

as told by Bingo

All names, dates and places have been changed-to protect the guilty!

Bunky was drafted into the army and was a conscientious objector, so they made a medic out of him. He was tough, good looking-and a biker. But, he didn't want to kill! He saw death day in the jungles of Vietnam and saved as many men as he could, but resorted to drugs in order to get some rest now and then. The war ended-he came home and was honorably discharged. His only problem was-he had developed a bad drug habit. To make this story a little shorter, he was snitched on by an addict that set him up. He was sentenced to 3 years in the state penitentiary. With his medic experience in Vietnam, they gave him a job in the prison hospital.

In the hospital there was a biker named 'Grinch' who had a girlfriend that came to see him every Sunday without fail. Her name was Karen. She was built like the proverbial shithouse and her long dark brown hair framed her deep brown eyes and her beautiful face. She would hand her pass to Bunky and would then heard for Grinch's bed. He would sit up in his bed and they would talk in a low voice to each other-but hardly ever smiling. Grinch was a biker so he and Bunky had a little in common. But Grinch was dying from cancer and didn't have long to live.

One Sunday his girlfriend came and she walked with a little more bounce than she did usually, and even smiled at Bunky when she handed him her pass. She went right to Grinch's bed. She kissed him and whispered something to him. Grinch sat up in bed-wide

eyed! She handed him a cassette tape for his cassette player. Of course in the hospital they weren't allowed a speaker, so they had to use head-phones. He put the tape in and the headphones on-and was listening. He would pull them off his ears and ask something in a whisper-she would whisper something back to him and they would laugh-out loud!

Now Bunky had never seen them laugh before! The best he ever saw was them smile at each other. He wondered what was so funny that Grinch was listening to. It was nice to see them laughing. Well, in between them whispering to each other.

When the visiting time was over, she walked past Bunky and motioned for him to follow her. He stepped out into the hall and told her that that was as far as he could leave his post. She handed him a slip of paper and said: "Here's my phone number and address, call me when the 'end' comes."

Sure enough, it was just 2 weeks later and Grinch was dead! Bunky gathered up his 'belongings', put them in a cardboard box on the side for Karen to pick up. His boss told him to take the box to the shipping room and give it to the guard there to give to Karen when she came to get his things.

The following Sunday Bunky got a visitor! It was Karen! She came to him to thank him for the care and attention he had given her 'old man' up until he died. She also added that when Bunky was paroled, that he should come and visit her! She asked him if he still had her phone number. Of course he did.

To cut this story a little more-he made parole a few months later and went home. His Harley was still in the garage and his brother-in-law had taken good care of it while he was 'away'. So Bunky fired it up and went looking for a few of his old pals. He couldn't find any of them, so he thought about Karen! He gave her a call and she invited him to her house.

He finally found her place. It was an old house that had been the caretaker's house for the cemetery the house sat next to! He parked his Harley and rang the door bell. Karen came to the door wearing a housecoat-and it looked like nothing under it!

She invited him in and offered him a drink. They sat down and began talking. Now, you have to understand that Bunky hadn't had a woman in almost 3 years! So I'm sure you know what HE had in mind! BUT, to keep the conversation going he asked her about that cassette tape-that it must have been something really funny to have made that grouchy Grinch laugh like he did. Karen asked him if he

GOTTA LOVE THE FICTION

would like to listen to that cassette-and of course-he HAD to say that he would. Even though he had 'other things' he preferred to do!

So Karen put that tape in a 'boom-box' on the table and turned it on. There was a minute of silence-then a man's voice said: "What the hell is going on?" Then there was a horrible scream! Then-"NO! NO! PLEASE!" and another blood curdling scream-then a moan!

Bunky couldn't believe that anybody could laugh at what he was hearing! He asked Karen if she was sure that that was the right tape-and she assured him that it was.;

After about two minutes of hearing those screams and moans-the pleading for mercy and a muffled voice in the background-LAUGHING! Bunky asked her: "What the hell IS all of THAT?" Karen smiled, turned off the tape-filled his glass-looking him right in his eyes-and said: "That tape is the last 20 minute of the stool pigeon's life that put my old man in prison!"

Now I'm going to cut this story a little more! After hearing THAT-any ideas of him getting her in bed went out the window! He drank his drink-then looked at his watch. "Oh, I am going to be late for a date I have tonight! I have to go now! I'll call you again." Then he headed for the door! Once on his bike and making a 'U' turn, he headed for home!

He was up all night wondering-what all that beautiful woman-with that much hate in her- did to that stoolie? Had she lured him to her house with a promise of sex? Then 'spiked' his drink with something to put him asleep? Did he wake up tied to a chair in her basement? What all did she do to him in his last 20 minutes? Did she 'plant' him next door in the cemetery?

Bunky never did find out. He never called her again. But-that was one ol' lady that took care of things for her old man! I think he got a little "JUSTICE" before he died. Don't you?

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