

# Pinhead Menace

by DONALD PFARRER

My phone rings, and I greet my caller: “Hello Pinhead.”

“Listen you creep, stay away from the party. I’ll be there to tell the crowd what a phony you are. Don’t come.”

“Are you authorized to give me orders?”

“I’m warning you, I’ll blast your reputation to smithereens. Nothing will stop me.”

Crash! he hangs up and I start to waver, maybe we shouldn’t go, but Tiffany Marie is already dressing. I sit down to put on a shoe and I see the light.

He said nothing could stop him, and that’s what I’ll do, nothing. We’ll arrive late for a grand entrance and they’ll gasp at the beauty on my arm.

Tiffany Marie calls from the bedroom, “Are you ready Georgie?”

“Getting there Babe.”

The phone rings again.

“Hello Pinhead.”

“Listen you slimeball. What I meant was that nothing you do or don’t do will stop me. So don’t think about coming. I’ll destroy you.”

“O.K. Pinhead.”

Crash, he hangs up.

So -- whirr whirr -- nothing I do or don't do can stop him. Does that mean I can't stop him? Wait. Nothing can stop him. What I do or don't do is included in nothing, assuming I do nothing. So nothing can stop him.

"Georgie, come zip me up."

To zip or unzip, that is the question. I do a little of both till she slaps my hand and scolds: "None of that, Big Boy."

She's gorgeous in a formfitting gold silk dress with plenty of butt and cleavage. Oh god and she's mine! Nobody knows that better than Pinhead, a man crippled by jealousy and envy.

I tell her what he's up to, and she says, "Nothing you could say about that jerk would surprise me."

Whirr whirr -- How can I surprise her by saying nothing about Pinhead or anybody else? I don't want to surprise her, it never entered my mind. Since I don't want to, I should do something, but what?

The phone rings.

"Yeah Pinhead."

"Listen you drip, you sleeze, you loser, if you walk in with that dream on your arm I'll tell everybody you don't deserve her. You are unworthy. She's a queen among womankind and you are nothing!"

Crash.

It's true I'm unworthy, I already knew that. Is there anything new in this latest rant? She's a queen, I'm a worm -- but in medieval times worm could mean *serpent*. Tell that to Pinhead. But why bother? If I'm nothing I can stop him, he said it himself. So I stick to my guns and do nothing. *Nothing* is nothing but a

contraction of no and thing. And that's what I do. We go to the party, and she is glorious. Nothing has ever surpassed her in beauty and elegance.

I see Pinhead "across a crowded room" and of course he does nothing, because he can't, because I didn't do anything.

When we get home I walk Bruno and I don't pick up after him because I didn't bring a bag, because I'm into doing nothing. It's dark, the neighbors will never know, unless they recognize Bruno's scat. Truly nothing is quite like it.

Good old Bruno.

Tiffany Marie's in the bathroom and I hear shower sounds. The music of the spheres. I take a quick shower and slip into bed and wait in all innocence. My visions of Her Loveliness are interrupted by some deep thinking about the meaning of life. There must be thousands of books about that and nothing else, and if any board-certified philosophers are listening I'd welcome their comments. Not just anybody. I mean real philosophers. I can learn nothing from nobodies.

Oh god she's in *that* negligee! She's in beside me. I turn to her and she says softly,

"Georgie, let's just do nothing for a sec," and she looks longingly into my eyes, and that's all.

The more nothing we do the more I feel something where there was next to nothing.

"Tiffany Marie, nothing is beautiful, but couldn't we do something? I beg of you."

"But what would that be, Georgie?"

“Well, uh, something we’ve done before. I mean in a world of nothing there must be something.”

“Oh that! Why didn’t you say so?”

She lies breathing softly, and closes her eyes. She says nothing but I know what she’s thinking.

Some people might think this is a weak ending, but they don’t know much, and maybe nothing, about Tiffany Marie.

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