

A Torn Mind Fall Brothers Piece

Fallin' With The Fall Brothers

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi
2007-07-25
2180 Words

“Fuckin’ right this place has a lot of shit,” Fane said. **“Look at these fuckin’ windows, bro,** glass is all polished. **‘The fuck mate? Where you suppose they get all this?’**”

Fane began banging on a window, it bounced with and sounded a deep thud. **“We could be kings here, bro.”**

Aar pointed to a fat man who was walking ahead of them. The man had his pants high on his waist. He walked like an egg, small waddles with feet pointed out. He kept checking his watch every few seconds, and swiveled his head around like a paranoid owl.

“What a fuckin’ idiot,” Aar said. **“Ain’t a way in hell this ‘chup is walking away.** Fane, we use the alley on the right. Line, go play sheep.”

Line ran wildly down the sidewalk, flailing his arms like maces. With a bright smile, he shouted, **“I’ve got that feeling, it’s so appealing.”** He stopped and danced, kicking his feet in a jig.

Fane and Aar began their move toward the fat man. Fane put his **arm around Aar’s** shoulder.

“We gotta’ find some girlies, mate. Fuckin’ ripe ass pieces to sink into.”

“— You ever wonder how many counts we’d have against us if we were tried in some fuck-ass court?”

“S’if that shit mattered, mate. Fuckin’ lock up the Fall Brothers? They can’t do that. We’re an important part of life, we are. This here city with its fine glass and money would be saved for what? Stupid fucks like ol’ Charlie up ahead?”

“Suppose you’re right. They do need us here. After all, we’re making ‘em solid citizens. Take a man’s wallet. What’s he have to do? Work harder.”

“Yea, bro. We’re makin’ these cities flourish like a swelling cunt. They owe us you reckon?”

“Fuckin’ right they do. Service doesn’t come free.”

Fane bent down and picked up a pack of Marlboro Lights. Three were inside.

“Who the fuck has the balls to smoke Lights. Fuckin’ hell. Pansy Americans.”

Fane flipped a stoke into the air, it flipped twice before he caught it in his mouth. He placed his thumb and forefinger on it to roll it around.

“How much you suppose he has?” Aar asked.

“Fuckin’ Charlie Boy? I say \$30. Doesn’t look like he’d give a fuck to do himself better. Watch may fetch a twenty. Fuckin’ glass needs smashing though. Doubt he has a light, eh?”
Fane chewed the cigarette up and down.

“Nah.”

“Can’t stand the sight of this cocksucker.”

Line was dancing more extravagantly as people stopped to watch him. Fane and Aar grinned, stepping up the pace. The brothers pulled each other back for the first shot on the fat man ahead. Fane got ahead of Aar and grabbed the fat man’s hand to shake it.

“How you do, mate?” Fane asked cheerily.

“Can I introduce you to some of my brick mates?”

The fat man’s cheeks shook like a dog, he began stuttering.

“N-n-no. N-no.” He shook his head.

“Now, now, don’t be rude, Charlie,” Fane said, shoving him into the alley on the right.

Aar leaned against the wall, his face lit up upon seeing the fat man.

“Charlie ol’ boy, how ye been, ye fat oaf you?” Aar grabbed the man’s head and threw it into the brick wall.

“Easy mate,” Fane said, **“easy, ol’ boy.”**

The man was struggling to stand with one hand on the wall.

“I think I see some blood, Charlie. How’d that happen ‘ol pal?” Fane asked. He grabbed his nose and twisted it.

“Nose alright, chap?” Aar shoved The fat man’s head into the wall again. The man shouted in pain.

“Fuck mate, watch out for that wall. That’s twice now. Haven’t been drinking this early? Have you, mate?”

Fane grabbed the man’s wallet.

“Say Charlie, do you have the time?”

The fat man began sobbing. Aar kicked him in the balls and braced to hold him up.

“Charlie’s getting tired,” Fane said. He pulled out a twenty and three singles from the wallet and shoved it into his back pocket. He looked back out of the alley and saw Line dancing, jumping off a fire hydrant, and kicking his legs. A crowd had formed around him, oblivious to Fane and Aar’s encounter.

“Charlie, we’re missin’ the show!” Fane said, unlatching the man’s watch.

“Please stop.” The fat man sobbed.

“You seem rather pathetic today, Charlie.” Fane snatched the man’s glasses off his face. He looked close to them and saw bite marks on them.

“Ye fat fuck ye, Charlie! Chewin’ on your specs.” He laughed.

“As-fuckin’-if you weren’t fat enough; chew on anything in reach, do ye?”

Fane threw the glasses into the air; they hit the wall and fell back down, breaking one of the lens.

“Oh no, Charlie’s glasses,” Aar said.

“You’ve got to be more careful, mate.” Aar ran down the alley and kicked the glasses towards Fane. They skidded over, bent and twisted.

“Here they are Charlie. They’re not too badly damaged, see?” Fane said, as he picked up the glasses and placed the mangled frames on the man’s face. He tugged on the man’s lips. The fat man opened his mouth and Fane pulled back.

“Now, now, mate! Don’t eat your friends!”

“Charlie, watch out!” Aar said. He put his hand on the man’s face and threw it into the wall again. His face smashed against the wall with a thud, but this time Aar held him. Aar’s expression dropped to a frown.

“Charlie, ye look distraught, mate.” He slowly prodded his finger into the fat man’s eye.

“I know why, mate!” Fane said, assuring him, shaking his head up and down.

“Charlie boy’s hungry.”

“Oooh, poor fellow’s hungry, is he?” Aar looked to the ground for any food.

“Ah!” He reached in Fane’s pocket and pulled out the pack of smokes, took out the remaining two and handed the box to Fane.

“A paper box! Yes mate. Charlie’s got quite a fancy indeed for paper boxes,” He opened Charlie’s mouth and shoved it in, then grabbed his jaw and forehead and began forcing them up and down. The fat man was sweating and bleeding aplenty. The brick wall’s imprint wore onto his forehead.

“Mung..grah..Mmm...nahr...mm..nn. That a boy, Charlie. Chewed enough, have you?” He tilted Charlie’s head back and rubbed his throat.

“Swallow mate. Down the tubes. Yea’ bro, there ye go.”

“Sorry ol’ boy, but must be off,” Aar said and smashed the man’s head into the wall a final time. The fat man collapsed.

“Looks like you’re havin’ an off day, mate. That’s all I’m saying.” Fane looked to Aar.

“That’s all I’m saying. It’s a bad day, is all.”

“Woke up on the wrong side of the bed, mayhap.” Aar said.

“Yea, that’s it.” Fane pulled the fly of his pants down.

“This should help that box go down, Charlie,” he said while pissing on the man’s face.

“There ye go, Charlie. Nice ‘ol drink for ye.”

“Gonna’ be off now, Charlie. We’ll be missing ye mate. And you’ll miss us?” Aar asked.

“C’mon Charlie, don’t be rude,” Fane said. The man’s body limp lay with blood secreting. He put his foot on Charlie’s cheek and moved it around.

“Bye Fane. Bye Aar. Have a good one.”

Aar laughed.

“You too, Charlie, you too.”

Fane and Aar caught up with Line down the street walkway. The audience had just dispersed, the show having ended.

“How much you make, Line?” Aar asked.

“I made...,” Line sorted the change in his palm.

“8 quarters, 3 dimes, 2 nickels, and 12 pennies.”

“Nice work, boy,” Aar said.

“What about you guys?” Line asked.

“A crisp twenty and a golden watch,” Fane said. He raised the watch, letting it catch the sunrays. It sparkled and shined, taking Line by hypnotism.

“Let me see it,” Line said, smiling wide. His eyes fixed on the mountain of gold. He was swaying, crossing his eyes, focusing on the watch.

“I don’t know, mate. It’s fuckin’ bad luck to place such a fine strap of quality in the hands of a youth such as yourself.”

Line spat in Fane’s face.

“I spit on your reason, and I take me prize,” Line snatched the watch and ran across the street.

“Don’t hurt him,” Aar pleaded.

Fane squinted at Aar.

“You’re getting weak.”

Line was flapping his arms wildly. His run was clumsy and spirited by excitement. His tongue hung out his mouth, licking his lips side to side. His eyes were shining open and his chest pushed far out. Fane was in a fast paced run, hurtling over benches and bags of trash. Line turned a corner and Fane rushed to close the gap.

A clash resulted on the other side of the wall, as Line flew into a woman. She dropped her purse and gasped. Line had been used to shaking off such a haze. He snatched her purse and the gold watch, which he had dropped on the ground, and sped off.

Fane turned the corner. He saw Line limping away with a run. He kept the chase and jumped over the woman, kicking her in the head on the way. She screeched and flailed her arms. Fane caught up to Line and pulled him down a backstreet.

"Watcha' got little brother," he asked, the chase forgotten.

"Worthless fuckin' cunt, she has shit for cash!" Fane said.

"What you expect from old bags like that," Line asked.

"More than nickels and dimes, for fuck sake." Aar spun around the corner, his hands in his pockets, smoking a clove cigarette.

"Where ye get that?" Line asked.

"Never you mind, mate. Now listen here. Fuck these peasants, let's do this proper." Aar blew a stream of smoke.

"How's that?" Fane asked.

"What we need, boys..." Aar took a drag, "is a job 'felcher."

"What's that?"

"It's a cunt to get us jobs, and it pays proper. No petty shit like that old cow you knocked down."

"And how you suppose we find such a cunt?" Fane asked.

"We look. There's a carnival, I just saw an advert. Place like that will have all sorts of persons."

"I haven't seen no adverts. You're makin' this up."

Aar cracked a smile and unfolded a paper from his pocket.

"The fuck?" Fane snatched it, scanning it with his eyes.

"What's it say?" Line asked.

"Says little boys suck cock and get fucked up the ass, lookin' forward?" Fane laughed.

"Fuck you," Line said. He blew the snot from his nose at Fane. It hung out in a string. Fane slapped Line, smearing the snot on his cheek. Line lunged at Fane, rubbing his face on his shirt and pants. Fane grabbed Line's arms behind his back.

"How many cocks you suckin' at this festival?" Fane asked. Line screeched in pain. Fane shoved the flyer in Line's face.

"Here, why don't you read it to us?" Line looked down at the ground.

"Oh, that's right, you can't read, you're illiterate. You're like the niggers with their paint buckets."

"I am not." "Are too."

Fane took a handful of dirt and rubbed it on Line's face.

"Look, your skin's even turning shit color. Fucking be calling you the boy with the pigmentation problem."

Aar flicked the clove to the street.

"Enough," He said, splitting the two apart.

"Line's handicap isn't his fault and **shan't** be laughed at, not by us.

"I'm not a **handicapped'**," Line whined.

"Cripple of sorts," Fane said.

"What's so important about reading anyhow," Line asked. "If someone has something to tell me, well, **they can tell it straight to me.**"

"No." Fane said flatly.

"You'll learn. I don't give a shit how crippled you are or what your notion of reading is.

Line frowned, "Bullocks, fuck reading."

"No." Fane said.

"**Fuck** cripples."

"So what's it really say?" Line asked, sounding a bit ashamed.

"It says...", started Fane, his grin rising.

Aar took the paper and began reading.

"Ranzen International Carnival: Ferris wheel, bumper slots, ring toss, darts, house of mirrors, black abyss, Bruno the Clown, The Astonishing Lorip, Dessa - girl of no bones, and more. Ten in the morn, till ten in the eve. Food, clothing, accessories, shows, merchants, games, dancing, and swimming. Live music from DJ T'roat Cuther. Family, couple, and single entertainment. Purchase tickets at Ranzen City Hall, twenty a head, thirty for two. Do not bring alcohol, weapons, or illegal substances." Aar looked up.

"That's it."

"Well, when is the fuckin' thing?" Fane asked.

"Monday to Friday, all week. I don't **know what day today is though.**"

"Oh," Line said, reaching in his pocket and pulling out the golden watch.

"Today's October 9th. Twelve...Fifteen." He grinned at Fane.

"Then let's go tonight," Fane said.

"Fuckin' right **we will.**" Aar looked to Line.

"You might want to separate from us while we look for our..."

"Special cunt," Fane added with a smirk.