

*the amazingly true tales of*

# BOGUE AND WEEJER

— a collection of stories from the South

## the CRAP CASE

by Ruthie

One warm summer's afternoon, Weejer looked out the front window of the Bio-Dome as Bogue finished wrapping the extension cord around his arm in a steady, almost robotic, fashion. Each revolution of the cord had to be the exact same distance of the loop to come as the one that prefaced it, else the interwoven fabric of the universe would become unraveled. Bogue had been vacuuming the lawn all morning, making sure each pass was perfectly parallel to the others. He had vacuumed the day before, but some dust had settled during the night and made the yard unsightly. Their precisely manicured yard was a specially manufactured lawn product designed to simulate the look and feel of grass, but it was entirely hypo-allergenic and bug-repellant, not unlike the carpet inside the Bio-Dome.

...ENTIRELY  
HYPO-  
ALLERGENIC  
AND BUG-  
REPELLANT...

Weejer had been awake since 2 a.m. She had decided to sleep in today. As with every other morning, she began her day working the cryptaquote in the newspaper the FBI releases to a few blessed individuals across the nation. For those privy to its circulation, the newspaper meant the possibility of one day joining the forces created to battle the evils of top-secret code making and mischevous crossword-puzzling. So far, Weejer had not heard back from her countless application requests, but continued to diligently solve each day's cryptaquote. She had finished today's puzzle hours before, but sat in a trance as her ears caught the faint screech and whirring of the nails working themselves loose. The Bio-Dome had been cursed by witch-doctors eons before and would sometimes taunt its inhabitants with

...SHE BEGAN  
HER DAY  
WORKING  
THE CRYPTA-  
QUOTE...

chattering and chuckle, which sounded not unlike nails working themselves loose.

Weejer's trance was interrupted as her eyes pulled her attention out the window to Bogue winding the cord. Tall, ruggedly-handsome Bogue. She remembered the day they were married. She was 7 and he was 21. They knew they were young and rash, but they were in love and bored. The town's minister, Bogue's retarded cousin Sedrick, married them in the waterhouse down by Weehunk's cabin. They didn't tell anyone they were married for 29 years and would sneak into the woods on Sunday afternoons to get all makey-outey, skinny white legs intertwined. Those days were simpler times. Weejer snapped out of her daydream as the sound of Bogue entering the Outer Chamber startled her.

...BOGUE'S  
RETARDED  
COUSIN  
SEDRICK...

The Bio-Dome was a technological masterpiece. It had been engineered by NASA and Bogue and Weejer were designated its caretakers. It was impervious to the outside world. There was one entrance, controlled by a series of impenetrable timed locks. It was a vault. Designed to look like a house, built near a small, rural highway, the Dome masked the intricate goings-on of a powerful organization known as The Dickies...but that's another story. Few had actually been inside the Bio-Dome. Those lucky enough to walk through it's anti-microbial halls were subjected to a series of lengthy quarantine sessions. First, the Outer Chamber would strip all articles of clothing from the wearer and windblast sand throughout the room, successfully removing any foreign objects, macro and

...IMPER-  
VIOUS  
TO THE  
OUTSIDE  
WORLD...

micro, from the individual. Following this, the person would enter the Inner Chamber and be soaked in a warm bath of clorox and anti-bacterial acid. The outer layer of skin would be removed to ensure proper sterilization. From here, the visitor would receive a NASA-approved suit and be allowed to rest in the Entrance Chamber for several minutes as it took that long to unlock the door.

As Bogue was coming in from the Entrance Chamber, his skin still pink and shiny from having its epidermis removed just minutes before, something on the road caught Weejer's eye. A sparkle? No. A piece of paper fluttering on a breeze? Nah. What is that? As she squinted, Weejer could make out the faint shape of a white tag attached to a larger object just yards

...STILL  
PINK  
AND  
SHINY...

away. She focused and refocused her bio-enhanced eyes to get a better view at the mass up on the road. It was a square, bulky object, dark colored, almost menacing. Then, another shadow drew her attention from the black shape...there was something else up there, too. The second shape was smaller, longer, skinnier...evil. She didn't know what those things were, but she knew they were harbingers of death. Weejer grabbed Bogue's burly arm, "Muffin, what is that up on the highway?"

"Well, Snuff, I dunno."

"Well, can you go check it out?"

"Dadgummit, Snafu, I just came in from outside. Do you know how many protocols we have to follow just to go in

...WELL,  
SNUFF, I  
DUNNO...

and out of the Dome? I've got to take a shower."

"Just do it. And take the walkie."

"Fine."

Grumbling under his breath the entire way, Bogue went back through the chambers to the outside, knowing well he'd have to undergo the quarantine process again. When he got to the road, stretching out to either side as far as he could see, like a black ribbon, a pungent odor smacked him in the nose. He ignored this nuisance and cautiously approached the object. It was a suitcase. An honest to goodness suitcase. Annoyed, Bogue radioed back to Weejer, "Snuff, it's just a suitcase."

...IT'S  
JUST A  
SUITCASE...

"What? A suitcase?! What else is up there?  
There's something smaller...I can see it! To  
your left."

Bogue turned his ruddy neck to the left  
and breath abruptly rushed into his lungs...  
it was a snake, dead, its eyes missing, the  
hollow pits staring blankly at him. "Weej, it's  
a snake. But it's dead...the eyes are gone."

"BOGUE! Get back to the Dome! I'm issuing  
a code 5 level 2 red alert!"

"Weej, now don't be rash. It's just a  
suitcase and dead reptile. The case  
probably fell off a truck or something and  
the poor snake probably got hit by a car."

"Well, I'm calling the police."

...HOLLOW  
PITS  
STARING  
BLANKLY...

Adrenaline giving her superhuman capabilities, Weejer dashed to the phone and called the local police, who said they'd be there after they finished their morning snack. She knew what happened in these situations. She had trained for this. She would be prepared no matter the outcome. Walkie in hand, Weejer donned her standard issue HAZMAT suit and walked to the window only to see Bogue poking and prodding at the suitcase with a stick.

"Bogue!! Get away from there! It could be armed!"

"What could be armed?"

"The bomb in the suitcase!"

...THE BOMB  
IN THE  
SUITCASE...

"Who said there was a bomb in the suitcase?"

"Nobody. But nobody has to tell me there's a bomb in there. I know there is. I've seen this kind of stuff on CSI and Unsolved Murders. It happens all the time. People put bombs in suitcases and abandon them in the middle of a deserted highway. And that snake. The bomb is probably radioactive and it died from radiation poisoning when it got too close. Either that or it's a calling card left by the hooligans who did this evil thing. Trust me."

Just then, the police arrived...along with the fire truck, two ambulances and seven squad cars. All the vehicles screeched into strategic positions surrounding the black mass in the highway. You could hear the

...RADIATION  
POISONING...

click, click, cock, click of weapons as the officers wielded their firearms. Sheriff Reallyoldandfat rolled out of his squad car, doughnut crumbs sticking to his upper lip.

"Well, Bogue, what's it look like we got here?"

"Sheriff, I dunno. It's just a suitcase. And there's a dead snake nearby, but Weejer thinks it has something to do with the suitcase."

"Let's take a look."

Sheriff Reallyoldandfat slid his hands into a pair of anti-explosive gloves and his head into a solid lead helmet and approached the suitcase. He would deal

...ANTI-  
EXPLOSIVE  
GLOVES...

with the completely coincidental dead snake later. With sweat beads tickling his eyebrows and a shaky hand seen only by himself, Reallyoldandfat reached toward the zipper. He grasped the small, metal YKK clasp and began to tug. Zzzzz...he stopped, something foul hit his nostrils. He shook his head and kept going...zzzzzz... he smelled it again. Whatever was inside was giving off the odor. Zzzzzzzzz...it was open. He lifted the panel and for a moment, the world seemed to slow down, almost stopping. He stared blankly at the contents and then breathed a sigh of relief, relieved.

"Bogue, man. Har har... this suitcase is full of s\*\*\*."

"What?"

...THIS  
SUITCASE IS  
FULL OF...

"It's full of s\*\*\*! A few clothes, some shoes, a toothbrush. Nothing dangerous at all. Har har. Looks like our job is done here."

The sheriff waved to his brave men, still crouching behind their car doors, and they drove off in the direction of the nearest Krispy Kreme. Bogue, after hearing of the contents, ran back toward the house and radioed Weejer.

"Wee! Wee! Guess what?? It's okay. The suitcase isn't dangerous."

"What? What was in it?"

"Crap. Just plain ole crap. Nothing but crap."

...JUST PLAIN  
OLE CRAP...

"Crap?? So, it was a hate crime then?! I knew it. It's those McGillacutty kids down the road, isn't it? I knew they pooped in people's yards, but I didn't think they'd go this far. Call the sheriff back and have him arrest those ragamuffins and beat their behinds before they can poop anything else out of them. How are we gonna get rid of that suitcase? We can't touch it. They could have rabies or diabetes or the bird flu. What if someone runs over it? It'll splatter all in our yard! And what about the snake?! What did they say? Was it radioactive?? What are we gon-

"WEEJERI! Calm yourself down! It's not crap, as in human feces. It's crap as in a bunch of random stuff you'd normally find in a suitcase. Nothing harmful or

...IT'LL  
SPLATTER  
ALL IN OUR  
YARD...

feces-like. We'll just throw it in the trash on Wednesday. As for the snake, over 2.4 billion snakes get run over each year. One of them happened to get run over by the suitcase."

"Oh, well, why didn't you just say so."

Weejer clicked off on the radio and heard a muffled *ppssshhtpppp* of static. She knew Bogue would take awhile coming through the Chambers again, so she would start on lunch. *Hmmmm...what to have today? Maybe tomatoes...and prunes...and onions...and sweet potato souffle. Yeah.* She was already thinking about tomorrow's cryptaquote. One day, just one of these days, she was gonna get that call. The call to join the FBI as their new cryptologist.

...SHE WAS  
GONNA GET  
THAT CALL...

The end.

...THE END...