

Stan Bush's Story.

First The Legal Mumbo-Jumbo,
Stan Bush is a real guy and this
is a parody, nothing stated in this
horrible story should be construed
as being real, it's all fiction, sweet-thing.

Comments, both positive or negative
are appreciated.

Warning, this fanfic is rated PG-13 for
immature themes...

Dlink.

Dlink.

Dlink.

The rusted out faucet leaks into the filthy sink of my million dollar mansion.
Million dollars, yeah... To quote Frank Miller: "Ten bucks to my name. I found a Hotel
that made change." A roach the size a truck just crawled across my foot and I feel a
sharp pain in my stomach. It's not hunger. I have a strange fungus growing on my leg
and to top it off, I have writer's block.

"This is no way for a genius to live."

Dlink.

There it goes again.

Dlink.

The very sound of it destroys any chance that I have of sleeping tonight.

Dlink.

It stabs my mind like a big...a big...God, I can't think. I need sleep.

Dlink.

I need coffee.

Dlink

I need a job.

Dlink.

God, I love L.A....

My name is Stan Bush and this is my story.

It's three o'clock in the morning, I go to the only place that feels like home. It's a pub that specializes in "should've beens," the social class that nobody cares about...

Over in the corner is Steve Gutenberg's cousin Joey...he looks at scripts. That's Hollywood talk for "he sells cocaine."

Talking to him is Sigourney Weaver's sister...cute girl...her screen name is "Good'N'Plenty," you can imagine the type of films that she makes.

Bumming Macully Culkin for a cigarette is the kid from the new Star Wars film...Hell, half the cast of that piece of junk hangs around here these days.

I sit here at the bar and think. Why am I here? Why do we congregate together? It's simple really, birds of a feather, you know. We're the congregation of the damned. We do what we have to survive....sometimes that isn't pretty.

This is one of those times.

The kid from Star Wars sits down beside of me at the bar. He probably has money, I think to myself.

He yells at the guy serving drinks, "Barkeep, a George Reeves, bloody and on the rocks, pronto."

"How's it going, Ani?"

He takes a long draw off his cigarette, "F--- off."

"Is that what you told Jar Jar? To F--- off?"

"Yeah, yeah. I told him to F--- off. I also told him that I would dispatch him and his loved ones most thoroughly if his person ever again came into contact with my own."

I shouldn't push him but I'm enjoying it so. "You talk like a big man. Tell me, where did you learn to talk that way? On the playground? On the playground comparing your kindergarten penis with the other little boys? Is that what you do?"

He's pissed, but he's trying to hold it back. "Yeah, yeah, that's what I do. Me and my kindergarten pals compare our penes to each other. My penis is in fact the largest of the penes. You know what we do after we compare our penes?"

"What?"

"This." He puts his cigarette out and shatters a beer bottle against the bar. "I will show you. I will make sure you know pain intimately!"

"Look behind you! Is that Queen Amidala?"

"Where? Where? I'm gonna marry you some day!"

I pick up a chair and shatter it across the back of his nine year old skull.

He hits the ground a bloody mess. I check his wallet. "Five bucks! That's gonna buy me breakfast!" Like I said, sometimes we do things that aren't pretty but you gotta do what you gotta do.

I walk outside, the sun's not even up yet. I have to find a diner. It's been months since I've had something with protein in it. I want some eggs...or maybe some bacon. God, this is gonna be sweet.

"You looked good in there."

"What? Who?"

A beautiful girl walks up to me, "You looked good in there. You really beat that kid up good."

"Oh, what? That?! No, that was nothing...you ought to see me on stage. I light the house up."

"Oh, really? What are you a comedian?"

"No, I'm a musician."

"Have you made anything that I would know of?"

"Probably, my last album went 'Double Lithium.'"

"Wow, that's impressive." She walks up to me and gives me a kiss. The long kind...where she uses her tongue. I use mine too. She has the most of her teeth. I'm in Heaven.

"You're good, baby. You want to come back to my place?"

"No thanks," she says, "that was good enough."

"Aw...okay, maybe we'll do lunch later." Do lunch...God, I can't believe I said that. Sex isn't even free in this town.

"Okay."

I give her my card. "Uhm...the number and address aren't good anymore...but my name's not changed. I'm in the book, look me up." I give her a wink and I walk off.

Claude's Diner. Five A.M.

"Hey good lookin', what do you want?" asks a seven hundred pound woman at the counter.

I play nice...I might get something out of it. "I'll take a plate of your good looks and a side of your sweet disposition, sweet thing."

"Har Har Har you're just playing with me," she laughs like a man...God, I think that she is a man! She gives me her phone number. "Call me, baby."

"I will..." I order some eggs and tater-tots. "Oh, God. Real catsup! Not that fake ketchup stuff."

"Yeah boy," she...he...it says, "you're living the high life."

I scarf down my meal...my first in days and I check the newspaper. "Hm...somebody's giving a bed away, I can use that. The circus is hiring...somebody's giving away a screen-door...Trans-Con 2000."

I feel sick...Trans-Con...I know it too well. It was Trans-Con '98 and I was signing autographs.....

A fat guy walks up to me bearing a pen and a book. "Hey dere Mister Bussshhh. Will you sign my High School Year Book?"

"Yeah, whatever." I take his book and sign it.

"You godd--- son of b----, I wanted you to sign it with my godd--- golden-gel pen."

"Yeah, whatever. Next."

"Kill you, I will! Kill you!"

"Yeah, whatever. Next."

The next guy was wearing a big red suit. He was a truck or something. He stank of Doritos and unwashed ass.

"Hey there Mr. Bush. I'm a big fan. Could you sign my copy of Transformers The Movie?"

"Yeah, whatever." I sign it.

"Could I shake your hand?"

"You didn't masturbate before coming up here, did you?"

He withdraws his hand.

"Next."

"Oh my God! You are Stan Bush! You are!" This is a girl, she's not much older than fifteen. I make with the sweet talk, beggars can't be choosers. If there's grass on the field, play ball, that's what I always say.

"Yes! I'm Stan Bush. Who are you, sweet thing?"

"My name's Rachel."

"Rachel, huh? What do you plan to do after the convention?"

"I was thinking about staging a battle between my new Fortress Maximus and Scorpionok. Want to join?"

"Sure." I whisper something into her ear.

She vomits on me.

"What? Was it the 'Penis Maximus' remark?"

I went to jail for a while.

That utterly sucked.

There's no way in Hell that I'm doing that again.

The seven hundred pound waitress comes to me, "That'll be four dollars and thirty-two cents, darlin'."

"Four dollars and thirty-two cents? Make sure I get my change back, okay? It's not that I don't want to leave you a tip but I'd like to have something for my lunch."

"Sure enough, honey."

I check my wallet...it's gone! "Hold on for a second...." That damned girl in front of the bar, she stole it!

"What is it?"

"Ah-heh, I sorta lost my wallet."

"Oh...well, the eggs are on me."

"Really!?! Thanks! Who says that there are no nice people left in the world?" I get up and walk to the door.

A huge side of ham grabs my shoulder. "I said the eggs are on me...you still have to pay for the tater-tots."

"What? That's crazy! What in the Hell do I have to do to get my tater tots paid for?"

"This." He...she...it disrobes. It's confirmed...I don't know what in the Hell this is.

I guess I have to whore myself out to those toy freaks after all....

Trans-Con 2000, Admissions.

A skinny kid sits in his booth, earning his five bucks an hour. I approach him.

First thing he says, "If you say 'Bah-weep-graghn-nah-weep-nini-bon' to me, I'll kill you."

"No...I'm Stan Bush."

"Who? Wait, wait? THE Stan Bush?!"

Finally, a man with tastes. "Yep."

"Well, sir, you get in for free."

"Thank you."

"No problem. Here's your ticket. Just go straight through there, Mr. President."

"...okay."

I'm in. The largest gathering of virgins this side of a Magic tournament. I can smell the money...and the unwashed ass.

One thousand people in unison eat away at my sanity. "OH MY GOD!" I can feel their labored breathing, the auditorium's windows are becoming fogged. "It's Stan Bush!!!!!"

I wave to the simpletons. I'm their God...and I like it! Like a herd of inbred elephants, they trample over each other to get to their destination. I'm ground zero...wait, didn't I write a song called that?

Speaking of elephants, the first one to reach me is a cow. "Mr. BUSSHHH! Will you autograph this for me?"

"Let me think about that. No. Five bucks."

"But I schpent my moneys on Minerrrvvaaaa."

"Sorry. All autographs are five bucks."

"Well...I don't like you anyway."

"Sure you don't, ugly."

She breaks into tears and her world crumbles in front of me. God I love this.

I'm surrounded now, I'm a chunk of fresh, bloody meat and these jackals are tearing me apart. I'm being tossed from side to side. The worst part is, not a damned one of them has money. I hate this.

The security guard beats them off of me. He hands me a can of mace...and gives me permission to use it. Maybe this has potential.

Another man runs towards me, he's wearing a kid's costume...he's at least twenty-five. "Stan Bush! Can I have your autograph????"

"Got money?"

"No."

Mace to the eyes.

Here comes more. I don't even bother asking them.

Mace to their eyes too.

Twenty Minutes later.

I've walked deeper into the convention, towards the more dedicated fans. My belief in God dies today. I can't help but listen to them talk.

"Blaster, how are you doing?"

"Fine Jazz, and you?"

"Good, good. I killed Overlord last week."

"Really? Which MUSH?"

"MUSH?"

This is getting weirder. I find four guys sitting at a table. They're wearing a lot of purple...a LOT of purple.

One of them calls to me.

"Mr. Bush...sing for us a song of Decepticon conquest and honor."

"What? Uh...got money?"

"Lots."

"You got the touch! You got the POWERRRRR. Yeah!" I throw in a little dance for free. "After all is said and done, you'll never walk, you'll never run...you're a winner! You got the moves--"

"No, no...a song of DECEPTICON conquest!"

"The Transformers, more than Meets the eye. Autobots wage their battle to destroy the evil forces of the Decepticons--"

"NO! Pathetic flesh creature...you're a fool! Get away from us--NOW!"

"Do I get money?"

"No."

"Well then, I'm a minor celebrity and get laid on a regular basis. Who's the pathetic one now?"

They laugh as if I were the butt of the joke. "Foolish flesh creature--"

One of the guys compliments his alliteration.

"Ahem--Foolish flesh creature, to us there are more important things than sex. Like galactic conquest!" They laugh like bad comic book villains.

"Yeah...is that why are your clothes stained so?"

"That is where...we wiped our noses"

"On your pants?"

"DECEPTICONS KILL HIM!!!!!!!!!"

I would run away...but the four of them combined outweigh me by a twelve to one margin...you do the math.

"That was very brave of you Mr. Bush."

"What?" I turn around to find another fat boy...only this one is wearing a yellow Volkswagen suit...and he's got horns. In usual fanboy fashion, he has a big bag of Cheetos in his arms...the Cheetos themselves are on his unshaven face. "What are you supposed to be?"

"I'm Bumblebee...but that's not my real name. My friends on Effnet call me HB...that's short for 'HellBringer75.'"

"That's nice. As if I care, what's your real name?"

He smiles, "that's a closely guarded secret."

"You don't remember, do you?"

"...no."

"Next question: What do you want?"

"Would you hang out with me today for twenty bucks?"

"Twenty bucks? Sure!"

"Great!"

"Wait, wait...this doesn't involve some strange sexual favors does it?"

"Twenty five bucks?"

"Forty."

"Thirty."

"Thirty-Five and the bag of Cheetos?"

"Deal!"

I don't know if I'm happy or not. "Cash up front."

He smiles at me behind his stubbled face "No."

"Damn!"

And that's how it ended. The rest of that day was Hell. Hell on Earth. No...God's not that cruel. It makes Hell look beautiful. I'm not gonna say what I did for the Thirty-Five bucks. All I'm gonna say is this: From that point on, I could never sing into a microphone again. Take that as you will.

I paid for the tater tots and ate a nice supper at Taco Bell. To top it off, I'm working with that kid from the Star Wars movie. He's not a bad guy.... He's my rapping midget. Rapping midgets are in now. This will be a good life. Good enough.

Fin.