

The patron saint of the punks, I'm going to bang on the wall, calling your name when I can't find something, that's what he said to her. She could see him picturing them as neighbors. They would really make the perfect neighbors. Does everyone living in trailers use speed, is it for the affect or so they can't smell the corpses. I heard a rumor, I heard a rumor, he said, that there was a squat in Christiana, and some woman moved in and she was a crusader, she wanted to destroy the squat. She succeeded, he said. It's not so hard actually, go into a place, create a few problems and the next thing you know, everything falls apart. So they were getting evicted, they were getting evicted and well the point of the story was, that when they finally succeeded in evicting the house, they had to land a helicopter of cops on the roof because the barricades were so thick, but they did that and they evicted the house and I heard they found two dead bodies in there, but anyway the point of the story, why I'm telling you, is that when they did finally succeed in the getting the house evicted, the whole rest of the neighborhood was just flooded with rats. There was just a sea of rats out into the surrounding areas from this house. Why couldn't they smell the dead bodies, she asked, and he answered. I guess the smell was so bad already. Maybe its all the speed they were snorting, another person interjected, and they all laughed. I don't know, she said, I think I would notice a dead body, I would notice the smell of the dead body. Yeah, he said, well that's the thing, it's a big house, so if one hallway smells bad, you just use another one. I don't know, she said, when there's a weird smell we get pretty focused on it. Like asking each other, do you smell this, is that burning? Is this smoke? Another guy interjected, you know I go to the Bäckerei, to get a beer, and it's 70 cents, and then if I go to the grocery it's 40 cents, but the grocery is far, it's far from the house. It's not safe out there, she answered, shuddering, I know what you mean, it's not safe out there. It's better when we don't have to leave the house. We are lucky we have a Späti right across the street. Maybe I can build a zip cord, from here to the Bäckerei, then I don't have to leave, can just send down a basket with some coins, get some beers, get some bread. Maybe I could get these birds to fly down with the coins, and come back with the bread. I don't know, she said, I think the birds might just take the bread. They might just get distracted when they get the bread and fly away and eat it. This put a damper on things for a moment, and the country music twanged out of the amp in the stuffy trailer. You're still heating? she had asked him. It was May. Yeah, yeah, I'm still heating, my neighbor has to dry his pants. The

living room was a mechanics workshop and they all sat on the floor with the coin gathering wooly old dog and his toy rat. This was how they started to talk about rats, not the sound of rats running underneath or the discussion over turning the escape hatch into a rat viewing hole, but the stuffed toy rat swaying to the sound of Hank Williams the third. He put the door to the trailer on the spring so they could all get some fresh air and lost everything he needed, speed, weed and long papers multiple times. That's how they came to the point, the point of the patron saint of the trailer trash junkies, affectionately ringing in the middle of the night. Have you seen my lighter? Just a little to the left, just a little to the left liebling.