

“Jim Jimbim”

by KB

disassociated rambled intr.

there were lands, that relied n beliwalking the Faerylands. he came across place. I am a cleanly fairy, yet they ef, known as faerylands.

Jim a tears fell as clacrying damsel. the damsel's nkingAll fairies must serve chrystals. looked up and said, "I drop blessings in the night on a household full of slobs. It is a filthy leave bread. I am bound to a hou

Jim Jimbim kneelJimbim was ed down and said, "Why do you cry?

The damsel sehold ultimately just yet contrary to my nature."

So Jim Jimbim said, "All fairies swalked on. He came to a tall man wearing a top hat and smoking a pipe. The man was surrounded hould evolve into the aspects of their masters." The damsel and her tearhousehold do you s vanished.

Jim Jimbim by listenerrich intellectual skeptic, forcibly s. He was impressing them all by disproving things.

Jim Jimbim approachedcould only say, "No household the man and said, "What drop blessings upon?"

The man , for blessings are rubbish." He could say no more because he had ev of everything around him, the man said, "What proof have I of faeries? Faeries are rubbish." Unknowingly doubting his own existence and olved into the shape of a freeing himself from his master.

Jim Jimbim said, " a household."

The man the existenceand the Faerylands vanished.

Who stole my damned penny?

breaking glass

All you need to know is, fragile as reality has always been, this is *real*.

fields of poo

A Virginia boy of eleven named Tom went for a walk one day. He whistled a tune in his head and pushed his hands through his pockets. He shivered a little bit. It was December, after all, and he hadn't worn his hat or gloves. He liked the cold. Made him feel alive.

Tom lived near a farm. His walk took him skipping through open grass wet with frozen dew. If he kept moving, he felt as alive and not as cold. He loved skipping through farmland. The sun looked pretty in the sky, through the pink clouds. One of his pockets felt warm and sticky.

Tom pulled his hand out of his pocket. Chocolate. He was always putting candy in his pockets. He always forgot to eat the candy later. Tom licked chocolate off his fingers.

And Tom skipped and felt marvelous. He felt the kind of high associated with the Rocky Mountains. He wanted to smile and laugh at nothing at all. And his black tennis shoe landed in warmth, squishy and brown.

Tom filled a lung with sweet air, sucking through his little chapped lips. *Breathe with your mouth so you can't smell it*, he told himself. Indeed Tom could not smell. He could only taste.

Fecal matter does not have the power to break Virginia boys like Tom. Virginia boys are made of happier, sturdier stuff. Tom's mood remained jovial as before, shifting only a little toward curiosity. He had never seen any cows grazing these fields.

Tom skipped and whistled on, and licked away the last of the chocolate clinging to his fingers. Perhaps he would visit the brick house at the bottom of the hill. The chimney was smoking. Boys of eleven are welcomed guests in any house, and a smoking chimney means warmth.

So Tom found himself carefree stepping across the cobblestone path leading to brick steps. So Tom stepped up the steps. He knocked twice with his freezing, saliva-coated fist. Then once more with the large bronze doorknocker. Nervously (for why shouldn't Tom be nervous when meeting strangers?), he ran the cold hand through his short black curls. Some of his spit rubbed off.

Tom waited. He rang the doorbell. Much time elapsed between the ding and the dong.

When the door opened, Tom took a single step back. He was standing on the edge. Of the steps.

"Well hello there," said a cracked voice. "Don't get too many visitors these days. You want to come in, boy?"

"Sure," said Tom. He liked the old man's look.

It was warm inside. Tom closed the door behind him. He stood beside the door. He watched the old man settle into a couch.

"I'm Tom," said Tom.

"I'm Mr. Apple," said the old man. "Why don't you have a seat?"

Tom shook his head. "I only want to talk for a minute. Where are your cows, Mr. Apple?"

The old man massaged the back of his neck with his old fingers, then collapsed across his old couch. He had his boots on. He crossed them at the ankles.

Tom said, "Did you hear me, Mr. Apple?"

"Yeah boy, I heard you. Thing is, we don't got no cows here. Haven't since I was tall as you, and even then they was scarce."

Tom said, "Then what do you... Um. What makes you a farmer?"

Mr. Apple laughed softly. He said, "Corn, peach pigs, suspenders, and under-appreciation."

Tom wondered if Mr. Apple was having problems with his sense of smell. Something stank. Probably the poop on the bottom of his shoe.

Tom was also wondering what a peach pig could be. He said, "I've never seen a peach pig before."

Mr. Apple sat right up in his chair. His blue bug eyes got real big, he slapped his jeans with his palms, and he said, "Boy, you're in for a treat. Come on around back with me and I'll learn you something. Ain't never seen a peach pig!"

Tom walked out the front door and waited for Mr. Apple. He followed the old man around the house. He wondered if he really was in for a treat. If only he hadn't let his candy bar melt, he could be sure.

Mr. Apple came to a giant of a mammal, a mockery of nature, a curse upon the eyes. Tom felt good about the fence surrounding the thing. He wondered if there could be any creature as ugly as the peach pig.

"This here's Herman," said Mr. Apple. "Herman's nesting right now, so we don't have him pinned up with the other peach pigs."

The enormous pink ball appeared to be sitting, with four slender limbs extending from its front like toothpicks in a burger. A small coiling tail jutted out from under it, occasionally slapping against the bottom of its back. Herman had a head like a pig that looked always up, at least while he was sitting. He smelled like fifty of Tom's shoe. Little pigeon wings flapped, aimlessly or vainly, near the top of his back.

Tom said, "Who ever heard of pigs that nest? Mammals don't nest. And if they did, it would be the woman pushing the eggs."

Mr. Apple just smiled, put his hand on his waste, and said, "I reckon you're a sexist and a scientist, huh? Herman's a him and he wants eggs."

"And who ever heard of a pig with wings?" Tom said.

Mr. Apple kept his smile. "Pigs need wings, these days. People always chasing the poor critters for bacon burgers and pork chops. And you should see the other peach pigs when one of them is in heat. Couldn't keep their paws off poor Herman here. It's a crying shame his wings never came in right."

Tom had nothing to say to that. Instead of talking, he shut his eyes tight. His face started shaking and turning red. Snot dripped from his nostrils. His black curls stood straight.

Mr. Apple grabbed Tom by the shoulder. He said, "Stop that, boy, stop that! You'll hurt yourself. Quit it, boy, you don't look right. Come on boy, come on. Stop that!"

Tom fell too heavy and swift for old Mr. Apple to catch. While he was laying there, in the dirt, a little green man crawled out one of his nostrils.

"Jim Jimbim!" shouted the little green man. He turned to face Herman, crouched low on Tom's chin, then went soaring over a fence. He jumped once more, this time entering pink skin. Herman's wings grew and grew, flapped and flapped, and Herman flew away.

### morble in my sink

There is a town in Texas called Tepid. A scientist known as Milo Schtunk, the sort of scientist to wear a white lab coat, grow frizzy hair, and sit spectacles on a bulbous nose, used to live in Tepid. One day he just up and decided to move.

Milo lives in the forest now. He spends his days flipping through dusty books, scrawling himself frantic notes, sketching leaves, and recording the sounds of nature. He has no plan. He survives on nuts and berries and creek water. He fancies himself a pioneer. His is solving life's mysteries. Scientifically, of course.

Milo doesn't want to share his research with anyone. Knowledge for knowledge's sake. Anyway, it would just go to waste, out there. He is much safer now. Happy, sometimes.

The trouble started in Tepid. Back when Milo used to have a genuine laboratory and a paying job. His hunger for understanding, understanding of everything, had catapulted him straight into renowned intellectual circles. Upon graduating from college, he had no trouble at all finding a place for himself. What was more, as time passed, he earned enough of a reputation to get a government grant. The government would *pay* him to do the research he lived for!

Milo Schtunk had a house, a wife, and a pretty car. When he lived in Tepid. He came home early one day and found his wife smiling at him from the kitchen. She made an announcement.

Milo leaped for joy. He wasn't sure he would make a good father, but he would sure try. He hoped to raise a child possessing his wife's intelligence and his own good looks. His wife insisted things should go the other way. Dinner was pleasant that night.

Work was harder and more rewarding than ever during Milo's wife's developing pregnancy. He read books on naming babes and being a positive role model in his spare time. He was always dreaming about the good times to come and the life that was to be extinguished.

It was around this time that the local news began reporting cow mutilations. Farmers were outraged. Milo didn't enjoy thinking about such morbid things, except that he was curious. Cow mutilations could have been happening for years in other parts of Texas for all Milo knew. They were a new occurrence in Tepid. He took a special interest in the matter.

The  
cows were  
being mutilated  
in a most unusual manner.

Large holes were being ripped into utters. Four four-toe claw marks pierced the sides of the cows. That was the extent of the bovine abuse.

Tepid farmers were furious and wanted something done, damn it! Many families took to guarding their cows in shifts. Mini militias hunted the infamous cow killer. This lessened the quantity of mutilations. It also led to two eyewitness reports of "some strange shrinking creature."

Mutilations had really slowed down by the time Milo's wife had given birth to a daughter. Milo loved his little girl. She was a good girl. You could tell she would grow up and be beautiful and manipulate legions of boyfriends to attend her every whim.

On a Tuesday when Milo was working, a miniature creature with four talon toes on each of its four feet crawled out of the Schtunk family kitchen faucet. The creature grew and grew as it hopped over the Schtunk family kitchen sink and onto the Schtunk family kitchen tiles. It left the Schtunk family kitchen in search of milk.

Milo's wife was feeding her baby.

"Morble! Morble!" shouted the growing creature. Mistaking the baby for a competitor, things happened. a scene of dead babe and mutilated breasts. That night, Milo came home to quite a sight.

Milo doesn't want a wife or a car. Not in a world where morbles are around to cause trouble.

Now something lives inside of Milo, seeing what Milo sees. Milo has become the unwitting host of Jim Jimbim.

### sandy origins

It is possible, while swimming the Atlantic, to come upon an island. The island is not really part of the Atlantic, and once it is reached, one cannot swim elsewhere. Water, then blackness, surrounds the place. To leave, one must walk along the red beach until coming to a long, narrow point. One must kneel down at the very tip of the point, at the spot where sand is wet but not submerged, and one must dig. Whatever home is sought is reached in this way.

Some say Jim Jimbim comes from this place.

One wonders.

### our heart the cheshire cat

A mouse landed on the window. A mouse. Landed on the window. It stuck because it had sticky paws.

Little Sara and little Mike were sitting on a couch watching television when they heard a clunk! behind them. It wasn't a loud clunk. They almost didn't hear it over the Walker: Texas Ranger theme song.

Little Mike was the first to turn around and peak over the top of the couch. He had never liked the window behind the couch. It put a glare on the television.

The mouse made frantic squeaking sounds. Mike said, "Wow..." Little Sara started to turn because she wanted to see too.

Little Mike and little Sara suddenly had big eyes. Both said, "Mom!"

Mom was cooking and talking on the phone. She didn't answer her children. Her meatballs would be killer. The pasta was almost ready.

Brother and sister tap-tapped on the glass of the window with their meek fingertips. The mouse didn't fall. They thought it might be fun to go outside and investigate.

At about the time Mike was opening the door, Ozball, the family cat, was stretching his paws in waking on the living room couch. He saw the mouse sticking to the window. He thought it might be fun to investigate the matter further, along with his two young masters.

So Ozball, Mike, and Sara stared up at the sticky mouse on their living room window. They stood in the middle of a damp patch of grass, as it had rained last night. That made the moment a rare one for Sara, since she usually stayed inside when it was humid, claiming she didn't like the smell.

Mike was the first to talk to the mouse. "What are you doing there, little fellow?"

The mouse said, "Sticking, you damned idiot."

Sara said, "You really shouldn't talk to my brother that way." She was the only one present not taken a little aback by the mouse's words. Even Ozball thought it a little odd that a mouse would talk.

The mouse said, "I'm sorry, please forgive me. I'm understandably irritable, being stuck to a window and all."

Mike said, "How did it happen?"

The mouse said, "I was thrown by my mother for not studying verse. She's a poet, my mother. Could one of you please come over here and help me down?"

Ozball's fur raised up real high, he crouched real low, and he hissed like a sewer rat. Ozball was usually a very well behaved cat.

The mouse said, "Quick! Before that crazy cat eats me!"

Mike started to grab the mouse while Sara protested the insult to her cat. You could hardly blame the mouse though, after all, being a mouse dangling in front of a furious feline. If Sara was a mouse, she might have reacted the very same way.

Only, as Mike's hand touched the mouse's back, something kind of unusual happened. The figure of the mouse metamorphosed into a large mouth with thousands of jagged teeth. The mouth managed to get one of Mike's fingers before he retreated too far.

The mouth, having the ability to fly, would have caused much more damage if not for agile Ozball's tackling, clawing, and biting the thing. Under Ozball's paws, the mouth became again a mouse. The cat didn't eat anything else that night.

"It's time to eat, kids!" yelled Mom from the kitchen, into an empty living room. At that time, she was a host of Jim Jimbim.

### eat my crabs

Elaine and Cosmo Smith were perfect for each other. He was her tall, dark, and handsome. Her knight in shining armor. She was his buxom blonde damsel in distress. They were joined at the hip from the time they first partnered. Neither would ever dream of leaving the other. All of their friends could see it. Elaine and Cosmo *belonged*.

One fine Friday, Cosmo came home from work at around 6:15, kicked his feet up on the living room coach, flipped his shoes off, and clicked on the television. An Old Bay smell filled the house.

"Dinner's almost ready, dear," said Elaine, peaking out from the kitchen.

"Fine honey," said Cosmo. "And honey, I've decided to become a vegetarian."

"What?"

"I had a talk with a fine young fellow at work today. He converted me. You know, it really is cruel what they do to those animals. Knockers, do you know what they are?" Cosmo shook his head in disgust.

Elaine's voice rose a bit as she continued shouting from the kitchen. "Breasts, dear. And animals are animals! We're people. We're supposed to eat animals."

"No, honey. I'm quite sure meat is murder."

Elaine looked at the big plate of crabs she had been slaving so long to prepare. Nice, juicy, seasoned blue crabs. The best the Chesapeake Bay had to offer. Dead in the plate, begging to be eaten. The product of so much labor, *her* labor. Cosmo couldn't even at least try a little of this

great banquet she had prepared? He couldn't even have a little? He's decided to become a vegetarian.

"Well if you're going to stop eating meat, I think I'll stop being a wife." And Elaine stormed out of the house, not to be seen by Cosmo again, except during the proceedings of their divorce. Cosmo heard a door slam. He said, "Huh?"

One of the seasoned crabs pushed with its skinny white legs. It projected itself through the kitchen window. The crab landed in a well-mowed lawn. From there, it crawled off into the sunset.

Jim Jimbim has a soft spot for sea creatures. Sometimes.

### run, pink elephants, run

Remember that elephant with the really big ears? Dumbo the flying elephant, Dumbo the child of a vengeful mother, Dumbo our hero for being the underdog. Remember that guy? He was great. Turned me on to Disney forever.

I don't know how I feel about Dumbo's mentor. That little mouse... What was his name? Some mice you can trust, I guess. The crows were cool. Groovy like nobody's business with that song about never having seen an elephant fly.

Anyway, I was talking to Dumbo the other day and I asked him, "Can I ride on your back?" You know what he says? "Who the hell are you?" he says, then he flies off. Artists are all jerks, I guess.

I'm Jim, here to set things straight. So here's the scoop. The real deal. My story. Fact over fiction. The honest truth, honest!

First rumor I'd like to kick, I was never a junkie. True, I was a prostitute, a really long time ago and they liked prostitutes where that happened.

Second rumor, there really aren't any rumors. Who's heard of me? Have you? No. I'm a memory that fades. I'm ambrosia Chinese food. You eat me, get all filled up with divinity, then feel empty and insignificant again in an hour.

Motive. What's that? Look out for black ice on hot days.

Luv u bi.