

**The Rainbow Horizon:
A Tale of Goofy Chaos**

Karen S Cole



THE RAINBOW HORIZON:

A TALE OF GOOFY CHAOS

Imaginary Preface: Five Minutes to Midnight

Welcome...to the fleeting realm of the mystic, sexy, insatiably wired coffee-esque post Vietnam War ...Eighties! When long hairs vanished, replaced by helmet heads, colorful mousses and gels, beginner punks and pattern baldness. Where people hoping for change in the world began to freely assemble, and cause...it, or sometimes them. While organic vanilla stick, or real chocolate cacao-flavored Haagen Daaz meltin' in the sky made the green Starbucks symbol spread her Vulcan tail fan. Wild mermaids swam Puget Sound, as Seafair pirates lustfully waded into warmer-growing summers. Watchin' Seattle Videos...fading into obscure adulthood, containing hidden gay bars and downtown's "seedy" porno.

All the DisAbled physically challenged people haunt this book, using wheelchairs, canes and highly technical equipment for the Blind. The Deaf provide signage for those who can afford to pay them. They work in the backdrop as support services; many have jobs – eatin' inexpensive Chinese food. *Honestly!*

*Well, take it for granted there is still ten cents of welfare. Back in the 80s in the Seattle region, there was a lot of hope for independent living. Nowadays, due to the economy, it can be touch and go for the poorer, less thriving ABs...Able-Bodied. As in able-bodied *Seamen*, originally worshippers of the Goddess Oceana, then of the God Poseidon. I was a third-class such seaman, of the "local" US Navy, in 1987, one year after I helped save King County, Capitol Hill and the Arboretum from a fire, one which would have spread from someone's house...after she died. Of being brutally raped and killed, indecent fare for a middle-aged Black lady.*

I used to be a nurse aide, home health personal care attendant, live-in for the denizens of Center Park, first apartment building in the country (maybe, the entire world) made specifically for those who inhabit Wheelchairs. Everywhere you can think, there is a *screaming* need for accessible (WA) housing...*listen*, they hire "you folks" as helpers! You may work live-in, staying with someone who needs you, in a wheelchair accessible unit that could be yours someday. You *think* you're healthy now, but down the line you will require some medical assistance.

Accidents happen, you know...signed, "M."

AT ABOUT 8 PM ONE BREEZY, sultry Sunday evening "Roundabout" early August, midst a vintage and recent dry year, Saragina DeSoto and Caza Zooweiler met to stare at the peeling pastel yellow-walled, well-worn, bedust-bunnied and achoo-lintied Late Night Laundry, located quite fortuitously near homes and blaringly nestled in fluorescent brilliance, greater than any inn, within the Spartan outer circle of the tiny, spired-in-chucks by apartments and offices, laid-back, and balefully moonlit night time farm town of Rama, WA; and whilst their second-hand or so solid, drenched and important clothes slushed and gyrated, that duo of demi-dames mournfully attempted a serious intellectual discussion of this highly complex, delectable and moralistically socialistic dilemma.

They did this so's to best enjoy the maximum peace, security and conversation, and their caffeine-free soda pop, in their own company without violence. Without even smiling. Never-ever, ever. Ever. It would probably use up water.

Well, it is an in-depth, unextremist, politicizes and mysteriously relaxing (those two icy-cold bottles of soda being clearly involved) supranatch'ral lady talk, if'n that ain't right, what is, while so abstractedly, discolorlessly and thornily, and lecherously but significantly wearing wheat-toast brown, beltless, seatless, fathomless malaise and whalebone-wired disintegrating in sweat French Medievalist-or is it Latin Chic? – red, blue and green-lace panty hose, hidden under their summer clothes, flat and motionless as the sky and thunder, and actually worn only in

their hastily wildest backyard dreams... captivity is bad. You get the hint, you *do!* For they were but merely visiting, and with a well-defined purpose, involving the singular atmospheric Force called Water. Namely, laundry. In machines that churn it, like butter

* From Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens. "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times..." Actually, what time *is* it? Is it time yet? Or too soon, too late, and *some other time*, beyond our knowledge, such as Daylight Savings Time?

.....an expensive pursuit, that. For they are you, *je!* Not you Jew, you know who. If anyone has a religion, they are welcome to stray. Strange, weight-ridden French joke, of long nights alone dieting, and I *promise* that you will get this unseeing shortest of hilarious jokes later, mi alligator pater.

Until then, please be my friend. But water is still Cheap. Listen to it, rising and falling in the faithful old machines like the breathing of organic life itself. Its timing and symmetry are pricelessly necessary. Prayer to the gods is called on in the event of the most unspeakable tragic loss. Water is. Listen to its ever-present, logical pull, and to the argument surrounding a day's useful and anticipated calling.

"I think it's ME," spake the Lady Saragina, a thin but high voice invading the quietly monotonous slushing. Darkly. "I AM the Night. I am the Opus of Space, Magnum Champion, almost six feet of brown glass bottle and a premier recyclable, hey; the Original and Final Place, AfriHello, Owner-Manager'd, Humously Cool Calm and a nice little Collective, if you'll believe in one; the Sweetest Archery of Darkness, a Bacchanalian overtone of Yeast, not mine but His, your very own Absorber de la Lighte. I am...six foot three inches tall. Gabriello is a T person. Both sets of parts, and everyone thinks I am a lesbian. You know better..."

"The Beast! What are you, or could you possibly ever be, next to ME, my dearie-dear?" She sniffled, pretending to cry vast streams, losing the lost blue tears of cavernous, sunless dried-up underground rivers, in these other words none at all. Blue signaling Male, symbolically stiff and exasperating Tall. Shorty?

"Exactly! Next to you, I am the Truth, and the Way, and most especially

the Light. See how they're always putting the Great Me, who ARE, on the Yeehaw's Witlesses pamphlet covers? See how they put us on, like we really were our flimsy, spinning clothes?"

Caza sighed in two poofs, quite knowingly. She was the dyingest, er, dryingest Lady. She had three loads in tonight, having to pick through them carefully as they twisted and turned. Lightly, she brushed lint off a skirt with the back of her southpaw, coffee-colored hand, almost snagging, dreaming of further flatter silver mail-order rings she should buy. That particular hand was loaded for bear already.

"IF...your blasted bad, sad, plaid, dead, fed, unrelated to Ned and instead unknown family of the boonies is out to kill you, how about handling the next one right off, hmmm?" She looked down. She...she...he...they.

"Ah, the foolish ones, they do not know how. They do not know why. They do not know...scuse me, Truthway." said Sara to Caza, "you Lightweight. I have got to go get my washing into that there grocery-money eater." And so Sarra-roginno did. It cost them a whole dollar, four quarters. Five or six, soon! A dollar for each stinking, piled-up laaoo-ooaad, saving for several smelly weeks, only to become sufficiently smelly for the smelly old water shortage, a dollar for each and every overflowing basket. Isn't that awful? It usually cost less to go bowling. And it was another whole dollar to dry...uuuuuuuuHHHHHuuuuuuHHHHHH!!!

...she had been unrudely interpreted. "Maybe," Caza whispered, "they mean the other mystery Lady of the night, who is Not Never Us, but who is Them of, u Around,

Ussens. Or, perhaps, they're simple mean. Or, maybe it's not too meaningful. Say, o dietary aide person, what's the best stuff to take for severe leg cramps?"

"Very short hikes."

"Lately," she continued, "if i so much as hikes to the grocery store, I gets Charlie Hosses. These colors of calves don't win sure. Of course, this is usual for Truly Yours, here. But, I hate Charlie the Horsie. What do I do?"

Sara-genie, normally a docile happy and reflective sort of person, put her

chin, genius superfluous as was the rest of her, which was pointy to the point of Duchess Jabberwocky, and thinly muscular besides, on her 2% milky-choc hand. She was glancing productively inwards. "Calcium is...an asylum. Iron. Take a lot more of those tablets I gave you. You know it was ME, and that you are whole. And...

"Take 'em with meals, two or three times a day. And keep going for walks, OK? Also, eat some more red meat, roasted, for animality or something. Or take those B-vitamin supplements and magnesium a 'that I stole from the Ridge for you. Don't OD on calcium, but you can't. And, maybe you should think about less coffee in your life, decaf maybe, and drinking more water. I see you've heard it all before."

"Yep," said Caza the fair, Lady of the Limp, who coincidentally walks gently and gingerly and cinnamonfully in the eleven half-tone autumn limnear twilights. But none of her relatives do....fresh from the funnies. You hear. Caza has a congenital (born to be wahhahaha-hald) heart problem and albuminuria,** so thus is overall the Frail of this hyar modern booque. Caza in the soft diffuse twilight or pastellar, woad, exeestahnce. Sara on t'other hand was most hearty and hale, a tower of strength, full of good advice...

At that tertiary unsung moment, boldly, another Mystery Being of the Night walked by the churning and laugh-singing laundromat, a nightless blur passing along the window on the outside sidewalk. She seemed anxious to be home, but was scarcely fearful in her well-kept, deeply composed, and quasi-elegant stride. There were absolutely no clicking noises from her pointy shoes, only a lingering brief swipe of shine against glass of billowing, unfaltering silent motion.

Caza, unwithstood, saw this, noting the triadic presense, the Hermes Trismagestus reference docking into and lurking within 'most all reality, once again. Nothing Cirrus nor Sirius, only a fave hobby offers this solace. It lives, it breathes, it ...perks. What are, or were, "perks?" It was everywhere, hidden in every worker thing. Oblique daily forms of the Trinity, or as she chanced to think, watching the spin cycle kaleidoscope her clothes, and remember she is no haberdasher and would be a very cheerful one—the Tri-Nightie. Three nights in Vegas, or three Knights o'

the Mind? Joan of Arc, or the Arches of *Joan*? Duo bent French fries...twin friendship M symbols...the “golden arches,” implying something erotic about you.

Is that what I really *wanted* to think?

And so, the mystery Ladies of the Night, this one anyway, in an ordinary small-town laundromat and by divine Rule, momentarily became Three: virgin-mother-crone, father-son-and-Old-Man-Spook. A weird age, ‘tis...what IS the third one, really? Lasting, or only futile? And do local nursing homes have anything normal to do with rational sex...? The outside Dark Lady was Gone.

After Sara finished her two bloomin’ loads, and Caza her reduced last (sans bras), after they swiftly folded into wicker baskets Sara’s filmy crepe dresses and sturdy polyesters, and Caza’s floor-sweeping aquamarine mail-order dresses with the matching blue-green front-hook bras, and half-slips, and after all their towels and sheets and almost matching artificial satin pillowcases were carefully placed on top, they ambled discretely home. Nothing but Stars witnessed their walk. Best friends for life, or something heartless with no REAL name...save sharks.

And now, for something completely deferent:

Caza is happily in love, living with a Blonde, one Artie Blend, man. He’s a roaring lion in an alcohol cage. Picture him knowing *how* to help her, but never ever quite Being Able to do so. Picture her finally deciding to go ahead and lose weight. Through prayer, the simple act of asking for what you can’t do on your own.

** Presence of serum protein indicated in Caza’s urine, a sign of renal (no kidneyin’) impairment. Meaning, she has to pee. *Buckets*, please!!!

Imaginary Foreword – Four Minutes to Midnight

By those who *rewrote* the Bible, including her main author – otherwise known as “What’s His Name,” or YHVH; sometimes, “M.”

Or...by Ghostwriters, Editors, Publishers, Salesmen and Marketers.

THE HOLY DYE-BULL, Containing the OLD and the NEW Testaments, Translated out of the Original Hair Coloring; and with the Former Translations Diligently Compared (but not Reviled), by His Majesty's Special CHICANERY.

To: His Most High and Mighty Prince, or Princess, THE PUBLISHER'S ASSISTANT, by the Grace of God, King or Queen of Great Britain, France, Ireland, and all other Such Countries, Defender of the Faith, &c. The Authors of This Document wish Grace, Mercy, and Peace, through the Wonderful Name of Our Lord, THE PUBLISHER, the MOST Dread of ALL Sovereigns.

Great and exhausted Manifold were the Blessings, Most Dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Maker of All Book Contracts, Bestowed upon us the Fiction Novelists of the Americas, when first He sent Your Majesty's Royal Person to Rule and Reign all for us, the Authors.

For Whereas it was the Expectation of Many, who wished not well on to our Scions Manuscript, that upon the Setting of that Bright Occidental Star, Elizabeth "Joan Calling" Trailer I of Most Happy Memory, some Thick and Palpable Clouds of Darkness would so have Overshadowed the Heads of Madonna and Others, were it Not for the Miracles of Science and this Land, that Men should have been in Doubt which Way they were to Walk.

I Say, Walk This Way, Talk This Way, and Gimmee a Kiss; and that It should hardly be known, were it not for Close-Ups, who was to Direct the Unsettled State; the Appearance of Your Majesty, which may be Uncombed while Reading this, as of the Sun in His Strength, instantly Dispelled those Supposed and Surmised Hair-Mists, and gave unto All That were Well-Affected exceeding Cause Of Comfort.

But among All our Joys, there were None that more Filled our Hearts, than the Blessed Continuance of the Writing in this Book, which will be revealed unto You, ah, Shortly. Which is that inestiMabel Treasure, which Excelleth All the Riches of the Earth; because the Fruit Thereof extendeth Itself, not only to the Time spent in this transitory World, but Directeth and Disposeth of even Swarthier Men and Women unto that Eternal Happiness which is Above, in being Stone Blondes.

Then Not to suffer this to Fall to the Neck, but Rather to Put the Hair Up, and to Continue It in that State; nay, to go Forward with the Confidence and Resolution of a Girl who is Maintaining the Truth of Marilyn, and Not Exactly Propagating it Far and Near, but Sometimes is That which hath Bound and Firmly Knit the Hearts of All Your Majesty's Loyal and religious Hairdressers unto You, that Your very Name is Precious and easy to reprint on a Computer Screen, mailed to You Tomorrow, stating that "You, Shirley Mailer, have won a Million!!!"

There are infinite Arguments of this White Christmas and religious Affiliation and Your Majesty; but None is more forcible to Declare it to Others than the Vehement and Perpetuated Desire of Accomplishing and Publishing of this Work, which Now with All Humility we present unto Your Majesty.

By the Mercy of God, and the Continuance of our Labor's, it being Brought unto such a conclusion... we hold it our Duty to offer it to Your Majesty, not only as to our Emperor and Sovereign, but as to the Principle Mover and Author of this Work; humbly Craving of Your Most Sacred Majesty, that since Things of this Quality have ever been Subject to the Censures of the ill-meaning discontented Persons.

It may receive Approbation and Patronage from so Learned and Judicious a Publisher as Your Highness is, Whose high Allowance and Acceptance of our Labours shall more Honour and Encourage us, than all the Calumniations and Hard Interpretations of other Writers shall Dismay us...Sustained without by the powerful Protection of Your Majesty's Grace and Favor, which will ever give Countenance to Honest and Vari-Haired Endeavors against Bitter Censures and uncharitable Imputations. The Lord of Heaven and Earth Bless Your Majesty with Many and Happy Days... so that you may be the Wonder of the world.

Acknowledgements Page – Three Minutes to Midnight

DEDICATION: In a Bun Dance (mostly, for Angela, both husbands, Mom and Dad.) In addition, to Christy, Connie, their respective families, the

Peralta/Forbes clan, the Schwarz's Trudy and Alex, and the Cole/Schuldt/Fee families, plus every worker and each client who went through Rainbow Writing or Ghost Writer, Inc. Hello, all "my" colleges, including those in Ohio and Washington. You rode a bicycle through your worst deserts, the ones with the truck-generated shimmering oilslick mirages. Finally, hi, Poland, Austria, Germany, Jews, Russia, Czechoslovakia, the Ukraine, and the whole continent of Europa, including China. And Hong Kong.

Oh, also to Jesse Jackson, who is Protestant but thinks he's Catholic. *Deep inside, or not.* This book is sorta named after The Rainbow Coalition, not Gay Comics; but it has one particular gay "dude" character in it. It's not *Jesse!*

TO: "M," Search Engine Robots (HAL), Edgar Allen Poe, Nicole C. Kear, Carmen Berry, Helene Vece, Sallie Goetsch, Stan Lee, Angela C. Peralta, Betty Smith, Betty MacDonald, Claudia San Luis, Boccaccio, Erma Bombeck, Peg Bracken, Judith Crist, Richard Armour, Alex Haley, Vicky Judah, Ben D. Kennedy, Robert Louis Stevenson, Paul Rudnick, Toni Morrison, Alpha the Moon Unit Ollie, P. J. O'Rourke, Richard Corbett, Phillip Roth, Amy Tan, Leo Rosten, James Thurber, E. B. White, Maxine Hong Kingston, Andreas Dudas, Jorge Luis Borges, Joe Olvera, Lucille Iverson, Peter "Razor" Slade, God, Fu, Ruth, Job, St. Francis, Al Emid, Sarah, Shirley Jackson, Johnnie Carson, Stephen King, Sylvia Plath, Sherry L. Granader, Larry Leichman, Cormac McCarthy, Denny O'Neil, Harry A. Thompson, Scott Hastie, Luther Seahand, Roxana Jones, Bruce Brager, Linda Leon, Debbie Davis, George Bernard Shaw, George MacDonald Fraser, David Johnston, Donald Westlake, Kurt Vonnegut, Ralph Ellison, Morgan Rose, Sue Townsend, William H. Shakespeare, Albert Einstein, James Baldwin, Jean Kerr, Alice Walker, Peg Bracken, Sabine Shah, Lori Suthar, Susan Sontag, Laura Sherman, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Lewis Carroll, L. Frank Baum, C. S. Lewis, Charles Dickens, Cloise Orand II, P. L. Ryan, Simon Lewenberg, Susan Ferritto, Justine Mbabzazi, Farid Hotaki, Harlan and Ralph Ellison, Ray Bradbury, Kurt Vonnegut, Vin Lunney, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, H. P. Lovecraft, me...and the "Keep "Em Flying" lady, Erica Jong. Possibly, maybe, Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe? Dr. and Mrs. King, wrote love letters to each other? Based on a pair who wrote to the depth, breadth and heighth their Soul could reach?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her hubbie, “How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...” Well, Percy Byshe Shelley and his wife were no slouchers.

PLUS TO: the erstwhile creators of the Amerikanski Sherlock Holmes (namely Ellery Queen), the “timeless” duo of Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee, Firsts Publishers. Celebrating all Mystery Zones *everywhere*, including Alfred Hitchcock’s and Rod Serling’s, and once or twice Phyllis Diller’s too...Mary Higgins Clark, Agatha Christie (Mostly competed with *her*, one way or another), Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley, Sylvia Plath and Woody Allen. Mostly, Heywood Konigsberg, otherwise known as Stewart Little Rock.

ALSO TO: Mel Brooks, Supreme Genius, immoralist and Raisinette Lover.
AND/OR FINALLY TO: My Heroine, Seattle’s own Linda Barry, and her High-School Chum, Matt “The Simpsons” Groening! May they Rest in Peace, infinitesimally.

AND (oddly enough) TO: Muhammad, who tells a Genie *when* to have sex, and...not *exactly* to the former man of the century, Hitler, whose works I tragically read and argued with, whom “Time” replaced as MOTC with Einstein. *Such* a wise choice, as his deeply loveable math work on the Bomb...well, forget it, germs, Germany and worms. I love you, even if you’re out to kill me through radiation poisoning...at least Seattle isn’t really Ground Zero...yet...just ground round.

Imaginary Introduction – Two Minutes to Midnight

THE DISCREPUTABLY FETCHIN’ CHARMS OF GABRIELLO “BEAU HOOTER” SANCTO – A NOSE ONLY EBONY MAGAZINE LOVED, ABOVE A BODY DESIRING MERELY THE ONE NON-ARCANE FORM OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION:

“MY ENCHANTINGLY PRE-AQUILINE proboscis emanates from the central hill country of South (in autumn) Carolina, which is deep-most emerald green, dankly lush, and rapturously beautiful in huggable feels. And it's cleverly marked along windy roads with little white crosses, along subhumanly narrow, shadowy twisting back roads, crosses that indicate

1,113 deathly auto wrecks.

“Isn't that screamingly humorous? As you are already well aware, it's heavy, humid and stifling there, least wise in mid-summertime. Makes you want to die on those gorgeous tinker-toy hills.

“An odd place to find either localistic Indians or Hispanics (she's calm), yet a few are still there, still...si, I know Eros if Eros. And my very real grandmother lives in an isolated, indisposed tiny coastal Spanish town laughingly called Iberia, a quaint cool blue-green back water eerily hidden under barrowing gray-white clouds weeps in a tragically when-swept series of dried-out mounds, dying rushes, and awesome lonesome blousy beaches, sharp on the feet, with the brisk, goals-crying suctioning and stinking salt sea ocean.

“It's God in paradise as usual. Clear, fetid, misty and terrible. Especially in early spring. It smells. Reeks of tourists, acid rain, messed up silent living.

“That's why I reside, currently, in the Pacific Northwest, in a hidden-'way farmland buried, lurking, sanely. Unbelievably, it's far nicer here than I've ever experienced it anywhere in the heartland Carolinas. Better, bigger and realer mountains too, that occasionally actually contained snow on 'em for runoff. We're luckier'n we know right now. Gulp. Yeah.

“My turgid and dinkus name is unknown, torpidly kinda, but they say I went by "Beau" for several long, nasty, altruistic, and eventually individuated lily-lazy yars. My father's name is Sancto. Never for me. He doesn't warrant it. And it's thought my truer moniker “es” circa Gabriello or Gabriella, but nobody's sure, Somebody, 'cause I'm missing my state-ordered birth certificate. Reet! I'm certifiably Unknown. It's Gabe. I like “Beau,” though. Maybe.

“Colloquially, it means 'fop' as in Beau Brummel. Or it means, well, 'good.' Beau the Bum? I work. Sort of a harmless ne'er-do-well, a chap 'bout town, a modern-day Gatsby, non-extant seeker of nonessential truths. I'm not a psycho, a thief, or a homicidal maniac. I don't bite, smoke, or play twenty questions or Trivial Pursue-Snatching.

“I'm built, happy, modest...you are now stuck with me.”

The Halcion Times of Gabe “Beau” Sancto and his Townie Crowd

THE *Who Are Sent Forth* character list:

Gabe “Beau” Hooter: 5’7”, 24, Latinofine | Chicanoesque | Hispaniman, collects insects, sci-fi blobs and condoms; laborer

Saragina DeSorto: 6’3”, 22, Hispana and Afribibble, often wears last year’s cornrows; nutritionist

Artie Blend: 6’1”, possibly taller as he slouches, 42 white “MF” years of age, a worrisome drunk; multi-skilled laborer

Caza Zooweiler: Caza, the Unknown and unknowable, 36, “like Babylon,” hippie; bookskeeping seamstress who’s certainly dying without really trying

Robert Goneschlaw: he’s not deaf, he’s Jew Polish; “maybe a bit dumb—you’ll see”; mouthless Ameslan-wielding bartender, excellent with a sword

Ned England: the Queen is dead—no, it’s his mum; black, 17, looks it; prep waiter

Jeannie Ontermeyer: an adult of the café; teenaged, redheaded, an able waitress

Cloadia Tager: wears cowboy boots daily, plays “helicopter pool,” 31, strawberry dishwater happiness, prays to Poseidon; waitress from out of town and cocktails

Sharone Bitters: has an important parent, is black-thin, 5’6”, “a slip of monetary poetry”; registered nurse with non-imaginary brothers and sisters

Harmin Boole: 79 and looks that, widower, owns several local children; retired

There are also appearances by: Gabe's divorced parents; Artie's Montana relatives; the mental patient Gabe rescues; Suzette, a fairy child; Phoebe Sommers, an earlier elder passionfruit of Gabe's; the so-called Mr. Jones, a man in an address with a deadly story to tell; Chandover, a French composerary of Beethoven's; Emilia Bitters, Sharone's mom and a Krakatoan on weekends, bartending; Ed Bitters, a litigant itinerant for a hopeful cause; and the other weekend 'tender, a young man named Dan Nuts who thinks he's gay.

In addition there are: Gramma HeLouise, "Beau's" gramma; Dame Gretchley, a character/minister with brown hair, blue eyes, a Viet/Korean face, and a bulldog mentality; Thomas DaLieken, an Italian, sympatico to the severely impressed and OTHERS; Mabel "School" Jones, a nice middle-aged plump auteuse who writes history novels "pretty good, for a boat-owner," also tending bar: Dave Velasquez Velasquez, a handsome young Latino man, "dead" at 29, temporary Prince of the Air; and one Fred, of Wabash, WA, whose major life's goals are to walk and drive fast again without another accident—and to eat Rocky Road.

He's a drinker, like Artie he needs a good woman to date, and better housing. Habitat for Humanity has nothing on Fred and his dark-hued designs, which will all be fulfilled someday, if things go naturally right and not infernally wrong.

Fred is the heart of this Entire Matter ...him and his Manual Wheels.