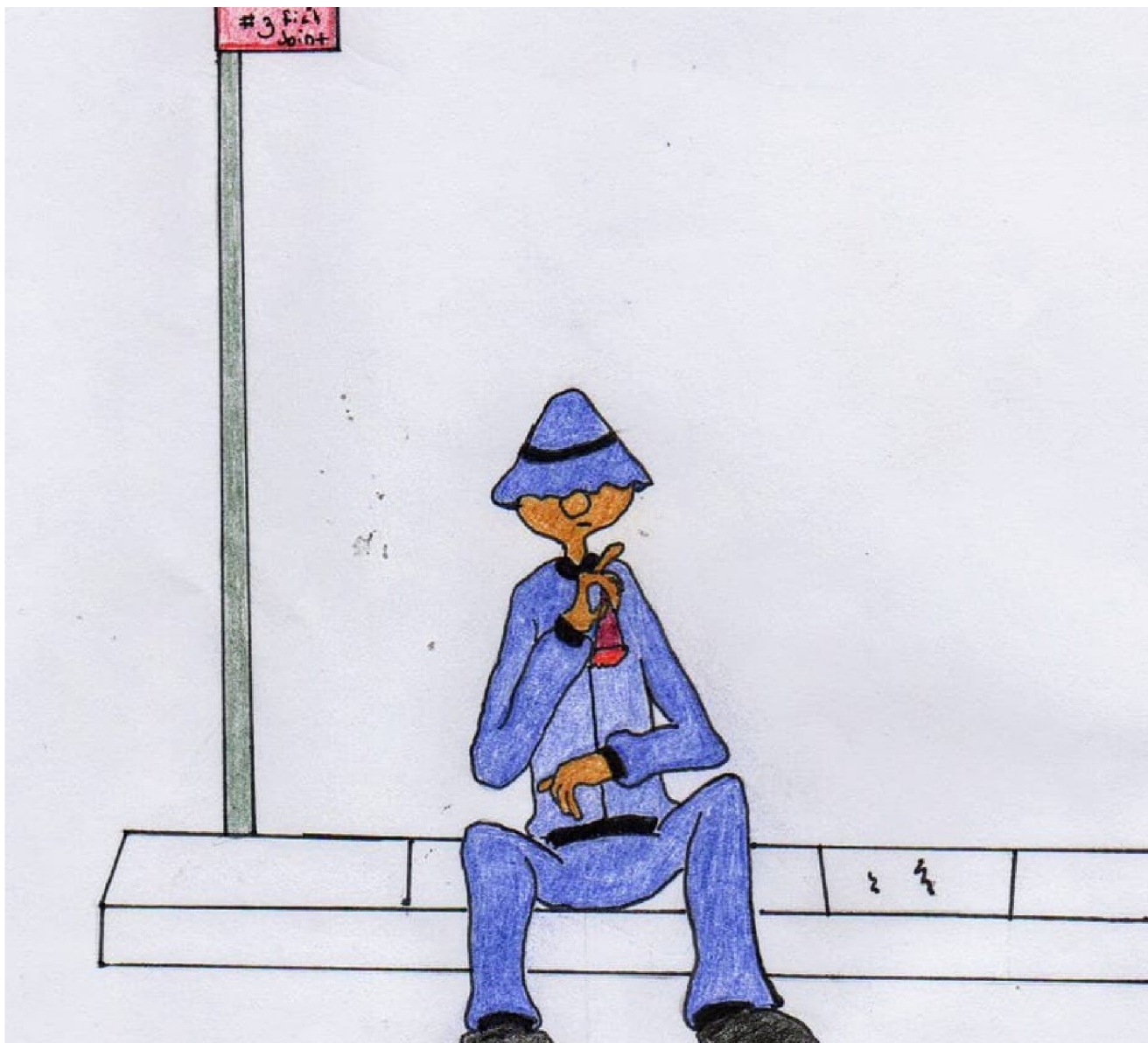


FISH WISHES AND FISH DREAMS



THE STORY OF OLD SKOOL JOE

Our story begins at a small restaurant in the middle of the desert named The Fish Joint. It is a small establishment with only six tables, and a small lunch counter with three bar stools in front of it. Behind the counter top is a rectangular window to a small kitchen where young Ryan “Tubey “ Wilcox is hard at work frying fish and french fries at a frantic pace. Ryan is an average sized man, maybe 5’ 9 or so with short black hair; he wore sleek stylish glasses, his skin slightly tanned from countless hours spent in the kitchen. Ryan wore a white t-shirt, black pants and slip resistant shoes under his white apron and company chef hat. He worked hard to support his fledgling family and took great pride in his work ethic, even if it was simply cooking fish at a shitty restaurant on the outskirts of Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Sitting on a counter behind Ryan was an African-American gentleman about six feet tall, wearing a blue Adidas mesh track suit with black stripes going down the sides and a matching Kangol fisherman style hat. His name is Old School Joe, although he would have you spell it Old Skool Joe, not that he can’t read...he just thinks it looks cool. But I digress. Old Skool Joe is in fact quite old but he has a young looking face which causes people a lot of confusion. No one really knows the actual age of this man, and to save you some headaches as you continue reading we advise that you don’t think too much about these matters, as it will only anger and confuse you.

So Old Skool Joe is sitting on the counter crumbling marijuana buds on to an old magazine resting on his lap. He continued the blunt rolling process as he looked up at Ryan frenziedly moving about the kitchen. Old Skool Joe smiled and asked,

“Yo Tubey! Why the fuck are you working so hard for? Like...who are you even cooking for? Doris and them? Come on man fuck that let’s go do a trash run and smoke this blunt, put all of that shit on simmer or something.”

Ryan paused for a second to look at Old Skool Joe and then let out a subtle sigh

“ I would really like to do a trash run, bud. You know I would, but I have to get this food out. You know how cranky those old ladies get .”

Old Skool Joe stood up from his seat on the counter freshly rolled blunt in hand and proclaimed

“Man don’t worry about that! I know how to handle Doris.”

He waved the blunt around whimsically at Ryan who cracked a smile, then took off his white apron and flung it to the ground as they escaped out the back door leading to a back alley with a large brown trash bin. Large black trash bags lined the wall of the restaurant minus a small gap where two sets of milk crates in stacks of three sat. Old Skool Joe sat on one of the milk crate stacks and lit his cigar while Ryan began throwing trash bags into the bin.

Old Skool Joe blew out a huge cloud of smoke and looked up towards the clear blue afternoon sky. It was autumn in the desert and the air was cool and crisp. The smell of roasted green chilies engulfed the air.

“Damn Tubey it wasn’t always like this. I used to be a fucking headliner! I used to sell out shows. Did you know in 1984 I had the number one selling album in the country? Yeah no bullshit. You’ve never heard the classic album *Old Skool Joe’s in Town*? Not even the gold selling sophomore album *Old Skool Joe’s Back in Town*? Man you young motherfuckers don’t know shit about music. Look that shit up on your phone right now...shit I got to have up to twenty million views at least.”

Ryan threw another bag into the bin and removed his cell phone from his pocket. He pulled up his web browser, typed in the mentioned albums, then grabbed another trash bag.

“Nope says here that Michael Jackson had the number one album. In fact there is no mention of you at all.”

Old Skool Joe stood up and passed the blunt to Ryan

“Man fuck those computers, they don’t know shit! I was on top of the world. I had it all, money, fame. The year was 1984...”

Ryan let out a faint grunt as he deposited another bag.

“Let me stop you there Old School...is this going to be another long story? I really have to get back to work, Doris is gonna be pissed.”

Ryan took another drag of the marijuana filled cigar and passed it to Old Skool Joe , who as he inhaled the smoke proclaimed

” You think I give a fuck about those red hat wearing bitches! I’m Old Skool Joe the man, the myth, the legend! I once sold out Madison Square Garden. They used to chant my name. Old Skool Joe, Old Sk’...”

The back door of the restaurant flung open. A red aluminum cane spun through the air striking Old Skool Joe on the back of the head rendering him unconscious.

New York City, 1984

In the back office of the Disco Fever a small dance club in the Bronx, an Italian man appears to be arguing with a stuffed Pink Panther doll (we'll get to that in a minute), while a young Hispanic gentleman of average height with a healthy salt and pepper colored mane, a talking hamster(we'll get to that too), and Old Skool Joe stand quietly behind the stuffed animal.

The Italian man with the black pompadour, bronze skin, thick black mustache, and cheap beige suit is Sal P. owner of the world famous Disco Fever. A New York City dance club where many legendary rappers made their debut.

The Hispanic gentleman with the salt and pepper colored hair is DJ 3Z3, one of the baddest DJ's in the city. He wore a burgundy Adidas track suit with a gold rope chain with a large gold 3 attached resting beneath his gray goatee. He is Old Skool Joe's DJ and right hand man.

The stuffed animal is in fact no stuffed toy at all. His full name is Pinkerous Pinkerton and is from a small planet in the Andromeda system known as Detroiticus. Unfortunately it is not time to delve further into this story. As far as Old Skool Joe is concerned he is a talking Pink Panther doll who handles his business affairs. We will learn more about the Pink Panther as the story continues.

The hamster's name is Bucky but on stage he goes by MC Bucky B. He is Old Skool Joe's hype man(hamster). No one knows how Bucky gained the ability to talk, probably because they were too busy snorting cocaine. See Bucky did drugs, lots of drugs, like every single drug in the book. Bucky spent his formative years locked in a cage. Some might even call him institutionalized. Especially his first wife, may she rest in peace...we told her not to sit on the food.

Sal stood up from the chair behind his desk and hollers

“ Like I told you before, I’m not going to fucking book you guys anymore! I respect you and all Mr. Pink but you are deep into it with some pretty bad dudes. I told you not to mess with those guys.”

The Pink Panther stood up on his chair and hopped onto Sal’s desk. He grabbed a bottle of whisky that happened to be sitting there and took a long drink. Then slammed the bottle over Sal’s head knocking him unconscious. The Pink Panther reached into Sal’s jacket pocket as he lay sprawled out on top of his desk and pulled out a set of keys. He looked back at Old Skool Joe and the crew and calmly said

“Run along and do your little rap show or whatever. I have some management type things that I have to do back here. Break a leg, or something like that.”

Old Skool Joe shrugged and turned to his band mates

“Alright fuck it let’s go rock the house.”

He gave Bucky B and DJ 3Z3 a high five and they made their way to the stage brimming with confidence. DJ 3Z3 walked on to the stage first, stood behind the turntables, then put on his headphones. The crowd cheered wildly as he dropped the needle on the record and the beat dropped. 3Z3 began his legendary scratch routine as MC Bucky B hit the stage and yelled into the microphone

“ One two, one two, MC Bucky B in the place to be and if you are ready for Old Skool Joe make some noise!”

The cheers grew even louder as Old Skool Joe took the stage and stood behind the microphone stand with his arms folded. The crowd began to chant

“Old Skool Joe, Old Skool Joe, Old...”

Old Skool Joe opened his eyes to see Tubey standing over him.

“School Joe, Old School Joe are you alright?”

Old Skool Joe dusted himself off and snatched the blunt out of Ryan’s hand. Old Skool Joe stood up, took a drag of the cigar and asked

“Yeah I’m fine...yo what the fuck happened man?”

Ryan replied

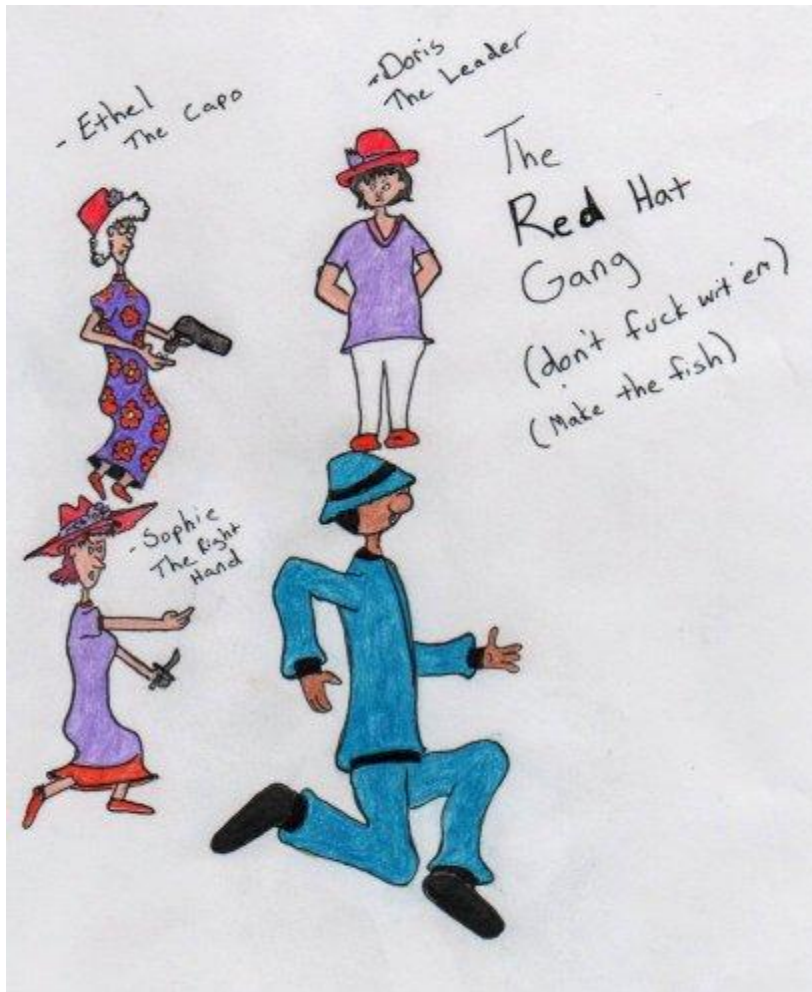
“Doris opened up the back door and heard you talking shit. Something about how cool you were in 1984. Dude I was born in 1995 I don’t even know what an album is. But yeah bro she threw her cane at you like she was a ninja turtle. It was actually pretty amazing.”

Old Skool Joe dusted himself off and took one last pull off of the blunt before flicking the roach on the floor.

“Yeah you would say that instead of helping me. Shit, we better get inside and get this food out. I don’t want any static with the Red Hat Gang.”

The two men walked back inside. Ryan resumed his kitchen duties as Old Skool Joe made his way to the dining room. It was a slow day with only one occupied table where Doris, Sophie, and Ethel sat. They all wore purple dresses with red hats and matching brioches.

The women were all members of the deadly Red Hat Gang. Operating under the guise of widows who meet for lunch; the Red Hat Gang is in fact one of the largest criminal enterprises in the world. They had their hands in everything from drugs, prostitution, racketeering, and smuggling, with chapters all over the globe.



Doris is the boss of the local chapter and a very sturdy woman. She has short white hair beneath her large red hat, and walks with a heavy golden cane. Doris might not move fast, but it's because she doesn't have to move for anyone.

Ethel might be frail in stature but don't let that fool you. She is the capo and one of the most feared killers in the region. Short and slim usually in a floral patterned dress, with her thick black framed glasses, which hid her ice cold beady blue eyes.

Sophie is third in command and a little bit more laid back. She was Doris's assistant and right hand. Sophie did not talk much, but listened closely remembering every detail since the Red Hat Gang did not keep records.

Old Skool Joe approached the women with a huge smile as they sat and sipped their martini's. He rubbed the back of his head and asked

“Damn Doris, why'd you hit me like that? I was just playing around.”

Doris smiles and motions him to sit and join them. They are sitting at a round table, Doris in the middle flanked by Sophie and Ethel. Old Skool Joe sits in the chair directly facing Doris. The boss of The Red Hat Gang calmly explains

” I'm sorry honey, but I can't just have you talking just any kind of way about me in front of people. It sends the wrong message. A message that we are to be fucked with, and that simply can not be. So even though I love you baby, and you and that Pink Panther make a lot of money for us, if you ever disrespect like that again I'll bury all 46 of you if you catch my drift.”



She stood up and walked over behind Old Skool Joe. Doris knelt down, wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

” Now run along handsome and fetch us some fish sandwiches. We are just dying of hunger over here.”

Old Skool Joe stood up, adjusted his Kangol fisherman hat, fixed his collar, then walked towards the kitchen. He flung open the door to see Ryan hard at work removing the fish from the oil and letting the baskets drain. Old Skool Joe grabbed some plates off of the counter, as Ryan removed three buns from the flat grill. As they put the sandwiches together Ryan asked

“So what did you do to piss off those sweet old ladies?”

Old Skool Joe leaned in slightly and quietly said

“Man, if you think those old bags with the red hats are just some sweet old ladies, then you are just as dumb as you look in that fish hat. Those old ladies are a part of one of the most dangerous gangs in the world. You better be careful around them. They can make you disappear real fast. But it’s cool though Doris loves me. So yeah be careful I actually need to check out and get back to my other job at the fake magazine.”

Ryan sighed slightly annoyed and replied

“You mean you’re going back to your apartment to smoke weed with your teddy bear.”

Old Skool Joe made his way to the back door turned around and answered

“ Yeah there. It’s a tough life but I make it work. Don’t let Pink Panther hear you talking like that he’ll kick ya’ ass. Alright man I’m out I’ll catch you tomorrow.”

Old Skool Joe closed the door and stepped out. He walked down the street and sat on a bus stop bench. He pulled a joint out of his pocket, lit it up, sat back and closed his eyes.

New York City, 1984

Old Skool Joe and MC Bucky B stand tall on the stage with DJ 3Z3 behind them. The Pink Panther climbed up a wooden stool just off stage behind a black curtain, sat down, then began counting a huge wad of money. The crowd chanted repeatedly.

“Old Skool Joe”

The beat dropped and Old Skool Joe grabbed the mic.

“I’m Old Skool Joe and I’m in town.

One of the baddest MC’s that’s around

Some people get up, but I get down.

So I say it again Old Skool Joe’s in town.”

The crowd erupted with a huge cheer. Old Skool Joe folded his arms and looked up to the sky.

A bus pulls up. Old Skool Joe licks his thumb and forefinger lightly, then presses on the lit cherry on his joint extinguishing the flame. He boards the bus heading to a small two bedroom apartment in the middle of the desert. That is a whole story in itself, and we will discuss it later. For now this has been the first of many stories about the man, the myth, the legend...Old Skool Joe.

Chapter 2 Enter The Pink Panther

Detroiticus is a small planet located in sector 30 of the Andromeda galaxy. It is a small grayish planet, due to never developing any kind of emission regulations. It is a smoggy hell hole inhabited by beings resembling Earth stuffed animals. Much like Earth there are different races and classes. The two dominant being cats and bears. Scattered bunnies, ducks, and monkeys

also inhabit this world. There is one large Pangaea like continent surrounded by water, but factories now dominate the landscape.

Detroiticus was once the industrial capital of the galaxy, where most spacecrafts and cloud converters were produced.

The expansion of sector 30 resulted in many of the large companies departing for planets with richer natural resources. Leaving behind a huge cloud of smog and a lot of abandoned factories. Crime and corruption are now the planet's main export led by the most corrupt criminal of them all, President Pinkerous Pinkerton.

Pinkerous Pinkerton's latest scandal involves a hotel room, some ladies of the night, missing government funds, and the disappearance of the single most important item in the entire sector. The Detroiticus press is currently facing an empty podium as Pinkerous sits in a stolen space cruiser narrowly escaping his inevitable prosecution. The senate is calling for not only his impeachment, but to bring him up on full charges despite his presidential status.

He makes the jump through hyperspace landing in the Milky Way and sets course to Floyd's.

Floyd's is a small bar slash truck stop located on the moon of a primitive blue planet called Earth.

New York City, 1983

It is mid afternoon in the Bronx and Old Skool Joe is hard at work performing his custodial duties. He is break dancing while he sweeps the large black concrete dance floor. Sounds of Grandmaster Flash blare through the large speakers on the stage. He sweeps the dust and sand into a dustpan, then deposits the contents into a nearby garbage can.

Old Skool Joe takes a seat on the stage. The same stage he had witnessed the careers of Run-DMC, The Fat Boys, and LL Cool J, elevate to world fame. Old Skool Joe removes a joint and lighter from his pocket and proceeds to smoke the devil's lettuce. A door swings open and Sal the owner of the establishment bursts out and yells

“What the hell is going on out here? I told you don't smoke that shit inside of my club!”

Old Skool Joe blows out a huge cloud of smoke and replies

“Come on Sal, it's cold outside. Man when are you gonna let me get on that stage? Everyone around knows I'm the baddest on the mic, and the turntables.”

Sal's olive complexion grew red with rage as he screamed

“Perform? Your lucky I even let you clean the fucking toilets with all of the shit you pull on a daily basis! Maybe release a fucking record first! Perform!? Get the fucking trash outside then get in that fucking dish pit!”

Old Skool Joe took another puff of his joint

“Sal you need to calm your ass down, your gonna have a fucking heart attack. I’m gonna take this trash out and then I’m going home to make an album. I’ll fucking show you.”

Sal threw his hands up in despair and stormed off. Old Skool Joe picks up the trash bags and takes them into the back alley. As he begins throwing bags into the large blue bin there is a large boom in the clear night sky. Old Skool Joe thought nothing of it until he heard a large boom in the trash bin.

Old Skool Joe peered over the front rail of the trash bin to discover a small pink cat-like creature frantically rummaging through the garbage. The creature turned around and asked

“What the fuck are you looking at?

Old Skool Joe continued to stare blankly but extended his hand to pass his joint to the creature. Pinkerous grabbed it and took a long drag of the marijuana cigarette exhaling a huge cloud of smoke, then returned it..

Old Skool Joe finally asked

“ Wow! A talking Pink Panther stuffed animal doll...I think I’ve seen one of you motherfuckers on the commercial. But why are you digging around in the trash like a hobo?”

The talking Pink Panther doll continued foraging until he pulled a small gray cylinder from the rubbish. He wiped his forehead then looked up and asked

“Pink what? My name is Pinkerous Pinkerton! Now are you gonna help me out of here, or keep standing there staring at me like a jackass?”

Old Skool Joe reached in and pulled the Pink Panther doll out of the trash bin. He held him up and examined the doll. Pinkerous yelled

“Put me down you fucking spook!”

Old Skool Joe laughed as he placed the doll on the ground. He took a puff of his joint and said

“Oh shit they made this one a little bit racist. Wow, toys have come a long way since I was a kid.

Pinkerous dusted himself off

“Again I am not a toy! My name is Pinkerous Pinkerton. I'm from..you know what forget it. Who is this Pink Panther you speak of?”

Old Skool Joe finished the joint, tossed the roach on the ground, then replied

“ It’s you. He’s a Pink Panther who smokes cigarettes and is racist against French people. Come to think of it, he doesn’t talk in the show. But you talk...which is weird. Eh. Fuck it I’m probably over thinking this shit.”

Old Skool Joe reached in his pocket, pulled out a freshly rolled joint and lit it. He took a couple of drags and passed it to the Pink Panther doll. Pinkerous inhaled the smoke and asked

“Where is the nearest titty bar? Look I’ll explain all of this; but first how about taking your old pal the Pink Panther to the strip club?”

Old Skool Joe shrugged

“Fuck why not. This doll is racist and loves the shake joint. It’s a fucking Christmas miracle! Also it’s two for one night at the Kitty Cat Club right around the corner. Let’s go.”

The two new friends walked down the street arriving at the Kitty Cat Club a little bit after midnight. They were greeted at the door by a large bald Hispanic man with a thick black mustache. His name is Bogie and he is the bouncer at this fine establishment.

“Hey Old Skool Joe! How’s it hanging bro? It is all the way live in there tonight man have some fun!”

Old Skool Joe patted him on the shoulder and started to walk in. The bouncer held his arm out stopping Old Skool Joe in his tracks

“Hold up homie. Who or what is behind you?”

Old Skool Joe looked over his shoulder at the grungy, trash covered Pink Panther doll.

“Oh shit him! He’s with me. It’s one of those talking Pink Panther dolls...you know from the commercial?”

The bouncer lowered his arm and the duo entered the club. There was a huge rectangular main stage in the center of the room, a smaller stage to the right, and a bar on the left. They made their way to the bar and found two empty stools. Old Skool Joe pushed one of the stools to the side, stood at the bar, and waved to the bartender. Pinkerous hopped up on the bar stool and spun around whimsically, when he stopped he was facing the bar. Old Skool Joe yelled

“Hey Brittany, how about a couple of white wine spritzers for me and my new friend here?”

The bartender rolled her eyes and slammed two large cans of Budweiser on the counter top. She then poured two shots of whiskey and slid them across the counter.

“ There you go, Old Skool Joe, two white wine spritzers.”

Pinkerous and Old Skool Joe downed the whiskey, then chugged the beers. A thin large breasted topless woman with long curly blonde hair walked by, and Pinkerous slapped her on the ass. The woman turned around and smiled. Pinkerous stood up in his seat and pulled out a twenty dollar bill.

“There’s more where that came from honey but you’re going to have to find it first.”

Old Skool Joe looked down very perplexed

“ Uh what? What does that even mean? What the fuck?”

The blonde woman picked Pinkerous up, he gave her a good motorboat as they made their way towards the champagne room.

Old Skool Joe sat silently and drank beers for about an hour. Suddenly the curly haired blonde woman ran past him into the arms of the bouncer. The Pink Panther walked up to the bar and hopped back onto his stool. He put his paw in the air and called for the bartender

“Darlin’ can I get a bottle of scotch and a glass for me and my friend here?”

Brittany slammed the bottle on the counter, then reached under the bar, grabbed two glasses and placed them down. The Pink Panther poured two shots, slid one to Old Skool Joe , raised his glass and said

“To new friends , I didn’t realize Earth girls were so sensitive about where you put beer bottles.”

Old Skool Joe looked confused but nodded and replied

“Um alright? Fuck it bottoms up.”

They downed the drinks, then slammed the glasses on the bar top. The blonde woman approached with the bouncer right behind her. She pointed at Pinkerous and yelled

“Him! That’s him right there that sick motherfucker! The pink one.”

Old Skool Joe stood in shock as Pinkerous jumped on the bar top, picked up the bottle and began chugging it. The bouncer inched his way toward the pink alien, he reached out to grab him, then picked him up. Pinkerous spit scotch in his face, then hit him over the head with the empty bottle. Glass shattered everywhere as the bouncer crumpled to the floor. Pinkerous landed on the unconscious bouncer’s back, reached in his back pocket, grabbed his wallet, then looked up at a still perplexed Old Skool Joe. Pinkerous calmly said

“Well...I think it’s about time for us to go. “

Old Skool Joe nodded, and Pinkerous threw a wad of cash on the table. They got up and walked outside laughing hysterically. Pinkerous grabbed two bottles of beer. Old Skool Joe, his laugh now dying down to sporadic chuckles said

“I don’t know where the hell you keep grabbing stuff from, but you are one cool ass stuffed animal.”

Pinkerous replied

“Do you know where we can score some coke?”

Old Skool Joe nodded and answered

“ Of course I can. It’s 1983. Actually my roommate Bucky probably has some.”

They hailed a taxi and went to Old Skool Joe’s apartment. A small studio with an old gray couch and a black coffee table in front of it. There is a small kitchen and a card table with a large hamster cage on top of it. The enclosure has two stories with a little hamster house on the top , and a bowl of food right next to it. On the bottom is a hamster wheel, a small weight bench, and a large water bottle.

The cage is shaking as two hamsters chase each other, zipping in and out of the tubes that connect the two layers. One hamster goes into the house as the other one bangs on the door.

Old Skool Joe and Pinkerous walk through the door of the apartment. Old Skool Joe throws his keys on the coffee table and yells

“Yo Bucky B in the place to be...oh shit, did she lock you out again?”

The hamster paused and answered

“Yeah man. This bitch...I swear she is going to make me commit another murder.”

He resumed banging on the door and yelled

“You hear me bitch? You better not ever come out of there then or you’re fucking dead!”

Old Skool Joe turned around and saw Pinkerous tinkering with the strange gray cylinder he was looking for in the trash bin. Then he turned his attention back to the hamster cage and asked

“Yo Buck, do you have any coke?”

The hamster replied

“Yeah in the cabinet above the stove. Who the fuck is that?”

Old Skool Joe walked towards the kitchen, opened the cupboard above the stove and answered

“Oh that’s one of those new talking Pink Panther dolls. You know from the commercials.”

Pinkerous looked up from the gray cylinder and said

“Actually my name is Pinkerous Pinkerton. I’m from a small planet in sector 30 of the Andromeda galaxy called Detroiticus. I was the President, but unfortunately some things went wrong and I’m on the run. I don’t want to go into specifics, but they are pretty pissed that I stole this”

Pinkerous pushed a small button on the side of the cylinder and it began to expand into three compartments. Two short ones on the left and right that contained red canisters. The middle compartment was a taller tube with a small window in the center. He grabbed a canister out of one of the compartments, removed the cap and deposited it into the tube. After a few seconds there was a loud beep and steam seeped from the small window. Pinkerous opened the window and removed ten freshly rolled blunts. With a proud look Pinkerous explained

“This is the CC-2600, a prototype that turns cloud into matter. You see cloud...”

Old Skool Joe happily interrupted

“You mean you have a weed machine! Oh my god you are the greatest stuffed animal in the world!”

Old Skool Joe threw the bag of cocaine on the table, and grabbed two blunts. He put them both in his mouth and lit them simultaneously. Pinkerous opened up the bag of coke and emptied the contents on the table. Bucky opened the door on his cage and scurried to the coffee table. He and Pinkerous stuck their noses in the pile of powder, while Old Skool Joe enjoyed his marijuana.

The three partied all night. The next morning shit got real.

Pinkerous slowly opened his eyes. His head was ringing from the previous night's debauchery. He could hear the rattling of the hamster cage in the distance. Bucky was again yelling at the other female hamster.

“Bitch I swear to everything holy,if you don’t get your ass off of the food dish so I can eat, then so help me God I’m gonna put my little hamster foot up your ass!”

Old Skool Joe arose from his slumber, glanced over at Bucky’s cage, then made his way to the refrigerator. He first grabbed a carton of orange juice,took a huge drink, then sat on the couch next to the still groggy Pinkerous. Old Skool Joe grabbed a blunt from the gray cylinder on the coffee table and began to smoke it, exhaling an enormous cloud of smoke into Pinkerous’s face.

Pinkerous disgustedly waved the smoke out of face. He coughed. Old Skool Joe laughed then said

“Good morning Pink Panther. Damn man you are the first person I’ve seen that can keep up with Bucky. Definitely the first stuffed animal, you guys snorted a lot of cocaine. Yo Buck I’m gonna step out and handle a few things. Don’t forget rehearsal tonight, 3Z3 is gonna be over around four.”

Old Skool Joe pushed the button on the cylinder, grabbed a few blunts, then put them in his jacket pocket.

“Damn my Pink Panther has his own weed machine! How cool is that!”

He patted Pinkerous on the head, grabbed his keys off of the table, and walked out of the apartment. Bucky’s cage continued to rattle loudly in the background. Pinkerous put his paw on his throbbing head, and tried to lay back down. The clinking sound of metal mixed with faint grunts now filled the room. Pinkerous jumped up and walked over to the hamster cage to see Bucky lying on a bench press lifting a tiny barbell with brass buttons for

weights. The hamster slammed the barbell back on the rack as he finished his set; he sat up and saw Pinkerous peering into his cage. Bucky asked

“How’s it going Pinkerous? Damn shit kind of got outta control last night. You are one cool ass alien. “

Pinkerous responded

“You’re alright yourself. Hey listen buddy I hate to ask you this seeing as I just met you and all, but I could use someone with your particular set of skills.”

Bucky leaned forward as Pinkerous continued

“ It looks like I’m going to be here for a while, at least until the heat dies down on me. I have a few ventures in the city, little spots where I hide assets if you will. I was wondering if you might accompany me as I get my affairs in order. You will be handsomely rewarded. Of course.”

Bucky thought about momentarily then replied

“Fuck it... I’m in.”

The hamster reached into a pile of shavings that lined the floor of his enclosure and pulled out a small pistol. Bucky tucked the pistol into his belt and walked out of his hamster cage. Pinkerous had a brief look of shock, followed by a huge smile. Bucky sternly peered at Pinkerous and said

“Alright where are we headed?”

Pinkerous replied

“To visit an old friend”

Pinkerous and Bucky left the apartment. It was a brisk autumn day in the bustling city. They got into a cab until they reached a small pizza place located in a broken down strip mall. The tattered, faded white sign with red lettering read “Dino’s Pizza and Wings”. Pinkerous and Bucky exited their taxi and walked through the glass door. A chubby man with black hair pulled back into a ponytail wearing a red t-shirt stood behind a red counter.

Pinkerous shouted

“Hey Dino how the hell are ya’? Damn how long has it been? You’ve put on a few pounds eh?”

Dino with a smile replied

“Hey ya’ pink bastard! How long has it been?”

Pinkerous jumped onto the counter and gave Dino a big hug. As they separated Pinkerous put his hand and placed it on Dino’s scarred cheek.

Pinkerous asked

“How’s business been?”

Dino’s mood became somber as he quietly answered

“We’ve been selling a lot of pizzas.”

Pinkerous very subtly let out a sinister chuckle. He looked back at Bucky. The hamster scurried up the door and locked the door, returned to the floor, then stood in front of the door and pulled out his pistol. Pinkerous looked back at Dino and calmly asked

“Where’s your mother?”

Dino nodded towards a side door which led to an upstairs apartment. Pinkerous lightly slapped his cheek and said

“You’re a good kid. Make a pie for me and my friend here. I’m gonna go say hi to your mother.”

Pinkerous bounced off of the counter top, and headed towards the door. He opened it, then walked up the beige carpeted stairs to a small platform with two doors. Pinkerous knocked loudly on the worn gray door at the top of the stairs and said

“Dianne honey, open up it’s me.”

He could hear frantic shuffling behind the door so Pinkerous knocked again. He yelled

“ Open this fucking door!”

Pinkerous kicked the door open to see a petite dark skinned African-American woman, wearing a leopard print sundress. She was intensely searching the room when Pinkerous entered the apartment. Pinkerous ran to the woman, jumped on her back and put her in a choke hold. Diane flailed about the apartment trying to shake free. She eventually made her way down the hall, through the bedroom doorway, and fell over face down onto a dirty mattress. Pinkerous released the hold, grabbed the woman by the back of her short black hair and asked

“ Where’s my fucking money bitch?”

Dianne whimpered

“It’s gone. Some guys in black suits. They said they were with the intergalactic federation.

They were gonna hurt my Dino.”

Pinkerous gave the woman a vicious back handed slap to the face and yelled

“What does that have to do with my money? You're supposed to be selling more than pizza at this rat hole! You stupid bitch, I gave you one simple fucking job, and you can’t even do that right!”

Dianne began to sob uncontrollably. Pinkerous now gently stroked her hair.

“It’s okay baby. You didn’t tell them anything about me did you? Did you tell them about the closet?”

Dianne sniffled, then wiped her face and gingerly answered

“No daddy, I didn't tell them nothing.”

Pinkerous jumped off of the bed and marched towards a nearby closet. He opened the sliding door, threw the boxes that littered the closet floor aside, and pulled up the loose carpet. Underneath the worn gray rug was a compartment with a digital lock on it.

Pinkerous entered the combination and a hatch door opened. He pulled out a small black briefcase, then closed the hatch. Pinkerous walked over to Dianne who still sat crying on the floor. He reached up and gave her a huge smack on the face, which caused her to spin around face down on the floor.

Pinkerous left the apartment and walked back downstairs towards the side door to the Pizza shop. Dino sat behind the counter boxing up a fresh pepperoni pizza. Bucky still stood by the locked door with his gun drawn. Pinkerous jumped up on the counter and Dino handed him the freshly packed steaming hot pizza. Pinkerous kicked the pizza box and the pie landed in Dino's face, then grabbed his ponytail and slammed his head on the counter. Dino crumpled over behind the counter and Pinkerous turned to Bucky and calmly said

“Alright looks like we're done here. I guess back to the apartment. I would hate for you to miss your little rehearsal.”

Old Skool Joe sat on the couch in his apartment smoking a joint as DJ 3z3 went about the business of setting up his DJ equipment. The door flung open, and in walked Pinkerous and Bucky. Pinkerous was carrying a small black briefcase and immediately placed it on the coffee table, then opened it. Bucky scurried to the kitchen, and grabbed a bag of cocaine from a cabinet.

Old Skool Joe looked down at the pink alien and asked

“What is that? Is that one of those portable apple robots?”

Pinkerous looked up briefly with a very confused look on his face, then returned to his work. His briefcase was in fact no briefcase at all; it was a special “black box” purchased on the intergalactic black market to siphon Detroiticus government funds. Pinkerous was busy exchanging currency from his home planet for Earth liquid assets. When the upload is complete Pinkerous will have a net worth of twenty million dollars.

Old Skool Joe quickly turned his attention to DJ 3z3 and asked

“What’s up? Are we ready to rehearse or what?”

DJ 3z3 stood behind his turntables and put on his headphones. Old Skool Joe bounced off of the couch. Bucky took his face out of a small pile of cocaine, and he and Old Skool Joe joined on the makeshift stage in the middle of the apartment. Pinkerous remained focused on his transaction.

Old Skool Joe and Bucky grabbed the microphones from the DJ table, and 3z3 dropped the needle on the record. The bass from the speakers began to shake the apartment as the simple rhythm played.

Boom, clap, boom boom boom, clap.

Bucky B began to rap.

“I’m Bucky B.

In the place to be.

I’m the baddest hamster.

On the Bronx streets.

I’m doing crime.

Not doing time.

Stay off my bowl.

Or you will die.

I won't say it once.

I won't say it twice.

I'm the hamster don.

Don't fuck with mice.

I'm on a roll.

Let's all get hype.

As I pass the mic.

Now rock the show

Old Skool Joe.”

Bucky B stood with his arms folded, as Old Skool Joe began his verse.

“I'm Old Skool Joe.

With the old school flow.

They play my jams on the radio.

I am the best.

And you will see.

That I am the ultimate MC.

Not Sugar Hill.

Not Grandmaster Flash.

Sucka MC's that kiss my ass.

I'm Old Skool Joe.

If you didn't know.

I'm the baddest MC

With the old school flows.

Everybody copies me but that's okay.

Cause I'm Old Skool Joe.

Not Peter Brady.”

Old Skool Joe dropped the mic as DJ 3z3 began performing his legendary scratch routine. Pinkerous jumped up and cheered. Old Skool Joe was delighted that his new pink friend enjoyed the performance and said

“I told you I was the greatest entertainer of all time.”

Pinkerous replied

“Wait...what? I’m sorry I wasn’t paying attention to your incessant drivel. It just sounds like a bunch of screaming and noise. You wanna talk about great Earth music then look no further than Barry Manilow my friend. This rap stuff it’s just another fad. It will never last.”

Old Skool Joe waved his hand in disgust

“Man what the fuck do you know? You’re just a stuffed animal.”

Old Skool Joe sat down on the couch next to Pinkerous. He pushed the red button on the gray cylinder and grabbed a blunt. He lit it and exhaled a cloud of smoke. Then continued

“ You say that now, but people are already making money. Hip-hop isn’t a fad, It’s a way of life. There will always be rap. We are the voice of a generation. Led by me Old Skool Joe the greatest of them all. All I need is for Sal to let us get on that stage at the Fever, so we can show the world that we are the greatest. Talking about, oh you gotta make a record first. I’m sure I could sell a million records easy.”

DJ 3z3 scratched the records briefly then chimed in

“Yeah!”

Bucky took a small bump of cocaine and yelled

“Hell yeah!”

Pinkerous sat back in the chair for a minute to think. He reached for a bottle of whiskey that was nudged in between the couch cushions, then opened it and took a huge drink. It would be a long time before he could ever again return to Detroiticus, or space at all for that matter. Why not stay here and hang out with these guys he thought. It will at least be entertaining. He did need to launder some of his money. What better way to do it than the music business? Pinkerous took another large sip of whiskey and proclaimed

“Let’s make a fucking record. I’m your new manager. I charge the standard fifteen percent. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of everything.”

Old Skool Joe took another long drag of his cigar and blew out a stream of smoke. He coughed briefly then said

“Yeah right. I’m really going to go in there with a stuffed animal as my manager.”

Old Skool Joe looked at Bucky who was face down in cocaine. Then over to DJ 3z3 who gave the thumbs up. Then down at Pinkerous, he extended his hand Pinkerous reached out and shook it. Old Skool Joe said

“Fuck it. Makes sense.”

Old Skool Joe is sitting behind the counter inside The Fish Joint, a small Mexican seafood restaurant in Las Cruces, New Mexico. He is reading the newspaper while Ryan “Tubey” Wilcox is hard at work in the kitchen. Doris and the Red Hat Gang are playing a game of bridge over at their familiar round table. There is an old Hispanic man with a head of fluffy white hair

passed out at a table. He is surrounded by empty Corona bottles, an empty red basket, and crumpled up pieces of wax paper.

A bell rings as a short Caucasian man with a bald head and stringy brown hair clinging to the side of his scalp walks through the door. He wore a short sleeved white buttoned down shirt stained from sweat, and a bland red tie. In his left hand was a brown tattered briefcase that he placed on the counter as he sat down. The man looked around the restaurant then focused his attention on Old Skool Joe who was still intensely reading his newspaper. The man turned around again to see if he could find a server, then he slammed his palm on the counter and shouted

“Does anyone work here? Can I please get a menu?”

Old Skool Joe ignored the man and kept staring at his paper. The man began to turn red and a scowl now appeared on his face. He slammed his fist on the counter and yelled

“Hello...hello can I please get a menu, some service, anything?”

Old Skool Joe calmly looked up from his paper and replied

“You need to chill out. I don’t come to Family Dollar and yell at you. Do you want fish and fries, or a fish sandwich and fries?”

The man angrily replied

“ I’d like to see a goddamn menu!”

Old Skool Joe stood up and placed his newspaper on the counter. The man flinched and jumped back in his seat. Old Skool Joe said

“ Look man we don’t have fucking menus. It’s called The Fish Joint, I mean how hard is that to understand? Now do you want fish and fries, or a fish sandwich and fries?”

Before the man could answer the bell rang and a Hispanic gentleman of average height with a healthy salt and pepper colored mane walked through the door. He wore an Adidas tracksuit similar to Old Skool Joe’s, only his was burgundy. Old Skool Joe’s eyes lit up as he exclaimed

“The world famous DJ 3Z3 is in the motherfuckin’ house!”

DJ 3z3 raised his hand and threw three fingers in the air, he high fived Old Skool Joe, then took a seat at the counter. The bald man became irate and yelled

” Still hungry over here! Is anyone going to take my order?”

Old Skool Joe dismissively looked at the bald man, then turned his attention to his DJ and asked

“ What’s up man? Are you hungry?”

Old Skool Joe turned and yelled through the order window

“Hey Tubey, let me get a fish and fries...oh make it two”

Old Skool Joe turned and looked at the angry bald man then said

“Your fish will be ready in a minute. Do you want a beer?”

The man responded

“I don’t drink.”

Old Skool Joe shrugged, then reached into a cooler and grabbed two bottles of beer. He opened both of them, then slid one to DJ 3z3. They tapped the necks of the bottles together, then both took a long drink. Both men slammed their bottles on the counter, then with a huge smile Old Skool Joe said

“ Shit man, how long has it been? Tubey...Tubey get in here I want to introduce you to the world famous DJ 3z3!”

Ryan shouted through the window

“ Kind of busy Old School. Maybe I could get a little help?”

Old Skool Joe still beaming replied

“Aw man, you don’t know shit. This is a motherfucking legend right here! The baddest DJ in the history of hip-hop, fuck that, music period. A key component of the greatest album ever made *Old Skool Joe’s in Town* and of course the successful follow up *Old Skool Joe’s Back in Town.*”

DJ 3z3 threw his three fingers in the air as Old Skool Joe continued.

“ Shit man I haven’t seen you in years. Where the fuck have you been?”

DJ 3z3 leaned back in his chair, picked up his beer, then took a drink. He placed the beer bottle back on the counter, then shrugged and answered

“ You know a little of this, and a little of that, and now I’m back. Hey where’s Pink Panther? I need a fucking job.”

Ryan placed two red baskets lined with wax paper and filled with fried fish and french fries on the service window. Old Skool Joe grabbed the baskets and placed one in front of DJ 3z3, then the other one in front of the now patiently waiting bald man. Old Skool Joe said

“Aw man, don't worry about that shit. You can just come work at the fake magazine.”

DJ 3z3 looked confused as Old Skool Joe carried on

“ Yeah man, the fake magazine. We call it 46forum.com...you know like the apartment. We basically get paid to smoke weed and watch TV, it's great. I just do the fish thing because well I really like fish. It's a fun spot to hang. Shit you can work here too if you want.”

Ryan yelled through the window

“No he can't!”

Old Skool Joe waved dismissively

“Don't listen to him. He has on a fish hat for fucks sake!”

The bald man interrupted

“ Excuse me, sir, these french fries are soft.”

DJ 3z3 replied

“Did you want french fries or penis?”

Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 erupted in laughter for what seemed like forever. The bald man sat there fuming and glaring at the two as they laughed at his expense. He snatched his briefcase, then tossed a handful of money on the counter as he stormed out of the establishment. DJ 3z3 reached over, grabbed the remains of the man's fish basket and combined it with his. Old Skool Joe grabbed the money and put it in his pocket. He yelled through the window

“Yo Tubey, I'm outta here, I'm gonna take a lunch break. I'll be back in a little bit. Yo DJ kick that shit!”

DJ 3z3 looked confused, then Old Skool Joe said

“I mean, let's go to the office. It's actually a sweet little setup, I'll show you around.

Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 walked upon a two story apartment facing the interstate. The brick matched the adobe buildings which surrounded the area. They walked up the stairs and took a right, then stood in front of a fading purple door with a copper plated forty six above the peephole.

Old Skool Joe unlocked the door and opened it, revealing a spacious interior. A brunette woman in a skin tight black dress sat behind a desk filing her fingernails. Above her was a black and green neon lamp of the 46forum Fake Magazine logo. Old Skool Joe asked

“Brenda do I have any calls??

The woman continued filing her nails ignoring Old Skool Joe. He tapped his finger on the desk and said

“Where the fuck is the Pink Panther?”

She briefly paused her nail filing and pointed towards the hallway. Old Skool Joe turned and nodded at 3z3 indicating to follow him. They walked down a long hall with three doors on each side and a door at the end. Each door was closed and had a gold plaque in the center. As they walked Old Skool Joe explained

“You’re going to love it here man. We have a really good squad here. We have Spaceman Jones, he’s from space, smokes a lot of weed, um that’s about it. There’s Nikki Free, the only chick in the staff. She plays guitar, talks in third person, goes on space runs for us... that kind of shit. We got Dr. S, you can probably guess what the S is for. Fame Felon the self proclaimed black Dick Ebersol runs the sports division. Then there’s that janitor’s closet, but I don’t go in there. Fuck that haunted ass room.”

The plaque on the door at the end of the hall read *Pinkerous Pinkerton editor*. Old Skool Joe knocked three times and after a moment opened the door. Pinkerous was sitting behind a desk yelling into the speakerphone.

” Fuck those lying hippie motherfuckers! They can’t prove a damn thing. I know Donnie, it's all bullshit, a real hoax. Fucking witch hunting savages! I know... of course I grabbed her by the pussy! What do you think this is... amateur hour? Alright Donnie, talk to you later.”

Pinkerous hung up the phone and noticed Old Skool Joe and DJ 3Z3 standing in the hallway. Pinkerous asked

” You two gonna just stand there and jerk each other off ?”

DJ 3z3 walked up to Pinkerous’s desk and shook the short pink aliens paw. Old Skool Joe made his way to the coffee table in the corner and pushed a

button on the gray cylinder on the table top. He pulled out a blunt and lit it up. Pinkerous asked

“Well if it isn’t the world famous DJ 3z3. Where the hell have you been?”

3z3 sat down across from Pinkerous and pulled out a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes, then tossed them on the desk replying

“Well after that whole scandal I took off to Mexico. I’ve been working at a club in Juarez called the Pink Lady.”

Pinkerous leaned back in his chair and smiled

“Yeah I know the place. I used to do business there...until they changed management.”

DJ 3z3 continued

“They know you quite well, Pink Panther. Anyway that’s kind of why I’m here. I need a job. Can I work here? Also what the fuck is all this?”

Pinkerous sprung from his chair and stood on the top of his desk. He glanced over at Old Skool Joe then stared briefly at DJ 3z3. He removed a cigarette from the maroon Pall Mall box, placed it in his mouth, then said

“ Can you give me a light there Jose?”

DJ 3z3 obliged and pulled a lighter out of his pocket. Pinkerous deeply inhaled, tilting his head back slightly while exhaling a huge cloud of smoke. He returned his gaze to a calm DJ 3z3 and said

“You know what I always liked about you? You don’t ask a lot of questions. What is this? It’s what it’s always been. I’m washing money, it’s always been about washing money. I’m doing it the easy way now...on the internet. That’s all you guys really need to know. It’s a fake magazine, do whatever you want. Write, rap, play music , fantasy football, smoke weed, gamble, the ass business, I really don’t give a shit. Just don’t do anything to embarrass me,or piss off the guys in New York.”

DJ 3z3 remained calm in his chair. He gently stroked his goatee with his thumb and index finger and asked

“So all I gotta do is smoke weed and play music?”

Pinkerous nodded. DJ 3z3 asked

“So how much does it pay?”

Old Skool Joe sarcastically loudly interrupted

“Here we go!”

Pinkerous scowled at Old Skool Joe then looked back at DJ 3z3 and explained

“ Well here’s the deal, you will live here. There is always plenty of food, as a matter of fact one of our staff writers Dr. S does a cooking show.”

DJ 3z3 asked

“ Is he an actual doctor?”

Pinkerous continued

“He’s a doctor of something. Like I was saying you’ll stay here, I’ll take care of everything. I will supply the food, drugs, alcohol, and shelter. All you have to do is supply the money. It’s easy just help me keep this fake magazine running so I can continue to wash money. You will be paid a base salary...”

Pinkerous pulled a stack of cash from his fur and tossed it on the desk.

“And there you get a signing bonus.”

DJ 3z3 looked at the money and asked

“So you’re pimping us?”

Pinkerous responded

” Since 1984.”

Old Skool Joe walked over to the table with a freshly rolled blunt in his mouth and said

“Don’t listen to him, he’s just a stupid stuffed animal. See I told you shit would work out. It’s just like old times...well except for Buck.”

Both men made a fist, bumped their chests three times, then pointed an index finger towards the heavens. Old Skool Joe continued

“Alright fam well I gotta get back to the Fish Joint and make sure Tubey doesn’t get fucked up by the Red Hat Bitches. Speaking of which, Yo Pink Panther, Doris says you better call her.”

Old Skool Joe was about to leave the room but he paused at the door. He turned around and had a huge smile on his face. He said

“Man this is cool, it’s like we’re getting the band back together.”

Old Skool Joe opened the door and a huge cloud of smoke filled the room. Old Skool Joe coughed, then waved the smoke from his face and yelled

“Oh shit it’s Spaceman Jones!”

(to be continued)

Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 were leaving the office of one Pinkerous Pinkerton. They opened the door and we’re met with an overwhelming cloud of smoke. As the smoke cleared they saw a six foot tall green man with antennas sticking out of a black beanie. The cap was pulled down low hiding his beady black eyes. He wore a large white T-shirt with baggy black jeans, and there was a large spliff in his mouth.

Old Skool Joe waved his hand to clear his smoke filled view. His face lit up as he shouted,

” Oh shit! It’s Spaceman Jones!”

DJ 3z3 stood calmly, nodded and said,

“Sup.”

He then asked

“Who the fuck is Spaceman Jones?”

Chapter 3 Oh Shit It's Spaceman Jones

Spaceman Jones comes from a planet in the Andromeda system similar to our own named Doodah Dippity. The only large difference being the oceans on this planet contain a very large water soluble amount of the chemical Tetrahydrocannabinol or THC.

It is a very peaceful planet. Everyone there is green so there isn't any racism. There is still sexism, but not prevalent as it is on Earth. The people there are very laid back, and although technologically advanced the inhabitants of Doodah Dippity move at a slower pace than we do. It is not a perfect society by any means and they have both ends of the spectrum as do most.

The planet's main export and most valuable resource are clouds. Tourists come from all across the galaxy just to drink the water, and inhale fresh clouds. But one planet in the federation is under heavy embargo due to the many intergalactic violations of one President Pinkerous Pinkerton. The

planet was unable to participate in the lucrative cloud trade. So whenever Pinkerous needed any he would call his good friend Spaceman Jones.

Spaceman Jones is one of the top cloud smugglers in the galaxy. He hops from planet to planet, smuggling intergalactic arms, selling cloud, and having adventures. But his absolute favorite activity is getting high and watching movies. Spaceman Jones enjoys a good cinema and his mind is a rest haven for random movie facts. But it is not quite time to tell the whole story of Mr. Jones.

Old Skool Joe dashed over and threw his arm around Spaceman's neck. He looked back at DJ 3Z3 and said

“Naw man you don't get it, it's Spaceman Jones my old homeboy from magic school. This guy gots that outer space, we about to get fucked up!”

Old Skool Joe removed his arm, then Spaceman Jones took a huge rip of the spliff and passed it to Old Skool Joe who took a deep drag and asked,

“Yo Spaceman where the fuck have you been?”

Spaceman Jones replied

“You know, just surfing the cosmos.”

Old Skool Joe nodded, then took another hit and inquired

“ Did you bring any of that space weed?”

Spaceman answered

“ You know it. I have some primo clouds from the home planet. Let me rap to Pink Panther for a spell, and then I will come and smoke you guys out.”

Old Skool Joe passed it to DJ 3z3 who also took a long inhale. Old Skool Joe then said,

“Cool. Well we are gonna go chill in the living room and watch *Krush Groove*.”

DJ 3z3 tried to pass it back to Spaceman who politely said

“ No thanks you guys hang on to that. I’ll catch up with you guys. I need to talk to Pink Panther.”

Old Skool Joe replied

“ Word.”

Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 began to leave. As they walked out the door DJ 3z3 asked

“Hey I thought you had to go back to The Fish Joint?”

Old Skool Joe responded

“ Naw fuck that! I’m sure Tubey will be fine.”

They closed the door behind them.

Pinkerous sat behind his desk and motioned for Spaceman Jones to sit . The green alien sat down, chuckled and said

“Wow after all these years he still thinks you’re a toy animal. That’s funny.”

Pinkerous slightly annoyed answered

“Look, we all know there is something wrong with him. Can we just get down to business? Did you get the fucking fuel cells? ”

Spaceman Jones reached in his pants pocket and pulled out a small purple velvet bag. He tossed it on top of the desk and said,

“There you go. That should be enough to last you for the next six months or so. Pinkerous we’re friends and all, but I don’t know if I can keep doing this. It’s getting harder to get this shit through the galaxy checkpoint.”

Pinkerous opened the bag and carefully poured the contents on top of the desk. He reached into a drawer on his right side, pulled out a large stack of one hundred dollar bills bound together with a rubber band, and tossed it on the desktop. Pinkerous asked

“ Will this make it a little easier? Look, just a few more runs and everything will line up. I promise.”

Spaceman Jones grabbed the money and put it in his pocket. He looked across at Pinkerous and said

“Alright I can do a few more. I gotta give it to you Pinkerous, you are still the number one most wanted criminal by the Intergalactic Federation, yet you still run Detroiticus, and amazingly no one seems to be able to find you.”

Pinkerous leaned back in his chair and smiled

“Of course they can’t find me. The only ones dumber than those guys are the FBI.”

They both erupted in laughter. As it died down Pinkerous leaned forward in his chair, he lowered his voice and said,

“I’m taking over the Federation, we are taking over the Federation, I’m going to bum rush the whole damn thing.”

Spaceman Jones leaned back and said

“Are you doing the Wesley Snipes thing again? I swear you really need to talk to someone about your drinking. *New Jack City*...wow, I did not see a *New Jack City* reference coming today. Well... Pinky you got any food around here?”

Pinkerous responded

“Yeah fuck you ya green piece of shit. Of course there is food. As a matter of fact I filmed a cooking show with Dr. S last night. He made ribs. Let’s just say the sauce had a real Cosby effect if you catch my drift.”

Spaceman Jones stood up and said,

“I’m not even going to ask what that means. Catch you in the cosmos Pinky.”

Spaceman Jones stood up and walked out of the office and down the hall. He stopped and waved at Brenda, the receptionist who was busy filing her nails.

He turned left and saw Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 sitting on an old brown tattered leather couch. They were facing a large flat screen TV and watching the classic film *Krush Groove*. DJ 3z3 smoked the remnants of Spaceman's spliff while Old Skool Joe ranted

“ See man, that's bullshit right there. They got LL Cool J moving the boxes, when they knew damn well me and you had moved those same boxes twenty minutes earlier. So you're telling me LL gets to be in the movie, and we get to move boxes. Damn man, my back was bumping after that.”

DJ 3z3 nodded and put the spliff in the ashtray. Spaceman Jones walked behind the couch as he passed he asked

“ What up Old Skool? Anything good in the fridge?”

Old Skool Joe laughed replying

“Yeah. Ribs for her pleasure!”

Spaceman Jones entered the medium sized kitchen and opened the large tan refrigerator door. On the top shelf he saw a large aluminum covered roasting pan with a purple laced pair of women's panties draped over it. He took the pan out of the fridge and placed it on the counter. Spaceman grabbed a pair of tongs, removed the underwear and tossed it on the ground. He opened up the foil revealing a beautiful rack of ribs.

Spaceman Jones put the oven on a low setting and placed the pan on the bottom rack. He then joined Old Skool Joe and DJ 3z3 on the couch. Old Skool Joe continued to rant

“See, that was supposed to be us doing the rap in the office. But Pink Panther had to go and smash Sal over the head with that bottle. Shit a lot of people don’t know this, people thought Sal was a good actor but he was legit scared the Pink Panther was gonna come back and finish the job. Sal was one wack ass homeboy. Fucking LL Cool J!”

DJ 3z3 simply nodded his head in agreement. Spaceman Jones removed a small black box from his pants pocket, tossed it on the coffee table and said,

“Damn Old Skool I haven’t seen you that riled up since graduation.”

Old Skool Joe glanced at Spaceman then answered

“Well that was some bullshit! We had like six pies and some fuckin’ blue biscuits, and these motherfuckers are up there eating turkey. Then we can’t eat until Vladamor or whatever his fucking name was shuts the fuck up.”

Spaceman Jones pressed a button on his watch. The black box on the table began to vibrate, and a small plastic bag began to fill with smoke. Spaceman replied

“ Yeah we had some pretty wild times back at magic school.”

DJ 3z3 asked

“ Wait, you guys really went to magic school? Like Hogwarts or some shit?”

Spaceman Jones and Old Skool Joe looked at each other almost confused, when Spaceman replied

“God no! Hogwarts is like one of the most prestigious wizarding academies in all the realms. We attended the Merlin Public Academy of the Wizarding Arts. It’s like the difference between a private school and like a school named after Martin Luther King.”

DJ 3z3 gave an understanding nod. Then he asked

“And Old Skool Joe, how did you get in?”

Old Skool Joe shrugged and answered

“What do you mean? “

Spaceman Jones removed the smoke filled bag from the black box. There was a cork sealing the bag from the bottom which Spaceman expertly removed. He handed the bag to DJ 3z3 and said

“Don’t worry, you’re not the first person to ask that. Take a rip from that bag and none of that will matter anyway. That’s the cloud my friend. Straight from my home planet, it’s like the chronic...but better.”

DJ 3z3 inhaled the contents of the bag, then began to violently cough. He passed the bag to Old Skool Joe who did the same. After about a full minute of coughing Old Skool Joe composed himself and said

“ Yeah man... it’s not time to talk about magic school right now.”

Spaceman Jones inhaled the remaining contents of the bag and said

“ Right, it’s time to eat.”

Spaceman jumped up and walked to the kitchen. He removed the ribs from the oven and placed them on the stove. Spaceman violently shook his hands as they burned from not using an oven mit. He grabbed a rib and sat back on the couch. They sat and watched the end of *Krush Groove* , and as the closing credits played Old Skool Joe yelled

“See that was supposed to be me doing the worm! They didn’t even get any shots of me moving all those damn boxes!”

Coming soon!

Adventures in Magic School

Starring Spaceman Jones and Old Skool Joe