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**FUTTIN  
FANTASY**



# Not Fit For Work

a FUTTIN FANTASY story by

R.D.D. NICKEL

**Wednesday, April 18, 2001**

Todd Ferguson woke up for the fifth time that morning and groggily eyed the alarm clock - 5:25 *am*, it read - and for the fifth time, he swung his arm around to smack the snooze button. He rolled over and lazily slipped back into his dream. It was a good dream. He was having a threesome with two incredibly hot blondes. Although, oddly, it was at his parent's house. The alarm went off again.

"Ok, ok," Todd mumbled and threw his blanket to the side. He laid still for another minute before finally, slowly, rolling out of bed. He brewed some coffee and read yesterday's paper over breakfast. Honey Bunches of Oats. He finished off his coffee and got up, brushed his teeth, grabbed his lunch box and headed out the door just in time to catch the shuttle-bus to the plant he worked at.

Todd worked as a Process Operator at the oil sands upgrading plant at the Suncrude site, just a few miles north of the Northern Canadian oil boom town of Fort McMurray. He just started working there six months earlier and, so far, things were working out for him.

When his bus arrived, Todd got onboard, took his seat and drowsily fell back to sleep, slipping once again into his dream about the two hot blondes. He woke up just in time for his bus to arrive at the plant. Half asleep, he got out of his seat and walked down the aisle to disembark, doing his best to conceal his boner with his lunch box. Off the bus and down the walk-way, he drowsily followed the herd of people until finally, he arrived at his lunchroom, right on time, at 7:00 *am*. He walked in, sat down and joined his co-workers for coffee and idle chatter before the work day began.

Todd got along well with his new team, but he had to admit - they were a motley group of characters. There was Rod Marcell and Darcy Dwayne, best friends since high school and who had both worked at site together since they graduated in '87. There was Dick Crenshaw, a grumpy, middle-aged Saskatchewan farm-boy; Dennis Blackmore, an old African-Canadian man who was about ready to retire and kept mostly to himself; Eric Benlar - he was the loud-mouth of the group; and a few others who, along with Darcy Dwayne, didn't seem to be present this morning.

Todd took his place at the table just in time to catch Eric's usual rant about the new remixes by his favorite DJ - this week, Darude - and how hard he worked out the night before.

“Eric, you couldn’t lift a chicken over a picket fence,” said Dick.

“Richard, I will fuck your mother,” shouted Eric.

“Eric,” said Rod, “Do you really gotta bring the mothers into this?”

“I don’t care,” said Eric, slamming his fist on the table, “I have no fucks to give! No fucks to give!” And Dennis Blackmore harrumphed, not raising his eyes from his newspaper.

Just then, Darcy Dwayne walked in, half an hour late and smelling of booze. He poured himself a coffee, sat down at the end of the table, one eye twitching, and slowly sipped at his mug.

“Yo, Dwayne,” yelled Eric, “Got a little too much on the sauce last night? You shouldn’t be coming in to work!” He turned and chuckled to the guys sitting across from him.

“Shut the fuck up, you fat fuck,” said Darcy, “I’ll be fucked before I give a shit what you think, you fat fuck.” He took another sip of coffee.

“Why’re you so late?” asked Todd, “What’s the story?”

Darcy widened his eyes, leaned forward, and said, “Buddy, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Just tell us the story, Darse,” said Rod, piping in.

“Yeah, Dwayne,” said Eric, “Tell us what happened.”

“Well, fuck,” said Darcy leaning back. He swallowed a burp, took another sip and went on, “Alright. I’ll tell you the story.” He continued...

“So, it was after midnight. I had a few Captain Morgans and just hit the sack when my house was just fuckin’ rattled with this huge crash. I was like, ‘What the fuck, man?’ and threw some sweatpants on and grabbed a flashlight to, you know, have a look, right? Well, all of a sudden, I hear a fuckin’ chainsaw start up and I’m like, ‘What the fuck?’ So I grab my baseball bat, ‘cause I don’t know what the fuck is going on out there. And I get outside and here’s Roopirt Pasqal... Dick, you know Roopirt. He’s the guy who brought all that wood to Gary Scheister’s party last October.”

“Yeah,” said Dick, “that redheaded hillbilly brings wood to those parties all the time.”

“Who’s this Roopirt guy?” asked Todd.

“Oh,” said Dick, “he’s this redheaded, redneck lumberjack who lives in the trailer next door to me out in Fort Frankforp. Doesn’t have a job. Just goes around

cuttin' down trees all the time and sellin' the lumber."

"Yeah," said Darcy, "he's got this huge, orange mullet..."

"Is it better than your mullet?" interrupted Eric.

Darcy pointed at him, "Hey buddy, nobody's mullet beats my luscious blonde mane. Anyways," he continued, "He's got this huge, orange mullet, thick mustache, lazy eyes, always wearing a flannel shirt... He's fuckin' Roopirt Pasqal. But back to the story.

"So here's Roopirt - drunk as fuck - and he's got this red Cavalier crashed right into the side of my house. And I get outside with my baseball bat and Roopirt's got this chainsaw out fucking *extracting* his car from the side of my house.

"And I shouted, 'Hey, Roopirt! What the fuck are you doing?' And he puts down his chainsaw and he answers me in that drawl - you know, Dick, that slow, lazy drawl he's got?

"And he goes, 'Well, if it ain't my good friend, Darcy Dwayne. Darcy, it seems I's got my here car stuck. Ya think ya can gimme a push?'

"And I said, 'Roopirt, your fucking car is crashed into the side of my house!'

"And he looks at it and goes, 'Well, wouldn't ya know it - this here *is* yer house. Well, dontcha worry now. I's'll get this car outta here in a jiffy.' And then he goes, 'I gots some o' yer beer an' pepperoni in the back seat. Why dontcha go ahead an' help yerself?'

"And he starts his chainsaw up again and goes back to work extracting his car from the side of my fucking house."

"So, what did you do?" asked Rod.

"Well, what the fuck could I do? I tried yellin' at him to stop. But either he couldn't hear me or he was too absorbed in what he was doing... I don't fuckin' know. He just kept goin'! So, finally, I just gave up and helped myself to one of his beers. So, here we are, fuckin' three beers later, he finally finishes and gets back in the car, and here I am - sittin' in the back seat, drinkin' beer and eatin' pepperoni with nothin' but my sweatpants on. Roopirt starts the car and peels out of my yard as if I wasn't even fuckin' there.

"And I was like, 'Roopirt, what the fuck are you doing? I gotta go to work at six!'

"And he fuckin' jolts like he didn't know someone was in the back seat, but

he turned around and said, ‘Dontcha worry there, buddy. I’s’ll have ya back before then.’

“And I was like, ‘Roopirt, where the fuck are we going? It’s one AM and I have to fucking work in the morning.’

“And you know what the fucking guy told me?”

“I don’t know. What?” said Rod.

“He told me he was going to pick up a fucking Total Gym he found in the classifieds. I mean, what the fuck, right? Anyways, I couldn’t get it through his skull to take me home, so I cracked another beer. So, we wind up pulling up to this dingy trailer behind the industrial area downtown. There’s, like, a broken down station wagon out front and all sorts o’ garbage and appliances and shit. And you know who’s fuckin’ house it is? - Eddie Bennet’s.”

“No way!” said Rod, “The same Eddie we went to high school with?”

“The same,” said Darcy.

“Is he still the same dumb jock he was back then?”

Darcy laughed, “Dumber. He’s fucking fat now, but he still gots the same stupid buzzcut.

“So, anyways, he comes barging out of the trailer in this mustard stained wife-beater that’s, like, three sizes too small, yelling, ‘Who the fuck is there?’ and Roopirt gets out of the car and yells back.

“Hi, I’m Roopirt Pasqal. I’s a here to buy yer Total Gym.’

“And Eddie goes, ‘What the fuck, dude? You were supposed to be here four hours ago!’

“And while Roopirt’s explaining how he got his car stuck on the way over, I get out - still in my sweatpants, no shirt on - and Eddie fuckin’ sees me. First time I seen the guy in years.

“And he goes, ‘Darcy fuckin’ Dwayne. How you been you mother fucker. I haven’t seen your face since Grade fuckin’ 12. Remember when we drank a case of beer outside 7-11? Holy shit, you wanna joint, you motherfucker?!’

“Of course, by this time, I’m already a few drinks in. So, I said ‘yes’ and Eddie pulls out this huge fuckin’ gagger and lights it up and the three of us start passing it around. And let me tell you right now. I haven’t smoked the stuff in years, and it sent me right for a fucking loop. I mean it hit me - hard.

“So, needless to say, after this, things get a little hazy. Roopirt and Eddie

must've struck a deal, 'cause I remember seeing Roopirt give him some cash and one of the six-packs from the cooler, and the two of them hauling this Total Gym into the trunk of the Cavalier. Meanwhile, I'm too fucking high to help out, so I'm just sitting on the porch drinkin' beer when fuckin' Eddie's old lady comes out yellin' that it's *her* fuckin' Total Gym.

"So, Eddie and his old lady are fucking arguing, and me - drunk and high as I was - have just enough sense to peel myself off the porch and tell Roopirt to let's get the fuck out of there.

"So we get back in the car and drive off. And as we're peeling out of the driveway, this lady just fucking shrieks and starts running after us, and I see Eddie busting a gut laughing. I fucking start laughing too and I crack another beer - "

Eric slapped the table, interrupting the story, and laughed.

"Dwayne, you're such an alcoholic!" he shouted.

"Shut the fuck up, Benlar!" yelled Darcy, "If you didn't eat so many twinkies, you wouldn't be so fucking fat."

"Settle down, guys," Todd said, trying to calm the situation, "Darcy, do you know *why* Roopirt was so obsessed with this Total Gym?"

"Yeah," said Darcy, "I was just getting to that before fat-ass, here, opened his big mouth." Eric sat there with his stupid grin and chuckled.

"Anyways," continued Darcy, "I ask Roopirt why he needs this Total Gym so fucking bad, and he starts telling me about this fuckin' chick who works at Showgirls. Doesn't have a name for her - just keeps callin' her 'yer Chick-Wit'-Yer-Big-Jugs'. And he needs to work out if he wants to get with her.

"And I just fucking lost it. 'Are you fucking kidding me?' I told him, 'You drag me through all this bullshit tonight and all because you want to impress a fucking stripper?! Take me home.' I told him, 'Take me home, right fucking now!'

"And Roopirt gets all sad and shit 'cause I yelled at him, but by this time, it's fucking 3:30 already and I just didn't give a shit. So, he goes to turn the car around and, as he's making his U-turn, he's so fucking drunk, he crashes it into into the ditch. And get this - it's a swamp."

"You're kidding," said Rod.

"I'm not fucking kidding," said Darcy, "We had that Cavalier waist fucking deep in muskeg. And Roopirt Pasqal turns his orange-mulleted head at me and says,

“Say there, Darcy. Seems we’s got the car stuck agin. Ya mind gettin’ out an’ give’n me a push?”

“And I was about to just lay it into him, but then I’m just *blinded* by these fucking headlights shining in the mirrors. And I can see, like, the shadow of somebody getting out and they come up to the car and just start fucking hauling on the Total Gym. Like, trying to get it out of the trunk.

“So, I’m like *what the fuck?*, right? So, I open the sunroof and poke my head out, and I’m like, ‘Hey, what the fuck are doing?’

“And it’s Eddie Bennet’s old lady. She fucking followed us. So, me and Roopirt, right, crawl out of the windows. And by the time we get our asses out of the fucking swamp, she’s already got the Total Gym thrown into the back of her truck. And, honestly, this broad is so fucking fat, I didn’t think she even used the damn thing. But she was throwing this big-ass Total Gym around like it was a goddamn whiffle ball. But I yelled at her, right?”

“Hey bitch, give it up. My friend here paid his hard earned cash for that thing!”

“Yeah, and what’d she say?” said Rod, laughing.

Darcy shrugged, “She just stuck her finger out the window and yelled ‘Fuck you!’ and then peeled out. And all the while, Roopirt’s just standing there with this sad look on his face.

“And, you know, right then, I couldn’t help but feel bad for the guy. So I slap my hand on his shoulder and say, ‘I think it’s time for another beer, buddy.’

“He nodded and we cracked another couple cold ones.”

“And did you wind up gettin’ the car outta the bog?” asked Todd.

“Fuck.” said Darcy, “We tried pushing that thing out for, like, an hour, but it wouldn’t fucking budge. Finally, we just said, ‘Fuck it’ and started walking back to Roopirt’s place in Fort Frankforp, ‘cause, by then, we were so fucking far down Tower Road it was closer than walking back to town. Of course, we took the cooler along so we could drink along the way, ‘cause it was still a good half hour walk.

“Anyways, we finally make it to Roopirt’s trailer and we sit down for another beer, and Roopirt’s still goin’ on about this fucking Total Gym.

“I’s had to cut down twenny o’ yer trees to afford that there toadel gym,’ he was sayin’, and he goes, ‘Now, haw’s am I gonna get wit’ yer Chick-Wit’-Yer-Big-Jugs?’



“And at this point, I’m not mad anymore. Now I’m at that stage when you’re drunk, you know, when you get all sentimental, right? So I fucking confided with him.

“I said, ‘Roopirt, I’m gonna tell you what my dad told me. He said to always remember: no matter how much you like a girl, remember that *she*’s not the catch - *you* are. You don’t need no fucking Total Gym. You’re the best fucking logger in Fort Frankforp. Fort McMurray even. Hell, you’re probably the best fucking logger in the whole Municipality. If this ‘chick with the big jugs’, or whatever you call her, doesn’t like you, it’s her fucking loss. Roopirt, any stripper at Showgirls should want to be with a guy like you. And I mean that.’

“And then, Roopirt got all teary eyed and said, ‘Ya know, Darcy. Yer not jes’ ma friend. Yer ma brother,’ And then he fuckin’ hugged me and I told him I was his brother- ”

“Ha!” laughed Eric, “And then did you guys start making out?”

“Eric, shut up.” said Darcy, “I fuckin’ told you we were drunk and sentimental.”

Dennis Blackmore, still reading his newspaper, piped up for the first time.

“Sounds pretty queer to me,” he said.

“Yeah, Darcy,” said Dick, “I think you found yourself a new boyfriend.”

“Oh, fuck you guys.” said Darcy, “Like none of you ever got sentimental and shit when you were fucking drunk.”

“Sorry, Darse,” said Rod, joining in on the fun, “I have to side with them this time. I think you and Roopirt were meant for eachother.”

“Oh, fuck all of you.” said Darcy, standing up so abruptly he knocked his coffee over, “I don’t need to take this shit. I’m going to work.”

“No, you’re not!” Eric shouted after him, “You’re gonna go sleep in the breaker building.” Darcy just waved a hand at him as he walked off.

Later on, as Todd was out on the plant doing his rounds, he found Darcy Dwayne sleeping off his hangover in the breaker building. Todd walked up and down the panels, taking his readings, when Darcy woke up.

“Hey, Todd,” he mumbled, his eyes still half closed.

“Hey, Darcy,” replied Todd. He continued to take his readings and then said, “Say, how’d you even make it in this morning?”

“Well,” said Darcy, “Roopirt’s got this old GMC pick-up. ‘77 Sierra Classic. Green, white and rusty as hell. Uses it for logging.”

“Yeah,” said Todd, “and so, what? He gave you a ride to work?”

“Yeah,” said Darcy, “but first we had to use it to pull his car out of the ditch.”

Todd laughed, “But you made it to work alright. He didn’t crash into any more ditches, right?”

Darcy chuckled, his eyes still half closed, “Nope,” he said, “Roopirt somehow managed to get me to work without incident.”

“That’s shocking.” said Todd.

“You know what? I was surprised, too.” Darcy settled more deeply into his chair and fell back to sleep and Todd went back to doing his rounds.

Later on, in the afternoon, Todd himself had a nap in the breaker building and dreamed of another threesome - this time with two brunettes. He got up, finished off his work day, gave his radio to the night-shift guy, changed out of his coveralls and walked back to the gate to get on the shuttle-bus going home. And as his bus was driving down the highway back to town, he looked out the window and thought he saw, in the ditch, a man with a huge, orange mullet chainsawing a tree off the hood of a rusty, old, green pick-up.

“Not Fit For Work”

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