

"It is swell lot. It is swell day. A swell sucker walked onto the lot. Typical, it could be, day on used car lot swell in 1924 in the great Zenith, Ohio," thought Price Krusher Krapunchki as he saw him, and guessed, "Is Ex-K G B. But now church mouse sucker." This was what Price Krusher had waited all his entire life for, a swell sucker on a swell lot. Price Krusher moved at his leisure to a swell beyond measure chrome, steel and glass shining pile: A 1982 Yugo: A 100 million ruble immobile treasure. The sucker came in easy as a feather, the great Price Krusher Krapunchki smiled sideways and tooled his hair gold as heather breath as he said, sharp beyond all October weather, "That leather old smell." He spun and hummed, "Gotta you her have." He jumped and pumped, "Men real crave her." He bent and whispered, "Men who this drive feel a little longer and stronger in the you know right from wrung her hunger. Her wheels kick! Her veals stick! Her block jock! Her engine clean! Begin her beguine! Her trunk clunk! Her gears shift! Her choke stroke! Her throttle glottal! Inhibit her distributor!" "It is pleasant," The sucker, Her a Baptist Minister born again in a Georgia Kommissars For Khrist Kamp pure as the ker, He driven winter wheat, said in the old Tsar way sinister. Price Krusher Krapunchki ker r hopped bunny happy in his famous leap for success as he screamed: "Pleasant? ke Delightful! Affordable! Enjoyable! Dull Peasant! Shit gold up your toilet! r, Clearer your Las Vegas smoke mirror! Piss clink in your sink! Slink! Fink! To new think! See as color TV! Clone to mobile phone! Homeski! Fink! Stash up a life path!" He leaned and chirped, "Of course this Fin the real price is not. I'll only a little more add. How does k! One Mill Five Hundred Thou feel up your ass?" The THE TRANSFORMATION OF PRICE KRUSHER GATE sucker fell on the gravel and cried, "You Filthy KRAPUNCHKI INTO A GREAT WHITE SHARK Highly Unreliable High Price Shit Sub-Jew! w. My dear man, as a Christian I forgive you." fe s. Price Krusher Krapunchki cried, "Hey! Mac! few. rs! I'm too Christian! I'm no Jew! I'm like just you! The few. you t" The proud. The pure. The Serb. The clean. The Indo-European! yours! tha You have me to the core wounded! Sore am I? It's all for nothing yours! that." w Take it! For free! Give them away I want to but my wife won't let me! She that." No says, "I'm commie!" Price Krusher cried. The customer stunched, "I just couldn't do that." Now "You got to! They're coming to take it away!" Krusher launched. "You gotta get some," Price Krusher Now punched, "Action!" The sucker heart bunched. Price Krusher back crunched. The sucker hope hunched. Now the snow out in Kremlin Square is dismal coal grime and truck smoke in thrown out red banners sudden melted thaw. A huge gray sewer of nuclear radiated oil opens up and sludges all over Price Krusher's lot. The gravel, the Yugo, the sucker, the red, white, blue triangle aluminum foil banners begin to shine an eerie more. But now Price Krusher Krapunchki's nose turns into a pin. His elbows turn into fin sharp as tin. Strange flap slats appear on his neck. His legs turn gray as if one: Flip flapped. His teeth shine like a carborundum steel saw. His instinct shoots, 'sell and repent later,' like a lead dum dum. He opens his jaw. He goes for sucker's maw as sucker disappears in Price Krusher Krapunchki's craw like an old dead shot in the back, 'Arise ye prisoners of starvation throw off the chains that bind you', thrown into a Peter Paul prison moat, the sucker mysteriously begins to bloat. With the touch that lingers on his remaining glue-ey ruble fingers, Price Krusher Krapunchki rubs his gray sandpaper underbelly and glubs, "This sucker is my sucker from the Baltic Islands to the Pacific waters from St. Basil's corkscrew onion dome to my blini clever inner-game gnome, from the Dynamo Sex Theater to the iced crotch of great Lenin's frozen schmucker: I am become one big hard ass networking pure 3 in I oil mystical troika subtle buyer-wise soft sell hard sell killer diller wheeler dealer endless perestroika profits for endless miracle growth really heavy industrial strength great white shark sucker fucker."

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Everything's back to normalcy all right. Thee. The. That's what's the big fright? OK, so white was red and now red is white, the rich still get richer, they still have those great winters; so what if the kids Look like mutant potatoes that shine in the dark? They can still hate all the Jews, Armenians, and Gypsies they want, folks.