

THE TRIALS OF ANTHONY LEMON



Episode III: Lost at Sea

“Anthony Lemon tore the seagulls limb from limb and ate...‘this is only nasty once’”

Part 1: The Catamaran

A rich blue light of evening soaked the sea.

With nothing between his teeth Anthony Lemon pulled himself aboard the Catamaran discreetly. His waterproof tuxedo wicked away the beads of water. He walked to the center of the deck.

A couple of honeys took selfies in front of the setting sun. It turned green on the horizon.

—Come on get the fuck out of my way, said Anthony Lemon.

No one can see me beneath these black sunglasses. I look like an umpire from hell. Yea baby. Now let's see about those ho'erus docouvres.

Anthony Lemon neared the bar where a man in a collared shirt and bow tie mixed drinks. The man had a tan sweat-covered forehead, wore an eyepatch and resembled a louche old pirate. The setting sun turned his vest green at the waist.

—My man, said Anthony Lemon, it looks like you're melting out here.

The louche old pirate looked up from his hands and grinned at Anthony.

—Hello son, he said, how can I help you?

—Do me a favor pal, said Anthony Lemon, mix me a Jack and Coke real slow and talk to me. Is Robert James aboard? Has he got the loot?

Anthony Lemon looked through his x-ray vision as he talked. He could see the ship's blueprints was all. Ma de.

The louche old pirate stroked his mustache thoughtfully with two fingers.

—My friend, what you ask me to do is...not unreasonable...but it may compromise my situation... If you know what I'm saying.

Red hot anger flared in Anthony Lemon's temples. He waited for the louche old pirate to continue.

—You see, I—

—Listen punk, I'll throw you overboard and call the sharks. They'll devour a candyass pirate like you in about two seconds flat.

The louche old pirate squealed in delight.

—Mr. Lemon, is it?

He knows.

—What makes you think an old sailor like me couldn't handle a young ruffian like you?

Anthony Lemon watched the louche old pirate roll up his sleeve.

A vicious hook shone.

With one hand Anthony Lemon sundered his bowtie and unbuttoned his tuxedo to his chest.

Ten hook-scars pinkened Anthony Lemon's flesh.

—This is what happened when three or four puffs like you took me on.

The louche old pirate swallowed.

—I threw 'em all into the deep blue sea. Now I'm only gonna ask one more time. Where the fuck is Robert James?

A crowd of bohemians waited behind Anthony Lemon. His back concealed the dispute from view.

—On the boci ball court, just up ahead, said the louche old pirate.

—And give me that Jack n Coke you fucking barnacle scumbag.

Anthony Lemon smashed a ten dollar bill, a big tip, onto the bar. The bohemians gasped.

—What an outrage!

—Who does he think he is!

—He smells good!

So on and so forth. Anthony Lemon crushed the cup between his hands and drank the drink in a second. He threw the cup overboard into a wave.

—Fuck you, said Anthony Lemon.

Now twilight opened up its sad colors. Honeys in grass skirts went by Anthony Lemon swish swish. A bohemian naked from the waist up save for a diving mask staggered after, a lobster in his hand.

Clock. Click-clock. Anthony Lemon descried the bocce ball court through his jetblack sunglasses.

A few men chomping cigars wearing Hawaiian shirts stood around like losers at their sport.

—What douchebag cloned you motherfuckers? asked Anthony Lemon.

—Excuse me? spluttered one.

Anthony Lemon stuck out his neck to show spotless collars.

—That's how you show up to a party at sea. Shall I give notes? asked Anthony Lemon.

—Yea guy please do, said one of the clones to Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon lowered his glasses, made crazy professor eyes and scribbled a few hieroglyphs on paper. Then he folded the piece like it was an origami crane and presented it to the clone with two hands.

The clone unfolded the paper. His face turned purple and then the note exploded, blowing his body into the water violently.

Anthony Lemon paced forward and threw the clone's leg in after him.

—Slime!

Click-clock. Someone swung the boccé bat forward.

—Now which one of you is Robert James? asked Anthony Lemon.

The clones looked unfazed.

—We all are, said one.

—In that case, said Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon made a wide arc of his hands and pinned them all to the deck. He was like a dog in their faces, barking:

—Where's the loot, tell me where the loot is!

But the music had stopped. Bohemians murmured and clustered larboard. Something was happening.

—Ahhhhh, shrieked a woman bohemian.

CRAHHHHHHHH a huge smash rocked the ship.

—What the fuck! shouted Anthony Lemon.

The topmost button in Anthony Lemon's tuxedo popped loose.

Part Two: Redbeard's Revenge

—It's Captain Redbeard, one of the bohemians cried out, and his gang of Somalian pirates.

Rawr the bowsprit of Redbeard's fearsome pirate ship had nearly cleft the catamaran in two. Drunk black pirates hopped aboard.

—Fuck!! screamed all of the bohemians.

At that moment a Kraken boiled out of the water and snatched away Robert James.

—Nooooo, screamed Anthony Lemon. Now he would never know the location of the secret loot.

Anthony Lemon sheared off his tuxedo: he was ass-naked now.

Pirates with hooks for arms swung dangerous swords above Anthony Lemon's head. Sparks flew. The pirates tied fat bohemians to the main mast then began to plunder the cabins.

Anthony Lemon checked that no one was looking and gingerly stepped over the gap between the Catamaran and the pirate ship.

Where the fuck is that ass Redbeard?

Before Anthony Lemon could orient himself a fist flew out of no-space and crushed his temple.

Anthony Lemon opened his eyes in darkness. Aghhhh, he screamed. The air tasted like salt and water. Still naked. Something velvet, cold and slimy bound his wrists. It rankly stunk of kelp.

Anthony Lemon thrashed with all his strength and broke his bonds easily. With gooze on his wrists he crawled to the square of dim light in the ceiling. He stood and slowly coaxed the square open.

Smoke wafted down, meatsmoke.

Human.

—My god, no, said Anthony Lemon.

Raising the trap door Anthony Lemon looked about. He saw the boots of men. A white cloth hung about. He listened to rowdy conversation:

—We sank ‘em to the bottom of the sea!

—And chomped the meatier ones!

—Hey cap’n int that swine Lemon aboard? Let’s gobble him up too!

—Peace, me hearty. There’ll be feed for weeks. We’ll eat ’im once the meat toughens. Squeezy McLemon, isn’t that right me hearties?

Boots stomped the deck in assent.

Anthony Lemon breached the table like a whale. Chairs fell backwards with pirates still inside.

—Fuck youuuuuuu, screamed Anthony Lemon.

Blinded by lamplight, Anthony Lemon grabbed until his fingers found a throat; then he ripped it out. He spat spit in all directions to blind the pirates. He ripped someone’s hook-arm off and chucked it into the eye of another. Then he scooped two into his armpits and threw them overboard to the sharks.

Many of the pirates lay on the deck unconscious or panting with fear.

—You sons of motherfuckers thought you could fuck with Anthony Lemon? he demanded of them.

The pirates groaned in trepidation.

Anthony Lemon administered curb stomp after curb stomp. It was over in a second.

BACRANG — a cannonball shot over Anthony Lemon’s head.

—Holy fucking canoelee! shouted Anthony Lemon.

Captain Redbeard stood with a cannon between his legs. He smoked a cigar and sipped cognac, winking like a cretin. His parrot lit the cannon's fuse, a lighter in its beak.

—Baboom, said Redbeard laughing.

The cannon shot back between Redbeard's legs.

Anthony Lemon caught the cannonball on his teeth and swallowed.

—Yum! said Anthony Lemon.

The pirate captain took a swig of cognac and, clutching the cigar between his teeth, prepared for hand to hand combat by ripping off his clothes. Redbeard charged Anthony Lemon, savage, fast, red.

Anthony Lemon deftly sidestepped Redbeard then lunged into his body. He brought Redbeard down. They tumbled and rolled and giggled.

When the rolling stopped Redbeard leveled a pistol to Anthony Lemon's head.

—Looks like your time's up, said Redbeard.

—Ma de, ta ma de, said Anthony Lemon.

This time Anthony Lemon meant it: a tear fell from his eye.

—Prepare for death, said Redbeard.

The Kraken wrapped its tentacles around the pirate.

—Wahhhhh, screamed Redbeard into the air high above the sea.

Anthony Lemon peered sideways and saw the gigantic friendly eye of the Kraken.

Peace came over Anthony Lemon for a moment.

—Looks like there's a new cap'n aboard, said Anthony Lemon to the crew. Do me proud or I'll kill ya.

The men gathered themselves off of the deck like turtles and got to work.

The ship began to ride the waves. For the first time in his life Anthony Lemon tasted lemonade. He ate curry with the pirates. They tried to stage a mutiny at Tahiti but Anthony Lemon cut the balls off of their leader. At five o'clock the storm set in. Ancient electric fish jumped out of the waves.

They used their otherworldly voices to call down the lightning around Anthony Lemon.

Fucking fish always trying to kick my ass.

A second later a blue white bolt of lightning split the pirate ship in two.

No time to grunt, Anthony Lemon dove headfirst into the water before a whirl pool could open up.

The ship sank right to the bottom, dragging the men to their graves. To their graves. Ma de.

Anthony Lemon clutched at a bathtub floating by and hauled himself in.

Inside was a fur coat and a waterlogged notebook with a pen inside.

Anthony Lemon, giddy with despair, began to write.

Part Three: Sea-diary

Anthony Lemon began his diary, titled “Lost at Sea,” at once.

Day 1: I am trying to rid the world of cocaine. After an altarcation with clones, a Kraken and a pirate ship I am now afloat at sea in a bathtub with nothing to eat and nothing to wear but this fur coat. Reasonably good spirits all day: level-headed, sexually fulfilled (Maria), artistic. Excited for more tomorrow.

The lie of Anthony Lemon’s pen scalded his heart. He floated the rest of the night with a troubled mind.

Day 2: Pale blue skies; no wind; full sun. Besieged by hunger in the morning. Ripped a seagull out of the air, tore it limb from limb and, before eating it raw, declared, “this is only gonna be nasty once.” You know what? It was pretty good. Threw up all day afterward.

Draped in fur to keep off sunburn. Worked well. Severely dehydrated from throwing up. Drank seawater because I’m a fool and now delirious with thirst. Oh, what the fuck will I do?



Day 3: The gods answered my prayers. Rain fell. I dookied into the water. Nothing to use to catch the rain, however. How the fuck will I survive?

Day 4: Seeing spirits, blue flowers: She opens. Delirious with power. Sleepy and can’t focus. Voices around me.

—Pattycakepattycake.

—Ahs voog koup blee ra-la-la-la.

—Anthony? Anthony? Anthony? Anthony?

Very very very happy today.

Day 5: It seems that the longer I drift at sea the deeper in my mind I penetrate. Everything makes sense to me now—my dreams, my fears, my place in society—but what can I do with this knowledge so far from home? I only hope that if I survive I will remember what I’ve learned. How can I change my life and the world for good?

Day 6, 7: Besieged by sharks. Hard to write. Nothing alleviates the pain. Am unnecessarily hard on myself. Fewer voices today.

Day 8: Gray skies—same color as the ocean, same color as the sharks. No need for fur coat today.

Shark reflections:

Sharks are not fearsome. They charge with their mouths agape to kick one's ass. Defeating sharks is a matter of evasion and then a clobbering with one's fists, legs, and head until they die or go unconscious and sink to the bottom of the sea.

Yet, one cannot fight a shark totally sang freud—it would be one's death. One must let their fear and a terror of the absurd guide their limbs into the eyes and regions of the beast. Only then does one stand a chance of survival. In the course of these duels, or shortly after they conclude, one might find oneself sickened. One might stain the raft with the only meal they have eaten in a week and then, out of desperation, pick through the gook to salvage nutrients.

Anthony Lemon.

Day 9: Morning rose and memories of childhood wafted over me. Things I thought I had forgotten returned: the name of my boy scout leader in second grade (Dan, short with black hair); the gifts I received for Christmas when I was six (talking plastic dump truck that scared my sister); and the first earwig I had seen on a playground. What do I do with these recollections? Why does everyone say that childhood is a lost paradise? Is adult life hell? Why should I believe this?

Lost at fucking sea and my pen rips across this page. Scribbling on my palms, licking the fucking ink and write the name on my hand but nothing works.

Nothing works.

Day 10: Today I am the happiest person on earth. Why? Light rain. No sharks. No voices.

Thank you gods. I know you care for me. Even though I'm stuck on this fucking ocean in a bathtub.

Where is Maria? Is she?... Stop. A hand splayed open. Enough. Send my love to her gods, let her see me in something minor: sunlight or a mushroom. Put a bit of me there...so she'll recognize...

Day 11: Raw bird again. Horrendous.

—THIS IS ONLY NASTY ONCE! I shouted into the sky to mock the gods.

Yet I know these trials strengthen me...

Day 12: Ocean turning me into a nuisance. All I do is bitch. Need to kick someone's ass or get my ass kicked. Let a shark hack a piece out of me so I can feel alive again? Dull mental pain is all. Out of pages soon...

Practiced breathing to sharpen my mind. Did not work. Frustration in every word. Fuck.

Get back home, kiss Maria's ass. Please.

Day 13: Morning. Land in sight. Black smoke rising from a volcano. The more savage native ass to kick the better. Bring it on. I'll tear you limb from limb. God I'm like a dog. A menace to society. Will take notebook and fur. Ready for anything.

Life improving. I am God.

Blue skies.

Part Four: Finale Battle

The battle for Anthony Lemon's soul commenced the second he washed up on the island.

Someone hurled a whalebone at Anthony Lemon's head but he froze it before it could pierce him. He bombed it forward.

The bone speared three.

—That's three! shouted Lemon.

A grenade detonated in the sand close by.

—Fuck!! Anthony Lemon blew headfirst through the air thinking he was dead.

But no, Anthony Lemon executed a triple-jump across the savage heads. He came down gracefully naked and hacked through them one by one.

—Wahhhhhhhhhh, wailed Anthony Lemon, claiming lives.

They seemed to pass into death anonymously.

Anthony Lemon clapped heads between coconut shells. It teemed with brains. He exposed their guts to the sand, to the fiddler crabs, to the island sun. Hundreds lay about him.

It was all over quickly.

They were innocent beachgoers the entire time.

Ma de. Ta ma de, said Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon shook it off and went to Nathan's where he bought hotdogs and a seafood platter.

—Best shit I've had for months bitches, said Anthony Lemon.

Anthony Lemon could be seen eating hotdogs and seafood with clouds as a background.

Anthony Lemon chewed the fish to pieces.

—Maria!! he screamed in agony like John Lemon.

Anthony Lemon turned his head aside. He cursed humanity, he cursed babies. Babies come into the world greedy, full, and they always get what they want. Babies manipulate people. Babies make us provide for them but what do they do? Human nature corrupts babies the second they shoot out of their momma's holes. I could have been good had I good parents like Jar and a sound education. But no, ergo I am bad. Let them have sores and bleeding wounds! Let their flesh welt and their eyes close! Let their lives be as miserable as mine!

A sound interrupted Anthony Lemon's meditation.

On the horizon a volcano erupted. Black ash and red lava oozed down the sides. It glimmered in the light and he could feel fire against his eyes.

—My god, said Anthony Lemon.

END