

A Torn Mind Adventure

Fappo the Clown: Ice Cream Treat

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi
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It was a morning full of light in Manhattan. A manhole cover gave off a stream of smoke. The iron cover bobbed up a finger's length, two eyes peered out of the blackness. The cover lifted, scraping the asphalt as it was pushed to the side. A hand in a white glove reached up from the hole with outstretched fingers. Planting down the palm, another white glove came out of the dark. Lifting himself up, a man in a clown outfit appeared.

Fappo lifted the manhole cover back over the sewer hole, kicking it flush, and planted his heel down in crimson-red work boots to walk. He wore baggy, red pants with red suspenders and a tight, white shirt with red buttons. His face and neck were pure white. On his head, his matching crimson-red hair was in a fanned Mohawk. His mouth was gnarled in a sneer, and two, limp cigarettes hung out his lips. He shoved his white, gloved hands in deep pockets, slapping his clown penis against his leg as he walked. The great, red boots he wore echoed his march on the gravel.

Ahead of him in the street was a large ice cream truck. The vendor was handing out ice cream and receiving money from the children gathered by. Fappo walked toward it.

"Look, a clown!" One of the children said.

Fappo ignored the children and boarded the ice cream truck to the vendor's surprise. Fappo's snarl remained on his face. Puffing on the two, limp cigarettes, he grabbed the vendor's collar and yanked him down to the floor.

"What...Who are you?" The vendor said.

Fappo said nothing and dragged him to the back of the ice cream truck. The children couldn't see inside; they talked loudly, waiting for their ice cream. Fappo bent down to the vendor, took out the two cigarettes, and breathed out smoke in the man's face. The vendor coughed.

"I have license. Get off truck, now." He said in broken English.

Fappo sat on his feet, holding onto the man's collar and placed the two cigarettes back into his mouth. Fappo raised his eyebrows in amazement. He reached behind the man's ear, as if to pull out a quarter and pulled out a black garbage bag. He opened it and snagged it over the man's forehead, drawing it tight. The cigarettes dropped from his mouth as he yanked hard. The vendor tried to fight, but his arms were at poor angles and his punches were mere slaps. Fappo slugged his right, gloved fist into the man's stomach and went back to pulling the bag tight. The man gasped for air. Fappo grabbed and twisted the man's head firmly. The neck cracked and hung loose. He pulled the black bag off the vendor's face and crumpled it down his red pants. He picked up the two cigarettes and put them back in his mouth. The sound of children whining caught a glimmer in his eye.

Fappo stood up and walked over to a cardboard box with plastic bags sticking out. Inside he found ice cream cones and took two of them over to the soft serve ice cream machine. He pumped his clown penis with his hand, which he then slapped against the truck's wall panel. He pressed the lever of the machine and out snaked the strawberry ice cream. Filling both halfway, he reached down his pants, over a suspender strap, and pulled out a small tin case. He popped it open with his thumb. Inside were two shining stacks of greased-up, slick razor blades. Picking them up, he slid them off each other and placed three into each mound of strawberry. He closed the tin box and placed it back down his pants. Walking back to the machine, he filled the cones with another swirl in each. He walked over to the counter with the children waiting outside. His snarl still intact, he held them in each hand. The cigarettes had burned down to the filters.

He looked to the children and slowly his sneer loosened and the corners of his mouth climbed up. He let the cigarettes drop out of his mouth onto the asphalt street and with a wide, upturned smile; he presented the cones to the children.

“I said ‘I want chocolate’, you stupid clown.” A child said.

Fappo’s smile didn’t move a sliver; instead it grew wider and more upturned. He pushed the cones out farther.

“Fine. Here.” A child held out a dollar to the clown.

Fappo continued smiling and gave a snap of a nod to the children. They grabbed the cones greedily. Fappo immediately stepped down the stairs of the ice cream truck and shoved his hands deep down his pants. He pulled out two cigarettes and placed them in his mouth. His snarl of a sneer resumed on his face as he walked away from the truck and down an alley. He grabbed his clown penis, yanking on it. In his back pocket hung out multicolor, unraveled condoms.

He turned left down another side street of the alley and walked up to a man lying on a pile of plump garbage bags. Fappo stopped at the man and looked to him. He stuck his hands in his pants and took out a spray bottle with a polluted liquid. He sprayed it in the man’s face and the man shot awake with a startle.

“What do ya want?” The bum said.

Fappo took one of the condoms from his back pocket and stretched it out with a snap. He let the cigarettes drop from his mouth to the ground and blew into the condom. Exhaling his breath, the condom filled with air in a horizontal shape. The bum started laughing, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“And I think I’m nuts!” The bum said.

Fappo's devious smile returned as his hands worked in a fast pace, stretching and pulling the condom and flipping it into place. He started wrapping it in quick successions and revealed the final product – a crown made from a condom. The bum laughed, putting it on his head, grinning. Fappo took a rag from his back pocket and tied a blindfold onto the bum. Fappo reached deep in his pants – by his ankles. He pulled out a wooden mallet with black tape around the hilt. The blunt side was as big as Fappo's outstretched hand. He put a finger to his lips.

"Shhh," Fappo said, looking down both sides of the alley.

Fappo ducked his head towards the man's face and raised his eyebrows.

"Open your mouth," Fappo whispered.

The bum winced and slowly opened his mouth, moving around, confused. Fappo swung back, jumped up, and drove the mallet down into the man's head. The bum bit his tongue, blood splattered out. Sounds of pain from the back of the man's throat rang out. Fappo swung the mallet again, driving it downwards. Pounding it down again, he swung it at the man's forehead. Again. Again. The bum's face had contorted and blood splattered Fappo and the garbage bags around them.

Fappo shoved the blood-riddled mallet back into his pants by his ankle and picked up the two cigarettes. Fappo's eyes darted side to side and lowered the man's body against the wall, hiding him between garbage bags, sitting with his back against the wall. The blindfold on the man slipped off, revealing eyes that were sticking out of the sockets. Blood was pouring down his face like a heavy rainfall. Fappo unzipped the fly of his pants and out came his clown penis: white with two red eyes, black swished pupils, and a devouring, red smile.

"Hello, boy. Have some action for ya," he said to his clown penis, shaking it.

Fappo lifted his limp friend into the bum's mouth. The man's eyes were twisted and mismatched. Blood dripped onto the clown penis, sliding down both sides. Fappo puffed away on the two cigarettes. His gnarled sneer intact, he pumped back and forth in the alleyway, ramming his clown penis down the man's throat. He squeezed the bum's lips together and pumped. As the cigarettes burned down, Fappo pulled out his clown penis and shot his marshmallow liquid onto the man's twisted face, covering the blood in his clown cum.

Fappo shoved his clown penis back in his pants and zipped up the fly. He extinguished the cigarettes in each of the bum's eyes. They sizzled and oozed white matter. He reached in his pants and pulled out two more cigarettes, popping them in his gnarled mouth. He shoved his white, gloved hands into his pockets and marched away. Children screams echoed down the alley's walls to Fappo's ears. He paused in his walk, savoring the frightened screams, and continued on.