

The Van dynkle Way

It stinks!

(A fresh tale of foul play)

By

Gene Fredericks

A short winded story about a man who let his flatulence and love of self get the best of him, which was not much to begin with.

There once was a man named

Van dynkle

Everything about him did stink!

He stuck up his friends

As a means to his ends

And there was no depth

To which he wouldn't sink to!

The Van dynkle Way

Chapter One / The Little Stinker

Newton Van dynkle had the most fragrant air about him, or so he thought. His flatulence was notorious, and his selection of perfume and toilet water impeccable. He always smelled. With just one pass of his wind, he could change the odor in a room and affect the winds of time. His sense of smell and lack of taste were so highly tuned that with just one whiff, he could sniff out specific spices in stews, even when frozen. Van dynkle soon learned the power of his odoriferous acumen, and had repugnant distain for those who did not find his air appealing. Whether pungent or sweet his smell was unmistakable. His air was apparent. He was a real stinker right from the start.

The beginning of his end started at birth. His parents, who loved their pile of joy, and carried his precious load, would say “Newton you are such a little stinker!”

He was a rotten stinker from day one and everyone knew it. People had talked about his unusual smell his whole life and because he had been so repulsive to most he knew all about bad feelings. He learned how to ignore his hurt feelings and dealt with fear or, for that matter, any dangerous situation, with little or no emotion. Newton could handle any rotten situation without putting up much more of a stink than he already put up.

Van dynkle refined his fearless skills just before the Great War when he moved to the romantic Latin region of Espulsia, known for its exotic spices and sexy Matadors. Fittingly for his obnoxious odor, his first job was outdoors picking four leaf clovers in soggy meadows on the outskirts of the cute mid-evil walled city of Soalona. Newton would arrive at work early, just as the air was warming, and the dew was at its' peak. The bulls that grazed the land were still asleep, or barely awake. It was often a challenge getting to the clovers before the bulls did, and an even greater challenge rescuing the clovers once the bulls were there. Aside from the trampling, the bull's also left big piles of steaming manure all over the clover rich meadow. The steamy pies would often land on a patch of four-leaf clover and nearly ruin their resale value. But, Van dynkle was a bold and cunning young man who could analyze any stinky situation. He was able to

figure out an economically gainful solution to any of his problems and even did it with a nose for art. So to deal with the bull this situation presented him Newton designed artsy fartsty tools to help him work in these very dangerous conditions. He wore large gas inflated shoes. He supplied the gas, and he wore them so he would not be bogged down in the bogs. He also carried an ingenious tool, which was part rake, part whip, and mostly scooper. He used it to ward off the bulls and revive the clover. Newtons specially designed combo tool allowed him to scoop up poop, whip away the bulls, or slam a ready rump just before the pie came out. His bully poop pit display was an amazing feat to watch. It took more than just courage; it took instinct and impeccable timing to know just when the bull was about to defecate and to surprise it with a bump to the rump. Newton had to take special care in the process to either; drive the bull away, avoid it when it was voiding and assure the bull did not charge him. This curious act of courage was even more amazing when he arrived just a bit too late and had a steamy pile of bull dropping to deal with. When this happened he would take his gourmet rake and slide it under the manure and toss it up on its' side ever so carefully. He looked like a gourmet chef serving up a supreme soufflé or a fluffy omelet. When done just right, the pie would stand tall, dry fast and damage little. With such a bull shit talent he was soon discovered by the bullfighting promoter, who owned the bull grazing meadows and the bull fighting arena in the cute, secluded, mid-evil city of Soalona. The promoter, who also had an eye for art and showmanship, offered Newton a job showing off his unique and courageous skill during the bullfights. Newton immediately accepted the job and was very satisfied with his daily duties and proud of his new hot shit position. If any bull pooped during the bullfight Newton was Johnny on the spot and sopped up the problem and worked his magic. He was a whiz at his job and could scoop any poop and make it stand tall, as he himself did. As a pubic demonstration of his bullshit palette, Newton would run up behind the bull and whack it in the genitals once or twice, if he could, just to get the bull pissed off. This helped the Picadors as they stuck it to the bull. They would get the bull angry and Newton would get the bull to the brink of charging. They called him the “Cuspidor” and even gave him the billing of Newton Van dynkle "the bull-shit artist".

Senior Vicente Girones di Tallafalla, the promoter, who loved the job Newton was doing, slapped up posters and billboards all over the region praising his skill and promoting his art. Van dynkle, the bullshit artist, was packing them in.

Newton loved the sounds of the crowd and the smell of victory. Hordes of amused fans loved him and his bullshit. They would yell out when he scooped the poop and flip the dung, “bully for you,” and just as he was about to rear end a bull, they shouted, “give it a whack. The open-air arena, his bull shit skills, and the airs he put on were a perfect match. Van dynkl was a hit and made quite a name for himself as a bullshit artist. He even became infamous and feared when he accidentally but purposefully killed the most feared bull of all. Bocanegra, a bull of biblical bovine proportions, bullied his way into the ring sooner than expected after breaking the flimsy latch that most other bulls just accepted as sound. Bocanegra charged the Matador, who was bowing to half the crowd and exposing his tight, well-formed silk and satin-covered derrière to the other half. Juan Adance, the manly Matador, was the darling of the young ladies who all came to see him and his able-bodied assistant Donde Esta’ Pedro Romaro, the equally cute Picador. The young señoritas all came to see them more for their figures and form than for any other factor. When Bocanegra snored out gobs of grassy snot, Newton knew the bull was more than just angry; the bull was seeing red and ready to kill. Newton had seen a lot of snotty, angry bulls in those days back in the soggy meadow and had been forced more than once to fend for his life when he saw a snotty bull chasing him. He knew Donde Esta’ and Juan Adance were exposed to danger. The bull caught Donde where and when he was not looking and tossed him off his horse, landing him headfirst onto the killing field ground. The bull was turning for Juan when Newton, who did not care much for either of these two dandy, sweet-smelling showmen, acted instinctually and flung a wad of manure right at the charging bull. The pie hit the bull smack in the face, blinding him. Newton yelled out, “Hey you big bully,” over here. Bocanegra, who was out to kill anything, charged in the direction of the insult. Newton grabbed his special tool and, just as the bull was upon him, shoved the pointy part of the rake into the bull's raging open mouth and jumped out of the way just as the blinded and gagging bull slammed full speed

into the curved wall of the arena. The rake pushed all the way through the bull and stuck out its backside. Bocanegra, was dead, and his number, which was 118, was now up. The crowd cheered and cried. Newton was the sad hero of that day because, unfortunately, Donde Esta' Pedro Romano, the big cheese Picador, was dead. Juan Adance, after witnessing the senseless but pointed end of bull fighting, went into shock and became so scared of bulls and Newton that he never fought or exposed himself to the crowds again. Newton, on the other hand, and mouth, was now totally fearless and would not put up with any bull from anyone. He was now hot shit and as proud as any Matador, as daring as any Picador, and he was perhaps the best Cuspidor ever.

Newton would have made a lifelong career as the bully in the poop pit if it were not for the Great War. He was a young man, and like most young men, he wanted to see some action. Unfortunately, though he had a contract with the promoter, Senior Tallafella, who was not a big man and put up a big stink when Newton mentioned he wanted to go off to war. At first, Newton did not give a fig and ignored the stink the promoter was making. But after a while, the promoters' continued fussing about Newton leaving, and his refusal to let Newton out of his commitment made Newton so angry that he began to perform badly. The promoter accused him of not doing a shitty enough job and threatened to sue, swearing to ruin Newton's good name and shitty reputation. Newton was a proud Cuspidor. He was furious and deserted his bullshit job and enlisted in the military. That was the first of many legal entanglements that followed Newton for the rest of his life.

The Van dynkle Way / Chapter 2 / Flying high and putting up a big stink

Since he was already in Espulsia, he enlisted in their military, even though it was not the country where he was reared. He didn't have any political or ethical affiliation and thought it was all so much hot air, but he wanted to see some hot action. Once enlisted, it did not take the recruiter long to sniff out that Newton was their kind of soldier. It was clear from their first whiff that he was perfect for their stinking army. He worked hard

and became a very good soldier willing to do anything they asked, even gladly willing to work on the spittoon platoon, spit shining those brass gob goblets. However, there were two jobs he had a troubling experience with: washing dishes and peeling potatoes.

Newton did not like water and did not like to wash anything, including himself. They quickly got wind of this and assigned him to the air-borne division, cleaning the intake and exhaust systems in the bombers. It was an outdoor assignment and a refreshing change for his fellow soldiers. Newton liked the work well enough, but he knew once he saw his first bomber that he must become a flyer.

Van dynkle had a passion for flying and for anything lighter than air. He learned all he could about aerodynamics and flying machines, and quickly became an expert on lighter-than-air flight. His substantial knowledge on the subject spread like a bad odor in a small room. The only problem was that no one could stand or sit by him. He would stink up the ground school classrooms whenever he was trying to teach someone a lesson. Since he already knew so much and since no one seemed to care if the windbag crashed or not, Newton was given an old plane and told to take off. At first, his specialty was reconnaissance missions bringing back the poop on the enemy's position, their troop strength, and daily movements. As with every task he was given, he found a cunning new way to accomplish it. To count the number of enemy soldiers in the field, he would fly high overhead in a plane with the enemy's decal markings and drop rotten cabbage and three-week-old chicken scraps into the trenches. The enemy soldiers would think the noxious smell was from a skunk or something worse, the olfactory "you've got your nerve gas, and jump out of the foxholes to avoid the stench in the trench. Then Newton would dive bomb into the bowels of the enemy position and drop even more foul-smelling payloads. Since there were no explosions and because he did not shoot at them, the enemy soldiers did not even think to shoot at Newton's plane. He was very accurate and could sniff out the enemy numbers with great precision. The Generals would say, "Let's send in Van dynkle, he'll stink up the place." Newton never cared to kill anyone, at least during the war, and he never enjoyed the actual bombing missions once he was

assigned to that deadly job. He liked mustard on pork and beans, but he did not like mustard gas on anything. But he got the nickname – “Stink bomb Van dynkle, the gas bomber,” and although he did his killing well, he was forever known for his ingenious stink bomb missions. Once again, Newton was putting his rotten talents to stinking purposes, and he could now literally say he stunk to high heavens.

Newton was so successful that the high command gave him the Golden Goose medal, the highest honor bestowed on an Espulsian soldier. Newton was very proud of his Golden Goose award and wore his medallion inside his pants for the rest of his life. He loved to give people a gander at his goose and would grab for it on many occasions. It was quite a display, and everyone who ever met him had been goosed by Newton. But, even though he was a very successful and decorated warrior, he was never accepted as a proud soldier in this man's stinking army. He was so feared by his fellow fliers that no one would give him their address for fear that after the Great War, he might drop over and stink up their place. Newton, once again, was not winning friends, but was a successful stinker.

But even with Newton's stinking success, Espulsia lost the war. Unfortunately, it was on the wrong side of right. Newton, who did not care which side of right he was on, was taken prisoner but released very quickly due to the stink he put up.

The Van dynkle Way / Chapter Three / Sniffing out opportunities, up your nose

After the war, he went back to Soalonia. But, Senior Vicente Girones di Tallafella, the bullfight promoter, had made good on his promise to ruin Newton's reputation and put up hundreds of posters of him all over the region, defaming him and attempting to make him look like an ass, but not a bull shit artist. One poster on the side of the Montoya Motel in the superb and urbane village of Pumpalona showed Newton coming out of a bull's behind. The caption read, “Rule # 118 - Shit in shit out - Van dynkl is just Bullshit”. Newton was ruined. Even his military record as a decorated stinker could not help him in

this once-friendly region. Newton had only two talents: bombing the enemy and picking up poop. His prospects were few. But Newton believed in himself, a trait that has moved many an undeserving person forward. So, he left Soalona and headed in the direction of the seaside town of Playalona to find greener pastures to soil and a new meadow to stink up. He knew he could sniff out an opportunity, so he put his nose up and set off to find a scent he could follow. Traveling a long way, searching for a place he could stink up was exhausting, but Newton's highly sensitive nose eventually led him to a spice shop in the remote, yet affluent, coastal village of Revoltia. The "Spice of Life" shop smelled more than anything around; Newton could not miss it and thought it would be a perfect place for him to come in from the cold and work on the inside for once. So he went in and boldly asked for a job. The owner, a man of considerable size and questionable taste himself, laughed a jolly laugh, which seemed to make the bottle and colorful apothecary jars rattle from the bass vibrations of his amusing reaction. "You want a job," he said as the stained light from the leaded glass windows shone off his moist balding scalp. As he wiped his sweaty, fat head and the tears that formed in his eyes from laughing, he continued, "OK what is it you will do for me?" Then the sole proprietor blew his nose into a well-used hanky, waiting for the next amusing remark. "I will smell," Newton replied without hesitation, then waited for the next reaction from Mr. Weed, the now curious spice shop owner. "Smell? You say." "Yes, Sir, smell! I will sniff out the best spices for you and make you even more money than you make now." Mr. Weed was no longer laughing at Newton and clearly was impressed with this bold young man. After all, how could he refuse anyone who claimed they could make him more money? As the two came closer, Mr. Weed noticed Newton had an air about him, or shall we say an odor. "What is your name, son?" he asked while sizing up Newton. Mr. Weeds furrowed his brow as he tried to detect what that unique smell was. "I am ... Ahhhh...", and just as Newton was about to utter his name, he realized that his infamy may have preceded him and he decided right on the spot to change his name. "I am ahhh Kelly von Dtrumpty. But you can call me Donald. Newton picked Kelly von Dtrumpty, because he had met him during his training in the military, and everyone thought of Kelly as a very decent

person. Kelly was so decent that when Newton first met him, he actually had a troubling experience with him. When he saw Kelly in action, being so polite and caring, Newton thought to himself, “How could anyone be so nice? But, as it turned out, Kelly was even worse than the nastiest person because he only appeared to be decent. He spent his private time in secret diabolical planning sessions either alone or with co-conspirators. Kelly was so wicked that even Newton was most impressed, and they quickly became friendly enemies. Kelly helped Newton in oh so many ways. It was Kelly who taught Newton to quietly Let Out Violence Everywhere and enjoy it! Kelly had an expression that Newton always remembered. “If you cannot say anything nice about someone, then withhold your true thoughts; that will fix them.” Kelly had the art of revenge and science of contempt down cold. Newton could have learned a lot more from Kelly, but he died tragically and suddenly when an overweight woman smothered him after she fell out of a burning building. Kelly had started the fire for fun and was standing in front of the building watching it burn when the big woman jumped from the third-story window. He broke her fall; she broke his neck, she lived, and he died. The headlines in the local papers read “Unknown soldier saves fat lady.” The inside story on the back side of the paper detailed the event, giving a very graphic account of how the fat lady fell from her perch, sat on Kelly’s face, and smothered him to death with her private parts. The fat lady was so grateful for her happy landing, she sang his praises at the funeral, and once she finished singing, it was over. Since Kelly von Dtrumpty had become such a disfigured human specimen and there were no identification papers found on him when he died, no one claimed him, and the coroner had no choice but to put him to rest as a nameless hero with no dishonor. Newton never forgot the miserable, selfish little weasel and knew his identity was up for grabs, and now he could proudly carry on in Kelly’s dastardly footsteps.

Mr. Weed looked over this young man who would make him richer and said, “Kelly von Dtrumpty, glad to meet you. I’m Mr. Weed. You can call me Sir! When can you start?” Newton, in his new persona as Kelly von Dtrumpty, told Mr. Weeds he could start immediately and began work after the two consumed a very filling, spicy, tasty, and gassy

lunch. Newton's first chore was to learn all about the operation, so he inventoried all the spices, spit-shined the jars, and spruced up the place. Newton made the Spice of Life his life. He came up with new programs from scratch, like the "Sniff and Eat" program, the "Sniff N Go" delivery service, and Smell the Rose's gourmand eating and wine and vinegar appreciation classes. Mr. Weed was very pleased with his new hard-working helper, who indeed did make him more money than he had ever made before. He began calling Newton his number two assistant and gave him a name tag that read "Kelly Von Dtrumpy – Ass. Mgr." It did not take long before nearly every customer preferred dealing with the Ass. Mgr. rather than Weed the boss. Soon his name tag read DONALD - JUST ASK the ASS Mgr.

The Van dynkle way / Chapter Four / Care for a dynkle berry?

The Spice of Life was becoming so popular that Weed did not know what to do with all the money he was making. Even Newton's smell did not bother the customers. It seemed the odors of the spices in the shop were so overwhelming that Newton's odor, although noticeable, was not offensive. Newton found his calling. The young whippersnapper who was already a big stinker did all his socializing in the shop as well. He gave every customer a special treat when they came into the spice shop. He called them "dyckl berries." They were delicious little pellets with the taste of nutmeg and honey, but the smell of cabbage. Although they were an acquired taste, once you had one, you required them from then on. They had not only an addictive taste, but they were addicting! Once you had one, you were hooked. Mr. Weed was very pleased but was becoming a bit concerned. Newton had managed to involve himself in so many aspects of the business that Mr. Weed did not feel in control, even though he had more money than he could count. Mr. Weed also suspected that Newton, whom everyone now called Don Darling, was actually doing other things in the shop after hours. Mr. Weed became so suspicious one day, he confronted Newton - "Don, are you hiding anything from me?" Of course, this is the kind of question that, when asked of anyone, is usually followed by - No.

Why? Newton, like most anyone, said “No. Why?” Mr. Weeds said, “Oh nothing” which is the kind of reply that really meant, “I am watching you now”. That was all the warning Newton needed, because he actually was doing things behind Mr. Weeds' back. Most were very illegal and immoral acts. The kind even money-hungry Mr. Weed would not want to be involved in if he knew what Newton was doing. Newton or Don, everybody's darling, or whoever he was, did have an after-hours business and when the day was done in the back room he was everybody's darling with a hustle here and hustle there. His after-hour acts were so dark and foul that even Dorian Gray would have turned white. Newton knew once Weed found out about his foul working on the wild side and his creative and less than legal, positively immoral activities, he would most certainly be fired or worse be disgraced again. Newton had no choice but to do something to protect himself. Newton had learned from his namesake, Kelly von Dtrumpty, never accept blame, especially if it meant punishment. So, Newton began convincing himself that his illegal activity and secret immoral behavior were actually Mr. Weed's fault. After all, it was Mr. Weed's shop, and he should have been on top of his business. And since it was his business, he should have known what his employee was doing. Van Dynkle reasoned Weeds' should have been smart enough to know there was something wrong and stop it earlier before Newton got in so deep. This kind of perspective warping and twisted logic can go a long way to solve many a deep-seated problem of almost any kind. Newton did not see any problem in taking out Weed's. After all, according to his logic system, Weed's was the problem, and the place would look much better for him when the weeds were cleared out. Yes, it was Mr. Weed's problem, and Newton began to concoct his first act of premeditated asphyxiation. It would need to look like an accident, and it would help if Newton could look like the hero. Kelly Von Dtrumpty would have been proud. As the plot simmered on the back burner of Newton's devious mind, Mr. Weed's suspicions began to boil over and he was feeling more and more uneasy. But, since he relied so heavily on Newton and could not do anything without his less than Darling Donald, Weeds knew he could not let off steam or do much of anything to control the flame burning in him. Newton was all too aware of this and began to breathe a bad

breath and give life to his new, fully baked plan. Weed's was old and wouldn't get much older. Newton began his methodical process to make the old guy appear senile. He would set up little plots to make Mr. Weed's look forgetful to his customers. Newton would even make Weeds look silly, so everyone would see what was happening to poor old forgetful Mr. Weeds. The more Weeds' tried to explain the awkward situations, the more it looked like he was not in control. And, the more Newton, with just the right eye gesture or a well-placed patronizing comments, could let each-and-every customer, one by one, know that Weed's was not all together there. Newton would do little things like change the labels on the large jars of spice, and Weed's would either not find the right spice or dispense the wrong one. When customers would understandably complain, Newton would say, "I hope Weed's mind doesn't dry up like yesterday's thyme and blow away. If you have a problem with him, let me know and I'll help you next time. I'll give you good assistance." Then Don Darling would wink at the customer. Weed's was blamed for many a bad-tasting meal due to Newton's creative mixing of labels. Although Newton had to sweet-talk lots of customers to not loose their business, he found the stories of the failed dinner parties oh so amusing and would privately relish how his swapping of labels changed the flavor of the customer's meals and the resulting complaints became the main ingredient in his seven-course banquet to gobble up Mr. Weed's sanity and business. It was a grand coup to consume the business and swallow up control.

Mr. Weeds eventually thought he was going insane. He began questioning his actions, and each misstep added to the fear of what it all must mean. He was worried that either he really was going insane or Newton was actually taking over. Weed's was beside himself, which, given his mental condition and under the circumstance, was not a good place to be. He did not need a split personality on top of a paranoid attitude. He felt like a split pea in an odd pod. Mr. Weed knew he could no longer put it off and must fire Newton to save his sanity and his business. He set out to do just that. Don, who was everyone's darling, would never take a walk on the wild side in public; he was a trusted

worker and made each customer feel that it was he who was holding the spice business together. Newton knew that even if Mr. Weed did fire him, everyone would think it was yet another signal indicating Weed's loss of direction and control. Newton also knew no one would want Weeds to take over the place again. Don and his addictive dynkle berries made it certain his customers would want it his way, the highway. He knew the Spice of Life customers were his for life. He was safe and ready to serve up the final course and a very unjust deserve. Van dynkle patiently waited for Weed's to give him the cue for his next deliciously devious and diabolical act. Newton was ready to gladly snuff Weed's out like a Turkish clove cigarette.

The Van Dynkle Way / Chapter Four A / The roux thickens and dinner is served.

Weeds' was now out of control and came storming in one day and said in a loud and stern voice, "Kelly von Dtrumpty we must talk." The apothecary jars and vials rattled from the force of his voice. Mr. Weed only addressed his duplicitous Ass Mgr. that way when he was very angry, which, although it happened infrequently, had happened before. Don Darling, who frequently dressed up in outlandish outfits to everyone's amusement, was wearing a very formal but fancy military uniform with a pleated jacket, tasseled epaulets, and a military hard hat with a pointy decorative spike on top. He looked over to Weed and replied in the most patronizing way he knew how, and he had had lots of practice recently. "Yes, Sir! How can I help you today, Sir?" and he clicked his heels together and saluted from his now rigid "at attention" position behind the sparkling thick greenish glass counter. Mr. Weeds was furious; he was certain that Newton had been setting him up and plotting this whole time. The plump and quivering Weed felt stupid for being so trusting and angry that someone could be so solidly bad. "Kelly von Dtrumpty, I am angry with you." Weed did not mince-meat his words when he had a beef. He was more

the kind who would pepper out his salty thoughts. “You have been moving things around to confuse me - you have set up customers to distrust me – you have made me look foolish just to hurt me. I have treated you like a son, and this is how you treat me. What have I ever done to you to deserve this?” “Silence!” Newton roared as the decorated stinker cut Weeds off. There was a nervous tension in the air. Newton sensed, like most low-life animals in pursuit, that all the power was now his. His prey was captive and backed Weeds into a corner. Newton looked Mr. Weed directly in the eye and came so close that even the repugnantly acclimated Mr. Weed could not stand the noxious smell. Van dynkle said in a huffy, windy voice just above a whisper, “I never liked my father. You trusted me just like a son, that’s what you did.” Mr. Weed was so shocked by the depths of the hatred in Newton that he began to gasp and quickly shuffled away from him. Newton just took determined steps forward until Weed was pressed against a wall lined with perfectly organized vials and glass jars of all sizes and shapes that rose up from the floor to the molded tin ceiling.

Mr. Weed said in a panicked tone that only someone who knows they have no control can utter, “What are you going to do to me?” There was a long, painful pause as Weed squirmed for a morsel more room. Van dynkle pushed even closer and absorbed even the air and space between them. “Oh, nothing,” said Newton, “you will do it all for me. Newton pushed him into the wall and stepped away. The pedestals began to topple, and the wall-mounted jars began to fall. Glass and spices were falling all over him. Mr. Weed screamed just as a large apothecary jar filled with an exotic Caribbean marinating spice mix fell directly onto his head and slid into place, jamming his head completely inside the bottle with the remaining spice blocking the opening. Mr. Weeds tried to jerk the jerk jar off, but it was too tight, and Newton just stood there smiling, making tiny little waving gestures. “Goodbye, Mr. Weed. Now I am the Spice of Life, and now I am going to make it seem that I tried to rescue you. But of course, you will not survive, and I will. What a pity.” Newton could not resist adding a little salt to the wound. “Oh, by the way,” he said as he leaned down and whispered through the fogged glass jar to the Caribbean spice-encrusted Mr. Weed, who was no longer struggling. “I almost forgot to tell you

before you take your leave and I take your business, I am not Kelly von Dtrumpy, I am actually Newton van Dynkle. You may remember me as the “Stink Bomber” in the Great War and in my earlier career as Newton Van dynkle the “bullshit artist.” But now, I am Don Darling, the new owner of the Spice of Life shop - thank you, Dad!” Mr. Weed looked Newton right in the face for one last time and stared deep into Newton’s diminishingly small soul. Mr. Weed mouthed his last words, which were “You are not a nice person.” Van Dynkle felt a tiny warm twinge in his chilling heart but quickly froze it out, and at that moment, Newton Van dynkle had lost his conscience forever. He never again felt anything in his soul or, for that matter, any part of the body that houses ethics, morals, remorse, or a semblance of conscience. He had found his new calling as a very social and successful sociopath and began his new career, and began a search and destroy mission that would last him a lifetime.

The Van dynkle way / Chapter 5 / Nothing personal, it’s none of your stinking business!

Newton knew Weed had no heirs and no will. He was certain the courts would allow him to continue to run the business. After all, they wanted the tax money, and everyone had come to rely on the “Spice of Life” shop, so to speak. His spices were sinfully delicious, mainly because Newton had been spiking the herbs with a strong addictive ingredient that made everyone come back for more. He installed a “dynkle berries” dispenser at the far end of the store. There was a steady stream of takers and buyers as business went on as usual. The court did give Newton the business, and Newton continued to give everyone else the business. Newton Van dynkle became a great businessman. Now that he had his spice of life base, he started the very successful K-Passa spice line. Their trademark was a four-leaf clover, and the slogan was “K-Passa! You need a little spice in your life?”

Soon Van dynkle started the Wiggly Pig Emporium, a spiced meat market. He franchised it and developed a fast-food shopping mall version of the original Spice of Life shop. He called his fast-food drive-through meat shops “Passa-Gassa” and they were sprinkled all over the best shopping centers in the most fashionable cities. All memory of Mr. Weed

was erased as quickly as Newton could without arousing suspicion. Newton Van dynkle became such a powerful man that he no longer needed a name to hide behind. He wanted to take back his original name and set about to ruin Senior Tellafella, the bullfight promoter's, reputation and business. Mysteriously, all of the bulls in the soggy meadow outside the cute mid-evil city of Soalona came down with the bullbionic plaque disease, which caused all their teeth to fall out. They eventually died. No one could ever find the cause of the disease, which, of course, Van dynkl introduced to the herd with a special mixture he sprayed over the land from his state-of-the-art private jet, the "Up your Nose". Senior Tallafella went bankrupt and was so devastated that he committed suicide by diving headfirst into a quicksand pit, or so it seemed. This became a lesson to anyone else who would be so foolish as to put up a stink about Newton Van dynkle. They all knew that was the Van dynkle way!

The Van dynkle Way / Chapter Six / A cheap bride, I'll take it.

Newton had everything he could take and took anything he could get, except, of course, a wife. He tried to buy a wife or two, but they were only good for dirty sex, and he had no interest in sex. After all, he loved himself too much anyway, and he grabbed his golden goose whenever possible.

What he wanted was a real woman, a woman of stature, a companion for those times when he wanted to let it all out. That was a problem too, because Newton smelled when he kept it all in and when he let it all out, well, I think a further description is unnecessary. It was a major problem. No woman would put up with his stink. But as life and luck would have it, Newton met a woman down by a contaminated swamp he was thinking of purchasing. The bog had an odor so putrid that no one could go near it. The land was for sale – cheap! Newton was surveying the parcel when he came upon a rather strange odd looking and very robustly built woman. She had an albatross on her shoulder and a monkey on her back holding onto the albatross. She was sniffing, and Newton thought she might be crying. He was going over to yell at her to get off the property,

although he did not own it yet, but as he got closer, he saw that she was not crying and seemed happy. “Hey, you,” he yelled out. He was not very polite. “What are you doing here?” The big, and not quite ugly but unusually endowed woman turned and looked at Newton almost to say, “What the hell do you care? But she thought better of that and said, in a very soft, almost angelic voice. “Oh, nothing - why?” Newton was taken aback by the – why - question. He realized he had to come up with a reason why he cared. He did not even own the property, and it was an open swamp area accessible to anyone. There were no signs against trespassing, which he intended to fix the moment he took possession of the parcel. He thought for a second and said, “I was just wondering what a person would be doing in this smelly, dank place.” “Smelly,” the large, soft-spoken, odd-looking woman queried, “I didn’t notice, I have a sinus problem and can’t smell a thing.” Newton fell in love immediately and walked over to get close to his unusually senseless future bride. As he got closer, he could tell she was not offended by his noxious and odiferous endowments. He knew she was the one for him.

Newton was a very persuasive man and could sweet-talk anyone. He had a spicy tone to his voice and could talk anyone into something and talk everyone out of anything. He began his courtship with a grand offer to Willamina Plotz, who was the only daughter of a religious pig farmer and the owner of a well-known swine slaughterhouse, “Bacon of Hope”. Newton said to her “How about I buy you this land so you can come here whenever you want.” Willamina looked at him like he was crazy and said “You must be crazy, sure I would love it if you would do that for me. What do you want from me?” She spoke fast and with no emotion and only the slightest inflection in her voice. She knew it was better to get a crazy person committed fast rather than reason with them. “I want your hand in marriage,” Newton proposed. His voice had a flutter in it like he was really in love. Willamina, in the same frame of mind and with the same motivation as a moment before, said, “Done! You can have my hand in marriage, and I get to keep the rest! Newton got her an engagement ring. It was a rough-cut piece of coal set in a molded piece of chicken wire mounted onto a worm-gear hose clamp. As Newton placed

it on her big fat finger and adjusted the set-screw with a rusty screwdriver, she looked at it and said, "You really are cheap, I'll take it and you! They were engaged.

It turned out they were actually made for each other, which proves another universal truth - there is someone for everyone, and birds of a feather do flock together - even if the birds were foul. These two foul lovebirds fell for each other without another peep and flocked together from that day forward and remained in love until death did them part. Willamina did say one thing more to Newton that day in the swamp, which they laughed about whenever they told their mutual associates about how he proposed to her. Mrs. van dynkle, the senseless wife, would tell all and reminisce, "Newton asked for my hand in marriage, and I said "done - you can marry my hand!" She would snort out a laugh every time she told the story of how they got bogged down. A snort with so much of a piggish quality to it, she could fool even the smartest pig and make even the dumbest pig happy with her little snort. Willamina made good on her marriage acceptance, as far as she was concerned, all he ever married was her hand, and it was her job to give him a hand whenever he needed one. Willamina was a kind, gentlewoman, even though she looked very scary. She could not smell and had less than perfect eyesight, but she had excellent hearing and, ironically a very good heart.

Newton made good on his promise. He bought the swamp and the surrounding land and made it their estate. They called it "Down Wind farms." Their first house was a tent. It was actually a used fumigation tent that Newton had bought cheaply. He figured Willamina would not notice the smell, and he did not care if it stunk. Their used fumigation tent had a side benefit as well; it kept out the rats and the other critters from the smarmy swamp community. The gas from the swamp and the extra gas from Newton, kept the tent from sagging. Newton knew this was only a temporary home and he only had to keep it up long enough and stop it from sagging while he waited for the economic climate to change, allowing for disinflation to get him the best price for a real home.

Newton was a very cunning businessman with no regard for those who could not take care of themselves, which is another way of saying he was willing to cheat anyone. He even looked forward to cheating people. He was so good at it that he had cheated nearly everyone he dealt with. Willamina would occasionally get wind of this, but she knew it was none of her business in the first place, and second, she had plenty to do pigsty-ing in her own place, which was a sty. So, she kept her piggish business snorting along and never stuck her snout in Newton's business, whether number one or number two. She kept up Down Wind Farms, but never went down on Newton's affairs. They both took care of business, and both wanted a family, so Newton began to plan for a proper home in which they could nest.

The Van dynkle Way / Chapter Seven / No time for General Neusense

Newton Van dynkle's best and last scam was buying his big beautiful bomber home. He not only cheated the seller and made a killing on the house; he actually killed the seller in the house. The owner, a retired General from the winning side of the Great War, had bought up several of the old bombers from the defeated Espulsian military. General Neusense (pronounced "new sense") was a seven-star general, which is actually a five-star general with two imaginary stars. They were only in his mind, not on his uniform. He would introduce himself by saying, "I am General Neusense a seven-star general." Of course, those to whom he introduced himself saw only five stars and just nodded to the General out of polite disrespect. The General was a very tall man with a big protruding paunch-belly, which made him look like a mix-up between Ichabod Crane and Santa Clause. He wore heavy woolen pants, and his balloon-ish frame required he wear two pairs of suspenders to hold them up, one with the cross-over straps in the front and one in the back. He looked like he had an X on his chest and back, and each suspender band was festooned with all kinds of colorful military pins decorating them. Both suspenders were quite stained and well exercised from years of chest puffing, ego stretching,

enthusiastic tall tale pulling and general good use from the bigger than life General Neusense.

The General was on in his years, and his face had the look of an old soldier who had been loyal to his people and proud of his service. His retirement joy was collecting planes. And, although he had a fleet of old bombers, there was one particular plane that was his prized possession, which got him lots of praise. It was a giant bomber, which he called the “Loose Goose,” and had converted it into his home. This was not just any home. It was a beautifully well-crafted, fabulous one-of-a-kind showcase home, painstakingly worked on for over twenty years with very proud details, showing all the loving care and craftsmanship and money he put into the craft. General Neusense had to put his pride and joy up for sale because he had run out of money and needed to have an operation to prolong his already too-long life. His military pension had run out of funds due to gross governmental mismanagement and the lack of tax money in these generally bad times. It seems the government had given away all the money that he was due to the rich. The money went to embellishment, kickbacks, and extortion. And the money he did receive, he put into the remodel of the Loose Goose, and now had no money on which to live. He thought the ship was worth many, many millions of dollars, and it was. Times being what they were, only a few prospective buyers could afford this kind of price tag. Newton Van dynkle was, of course, one of those few. His spice business was booming, and his assets were bulging. He got wind of the bomber sale when he read an advertisement in the “Down And Out Times, a publication of great deals for those who want to take advantage of others’ misfortune. Their slogan was “A penny on the dollar for the one percent that have a penny.” Newton had a lifetime subscription. When he read the ad, he reached into his pants and grabbed his Golden Goose, and as he held his medal of honor, he swore to himself he would one day own the “Loose Goose.” He knew it would bring back fond memories of his less-than-spotless past. And would be a perfect home for his family to be.

The Loose Goose, a Consolidated BM-4U2B Liberator, was a rare ship made by a short-lived collaboration of Bonking Airways and Musky Space Enterprises. It was not the same vintage as the one he flew in the Great War, but it was close enough and he knew in an instant that he must buy the “Loose Goose.” He knew he had to have it because it reminded him of the ones he flew during his bombing missions, dropping cabbage and mustard gas on a network of strategic targets.

The bomber was about as long as an athletic field, and it happened to be parked on his old elementary school's playing field in his homeland across the sea. The town of Boggota was also a marshland community similar to the one Newton lived in now. His parents and the community he knew were long gone. Boggota and its inhabitants were now down on their luck ever since their once flourishing “Stinky Skunk” cabbage and sauerkraut business factories had failed. Seems that sauerkraut went out of favor when the health-conscious eating public lost its taste for big wieners. Newton had some less-than-healthy business dealings that actually caused the income streams of the little community to dry up. He did not do this deliberately and regretted that he hadn't had more of a hand in its demise. The Splice of Life had a line of tiny sausages called “Little Peckers, which were irresistible due to Newton secret sauce, made primarily from dynkle berries. The package came as a sack with 7 attached links. The meat product packaging was visually appealing with a mark that read, “best for licking, and inside the sack were two round ball jars of dipping sauce that read, “Dip your pecker in this and lick it.” They were banned in Boggata.

Newton made the trip back to his homeland as soon as he heard of the sale of the bomber. Since the distance across the sea was too far for his private jet, the “Up Your Nose” he bought a cheap commercial plane ticket and boarded a red-eye flight. The Stewardess and passengers gave him plenty of room. He had the whole back of the plane to himself, and his gaseous presence in the rear of the plane caused the tail to become lighter, forcing the pilot to lower the flaps to compensate for the unexpected lift. The trip was a drag and hours longer than usual. Everyone on board was very glad to get off the plane and away

from Van dynkle. He did not care because he was on a mission and went right to the playing field.

General Neusense was waiting for Newton, who had wired ahead. Newton was a very prompt and punctual man, who did not like being delayed by people and never kept anyone waiting. The General appreciated this regiment and took an immediate liking to Newton. He liked the cut of his jib, although he did have a problem with the way he smelled and wanted to tack upwind from Newton whenever possible. The two got down to brass tacks and dovetail joints quickly, examining each other and the plane the moment they met. Newton, with no doubt, he would get a great deal, and the General was determined to hold his ground for a good price. But he had no idea it would be the death of him.

The Van dynkle way / Chapter 7up / Till death do us, that's your fizzy part

On a grand tour of the grand bomber, the General pointed out every little detail in the airship and was careful to remind Newton what a one-of-a-kind find this grand old piece of history was. Emphasizing what a loss it would be to Newton if he could not come to own this unique, valuable find. The two walked the length of the big bomber's innards over the cargo area and the gunner turrets, inspecting every orifice and extrusion. Each piece of the tastefully appointed ship was as anally retentively clean and religiously well-maintained as humanly possible. But, when the General went to open the impressively large bomb-bay doors, they were stuck shut. He tried again and again and finally said, "I'll fix that before the sale." "I should hope so with the price you are asking," retorted Newton indignantly. They were a perfect dueling match, each ready to parry the other. Two old soldiers locked in one last battle. Little did the General know it would be a duel to the death. Newton wanted to take the plane up for a spin, but the General was reluctant since it was very costly to fuel the plane, and he didn't have enough money for the fuel. The General did not want Newton to know how destitute he was for fear Van

dynkl would take advantage of the situation. So he made up a story that the city council would not let him take off or land without a special permit for noise abatement. This, of course, made no sense, but Newton humored the old General. The General said he would go into town and get the permit. “You can wait here and inspect the plane. I’ll go into town and make the arrangements if you will write down that you are a potential cash buyer. Newton agreed. The General reasoned to himself that he could get someone to front him the money and fill up his fuel truck on credit if he could say he had a potential buyer who was willing to pay cash. General Neusense took Newtons’ promissory note and went directly to the local Pub, which was quite busy for a Sunday morning at half past eight. The General walked in, and everyone looked over. Upon seeing General Neusense, they all turned back to what they were doing, which was talking about the big match. The General went straight over to Billy Magillicutty. He was the local bookie with lots of ready cash. He quietly made his pitch to Billy. Magillicutty listened in a calculating way and said, “You got a deal, but I want double my frickin money back after the sale before you spend a freakin dime, you got that Neusense”. The General nodded. They did not need to shake on it. Billy was not a nice man. He was known to leave men limping or in need of orthopedic surgery if they crossed him. The General agreed to the terms, took the money, filled up the fuel truck, and headed back to the Loose Goose. While the General was away, Newton, who knew everything about planes, had figured out why the doors were stuck shut and knew how to fix the General Neusense problem. He did not tell the General because he thought he could use this flaw to drop the sale price down to the rock bottom deal he was looking for. Once the Loose Goose was tanked up, the two old warriors fired up the sparingly used vintage engines. As they roared up the decibel level in the cockpit, the two co pilots Goosed her into gear and taxied down the crumbling airstrip, and took off on the test flight. Although the Loose Goose was still airworthy, it was not meant for flying. It was now a pleasure craft, and it gave Newton great pleasure to fly an old bomber again. They flew low, and their noisy air-scapades could be heard over the towns of Boggota, Coffeeneck, Hackenchuck, Framus, making a quick trip to the executive airfield in Tetterenborrow. They did several

“touch-and-gos.” The plane flew and handled beautifully. Everything seemed to be in working order. Newton landed the big bomber back in Boggota and taxied up to the other airships that the General had been mothballing. Newton asked, “OK- how much?” The General, in his most confident voice, with his heart beating irregularly fast, shot back, “12 million cash. “---12 million!#@#!---” Newton growled out thru his clinched teeth. That was two million more than the price quoted in the Down and Out Times. It certainly did not take into account a price reduction for the stuck bomb bay doors, which they had discussed before they took off. But, the General knew how much Newton wanted this plane and knew he could hold out for more than the asking price. “Yes, sir. That is my price, 12 million cash.” Newton was furious, which was not a common experience since most people knew not to cross him or put up a stink. But, apparently, this warning had not wafted its way across the sea. “Well, I must think that over,” Newton calmly replied in his calculating voice as he figured. He knew from experience to make any rash decision when not in full control was, well, a rash and thoughtless act. “I only brought the ten million in a cashier's check.” Newton cunningly replied. General Neusense added some fuel to the fire kindling within Newton by saying, “Oh, and I need the gas money for the test flight too.” Newton looked back at him, with an incendiary stare, which he had been practicing in the hopes of one day he could actually igniting someone. Van dynkle had been practicing this focused, inflaming expression ever since he decided not to be an arsonist. Newton knew if he ever got caught setting a fire his spicy career could go up in smoke like foul-smelling incense, and he did not want to burn out that way. He remembers the fate of Don... Unfortunately for Newton, the General did not catch fire but did feel the heat from Van dynkle’s stare. But the General had been in some high-temperature situations himself and pressed on. “I need the money now and would appreciate your decision quickly. I have others who want this fine airship, and I must be fair to them as well.”

Newton desperately wanted the plane and knew the General had the upper hand. Van dynkle put up his hand to stop the General from making any more ultimatums and made

an offer, “How about I pay for the fuel now, give you the ten million, and send you the rest. The General suspiciously replied, “Do you mean you will give me the fuel money and ten million now, go back to your home, get more money, and come back and get the Plane.” Newton saw that the General was not going to give up possession and let the Loose Goose loose without full payment. Newton’s first potential plan to wrap up the sale had been foiled before it fully unfolded. The General interrupted Newton’s plotting thoughts to say, “I need to get back to town to let them know I am in for the night. I need the money for the fuel and a decision now.” Van dynkle knew this was not true but saw no reason to question him about it. Newton was ready to unwrap a new plan, which he knew the General could not foil. Newton had quickly decided he would not put up with any more from General Neusense and said, “Alright, you have a deal. I will give you all the money for the fuel now, but tell those people in town you will be making one more flight tonight. We will fly to my home, and I’ll pay you the remaining money and even buy you a return ticket to Boggota. That is my offer. Do we have a deal?” The General walked over to Newton, stuck out his hand, and said, “Deal.” They shook hands, and Newton gave him the money for the fuel, knowing he was paying far more than the fuel had cost. The General, who had a deal and a stinking handshake from Newton and had to spend the next several hours trying to get the smell of Van dynkle off his hand. The General rushed back into town and marched into the Pub. As he walked in, everyone looked over at him and then turned away, but they noticed the smell. Billy Magillicutty was at the same barstool, slicing his coaster with a sharp paring knife. He did this to pass the time and as a constant reminder to anyone watching how willing he was to slice up things. As General Neusense proudly slinked up to Magillicutty and said, “Billy, I have your money.” Billy said, “Oh, great,” in a disappointed tone. He was hoping he would get the pleasure of pressuring the General into paying. He had had that pleasure before but regretfully accepted the money. Billy asked if he was going to get the operation now. The General gestured for Billy to be quiet and put his finger to his lips, “Shush, that’s a secret.” The General did not want the sympathy of others, and his life-threatening disease would definitely get him unwanted attention. Magillitcutty only

knew about the operation because the General was forced to tell him to borrow money for the doctor's bills, which had piled up since his health insurance fell out of force due to the military funding snafu.

The General told Magillicutty all about Van dynkle. He told him how he talked Van dynkle out of plenty, thinking that Billy would be impressed. He told Magillicutty that when he returned, he would be rich and could hire a team of doctors. Billy immediately began to think up ways to get some of that money. Magillicutty slapped the General on the back, and the General began to cough and nearly choked. Billy said geeziz, ya frinkin geezer, I'm sorry, I forgot about your disease. The General coughed out a "shush," putting his finger to his lips again and saying, "It's a secret."

The Van dynkle way / Chapter Eight / Bombs away, home again

The General returned to the airstrip. Newton was ready to go, and the General grabbed a few things for the trip and emptied other things from the bomber, which had been his living quarters. He took only a few personal things out and put them in another mothballed bomber. The rest was built in and going to the new owner, Newton Van dynkl.

The pair fired up the engines on the Loose Goose and took off across the sea. It was a long flight, and the bomber flew well but slowly as they talked about their war exploits to pass the time. Newton told of his bombing missions. The General was very aware of those missions. He said, "You were the Stink Bomber. We almost lost the war because of you." Newton gave the General a gander at his Golden Goose, and they laughed about how the two had been on opposite sides, and now they were doing a deal. Newton, who did not have much of a sense of humor, made a joke. He said, "Hey, you were a General, and I was the nuisance - get it. The General smiled and nodded. It was not a very good joke. Other than that, the flight was uneventful until the topic of the stuck bomb-bay doors came up. Newton, who already had a very good idea of how he would solve the

problem, asked the General, “Well, don’t I get any break for the broken bomb-bay doors. The General had actually forgotten about the doors and looked at Newton with a quizzical look. He did not feel he should cheat Newton any more than he already had and thought of what he could do for Newton. The General’s eyes lit up. “I know. I’ll buy my own plane fare home.” This weak gesture just infuriated Newton, who now knew he could put his plan into action and do it with even less remorse, not that he would have had any. After all, Newton thought, we are still enemies. Newton said, “No, that won’t be necessary, all I really need is for you to fix the doors for me. We have a few hours until we get to the coast of Espulsia, why not just work on it now”. The old bomber did not have an automatic pilot so Newton said, “I’ll stay up here and fly this big old Goose you go back there and fix her up so she can lay eggs”. The General smiled, agreed and headed back to the cavernous belly of the airship and bomb-bay doors. “Let me know if you need any help back there”, Newton added just to make his diabolical plot seem oh so sweet and accidental. Newton had already rewired the doors and tested them back in Boggota. They now work fine. All he had to do was get the General to stand on the bomb-bay doors, and Newton would connect the wires and drop his last payload, thus completing his last bombing mission, getting rid of one General Neusense. The General would no longer be a nuisance, and Newton would be one plane richer and only be out of gas money. The only problem was Newton had to make it look like an accident or run the risk of being accused of murder. After all, there was money involved in this, and Newton knew people would be suspicious; they always were.

Newton knew that everyone thought the General was a bit full of himself and at least two stars bigger than he actually was. Newton thought he could make up a story about him, but Newton was running out of time. He knew he had to come up with a plan before he landed. He knew the Bomb-bay doors had a separate set of controls in the back of the plane, if Newton could get the General to have them in his hands and be over the bomb-bay doors he would give him an air tight case. The General would have accidentally opened the doors and killed himself. It was a bit of a stretch but it would have to do.

Newton yelled back to the General over the headsets. “Try the controls back there, we didn’t try them yet.” The General got the controls from off the wall. They had a long cable so an operator could move about in the back of the big bomber. The General tried the controls with no success. The General clicked on and said, “Negative, no response from the controls.” Newton saw his thickening plot ready to jell. “Why don’t you go over to the doors and see if anything is blocking them?” The General was not a stupid man, and he knew better than to walk onto the doors even if they were tightly shut, but Newton had made such an obvious suggestion that the General thought he could at least walk over to them with the controls set to a locked position and in hand. So he confidently walked over to the massive metal doors with no thought of any shenanigans that Newton might have conjured. Just as he was looking over the hinges and on his knees, Van dynkl overrode the locked control and opened the Bombay doors. The rush of air from the opening pulled at the General, and he began rolling toward the opening doors like a ball of cotton being sucked toward an open window. Van dynkl thought he was about to become a solo flyer again. He would have his plane and be rid of his nuisance. But, just as the General got to the end of the control cables and was about to go where the gravity of the situation would take him, the General’s suspender got caught on the latches of the Bombay doors. He grabbed for the other side of the doors, but they had moved too far apart, and his suspenders were stretching out further and further on each of the opening doors. He held onto the control cables for his life. He was pushing the buttons frantically, hoping to close the doors or stop them from opening more. Nothing was working, at least anything for the General. Newton had not expected this hitch and became angry that his simple plan had complications. Newton was a lucky man, and his evil always seemed to triumph. This was no exception. Just as Newton was preparing to go back and give the General an unwelcome push, the bomb bay doors pulled far enough apart so one of the General’s caught suspenders snapped loose and shot the General up like he was a fleshy wad in a giant slingshot. He hit the top of the fuselage and made a serious dent, leaving a splotch of blood. The concussions killed him instantly, but also bounced him out the open door, never to be seen again. By the time Newton got back to

the open doors, he only saw the controls dangling and one suspender flapping furiously from the hinge. Newton said, "So long General Neusense, nice giving you the business!" True to form, he had no feeling whatsoever and turned back to the cockpit and closed the doors. He mumbled to himself for the rest of the flight that things were just too good and too easy, and then he let out one particularly loud and lengthy fart, which lingered long enough in the cockpit to fill his memories with wafts from his stinking past. The smell of fuel and farts brought him back to his bomber days as he practiced several dive bomb maneuvers with the Loose Goose, reminiscing about the good old days and the stink he put up as he made a haphazard attempt to find General Neusense in the vast sea along the coast. He did this till he thought he was in the clear. When he landed, he told the story of how The General must have passed out and fallen on the controls and gotten sucked out of the plane. Newton said he flew around the area and did everything he could as he tried desperately to rescue him. An investigation found that the General had accidentally pushed the wrong button on the controls, and air traffic controllers verified that the plane had swooped around the coast as Newton had said. When the news of the General's medical history and life-threatening condition came out, some speculated that perhaps he had taken his own life, and the incident was closed as an accident. The dent in the plane and the blood were never explained, but they speculated that perhaps a rush of air pushed him up there, but most knew the physics would suck him out. Only one person remained suspicious, and that was Billy Magillicutty. But he was another story and far, far away and of no concern to Van dynkle, at least for now.

The Van dynkle way / Chapter Nine / Suckling pigs in a blanket, eyeing a sty to lie in.

Newton now had his new home, free and clear; it would become his place to nest out the rest of his life. He was king of his Zanadu, a despicable despot among the stinking masses, and he had become a feared man of considerable means. He had no scruples, and he had even less regard for those who did. His conscience, which was equal to exactly zero, added nothing to his net worth and had never been properly factored in. He had not

realized that one's conscience is a multiple of one's worth. Poor men can be happy with nothing, and rich men can be emotionally poor with everything. But, when Newton's zero conscience was actually factored in it did not multiply his worth like his other strategic investments; it actually made him worthless, because no matter how great the wealth, if a big zero is allowed to multiply and truly become a factor in any equation, the result will always equal a big nothing. Everyone, except Newton, knows that anything multiplied by zero is zero. Many hoped that once Newton realized he was a big zero, he would see his vast fortune was equal to nothing. Newton Van dynkle was not scared of nothing. Even with a double negative, no little zero could bother him.

Newton had plenty of money now and decided to retire. After all, he had screwed everyone else; why not his wife? He decided it was time to have a child. Willamina, who had only given him a hand all these years, agreed to let him have it just this once. Soon, their squealing baby, Hermione, was born. Since Willamina was somewhat senseless and not at all aware of her feelings, she did not notice when the time arrived for the birth. She was in the pig pen fixing a light lunch for Newton and the pigs when her water broke, and she went into labor. Newton was busy with the pigs. He was teaching the little ones to hunt for truffles, now his full-time hobby, and did not notice Willamina laboring. The baby, like Newton, was a little stinker and kicking and screaming so loud in the uterus that it squeezed her out and shot her across the pigsty. Hermione was born with no help from Newton or Willamina, who felt relieved, like after a satisfying bowel movement. Hermione van dynkle, he was a porker. She weighed 21 kilograms. It was an easy childbirth compared to her rearing. Her first words were profanities, and Hermione was the most spoiled child one could imagine. She had everything and did not like any of it. Newton loved her. She was just what he wanted, a spoiled brat who had everything and was hated by everyone. He called her MeMe. MeMe hated her father and did not care much for her mother either. The little brat had a pug nose and pigtails and walked around with her hindquarters swinging like a slow fat metronome, willing to make time or take out anyone who made a sour note or knocked anything about her. She was a

formidable young lady and a surprisingly good student. MeMe went to correspondence school because, although she did not inherit all of her dad's stinking traits, she did tend to smell up the place and push her considerable weight around. MeMe moved away from home at the age of eleven, but just across the swamp. Her new home was a pig pen. It was not just a messy place; it was a pig pen. She ate out of a trough, slept in the mud, and would only marginally attend to her hygiene. When she was fifteen, she was given a used swamp buggy, and all the neighbors called her the "Pungent Princess, or Sorceress of the Swamp.

MeMe and Willamina were a mother and daughter act that no one could match. As the wealthiest women in town, everyone wanted to cater to them, although once they paid for the services rendered, nothing nice was said about the pair. They wore the most outlandish clothing, mostly big airy Moo-Moos and frilly revealing Tu-Tu's. The pair of odd birds made everyone laugh, but they mistakenly confused the tittering and shocked looks as everyone being happy to see them coming and going. The exotic pair would say to each other, "Do you see how happy they are to see us coming?" and "Did you notice the way they giggled with joy when they watched us leave?" The two tried to hold high teas and other social affairs, but nearly all of those they invited had the most creative or unfortunate excuses for why they could not attend. Some went so far as to self-inflict bodily harm just to have a believable albeit. One woman nearly died, but her last thought was "Thank god I didn't have to go to that tea party. Mrs. Rumpfuss who had been invited more times than she cared to remember, could not find a good reason to avoid a garden party that the Van dynkle's were going to hold. She thought to herself, "Well, if I must attend, I might as well produce ample gas of my own to make it through the party. Unfortunately, she ate so much bean curd, sprouts, and fertilizer that it nearly caused her stomach to explode. Luckily for Mrs. Rumpfuss the sprouts germinated, making her stomach bloat and her crotch and lower regions look like a Chia Pet. When the truth came out, and the sprouts were under control, the strain on the Van dynkle women was too much, and they gave up trying to hold social affairs and minded their own business. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and was glad they no longer needed a sick excuse or a

doctor's note to stay upwind from Down Wind Farms and the repulsive people who lived there. Life for his kind wife, Willamina, and their large, unkempt daughter, MeMe became boring and even sadder, but not for Newton.

Although Newton had made lots of money sniffing out others' ideas and sucking them dry, he did not miss it. His true love was cultivating and harvesting truffles. Now he did just that as a full-time hobby. He loved his hobby and had a well-trained herd of truffle-sniffing pigs on Down Wind Farms. The herd and Newton would hunt for truffles together. He admired the pigs for their incredible sense of smell, and the pigs admired Van dynkle for the way he smelled. Together, they would all put up an amazing stink whenever they would go hunting for the elusive truffle. Sometimes Newton and the pigs would hunt for days looking for the tantalizing truffle treats. Newton would get on all fours and sniff around with the pigs. The pigs were only a little better than Newton at sniffing out the truffles, and he loved to challenge them. But mostly, he liked sniffing behind them. He would sniff right up to their curly little tails, and sometimes the pigs would stop short just so he would rear end them. It was a poke in a pig, so to speak. The pigs loved to be poked by Newton, and Newton loved to give a pig a poke. He loved his pigs so much he would even go to bed with them, which was not uncommon for Newton, since he had gotten into bed with many a lowlife in his murky mud-slinging past.

It was so cute to see the little pigs in blankets and Newton lying in the mud. They were all so very happy together. His kind wife, Willamina, and his large daughter, MeMe, were never invited to hunt for truffles. Their job was to clean the truffles and prepare them for market. Hermione, whom her parents called her only when they were angry or when introducing her to someone, which rarely happened these days, was not even allowed anywhere near the pigs, ever since her free-range barbecue incident. She had a hard time controlling her eating urges, and once decided to have a pig or two with her truffles. Newton and Willamina were furious when they found out, mostly because she did not save any for them. MeMe was truly sorry. She knew she was just a pig because she did not share and knew she could not be trusted, so she obeyed the punishment and

now stayed away from the pigs. Newton loved his pig hunting activities but he did not really care what happened to the individual pigs. He had had many a pig in his day. He loved pork, especially in his belly.

The Van dynkle way / Chapter 10 / ****omitted to make room for Chapter 11****

The Van dynkle way / Chapter 11 / the final chapter, Moral bankruptcy (****Epitaph and epilog combined for accounting efficiency****)

Newton Van dynkle sat alone. He had done it all. He killed his competition, screwed his friends and family, and had a rotten kid who hated him dearly; it was all done. Newton Van dynkle sat alone in the cockpit of his big bomber home parked on an abandoned runway at Down Wind Farms as the noise he made turned into a stink. He began creating a gas cloud that filled this secure cockpit space. He knew in the number elimination game, after number two comes number one, and after you are number one, there is nothing left, and you run out of gas and things you can stink up and piss off. That had been the true goal of his life's bodily functions. They were his number 2 and number 1 goals. Newton knew his days were numbered, and this was his last day.

As his winded sounds tuned to smell, changing from one sense to another, he could only dream of dropping gas bombs and cheating people. He had stunk up all he knew and knew no other way. On this day, the resulting fumes from a particularly tasty and gloriously greasy pork and beans brunch began to fill the cockpit with a lethal mixture. Although a pleasant reminder of the days he had spent making his unique presence known, the flatulent offering had the chemical equivalence and the comparable effect of atomized ammonia. He sniffed and pondered the smell of victory, the stench of failure, the sweet air of love, the odor of rejection, and the scent of a life only he could live. He sat all alone in the small, confined space of his personal bomber cockpit gas chamber. All tightly secure, off limits to everyone, and ready for his last action. He had no regrets as he

leaned to one side to let out even more gas, which drifted from one sense to another. As he passed his last noxious wind, his cockpit clouded up with ammoniated air which fogged his vision, brought tears to his eyes, and drifted him effortlessly into the past tense. He had his last gasp on Down Wind Farms, thinking of his stinking past. He never did regret anything. It was a fitting rear-end to his life, which is often the way for those who have no conscience and think all problems are other people's problems. It is the path of least resistance taken by most psychos, and it explains how the least sociable in any socio-economic bracket can deal with their unconscionable act in this world. And so the air apparent to the throne was now deceased. The leader of the kingdom of socio-paths everywhere was dead, and a low, snide comment wafted across evil doers everywhere, "Long live the stinker," they muttered!

Newton Van dynkle was found to be very dead three days later. His kind wife Willamina, who gave him a hand all his life and never put up a stink, was concerned that he might miss a truffle harvest, and sent the cleaning wench to fetch him. When the working wench did not return, Willamina made the trip to the cockpit herself. She entered Newton's off-limits cockpit for the first time and witnessed his private parts, the ones he used to control the bomber's movements, but she was immediately overcome by the noxious stench and, with one whiff, fell unconscious. Several people were airlifted to the hospital before Newton's remains were moved. All survived the gassing except Newton. He was out of gas, out of numbers, and out dead.

Newton Van Dynkl had a very small funeral. The family thought of charging people to attend, but realized it would not be profitable. Only a few actually attended, but many were there in spirit. The presence of those whom he had offended was felt because the spirit of spite is very strong and far-reaching. It was, of course, raining and muddy the day of the funeral. Newton would have liked it that way. The few mourners who did attend were still leery that he was not gone. Some were there just to make sure he went into the ground and did not make another stink. As his coffin was lowered into the soggy ground, the muffled squeal of pigs could be heard off in the foggy, dank distance. Some

of the pigs were mourning the loss of their hunting buddy; others were just being slaughtered. Willamina and MeMe reasoned why they should keep feeding the fat little truffle sniffers. After all, it was only Newton's hobby that he was dead, and they never made much money from it. Newton would have approved of their cutthroat decision. They had a big feast, the menu included little pigs in blankets, some with apples in their mouth, and one big one with a pineapple shoved in its other end. And large slabs of greasy, well-done BQ Pork. They also had pig's knuckles, pork rinds, and hog bellies, all for sale. Everyone paid their dis-respects, sniffled a bit, and had a gas. No one who truly knew Newton and the dirt and muck about him felt he really did any wrong to anyone. They knew he only behaved as he did because he did not know any better and was so good at it. After all, he was born a little stinker, was raised as a stinker, and lived and died a stinker. He was just an old fart who passed away in the wind.

However, all those who had a troubling experience with him still wanted revenge and use his memory as a reminder of all that could be foul and evil. They vowed to torch his memory and soil him in any way they could. The desire to get back at him was so strong that eventually all his enemies ganged up and had a tombstone made and placed it just in front of the NO TRESPASSING sign outside Newton's private grave site, and it was inscribed:

Here lies
The forever rotten remains of
Newton Van dynkle,
Who stunk up his friends,
as a means to his ends,
And now there is a depth
to which he smelly remains
will sink too.
He's at the bottom now!

Ironically, this sentiment keeps his memory of him alive because there is a little Van dynkle in all of us. We are all addicted to the poison of revenge, and we each have had at least one dynkle berry. Only the wisest know; holding on to bad feelings or thinking bad thoughts and acting on them, or envisioning spiteful opportunities to retaliate and seizing them, merely allows the future intentions of other evil-doers to flourish. And so long as the addiction for revenge is strong and the distasteful acts of one cause another to make a second evil and hurtful act, Newton Van dynkle will be remembered, and the big stinker will never lie in peace. The only way to stop the cycle of spite is to stop it. Just say no. Those who want to foul up others just to get the better of them or seek revenge are no better than Newton Van dynkle. And, people who live in plexiglass houses should never spray smelly ammonia glass cleaner on their windows. It only clouds their view and stinks up the place. If you think something stinks, air out your gripes, because if you hold your anger in or turn your bad taste into a bigger stink, then you too will stink, and you will lie next to Newton Van dynkle, who rests in pieces everywhere. Newton Van dynkle is that little piece of crap in all of us.

Now I have aired my gripes and cleared my air; I find it refreshing. I can now say
This stinking saga has run out of gas and wagged its little tale to its end.