

Chapter 18: Dwayne

He imagined that his car was a space ship. Some days it was just an average NASA shuttle doing a routine mission. Docking at an sub-orbit fueling station. He'd have to space walk to the pump and connect the ship to get refueled.

On these average days he called his car Alpha-One. On days when he was feeling more optimistic about himself and his life, his car was more of a sci-fi movie space ship, and he was the play-by-his-own rules Captain with a ragtag bunch of space pirates and thieves for a crew. It was equipped with laser cannons mounted on the cruise control panel and photon torpedoes which were controlled by the tape player buttons, which was also convenient because the tape player didn't work. On days like this his car was called HAWK-9000.

Today, his car was a slow clunky deep space cargo craft called the Hermes-04 (that was the year of his car.) He was dragging his space ass through some dark zone of the galaxy at a slow pace with no particular motivation for getting back to Alpha-Base. So, he docked the Hermes-04 at a strip club that he had been to once 5 years ago when his brother-in-law was having a bachelor party. It was 4:30, and they had a happy hour special.

Dwayne figured he could go there and not think about his crappy day.

He certainly didn't think that he would run into anyone he knew there.