

POWER BLINK
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LegumeMan Books 2009



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The following short story is taken from the upcoming LegumeMan Books release 'A Million Versions of Right' by Matthew Revert. The general idea is that this story will entice you *so* much that you simply won't be able to resist buying the book. There's always an ulterior motive...

His name was Stephan and he called his new manoeuvre the 'Power Blink'...



“Come here, Patrick, I believe I have perfected something rather special.”

Patrick glanced at Stephan, stood up and carefully pitter-pattered toward him, paying particular attention to the sway of his hips.

“What is it, Stephan? I’ve grown immensely weary of your demonstrations.”

“Shush now, Patrick. This is extra ordinary. I have a conviction, I am convinced, I can assure you... this will blow your fucking socks off, Patrick.”

“Oh good lord! Must you insist on populating your every last utterance with such excessive melodrama? Show me this little fancy of yours and let me get back to the cultivation of my hips.”

Stephan flashed a knowing grin.

“Okay, brace yourself now, Patrick. No need for the snark.”

Patrick rolled his eyes in an exaggerated fashion, momentarily losing his retinas.

“Serves you right you haughty shit,” said Stephan as he gestured toward a prepared chair. “Sit! Sit!”

Patrick sat with an emotive thud, testing the limits of the chair’s durability. Stephan scampered out of the room for a few seconds, which felt like hours to Patrick’s exasperated mind. When Stephan returned he was wearing only a belt stretched a few notches too tight.

“Very attractive, Stephan,” said Patrick with disgusted sarcasm.

The flabbier portions of Stephan’s anatomy hung in a particularly unpleasant fashion. The restriction of the belt caused a gorge of blood to stiffen his penis quite dramatically. Patrick responded unfavourably, clearly uncomfortable with the display.

“Please do something to avert my gaze from your sickly region, Stephan. I’m not sure I can take this.”

“Awfully sorry, Patrick. I’ll grant you it seems a tad dramatic but in order for my demonstration to be conveyed with appropriate gravitas I must perform in nothing spare this belt.”

“Just get it over with!” said Patrick, hypnotised by Stephan’s throbbing, bobbing member.

Stephan entered a stance approximating that of a Sumo wrestler preparing for combat. With arms akimbo he strained to the point of defecation as his body cultivated the necessary ingredients for the blink to birth. When the time was right, Stephan’s eyelids gracefully dropped, sending out a wave of gentle breeze accompanied by a flatulent sound. The breeze caressed Patrick’s forehead before dissipating into the glorious ether. Patrick sat in his chair dazed, trying to process and assimilate what he had just witnessed. Stephan fell back against the wall, exhausted as a womb at a midwives party. A heavy silence ensued while Patrick gathered his thoughts and impressions.

“My word, Stephan, that was exhilarating! How on earth are you able to do that?”

Stephan was roused back to reality as the depleted energy slowly started to refill.

“You see, Patrick (*panting, breathing*) I call it (*wheezing, coughing*) – I call it the ‘Power Blink’. It certainly isn’t (*coughing, panting, breathing, wheezing*) easy.”

“How did you develop it?” asked Patrick still stunned.

Stephan took several deep breaths, stabilising himself enough to talk with his usual drama and exuberance.

“It was quite by accident. It was a rosy morning – if rosy can be adequately used to describe the various hues etched into my mind’s eye. I was awake in bed, consumed in my own warmth and comfort. The sun was shining vividly through the window and a giant cock bird was singing the most enchanting tunes. The night before having been a mild one, I left my window slightly ajar. The cock bird swooped into my room and flew about this way and that. My eyes carefully tracked its each and every movement. Then, as if drawn to me like a magpie to silver, the cock bird landed on my heaving chest and stared hard into my sleepy eyes. A stare as intense I’ve never seen. The cock bird took an exaggerated breath, its lungs inflating its slick chest to alarming levels...”

“Then what?” asked Patrick, entranced by Stephan’s poetic recollections.

“Ah yes, Patrick, then what indeed! I’ll tell you what happened next. This little cock bird, this feathered enchantress, spat in my face. A plume of glittery dust enveloped me and I inhaled deep lungfulls. Before I had comprehended this strange occurrence, the cock bird fluttered away, leaving me with dusty lungs and halcyon recollection.”

Stephan sat pensively, constantly searching for and immediately losing the right words, while Patrick’s childlike impatience chipped away at his outward resilience.

“And how does this lead to your magnificent blink, Stephan? I simply *must* hear the meat of your story.”

Stephan’s pensive silence persisted – all possible vocalisation became lost in introspective whimsy. This caused Patrick to flail his arms about in what would later be called ‘an entirely uncivil display’. Such was the extent of Patrick’s flail that his limp hand collided with a nearby doorframe – mild bleeding ensued.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! STEPHAN, I AM WOUNDED!!!! HELP ME! FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THINGS REMOTELY DECENT – HELP ME!!!”

Patrick began to sob wretchedly as he nursed the small cut on his hand. The cries snapped Stephan out of his introspection and he quickly took stock of his good friend’s situation – he felt a great deal of worry.

“Oh Patrick, you poor devil, I can most certainly see droplets of crimson blood.”

Stephan began to hyperventilate as empathy overwhelmed him. Patrick continued to howl uncontrollably, his injured hand held up for the world to see.

“Why, Lord? Why have you deemed it necessary to afflict me with such pain?”

He fell back in despair as the howling became melancholy weeping.

“How can I help you, Patrick? Please let me know.”

Through a thick veil of tears Patrick looked up at Stephan, paying particular attention to the tight belt and exposed penis.

“For one thing, Stephan, you can take that fucking belt off and cover your shame. In my condition I should not be subjected to such a damaging display of nonchalance.”

Stephan glanced down at his exposed genitalia and felt a hot flush of embarrassment.

“Of course, Patrick, I will clothe myself post haste. Don’t move. I’ll be back.”



When Stephan returned he was wearing four sweet potatoes. His genitals were still clearly exposed but it was better than nothing.

"Whilst dressing myself I came up with a solution to your horrible situation," said Stephan, "and I really think you should hear me out..."

"NO!" interjected Patrick. "Its okay, Stephan, I have already formed a solution. After my tears have adequately subsided I will call Monsieur Vladimir and have a band-aid installed. He is the *only* one who can help me now."

"Good Lord, Patrick! That was my *exact* solution" said Stephan with genuine surprise.

They fell about laughing, until Patrick remembered the pain he was in, which caused him to stop immediately.

"I'll make a call to Monsieur Vladimir after lunch. I need some time to regain control of my emotional state."

"Can you describe the wound?" asked Monsieur Vladimir to Patrick over the phone in an accent that approximated a Mexican poorly attempting to speak German.

"It's a very standard looking wound. There's a mild coagulation peppered with a faint hint of elementary scabbing."

"The healing process has begun. It is gravely important that this procedure be performed on this very night."

"Tonight? Is there room enough in your schedule?"

"Patrick, Patrick... there simply *has* to be room in my schedule. I don't think I need to tell you the danger we're facing. If we wait until the dawning of a new day, you may very well find that wound of yours gone - vanished!"

“That is a fate I certainly intend on avoiding, Monsieur. When shall I see you?”

“No, I will come to you. Stay inside – the refreshing outdoor air may heal your wound beyond any possible chance of the installation taking place. I will endeavour to make your acquaintance by 10pm.”

“I will be waiting, Monsieur.”



Patrick hung up the phone gravely and glared in Stephan's direction.

“You fucking cad! You're responsible for this chaos. I doubt I need to tell you that I expect you to cover half of my medical bills.”

“Of course, Patrick, in fact I would feel deeply uncomfortable and offended if you didn't allow me the honour of paying the total cost of your bills.”

Patrick smiled warmly, “Oh, Stephan, how in the world could I stay mad at you? I feel as if I could marry your wife.”

“Who knows – perhaps by this evening's end we'll both be marrying my wife!” said Stephan jovially. The two fine men embraced warmly, Patrick making sure that his injured hand was kept at a safe distance.



Lucille was Stephan's wife. She lived in a large tyre and only came inside the house on rare occasions for the purpose of unsatisfactory sexual intercourse. Stephan ran to the back yard yelling, “LUCILLE! LUCILLE!! I have a proposition for you. Where in the devil's name are you, Lucille?”

From a large black tyre toward the far end of the backyard emerged a strikingly beautiful, fair-haired woman wearing a milkmaid's dress and matching bonnet.

"Oh, there you are my love," said Stephan as Lucille approached.

"Where the hell else would I be, Stephan? I've been living in this here tyre for ten years – I'm a creature of habit and it's not logical to assume I'd be anywhere else."

"You are a doll, Lucille. I have a wonderful proposition for you."

Lucille's eyebrows arched with interest, "What sort of proposition?"

"Before I dive headlong into propositions, Lucille, I must provide you with the context surrounding my proposition."

"Get it over with," said Lucille with arms crossed.

"Yes, quite. You remember my very good friend, Patrick?"

Lucille rolled her eyes, "Yes, of course I remember him. I find him to be an incessant bore!"

"Be that as it may he has very recently been through a rather unpleasant experience. I was demonstrating a new manoeuvre."

"A new manoeuvre, hey?" opined Lucille with a knowing tone, "and what is this new manoeuvre if you don't mind me asking?"

"It's called the 'Power Blink' Lucille, but that really is by the by. I implore you to let me finish what I'm trying to say."

"Go on." Lucille's arms were crossed tighter than ever.

"Well you see, Lucille, my demonstration of the 'Power Blink' caused such a tremendous response from Patrick that he began flailing his arms this way and that. The next thing the poor chap knew his hand had slammed into a nearby doorframe."

A spike of concern crossed Lucille's face, "Oh my, is he alright?"

"Debateable, Lucille, extremely debateable. As we stand here talking, Patrick is inside nursing a mild injury."

Lucille's eyes welled with sympathetic tears, which she made no attempt to stifle.

"That's not even the worst of it! Upon injuring his hand I noticed several droplets of blood. His injury broke skin, Lucille!"

Lucille was sobbing quite uncontrollably, repeating, "Poor Patrick, poor Patrick," over and over.

"Try not to worry, Lucille, an appointment has already been made for a band-aid installation this evening."

"Who's installing the band-aid? There's so many band-aid installation hacks out there."

"No need to concern yourself with that. Monsieur Vladimir is coming here to perform the procedure himself before the wound heals."

"Thank heavens for that!" Lucille looked a little calmer and her breathing slowly returned to normal. "Now, what was this proposition of yours, Stephan?"

"It started as a throwaway comment but the more Patrick and I thought about it, the more it began to make sense."

"The more sense what began to make?"

"Would you, Lucille, consider marrying both Patrick and myself?"

There was a moment of ambiguous silence. Stephan had no idea what was running through Lucille's mind. That was until an enormous smile spread across her face and she hugged Stephan with all of her might.

"Oh Stephan, I'd be honoured to marry the both of you!"



The long wait for the arrival of Monsieur Vladimir was excruciating. Patrick and Stephan passed the time by staring intently at the mild wound on Patrick's hand, which was showing ever more signs

of healing. Lucille remained in the back yard, yelling occasional questions that went unheard from within the house and as such, went unanswered. This didn't bother her.

"I do hope Monsieur Vladimir arrives soon. I distinctly feel the itch that often accompanies the healing of a mild scratch."

"Calm yourself immediately, Patrick. Those negative thoughts won't help your condition. We have to believe with conviction that your injury can be appropriately dealt with before any major healing can take place."

"Yes, you're right, Stephan. My mental state must remain healthy. Why don't you go fetch Lucille? I'm sure she would greatly enjoy witnessing Monsieur Vladimir at work."

"Sterling idea, Patrick, I'll fetch her post haste!"

In Stephan's haste, one of the sweet potatoes he was wearing fell to the ground rendering him slightly more naked.



During Stephan's short absence, Patrick threw himself about the room in a most melodramatic fashion. He stared skyward and repeatedly screamed, "WHY ME!?" His faith in a higher power had been severely tested after the day's miserable events and his weaker parts doubted his ability to go on. His weary eyes bulged like a million Rodney Dangerfields and tears stained his cheeks.



Stephan and Lucille entered the room together in a synchronised crab walk. Patrick stared glibly at the display, trying his best to suck the tears up.

"Yes, you're quite right, Patrick," said Stephan, "This crab walk hasn't turned out nearly as amusing

as we'd hoped. On behalf of us both I'd like to offer sincere apologies."

Lucille sheepishly exited the crab stance and pouted at Stephan before turning to Patrick.

"It's all his doing you know!" said Lucille, pointing at Stephan with an accusatory finger, "I wanted to enter the house normally but Stephan roped me in to this ludicrous crab walk."

"That's enough, Lucille! Patrick doesn't need to hear this."

"I beg your bloody pardon? I have a right to save face don't I?"

Patrick sacrificially threw his arms into the air, "Please! That's enough people. Let us not get bogged down in this unfortunate quagmire. Don't worry, Lucille. Not for one moment would I ever dream of harbouring the thought that you were responsible for that worrisome display."

Stephan scrunched up his face like a confused Muppet.

"Don't you worry either, Stephan. In happier times I'm sure I'd be crab walking right there with you and really, I do appreciate the effort. Right now however, there's only one person who can lift me from these horrifying doldrums..."



In an act of suspiciously perfect timing, there was a knock at the door...



The perfect timing was indeed suspicious. As it so happened, Monsieur Vladimir had been waiting on the porch for a good hour with a comically large ear-horn pressed to the keyhole, readying himself for the perfect entry. He understood the risk he was facing by not proceeding with the procedure at his earliest

convenience but he really was rather fond of a dramatic entrance.



Stephan threw open the front door and fell at Monsieur Vladimir's feet in veneration.

"Thank heavens you've arrived, Monsieur Vladimir!"

Monsieur Vladimir stared down at Stephan in confusion.

"My word man, you're dressed in nothing but sweet potatoes!"

"I'm sorry," whimpered Stephan with genuine shame.

"That's not for us to worry about now. Where's Patrick? What is the current state of the minor wound?"

"I'm over here, Monsieur!" whined Patrick in a pathetic voice.

Monsieur Vladimir ran to him with long, crotch-tearing strides.

"We need a kitchen bench and a sturdy lamp. Everything else I require is right here."

Monsieur Vladimir was holding up a large lady's handbag, which triggered a stunned awe from his small, not unattractive audience.

"The process of band-aid installation is rather complex," began Monsieur, feeling he should provide some context, "There are very few of us qualified to perform such a task, and of those few, even less perform the job well." He scratched at his jowls with a penny whistle before continuing. "For starters, you must be well-skilled at surgical procedure. This surgical skill must be combined with a thorough understanding of organic mechanics - not an easy field to master and certainly not for hobbyists. Furthermore, in cases of mild abrasion the process must be performed in haste due to the tendency small wounds

have of healing quickly. Band-aid installations are frequently cancelled due to wounds healing of their own accord. Many practitioners face financial ruin as a result. I would describe my own success in the field as a happy accident.”

Stephan gave Monsieur a small clap before running into the kitchen and clearing the bench of all debris. Meanwhile, Lucille retreated to her backyard tyre to fetch a lamp. The area was prepared in a very short amount of time and they all combined their strength to lift Patrick and place him gently on the bench. Patrick remained rigid and awkward throughout, as if the exercise had imbued him with the soul of a dead weight.

“Get that lamp turned on and aim it at the wound,” barked Monsieur Vladimir, “And could somebody please tell me why it smells like a tyre?”

“The lamp is mine. I retrieved it from my tyre,” dribbled Lucille in embarrassment.

Ignoring Lucille’s answer, Monsieur Vladimir commanded anyone who wasn’t Patrick to: “Stand back and brace yourselves for some sickly potty mouth.”

This order was obeyed without question.



The lamplight shone warm yellow on the rapidly healing wound.

“Don’t heal on me you fucking bitch!” screamed Monsieur Vladimir as he opened his handbag to retrieve the tools. The first was a hypodermic needle filled with a brown substance simply labelled ‘Biological Agent’. Monsieur turned to Stephan and Lucille and said, “I use this on my balls,” followed by a wink. He immediately turned his head back around and drove the needle into Patrick’s shoulder.

“You’re going to feel an intense desire to expel gas before you drift off into unconsciousness. I’d ask you politely not to. It’s a truly disgusting thing.”

As predicted, the gas built rapidly within Patrick and the intense desire to let it out overwhelmed him completely. Just before he passed out, a small squeak escaped from his rear.

"Bastard! That will most definitely smell!" yelled Monsieur.



With Patrick lost to induced unconsciousness, the procedure could begin. Armed with what looked like acupuncture needles, Monsieur Vladimir surrounded the wound.

"This should halt the healing. I use them on my balls."

Next up, Monsieur Vladimir retrieved what appeared to be a clamping device fashioned from wood and opened the minute wound as much as it would allow. In the opening he sprinkled what looked like pepper.

"What are you sprinkling on Patrick?" asked a worried Stephan.

Without looking back Monsieur Vladimir explained, "It's a regenerative resin extracted from the common gibbon. It acts to reverse the healing. In basic terms, it regenerates the injury process and allows us to start afresh. I often use it on my balls."

"Can Patrick feel anything?" asked Lucille.

"Not a chance! He is out like an army of lights. When he awakes he will experience only the most rudimentary discomfort."

With a wrench the size of tweezers, Monsieur Vladimir began to poke around in the wound.

"Living creatures have a series of what approximates bodily pipes. My task is to rejoin the pipes damaged in Patrick's arm and restore them to optimal capacity. With the area in question optimised, I can then proceed with the band-aid installation. In the case of exceptionally mild injury, such as what we're

facing with Patrick here, the process is wonderfully redundant, carried out none-the-less to the utmost precision.”



The longer the process dragged on, the more agitated Monsieur Vladimir became.

“This lamp you found me is too fucking hot! What wattage are we working with here? It’s certainly more than I’d recommend. My god! It’s like a miniature sun and an affront to anything remotely decent.”

“I’m terribly sorry Monsieur Vladimir – it’s the only lamp I have” said Lucille. “I found the bulb under a chair.”

“Ah fuck! Don’t listen to me, Lucille. I’m becoming agitated. I really ought to focus on the procedure at hand. I think I’m ready to begin the installation of the band-aid.”



As Monsieur Vladimir retrieved the band-aid from his handbag the heat from the lamp bore down upon his forehead. His pores were slowly filling with reservoirs of sweat that threatened the success of everything.

“Oh no! It’s starting to happen! Sweat! I’m starting to sweat. This could potentially derail the whole operation.”

“You must work like the wind, Monsieur!” cried Stephan with pathos.

The band-aid was artfully removed from its wrapping and moved into position. Sweat began to wriggle down Monsieur Vladimir’s forehead.

“If it gets into my eyes we’re ruined!”

“It can’t end like this!” screamed Lucille, covering her eyes with tear-stained hands.

The band-aid was placed into tentative position and Monsieur Vladimir examined the area with what he called a 'squarest cubing wedge'.

"This wedge will help me align the band-aid with utmost precision. It was developed in France. It works well on my balls."

The worms of sweat began to circle Monsieur Vladimir's terrified eyes, his mascara smudging into racoon-like rings of dishevelry.

"I AM DESTINED TO FAIL!!!"

Lucille collapsed on the ground in distress.

"PLEASE, MONSIEUR!!!" screamed Stephan, "YOU MUST WORK LIKE THE WIND!!!"



These words, *work like the wind*, cycled ceaselessly through Stephan's head. He glanced about the chaotic scene: Lucille passed out on the ground, Patrick dead to the world on the kitchen bench, and Monsieur Vladimir with his petrified racoon eyes on the verge of nervous collapse. *I simply must rectify the wretched situation... but how?*

The answer struck Stephan like semen in a whore's eye.

"OF COURSE!!! THE 'POWER BLINK'!!!"



Stephan ripped away the sweet potatoes and immediately fetched a belt from the belt closet. He tightened the belt around his pink, naked body and entered into the sumoesque stance. From the corner of his sweat-threatened eyes Monsieur Vladimir caught sight of the display.

"What the devil, Stephan? You look appalling! This procedure's done for by the way."

"I wouldn't count on it, Monsieur. You will finish this procedure admirably."

Stephan strained once more to the point of defecation, allowing his eyelids to gently drop. The flatulent sound resonated throughout the kitchen as the gentle wave of air travelled artfully to Monsieur Vladimir's brow. Stephan fell backward from the exertion.

"My word that *is* refreshing!" exclaimed Monsieur as the sweat threatening his eyes dried.

"The sweat has dried. I proclaim that manoeuvre of yours as something rather special indeed. The procedure will be completed on this day!!!"



As an ordained minister, it was Monsieur Vladimir who wed Stephan and Patrick and Lucille on a warm autumn afternoon in the backyard, next to Lucille's tyre. The band-aid on Patrick's arm had been installed with unheralded expertise and would eventually disintegrate into his arm after several years, leaving behind a fairly well conditioned area.

Following the exertion of two 'Power Blinks' in one day, Stephan lost significant motor control and was confined to a wheelchair. Paralysis had affected a good two thirds of his body. Given the extent of Stephan's condition, Patrick agreed to pay for half of the band-aid installation bill. Lucille beamed with pride as she draped her arms over the shoulders of her new husbands-to-be.

"I now pronounce you husband and husband and wife. You may all kiss each other!" said Monsieur Vladimir proudly.

Patrick and Lucille bent down and gave Stephan a kiss on his drool-spangled lips. Although never to be performed again, the 'Power Blink' was never forgotten.