Right as the dawn cracked open, spilling its grey guts over the city, Dr. Fuck, with hands that
once danced around brains, now dug through the bowels of a dumpster like it was a treasure chest. Pulls out this bike frame, all scuffed up and faded like some ancient map to nowhere. To the straight world, it's junk, but to Dr. Fuck, it's pure gold, the key to his ultimate victory.
Mumbles, his right-hand man, all grunts and muffled curses, didn't have the words to share
the vision. His sign language? Chains clanking and copper wires twisting around his fingers, a mime show of their nightly plunder.
Then comes slinking by, a cop cruiser, slow and sniffing like a rat on the scent. Dr. Fuck, in tattered clothes and a battered old top-hat, his beard a wild nest of fuck-you's, spits a string of obscenities, a whispered battle hymn against the blue badges. Mumbles, cool as a street-corner Jesus, just leans back, his posture a silent scoff at the law passing by.
Their chariot, a jacked-up shopping cart, was a rolling museum of their midnight raids: bike
bits, electronic entrails, tarps, and throwaways, all marinated in night dew and desperation.
The target? The Gastown Grand Prix, a highfalutin race where the city’s silk shirts pedal their pricey bikes. Where Dr. Fuck's old friend would be in the race today. He watched Dr. Burke win the race last year, and felt more than a hint of jealousy. They had shared a hallway, their specialty practices across from each other in a face-off of titans, that is until the drugs enhanced his life. You needed to be some fancy fuckin' pants with trappings of a modern life to sign up for that shit race, but thanks to a twisted web of debts, favors, and back-alley brawls—courtesy of a friend named Icepick Mike and a landlord with a newly sore face—they got a wildcard entry. It’s like sneaking into a king’s feast, ready to flip the tables.
As the morning piss-rain eased up, giving way to a hint of sun, Dr. Fuck was all fire and schematics. With Mumbles, the Picasso of the scrapyard, ready to engineer their Frankenstein ride, they were gearing up not just to race, but to raid the streets like meth-fueled Vikings. This bike, it wasn’t just a bike; it was their dragon ship, armed with weed whacker engines and a patchwork of gears and gizmos, ready to blaze through Gastown like a comet of pure defiance.
This race was more than a contest; it was their war cry against the shit-stained world that
cast them out. Dr. Fuck, once a god in the temples of medicine, now a pirate king of the alleys, saw this as his shot at a legendary comeback, or at least a huge fuck you. And Mumbles, the silent storm of genius, was his first mate, ready to turn trash into treasure, to show the world that even the god-damned have their day.
So, they hit the pavement, their cart clattering like a battle drum, a war party of their not-give-a-fuck crusade. This was their rebellion, their spit in the eye of society, sailing the concrete seas with a flag of bones and junk, ready to prove that even the lost and the low can steal the spotlight, one pilfered piece at a time. The podium finish was as good as his.
Stumbling out of the shadow-stitched alley, their carts clanking like cheap liquor bottles in a
bum's embrace, Dr. Fuck's gaze snagged on a prize that'd make a gutter king turn green. There it was, slumped against a cracked pole—a mattress, its once-white sheet now a brown canvas of stains and smeared stories, fluttering like the last breath of dignity. But to Dr. Fuck, with his spine twisted from too many nights on the concrete's cruel bed, it was a slice of heaven, a damn fluffy salvation thrown right there in the shit. "Holy hell," he muttered, the words slurring from his lips like drunk secrets, "That there's the fuckin' cradle of the gods, if the gods ever had to crash in these piss-

soaked streets." With a grin that had more yellow than white, he staggered towards his find, imagining the sleep that didn't come with a side of backstabbing concrete or the uneven, rocky ground.
"Holy fuck, it's my golden fuckin' day, Mums!" Dr. Fuck hollers as he slaps his alleyway
trophy, his voice slicing through the air like a grinder through a bike lock, a feral glint in his eyes that could scare off Beelzebub himself.
"Here, grab it, throw it in your cart," he commands, his tone brooking no argument.
Mumbles, looking more like the hunchback of Notre Dame's less fortunate cousin, somehow manages to wrangle the mattress onto his back before shoving it into the last available inch of his cart. The damn thing stands tall, like the brown sail of some pirate ship destined for disaster. But Dr. Fuck, he’s got a soft spot for this kind of disaster; gives it a second and a third good slap, testing its resilience like it's the new first mate of his ragtag crew.
"Aight, let's dip and stash this shit. Then you get to work, yeah?" Dr. Fuck says, the plan clear
in his mind.
Mumbles just mumbles, a sound that's somehow affirmative, his rare three-toothed grin
splitting his face. It's a sight, I tell ya, like watching a sunrise over a garbage dump – it's got its own kind of beauty.
With a newfound rocket up their asses, they hustle back into the alley, weaving their way
toward the hidden sanctuary of Dr. Fuck's tent, ducking in and out of alleyways like a prison shank in a soft belly, crossing busy streets without even looking one way, let alone both. Cars screech to a stop and horns honked, chaos serenaded their little jaunt.
His little home, it’s tucked away in Crab Park, but not the bit where the do-gooders hang out, handing out socks and sympathy like it's going out of style. No, they’re camped out in the wilds, among the bushes and trees, where the only charity you get is a swift kick from Mumbles if you look at their stash the wrong way.
This spot, it's their kingdom, away from the prying eyes of fat men with names like Perry and
his well-meaning sandwiches, and those grad student girls that Dr. Fuck enjoys tormenting with a flash of his unkempt wildness. It's a slice of paradise, if your idea of paradise is built on the backs of stolen goods and guarded by a man whose smile could curdle milk. But for Dr. Fuck and Mumbles, it's home, a haven in the heart of the shitshow, where they plot their next move, living one golden fuckin' day at a time.
Dr. Fuck and Mumbles are hittin' the pavement, their carts heavy with the night's haul, when disaster strikes. One of the carts starts bitching with a squeak before giving up the ghost entirely - a wheel pops off from a pothole overdose. Dr. Fuck's cursing the skies, wishing he'd made Mumbles fix the damn thing before it turned traitor on them. Now, they're stuck, the cart hobbling worse than a drunk on his last legs, threatening to dump their precious cargo with every crack in the sidewalk. "Mums, just carry the fuckin' mattress already!" Dr. Fuck bellows, dumping his crippled cart outside a weed shop, figuring it's as good a spot as any for a pit stop.
Right on cue, a couple of familiar street soldiers drift their way, all smirks and slow walks.
"Hey Doctor!" one greets, flicking a butt Dr. Fuck's way, who snatches it up with the desperation of a man on his last breath. The smoke's barely lit with Dr. Fuck's sucking on it like it's the last bit of life left in this godforsaken place.

"Poncho, you slimy bastard, got something that'll send me to the moon?" Dr. Fuck's all business, eyeing Poncho like a man who knows what he wants. Poncho, ever the entrepreneur, flashes his coat open like a peacock, showcasing his wares. He pulls out this pink powder, promising the trip of a lifetime for the modest price of a hundred bucks.
Dr. Fuck's about ready to blow a gasket. "$100! I oughta be summoning demons for that
price!"
The exchange is brief, the pink powder making its way into Dr. Fuck's gnarled, battle-worn hand—a hand that tells tales of a life full of fuck-ups and living rough.
Mumbles loudly adds his two cents, all aggressive grunts and gestures, backing up Dr.
Fuck's play.
Poncho's trying to stand his ground and get paid right away, claiming he's moved up in the world, dealing with the big boys now. Guatemalans. But after a bit of a tussle, it's clear he's not getting his product back without a fight, and his goons aren't about to step into the ring with an amped-up Dr. Fuck and Mumbles.
"Alright, alright, your funeral, Doc. But remember, you're on the hook for this, and the Guats
don't sleep on debts. They know where your tent is, everyone does." Poncho warns, shaking his head.
Dr. Fuck, with the grace of a man who's rented the basement at rock bottom more than once, tests the product right there on the street. "We're hitting the big time today, Poncho. Gastown race. Be there when I cross the finish line, I'll have your cash."
Poncho's skeptical, wondering how Dr. Fuck plans to settle his debts, especially with the Guatemalan dealers now in the picture. But Dr. Fuck's already plotting, thinking of who owes him a favor he can cash in.
As Poncho and his crew fade into the city's heart, Mumbles pulls a stunt to snag Dr. Fuck's attention, ending up with lungs full of that pink promise. Dr. Fuck's quick to secure the rest for later, snatching the baggie from Mums dirty hands and tucking it inside his haggard jean shorts. They've got a race to win, after all.
And just like that, the clouds part, a beam of sunlight hitting the scene like a lake of golden
piss.
"See! Everything is better on meth!" Dr. Fuck declares, ready to take on the world, or at least
the streets of Gastown, with nothing but their wits, wheels, and a bit of chemical courage.
The moment the sun decided to crash the party, Dr. Fuck and Mumbles were already balls
deep in their own fucked-up parade, hauling their three-wheeled piece of shit cart through the city's guts. Their brains, fried on a god-tier batch of meth, had them spinning through the alleys in a never-ending loop of the city's bowels: walls plastered in human shit like some demented artist's canvas, puke puddles shimmering like sick jewels under the daylight's harsh interrogation, dumpsters overflowing like the city's bloated belly, and that same fucking dead mouse, turning up like a bounced cheque at every god-damned turn.
They kept bumping into the city's walking dead, the bums with eyes as empty as their
pockets, who served as fucked-up mile markers on this corrupt journey to nowhere. The meth had promised them wings, but all they got were circles, round and round for hours in a dizzying dance with their own shadows.

"Fuck me, we're just rats in a maze," Dr. Fuck spat out, the clarity cutting through the high
like a razor through skin. "Chasing our tails, Mums, fucking fuck!"
Their throats screamed for water, a primal call back to some sense of reality, anything to
dilute the chemical chaos that had them by the nuts. They hit a corner store like a hurricane, swiping bottles of water with the finesse of seasoned bums, a minor victory against their own ruin. That stolen water was a godsend, washing away just enough of the meth's madness to let
them remember who the fuck they were. With their heads halfway out of the fog, they set their sights on Crab Park, their promised land of dirt and defiance. The mattress, a gift from the city itself, was slung onto their battered chariot as they made their way out of the concrete jungle's twisted intestines.
Their march back to the park wasn't pretty. It was the kind of trek you make when you've
been chewed up and spit out by life, but you're too stubborn or too fucked to stay down. Crab Park loomed in the distance, a haven for the city's castaways, and they approached it like kings of the trash heap, ruling over a kingdom of rats and broken men. This was the raw, uncut reality of their lives, a daily grind of grime and survival, where every day was a middle finger to the world that had left them for dead. They were the refuse of the city, moving through its veins like a virus, unwanted but unkillable.
As they crested the hill toward the park, the world seemed to tilt on its axis. Mumbles, hit with
a sudden bolt of paranoia or maybe just a rush of fucked-up clarity, grabbed Dr. Fuck by the shoulder, yanking him to a stop. His eyes always wide but even wider, the whites showing like a cornered animal's, as he stared down at their makeshift kingdom.
"What the hell's the problem, Mums? Spit it out!" Dr. Fuck barked, his patience fraying like
the hem of his last decent shirt. But then, Mumbles, in a move that was part genius and part street rat, hands over an XL Pringles chips tube, the bottom knocked out, with some plastic and glass shit jury-rigged into a makeshift telescope.
Hoisting himself up onto their ramshackle cart, Dr. Fuck struck a pose that would've made
any sea captain green with envy—if said sea captain was high as fuck and commanding a vessel of trash. He planted one foot atop a mound of garbage, raised the Pringles can to his eye, and peered out over the urban ocean. "Holy fuck, those Guat bastards are shakin' down our fuckin' tent! Four of 'em, Mums... We could tear them a new one, but shit, we're racing against the clock here!" Mumbles, his face a mask of bewilderment, clutches at his head, trying to make sense of the madness. "Fuck it, Mums, wheel us the hell out of here. Needlepoke Alley's calling," Dr. Fuck commands, a strategic retreat to the only turf in town where the Guats wouldn't dare to tread—their sanctuary, their shipyard for piecing together their Frankenstein monster of a race bike. With a grunt and a push, Mumbles swings the cart around, and they make a break for it, their escape as graceful as a pair of wasted ballerinas.
A half block ahead, a stylish young woman screams while looking right at them, turns around,
and runs away. "What's her fucking problem?" Dr. Fuck muses aloud, the sweat cascading down his face, a salty gift from the meth still doing a number on his system, and the relentless sun overhead that shows no mercy to man nor beast.