What If... Shawn Were a Thickblood?

September 22, 2008 By Shawn Decker

Once in a while Marvel Comics will freak people out with a series called “What If”.

“Due to their nature, stories presented in the What If format were allowed to break the rules of the characters’ respective series that kept the status quo intact; major characters could be (and often were) killed off in the alternate realities, and many stories were based on the premise of a particular Marvel superhero, upon gaining/discovering his or her special abilities, choosing a life of crime instead.” - Wikipedia

For instance, a few of the *What If* stories tackled such mind-boggling scenarios as: What if the world knew Daredevil was blind? Or what if Spider-Man joined the Fantastic Four? Or what if Conan the Barbarian walked the Earth today?

In my last blog, Of Freegans and Flatulence, I shared the story of having been the victim of a random act of flatulence, in which I was targeted for no apparent reason. I’d written that, if I were thickblooded, I would have come to blows with the 17-year old who went out of his way to fart on me.

A reader asked, “You’d really beat up a kid for farting on you? Isn’t that a bit much?”

He was no kid- he was at least six inches taller than me and had a significant reach advantage. Still, if I were thickblooded, I’d probably have taken a swing at him. “Crom, give me the strength to get my revenge,” I’d have prayed before waging war.

Of course, I was wondering how I’d have responded if I were a thickblood, someone born without hemophilia or any other bleeding disorder. This means I would have been *born* thickblooded, which would have altered my destiny in many ways: would I have given up baseball at age 10 for fear of being beamed by a 12-year old? Would I have moved on to more violent sports, like football?

The thought of Thickblooded Shawn both fascinates and scares me…. *WHAT IF?*

Thickblooded Shawn is born in 1975 in Waynesboro, Virginia. With no fear of bleeding to death, he runs with a different crowd growing up and quickly stands out as the toughest son-of-a-bitch in the group. By the start of high school, everyone's ass that side of Afton Mountain would have been properly whooped, leaving young Thickblood Shawn looking elsewhere for challenges.

An offer to join a traveling, underground gang of cage-fighters proves tempting. When Thickblood Shawn's big brother, Kip, and his dad, Buddy, step in to try to talk reason, Thickblood Shawn kicks their asses and leaves home at the tender age of 14.

By his mid-20's, Thickblood Shawn has a cage fighting record of 109-1, with 96 Knockouts and 41 Kills.

In the summer of 2008, while at Red Robin with his friends, Thickblood Shawn turns the conversation to the one thing he always does- that one loss. "Submissions shouldn't be allowed- the only way to end a fight should be a knock out. Or a death." It always the same, people are annoyed but no one dares to say a word to Thickblood Shawn for fear of getting their asses kicked.

While leaving Red Robin, Thickblooded Shawn is farted on by a lanky 17-year old prankster, who laughs as he walks away... would Thickblooded Shawn turn the other cheek the same way Thinblooded Shawn did?

Think about it... *what if?*

Since thickblooded Shawn would not have contracted HIV through blood products as a child, he would have never met Gwenn, who would surely talk reason into him. And if Thickblooded Shawn contracted HIV during an ultra-bloody cage fight in his twenties, then I doubt he would be able to charm Gwenn the way thinblooded Shawn did.

A lot of times I get asked, “Do you wish you didn’t have HIV?” Well, if not having it meant not meeting Gwenn, or being born thickblooded with my anti-authority streak intact, then no, I wouldn’t want to have any part of that particular what if.

Now Conan walking the Earth today? That is awesome. Nobody would try to fart on *that* guy.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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