

# Debauchery in a People-Emptied World

*Tyson Gerkman*

I woke up one morning on my kitchen floor, face down on pukey green linoleum with a handsome trail of dried drool running from the corner of my mouth. This was where I slept four or five days out of the week. I think it was because I regularly drank more than my usual amount. I was twenty-five at the time, which was about two-thirty in the afternoon. I lived with my dear, sweet Mommy who, with my help, sold crack at the local high school. Up until this morning Mommy always had my breakfast on the table whenever I got up off the linoleum, but today she was nowhere in sight.

“Mommy!” I yelled, “Where’s my ham, two eggs, steak, toast, juice, and coffee!”

There was no reply. This was unusual, because I was all Mommy ever thought about. I searched the house: no Mommy. Mommy never left the house without me. Something was amiss. I searched the front and back yards. The backyard was a real chore because it was piled neck deep with dead mailmen—every time a mailman came to deliver mail he found out about our crack operation and so we had to kill him. They seemed to be disposable; everyday a new one would show up with a smile and nobody ever inquired about missing mail people. I hate to admit this, but it became fun for me and old Mommy. We’d get creative inventing new ways to dispose of the mail people. Once we tried sling shots and marbles—this was hysterical; the first shots only made the mailman run away. We had to chase him all over the neighborhood shooting him with marbles. I think it took something like eight hundred shots to kill the poor bastard. Our favorites were bowling balls dropped from the roof, explosives, and starving poodles (which always attacked from the ankles up).

At this point I decided to call the police to ask them if they knew where Mommy was. Those guys were my good friends. I babysat their wives while they were at work as a part time job to supplement our income. The wives taught me all kinds of fun and sporting games to play. My favorite and theirs was “Hide the Thing in the Thing,” which we played until body fluids were everywhere. It was kind of like “Pin the Thing in the Donkey” and the fluid was the prize. There were no actual donkeys in this latter game, but there were asses aplenty. We always played many fun role-playing games involving costumes, props, and/or paraphernalia like chains, whips, ropes, lava lamps, funnels, spoons, handcuffs, Ping-Pong paddles, blow dryers, candles, German shepherds, video cameras, brooms, car oil, etc. Sometimes even Mommy would play a part.

The phone rang and rang down at police headquarters, but no one answered. This was the emergency number too. I was now truly befuddled and did not know what to do with myself. My good pals, the police, were always home and had never once failed to answer the phone. I called my other cronies: no answer. I called our local high school: no answer. I thought to myself that not only is Mommy missing but also the phones are not working properly. This was an ominous sign if ever there was one.

I ventured out into the great city that we lovingly referred to as “The Big Stink” on my Schwinn—which, I’ll embarrassingly admit, still had its training wheels. The tassels on my handlebars flew in the wind as I dashed to and fro, neighborhood to neighborhood, training wheels rattling away as I rode to find my ever-loving Mommy. After three or four hours I’d covered most of the city and I had still found nothing: not one single person in the entire “Stink,” which normally had shoulder to shoulder working clones and organic robots everywhere. Perhaps there was some great attraction in another town that drew all the people away. Something like a sodomite’s Woodstock where initiates were instructed in sodomizing, being sodomized and how to make it all most pleasurable and/or painful depending on the initiate’s taste.

I called the main governmental offices at the nearest city: no answer. I called other towns, and, with each one, discovered no one at home. I even called other states. Again, I got the same results but now I was getting pissed off and/or scared—I can’t remember which. What if there was a massive evacuation due to some new, horrible strain of gonorrhea that gets you from the air or from hot dogs instead of sex. It sounds unlikely, but to the inactive mind anything is possible. I had no answers or even any clues but thought surely the television or the radio would be broadcasting a world or national crisis if that was the case.

Noticing a nearby house with its front door ajar, I decided to seek out one of the two forms of mass media (knowing all Americans had something like 3.5 televisions and 4.2 radios in every household, and/or apartment, though not knowing the approximations for studios, shimmy shacks, trailers or retirement homes). I knocked on the open door of the pleasant two-story house that was painted a cracked and splitting grayish color. There was no answer so I entered at my own risk, (much in the same way I entered the policemen’s wives) knowing all Americans had 2.5 handguns, 3.5 rifles, 7 or 8 Japanese throwing stars, and a sundry assortment of lead pipes, bats, kitchen cutlery, pepper sprays, coyote traps, pointy-toed cowboy boots, and a stinging garrison of hurtful insults.

I walked down a narrow hallway and immediately heard the familiar sounds of television coming from a large living room ahead on my left. A quick glance around the room revealed much of the personality of whoever lived there. I assessed them as good, beautiful Americans: the family portraits, the scattered magazines with expected coffee rings, the cigarette butts and roaches in the ashtrays. There was an rerun on their television. It was the show where a man had to pretend to be gay to live with a couple of women, even though the times he wasn’t pretending he still seemed pretty gay. I switched it to a news channel. It was off the air, as were all the others that I tried. Only pre-scheduled reruns and old Elvis movies were on, like *I Left My Nuts in Las Vegas* and *I’m the King and I Can Do Whatever I Want*. I was stumped. I was Mommy-less and thirsty. I did not know how to cook or even masturbate.

I knew how to drink. I pedaled down to my regular spot: a sawdust-floored shit-kicker, where, even in the event of nuclear war or gonorrhea-flavored hot dogs, the regulars would still have their asses stuck to a stool. The place was empty; this was the final sign. I drank myself into a splendid stupor and repeated the process seven or eight days or six months waiting for someone to show up. I lived off bourbon, peanuts, potato chips, beer—anything I

could find in the bar until there was nothing left. Then I got up and moved to a different joint ( I had no idea where Mommy got the eggs and ham and stuff, and I wouldn't have known what to with them anyway).

No one ever showed up. Anywhere. Ten years have gone by and I've looked all over the world and not found one person. Everyone in the world disappeared except me. Luckily, I've got enough bourbon to last a billion years. I'm no misanthrope, but I have actually come to enjoy the new world without all you freaks and your peoplely ways, annoying me all the time with your pants and your big white shoe laces. I can sleep in anybody's house in the entire world and microwave forks and rearrange furniture or whatever I feel like doing. I can drive and wreck any car. I learned to cook and even masturbate, though I do have an artificial girlfriend that I found in a department store window (I got her a pair of roller-skates so she can come anywhere with me). I can go to the mall naked, and pee anywhere I want. I can swim in any toilet bowl and never wash my underwear. On the Fourth of July once I went to a military base and set off some superb surface-to-air missiles, destroyed some small towns, drove a tank, and nuked Los Angeles. But really or mostly my life is unchanged. I settled down in my hometown with my woman and we're trying to have children right this very second. I drink all night as usual, and every morning I wake up on the floor in the arms of strange department store window girls, not even knowing their names. My girl gives me the silent treatment when I stumble home in the afternoon, her female intuition revealing my infidelities.

I never did find out where Mommy and everyone went. I think they all disappeared into thin air, unless this is some long, lucid, drunken dream and I have yet to wake and I'm still face down on pukey green linoleum with Mommy quietly cooking my breakfast. I really hope its not a stupid coma (comas are uncool and rarely live up to the hype). Well, in the mean time, I'll drink to comas—cheers and down the hatch.