

## Another Big Turkeys Shitball Motherfucker

Hold on. That's not true. In fact, I hit someone else in the same way – an open-handed shot to the side of the head to put a nice ring in the shitball motherfucker's ear -- just a few months ago, in early September. Right. I'm just now remembering this.

Here's how that went. Lisa and I get back to Pavones from our August visit to Montauk. Our pickup truck is parked in the car port where I left it, but it doesn't look right; it's dirty and mud-splattered. I find that the starter motor and brakes are fucked up. Someone has put 400 miles on it – I'd written down the mileage when we left. I query our caretaker, Roman, as to what happened with the truck while we were gone.

The day Lisa and I left five weeks before, Roman tells me, this North American expat who lives down the road, a mechanic, came up to the house and told him that I wanted some work done on the truck and that he should take it. This was a lie. The expat, barely an acquaintance, had worked on the truck back in June and knew how to start it without the key. So he took the truck and used it for 5 weeks, fucking it up in the process; 400 miles on the roads at Pavones are like 10,000 that you're used to. The shitball motherfucker brought the truck back the morning of the day Lisa and I returned home; he kept track of our travel plans through a mutual friend.

I have no idea what he was thinking in assuming that I wouldn't find out what he'd done and that there would be no repercussions, but I immediately went over to his house and whacked him good. Got a stomach ache as a result. (I ran into him about a week later and whacked him again, with a similar result, stomach ache-wise. I haven't seen him since that second whacking.)