

## Big Bert

Big Bert was a fat man with a bald head, grey eyes, and a moustache that looked like a caterpillar. He sat at the bar with Harry and Mike.

“You know why they call me Big Bert?”

Harry eyed the large stomach. “No.”

“I got a big dick.”

“Bullshiiit!” Said Mike. Harry laughed.

“It’s true.” Big Bert continued. “It’s like a third leg.”

A woman sat at the other end of the bar.

“I bet if I whipped it out she’d drag me upstairs right now.”

“How’d you even know how big it is Bert, you can’t see it under your belly.” Said Mike. Harry laughed. Big Bert appeared not to hear them, he was watching the woman. She was an oriental with narrow hips, small breasts and chopsticks in her hair. She had gotten up and was making for the staircase.

“God, I’m gonna fuck her.” Said Big Bert.

The bartender overheard and sidled over, cleaning a glass.

“You gotta be careful of her.” He said. “I heard she’s killed a man.”

“By God, I’m gonna fuck her.” Big Bert got to his feet.

Harry watched Big Bert struggle up the stairs. “He’s a strange son-of-a-bitch.”

Big Bert got to the top of stairs and watched as the woman entered a room down the hall. He took a moment to catch his breath before he went to the door himself. Big Bert opened the door and stepped inside.

“Hey baby!” He said. “Why don’t you look at this?” He unzipped his pants and pulled out his thing. It was pretty big. “You like it?”

The girl was on the other side of the room, she hadn't batted an eye when Big Bert had entered and she now stood staring at him. Big Bert took this to mean she did like it and walked further into the room, thing swinging wildly.

"My goodness, I'm really going to give it to you baby."

She did not reply but started to sing. It was in a language Big Bert couldn't understand and it was beautiful. She moved around the room, singing, and Big Bert just stood there dumb. She came close and grabbed his parts. Then she went behind Big Bert and stabbed him in the neck.

"Oh God! Oh God!" He clutched his throat. He pulled a chopstick out of it. Her hair was loose now and she laughed a pretty laugh.

"Mother fucker! Oh help me Jesus! You whore!" He stumbled out of the room.

Harry and Mike were sitting enjoying the last of their beers. Big Bert came tumbling down the staircase.

"Bert, you son-of-a-bitch, what are you falling down the stairs for? My God, look! His cock is out! He really is Big Bert!"

Harry pointed at Big Bert's neck, blood was pooling on the floor around it. "His neck! His neck!"

Big Bert pulled himself onto a bar stool. "Ambulance!" He said. The bartender walked into the back to telephone the ambulance.

"Someone should really put a stop to that bitch." Said Harry.

Mike agreed. "She really stuck it in you didn't she Bert?"

"Suck shit" Big Bert said.

"I tell you." Said Harry. "There's nothing more unpredictable and deadly than the female."

Big Bert fell off his stool, his thing was still out.

Harry and Mike waited for the bartender to come back and ordered another round and Big Bert bled on the floor.