

The Mechanics

Written By Alex Block

Another day, another high as I always say. Usually, fixing broken down cars on the side of the highway wasn't worth a cig; however, I don't want to go insane from a control-freak breathing down my neck. That's him in the nicely pressed jumpsuit with his head deep in a car's engine. Of course like all good boys, he buttoned his suit up to the collar. It's no wonder I tease him for cleaning his boots and combing his hair between repair jobs. We're mechanics, not superstars. Times like this are why I lay in the shade, headbanging to metal with marijuana between my fingers. Hold that thought. Toothpick is scowling me again. "What?" I groaned while plucking out an earbud.

"Emerald, we are at work." My brother, Daedalus, said as he poked his snub nose out from behind the hood to glare at my smoldering cig.

First, he hijacks the engine, and now he wants me to stop being me. I can't believe this is what I get after an hour of laundry sift and sniff to find my least smelly overalls. I even bothered to spray paint my mix-matched sneakers to look professional. You know, what? "You're right. Ma didn't raise me to be an impolite druggie unicorn." I apologized. With a smirk and deceit, I fished out my box of cannabis cigs and offered the client, "Want one?"

"Em, that's not what I meant. Put it out." Daedalus demanded, but it's kinda hard to take him seriously when he uses a special handmade towel to wipe the unibrow of grease off his face.

"Fine. This one was getting old anyway." I sighed. Stamping out the old cig, I treated myself to a fresh stick. The client was more than delighted to have one with me. "Dang, two one-inch gages on one ear?" I chatted with the client. "Respect. What's that snake scar for?" I pointed to the client's arm.

"Cult initiation. What about you?" His bloodshot eyes glanced at my scar burned neck.

"Dad threw me in an incinerator. Remember murder attempt numero uno, bro?" I jabbed at Daedalus.

"Em!" Daedalus's voice barked. "Stop talking about my father and stop smoking."

"Bruh, you *high*-jacked my turn. Would you rather I jerk-off with the client in the back seat?" I offered.

"I'll take that ride." The client smirked as he pulled out a wallet full of condoms.

"EW!!" Daedalus hollered. Enough was enough for him as he scurried between me and the client. First, he ripped the cig from my fingers. Then, he confiscated my playlist and dragged me over to his workspace. Just when I hoped he caved in to let me work my way, he sat me next to his tool mat and ordered, "Emerald, when I ask for a tool, hand it to me. Think you can handle that?"

"Can you handle being twins?" I snarled back. Red in the face, he rushed back to work. Gibbons, instead of working on the rat infested car, I get to babysit his tool mat, new part mat, and old part mat, and yes, they had placement outlines and color codes. Wow, it's what I always wanted, and the cherry on top was a good view of my brother's ass while he did my job. I can't

believe he didn't see this one coming. The moment he asked for a screwdriver, I intended to screw him with it. With years of experience, I got a hole-in-one.

"GAH! EMERALD!!" Daedalus screamed as he stiffened into a girder.

"YES! First try." I high fived myself. I even got a fist bump from the client for that.

"Impressive." The client admired my skill.

"Thanks, I know my way around an ass like I know my way around a car." I boasted.

Now that Toothpick is preoccupied, I can finally fix the car. It wasn't an engine problem like my self-proclaimed genius brother thought. "It was just out of gas." I mocked him. A minute later I was behind the wheel, listening to the engine roar. I could hear the pill bottles rattle and the porn pics ruffle from the engine's vibrations. It would have been a much lovelier sound if my brother wasn't still screaming.

"Sick. Mind if I repay you with a ride?" The client said with sleazy intent. Checking the miscellaneous stained back seat, I saw a hookah, a tattoo machine, a shopping cart, seance candles, an elf costume, and everything needed to have a good time. Hm... a fun afternoon that I won't remember or remove a screwdriver from a tight ass brother?

"Nah," I declined the client's offer. "My girlfriend hates open relationships. Plus, someone has to drive him home." I nudged my head towards the idiot rolling around in the sand.

"Maybe another time, Match." The client shrugged before driving away.

"See ya, Jerry." I flipped him off: don't worry. We have matching tats; we're tight. Now if you excuse me, I have a brother who needs a tool along with a stick removed from his flat behind.