

Fanfic: Stan Bush: One Man's Limits.  
By Brian Kilby

WARNING. This fanfic is bad.  
The following fanfic has been  
Rated 'ZZZ' by the MPAA. Features  
profanity, sexual immature imagery  
and isn't fit for a blind dog to  
look at.

First The Legal Mumbo-Jumbo,  
Stan Bush is a real guy and this  
has nothing to do with anything.  
Nothing stated in this horrible  
story should be construed as  
being real, it's all fiction.  
Bad fiction. Let me stress  
that again. BAD Fiction.  
Bad. B-A-D. Bad.

Uh...if you're not familiar with IRC  
you probably have a life. Also, it  
may be a bit difficult reading a big  
chunk of this story. Lucky you.

Oh and any name similarities are  
intentional. I'm a bastard.

If you've not read 'Stan Bush's Story',  
you're one of the lucky ones. This  
is the sequel, it's suggested that  
you read the original first.  
<http://www.tfradio.net/archive/stanbush.htm>  
And you can read the pseudo-sequel,  
'Good Mr. Cullen' here:  
<http://www.tfradio.net/archive/petercullen.htm>

Written in [very] poor taste. Not  
Kosher. Not Kosher at all. Be  
forewarned. Not exactly funny,  
I don't know what this is...  
other than just wrong.

Most URLs work. Don't go to them.

It's Summer. It's Hot. Hell's having an open house on your brow and the Devil's airing out his piss-stained carpets on the back of your neck. A cool summer breeze blows through, the kind that tortures you, reminding you of what Spring is like. Like a vapor, that breeze is gone. You can feel your skin decaying and the parasites eating away at your body. You can feel your mind going away...

No, this isn't Hell. This is Los Angeles.

Your name is Stan Bush and your story is not yet over...

\*Dlink\*

There it goes again.

\*Dlink\*

The water, from the rusted out faucet...

\*Dlink\*

...in the filthy sink of your million dollar mansion...

\*Dlink\*

Like the mansion, the water isn't real.

\*Dlink\*

Dry, desolate, it's not been there for years.

\*Dlink\*

What would you give for just a drop?

\*Dlink\*

A million?

\*Dlink\*

A billion?

\*Dlink\*

You'd give it all and more, a thousand times over.

\*Dlink\*

What do you have to give?

\*Dlink\*

Your looks are gone...

\*Dlink\*

...you never had any talent...

\*Dlink\*

...but you've got a name...

\*Dlink\*

...not much of one...

\*Dlink\*

...but it'll do...

It takes you ten agonizing minutes to stand up. This is old man pain, what your dad feels. You're a young man still, not even fifty. But as they say, you're only as old as you feel. If that's true, then you're a dinosaur. You're weak, old and wasted. You'd wish to die...but you're already dead.

No. Don't give into self-pity. You're a Bush, dammit. Act like one. The President is a Bush for God's sake! Be a man.

'Where there's a will, there's a way.' You saw that on a poster once. On that poster there was a picture of an elephant trying to dance. Like a fool, you laughed. Oh, but there was wisdom in that dancing pachyderm! Elephants never forget and neither do you. "Where there's a will, there's a way." You repeat that out loud, over and over and over again. "Where there's a will, there's a way. Where there's a will, there's a way." You think, "What do I do? I...I...I've got it! I've got to make money! ...somehow."

Suddenly...the phone rings. \*Bbrrrrriiiiiinnngggg\*

You answer it. "Hello?"

"Hello, Mister Bush? My name is Will McDinkens and I run an Internet website--."

Will McDinkens!? Where there's a will, there's a way! "Website? No, I'm not opposed to posing nude."

"What, Mister Bush? That's not what I'm asking..."

"Oh, one of those voyeur things? Want me to walk around naked? Is that it? I'm fine with that. Scrub, scrub scrub, brush, brush, brush. Play up the camera when I'm taking a shower. I've seen the movies before, I know how to do it."

"No, Mister Bush..."

"What, then? I'm not gonna say that I killed O.J.'s wife, or anything like that. I won't say that I DIDN'T, either. I'm winking at you as I say that, by the way. I know you can't see me over the phone, so I thought I'd let you know."

"No, Mister Bush. I thought you might be interested in participating in a chat event for my website. I can't afford to pay you much."

"How much?"

"One hundred dollars?"

One hundred dollars? That's one hundred bags of crushed ice! No, wait! That's fifty bags of crushed ice and fifty two-liter drinks! You cough and say, "Wait. Who's on the hundred dollar bill, again? Captain America?"

"Ben Franklin."

Uh...he thinks you're an idiot. Say something smart. "Ben Franklin? He's my favorite President, you know."

"I see...so, that's a yes?"

"Yes! I'll be there right now!"

"Be where? Just use your computer. It's at four p.m. tomorrow."

"My what? Com-pu-ter?"

"Computer, Mr. Bush. It's a little box that does things."

"I know that...it's just that...I don't have a computer."

"Well...I'm sure that you could get into a wacky adventure to acquire your own computer...and, if this were a longer fanfic, I would encourage it. Thing is, it's not. Just go to the library. They'll hook you up."

"Thanks, Will!"

"Thank you."

You knew that paying attention to posters would pay off one day...and your mother said hanging out at the Hallmark store was a waste of time. If she could only see you now. Wait...where \*is\* she now?

Oh yeah...dead.

You go to hang-up the phone when you realize that you don't even HAVE a phone. "Whoa. That's some will."

The Next Day...Public Library.

"Hello, Sir. Is this the Public Library?"

"No. It's the Public LibRARY."

"Well...do you have a com-pu-ter?"

"We have several."

"Can I use one?"

"Sure, do you have a library card?"

You check your pockets, digging through for this so-called 'library card.'

"I have a coupon for half-off a pouch of Red-Man Chewing Tobacco. Is that good enough?"

"Sir, you'll need a library card to access the computer."

"Please, I'm only gonna get on this once and I'm really short on time."

"You need a lib--you..." He sighs. "Oh, okay. You'll have to be supervised, though."

"No problem. Thanks."

He points down a hall. "Straight down there. Your supervisor will be there shortly."

"Sure thing."

A few moments later...

"Wow. I'm on the Internet," you say to yourself. Confident in your abilities, you go a little farther. "This is amazing. So much information, I have so much control over what I do and see. No wonder people think this is the future. Wow, just wow."

"Sir?" asks a four year old kid.

"Yeah, 'sup?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm surfing the 'net, kid. You better stand-back. You wouldn't want be ran over on the information superhighway. 'LOL' I said 'LOL', that means 'laughing out loud' but I doubt a kid like you would know such things. Only us computer geeks know that kind of stuff."

"First off sir, I know what that means. Second, you're not surfing the 'net. You're not even using a computer. That's a pencil sharpener."

"Oh. Well, what do you know, anyway?"

"More than you, apparently."

"Very funny." Agitated, you get nervous. "It's almost five o'clock. C'mon, where's my supervisor?"

"I'm your supervisor," says the kid.

"What? How old are you? Four?"

"Four and a half."

"What could you know about the Internet?"

"I'm a Internet entrepreneur. I started a B-to-B applications host, we're a vendor offering specialized business solutions that provide a wide-range of Java-based applications to a number of high-profile Fortune Five-Hundred Companies via TCP/IP. To make a long story short, the IPO was launched, it jumped 1250% and I was a very happy three-year old. Of course, being that it was tremendously overvalued I went bankrupt three weeks later. Now I have to work at the library to pay off my gambling debts."

"Uh-huh. Can I chat now?"

"Yeah. Where do you want to go?"

"It's called... w w w dot tf chat dot com."

"Okay. Hrm...a clunky Java interface wrapped around an IRC server. When will people learn?"

"Uhm...yeah. Can I chat now?"

"Yeah...take the keyboard."

\*\*\* Now talking in the #TFChat

\*\*\* Topic is 'LOL! New pics of Supreme Cheetor on eBay! He rulz! | Stan Bush chat at Four. | Not funny. www.amigeekornot.com'

<Stan\_Bush signed onto TFChat at 5:02:13 Pacific Standard Time>

<Stan\_Bush> Hello?

<Hellbringer75> Stan Bush!? Remember me?

<Stan\_Bush> No.

<ProwlFan4U> LOL!

<Nina12> D00d, that was 2 kewl! XD U Rock.

<ProwlFan4U> Hellow S\_B.

<ProwlFan4U> Er, Hello.

<Autocon> Stan Bush: Are you really Stan Bush?

<Stan\_Bush> Waht am i supposed to do?.



But that's not me!!!!

<ProwlFan4U> Hey, M\_I...that's not Stan Bush. That's that idiot kid Jax again.

\* Master\_I33t hits ProwlFan.

<ProwlFan4U> Ow.

\*\*\* Skiddz enters TF Chat Forum.

<Skiddz> Where can I download Transformers?

<StanBush> Did you hear that I was arrested for being with a twelve year old girl!?!?!?!?

<Master\_I33t> Everybody knows that! She went blind didn't she?

<Master\_I33t> Skiddz: [www.goatse.cx](http://www.goatse.cx) or if that doesn't work try:

<http://vagina.rotten.com/fecaljapan>

<Nina12> Ouch.

<Skiddz> Thanks!

\* Hellbringer75 rubs up against Stan\_Bush.

\*\*\* Skiddz has left #TFChat

<ProwlFan4U> Ew, Hb.

<Stan\_Bush> She wasn't twelve!!! And, uh, I didn't have anything to do with the blindness part...

<Nina12> You're a bastard, MI.

<Autocon> Hm. Stan\_Bush, do you think there will be anything new going on with the new 'Avengers Overrated' Miniseries?

Skywarp12 enters the room.

<Skywarp12> Hi.

<Master\_I33t> Stan Bush, do you have sex with children?

<StanBush> Sure! Want to come over?

Skywarp12 has left the room.

<Master\_I33t> No thanks, just asking.

\*\*\* StanBush changes the topic to '<Stan\_Bush>'I am gay and have sex with children

| LOL! New pics of Supreme Cheetor on eBay! He rulz! | Stan Bush chat at Four. | Not funny. [www.amigeekornot.com](http://www.amigeekornot.com)'

\* StanBush has sex with minors on a regular basis.

<Stan\_Bush> I do not!

\*\*\* TF2000God has joined #TFChat

<TF2000God>Didja hear!?! TF2000 is comin to America!

<ProwlFan4U> Yeah! Transformers are gonna be cars again! XD

<Master\_I33t> I know! Yeah! Did you here that Stan Bush? NO. because you are a stupid moron and tink that Beast Crap is better! LOL.

\* Nina12 hugs her RatTrap.

<StanBush> I kno! BM is sooo much better than TF2000. Optimus iz a syckic munky not a fir truk! LOL.

<TF2000God> Thank GOD there is no more best crap, OMG that stuff sucked so bad fox canceled it and they still play Digimon!

<Stan\_Bush> A bowel moevment?  
<Master\_I33t> Yes. Thats what BM is. A bowle movment.  
<TF2000God> Give me G1 ne day. If I want deep stories ill read the comic. Ever read the UK stuff? I got one issue and it is soooo good.  
<Stan\_Bush> Does anybody here do anything outside this chat room?  
<Hellbringer75> I do Stan. ;)  
<StanBush> I rape children.  
<Master\_I33t> We KNOW that Stan. U r so sick.  
<Hellbringer75> I operate ANOTHER channel. It's much more sophisticaed than this one. It's a place where we talk about ourselves and our bodies. What to come? :)  
<Master\_I33t> Go on, StanBush. You might find some kiddies there to stalk.  
<Stan\_Bush> No.  
\*\*\* Nixtr has joined #TFChat  
<Nixtr> Any of you ever drink this Ovaltine stuff?  
<Nina12> Hey, Nix.  
\* Nixtr reads the topic.  
<Nixtr> Stan Bush is a sick, pinko bastard.  
<Master\_I33t> See? He's a freak.  
<Nixtr: To Stan\_Bush> Are you a fed?  
<Stan\_Bush> What, Nixtr/?  
<Nixtr> Nothing...  
<StanBush> My favorite kind of kids are the fat ones. They bo  
<Master\_I33t> I'm goen! Bye!  
\*\*\* Master I33t has quit IRC (Quit: Stan Bush is the worst musitian ever. You SUCK!)  
<StanBush> unce when you beat them.  
<Nixtr> Anyone know what kibble is? I need to know for my next show.  
<Autocon> Nixtr: It's what you feed a dog.  
<Nixtr> Oh. Well, back to werk. Stan Bush is gay.  
\*\*\* Nixtr has left #TFChat  
<ProwlFan4U> I really hate him...  
<Stan\_Bush> This sucks1 I'm leaving.  
<Hellbringer75> Don't leave, Stan! I love you!  
\*\*\* Stan Bush has left #TFChat

"That sucked", you think. The Internet has to be good for something. What's your favorite hobby? "Oh, yeah..."

\*\*\* Now talking in #masturbation  
\*\*\* Topic is 'Welcum to #masturbation : The Do-It-Yourself-Channel (Adults 18 + only)'  
\*\*\* Set by Stroker- on Tue Jul 25 18:24:02

<JackN^> ne girlz n here to jak to?  
<Hellbringer75> Stan! :D :D :D :D I still love you!  
<JackN^> cause dam i m hard  
<Stan\_Bush> Oh shit. Never mind.  
\*\*\* Nixtr has joined #Masturbation  
<Nixtr> Anyone in here under 12? Plz /msg me.  
\*\*\* Stan\_Bush has quit IRC (quit: Leaving)

You walk home, tired, given out. Your fingers numb from the burden of life, you struggle to unlock your door. "Damned duct tape."

The phone rings as you enter...

You answer. "Hello?"

"Stan Bush? Will McDinkens."

"Will! Hi! When do I get paid?"

"You were an hour late, you only chatted for three minutes and I can't even put the log on my website. It isn't fit for a French whore to read. You don't get anything."

"Damn it."

"Of course, I sent you fifty dollars up-front. Please destroy the check when it arrives."

"Uh...suuuure."

"Goodbye." He hangs up.

Two days later...

\*Dlink\*

There it goes again.

\*Dlink\*

The big gobs of sweat that pour down your back...

\*Dlink\*

...through the crack of your ass...

\*Dlink\*

...and down the tin floor of your one room shanty.

It's Summer. It's Hot. No water to bathe in, none to relax in, none to drink. No one to talk to, no one to love, no one to love you back. Of course that's not much a problem now, you have fifty two-liter bottles of Dr. Pepper to keep you company. At a thousand calories a bottle, that's enough to keep you going for a while. You take a deep, warm gulp and smile. Sure, life can be Hell sometimes but you'll live. You always do.

End.