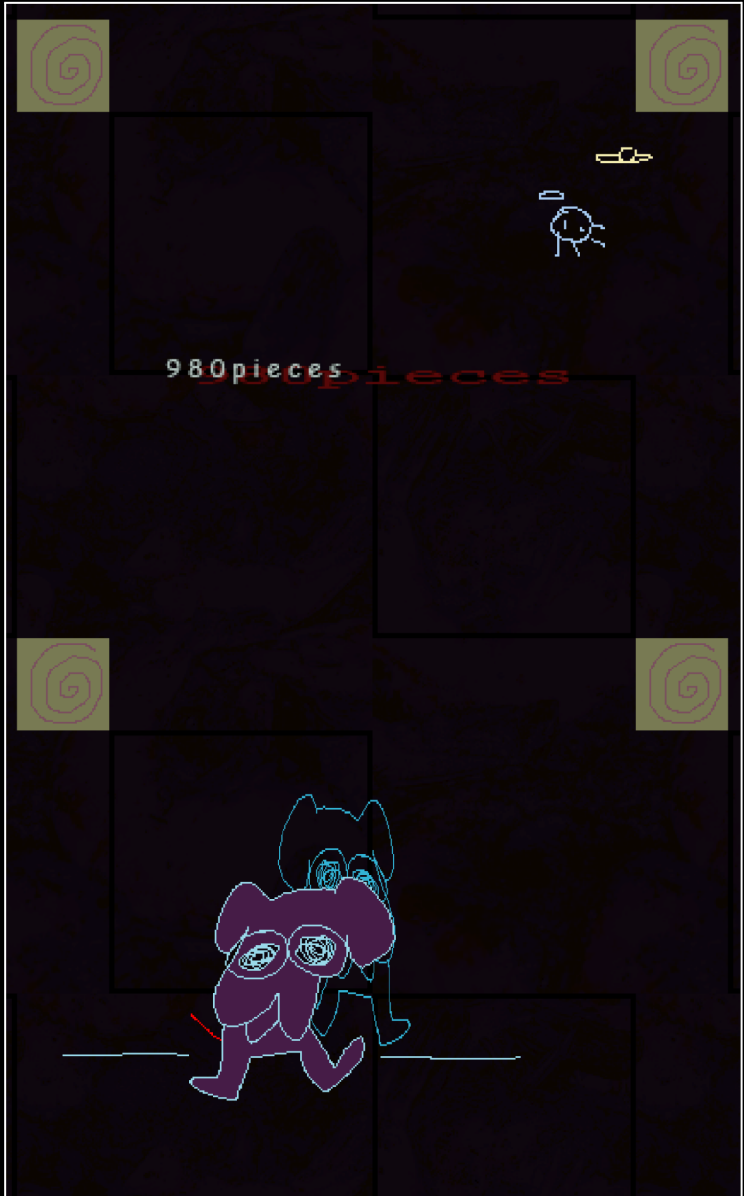


980pieces

written by bentl

<https://bigbabybentl.blogspot.com/>



~1~

morton arrives at DFW at 12:59 PM after a long series of delays that can only be described as "fucking absurd", or at least thats what morton would say. morton is old as fuck. hes like 38. but in a spiritual sense, hes old as fuck. not in the compliment way. sickened by the smell of gasoline and canned beans, morton rests on an arbitrary concrete stump outside terminal D while he waits for the people. he chose to wear a nice button-up shirt (buttoned all the way to the top, of course) and slacks that he got at Target, but now they reek of his own sweat. and gasoline. and canned beans. and whatever airport barbecue he had during his 2 hour layover in ATL.

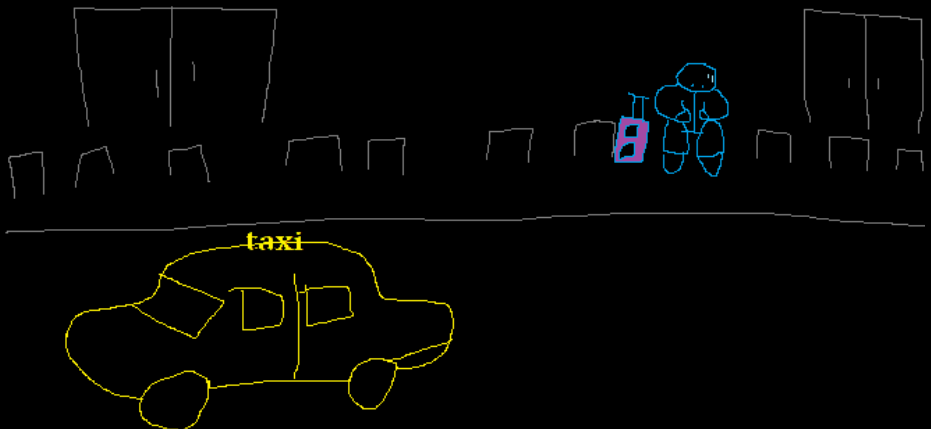
what car is he even supposed to be looking for, anyways?

morton looks at his phone. nothings really going on there, usually.

... yeah, nothing. the time is 1:37 PM.

he thinks about waiting inside but he doesnt want to miss them, you know.

its so fucking hot.



eventually, a car precariously pulls up to mortons shallow stump. an ivy green sedan, looks like its from the 80s but its still brand spankin new. mustve been refurbished. mortons a car guy so he knows when to say "refurbished". the front window comes down, morton is scanned by the face of a gruff lookin dude wearing clothes equally as innocuous as mortons.

"hey, youre morton right?"

"yeah"

the man unfolds a tattered piece of paper and looks at the contents. then back at morton. then back at the paper. then back at morton. is morton supposed to just stand here or does he need to pull out documentation? morton fishes for his leather wallet but is interrupted shortly thereafter.

"alright, get in."

oh ok. morton grabs his suitcase and loads into the passenger seat of the car.

"nice car. is this refurbished?"

"...oh, uh, idunno."

"well, it sure as hell looks it. a honda accord, huh? never seen one in this color. hell of a car, really. they dont make em like this any more thats for sure, haha. you know much about cars?"

"no."

the "no" was spoken with a profound annoyance that even morton could recognize. he stops talking.

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"no i havent seen him all day"

"hm. weird. im just asking cause i found his dog waitin on my front porch yesterday morning just wait."

"huh. i suppose the lil guy got out. that fence of his is ugly as hell, cant be too hard to dig underneath it. he wasnt home?"

"no, i checked yesterday and today and no response. he isnt answering his phone either. strange cause his cars in the driveway."

"he must be on a trip or somethin"

"thats what i figure but its strange how he left his dog with nobody to watch him. poor little guy good thing he got out. i sure dont mind watchin his dog, ive done it plenty before, but to disappear like this is... they simmer down!"

edward tugs aggressively on the dogs leesh, an impulse of the ego.

"sorry. what i was saying was to disappear like this is unlike him. hes a very careful man."

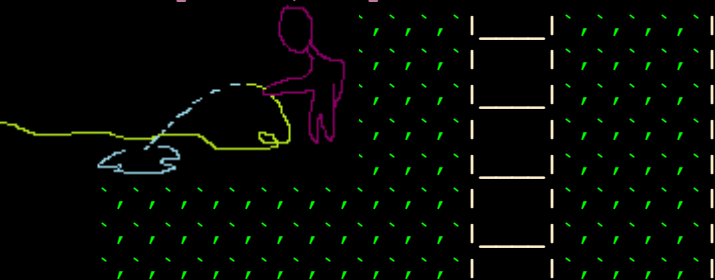
"ay, youd know more than me, i hardly know the character. could never get a read on the guy."

"yeah hes a bit hard to crack, int he?... alright welp, gonna get home before i miss the news. take care charlie."

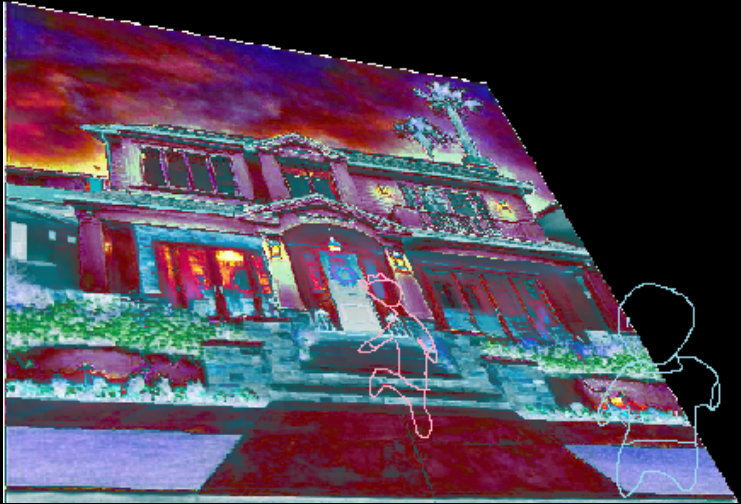
"you too, eddy."



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morton arrives at the home of eric and deorah hartzler at 3:57 PM. its beautiful. its what morton considers beautiful.



as if morton wasnt sweaty enough, he finds himself battling an intense nervousness as he stands before the illustrious home of his two greatest heroes. champions of the physical plain, bastions of human civilization.

the texas sun roasts him alive. there arent any bugs here, suburban dallas is mute aside from the distant hissing of cars on the highway. it sounds like the ocean. or the wind. natural. constant. his stomach turns. it sinks in what he came here to do.

"you comin?"

he is.



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