise, and no escape from boredom leading to all of the weight they put on daily.

Zach weighed three hundred and thirty-five pounds last visit to Dr. Kingsley, his physician and hers. Anna had more activity, so she managed to be just full-figured and slightly overweight. She loved sweets, didn't drink, except for wine and an occasional Margarita with the girls at school after work, then a drink from time to time with him. Zach stopped drinking heavily, he mostly drank red and white wine in moderation.

He quit smoking decades ago except for marijuana. He hated the fact that he couldn't get any without being cheated in the street, so he sadly almost went without. He should be using the treadmill, as he was told to do by the doctor, but he was too bored and lazy to try again. He'd done it and stopped numerous times before. He refused to go back and walk

around the jogging path in Encino's golf course. He'd had so many racial run in's out there every morning, he gave up and stayed at home, only going out to take the trash and pick up the newspapers. He rolled the four full trashcans out to the curb and back empty every Monday.

For years he lived this way, seeing only the doctor and all those damn dentist. The doctor was thought to be questionable and all of his diagnoses were not smiled upon, especially this new medicine Zach got from the pharmacy, Anna brought home. The literature he read that came with the pills for his gout was the grimmest thing Zach ever read. The first line in the damnable thing said before using this medicine, warning: the risk of serious and sometimes fatal heart attack, and stroke may be increased with the use of this medicine. Then the dreadful thing went on and on for one and a half full printed pages describing and entailing the plethora of problems associated with the taking of this killer crap.

Zach cringed at the container of ominous pills he'd never take now, unless he just couldn't stand the agony of gout/arthritis settling in his bones. It caused his feet to hurt so bad he hopped. Once he used the thick wood mop handle beside his bed for protection, as a cane, in order to walk to the kitchen. There and back was as far as his aching legs had to take him daily. When Anna read the instruction sheet on the new medicine, Zach had to help him walk, she agreed he shouldn't chance it, and this said, he only used the over the counter Tylenol medication for arthritis. Surprisingly, these pills seemed to work just fine for one night.

He thought his doctor, Dr. Kingsley was trying to scare him for being asked to write out a prescription on the very first day he returned from vacation. The nurse had to replace the old medication for gout because it had been discontinued when he ran out and needed it badly. Anna never really trusted Dr. Kingsley and vetoed many of his prescriptions to her. She often refused him and instead favored some home remedy she fancied.

Zach was more into questioning the myriad of malpracticing dentist, who he had run through in the last ten years. “Ten years!” he said aloud, then he remembered how Dr. Beck put emphasis on his being eligible for new partials on Anna’s insurance, as it had been at least five years since he had the first partials, Dr. Notorious, his best dentist made.

“Aah,” he surmised, “all of this stuff is in the files of the goddamn dental records, money wise paid for by the insurance firm.” This knowledge gave him one more way to get at this scheming creepy monster, torturing him bit by bit to bits.

Zach was sexually lazy, though more than averagely endowed. He watched every episode of the *Naughty Amateur Home Video* show on the Playboy adult channel, he could, when Anna was elsewhere. He sat frozen-faced, proud of the fact that many of the professional porn guys didn’t have his number, lengthwise or width wise. He basked in a self-indulging fantasy, will power and plain boredom he felt at their paltry acts of random sex with porno women, he only rarely became aroused watching. He just felt to be a superior voyeur into comparing and praising his own phallic phenomenon without a clue to the impending danger of a delayed human reaction, coming due to a missing climax that was overdue.

He wondered about his current virility since he had to use Viagra because of his weight and high blood pressure. He stood six feet tall and was bothered by a bay window that bulged over his waist. Zach's penis was but a fond memory hanging beneath his distended belly, flaccid as Michelangelo's David, though bigger by far for a man his age, when Viagra is administered for sex. He had gas and demanded extra care with Mylanta and special pills for gerd, a reflux condition from the acidity churning in his swollen stomach, caused by an affliction called Goshes disease.

After constant dieting and binging, the swelling in his greedy gut became a permanent feature of his appearance. It was kept this way by the enabling and co-dependant cooperation from Anna on the cell phone after school, on her way to or at the supermarket of her choice. Zach would rattle off the things he craved, even if he was mindful of the calories, plus cost, he still had a list of usually the same general things: garlic, Matzos, tomatoes, onions, sharp cheese, dark brown bread, pasta, OJ, turkey wings, peanuts, jam, water, grapes, peaches, bananas, apples, melons and collards for 'pot liquor,' his southern hot drink.

He and Anna sipped tea, green tea, but they munched those sugarless cookies with it. They didn't use commercial sugar substitutes; instead they preferred this health store-type sweetener that was supposedly better for you than Equal and/or Splenda. They ate steak sometimes, chicken, any pork and Anna fried catfish. Zach heated his catfish with melted cheese in the microwave for three minutes and topped it afterwards with a slice of tomato. Sometimes he baked catfish with grits. Grits was a staple for him with chopped cheese tossed into boiling water in the tiny pot on the stove. He had a way with Italian sausages and made a concoction Anna ate with him, food, food, food and more food.

It gets worse and worse, the excremental dental treatment, and better and better, the book subject matter at the same time in ‘the fish joint,’ where he was a prisoner to the lower partial procedure recommended by Dr. Beck. The bleak aspect of returning to that chamber of conspiracy bothered Zach all day, until Anna called to say she was outside waiting for him in the car. He was more than ready and anxious to get this visit to the creep of creeps, dillydallying dentist behind him. He dressed in his usual black pants, shoes, t-shirt, hat, socks, mood, complexion and race. He trimmed his beard and personality to handle the brickbats they would hurl, by religiously ignoring him.

Pitui

Most dentist owned their own practice or maybe with a partner.

The wide, wise ass bitch sitting at her desk back behind that cavernous circular counter had her cocky countenance turned and facing away from him when she spoke over her shoulder, amusingly exposing a sardonic look that said she was messing with him as she called his name with a condescending cold grin, “Mr. Zachary!” Or she’d even give him the whole bit by rubbing it in as rehearsed, saying crisp and clear as an actress, “Good evening Mr. And Mrs. Zachary!” Of course he was aware the others back there only acted as uninterested as they could, some not even speaking at all, just giving him a glaring guarded glance to acknowledge his unwanted presence in the waiting room.

Anna was supposed to be first, but the way ugly assistant to the deviant dentist opened the door and called his name to go on back. Zach saw her and almost didn’t recognize her because she’d done something new with that big head full of platinum fake hair, she had. He went back asking her, “Same place?”

And she answered gamely at his heels, “Yes, I bet you wonder about that. Well that’s your special room.” She was being snide and slick, telling him that stupid line of bull again, and she kept at it while still refusing to put a bib around his neck, just for meanness. She continued running off at the mouth asking about how he was, until he turned the insincere small talk back on her and asked how she was? She took it as a shocking surprise from him in her tone and said, “Oh, I’m fine.”

She made a crack about him having a good view, and the divergent dentist chimed in, “Yeah, of the street.” He was in the room now, like a cool criminal sliding up to the chair, but not speaking, just grinning that jive ass japery he had contemptuously waiting for Zach. Zach didn’t speak either, he just grinned back his, I don’t trust you sucka, look in return.

The conversation went quickly into the same dumb place as always in all of the visits he had, about where exactly did the lower partial hurt. Zach attempted explaining to the actually uninterested guy, listening inattentively, and Mary whatever’s small, thin, vexing voice began speaking to the dysfunctional dentist behind Zach, while he was still speaking and sitting in the dentist chair.

Dr. Beck asked to be excused and went out of the room to talk. When he returned in a few minutes, he went right at Zach’s mouth with another of those damn molds, the ugly blond bitch made for him on the side counter. He told Zach the bland tasting molds were made out of seaweed and were supposed to be good for you, another crack at Zach’s weight and his refusing to rinse after each visit. At that Zach asked the name of the mold material and ‘the dragging his feet’ dentist told him the name, which he forgot instantly. Dr. Beck had his hand in Zach’s wide-open mouth and said after a time of tactile fooling around in there with his fingers, “It’s getting hard!” That must have been an inside joke as he spoke loud enough for the two or three adjoining rooms in the back to react.

When he talked at different times, he had an audience, as the rooms were all occupied and open. Zach could identify a male voice devoid of real character or purpose behind him that wanted to join the conversation. After the delaying dentist said, "They still have to pay people to move to Alaska," and Zach laughed with a mouthful of seaweed mold, it appeared this guy, who tried to horn in on the joke, was probably the depraved dentist's putz of a partner in crime. The dastardly dentist joked again how they went fishing together and this same guy got stuck with the bill. Zach laughed again at the sly spy guy, who shut his yap.

The visit went quickly and he had only two more visits left. They went to the grand round counter together, he and Dr. Beck, to settle on the date and time of the next one before the very last visit. Anna was back there getting her near perfect teeth cleaned and the hefty, haughty woman said so to Zach with a glaring gleam in her impertinent, mischievous eyes. He sat down with a *People Magazine* and a parade of them back there passed by leaving for the day. The pathetic partner left first and walked by Zach without a word. Then another guy who worked back there left the same way. An Asian girl left and wished Zach a good evening with a smile as he sat at the exit like *The Spook who Sat by the Door*.

Next the agitating bitch moved her gump, humpy dump, not tall, nor small, but frumpy, lumpy, never grumpy, just plumpy body, all trussed up tight, carrying her belongings and speaking friendly foe to him, while he looked at her torso bulging at the breast, then her lightning eyes and thunder

thighs imposing importance like they did. She seemed shorter, chunkier and more compact, a husky hunk of a heifer on her way home with an ingenious, gigantic grin aimed at him, he ignored. Anna came out with a sparkling smile, and they left to go to Vons for food and Jack Daniels.

While Anna did the shopping, Zach sat in the car and listened to Beethoven. He read a section of the L.A. Times about an Asian joint that sold confit pork and pork rolls and crispy roast duck for only thirty bucks in Alhambra, wherever the hell that was, he wondered, licking his lips at the mouth-watering menu.

He remembered there had been more small talk back in ‘the fish joint,’ when the butt ugly blond bitch went on about him being the last one (patient) of the day. And as she needed a break, she was glad. Zach went along with the mean spirited skank saying, “Yeah, you deserve it, if you worked hard all day.”

Then the eavesdropping dentist, who was still in an adjoining room with that pallbearer personality partner of his said, “Yeah, working hard, hardly working.”

They even cracked about Consqualla, the linebacker built, rapacious receptionist at the desk, “She’s not doing her fair share of the work around here like us.” The dopey dentist joked half-heartedly, at what the sneaky, freaky deaky, ugly as sin, dyed blond started, and Zach knew they were scheming on Consqualla in absentee, in his presence using gossip code.

Although this visit was over, he felt they were all trying to steer him away from the thought of suing them for this prank, they all played on him to give themselves a big belly laugh, while they toiled away at the droll drudgery of tending to

people's filthy, ghastly, nasty teeth. If he didn't know better, he might be persuaded to rethink his intentions of watching and waiting for the other shoe to drop, and the big pay off they're doing this nonsense to him for, to come into play. That's when they'll make the fatal move that gives him the go ahead ammunition he'll need to see the lawsuit through to fruitful fruition. All he had to do now is play along.

Zach was confidant the big deal for those working close to him in 'the fish joint,' was addressing him as Mr. Zachary. Mostly all the other ones not associated directly with him avoided his presence, totally resisting even the slightest eye contact. He got no vibe other than contempt and hardcore hatred from all the ones back behind that big round counter, when he was in the waiting room. They were over friendly with other patients, grinning, laughing, smiling, joking, talking, and being human. But when he came around, the room turned to a Gothic glum gloom of trenchant trepidation, and only the ones who came for him, came covertly racist, correct enough to allow him into that inner sanctum of shady, wicked secrets they all shared in the hardhearted handling of his treatment as a definite 'Dentist Hopper.'

He was branded, and if he could get the phone records, even though the conversations were not available, the records would show Dr. Beck talked to Dr. Greene, even her sworn to silence now, rectum-face receptionist talked to his about him. He was certain they were all out to get him back for leaving her. It didn't matter what injustices they inflicted upon him and Anna, all that mattered to these people was payback to the hilt.

Zach even felt shy to speak and remained aloof, but silent, not even talking with Anna when they waited, sitting by the exit in those straight hard back chairs at ‘the fish joint.’ He was glad the waiting room TV took some of the edge off of the pressure he had, just by being there in that depressing situation. He’d chanced to reiterate something the brain damaged dentist said, boasting about fishing at Mammoth, and Zach repeated the idea saying, “Mammoth, huh?” The dull dentist was working on the highlighting lines he drew to cancel out this date as finished, but when he heard the magic word, Mammoth, he came alive and was much more animated. Now Zach was satisfied he could push the man’s buttons if need be, to get his attention.

The butt ugly, blond assistant saw this and knew Zach was playing the dumb dentist. She spoke volumes through thin tight-lipped anger around him at the end of each visit, when she assisted. Zach rubbed it in now by saying to the duped dentist, “I’ll bet you’d love to be in Alaska,” and got him thinking of all that salmon jumpin’ up and down in that cold rushing white H2O upstream.

The daydreaming dentist responded by explaining he was often tempted, but he preferred the yearly temperatures here in ol’ California, and so on about the lure of Alaska, thanks, but no thanks. Zach assessed the passion this brain dead dentist had for fishing, yet he spent the balance of his time working like a jerk, instead of spending the millions, Zach hoped the guy had, doing what he loved with the remainder of his life. After all, like Zach, the dreary dentist was an ol’ fart too. He must have been in his mid-sixties. Yeah, Zach thought, this short and stubby bearded cat’s a senior citizen. He could be sixty-five; he looks it and his halitosis is sixty-five going on paranormal pyorrhea.

He frowned at the fowl breath the creep had when he came in close to check the seaweed molds. He remembered how the periodontal diseased dentist had raised his voice and asserted his squat body language to help him emote an interest in Zach's partials being ready this time, without any hang ups from the dental service he'd send the molds to. He spoke to his false blond, unattractive woman assistant, who went along with his act.

In reality the payback at the end could be another ludicrous attempt to detain him further from having teeth to eat with and cosmetically improve his smile, he never used, but wanted anyway. He felt them in an arrogant coup and cover up they dealt in like the President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of Homeland Security, etc. All were in on some grave conspiracy he believed, as he knew these 'fish joint' culprits were guilty of wrongdoing. He was a regular patient now and as such, began to become more familiar with the strange goings on concerning his treatment. It was a bad decision these fools made to go after him as a shallow man and render him stupid, boring and inferior in their evil eyes. They wanted to break him as these warring nations do America's bid for the spoils of Mid-East oil.

The World National Anthem

*Would I could sing the World National Anthem
For ev'ry country with peace and love
Wish I could bring us all together
In brotherhood and sistership*

*And when our voices ring out to God
He'd give His blessing from heaven above
One big Amen - - - - -*

*Ban guns and bombs armies and terrorist too
 Would I could sing the World National Anthem
 With ev'ry human being*

*Would I could sing the World National Anthem
 For ev'ry racist with peace and love
 Wish I could bring us all together
 White black tan brown pink red and yellow*

*Then if united voices praise God
 He'd surely bless us from heaven above
 One great Amen - - - - -*

*Stop hate on earth give us a chance to love
 Would I could sing the World National Anthem
 With ev'ry human being*

*Would I could sing the World National Anthem
 For each religion with peace and love
 Wish I could bring us all together
 For all mankind I'm thinking of*

*When all our voices ring out to God
 He'd truly bless us from heaven above
 Worldwide Amen - - - - -*

*One prayer we'll share for all the faiths on earth
 Would I could sing the World National Anthem
 With ev'ry human being*

Anna had a chore she had to see about in El Camino at the high school there. It was a long winding ride; a real trip and Zach usually accompanied her when she went. She picked him up after school, and made their way on a so thought foolish move by Zach, who questioned Anna's having to turn in

papers for a therapist job she did on Saturday, part time, half day. It caused them to argue about the necessity of having to come all this way, over thirty miles both ways to fill out a form of attendance for the school system. Zach thought some old fool put this plan in the works, so people who worked in Anna's capacity had to respond by doing this weekly waste of time.

That conflict concluded, Zach was on another tear as he approached the subject of suing the drastic dentist, Dr. Beck. Anna was slow to pick up on his chances at winning the case because as she and he knew, the whole thing hinged on whom the judge and/or jury believed. Then even if the decoy dentist called Zach back after the fiasco of making a partial he really didn't need, instead of the one he needed, it all seemed to boil down to how much time this procedure took. Maybe it wasn't about race as a motive because the dishonorable dentist could lie out of that easily, if Zach claimed race was the man's motive for wasting so much of his time. But race aside, it really was affecting the quality of his life and making him the object of ridicule.

Anna became bored with Zach and said she didn't want to talk about his teeth anymore. She reminded him he complained about every dentist treatment non-stop they went to. Zach got upset as this was all he knew to be concerned with for money, and he tried in vain to get her to see his purpose in looking at the possibilities for a lawsuit. Anna had told him before, a woman named Carol was suing their HMO because after an operation, she became infected, as gauze was left inside her, when they closed her up. Now even though the

hospital made the correction and removed the gauze, Carol was suing them. To Zach the act of suing was a new step as Anna said, “You won once before, when that typing service had to drop charges against you.” Zach won, but lost his typed manuscript because he didn’t demand it or his handwritten copy, and the typing service kept his work for lack of payment.

After Anna fulfilled her duty, they went to Ling Ting Tong’s, the Mandarin joint and picked up their Chinese to go order, she phoned in on her cell phone. It was always a big order and they enjoyed the succulent pigs feet, pork chops, cut just so thin, chopped into pieces, and pan fried that way they loved with the bony pork flavor they craved locked inside. The fluffy, puffy pork dumplings were satisfying and delicious, along with the scrumptious noodles, piping hot Wonton soup and perfect pork fried rice they always ordered. The two sat in front of their color TV and binged on the big feast, while sipping the mint juleps Zach made with the rest of the Jack Daniels from the night before.

Oriental Eyes

*Oriental eyes
Oriental eyes*

*Oriental eyes
The Buddha was so wise
To bless the wall of China
With Oriental eyes*

*Slanted to the east
But I come from the west
When you smile
I love your style
Your philosophy
Drives me wild*

*If your diet
Consist of rice
I'll treat you twice
As nice
I've got a yen
To be your friend
As a lover in your life*

*Oriental eyes
Don't look so surprised
My culture is
To love you
Because I know
You're wise*

*Oh Oriental eyes
Oh Oriental eyes
Oh Oriental eyes
Oh Oriental eyes*

What's That Smells Like Fish, Hey Mama

Gerd, gout and Goshes Disease

All during the movie, Anna watched, he studied the fact that one new partial, lower or upper can be made, as it need not be both only. This innocent ignorance was exploited by both Drs. Greene and Beck to confuse and confound Zach into thinking he must have both. Thus, the creepy one, Dr. Beck chose to make the partial less needed on purpose to hurt Zach and waste his time for vengeance sake.

He almost unraveled in the car as Anna's stubborn streak kicked in and became emboldened with his breaking voice and higher pleading pitch, when he fought to defend his suspicions, she refused to see or share. Anna believed him to be an alarmist, who was way off track and said, "Instead of going after this 'plain as a will of the wisp, crazy as a loon, sad as a gypsy serenading the moon' . . ." She used a line from her favorite song "Skylark" by her favorite songwriter Johnny Mercer.

Zach was unimpressed with her attempt at levity, as he was caught up in this trial and error of proving malpractice on the derelict dentist's part, collusion with his staff, possible conspiracy with criminal intent, and racial implications in this case, along with Dr. Greene via phone records. He knew them both to be a dichotomy of defect, dead set on steering him away from his goal, to acquire partials, a pair he needed intact and

in working condition. He did not want to accept any lesser presentation on the dastardly dentist part to fool him, nor belittle him in the office, by setting him up in front of his staff and other patients there, and making him an example of retrofitted reckoning.

This was done by Dr. Beck's deliberate coaching and rehearsal of his staff as to how Zach was to be handled in 'the fish joint' each and every visit he made to date. Zach could feel the chill in the air and special attention in the negative, mostly he received every since he first came there from Dr. Greene, with an incomplete job that he knew to be a very simple thing to do, if the dentist performing the task was serious and professional in his practice. But for some unknown reason to him, this ethic had deteriorated like his partials, and all hell had broken loose against him receiving this simple service on time, and with the correct application of a comparable fit that would allow him a comfortable usage of these false teeth he needed to wear and eat with daily.

They, the duplicitous dentists, saw him as the enemy and acted on impulse to destroy all of his chances at going on with his life and continue carrying on normal functions. They could and would guarantee completion, if they ever wanted to, with no other interest in him, but his health and their proper service in a dental capacity only, as no other emphasis or plan ought be practiced here, just his dental care on time and efficiently applied.

Later that same night, or really that morning at about three a. m., Zach got up to write and while he recorded, he heard the heavy footsteps of his often late night visitor, 'George Cooney,' not Clooney mind you, but a very large, buck wild, ring-tailed, rambunctious raccoon that frequented the side of the house

between the wooden fence, ten feet from his bedroom. Zach stopped recording and listened to the sharp claws rake over flattened garbage can tops, put there under his window for just that purpose, to catch intruders by calling attention to strange footsteps back there in the dark of night.

‘George Cooney’ was extremely relaxed and never snuck in the yard. He came boldly through the wooden gate and walked like a man back there until he found the most comfortable place to lie. No sooner had he done this, he would begin to chew his late night snack, masticating whatever he ate, devouring it in loud smacks and bites at it until he finished. Zach only listened and attempted to see this bold intruder, who was most welcome, as he perked and peaked Zach’s interest to what was lurking out there, hiding in the bush and weeds. What had a snout so pointed it could unearth those crushed trash can tops, flattened out to act as foot and paw detectors, put there by the previous owner of the house, no doubt?

The next-door neighbor had a pack of cats that prowled Anna’s open property, just plain making themselves at home, lounging in the sun or hunting roof rats. These cats had rendezvous outside and assignations with other cats at night. Catfights were normal, common, loud and numerous, but during the latest occupation back there by ‘George Cooney’, the cats were elsewhere.

Zach was in bed once with Anna, and caught in flagrante delicto, when ‘George Cooney’ came back there right under the open bedroom window. Ol’ ‘George Cooney’ growled out his disapproval at what he sensed, smelled or actually knew was going on up in that bedroom. Both Anna and Zach stopped their sexual activity to hear this creature complaint from right below them on the side of the house.

After that, Zach was in the tiny toilet with the window open. He was sitting there minding his own business and doing it too, when without a warning, 'George Cooney' came to call, dragging his sharp as nails claws and walking through the busted wooden gate. He pushed it aside each time he entered back there to his new redoubt in the neighborhood. It was a cool spot with an exit on both ends, then there was either another escape route going through an open crawl space under the house or over the fence, which was a good eight feet high or more. This wooden fence was where Zach finally saw 'George Cooney,' when he leaped up on top of the fence, in the full moonlight outside of the tiny toilet, as Zach watched nature in all of it's wild splendor.

'George Cooney' just sat there with his back to Zach, exercising his terrific tail that unlike a dog's or cat's had a pronounced significance he saw as it pounded on the side of the top of the fence. Zach was mesmerized and hoped 'George Cooney' would turn 'round and show his face, while a beacon bright beaming August moon shown prominently in an illuminated indigo sky. No such luck though, as the big bad bold raccoon left, finding a more interesting adventure on the other side of the fence.

When the neighbor's little pet dog barked angrily at Zach's presence in the bedroom, just across from him, whenever he was let out to relieve himself, Zach mused over 'George Cooney' gobbling the petite pet pest up with one bite. Cleo, Zach's lovely daughter, saw 'George Cooney's' full burglar masked face, when she slept in the computer room. She enjoyed talking about it. Zach smiled and went back to his recording.

Georgy Porgy Guy

*Girl he's just a sugar pie guy
 Sugar pie guy will make you cry
 Girl don't love a Georgy Porgy guy
 Georgy Porgy ran away
 When the boys came out to play
 Girl don't love no Georgy Porgy guy*

*Baby don't waste your time
 Life's just a nursery rhyme
 Rhyme and reason
 You will find in time*

*Girl don't kiss no sweetie pie guy
 Stealing kisses on the sly
 Girl don't love no Georgy Porgy guy*

*Girl don't love no cutie pie guy
 Cutie pie guy will tell you a lie
 Girl don't love no Georgy Porgy guy*

He was trapped in a capitalistic society, which has as its main goal to accumulate and never waiver from this almighty self-indulgent quest. As to Anna and Zach not being on the same page about the seriousness and practicality of a planned, plotted lawsuit, the power couple was not even in the same book. When he was in a more jovial mood, Zach said this to her often as a joke. It was like racism in many marriages, one spouse saw it black, the other white.

For instance, Anna had a growing concern about the Mid-East temple at the corner, up the street, four blocks from her precious home. Zach on the other hand didn't believe in an eminent attack forth coming from any sect in the neighborhood, suicide bomber or not, because he had no faith

an American of any religion could take part in anything, but the national hustle. That was the most important thing to anybody who lived here, not to do it harm, but to increase your worth, if you were sane. Even crazy people want American cash money, we all do, it's essential. That's the real deal here, not so much politics or even race, it's dough re mi and everybody knows it, so Zach didn't sweat what he called 'urban turbans' gathering only blocks away. He only worried how to keep his health and increase his wealth.

American Money

American money
American money
American money
Rules the world

American money
American money
American money
Gets American girls

Rich man
Poor man
Beggar
Thief
Doctor
Lawyer
Indian chief
(Wooo!)

Want American money
American money
American money
Long lean green

*American money
 American money
 American money
 All American dream*

*I don't want no
 Russian rubles
 I can't use
 No Japanese yen*

*No Euros for francs
 In an old Swiss bank
 I don't need
 What I can't spend*

*Don't want no
 Italian lira
 Don't want no
 British pound*

*But I'll take each
 U.S.A. paper dollar
 That you feel
 Like puttin' down*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 Rules the world*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 Gets American girls*

*I want each green back
 Yankee dollar
 Cash on the barrelhead
 Down to the penny*

*To spent it
 Lend it
 Hold it
 Fold it
 Slip it
 Tip it
 I'm gonna need plenty*

*I flaunt it
 Want it
 Mucho dinero
 If you haven't got any
 Go from hero
 To zero*

*Of all the money
 People on earth
 When it comes
 To money
 Ain't no money worth*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 Rules the world*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 Gets American girls*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 Long lean green*

*American money
 American money
 American money
 All American dream*

He thought and knew now the dissing dentist was intent upon teaching him a lesson, not to fuck over dentist anywhere in California. Maybe the object lesson wasn't that involved or broad, however, they all had ganged up on him with one aim, and he got the message: he was being tormented by shit fucks and shit heads and in deep dental defecation, up shit's creek.

That's why he was nearly unhinged at Anna's staunch refusal to at least take a devil's advocate glance at his thinking. But she remained indifferent and rendered him a humble feeling of loss at the mere mention of a lawsuit. Now with a near shattered confidence, thanks to his co-dependant, Anna, who was independent, he now had to follow his heart or whatever heroes, who stand and fight do when confronted with the so thought impossible, most formidable thing they ever had to face in front of them, daring them to see the truth that was evident with every whisper, sneaky jester, misleading look in the spies eyes of those in on the cruel joke being played on him at each and every visit.

Obviously, Zach was to take issue with the 'Dentist the Menace' ulterior motive the man hid behind his lifeless leer. And Zach felt the gawking geers in the waiting room, and the silent sneer walking wickedly behind him down the hateful hall to the dentist chair from the bland blond, stumpy, slimy one, who acted as a dentist assistant, but was really a homely henchwoman harlot, who refused to so much as put a bib 'round his neck, as he sat waiting to swallow more seaweed mold mix they made for him, over and overdose again, without so much as a hint, it was all payback for Dr. Greene.

Like An Elephant

*Like an elephant
I remember you
Like an elephant
In the city zoo*

*You were kind to me
And I carried you
Like an elephant
I fell in love with you*

*And like an elephant
I'll never forget to
Love the peanuts
Out of you
24-7*

*And like an elephant
I'll never forget to
Love the peanuts
Out of you*

*Oompah
Marching along
These urban streets
Oompah
Tasting your kisses
Sweet as treats*

*My heart is heavy
You hit me like a Chevy
I had a huge crush on you
But now you're gone
As I age on
A gray wrinkled man
That grew*

*Into a circus clown
 Who wore a frown
 Because you played around
 With another pachyderm
 Hot lover
 From trunk to tail
 I'm black and blue*

*Like an elephant
 I protected you
 Like an elephant
 I was strong and wise*

*You brought out the
 Beast in me
 And I came chargin'
 In
 Like an elephant
 I'm big game for you*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you
 24-7*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you*

*Oompah
 I'm broken hearted
 On parade
 Oompah
 I miss your touch
 And love we made*

*You were my trainer
 I'm no complainer
 In the center ring of life
 A sexual act
 Adult hardcore
 Performing with my wife*

*I'm overwhelmed
 You're at the helm
 Without an elephant gun
 The poachers came
 White hunters claim
 My ivory by the ton*

*Like an elephant
 I worked hard for you
 Like an elephant
 Standing tall and true*

*Up on my hind legs
 I did any trick
 Like an elephant
 When you ask me to*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you
 24-7*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you*

*Oompah
 Love is a vicious
 Tiger bite
 Oompah
 Jungle safari
 Ev'ry night*

*A solid sender
 Pretty peanut vendor
 At a tawdry carnival gig
 Freak show hottie
 Just bought my body
 Because I'm jumbo big*

*Now the tent is folded
 The costumes are molded
 In wagons where they rot
 In Florida my winter home
 I miss you so a lot*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you
 24-7*

*And like an elephant
 I'll never forget to
 Love the peanuts
 Out of you*

The inescapable African-American elephant in the waiting room remained the same self-righteous race card he refused to play. He couldn't consider using this ploy, as it would only be an unproven assumption on his part, as they all made sure he couldn't, by covering up this dark fact in the valley. He had just one encounter with a hardcore racist woman to know it, as far back as Dr. Notorious, the best dentist in the world, when she actually recoiled at the idea of Zach hiring her husband to help him with setting up his website.

The intolerant woman balked and mimicked a shout, she covered with her hand, in protest to this most unacceptable request, after she boasted of her ol' man's Internet abilities in cyberspace, that was booming then worldwide. Zach had only reacted in innocence, not having a clue she would want to, as the great Little Richard says, "Holla like a white woman!"

Every other worker in each dentist office after that seemed to only have a built in natural dislike for him, and not based on a racial bias. They all attacked him on personal feelings. They just harbored ill will against his arrogant aura, as they sat at the receptionist desk frowning at him with increasing intent to bust him a new one.

Racially speaking, Zach was in the dark and maybe, just maybe so was the disgusting dentist and his silly dilly staff that treated him like an impractical joke. If paranoia will out and a pointing finger of bigotry behind every surgical mask be allowed in this deposition against the ones responsible for his being cheated out of adequate dental help and assistance in getting his partials, without all of the stalling and excuses he accepted and endured, with six months of non-treatment and insulting innuendo ad nauseam, so be it.

All Zach really knew for a fact was that some of the dopey dentist staff detested him, while others he saw in passing were indifferent, then a few more smiled and spoke kindly to his sitting there like a gladiator waiting to be thrown to the lions in the arena, armed with only his intellect and rich imagination, up against their intricate instruments of vitriolic concern to rip him apart, if they should go mad and attack him out of pure player hate. Was it his cold way, his odd personality or his subtle karma, and/or maybe race? "Nah," Zach insisted, remembering some of those same suspicious ones smiling at the other younger black guy and his two kids.

By forgetting to x-ray the gold tooth in the back of his mouth and/or not seeing it on purpose in order to extend the treatment, they stalled him indefinitely at Dr. Greene's. Zach's red bandana, he clutched in his hand to wipe the corners of his eyes and mop the sweat from his forehead, after each stage of the mold making process, was frayed from use. The placing of his black, damp hat, the derivative dentist seemed to blanch at touching, was ever present as Zach always placed it on top of a glass fixture in this cubicle where he sat. He wore dark glasses to avoid shutting his eyes, when being worked on in the chair by the conspirators' eyes. Being self-conscious about his back and forth weight problem didn't help his self-esteem either. Lastly, all of the frosty looks from the screwy staff, those rats in reception sucked sewage and freaked him out.

The dental trick applied to handle Zach, who suffered for over six months now was, every time he attempted to explain the soreness from his lower partial, the signal was given by Dr. Beck, and Zach was interrupted from telling him his problem on purpose, as pre-planned by the determined dentist to throw him into a state of helplessness, with a feeling of insignificance, while they played at some farcical emergency of greater importance to put and keep him ignorantly in his place.

The Zachary's were dealing with a negative revenge invoked by a powerful, pernicious motive to keep his partials from ever coming into completion. He'd have to stop being stalled and insist upon an accounting, but because of a lack of expertise at Dr. Greene's, there was none. He was to be punished for some presumed, preconceived antagonism she

charged him with. He was a test to her practice to keep status quo as she saw things. But by his not playing into the first name basis informality and blind loyalty aspect the dentist craved, and her disregard for an equal exchange of her best, with no bias, or personality judgments, and ruling solely upon her own unfair assessment of things, they both stayed at odds.

All character assassins were muzzled and curtailed, held back in code, for not even whispers could go undetected by the couple. Therefore, they wouldn't dare risk one retched racist remark, as long as either Zach or Anna was out there among the staff, and other patients in the waiting room.

The sadistic, demonic dentist appointment loomed large over his head as he sat watching Ronald Reagan in *King's Row*. In this film an inhumanly fiendish doctor amputated Reagan's legs on purpose. This hard horror showed the sick lengths, maybe as the film said; one in a million depraved mad things might be capable of. At the same time, such a heinous crime and act of insanity brought Zach's own ordeal to mind.

He deviated from his usual habit of not eating anything until after his appointment, in case his stomach should flare up and cause him acute intestinal gas, rendering him a helpless gasbag; constantly ready to explode into an embarrassing foul odor. He drank tea, green tea with lemon, mint, two sprigs and that health food store sweetener, less sweet than Equal. The tea steeped and like an ape, he went for the two bananas left on the kitchen table in a cornucopia shaped fruit basket there, with those dark brown sugarless cookies, that would go nicely to top off his breakfast. They'd been on the table for two weeks in a plastic container. Zach helped himself and took them all, about ten or so to his room with the tea on a tray.

As Zack ate on his front teeth, he wondered how he could speed up the last appointment with the despicable dentist, who was having a ball ruining his time, making him think of his teeth instead of being free to go on with his life. Anna called; she was outside in the car. He'd sat and sat on the toilet to evacuate any remnants of that ill-advised breakfast, but he could still feel pulls and pangs of flatulence gnawing away at his innards. He was shaved, bathed, groomed and dressed, albeit with the fear of a super fart coming up and bursting out in public, maybe, God forbid right in the 'should be discredited dentist' office, even in his chair or he shuddered to think, an incontinent, loud long, wet fart, that was the worse, and it could damn well happen.

He thought back to the gaseous slip he made coming into Dr. Bunt's office back then, and the facial expression on this white woman repulsed at the repugnance sitting there with him and Anna frowning of disbelief and disgust, all three holding their collective breath, without a word about Zach's fetid flatulent faux pas. They left for 'the fish joint' after Zach emptied the trash. He'd waited to do this all day, delaying all of his chores to try and rid the gaseous contents in his large intestine.

When they arrived, they weren't out of the car before the bubbling agitation began, and he let one go that went ripping through his pants, he hoped. He walked well in the shoes he loved and just before they got to the desolated dentist's entrance, he had to pause and let another one go or else. Anna waited at the door, when Consqualla Smith came out all chubby and spoke chummy and cheerfully. Then for some

reason, she went back inside again. Anna followed her in and Zach was right behind her, praying he could stave off the gas attack that threatened to cause him the worse nightmare he could ever dream, the very worse. Consqualla bounded her big sized, bustling body past him and said, "Bye," to Anna and he, and she was gone. A guy in shorts came in and sat a few feet away, just close enough to detect it, if the worse happened.

Zach was tense and looking about to see them scurrying around back behind the giant round counter, where they hung out up front. He saw the short, butt ugly blond with her back to him heading away down the hall of hate, while talking on a cell phone to the devil probably. He could see the other younger piece of dumb blond turn her back to avoid looking at him. That's why Consqualla ran back inside and announced them, to keep the others back there from having to speak or deal with him, as they considered him a pariah.

He knew for the first time they exaggerated the situation, and their anathematizing him was way over the top, so he would just ignore the lot of them as this was to be his next to last visit. The ugliest blond bitch called his name, "Mr. Zachary." She opened the door wide and stood as far back as she could, waiting for him to come through the portal to perdition, rushing to reach the rascal in the rear. He passed those same open tight places where women with mean uptight faces worked on other patients' dental cases. Sometimes he overheard friendly chatter going on, even laughter as he passed into the back cubicles, and the butt ugly blond one made the same dumb crack, about him being stuck in the last cubicle for some ridiculous reason known only to her, every time he came back there.

They knew the time and dates to set him up, so that Dr. Greene could be present via phone or computer to listen, even observe the actual session with Dr. Beck, Zach had. Each visit could have been a closed circuit live transmission to sate this dispirited, inelegant woman's appetite for radical revenge.

The deal-breaker dentist was standing and said, "Good afternoon."

Zach nodded, "Yeah," sat in the chair and hoped he'd be free of gas for the time this guy would take now.

The dimwitted dentist sided up as before by the chair and held the mold that he said he'd only need to get impressions for, down low. Zach gave the mold a cursory stare and looked out the window to take his mind off the churning, impending gas in his greedy growling gut, that could only mean one thing, and he stiffened to stop it from coming out. He absorbed the ass gas inside and wondered if it came out of his mouth now as horrific bad breath, an oral fart. He thought that his mouth might have become his anus, when the dirt bag dentist came over closer to insert the mold in his mouth. "Who knows, who cares?" He went on with himself as Dr. Beck brought up that the raging wild fire, burning now for over three weeks steady nearby was hardship for somebody. And Zach added, "The fart fighters, I mean firefighters, yeah!"

He managed fending off a gaseous dousy, that almost made it out, but just barely went some other direction at another route, maybe out of his . . . eyes, ears or his aquiline nose.

The dawdling dentist showed him a tooth and wanted Zach to check the color for a close match. He looked in a mirror Dr. Beck handed him at the shiny tooth that was a little lighter than the new upper partial, anyway he thought the lower partial could be a tad lighter. But when asked if it was a near enough match, Zach about to pass gas said, “Yes” quickly, and Dr. Beck said number ninety-two it is then. He put the tooth away and showed Zach the mold he was very proud of.

At this late date, six months, Zach wouldn't care if that tooth sample were a dun color, as by now, he was sure there wasn't an ameliorator in the glut of dentist working the valley, when it came down to handling his partials. They both went to the rambling round counter to get the last date for the illusive lower partial.

Back before, while in the dentist chair and struggling with control of his gas, he heard the demoralizing dentist's, pissy personality partner back in his favorite cubicle with the butt ugly, monkey face blond as they gossiped about the slavish seeming dental assistant, Hester. She wasn't there, obviously and the bitchy blond, control freak said, “Yeah, Hester's too nice.” Then the damaging dentist, punk ass partner in crime wanted to re-adjust the dentist chair he loved to lounge in, while snooping and asked Dr. Beck how to do it.

Zach walked out past him without looking to see him. And when he got back to the waiting room side of the counter, Anna was shocked to see him so soon, and said so. He stood there and the little, ugly one spoke twice saying Consqualla would call him with the appointment date. He'd not known she was speaking to him the first time, as she deliberately looked away

from him and trailed her voice off in a vague manner to annoy him. Then Dr. Beck had said he'd give him the date, so Zach expected the do nothing dentist to tell him, but he'd crept out of the conversation and left it up to the ugly bitch, even though he was standing right there with his head down, purposely detached from the goings on.

Anna and Zach left and all the way back to the car, Zach relieved himself of all that pent-up flatulence that almost gave him a shit fit. Well, it looks like another indeterminate sentence Zach and Anna must serve, doing hard time, even enduring another possible postponement, although a date was given for the last dental appointment.

Zach took noticed they put him at the end of the week on Thursdays. He believed they were closed on Fridays, fish day. Plus, he saw on their business card, that they were incorporated. He flashed back to the visit he'd just left and thought how the dick of a dentist had this bad habit of almost splitting his lip, his lower lip, when he inserted the molds. This was the second time he did it. Zach had been fortunate he applied cold cream to his face, giving his lips enough oil to hold, when stretched like that. He also licked his lips to moisturize them, and so far the creep hadn't been able to split them. But if he does . . . he simmered at the thought, balling up his fist, he'd be Mike Tyson.

Then there was this business about Zach telling him he had a colonoscopy with a possible biopsy or polypectomy coming up, but they still hadn't called him after months of waiting. He told Dr. Beck this back then, to let him know if a dental appointment were made with him, and the hospital called for that same date he'd have to go to the HMO. The disinterested

dentist acted like he understood Zach's long wait by his stoic facial expression. He said, "HMO." Then later on, Dr. Beck brought it up that he had to get his glasses at Kaiser, so they both had the same hospital. After that expressed put down of the HMO service, Zach would have bet the creep went to Cedar Sinai, by the cold way he said HMO.

Although he'd walked in 'the fish joint' the last time, which was next to the very last time ever wearing his favorite comfortable, no nonsense, special expensive earth shoes, that morning he trimmed his gnarly toenails, especially the big toes. He believed by doing so, like the time before when he did this, his gout flared up and hobbled him. Why just that morning and afternoon, he'd been pimp walkin' notey, even strutting his stuff over to empty the trash. And then he strode with an almost high purpose, like a N'awlin's Zulu king back to the car. Fortunately, when he and Anna went to 'the fish joint,' except for the flatulence, there wasn't one problem with the pep in his cool papa step, or glide in his ol' school stride.

Now he was taking pills that might as well have had the scull and cross bones label stamped all over the container. He read the gruesome sheet of instructions a second time and was held captive by the caveats concerning these grim tablets, oval shaped and white, the same size and shape of his white gerd pills. He must never confuse them as he read the frightful words printed on the scary sheet of paper saying, 'can cause stroke, heart attack,' so forth and like that, with warnings and promises of sudden death everywhere down each line of the damnable thing.

Zach showed the prophetic paper to Anna again and she agreed he shouldn't take any medicine that stated it could kill you as cold-blooded as this poison did. And shame on Dr. Kingsley for prescribing it. On the other hand, the aloof head of infernal, internal medicine had Zach's medical records and he'd given him each pill he took to date, with nothing coming close to killing him yet. So Zach took the pills and prayed he'd get over this latest bout with gout.

Anna rubbed him down on his foot and bad legs with her home potion she made. It was a green, cooling concoction and it soothed his right foot and both legs. He slept for a time and woke at five in the morning to write. The foot and legs were better, it felt, and he could at least work some on his book. As before, he wrote by talking into the microphone of his tape recorder. He spoke softly about random things at first, like Anna's staying up late in the room, where he usually slept alone and watching two films he'd seen numerous times, and was not in the mood to lay there with his sore, throbbing foot and leg that were acting up again, while she got all engrossed in Audie Murphy, of all people, the most decorated, bravest soldier who ever lived. The film she was looking at was his life story, *To Hell and Back*.

Zach lay there tossing and turning, but still hearing the man's brave deeds, his industriousness, loyalty, responsibility for a whole family, his sick, tired mother calling him the head of the house, at maybe, sixteen or even thirteen years old, Zach couldn't be sure because of his pain.

Audie Murphy was everything Zach was not, and Anna was sure to pick up on the fact she was living with the antithesis of a hero. After Audie Murphy won World War II single handed, Anna went to her bathroom and came back again to watch, *Tora Tora Tora*. Zach knew she was intrigued with anything about the Nazis, like him, but now she was interested in their axis ally, the Japs.

The Japanese were always portrayed in the movies as sly villains, strong, and sneaky, who would fight way beyond the end of the war, hand to hand combat if need be. Brave or crazy enough to commit suicide by sticking a bayonet in their stomach and sit there bleeding on the floor, sippin' sake until they keeled over and died. This movie was about the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. They won the hell out of that one by being aggressive, having nerve, taking a chance and not giving up. All of the attributes they had, Zach lacked in his life.

Zach was a strong believer Americans lived in a chained democracy. He lived with a lack of courage and when faced with trouble, he hid his recreancy behind silent indignity. He liked to brag to Anna he had the great man's disease . . . and always added, "Is it Alzheimer's . . . I forget," as a joke.

You'd think he ordered a personalized gold, bejeweled, encrusted dental grille ornament for his teeth with the protracted amount of spare time they wasted on his dime. Their procrastination was a wincing Affirmative Action, big black bull rogue elephant in the waiting room as the saying goes. Even thinking outside the box was useless, unless he had some grit, some sand, got angry at the end of the day. But Zach was a peace loving man, a writer, who took the pen being

mightier than the sword cliché to heart. He didn't even own a gun, only a wooden mop handle, so using this same hypothetical peaceful pen tactic, if he and Anna were home invaded, all he'd have to do would be to whip out his trusty pen and paper and/or tape recorder, in his case, and save Anna's life. His only hope would be that Anna knowing all of his foibles, would still have respect and honor his way of being. He changed the subject in his mind and went to sleep, dreaming of becoming her champion.

The Nerve to Fight and the Will to Win

*I got the nerve to fight
And the will to win
I'm a lover not a fighter
But I ain't gonna run*

*So if you got your doubts
We can sho' find out
All you got to do to see
Is drop that gun*

*You're a loser
Loss is in your eyes
A common coward
And your life is a lie
So if you shoot me
I'll refuse to die
Take your gun away
And make you cry*

*I'm a winner
So I talk that talk
I'm lean and mean
And I can walk that walk*

*I better warn you
Before trouble starts
You shoot and miss
I'm gonna break your heart*

*I got the nerve to fight
And the will to win
I'm a lover not a fighter
But I ain't gonna run*

*So if you got your doubts
We can sho' find out
All you got to do to see
Is drop that gun*

*The best defense
Is a good offense
I got your woman
For my confidence*

*It's a fact you
Caught us in the act
You got me dead to rights
Behind your back*

*It ain't my fault
That you don't do her right
We thought that
You was workin' late tonight*

*So I can't help it
If your jaws are tight
You'd better shoot me
While I'm in your sight*

*I got the nerve to fight
And the will to win
I'm a lover not a fighter
But I ain't gonna run*

*So if you got your doubts
We can sho' find out
All you got to do to see
Is drop that gun*

Fishing Exposition

What's Dr. Beck angling for? Is this like another George Bush fish story, Jonah would admire?

'The fish joint' was done up in earth tones, a lot of brown and many other subdued shades, pastel, soft lime walls, and oaken woodwork blended the office décor wise, with clever cutesy little corresponding names at different doors, paintings featuring fish, things that have to do with the sea, bait, lures, boats, fishing and such. Once in the cubicle where the dark dentist and his gung ho gingivitis gang hung out, as Zach sat alone, he looked up at the ceiling that had blue skies with white billowy, cumulus clouds, to try and take your mind off whatever he was doing to your teeth in there.

Dr. Beck seemed to be more at peace in this room right next to the one he usually worked on Zach in, where his prick of a partner in crime usually sat, getting engrossed in the conversation between the derelict in duty dentist and Zach. Were they video and audio recording him for Dr. Greene? Maybe that is why they always use these adjoining cubicles. As Zach noticed, sometimes he passed empty cubicles up front; they might have used to treat him in.

The detestable dentist thinks Zach has no possible retort to his tort against him, only the self-loathing he must endure alone, when he sees no improvement, but steps ever backward as the partials he had repaired were still more defective, and the fit is so faulty, he can't wear them again.

Then the rough-hewn ridges he feels with his tongue on top of the partials, annoy him in an uncomfortable, textured design, he was never told about to comment on. Furthermore, he doesn't want to return at all; he only wants to check the possibility of winning a lawsuit with a top-flight lawyer, who specializes in dental cases and has an excellent track record in court against the guilty ones.

He desires to finish his novel on the subject with a phat book fishhook of what he can't know at this juncture. He needs a dramatic turn of events, some act of great human-interest, a denouement to readers that sells the story. Zach felt like the private detective in *Psycho*, peering in the registrar at the Bates Motel, when Dr. Beck reluctantly put his appointment book on the counter and allowed his impatient patient, a quick look at what he said was no possible openings before some six weeks away. The drastic dentist was a lying S.O.B., just like Norman Bates and up to no good also as Zach wondered where the bodies were buried.

The timeline was the proof, however, if Dr. Beck deviated from a standard the American Dentist Association recognizes as a normal amount of visits in the most fair and reasonable spacing to comply with the dental plan, availability of time and most importantly, relieves the ordeal the patient suffers from as soon as possible, as in an emergency, due to the partials severe pain and the patient being forced to eat on his front teeth for a sustained time period, plus, if no real reason supports any of the above and the dental services don't concur with the dates and excuses made in their behalf, then a lawsuit

is eminent, with malpractice and criminal intent to do the patient great problematic struggles, causing all associated trouble, such as biting his tongue, weakening and wearing down the front teeth, widening of spaces between teeth, all because of an absence of partials. Further, the lack of the same enjoyment of certain foods, that can't be eaten anymore, until the partials are repaired or replaced intact on time, must be considered.

Zach got a call from his HMO, he wished was Cedar Sinai. The woman on the line wanted him to change his appointment because his doctor, Dr. Kingsley couldn't keep the date decided on. Zach knew Anna had an appointment and told the woman he wanted to come in with her. The woman looked it up on the computer and after a few questions worked it out, two appointments, a half an hour apart, same day. He didn't mind the short notice, and the fact that Anna would only have to make one trip was a plus. They'd go together the very next day, he for his infected toes, she for a checkup.

Zach's legs were the problem he worried most about, as they were sore constantly because of his refusal to exercise at the doctor's request. "Just take a small TV or radio in the room with you. You'd just need to do it for a while every day," he'd said. Now Zach sweated having his aching, perfectly good legs, amputated after the lack of usage, cut off like Ronald Reagan's in *King's Row*.

Ouch, his toes hurt also and his feet were the first to feel gout usually, just the right foot, he explained to the doctor. Dr. Kingsley examined Zach's feet and told him he'd give him the very same little green pills that were discontinued for gout he wanted, as now they were back and he'd write out a prescription. He told Zach he needed to go to the lab and do a blood work up, plus, stool samples, he hated, like everybody sane does.

Zach's toenails were yellow with a fungus and the doctor said after the test, he'd know better what to do about his toes. He said Limazil worked on fifty percent of the people who tried it, but it could cause liver problems, so he wouldn't recommend it. Zach agreed and the exam was over. The doctor left and he put on his socks and shoes and washed his hands. The nurse told him she was soaking Anna's ears and she'd meet him back in the waiting room, when she, Anna was finished.

After Anna came out, they decided they'd walk back to the car on the parking lot for the exercise. Inactivity took its toll on Zach's sore legs, trudging on the asphalt, weaving quickly and re-routing the short hike back to the car. Sitting in the car, Zach had a bout with depression he often suffered after these grim hospital sessions, each one bringing him closer to death's door, he feared. This made the awful thoughts come rushing into his brain, causing him to speak out, "Hell I'm in the hospital more than the late, ninety-three year old Gerald Ford was, damn!"

Anna was silent, as she only had a cholesterol problem that could either be solved with or without medication even. That said, she told him the proud doctor boasted he didn't take any medicine and only ate small portions, that his stomach was programmed to accept. This admission from their doctor made him feel more inferior, health wise, than he really was. Then all around him, men older than he took great pride in displaying a full stride, a gait with vitality and energy long since gone from Zach's poor legs.

He didn't like coming to the HMO, but was glad it was there as he needed and used it five, six, seven times a year. Anna too had a need of the HMO and although she depended on her own home remedies, she was wise enough to know when to listen to the doctor. Zach had his darkest thought concerning the only question about his recent biopsy. He was just operated on a couple of months ago, but only the nurse asked him about it in an odd inquiry, he felt. She just put the question at the end of all of these other same ones she asked and wrote down his reply like, "You don't smoke, right?"

He answered crisply to that one because he was proud he wouldn't ever smoke a cigarette again. She, the nurse, went on with these kind of questions, then off handedly, she wanted to know if he'd had a whatever she called it, and he said, "No." after that, she said something that had colon in the word and he said, "Yeah," as she wrote and moved on to take his blood pressure.

Now out in the parking lot, just sitting there mulling it over, he had an idea maybe it was gross malpractice again, this time with Dr. Kingsley. Because by not informing him, he should call the people who'd do the colon exam, as they might not call him . . . ever, that waiting could be considered cancerous and criminal. He recalled the doctor's inside joke, and him being

amused that patients couldn't take the long wait it took for a colon exam. Anna had saved the day then, by calling after months, maybe four months of waiting. Now he wondered if the four months the doctor allowed him to wait caused the polyp he grew, that had to be removed or was the polyp growing for the years since the last colon check, say ten years? Anna mentioned she had to have another exam like his, but a little different, although a probing type one at that.

Nevertheless, was it just them getting on in years, these invasive exams they took, or their physical breakdown from obesity in all it's killer forms. Zach weighed less; he'd lost over ten pounds, fifteen in fact from the last weighing. He was positive he could best that last weight as he sat in the car, putting his life together without the big vital missing pieces. He fastened his stretched to the max seatbelt and Anna drove off. And as it inevitably always did, food came up in the conversation and he suggested McDonald's.

Anna ate on the job, and she didn't want anything until they pulled into the arousing, appetite inducing aromas in the moving fast food line of cars. Then she got a vanilla milk shake, along with his order of a strawberry large milk shake, large fries, a big Mac, the largest hamburger, two apple pies, in addition, he wanted bacon, and so in conclusion, he'd try the crispy chicken sandwich with bacon. Afterwards, they never had to leave the car at all, just drive home and eat it.

On the way home the discussion turned back to his main interest, 'the fish joint,' and both he and Anna came up with a challenge for their current approach to the book. They agreed the case as it was did not really spark the kind of excitement needed to translate into money. Therefore, it wasn't worth all the effort Anna and even he was exerting over the books chance.

What was most in dire need was an epiphany, a proven plot breakthrough, when he went to get his lower partial; something bigger had to take place then. It couldn't be another non-eventful visit with nothing noteworthy to report, if so, he'd have to decide if they should continue alone, without any more material from Dr. Beck and his staff. Now Zach was on his own, he and Anna with the addition of maybe a lawyer. Yes, he could at least see if it was a court case, although that driving him back-and-forth drama would be a problem Anna hated. But if he got the same lawyer, who got the recent out of court settlement for a woman out here in L.A., he'd have it made. He remembered this vaguely in his quest to come up with a punchy ending for his book, via a judge and jury trial that made TV and the papers.

That next morning, they argued as they often did, and Zach went over all of his concerns for the book, while Anna dressed. He'd started ranting and raving at her as soon as she emerged from the tiny toilet shower they both shared. He lay snug in the bed under a brand new bright, red comforter she bought. And when he got up to argue some more, he closed the window, signaling he'd go on and on until she escaped to go to school, sparing herself and the neighbors the 'you leave, no, you leave' that was always a strong point neither was going to accept, each for their own real reason, but both resolved to be true to that decision.

She said she wanted facilitator freedom from taking care of him, buying his food, driving him to the dentist and the doctor, hearing his complaints about anything and everything and everybody. She in short wanted her freedom from him and before she slammed the door, she snapped, "It's a wonder you don't ask me to wipe your funky black ass!"

In a movie called *The Black Whip*, Colleen Gray said, “Loneliness is ninety-five percent fear.”

He always suspected she was adulterous, due to his own grueling solitary confinement, insecurity and isolation. He was more afraid to face life without her; he was accustomed to her being there. As stupid as it might sound or seem, he needed her in his state of existence now. She was all he had, if you can really ever have another person. He clung to her without ever thinking of taking ten thousand dollars they’d saved, she offered him, and leaving. He insisted he couldn’t think of one other place on earth where he wanted to be. He didn’t want to go back to Europe. He hated handling the money and making all those cash exchanges necessary, due to the Euro today, without her aid.

New York City cost too much, and he despised the insignificant way people were treated there, always having to spend money in order to justify living day-to-day. He wasn’t ready for Vegas and found it vague to vacant and vicarious, with all that emphasis on crooked gambling for suckers, running from casino to casino.

New Orleans was lost on him, seeing he’d studied it to be his new home before and after Katrina and all during the last year of rebuilding and such. He didn’t give them much credit there because they let their own people stay gone without flying them home. He felt, screw the tourist, get the native citizens back first, and make up for the Superdome tragedy. Put them in hotels where the tourist would stay until their homes are rebuilt and all the services are restored. Zach felt strongly about New Orleans because it appealed to him as a creative artist.

He shunned the idea of D.C. for bad karma, and it was lost to him. Only a dream was left of the past and what might have been. L.A. was all he had realistically, after trying America and everything else European as an experiment in the last decade. Anna tried to get him mad enough to do what most any other real man would do, get fed up and “Hit the Road, Jack.” But Zach was not like that, he was set in his way and would only leave, if he had a solid book hook-up of substance, with a support system from a connection he had faith in, like maybe Dennis Hopper himself.

The actor, director, producer, writer, poet, painter spokesman, was the definitive recipient of the piece Zach wrote in progress now. This guy lives in Venice, California among the beach boy and girl dwellers there without fanfare. Zach saw on TV and read this. He and Anna looked him up online, and Zach saw him in a commercial among a field of yellow flowers. He favored Dr. Beck some and he could easily play that part. He could direct the movie version, produce it independently for less than three million, or spend one hundred million, get Angelica Huston to play the part of the infamous Dr. Greene, and Forrest Whitaker for Zach, and somebody like Anna, he'd have to give it more thought, but somebody good.

That caliber of cast would cost big salaries. Yet all of the dentist office scenes could be shot on a sound stage. They call them interiors. He and Anna had discussed the possibilities of using real parking lots at medical buildings similar to the real ones, or they might even use the real dentist offices they could, that whomever filmed the story paid.

Money was no real problem here in the valley of the shadow of Hollywood where he was. He was thirty minutes away from all of the movie industry action. He didn't have to travel, all he had to do was reach out and get somebody to act on his behalf, if necessary, and be his representative, a publicist type, like the woman he heard on KPFK radio, talking with another industry pro about show business. She was an entertainment attorney, intelligent, young, black and game.

When they returned to 'the fish joint,' the younger 'think she cute' blond turned at a side angle and spoke to Zach, "Hi!" in a cutesy voice. Afterwards a woman of size and authority opened the door and Zach didn't recognize her at first. Her face seemed to have more definition now in the eyes, which were big brown bright and knowing, even in charge. Her full face was expressive, not a blur anymore. And he recognized the resembling 'a sack of potatoes' shaped receptionist, Ms. Consqualla Smith standing there poised and saying his name ever so succinctly. Her addressing Zach with such emphasis and respect impressed the lone guy patient sitting in the waiting room. But Zach knew the game was still on and they, Dr. Beck and staff, were ahead as long as he didn't have his teeth. He looked her over and went in. She led the way back like a drum majorette marching with flippant assurance and full feminism form.

Dr. Beck was standing there, lurking and looking to the side as Zach entered the room. The defrauding dentist opened with, "Mr. Zachary."

Zach said, "Doc," while checking out the bemused gleam in the big girl's grinning eyes. He sat in the chair, and she put the bib on him and left for the day. The decay-digging dentist slid slippery as snot beside Zach, as usual. He began by showing his patient two different models of his teeth. He went about fitting

one easily, but having a problem with the other model. He told Zach the teeth in his mouth had moved, shifting somehow away from the exact position they were in when the mold was made, that was the model most correct for the partials to fit.

Zach was speechless and just sat there in the chair waiting for that other dropped shoe he expected. Dr. Beck showed him the bad fit by pushing the new lower partial in his mouth. It felt tight and the tops of the teeth on both partials were way too high and bumped into each other with an uneven, out of wack job feeling. Dr. Beck removed them quickly and promised to go to work grinding them down to perfection.

Zach began to look over at the man's diplomas on the wall. He was amazed his eyesight was not good enough to make out any but the boldest, biggest print on the top lines he could see correctly. So he settled for the fact that the man was a USC grad, and he did a stint in the military. As he strained to see more, the very ugly blond accomplice to Dr. Beck came sneaking into the room with her face turned away from him. She removed a machine or instrument there, she rolled out without a word into the small hall space between the two rooms. Zach's black hat was on top of a glass fixture atop the thing. The distracted dentist picked up his hat and tossed it upon the counter, while Zach sat satisfied of her stupidity, and the butt ugly interruption left the room.

Dr. Beck was ready to attempt a fit and Zach accommodated him by opening up wide, when he guided the lower partial in his mouth. The awful fit was apparent without words and was removed, then taken back to the grindstone or whatever that noisy, buzzing thing was Dr. Beck used, making the racket Zach heard over and over at the mercy of a mistake that was somehow being characterized as a moving of his teeth by the disappointing dentist.

Speaking of himself, Dr. Beck asked Zach, “Did you miss an appointment when I was sick?” Zach didn’t have a clue the man had been sick. But the disrepair dentist filled him in with his illness saying, “After sixty-five years without it, I got asthma.”

“What?” Zach asked, and his mood and motive changed in that instant, as he began with questions for the delicate dentist, now a victim of bad health, maybe like the old wild West dentist, gambler, gunfighter Doc Holiday.

Zach wanted to know if it was an infection, and Dr. Beck said, “Inflammation.”

Never in a million years did Zach ever feel he could be in sympathy with or for this guilty guy after all of the jive he put him through. But here it was, a sort of a male bond developed as the ailing man went on trying to even out the partials. Then when he got it right as rain, Zach responded with “Cool.”

Dr. Beck told him he should put the partials in himself to get use to it. Plus, he grinned and alluded to when he did it for Zach, he’d worry he might catch Zach’s cheek. Then he added, “I heard you go, ugh, ugh, a couple times, so you can feel it better because you have sensitive nerves in there to go by and guide you.” Zach fit the partials in easily and wore them out to the expansive round counter, where new strange faces looked up and peered at his exit. He was to call after living with the teeth for a week, and see if they were defective. When Zach went on about another cleaning date again in six months, Dr. Beck didn’t reply, a tip off he might be through with Zach. The death-warmed over dentist just said, “Have a pleasant evening,” so Zach and Anna left ‘the fish joint.’

Ungentle Dental Work
(A poetaster's punishment)

A dime a dozen dentist
He nicked my cheek
Pinched my nerve
Cut my gum

Made wry jokes
Weak as water
Made a slip
Split my lip

You know the drill
Upside your grille
Those things could kill
The blood they spill
Go take a pill

Strip mall storefront
Dental joints
Produce hoppin' mad
Patients like me
All over L.A.
As are liquor stores
And valley whores
Like porn looming large
Dentist signs on many doors
Near corner to corner
Block by every other block
Soon dental clinics
'round the clock
Clip joints getting' paid
Hispanics Caucasians
Negroid and Asian too
Each and everybody sue

*The dental drill
 Beneath the teeth
 Below the gums
 Novocain
 To the membrane
 Within the blood
 Beside the bone
 Between the nerves
 Beyond the pain
 Behind the mind*

*Into her molar
 The dentist drill sped
 Though she came
 For bonding instead
 He sliced an artery she bled
 The bib turned crimson red
 Till the patient there was dead*

*Corbin Bensen in the
 Dentist I & II
 All that blood and mayhem too
 I'd chew and chew and chew
 Popcorn till I turned blue
 Then snack cheese
 Stuck into my upper and lower plate
 But I do
 Whiten and brighten my yellow teeth
 When I'm through*

Krispy Kreme Dreams

His and her old age false teeth in two cups side by side

When driving from ‘the fish joint’ the last time, they were faced with a sharp right turn into heavy on coming traffic, you can’t see until it’s too late. If you guess wrong and you extend your front end past the parking lot driveway, a foot, you’ve got an accident that could easily knock out all of your teeth and be your last dentist visit for real. The mach speeding rush hour cars whiz by without slowing down, and the blinding sun could be in your eyes in the evening, when Anna and Zach chanced the relentless right turn that would have been scary to Sterling Moss, the race car driver, even with no stop sign, add a traffic light stuck on green, and a cop with a loud whistle, beckoning you to go.

Like a goiter, a lump of fat had collected on Zach’s left side. He put a roll of paper towels underneath there to keep the crushing weight off the vital organ it was pressing against. He and Anna had even toyed with buying just two whole-wheat Krispy Kreme donuts apiece. Anna was always open to something sweet, but she told Zach he was too fat, in fact a big pig. Zach reacted hurt by her accurate honesty and he decided to pass on the sweet treat, delicious diet desert. Then Anna told him she was coming up on the turn where Krispy Kreme had a drive through. She added they were smart and ready for patrons, knowing people often had a sweet tooth while driving. He said no thanks, and Anna kept at it to satisfy her own craving now that was raging at her taste buds. But Zach held out. He could do this sometimes and it kept him from weighing four hundred pounds.

He was reluctant to discuss his newest revelation with Anna yet, for fear he might be over anxious and wrong, though he was certain there must be some business basis for him believing Dr. Beck could agree to allowing him to film ‘the fish joint’ interior shots for the movie *Dentist Hopper*, after the book is released online.

Zach thought he’d star in it with Anna at his side and the actor, director, writer, producer Dennis Hopper, could play the part of Dr. Beck. He knew he had a winner and all he needed was the money he’d get hypothetically from some hedge fund, venture capital guy with Silicon Valley contacts he saw in a Wall Street Journal article that listed all the young Turks in this game. They’d jump at the chance, if he put it together in a neat package with all of the i’s crossed and t’s dotted on e-Bay.

The book’s finish wasn’t as he had figured before, it was instead a beautiful ending, brought about by his reverse, unexpected, amicable feeling for the dalliance he suspected was deliberate, and the clashes though unspoken with the staff, not all, but surely some he forgave. Then it hit him, he too was uncooperative in the personality department. Unlike Anna, who never really complained about that kind of people problem, so she went on unscathed by everything and everybody he came in contact with for the negative aspect, always in the mix.

He was sure of being treated less than his ego and statue demanded, and so phobic, it seemed he’d never see his own participation in these accusations of mistreatments he harbored against each dentist that he encountered during the last decade. It was true, the ones who cut him up were wrong,

but he should have dealt with them not run away. Then Dr. Greene was a nasty, miscreant bitch for putting an orange stinking hand in his mouth, without washing it. There again, he should've said so to her face. That would have alleviated all of the stress he went through over leaving her in aggravated anger.

As for the stupid actions in 'the fish joint' he saw in his last visit, he could handle all of it with an adjustment to his own personality. He had to face up to the imperfections in people and deliberately confront the problems they pose by rising above such impropriety when confronted with it. He had to use his teeth as a smile, not a scowl. All people respond to pleasantries better than a frown or cold, hostile looks of meanness and distance. He had to change his outlook and present himself as a happy individual, who had it together. This way he'd get that movie made and all of his work would pay off for he and Anna. It was so simple, it was silly and that made him ponder it because of how easy it was on the surface, just be a nicer guy out in the world.

Then they'll fix your teeth on time and fix 'em right. They'll do everything, even in the valley, and the valley was just a microcosm of the world. Oh sure there would be hard cases out there that would do the worse thing to you they could. But you had to confront them right away and solve the problem by being a man about it. Zach was over burdened with all of this goody good guy B. S. He didn't even like Senator Obama saying he didn't think President Bush was a bad man. Zach would vote for him, if he ran for the President, but he'd only do it because of the race card, his being black was the clincher for Zach, not his inclusive attitude on race in America, without the majority's assurance they agree.

He dismissed the weakness in his head and heart as they had really messed over him and only wanted to get away with murder. “No!” he said, blurting out his resistance to being nice and feeling sorry for Dr. Beck, or any of the ones who plotted against him in his life struggle out in the San Fernando Valley. He’d write about it, playing it as it lay, calling a spade his heart and use an ace boon coon of clubs, so help him Dr. King for diamonds.

He was tempted to smear peanut butter on the stool sample card, in those tiny spaces for feces and send it in. This was an especially disgusting chore he had to do. Doo doo was dangerous, for it revealed deeper medical problems, so Dr. Kingsley ordered these shit from his ass samples, maybe twice a year to check up on the obese, who were at high risk and susceptible to all and any of the glut of diseases out there, fat fucks like him got nailed with.

That be a good, nice guy syndrome came back weaker, but nevertheless, it was paramount in his thinking as he wondered, was this tantamount to tit for tat, making a black man accountable to a white woman racist? If it were a bigoted act of atrophy and attrition, they could conceal their motives, hiding behind the system of going through job related motions, only pretending, while having the core hatred of his race, with him as a victim. He was on display trying to break into some unchartered course of action with no example to go by. How would he settle his gnawing suspicions, unless they played into the equation of race hater’s attacking a man of color, and all of them were white? Thereby, he held on together to his knowledge they’d done him wrong and not the other way around.

***The Other Way Around
(Ass Backwards)***

*Ass backwards
Ass backwards
Ass backwards
Ass backwards*

*You can play this record
(Ass backwards)
The other way around
(Ass backwards)
How strange a love song
Sounds
The other way around
(Ass backwards)*

*I've been hustling
Backwards
(Ass backwards)
The other way around
(Ass backwards)
My future's in this
Town
The other way around
(Ass backwards)*

*The other way around
(Ass backwards)
Upside is also down
(Ass backwards)
The other way around
(Ass backwards)
A smile is but a frown
You see*

The other way around
The sky is on the ground
Confound you
Turn my world the
Other way
(Ass backwards)
Or I won't last another
Day
(Ass backwards)
Confound you turn my
World
The other way around

-----Top-----
 (6 Times)

We were friends not
Lovers
(Ass backwards)
Two lonely laughing
Clowns
(Ass backwards)
I wish we were love
Bound
The other way around
(Ass backwards)

Life just up and swept
Us
(Ass backwards)
Now time can't be
Rewound
(Ass backwards)
When will we be
Renown
The other way around
(Ass backwards)

The thing was, he was being set up to feel sorry for Dr. Beck. To even go easy on him, after he told him of this asthma he acquired, quite oddly enough out of the blue, saying, “I don’t know how I got it, maybe an allergy, dogs, cats, you know, any of that.”

Zach was smitten by pity of a type, maybe all of the whites, whoever got their way and stopped any retaliation upon themselves for some atrocity they were guilty of, some crime they thoroughly enjoyed participating in, that put some black usually, in a proverbial trick, some mishap he or she would never emerge from in tack. This could be how they ruled the world. They put the phony phantom pain on themselves, thereby, sparing them personally the punishment they so rightly deserved from the real hurt parties.

Zach had to shake off the sympathetic simpatico he was able to feel via his racial make up, like Malcolm mimicked. “Is we feelin’ poorly, massa?” He was ashamed of his inbred Uncle Tom type tendency genes that rendered him vulnerable to an evil white man, who would exact such a full payment in blood from him, just for leaving a friend, relative, ex-lover, classmate, who the hell knows, but Dr. Beck did the dire deed for her, he believed, and now Zach was in perfect position to deliver the counter punch coup de grace of his life and racially even the score.

He’d chunk that idea about doing any kind of filming in ‘the fish joint’ as he could use sound stages, when shooting interiors. That way he wouldn’t fall victim to the man’s on purpose unprofessional input, which could hurt him more this time, ruining his project actually. He rummaged throughout his brain, searching for answers to expand his intellectual property, his book.

I'm Invisible

*I'm invisible
You don't give a damn
Just as Ralph Ellison wrote
I'm an invisible man*

*I vanish in thin air
I simply disappear
You look right through me
I'm invisible*

*You don't see me
In a crowd
You don't see me
For cryin' out loud*

*You don't see me
Black endowed
'Cause you're king of
The world*

*You don't notice
You're unaware
Even though I'm standing
Here
I might as well not
Make an appearance
At all*

*I'm unseen in your mind
I'm invisible
Imperceptible as time
I'm invisible*

*You keep me in the dark
I'm invisible
Stop living in a blind
Hey! I'm not a ghost*

*What am I to do
I'm red white and blue
What am I to say
When I fade away
What am I to feel
My life's so unreal . . .*

*I'm invisible
You don't give a damn
Just as Ralph Ellison wrote
I'm an invisible man*

*I vanish in thin air
I simply disappear
You look right through me
I'm invisible*

*I'm invisible
You don't give a good goddamn
To you I'm transparent
I'm invisible*

*It's so apparently plain
I'm invisible
Clear as sheets of cellophane
I'm invisible
Just like actor Claude Rains
I'm invisible
A windy howling hurricane
I'm invisible
As Lamont Cranston's Shadow became
I'm invisible*

Aah, the book is all he had. He saw and decided to make it the whole thing he'd do, as this was possible. There was a flood of books on the market, but if a real great one came out, it surely would be a winner online. The thing within him they maybe put there long ago for their security in dealing with him, that appealing to his soul to be a nice, good, and an

innocuous, suppliant slave to his own destruction, while they watched from the seat of power most important in life and cheered at his demise, must end. Cruel as it was, if true there had to be a recourse to this tacit tactic of turning us against us, and against us again and again, instead of them.

Zach paused looking up at a (black) rapper on a morning show, who talked over the (white) male host as he tried to say his unfelt, scripted lines leading into an ineffectual introduction to a song. The rapper spoke over the host so much so, he took over the spot and got his presentation all of the street credibility props he could have ever achieved on camera.

It wasn't Zach's thing, this hip-hop that blacks created, dominated, instigated, and initiated world wide now, raking in all the profits, except what the giant record labels made from manufacturing, promotion and distribution, the lion's share of over fourteen billion globally. However, similarly his part of this power share was self-evident in the rappers body language. He was average height, but became a giant over the TV guy show host, and his voice when he spoke by rote, was more forceful and profound, with real integrity for his art. The TV show host, standing there meekly, was taken over and moved away, giving the rapper leeway to rule.

Was it as simple as this, like Zach's *No Unfought Freedom* book and title, saying the word was in the street, from the street, and of the street? "Many individuals lived this statement, yet no monolith was mounting in the 'hood' to thwart the white majority. There was no fusion with the Mexicans or any other Latino forces to take over either. They were still sticking together, but we as blacks had to fend for ourselves, by ourselves, in order to best this white beast that

roams the earth seeking us out as willing dark prey. No More!" Zach said depending upon the new writing he did to smite the enemy of his people for four hundred years. "There was and is no way out via marching and legislative voting, 'I Have a Dream' speeches and such. Only stand up face-to-face, toe-to-toe war is all they know. Look at the Iraq thing."

Army Navy Air Force Marines

*Army Navy Air Force Marines
Army Navy Air Force Marines
Army Navy Air Force Marines
Army Navy Air Force Marines*

*Army Navy Air Force Marines
He's gotta make a choice between
Dropped out of high school
At seventeen for love*

*College knowledge
He couldn't afford
Now his love life can't be
Ignored
He'll be a father soon for love
He'll be a father soon for love
He'll be a father soon for love*

*Army Navy Air Force Marines
So young in love
But without means
Willing to volunteer
And serve for love*

*Proud to wear a uniform
So his baby can be born
For love that's why he wants
To join
For love that's why he wants
To join
For love that' why he wants
To join*

-----*Top*-----

Zach spoke on into his cordless, hand-held tape recorder's microphone. "They fought (U.S. soldiers) in Iraq in order to live in America. They were not rich kids and became professional soldiers on the front line, chancing death or permanent injury from all of the ambushing, roadside bombs, snipers, whatever they were faced with. This was the life they chose, God save them and bless them."

As to the North Korean threat, Zach wasn't worried; he felt 'Sam' as he called the American Forces, was invincible in the area of nuclear power. Nobody sane would go up against 'Sam' because of the endless rain of missiles that would be released in retaliation. Summing up the Third World War and putting it all under his own natural interest, where all he had was his thoughts, his reason and ideas, he'd be a writer first, last and always tell the truth.

Dr. Beck expertly applied the traitorous trick by acting as if all was normal, and it hadn't taken over six months to finish a partials' job, that probably could be done in less than two weeks, if the destructive dentist was not up to something as sinister as getting even with a patient for having the mitigated gall to change dentist because of a mere treatment complaint. How dare Zach disagree with the inert schedule they set for him to submit to?

“Six months!”

He went about the house saying into his microphone, the morning after an asthma acting Dr. Beck bested him with a theatrical whiz-bang performance, rendering Zach as the put-upon Negro he was, in the presence of all of his staff, sans Ms. Consqualla Smith, who was long gone home to get ready for Halloween, no costume, no mask, just going out being herself, as a more scary subject would be hard to find.

When he was down and out, he listened to The Swallows, a fifties golden oldies vocal group, with a great sweet and sour, labial sound of closed mouth harmony. They were from Baltimore and mastered the romantic, adolescent yearning, pleading songs he reveled in then. And now he heard them in the earphones on his tape recorder. The other great feature these singers possessed was the best possible lead vocal imitation of the boss blues singer, Charles Brown. This Halloween, Zach played the dark ballad “Beside You” out loud at the trick or treaters, who came to call and scared the little neighborhood kids to death, with that haunting, deep, odd, fiendishly, macabre sounding voice, which sent them screaming into the street with Anna's candy.

Did that bastard water heater guy turn the hot water valve down a smidgen, or was it just a sneaking suspicion Zach had he did? The overall view of things racist in the San Fernando Valley wasn't paranoia to him. He thought about all of the bad service he got and felt the prejudicial Valley was to blame for most of this style of shoddy treatment he received.

The paperboy, the New York Times carrier was nuts. He banged on the back door after Zach called his bosses for a missing paper he delivered with a thuggish attitude. Zach continued to report him every time he failed to bring the paper. The things he did to bug and retaliate against Zach, were petty to creative, but indicative of the racial insanity running rampant in the Valley. Zach believed all of the services were either going to give him a problem or perform a much needed job fairly to rarely well done. The bad repair services were so many, he hated to be at home when they came, as he could tell after he opened the door, who was cool and who was a jackass standing in the doorway. The other two paperboys never posed a problem and they got Christmas money from Anna.

The gardeners were surly, curt and terrible at trimming the hedges in the front, back, or on the side of the end corner home he and Anna shared. They were Mexicans and proud to say they spoke no stinkin' English. Zach wouldn't be caught dead doing yard work, so he tolerated the meager, half ass effort they went through the motions doing, in that perfunctory way they did it, by running the loud leaf blowers and lawnmower motors, ten minutes for effect before leaving to really work for

Ms. Ann and Mr. Charlie. Zach heard them once a week out there in his backyard and 'round the side of the house where 'George Cooney' lived whenever he felt like it, and when they walked, fooling around out front, he couldn't help but see them from the kitchen window, stone-faced and intimidating as La Eme (the Mexican mafia).

Zach stayed inside ignoring a confrontation with the cheating Chicanos Anna paid every week. If Anna should fire them, he figured they were no better or worse than any other Mexican gardeners who'd replace them. So they both always just let it go as them coming once a week was good for appearance sake. It demonstrated Anna and he at least wanted a beautiful yard in their dreams.

Anna loves flowers and kept a beautiful array displayed on the front and back porches. She lived to go out and tend her planted flowers and water her crab grass lawn. Anna inhaled the orange blossoms' fragrance she loved every spring from her orange trees, like it was cocaine.

Epigram to Anna

*Don't t-p me
Puttin' toilet paper
In my orange tree
In the San Fernando Valley
For a backyard
Full of dandelions
I thought they were
Pretty yella
Flowers growin'*

*Until I caught my neighbors
Late at night
Puttin' Weed-B-Gon
On my turned white fuzzy posies blowin'
At first when I saw 'em
I thought it was
Snowin'*

The plumbers were worse than Watergate, and Zach despised them almost as much as the dentists he'd encountered. They barely had hot water as only the shower ran hot and the tub in Anna's bathroom. They had to boil hot water to wash dishes. The hoses in the laundry room attached to the washing machine were hooked up ass backwards on purpose, so water couldn't run into the wash tub, except from the washing machine. The dryer was down in the garage with its steam escaping out in front of the house. These prejudice plumbers deliberately and conspicuously hooked up the whole laundry apparatus wrong, all as Zach sat reading his three newspapers at the kitchen table, while they worked on punishing him for being a black man in the Valley.

He was about to give up getting good fruit from any of the supermarkets anymore other than Whole Foods. He dreaded buying anything fresh, packaged or open. Sometimes even a fast food drive-thru ripped them off. Was this just the San Fernando Valley he was stuck in that was a complete racial disaster, or could this be random acts of bad service all people were victim too, who lived out here in the township suburbs, where only bottled liquor came as advertised?

Suburban Bourbon

*Suburban bourbon
 Suburban bourbon*

*Mother nature is going
 Crazy
 In my backyard
 & when I look out the
 Front door lately
 I swear to God
 I can see the roses
 Blossom
 Into every shade of
 Red*

*I can hear the happy
 Blue birds
 Serenading overhead*

*But the draperies are
 Drawn
 In the living room
 And it's all because
 Our love just failed
 To bloom*

*So I drink suburban
 Bourbon
 To escape away from
 Gloom*

*I just drink suburban
Bourbon
In the neighborhood
Saloon*

*Pick the roses from
The front yard
Put them with this
On my tomb*

-----Top-----

*Late at night I hear
The lonesome whistle blow
And like that train out there
Soon I will have to go*

*I can smile and face tomorrow
A coward's courage in my heart
Long as I can drown my sorrow
I can make another start*

*Since we left the city
And moved outside of town
I can pour my troubles
And chug-a-lug 'em down*

*So I drink suburban bourbon
When I get big city blues
I just drink suburban bourbon
When I think I'm gonna lose
Here's a toast to you
Before I go
And pay my final dues*

-----Top-----

Purple as a Purple Tongued Chow Dawg

Pick any peak and climb it.

All that off his chest and recorded with no real conclusion, he and Anna were to go to the HMO to get the materials for his stool samples he loathed doing, plus, he had to deposit blood in order for the doctor to solve the infection in his toes. They got there and Anna waited out in the parking space around this patient pick-up area where she parked. He picked up his stool sample kit and watched, waiting until his number came up on the electronic board for his turn to give blood samples.

The girl he sat down in front of was friendly, white, young, and obviously inexperienced. Her first mistake was to take his right arm and search for a vein in vain. He motioned to the left arm and she was all over it now to stab him for the blood it contained. After a couple of minutes, she whined, “It stopped, ooh, it stopped!” She was upset because she was so inexperienced; it was embarrassing for her and Zach. Now she went back to the right arm again, this time harder and deeper. It bled after she stuck him, and when the five vials were filled, she was finished and Zach thanked her, he was so glad to leave.

When the merciless Mexican woman, who spitefully directed him to go over to her, asked what he said, she said in a triumphant, unbelieving tone, “He said thanks!” Her co-workers laughed because they knew she had no bloodletting skills at all.

He and Anna made a beeline to Ling Ting Tong's, Zach's favorite Mandarin restaurant, for a box of food they scoffed time to time for three days. Zach loved wine with the feast and they got a red Merlot and white Chardonnay to compliment the Chinese take out order, Anna phoned in from the car.

The Internet was humming again as another boom would explode any day. It was all so potentially gainful and promising, he considered going to wherever Silicon Valley was. Anna said she wouldn't go with him, and that put a crimp in his idea of her being present, if and when the geeks there asked for some representation of a cyber person in the 'book to movie company' he might purpose to them as a start up looking for investors.

His mind raced back to 'the fish joint' and he didn't see race as a staunch ally to him playing that card in dealing with this crime they committed, and show their bigotry as it raised its ugly head, ugly as the fake blond, dental assistant anus hole. He only knew not to write your own truth would be as a declining to comment statement on your whole life. Zach angered and said, "Hell, I left him with a sea story he could enjoy." He told Anna he shared a current news tale with Dr. Beck of the stingray jumping into a guy's boat and stinging him, leaving a bit of its barb in the man's heart. It was anecdotal to Zach's own departure and tell-all book, aimed at the viscera of both doctors, Greene and Beck, chock full with hard evidence of their covert racism and criminal villainous vituperation.

He recorded this statement, "It's like your enemies requesting anonymity and immunity when they get to the Pearly Gates for their earthly sins, your being unable to accuse your enemy, to face your enemy in life and address your beef for whatever it is without sugar coating." Zach didn't even

want to appease the dim possibility of Senator Obama's feet of clay future, and he didn't like assuaging Congressman Ford, jnr's, Jesus loving 'em for votes approach in Red Neck Tennessee. He felt the nation should take that Mid-East oil, if they really needed it to survive and stop making excuses for jacking Iraq.

Continuing he said, "Inasmuch as Congressman Harold Ford, jnr. stood up and embraced Red Necks in Tennessee, he could as a Jesus loving, but fornicating hypocrite, who likes girls and football, still turn out to be the Antichrist, or better yet, be redeemed to become President Obama's Vice-President.

Seriously, inclusive or not, I hope we can trust all that audacity behind those purple lips that look like grape Kool-Aid stains on Senator Barack Obama's pie hole, or maybe he went nuts in a vineyard or O.D.ed on Welch's grape juice, and pigged out next on blueberry pie. They suggest he might just be loquacious as Christ before the cross, a glib, golden tan man with lavender lips, his royal birthmark, and even puce trademark. But if he's got feet of clay after held to the fire of criticism, when his cigarette smoke clears and we see him more image wise in the mirror we hold him up to, for his true reflection, he may be absent as Dracula. Though miraculously, through the glitter, glamour and clamor, he could stutter and stammer himself into being a real righteous guy at that and become the black and white political American savior.

Anna: "What's all this concern over Senator Obama's lips anyway, F Scott? You wanna kiss 'em?"

Zack: "Hell nah, I just can't help but notice lips, a walkin' advertisement for Oprah's "The Color Purple."

Anna: “Well check out his pearly white teeth, they’re perfect.”

Zach: “Yeah, purple and white, my ol’ school colors.”

Anna: “Oh you’re just jealous and green with envy cause he’s a purple mountain majesty, the Roman royal hue and purplicious!”

Zach: “Looks like a hurtin,’ healin’ wound, then probably a blood disease or an infection from Africa.”

Anna: “No, more like a true blue character trait, or ultra violet eyes and a purple heart.”

Zach: “I’d vote for him regardless, even if he was a half-white, far right wing Republican from Mississippi.”

Anna: “Ah, a vote of confidence! Actually, a lot of people of color have those mauve markings in and on their mouths, gums, tongues and lips.”

Zach: “Yeah blacks and chow dawgs.”

Anna: “You’re unkind, cruel and being stupid.”

Zach: “You think that, well he needs more, something bigger than Hillary’s ambitions. An event that trumps Gore’s awarded environmental documentary and stops the rest of the field of Republican presidential hopefuls in their tracks.”

Anna: “Write him something then, and e-mail it to his headquarters, or post it on, My Space and You Tube.”

Zack: “I will, I’ll say . . .

**Obamaphenomadrama
Barack Obama/Osama
Bin Laden peace talks.com
With Michael Jackson
And the Dalai Lama
Presented by Oprah
In the Bahamas
The acting Lake Geneva**

**Obamaphenomadrama
Senator Obama
Offering Osama bin Laden
An olive branch
While the President
And Vice-President
Watch at the Crawford
Texas ranch
The worldwide televised mamajama”**

Anna: “That’ll never happen!”

**Zach: “Never say never, never’s the second worse n-word
I ever heard, nevertheless . . .**

**Obamaphenomadrama
Senator Barack Obama debates
Not hates
Osama bin Laden
With the man from Neverland
And the Dalai Lama
To get the leader of the Taliban
From Afghanistan
To change his no-no
Nevermind
For Uncle Sam**

Obamaphenomadrama
Senator Barack Hussein Obama
Facing Osama bin Laden
Featuring the King of Pop
Wearing matching silk pajamas
With the Dalai Lama
All ridin' in a yella
Hummer
To a peace talk meetin'
Under a green U.N. beach umbrella
Summit in the Bahamas

No fake overtures in
My ear
They'll say the words
Of wisdom
Folks want to hear
Sans moan and groan
And carry on

They'll say and do it
To the bone
Then the marrow
Next the cells
To cease Mid-East
Warfare that dwells

Then as back
Before the dawn
Of time
When the universe was slime
And God whispered
Loud and clear
For all on earth
In earshot to hear

**Obamaphenomadrama
Senator Barack Obama
Gets the Democratic
Nomination**

**Obamaphenomadrama
Shares the Nobel Peace
Prize presentation**

**Obamaphenomadrama
Becomes President
Of the nation**

**Obamaphenomadrama
The Senator plus, Osama bin Laden
Michael Jackson
The Dalai Lama and
Oprah Winfrey Queen Mama
Are all co-authors
Of an iron clad peace in
Middle East plan**

**Obamaphenomadrama
The pizzazz in your name
The jazz in your game
We all feel the same
Don't ever be lame
Just keep uttering
Stammering stuttering
Words we can feel
With justice for real**

**Obamaphenomadrama
Barack, Michelle
Malia, Sasharama
The first family of
America**

**A no danger
 Assalamu Alaikum
 Perfect stranger
 Alaikum Assalamu
 So righteous you stand
 Alone
 I hear your voice
 Over the monotone
 I don't know you
 But I trust you
 To do the best that
 You can do**

**Soldiers
 Are your guns gettin'
 Heavy
 Obamaphenomadrama
 You still wanna kill
 All those people
 Obamaphenomadrama
 Y'all gonna ruin Baghdad**

**You a Baghdad daddy
 Obamaphenomadrama
 Your wife sent you
 An e-mail G. I. Joe
 Obamaphenomadrama**

**She said your baby boy
 Weighs nine pounds
 And like you
 He's gonna throw his
 Heavy weight around**

After you march all
 Over Iraq
 And the last insurgents
 In a body sack

When that ancient city
 Is reduced to dust
 But the oil fields
 Still belong to us

Then you can invade
 Iran
 The U.N. will have to
 Understand

Next nuke North Korea
 With mega force
 Unless they surrender
 First of course

Osamaphenomadrama
 Osamaphenomadrama

Also if possible, he should find a way to take out Red China and rusty Russia.” Zach loved America, or as he called her “Sam!” Maybe short for Samantha. He could never do her harm, but must have these private political battles he recorded constantly as a diarist deviation, while up against coincidental dental individuals of racist persuasion, who would cry “Innocent!” when he confronts their conspiracy in court, before his book and film version, even an HBO TV series on Sundays of *Dentist Hopper* hits the fan.

Zach wasn't furious, he'd gotten a good, even great story out of all of the hot n' bother he was taxed with, while they got off on his reactions to their betrayal of trust, plaguing him with scurrilous slander, each visit and all during the days and nights he waited ignorant to the real plot against him, in full swing, and getting more dental detrimental to his appearance and maybe his very health.

First off, he hated the jagged tops of the upper and lower partials, as they were more for a serrated grinding, crushing, cutting machine, not a human being. The metal parts that were everywhere on the partials, really felt almost just like those fangs Dr. Greene promised, but more probably. He could feel the contraption of it, the unnaturalness and cumbersome pressure of it, he was supposed to become use to in a week. The assumed asthmatic, diversionary dentist had said this, when he approved his own work with the choice words of, "Just live with them for a week, and if it's not to your liking, call me."

The other thing was his saying Zach's teeth had moved, hell with all of the back and forth concerning these partials, Zach had no doubt everything had shifted. He refused to eat with the old partials and had to make himself give these new monsters a shot. "Iron jaw," he called them, plus, he saw the extreme yellow color as a real disgusting turn off in the mirror, when he noticed they seemed uneven, along with that jaundice eyetooth tint. His number ten-tooth on the front side was so much more unsightly yellowed there, it was a blessing he didn't smile.

The very worst complaint after all of that, was in the rear of the new lower partial, it had that same damn gap. It was breached back there as an open hole to deposit food like before, when he first complained to Dr. Greene. Now it was a replica of the first gap problem on purpose. Both doomsday

dentists refused to deal with his old worn out, breached partial, leaving a vacancy for food to get stuck in after every bite of anything on that side of his mouth. He paused and was incensed at Dr. Beck deliberately just omitting his professional skills, in order to continue down this evil road of punitive ploys to bring him despair, disappointment, and dismay.

In a dream that night, he could almost swear he smelled a hint of . . . of all things, redolent orange on the rubber gloved hand the disturbed dentist stuck in his mouth, when he pushed the partial in place. It was the most mean and so bad a nightmare, he refused to mention this to Anna, and he couldn't get rid of the sniff he actually took when Dr. Beck came at him with that same orange stinking hand, Dr. Greene before him had. He tasted it for the whole night, although the 'iron jaw' was in the bottom of a cup full of water, with a tablet of Efferdent Plus Denture cleaner dissolving, and supposedly deodorizing those godless, abysmal new partials. He tried to think of only wearing the old partials as now they were more comfortable, at least for almost a half hour at a time. They weren't repaired, just slightly readjusted for now.

Zach rationalized he could show this deleterious denture work to a 'dental detective' if he could find one, and if the timeline of the job was asinine, he'd prove it. It was still his word against Dr. Beck's and Dr. Greene, et al. In Zach's dream there was no mystery about the orange on the man's hand being there, as it was a plain fact Dr. Greene had passed on the details of her handling him in that unsanitary, undermining, underneath contempt way she felt for him, because he dared to give her the gate as his dentist.

In Zach's nightmare, Dr. Beck had stooped to put an orange on his rubber glove, prepared ahead of time, just for him. Both dangerous dentists knew that he wouldn't speak of it. They were sure of him and his reaction to the insult he'd endured twice, with no way to ignore the appalling act of action against him. He couldn't prove it, so he best move on, now that it was over, now that the book had a big finish, with two punishing pairs of partials. He'd been through the mill and could only put his book online with all the other author wannabe's that would never be read.

The idea of making a movie was over his head. At his age, sixty-nine, he was too old to handle the demanding despot type director guy he'd have to be. He was way too docile, and it would be his first time out in this end of the game, so he passed, terrified at the thought. Even if he went to Venice, California and talked to Dennis Hopper about playing the role of the antagonist, Dr. Beck and directing, plus, producing the film version, he believed the talented guy might find the play on words, double entendre title or whatever similarity too hokey for his special interest.

Zach had seen *The Keeper*, a picture Dennis Hopper starred in, and when asked how this woman fared sexually by another woman, he had a line, 'about as much as going to the dentist.' Ironic or not, life in the hustle and hassle of Hollywood was not that predictable in the positive, and he knew nine times out of ten, he wouldn't get the movie star to do his idea, book, script, or nothing. These guys usually had bigger fish to fry.

Zach had over three actresses in mind to play Dr. Greene. He loved Angelica Huston, Helen Mirren, Jane Fonda and Meryl Streep so far. He knew Dr. Beck's facial features mostly favored George Lucas, the great filmmaker. Bill Murray, the actor, had Dr. Beck's aura, if he wanted to play the part, and either Dennis Hopper didn't want the part because of some better role.

He saw the little blond assistant he called ugly as ugly only on the inside, personality wise, and was sure Cheryl Hines could capture her. Then Stanley Tucci could nail the part of Tom Connerly, the inquisitive, really nosey dentist dictator. Just as that young actor, Aston Krusner, had the look and attitude to play young Dr. Frank N. Stein, the dentist who experimented on Zach, like a lab rat with his staff.

I Ain't No Guinea Pig

*I ain't no guinea pig
So don't you try to dig
Into my mind*

*I ain't no guinea pig
Under a microscope
My love is big
Oh no no no
I ain't no guinea pig*

*I ain't no guinea pig
Don't needle me with things
Until I die*

*I ain't no guinea pig
Don't torture me with stuff
You wanna try*

*Oh no no no
 I ain't no guinea pig
 It ain't so and so
 I ain't no guinea pig
 The microscope of love
 Will show
 I ain't no guinea pig*

*I ain't no guinea pig
 My love is not a laboratory
 Test
 You'd keep me in a cage
 Until love turned into
 A vicious rage*

*I ain't no guinea pig
 So don't experiment
 With my poor heart*

*I ain't no guinea pig
 You must be mad
 To take my soul apart*

*Oh no no no
 I ain't no guinea pig
 It ain't so and so
 I ain't no guinea pig
 The microscope of love
 Will show
 I ain't no guinea pig
 I ain't no guinea pig*

All the other characters were coming, even Hester, the scheming slave would show herself soon to him, maybe Rhea Perlman in dark Mid-East pancake make up? Ms. Consqualla Smith, the overweight, reactionary receptionist, would be a natural for the likes of Rosie O'Donnell. And Danny DeVito

wearing a surgical mask is Dr. Bunt, as Dr. Kingsley, Zach's primary physician, is Peter Fonda. But the part of Dr. Notorious goes to Jack Nicholson. Summing up, the dental office scrum of staffs and patients will be cast accordingly to Zach's manuscripted memories.

The negative, decayed, dismal, dissipating ruined, hideous open mouth in an ad for the horror film *Saw III* appealed to him as the graphic type of image he'd use, if he were fortunate enough to make a picture of his book and star as himself with Anna.

In all of this, he had vowed to eat with these constructed compulsory things in his mouth, Dr. Beck created that caused a terrible feeling in every chew he made, and was as taking stupid chances with the severity of discomfort it would always cause. He tried to chew the beef, but it took too long and was way too painful an exercise in compounded misery.

He got up to put the teeth to a real solid test, so he made popcorn, as popcorn was either a righteous chew, or the whole dental job was a failure. He had to use substitute salt because the real thing almost knocked him out literally, and it frightened him thinking he could faint from sodium, due to his high blood pressure. He popped a batch on the stove and shared it with Anna. When she got her portion with no salt of any kind, he dug in eating a substitute-salted mouth full, using the new partials Dr. Beck just finished. Dissatisfied, he spat it all out in the tiny toilet commode and wanted to flush the new partials away with the popcorn.

The old partials, the great Dr. Notorious made to perfection, which proved their worth in gold, saved the day as he gobbled down the whole bowl. This was the answer, he'd only use these old partials as whatever they lacked; they were far and away a Godsend. Dr. Beck couldn't apprentice Dr. Notorious, who was a dental god. When he first allowed the dignified dentist to pull all of his bad teeth and make a way that supported partials, the great man had to use Novocain. Zach swears to this day he never felt one prick of the needle, just touches on the point of it!

And when the pulling of his teeth began, one, two, three, four at one time, one after the other, the entire extracting procedure was painless, effortless, uncanny, unreal, but true. Then the Novocain wore off about one hour later, and he had no pills for a series of congealed bloody gashes in his gums that should have caused him endless agony all night, but no, he slept like a baby and woke up refreshed, only licking at the open wounds, congealing, healing in his mouth, and as a precaution, only eating soft foods like he was instructed by this genius, teeth and gums guy. Dr. Notorious amazed and astonished Zach.

The last big question was, could the answer be that subjectively simplistic? Just as Dr. Beck wasn't his favorite dentist, likewise, he was not Dr. Beck's favorite patient. It was like this, preferences, all people have them and exercise that right to discriminate accordingly. Nothing is guaranteed, nobody gets it all right, and exists in perfection. Zach mused, then erupted about his lousy new pair of partials.

It was not a personality contest. All that was ever required would be his need of a specific service and the means to pay. No matter how many times he tried to get the job done to his satisfaction, that was all to be expected of him, even if he left angry at the trick not treatment he received. They'd be expected to cooperate on the ol' credo in business, the customer's always white . . . rather right. The dental patient can always get a second, third, fourth, etc., opinion if he wants to, with the proviso you never let the white left dentist know what the white right dentist in the San Fernando Valley is up to.

Zach had a relative who was a dentist in Georgetown. He was extremely successful. The man lived in luxury and Zach spoke to him from time to time at funerals and the like. Once back in the very beginning of the man's dental practice, Zach said to him he wanted to get his teeth cleaned. The man frowned up in the face so much at the concept of cleaning Zach's teeth, it was as if it were the most revolting, taboo thing he'd ever heard another person say to him. So it was established, this was a no-no in this guy's mind, repulsive, demeaning, whatever, but Zach never mentioned it again.

Now however, this same guy could help him with some 'dental detective work.' He might lend credence to the shoddy work done here by Dr. Beck, and shine a spotlight on what was correct time wise, as an established standard all dentists adhere to when making partials. The man would make the perfect expert witness in Zach's lawsuit. He shrugged as his own pride, false or foolish would never let him do this, think it yes, but to haul off and seek the executor of his estranged ninety-three year old mother's estates help, hell no, he's in the will and Zach was disowned on the phone.

His mother is a well-off, practical dowager, despotic, neurotic, probably psychotic, mean-spirited control freak, manipulator, and perpetuator of human pets. She's a tournament bridge-playin' ol' biddy, now blind in one eye, stroke victim, who disinherited Zach and gave his place in the family crypt to his great-aunt Ellen. The older woman died at one hundred and four and by the way, she was previously married to a dentist. Although the above was old matriarch Mother Zachary's known truth, her severest wrongdoing was a monomania with fustigation, handed-out to Zach by his father when he was a kid.

So he was stuck with a book online, a one in a million shot, he'd take with the ten grand. He thought again and didn't blame his relative because if the truth were told, he wouldn't want to clean anybody's filthy teeth either. He reflected on the lyric that said it all, 'If you become a doctor, folks will face you with dread. If you become a dentist, they'll be glad when you're dead,' from the song "Be A Clown" by Cole Porter.

He would never know the exact negative words Dr. Greene, the dunce cap diva of dentistry said to Dr. Beck to get him so ensconced in a campaign to destroy his looks and confidence. But whatever she told him, could and would be repeated everywhere he went in the San Fernando Valley with other unethical white dentist, and maybe all over America.

Aah, Europe would be perfect to escape the pressure of attempting to edit the rough draft in L.A. He could prove their ulterior motives and expose Dr. Beck's folly with a foreign dentist, by using his books comprehensive, excellent account of the horrendous harm they did.

The most tranquil place in Europe was Switzerland. The most pleasant, peaceful people were the Swiss. The strangest thing was Anna and Zack drove right by the turnoff to the greatest lake on the continent, Lake Geneva and missed seeing it, although they took pictures on the actual, real Road to Rouen.

Swiss Lake

*Lake Geneva
Pretty as a picture
Postcard*

*Lake Geneva
Proud as swans
On a pond*

*Lake Geneva
In the early mornin'
Sunrise
Lake Geneva
I was drownin'
It's true*

*Lake Geneva
I can't swim my soul
Is sinkin'
Would it grieve you
If I go down three
Times*

*Would you bereave me
World peace achieve me
God knows I cleave thee
Lake Geneva*

(Arms control)

*When I need some quiet
Calm*

(In my soul)

*I don't pack a big
Firearm*

(Away I roll)

*To row boat inland
Upon sunny waters
Of aqua blue
Tranquility*

(I've been told)

Ev'rybody wants an end

(Life's so cold)

*From terrorist like
Osama bin Laden*

(Should strife unfold)

*I just take my trusty
Rod and reel
'Cause guns are
Dangerous
They maim and murder
Us*

*Lake Geneva
I'm gonna build a
Little cabin*

Lake Geneva
I was washed up on the
Shore

Lake Geneva
Fishin' ev'ryday 'til
Sunset
You received me
You relieved me
You retrieved me

You grabbed me
By the shirt sleeve
'Cause you believed
In me
Now I can breathe free
Lake Geneva

-----*Break*-----

Jordan River
Bay of Accord
And Reason

Big as an ocean
Deep as the sea

-----*Top*-----

Working Vacation

Rent a ride in a red Renault.

They'd fly to Amsterdam and he could score his mind enhancing aid, marijuana. He'd gone without it for nearly a year now. He only sniffed some in the air while waiting for Anna at a supermarket parking space, where he sat patiently, while she was inside purchasing pluck. They'd become amateur oenophiles, or as he preferred, expert wine heads, sipping the grape nightly.

They had ten grand, plus, credit cards, it was a great chance, too good not to be considered and it all depended on the way Anna felt and saw things. She would be finished typing and editing the first rough draft by then and all they'd need would be access to a computer, or just buy a laptop and program it all back into their home base computer. Zach was cyber clueless, as Warren Buffett, who gave Bill and Melinda Gates all that money. So he only presumed to know this as an emulative expertise, with expectant equity, understanding Anna would have to do all of the technical work required.

There was a big real life advantage of relocating to a locale overseas and having copped his pot supply of weed he'd need to get a psychedelic edge going along with words from his sober, heart and soul created in America. Anna didn't do any drugs ever, and could spend her time at her leisure, after only a half a days work, and he would be committed to the easy editing job they'd do together at a computer. Most decent hotels had the computers they would use, and in Amsterdam there were Internet Cafes, computer places operated with Islamic faces they used on the trip before.

As for luggage, they would never ever bring more than two bags apiece. Then the whole stay would take three weeks tops. Unfortunately, they'd still have to walk through the tiresome long terminals in L.A. and London, also Amsterdam when they arrived. This weary walking would in all probability flare up his gout, rendering him a cripple for, hopefully no more than an overnight bout with the pain in his right foot. Gout was the overweight recluse's *bête noir*. When he and Anna went to Europe the second time, Anna's third trip, he had to walk through the tedious terminals and after eating and drinking, his feet failed him.

He took the little green pills Dr. Kingsley prescribed and voilà, like Jesus blessed his big aching, ailing feet, he walked all over Amsterdam, stepping lightly in and out of his favorite Bull Dog Café's and art museums. Then traveling on from Holland to Denmark, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, England, France, Belgium, and back to Holland, but always thinking of going on to Sweden, Russia, Poland, Romania, Spain and beyond the cradle of civilization.

It would be a working vacation. If they can afford it, they might even try unlawful Paris again, where they were burglarized and nearly robbed. After that, instead of motoring back to Amsterdam, they could fly back home with a finished product from Paris, that most beautiful City of White . . . rather, Light. Then if Zach wanted to check out the ideas he had like approaching Dennis Hopper, the great talent in Venice, California, he could. If that didn't work, he could go straight to Amazon. Com and become number one million, plus, of the self published fiction, in his case, realistic fiction books online.

The Crown Heads of Europe

*From ornate castles in Spain
Blue-blooded sovereigns came
Loyal royals sang love songs
Choraling*

*Young princes prance
Duke's dance
Princesses glance
As counts romance
Rich ladies*

*The great Danes of Denmark
The prouds of Poland too
The cream of Czechoslovakia
Rumanian royalty
The king and queen of England
The prime minister of France
The nobility of Sweden and Switzerland
The crown heads of Europe
As they journey to the great Moscow Ball*

*"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"
Anastasia could testify to that
The Russian people want a revolution
So doff your jeweled crowns
And don a hat*

*In horse-drawn carriages
They salute all flags
With guns and officers
And soldiers dressed in red black and gold
A tribute to the crown heads of Europe
As they answer the czar and czarina's call
In honor of Germany
As they journey to the great Moscow Ball*

Zach recorded during Anna's shower in the tiny toilet, "A tort of terrific consequences as negligence, the criminal kind can bring, add irritating oral abrasions and bruises, making me irate for the harm Dr. Beck constructing this constricting monstrosity in my mouth manifested."

"Dr. Beck lied about the facts concerning his abilities to give me the exact kind of partials I first requested, that he okayed. The absence of metal parts up front was the model I selected. He said the dental service couldn't make the partials without metal parts showing because of the way my few teeth were positioned to support the partials. I must make Dr. Beck accountable as he lied here. This should be questioned after research under oath in a courtroom."

"How many other days than Thursdays corresponded with my only being able to come in at four in the afternoon, and how much sooner could my partials be ready at this same time? Check the timeline of similar partials made by these two disgusting dentists, and then compare to my timeline. Go for five million in damages against Beck and Greene for collusion and gross unprofessional practices of a criminal nature and conspiracy malpractice, unprecedented, unless a similar case exists. See if Beck and Greene talked or knew each other prior to Anna and I entering into their respective practices."

Anna was out of the shower and overheard the last two statements while she dried off her glistening, peachy, amber body. She came over to a chair beside him denude, sat down still drying her graying, Afro styled hair with a yellow terry cloth towel that became a turban. Zach stopped recording, and she asked, blinking her heart to heart hazel eyes, "Would it make a big difference if Dr. Beck and Dr. Greene knew each other before us?"

As her rhetorical question resonated, Zach was still and yet very familiar with her understated way, so he knew she hardly ever spoke of his work unless it was important. Anna went on after he shouted, “You damn right it would make a big difference!”

And she said, “Well, they did, he told me when he cleaned my teeth, they use to be in the same building.”

Zach was startled mute by this revelation at long last from her sitting there naked and having vital information he sorely needed now. And Anna dropped the bombshell that exploded inside his head and blew his mind to smithereens, saying, “They were at the Dentist Convention in San Diego, Dr. Beck said they talked there, probably about us, huh?”

The security camera videotapes of the Dentist Convention in San Diego, 2006 flooded Zach’s dead head brain in focus now. He was into each and everything Anna knew and said about the coupling of these two co-conspirators, conspiring to cancel out his partials. Only God knew what they discussed, if and when those security tapes were scoured to put them together on camera. Hypothetically, his lawyer could hire a lip reader of note to explain the conversation. Then the phone records in the hotel or two hotels, wherever they lived, whatever they did, and witnesses would and could I.D. the two, if they were together for whatever, as it proves conclusively there was a connection beyond just casual, but a current relationship, ongoing since whenever they started being whatever he found out they were now and before. He was ecstatic!

Zach didn't have the lawyer or money to pay one to do that kind of in depth investigation needed to bring out all of the facts he'd have to have in order to win the case in court. Even if all of the things he thought came out in his favor, he'd still need a real live, cooperative witness to give him a commercial catastasis. Now surely a maelstrom of skullduggery would be hurled and heaped upon him as he strove to live with all of their hell raising hijinks against his dental hygiene and health, put in jeopardy by unfit, unfitting partials, this duet of die hard, disdainful dentists in concert on a revenge rampage, rearranged to be the curse of a blessing, the great Dr. Notorious created in the first place.

So when Dr. Beck cracked it was a coincidence that Zach used a neighbor's postcard the mailman brought him by mistake as an introduction to come to 'the fish joint,' he might have been indicating his previous connection to Dr. Greene, Zach's ex-dentist before him. If so, the real convenient coincidence would be in Dr. Beck's favor to exact revenge for a fiend, rather friend. Then maybe the postcard itself was a set-up, could be, but he said in his tape recorder making notes, "Nah, it is merely torturous turmoil invented by the two daring dentists, cut buddies who knew I'd write it off as a major disappointment life doles out to suckers, who believe they can keep it together by being congenial and even with the board in this world of fools and scoundrels."

Zach knew if he sued the draconian dentist and had his double-dealings with the dental service checked, he claims had trouble filling the order for his partials, twice, it would certainly expose the creep as in on a melodramatic plot to punish him and Anna. His entire selection of dilapidated dentist in the valley was a medical misstep, in one-way or another, but as with the Lord, the vengeance was theirs, so far. A subpoena would prove the lie, as others were served on their rapid turnover staff of dolts and they caved under the pressure.

He believed the George Bush syndrome many white men are adapting as their own is just to say it, then stonewall to get what you want, and screw the other guy first, as in the Florida vote! Get him to Gore himself out of whatever he wanted in the first place, like the presidency. Although he never discussed politics, the dirty dealing dentist, with his creepy mind thought like this, Zach knew, and he was won over to go along by Bush like B.S., only to return time and time again for closure like the nation needs now.

His conspiracy theory was akin to the World Trade Center cover up, set up by the current administration, which needed a war to profit for and from their ties to big cold-blooded business, that would benefit from confiscating the spoils of oil in the Mid-East. They'd do anything to get it. It also coincided with the blowing up of the 17th Street Canal in New Orleans, that then flooded the Ninth Ward, a predominately poor, black neighborhood in Crescent City. Zach believed in both bad possibilities, and didn't trust whites to give a fair equal accounting to blacks any more, anywhere on earth.

The digressional dentist was guilty of hatching a plot against him and Anna without mercy for their civil rights. Zach wondered why the zany, creepy, drag-out dentist would expect him to accept copious cancellations, so they could exact this evil he would endure, surely as he ate on his front teeth because he couldn't chew with the lower partials cutting into his gums, and pinching his mouth, so bad he had to remove them for relief from the extreme pain that grew and grew worse than a toothache. He was thankful the pain stopped when he took them out. It was a chilling cryptic thing to say, when the decrepit dentist cleaned Zach's teeth and remarked he had strong teeth left and those seventeen were in good shape to last the rest of his life, like he knew Zach's expiration date.

As another example, he recorded to justify his racial bent and concern, looking at much of the film faire being served up on cable TV to blacks is like asking them to become a part of the on screen white family featured, which can never happen and shouldn't happen. Zach opined on tape as he surfed for a blacker movie on TV. "It's the same as having a white dentist. It's harmful to put yourself in the white man's hands;" He went on now . . . "Suge Knight, the gangsta rap mogul had a white lawyer. Now they say he's facing bankruptcy and fighting for his business life. Louis Farrakhan had a white doctor (I bet) maybe even Jewish, for Allah's sake. The guy operated on his prostate. I hope and pray the Minister's not feeling under the weather again . . . in the same painful place."

He spoke into his tape recorder on a roll. "All y'all U.S.A. potential wannabe sand niggers within the Muslim faith, who have those Islamic names and claims, now's your chance to join forces in the Jihad against a Republican right-wing, racist America and you could win! *No Unfought Freedom!*" He chided Black Muslims, to tout his last book title.

And Anna added an unauthorized anodyne, “*Nor Statute of Limitation 4 Love!*”

But what he really wanted to know, was could his upper and lower partials have been made in two weeks or less? If so, that means the inordinate amount of time taken by this dawdling dentist, over six months is a cruel, criminal, unprofessional prank, with all of his sneaky employees, plus, his punk ass partner is complicit in this crime probably.

Now for that same reason, the final insult was the revenge result of a disgruntled ex-dentist, he left for her incompetence and orange stinking, filthy unwashed hand in his mouth on purpose. Subsequently, this made him stop to retch four times a day. He knew he was being conned, but he chocked it up to his own disloyalty in their eyes saying, “Ergo, in the fullness of time, orthodontist R upon us with the ooh’s and aah’s of distrustful, distasteful, disastrous dentistry.”

His old choppers are still useful, although the right side in the rear on the lower partial is still unrepaired, with a space big enough for food to seep in and irritate his tender gum. But even with a slight inconvenience here, he can stop eating, remove the partial, clean it back there and try another fork full of food. It’s better than being stuck wearing those new monstrosities he was forced to allow in order to have the content for his book *Dentist Hopper* and finance his electronic entertainment empire. Admirably, he had afforded himself a forum for his feelings on the deliberate failure of white dentist in the San Fernando Valley to fix his teeth with this sanguinary symbiosis, literary piece you can sink your teeth into.

He'd change the real names in the book and use a fictitious reverse of the first letters in the last names of the antagonist, he, the protagonist is writing called *Dentist Hopper*. In other words, instead of Beck, he'd maybe say Dr. Shmeck, Lech, Peck and instead of Dr. Greene, try Gray, Black, White and/or Browne, so forth and so on and on in the book, as an attempt to avoid the legal mistreatment, scorn and malicious abuse associated with this story can cause him.

He recorded the rules for avoiding by the skin of your teeth, temples of torment in the many, mini-malls of misery, where rodents of racism lie in wait.

“1. So, don't leave a white dentist in the San Fernando Valley on purpose, rather act as if you got caught up in an unusual set of unrelated personal circumstances, say anything, but you have a complaint about an ex-white dentist's service.

2. When you choose your new white dentist in the San Fernando Valley, don't say one word against or about your ex-white dentist, if you're black as me.

3. They (the white dentists) can check and they do. So when white dentists do a reference check, it can't help you. As these character assassins aim is off as the generals on the ground in Iraq.

4. And remember, what normal racist white kid says, when I grow up I want to be a dentist and work on black people's rotten teeth?

To mendacious, Machiavellian, mad Madelyn P. Greene, as a witches true complexion, the disturbed diva of dumb, ‘made d’s in Dent school, bitch, the books online, I’ll see you in court. You and your incomprehensible, inextricably, idiotic imbecile of ichthyology, thinking his tired fishhooks couldn’t be detected, detached, and bested. Dr. Beck was on a fool’s errand, beck and call to ruination, plus y’all can’t put the toothpaste back in the tube.’”

Zach marveled at a teal, metallic glimmering shimmering on the top of the fuscous Pacific Ocean and Malibu skies above, lit up in pyrite clouds, he envisioned were shaped like images of the two “long drawn out” dentists dead bodies, on a pyre of burnt blood orange flames, that filled the firmament, engulfed by fire, then faded from his fantasy funeral. A flock of something or other flew in fancy formation to punctuate the moment, and he said with a super soulful sigh, “If I could pick my last sunset, I’d take this one to my grave.”

And Anna added, “I wish I brought my camera. This evening would even be pretty in black and white.”

He licked his lips, removed the painful partials and asked, “Can we get . . .” And before he could say what he wanted.

She said, “I’ve got two chilled bottles in the trunk, so it ain’t no skin off my teeth.”

Love is Wine

*When love is a rare
Bouquet
As yours and mine
Don’t let love
Languish in anguish
On the vine*

*Champagne or raisins
 In life
 You will find
 Don't let love sour
 Withered rotted and
 Dyin'*

*Love is wine
 Love is wine*

*Like wine aging
 In a cellar
 'Til it's time
 It ain't no sin
 Just say amen*

*Love is kosher
 Mella fella
 Love is wine*

*Crush them grapes
 Celebrate
 Clap your hands
 And sing
 And shout it
 Right on out*

*Love is wine
 So divine
 Glory hallelujah to ya
 Love is wine*

*California is a
 Big old place
 A lot of people
 In a lot of space*

*The land of golden
 Opportunity
 It holds the future
 For you and me*

*The crop is ripe
The vineyards full
The vines are
Bountiful with
Fruit*

*So pick sweet grapes
And make good wine
The dark clouds of
Winter
Are far behind*

*The years rolled by
On you and I
We planted a harvest
And the seeds took
Root*

*The mad market man
Was hard
And he was cruel
He laughed at our price
And called me a stupid
Fool*

*If I had a gun
I'd shoot him graveyard
Dead
But you pulled me away
When I heard these words you
Said*

*Love is wine
Love is wine*

*Like wine aging
In a cellar
'Til it's time
It ain't no sin
Just say amen*

*Love is kosher
Mella fella
Love is wine*

*Crush them grapes
Celebrate
Clap your hands
And sing
And shout it
Right on out*

*Love is wine
So divine
Glory hallelujah to ya
Love is kosher
Mella fella
Like wine aging
In a cellar
Love is wine*

Amen

*All songs can be ordered via
www.momnpopjnrinc@aol.com*

