

## Dave Did Dallas

A fart thundered like a herd of bison charging across a prairie. He rolled across the tangled wreck of a bed and a languid arm flopped over the edge, from a powerful fist an index finger extended itself. Window ajar a nearby seagull started an ungodly cawing, which rose in pitch and intensity as its neighbours joined in.

A bass rumble sounded from the bedclothes and he rolled onto his back revealing a mountainous torso, less firm than his arms and legs. The once proud chest heaved rhythmically, lit by the shards of sunlight that poured through the curtain-less window.

Meem mee meemp meem mee meemp!

With one movement a powerful arm swung into the pile of books, a makeshift bedside table, silencing the alarm and scattering a large selection of pills across the floor.

“Fuuurcck”.... The man grumbled, lamenting his waking. He let out a sigh and prepared to move, biting his dry lips to moisten his furred tongue. With a great effort he brought himself to sit and then stand before padding off into the kitchen.

The front door slammed, taller now because his body was awake he walked big strides to the waiting car - adjusting a fading brown suit he flopped into the back seat scratching to fasten his final button. He laboured up the steps of the hotel and pushed through the door.

‘Alright Dave’

‘P C’, the man grunted in reply.

“They’ll be here in about twenty minutes. Everyone else is in t’other room....” P C tailed off. ‘You alright then Dave? Got everything sorted for the sit down?’ He wasn’t listening. P C was the younger of the two men, better looking too.

“Down there then is ‘im?’” He brushed past and entered the room making a beeline for the drinks tray.

He took a seat and listened to ‘chit-chat’. The usual stuff; fishing quotas, the weather the old boys’ gossip, from time to time reaching for another glass of bucks fizz or to unsettle a young waitress with a long stare. Before long they were collected in a smaller room listening to the hushed tones of the registrar. He listened to the proclamations and solemn promises whilst glaring out of the window.

He gazed to the harbour trying to pick boats he knew, wringing his thick fingers so tough they looked like they were made of leather.

In no time the ceremony was completed and they were drinking again. He collected a plate of food from the buffet in the function room, then another before claiming a third and a stool at the bar. More guests joined the party. He stood silently at the bar, cramming large amounts of ham into his mouth, nodding hellos, still drinking.

“Get us another BMW then love – no rush!”, he gestured to the girl, already serving at the far end of the bar.

“We’re doing speeches shortly Dave”, it was P C.

“Be there dreckly” He replied. Grasping the cocktail from the girl he sunk it, remained where he was and gestured for another one. Eventually he followed P C up to the top table. They sat down and he reached for a bottle of red wine, re-filling his glass he listened to P C’s speech.

The applause subsided and he rose (swaying, but not noticeably) to his feet. It was time to deliver his piece, or he thought, forever hold his peace.

“Well”, he begun. “I’ve known this fella John ‘ere for a long time, and in all that time I can honestly say that he has got to be the most boring sod I ever met.” The crowd laughed, warming to his sardonic tone.

“No seriously, a finer man I have yet to meet. I’m telling truth ‘ere as he’s been my skipper for some 25 year, so I should know what he likes, one thing I know he likes is a bit of Cod....but...I had no idea he’d be marrying one.”

Shrieks from the women in the audience chorused with guttural laughing from the men.

“Since John...or the groom as I ought to call him today....since the groom has made the decision to marry the lovely Dallas here, what he met on the t’interjet from America, I believe that he, and everyone of you here today was to know the truth.”

“Oooooooh.....” the crowd responded. The groom rolled his eyes and mockingly threw up his hands.

“And that is that...(a seagull shrieked outside)....well me and Dallas here... erm.... me and ‘er well fair truth be told.... me and ‘er have been at it since she got here.”

The crowd and the groom erupted in laughter...He tried but failed to shout them down, the bride was ashen.

“No no no..... please!” He bellowed. “I’m afraid that this is serious.” He turned to the groom raising a tilted hand towards him. “John, I’m .....I’m sorry.” The groom turned to his bride.

The room slowly silenced.

The groom turned his stare from his cowed newly-wed, suddenly rising with alacrity he placed a searing blow on Dave’s chin.

They struggled, the table upended, the two big men grappled amongst the broken plates, wine and smashed glasses, groaning and cursing. Four or five burly guests stepped into the melee and three of them prized him from the groom.

“Get ‘im outside, get ‘im outside,” P C screeched to the trio. Slowly they moved him to the door as he bellowed and kicked out at the groom.

“She’s an oooare.....she’s a bloody oooare!!”

Finally they were outside,

“Right you stay out here you’ve caused enough bother”

He was still swearing at his captors as they shoved him into the car park. He rallied and charged back at them knocking one to the ground. Held by the other two he screamed and struggled, the floored man stood up grabbed him by the ears, took one step back and launched a well-aimed kick to his groin.

“OOOFFF!!” The air was knocked from him, his eyes bulged and he collapsed in a heap.

“Now stay down you ol’sod or we’ll knock ‘ell out of you.” They returned inside.

Dave rolled over clutching his balls and struggling for breath, he couldn’t speak. He pushed on a forearm and dragged himself along the ground edging to a low wall, slowly he drew himself up and there he sat breathing, chin buried in his chest, clutching his balls.

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He had stayed in the house for four days. He had tried using the Internet to order food, but when the Tesco Van had dropped off a brown paper bag at the house all it contained was UHT milk, 4 kilos of potatoes and 6 packets of Colgate. It was useless, no good staying indoors, he’d have to go out sometime or he’d starve. Although he had pulled the phone wire out the night of the wedding, he knew it would not have rung.

Putting some jeans on he grabbed his sweater a battered Barbour and went into the hall. Grabbing his key and wallet he breathed deeply then walked out of the door. The sky was clouded over, the air felt muggy but there would be no rain, he looked towards the west and felt the wind stroke his chin, the fresh air - bliss. It was not the air they’d get trawling out off the Fastnet Rock but it was crisp and salty, he wished he were at sea again. Just John, him and the atlantic, he knew where he was there.

He walked to the shop on the corner of the high street. Stalking around he picked up a few items: butter, milk (full cream), bacon, sausages, eggs, a loaf of bread, two tins of Campbells soup, 3 pairs of marigold gloves, 2 bottles of turpentine, 2 boxes of firelighters, a bottle of Mount Gay Rum, 2 bottles of Bells, a nail clipper, some baby lotion, a box of Kleenex and a copy of The Daily Mail.

“Afternoon Dave, fair day today.” The pathetic fat faced cow perched at the checkout offered. It certainly wasn’t and she didn’t look like she been outside for a few years anyhow, that ferret George probably kept her locked up in the cellar, he hoped so.

“On the account.” He retorted coldly, before sweeping out and across the street into the bookies.

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“I can’t understand it.... I just cannot understand it! Some bloody do though; I mean who’d of thought it? A punch up, best wedding I’ve been to for a ages... more entertainment than I’ve had for long time..... pheeeeuweeee!!!”

Two men were alone at the bar of the Seamen’s mission. A group of the Shipwright bridge players were sitting around a table by the window, overlooking the harbour. The steward stood talking to a rep from the brewery at the cellar door. The older of two men sat smoking a limp roolly; permanently fixed to the corner of his mouth, the other drank from a jug and leant against the bar talking excitedly, occasionally glancing away in an injudicious manner.

“I hope he don’t remember who cracked him one outside.”

“Oh don’t worry about ‘at, he was ‘anging. Pissed right up he were, wouldn’t of remembered a damn thing most likely. No he wouldn’t of recognised he-self.”

“Well what I can’t figure out is why he didn’t say nothing ‘till we was all up the hotel, John forking god knows how much for the do an’ all, what was he thinking about?”

“I mean, if he was putting one through her he should of at least told John beforehand, if he had to at all, and save him dishing out for everything!”

“Well, that’s not all John had to fork out for in the end too.”

“What d’ya mean?”

“Her bloody mother and all the other Seppos, you know the ones what come over for the wedding. You don’t think they just floated over on a magic carpet do you? From what Penny Trevaskis heard from John’s sister, he’d paid for the lot of ‘em”

“You’re joking?... ‘Seppo’?”

“Oh, erm yeah a ‘Seppo’. That’s what the Aussies call the Yanks, picked it up when I were down under.”

“Anyhow, according to Penny he spent six grand just on flights and board for them, and when he went up the hotel to pay the next day he had to pay an extra grand for the damage they’d done... That’s seven grand right there and how much d’you think a reception like ‘at costs?’”

“Bloody hell aaah ho ho ho ho ho ho...fuck-a-bout....aaah he must be some teasey then!”

The two men heaved with laughter.

“What does ‘Seppo’ mean then?”

“Matter do ‘e? I told you, you daft bastard”

“No I heard that, where does it come from?”

“Y’know S..E..P..T..I..C TANK rhymes with.....?”

**“YANK?”**

The voice came from the stairwell to the entrance; it was Dave.

Neither of the two men had noticed the door open or heard Dave walk in. By now he was at the top of the stairs depositing his shopping and taking off his Barbour. His shoulders bristled as he removed the relic and turned slowly to face them.

“Shit the bed!” The younger man observed shrewdly under his breath, both stared at the optics.

Dave walked slowly to the bar, enjoying the suspense, he could nail these clowns to the wall if he wanted, this, was his town.

“Usual please Morley.” He said without looking at the steward, who already held his tankard. The bridge players noted the silence and glanced over from their re-enactment of a classic match. Dave received his drink without removing his gaze from the two men not five feet away; drank thirstily and emptied it in two gulps.

“Another, and a large BMW if you’d be so kind Morley, there’s a grand chap.” He said, popping the ‘P’ sarcastically.

The younger man stood upright, but still, neither looked at Dave. Instead he reached to his pocket for a cigarette, which he lit with an unsteady hand. Dave leant on the bar and cocked his head, examining the pair with an almost quizzical expression.

“There you go” the steward placed the drinks on the bar. “Now, whilst you’re here...”

“**TAAAB!!** And get me some of they nuts an’ all!” He bellowed, shooting the steward a murderous eye.

The nuts duly arrived and the steward skulked from view. Dave opened the packet, poured the nuts into his huge hand then into his mouth. The sound of the nuts crunching filled the small room; only the bridge group leaving made any noise.

“look...err Dave um..” the older man piped up, making eye contact for the first time.

“**Nut?**” Dave spat, interrupting: “D-o...y-o-u...w-a-n-t...o-n-e?” He articulated.

“No, thanks. Look we weren’t...” he continued.

“**Do you?**” Dave demanded the young man.

“Errrrrr...no thanks ma..”

Before he could finish his words the packet of dry roasted crashed against his cheek, sparks flew from his cigarette and he was on the floor. Dave flew at the older man. Lifting him clear off the seat he kicked from under him, he flung him against the wall.

The young man got to his feet and tried to prize Dave’s hand away from the elder one’s throat. As the old man gagged Dave relinquished his grasp and crashed a pointed elbow into the face of the young man who screamed in pain, the old man spotted his chance and ran for the door.

“No you don’t fucking don’t”, Dave groped at his jacket but he couldn’t hold them both. The older man escaped down the stairs and burst through the door. The look on the young man’s face was of sheer terror, cornered there was no way out now. The steward popped his head round the cellar door.

“What’s going on...Dave...what are you doing...not in here for gods sake man!”

“This is my business – shut yer mouth and get back in the hole you little fucking worm”. Dave growled.

“I said, not in ‘ere...”

“DOO EIIITTTT YOU BAAASTARD!!!” Dave screamed. Hurling an ashtray at him, smashing the centenary mirror, knocking it to the ground. The young man made a break for it. Struggling to his feet, still clutching his shattered nose he pushed past Dave and attempted a dive into the stairwell. A sweeping left forearm as powerful as a falling oak scragged him. Pulling him back into his chest like a Gorilla with a baby, Dave whispered in his ear:

“Oh no no...I ain’t finished with you yet... sweetheart, not by a long chalk.” He wheeled him around placing his other hand in across the back of the neck, resting the head in his arm vice on top of the bar.

“Did you think you could talk big now did you? Think you can have a laugh?”

Now he was behind him resting his weight upon him, pressing him against the bar, his nose into the dirty beer cloth. Dave squared himself behind the man, pulling him

further upright, tightening his grip, he had no hope of moving. Dave was twice as heavy as him; he was struggling to breath.

“...and I’m guessing you weren’t planning on bumping into me.”

He pushed his hips hard against the young man’s ass and rotated himself between the tightly clenched buttocks. His breath hot on the young man’s neck, the smell of beer lingered .

“Oh no...noo....please...paleease!!!!” Gagging the young man begged, he could feel something very, very wrong, he knew what was coming.

“Oh no no...hush now...you certainly had plenty to say for yourself t’other night didn’t you...little piss-quick.”

“...you was hoping I didn’t remember. But I’ve got a good memory and your gonna remember this...oh yes you are...my little piss-quick.”

Dave hissed through gritted teeth into his ear flicking the lobe with his tongue.

Breathing through flared nostrils as he lifted him clear off the ground, his head still locked between thick forearms, and over towards the gents toilet. The young man’s legs were working wheels, his arms pinned by the bear grip-useless, he straddled the door-frame madly trying to resist. Dave took a step back and brought his knee crunching into his Coccyx, the young man’s legs collapsed and he felt as his stomach might drop out.

Face first, Dave pushed him through the door into the cubicle and...SLAM, he crashed his face onto the cistern. Dazed now, the young man’s body went limp and he collapsed on top of the toilet. Dave tore down his trousers and pulled him up by his waist onto the bowl, fumbling for his own zip and button.

The young man started to cry, deep sobs emerging from his bossom gurgled with the sputum and blood in his throat.

“Uhaaaa uhaaaaa uhaaaaa baassstaard baaasstaard” he cried.

Dave was frenzied – oblivioius. He located his cock, bent his knees and crouched to its target, jabbing and missing. The young man wriggled and lost Dave’s grip, sliding down between the toilet and the wall. He turned to face his tormentor, looking up pleadingly like a toddler, crying still.

“Don’t... oh please don’t”

Dave laughed out loud.

“Oh ho ho ho....that is beautiful...I almost give a shee....”

The words clotted to an abrupt gurgle. The young man saw a point sticking from his throat, a trickle of blood ran from it.

“P C!”

“That’s Mr. Pork Chop to you ol’buck.” He said, retrieving his knife from the old bastard’s neck.

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