

A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by mr. emunah - 17 Apr 2013 00:28

It wasn't much, but it was home. At least for now

It really was just a refrierator box that Jerry Longer had managed to find while he was scavenging through the garbage day spoils.

But it kept him dry, which was a good thing becaudse he had enough on his plate without worrying about catching a cold. or pnuemonia.

The Rush of cars, and the roar of trucks blocked out most noise, but Jerry was able to make out the high pitched screech of a Bird of prey as it swooped in on a helpless rodent.

Just like they had swooped down on him.

His whole picturesque existance had been shattered.

and it all began with that Shady man he had met at the Dry cleaners.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 17 Apr 2013 01:00

Back then he was holding down a job. A good job. One of those jobs that allowed him to leave his work at the office at the stroke of 5, go home, relax and at the same time pay his bills and even put away a little something for a rainy day. A prestigious firm could afford to hire an accomplished financial adviser.

Those days were gone. The first sight that greeted him these days when he opened his eyes were either people's feet walking by or the worn cardboard top of his box. He felt like he could fall no further than his current situation. Short of committing a crime that is. And G-d knows he was done with that. Down and out he may be but he would not stoop so low again. Only someone so mortified and devastated could muster that determination.

What seemed so innocuous and trifling had grown into proportions of exponential magnitude. A passing remark, a quick discussion and Jerry was onto a path short on ethics and long on indulgence.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by israel613120 - 17 Apr 2013 03:50

is this code for something?

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 17 Apr 2013 20:31

it's a story, in progress. no secret meanings. enjoy!

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by ur-a-jew - 17 Apr 2013 21:01

Was the question that took him out of his thoughts. Looking up, Jerry saw a older fella peering into his box. Startled, he just responded: "Huh?" The old fella asked again: "Is this code or something?" as he pointed to the markings on the outside of the box.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 17 Apr 2013 21:14

"Geenio is the name, and this area here is my home" said the old man, ignoring his startled looks. "Tell me all about your box and yourself. Or just about your box. Boxes are like watches, they all tell time but every individual has his kind of watch. Same with boxes."

Jerry was getting more confused with every sentence the man uttered. "Slow down! good morning, who are you?" inquired Jerry in a rush.

"Name is still Geenio" he said, pushing aside an errant strand on his balding head. The crow's feet on his face crinkled as he said "You look like a good, confused and sad man. I reckon to change most of that".

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by mr. emunah - 17 Apr 2013 21:43

"You see, I've beena round the block a bit, and I can tell that you don't seem to want to live here, some fellers, they want to be outside, live da life, nivver be beholden to no man, but you aint on the same page, y'all looks like you wants a dry house with a warm bed..." said Geenio.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 17 Apr 2013 22:45

"I be right back wiz ya", and with that Geenio disappeared as quickly as he came.

Jerry touched his head to check if he was awake and the episode with Geenio was not a part of his dream. How would i know if my entire life till now is not a dream? That question being of too great import and weight was put aside.

Washing as best he could with a water bottle and running a comb through his hair he was ready and "dressed" in no time. Living in a box has it's perks, he thought to himself. The price is great, the commute is non-existent and it is one big social event.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by Machshovo Tova - 17 Apr 2013 23:50

Excuse my ignorance, but does this belong in the "Introduce Yourself" section? Perhaps a new section ("Narishkeiten") should be created.

MT

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by ur-a-jew - 18 Apr 2013 00:28

What was that code that this Geenio fellow was referring to anyways? Jerry thought to himself. Climbing out of his box, it was "his box" and he was pretty possessive of it since that was basically all he had these days. He certainly didn't remember any codes on his box. But then again, there were alot of things he didn't remember these days. When he looked at he was even more confused. Scrawled on his box, yes "his box!" was not simply some code, it was a whole megillah: "Excuse my ignorance, but does this belong in the "Introduce Yourself" section? Perhaps a new section ("Narishkeiten") should be created. MT" Do you mean they have sections for these box houses? Jerry wondered aloud. And who was MT? Jerry had little time to figure all of this out, because just then he felt a tap on the shoulder.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by mr. emunah - 18 Apr 2013 00:33

Geenio had returned, he had brought breakfast with him.

A packet of BBQ tortilla chips, a Chocolate bar, some Peanut snacks, and a Ham sandwich.

"Here ya go brother", he called out, "get it while its hot!"

Jerry's nose perked up at the scent of the fresh sandwich,

"Thank You, sir" he responded, "you really are a kind man, but I'm like a sortofa y'know.. vegetarian type, and I'd like you to enjoy that sandwich, I'll take the other grub"

"Oh, Jewish, are we?" asked Gennio, "It's funny, you don't look jewish..."

I know many Jews, a bit too upity for my taste but not like Them..." he said while winking his left eye meaningfully.

"Oh, I'm just a vegetarian... I mean I don't know much about Jews, but I don't think I have a bunch of desert dwellers for my Gmaps and Grans..." said Jerry reddening a bit

"and how do you know about Them...?" he finished off lamely...

"here, take this Jewboy, I've gotta go now, and it isn't safe for me to be seen around here..." Geenio grunted as he passed a small folded flyer to Jerry,

"alright, Bye, and try to stay alive till next week" he said as he turned on his heels and was off towards a nearby alley into which he came.

Jerry took a look a the paper, it was a flyer for Wing Wong Express, on it was a small note written in felt tip pen, -Jerry, Konstantin squealed, find a new location if you care about staying alive... sincerely, E.I.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 18 Apr 2013 18:18

The food proved a good distraction to relieve the terror that suddenly gripped him. He ate it all ravenously, carefully discarding the wrappers. The junk food felt exactly like the junk it was after he was done but it was good to feel full regardless.

Jerry stuffed his towels, blankets and various odds and end that constituted his earthly belongings into his worn knapsack and was off. First priority was to move. Konstantin was a guy who knew too much and was a force to be reckoned with. Jerry heaved his knapsack onto his back and was off, but not before jotting down the mysterious scrawl someone had left on his box.

Jerry walked purposefully down the street and surreptitiously glancing over his shoulder he darted into a McDonald's. He made straight for the restroom, where he changed his outer clothing and put on a cap and sunglasses. Hopefully if anyone was watching him he would lose him. Waiting until a group of people were heading out he joined them and headed back the same way he came.

A sullen youth caught his eye when he turned to find him looking at him intently. Jerry called out "G'morning brother!" and was surprised to see a spark of genuine happiness appear in the youth's eye, only to be quickly replaced by an empty look.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee

Posted by mr. emunah - 19 Apr 2013 01:25

"I said good morning brother!" Jerry called out again, "it's ok to smile!",

the kid grunted noncommitedly, Jerry pushed one more time, "Listen Kid, beleive me life can be tough, but you don't need to make it tough, a bit of hapiness goes a long way... here take this chocolate bar, I only had about half of it..."

"Thanks" grunted the kid, "yknow, I was watching you because I think I saw you here a half hour ago dressed differently, you have strange habits..."

"Listen sonny, don't mix into what you don't wanta know about, just pretend you never saw me, alright?" Jerry was hot and itchy, he was obviously quite conspicuous, he needed to move, and fast.

"You know what son, I've gotta go, but you look a bit hrd on luck yourself right now, how about we both skip this city, and disapear, maybe we can watch each others backs.." Jerry eyed a large bruise on the left side of the kids face, the coulour of a ripe prune...

"Lissen mister, I think you in trouble too, I think I'll join ya, the names Manny by the way".

Jerry gave him a thumbs up and headed off towards the nearby overpass,

"Okay the fun starts now, we're gonna get the 10:30 Carolina express, get your guts together"

Manny followed Jerry to the middle of the overpass, below the midmorning traffic was flowing well.

Between the Northbound and southbound lanes there was the Rail line, most trains ehere just local NJ transit commuters heading back and forth from Newark.

Jerry was quickly up over the rail and was clambering down the girders until he was about 10 feet from the ground directly over the southbound rails, "come Manny, we got a minute and a half till we get on board,"

Jerry watched as Manny gingerly scaled the side of the bridge and made his way, catlike next to him.

An interesting kid, Jerry thought, he doesn't look like he was born on the street, he lacked a certain toughness and he had a strange noble look to him,

but if Jerry new his stuff, this kid was on the way down and out, he could see the telltale bulging veins and the bloodshot eyes... still the kid seemed to be paying a bit too much attention to him so he figured it would be safer to take him in, rather than have a teenager stalking him.

As Manny made himself comfortable on the girder, Jerry took a towel from his pack, he lit the corner with his Zippo lighter (he hated matches, and didn't like those cheap plastic ones) and dropped it on th tracks where the damp towel started to give off quite a bit of smoke.

They cound already hear the thundering sound of the approaching Amtrak CArolina express,

he could see the train starting to decelarate as to not hit the smoking object on the tracks, obviously the train was not able to come to complete stop in time and Jerry could see the Engineer's worried face as the train rolled over the homemade smokebomb.

The train had slowed to 15 mph and Jerry took hold of Mannys sleeve..

"jump quick, and lay flat on the roof of the carriage"

They both let themselves drop the few feet to the top of the train trying to avoid the spaces between the wagons.

Jerry got a nice bruise on his jaw as he came down, Manny had done a bit better having skinned the palms of his hands, he grimaced as h tried to gety a good grip on the rivets.

So they where on the way out of the Big Apple and none too soon,

Jerry knew he wasn't really safe anywhere he went, but at least he could try to regroup a bit, he would be back that was sure, but he hoped that with Manny's help he would be able to survive the hunt and return alive.

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 19 Apr 2013 01:56

The immediate task was to get to a safer spot, off the roof and preferably inside the car. Experience, that primeval education system, had taught Jerry a bit about the vicissitudes and protagonists of the sleazy world of desperadoes. The conductor would make his rounds as soon as the train was chugging through Jersey, away from the maelstrom of Manhattan. That gave them about 15 minutes to practice the art of being human suction cups and sticking to the roof of the train.

A niggling worry began eating at Jerry. A desperate kid would do desperate things. His instinct to trust Manny would need validation before he can fully accept it.

Jerry loosened the knapsack and placed it in front of him with the straps in his hand. Manny noticed, and Jerry knew the moment would be soon. Jerry made small talk with Manny. But he noticed Manny was getting a little edgy. Jerry decided it was now or next month, which in his world meant never.

"Down in Philly I once rode a train with a fellow. Had fallen on tough times but a guy with a rich background, both figuratively and literally. We were on the roof and a thought crossed my mind. If i were to grab the guy's bag and send him careening off the roof it might make me a penny or a grand and ne'er anyone be the wiser." Jerry slowly recited, as if it was a long happy story. "But this here fellow was quick. No sooner than he realized where things were heading that he had me in a loveless embrace and all thoughts of enrichment turned to thoughts of survival".

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Re: A tale of a Giraffe and an Emu ~ by Lefty MacPhee
Posted by mr. emunah - 19 Apr 2013 22:41

"I guess the end of the story is that he regreted that because soon was resting on the tracks... I have a black belt in Tae kwon do...

Anyways, I'm pretty experienced at train riding."

Jerry watched Manny's response,

Manny looked like he could use a good fix, he was twitching a bit and he looked lethargic

"Hey man, don't worry, I aint gonna toss nobody, besides I think we can help each other..."
manny said sullenly back...

"Alright son, we have about two minutes until the tunnel, enjoy the air while you got it..."

They settled down and tried to get into comfortable positions...

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