



# Hoffa Still At Large

June 27, 2010 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

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On the way up I striped off my shirt, shoes and socks and pretended to be either Thelma or Louise. Whoever I wasn't my best friend Ernie was. A "chick flick" for guys I have been told since I never did see the damn thing.

Ernie and I were driving with the top down, bare-chested, hotly pumped from one of our insanely intense workouts, and it felt like the summer of '76 all over again.

I planted my feet on his dashboard, stretched my pecs and took my Ativan and Percocet right on schedule. Ern and I talked, teased and flirted in the comfort of being head over heels in love with our husbands. I felt safely wicked.

A little over an hour later Ern flipped through a magazine and I flipped on my left side. A needle

skillfully amusingly slides into a vein, and I note the blood flash backed. Home run. As the Valium jiggled and displaced the blood and fluid with drug I heard the guy talking. Being professional as fuck as my brains scrambled

As he washed his hands and sincerely, smiled in all the right places he *told me I needed to take off my pants and underwear.*

As tossed my pants to a chair I told him I did not OWN any underwear.

*You don't own underwear?*

I figured standing there bare assed should have confirmed any doubt.

Nope, not a pair. Saved my mother hours of anguish of envisioning me half dead with dirty shorts after being hit by a car.

As he stared at me in the eyes seating for any fragments of my sanity I did the very guy thing of making sure my dick was hanging manly.

He splayed his hands, smiled and nodded me to the exam table.

*Let the hunt begin, he said.*

I noted it was a hard thing to argue with my dick hanging out and the Valium giving me the cosmic insight that that *Glee* really sucks.

*You are going to feel a little pressure and maybe a slight pinch he cautioned wisely.*

Really, I thought doubtfully. I would be taking bets that I would not be standing naked with a tray full of shiny instruments glaring at me if I had been a little more circumspect about what had gone up my ass previously.

*Just try to relax and think of England.*

I tried not to feel like Donna Reed and failed.

Twist, turn, pump.

*Bingo!* He muttered upon finding what he was looking for.

More twists, more turns, more pumps.

*B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, and BINGO was his name O!* He hummed quietly.

Snip, clip, and plop

*I am sorry if that hurt at all.*

Rattle, bunch, and pull.

Fine by me except I am calling a 75/25 reward split if there is a sighting of Jimmy Hoffa.

*Fair enough.*

Forceps, pull, yank , clip, more snips and, of course, England

*Hoffa remains not found*, he informed gravely.

I should alert the media anyway I thought.

*However, I did large visualized jumble of angry tissue.*

*The jumble*, he explains, *is a contortion of blood vessels that are likely acting like a food supply system.*

My grandmother's wisdom notwithstanding I concluded all the warnings of swallowed watermelon seeds had not formed into a reality.

I sit my naked butt down on the exam table. Between the jests, jabs, and juice I am not even remotely away of still being half naked. However, I do hear what he is NOT saying. A food supply system is needed for something to grow.

*We will talk in a week.* He pauses. *There is a about a 70% cure rate.*

Why did I need know a cure rate with butt tissue still

floating in a limbo of gel?

I do the math in reverse. Cure rate about 70%; non-cure rate about thirty percent.

Okay what happen now? I ask for the sake of need to fill the void.

*Life goes on. Your tissue goes to the lab, you go back to your clinic, and I assume you hit the gym big time.*

I nod. Makes sense to me.

Ern and I get back in the car. Talk laugh and play. Shirts off again, feet (mine anyway) on dashboard. He smiles, says he loves me, and drops me home.

Jim comes home. I smile, we talk, I fade. I feel something shift my guts and decidedly decide to ignore it.

Jim and I do not live in the wreckage of the future when possible.

Given the Valium, sun, and probing we both feel out of sorts. I pray to Saint Anthony not to crap the bed tonight.

Jim holds me and I sleep. St Anthony listens and I do not crap the bed. As I drift off to sleep I think I really

need to figure out what the fuck St Anthony patrons.

Forty-nine and a half hours post procedure I am standing in my bathroom. The house is being cleaned.

I can see the contractor carefully apply white paint to  
clapboard

I smile and wonder how long will the damn Valium linger in me. Fun was fun. But now I am being taken down.

I feel the lower half of my guts pull. Without any fanfare my manipulated gut cuts loose and I am standing in a  
puddle of my own making.

My chemically induced bravado has evacuated along with my guts, and I am scared.

I call Jim and with the ease that can only be shared between couples, I leave a message and tell him what has happen. I wonder what he is doing as I silently  
clean up.

There is an Ativan left and now seems like a dandy time to use my back up. I go la y down.

Just as about the Ativan lulls me into forgetting Jim quietly walks through the bedroom door and lies with me; takes me in his arms

I am sure I tried to say something, but what was there  
to say really. Actions trump words any day and  
semantics is a language for fools.

Rocks, paper, scissors.

I fall back into Jim knowing I am protected.

One, two, three , shoot. Paper covers rock. Rock  
breaks scissors; scissors cut paper. I can't remember.

Jim gently spoons me and I sleep