

“The Camel.”
By: Thomas Koppchi

“Oh high there” said the camel. The man pointing his rifle at the camel was confused.

What the fuck, thought the man. He put the butt of his rifle at his feet, his elbow on the other end, and lit a cigarette. *Ah fuck, piece of shit mother fuck*. cigarettes were always a bad idea, especially in the desert. He could feel the smoke run down his throat, like drinking sand. *Dumbfuck idiot bringing fucking instead of goddamn*. He had forgotten his canteen.

“Hey it’s ya boy, me, the camel man, call me that, everybody call me that, the camel man, hey it’s me” As the man drew from his cigarette his eyebrows and nose moved closer to each other. “Mr Camel Man!! MR CAMEL MR CAMEL MAN!!” His camel had never spoken so much about himself before, the man was shocked.

Well I’m, im, im, im, i- m, shocked thought the man, he was, he was very shocked. He smoked and listened to the camel.

“Oh me? Who am I? I. Am. The. Camel. Man. Mama. You know it baybee. I be the camel man, the guy who’s gotta do what a camel guy like me has just gotta do.”

BLAM. The camel made a flacid flop to the sand.

Goddamn fuckin stupid hot sandy waterless beach ass fuckin place. He thought. Then the man thought about why his wife needed him to execute his son’s Krav Maga teacher’s camel eighty miles away from town as he tried to walk back.