



number 15

Apa L #40

22 July 1965

THE BASKIN-ROBBINS QUEST

Or, This is H*nry St*n* Shrieking!

The honey haired, viking built woman picked up the ice cream scoop. Her breasts rose and fell regularly, tugging at the tightly belted white uniform she wore -- which was odd, because her breasts were bare. Light glistened off the soft kangaroo sheen of paratroop boots binding her lean, beautiful legs. Her skirt lapped at her knees, then obscenely lapped higher, at her hip and thigh, et cetera.

Noiselessly the front door opened, thudding back with a bang that shivered the windows. A young girl sprang into the room like a flushed antelope. Her young face was also flushed like an antelope, with the first stirrings of womanhood. Her breasts rose and fell stormily, and her eyes were bright with a spark that burned into the too calm stare of the woman.

"I WANT AN ICE CREAM CONE," she screamed quietly.

The woman smiled at her gently, too gently, and answered softly, too softly, "ONE DIP, TWO DIPS, OR THREE DIPS?"

Hurling herself lightly to the floor, the girl frothed delicately at the mouth as she said, "THREE, AND ALL DIFFERENT! ONE JAMOCA ALMOND FUDGE, ONE BURGUNDY CHERRY, ONE B*A*N*A*N*A M*A*R*S*H*M*A*L*L*O*W!!!!"

She wondered at the sudden spark of pain contorting the woman's face, as the woman whispered, "WE'RE OUT OF B*A*N*A*N*A M*A*R*S*H*-M*A*L*L*O*W!!!!"

"WHAT?"

"I'D BETTER TELL YOU ABOUT IT!!!!"

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Night had just crept in noiselessly, with a bang that shivered the windows. A howling cold wind crouched noiselessly outside the store, whining faintly at the door. The strange cold smell of pistachio almond hung over all.

The woman leaned over the ice cream canisters, her reddened, pale, work-roughened hands clutching the ice cream scoop madly to her breasts.

Bare her bosom: her left brest dangled into the coconut chocolate chip, and her right brest fell into the apricot-orange ice.

The girl had eyes as muddy as the laughing Mississippi at Cairo, Illinois, during the flood of April 1883. Happiness spilled from her face, and dribbled to the floor, like the flood of April 1883. And her mouth was the proud victory of a triumphant SS man on the night of 10 November 1938, as she said, "WHILLIKERS!!! BUT YOU'RE BUILT LIKE THE FIGUREHEAD OF A VIKING SHIP!!! YAH, YOU'RE VIKING BUILT, ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT!!!!"

She felt the beat of silence creep across the room noiselessly with a bang that shivered the windows. The woman across the counter stood bolt upright, her breasts dripping coconut chocolate chip and apricot-orange ice, her mouth twisted in the shape of an overwhelming fear that became 35 words: "VIKING BUILT? YOU MEAN I'M VIKING MADE? YOU BET!!! I WAS MADE IN THE LUTEFISK-A-GO-GO BAR IN WEST COKKARASSA, NORWAY, BY OLAF THE HERRING-CHOKER, WHOM I LATER LEARNED WAS REALLY NAMED JOHN GALT, ALIAS HENRY -- "

"DID HE BANG YOU IN A SNOWBANK OR IN A BED?"

Glancing at the mouth struggling against the joyous universe but probably losing, since it was full of rotten teeth and a coated tongue, the woman said gently, too gently, "BED-SCHMED! ARE YOU KIDDIN', PUSS? HIM? OLAF THE HERRING-CHOKER? HELL NO! HE MADE ME -- I'M A ROBOT!!!!"

"WHO ARE YOU?" the girl asked, feeling the abnormal rushing of blood through her right wrist -- abnormal, because she was a robot too, and the only thing that normally flowed through her right wrist were electrons, and an occasional drop or two of 3-in-1 oil.

"CALL ME AYN," the woman screamed simply.

The girl turned, walked over to a window and looked out on the street that might have been blood lit, only it was a robot street, so it was lit by electrons and 3-in-1 oil. "AYN RAND?"

She whirled at the sound of a whisper that had the impact of a scream, a bellow, a deafening report, and a muezzin's call to prayer all in one. "NO!!! I'M MARRIED NOW!!! I MARRIED THE MAN WHO MADE ME, MECHANICALLY SPEAKING. MY NAME IS AYN STINE!!!!"

The calm firmness of her gaze closed around the girl noiselessly with a bang that shivered the windows, like a steady hand over her stormy breasts. "AYN STINE!!! HOT FOUT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS BAS-KIN-ROBBINS STORE? GOLLY GEE WHIZ, I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOUR THEORY OF RELATIVITY AND $E = M.G. \text{ SQUARE}$, AND ALL THAT CAMPY STUFF!!!!"

"MY NAME IS AYN STINE, AND MY STORY...."

"AW, CAN IT, YOU OLD WITCH!!! LISTEN, GIVE ME A TRIPLE DIP, AND INSTEAD OF A BANANA MARSHMALLOW, GIVE ME A RASPBERRY!!!!"

"GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!!!!"