

**Greatest Spectacle in All 38 States**

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“Sorry, kid. I don’t fight children.” The voice boomed with such a base tone, the words could barely be discerned as English. Luckily with a moniker like Brutus the Brute, no one expected him to speak well.

The boy no more than ten threw up his hands in disgust. A mixture of cheers and boos emanated from the crowd. The next man in line tried to give his dollar to the towering man when the kid got in between the two.

“I got my dollar and I wanna fight!” The boy squeaked the words out past his lips, but there was no volume, no projection. A man three people back in line could not hear his words.

“I don’t care if you got money kid, I’m not going to fight you!” The huge wrestler bellowed out trying to make sure the crowd could hear the sentiment.

The kid knocked over the wooden cash box spilling silver coins into the dirt and shadows of the ferris wheel. He ran past the wrestler and grabbed the megaphone that had been used to introduce the dollar to fight a wrestler attraction to the wandering carnival goers.

“This man is a fraud! He don’t know how to wrestle! He won’t even face me, he is here to take your money and rob you blind just like everyone else at this carnival! Go look! I walked in on the bearded lady changing, SHE had bigger balls than I do!” He would have gone on, but Brutus had enough.

He lifted the child to his chest where he squeezed him in a bear hug. “Don’t ever call Brutus a fraud!” The words echoed into the crowd as the monster leaped forward falling chest first onto the cash box, throwing splinters in every direction appearing to crush the boy in the process.

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Brutus got to his feet staring down at the unconscious child about to stomp him into disrepair when a perfectly chiseled blond man screamed from the crowd, “One more move and you will be leaving here in a coffin.”

The crowd now a little on the unruly and definitely on the uneasy side cheered the blond man as he made his way to Brutus inside the small ring of dirt.

He stepped up toe to toe with Brutus, letting everyone know a competition was forming. The new blond man was only a couple inches shorter than the Brute and he lacked no amount of confidence.

“If that boy has so much as a scrape on his knee, I am breaking every one of your limbs with my bare hands.” Another cheer for the new found hero.

A small man ran over to the boy, who lay motionless in the wreckage of the cash box, but the Brute made a quick jump towards the boy and the man backed off. Brutus turned his focus back to the chiseled man and stuck out his hand. “Your dollar?”

“I’m not paying you to fight, you chose this when you took out that boy!” With that the man spat in Brutus’s face and gave a quick right jab to his ribs.

The crowd cheered as Brutus stumbled back in shock. “Kick his ass! Bloody him up!” And other random taunts came from the crowd. Brutus, charged the man who tried to duck out of the way, but was caught with a ramming shoulder to his hip. The man fell back landing hard on his back, arms splayed out to the sides.

Brutus came over lifting his boot, but was pulled back by the tiny man who had introduced him just ten minutes earlier. The man, with what could only be described as a rat's mustache and a stature no more impressive than the young boy's, managed to hold Brutus the Brute back with only one arm. He pointed frantically signaling for Brutus go off into a tent somewhere while he talked out of the crowds earshot to the blond man. Brutus moped away as the crowd began to boo the lack of violence that they saw.

The blond man got to his feet, raised his arms and screamed to the crowd, "I'm going to murder that bastard!" Again cheers for the hero.

Rat mustache threw a few more hand signals up and doctors finally came to the aid of the child, still battered on the dirt ground. Then he brought the audience's attention to the blond man.

"Ladies and gentlemen. To keep this from being a bloodbath to be broken up by the popo, this fine young gentleman..." He paused and whispered to the blond man, who in return uttered something inaudible. "This fine young gentleman, David Davidson, will meet Brutus the Brute in the main tent tonight at five PM! It will be one fall to a finish. Ten dollars at the door. Five dollars if you buy in advance. Tickets will be sold at the door of the main tent. You do not want to miss it! Watch the fight of the year with this unknown, David Davidson, taking on the most fierce monster in all of the world, Brutus the Brute!"

Brutus sat in the tent drinking lemonade waiting for the boss to return. The tent did little for the heat, but it was nice to sit in shade and have a drink while he waited for his match.

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The wooden chair he sat upon was on its last legs, traveling from town to town and being abused by three hundred pound giant did not leave for a long life.

The flap of the tent flew open and rat mustache came in through the shimmering light. He chuckled as he always did when he saw his giant “Russian” sitting alone in a tent with just a table, chair, and lemonade jar. The sight was absurd. It always reminded him of a grown man with a little girl’s tea party.

“Masterson.” Brutus called out without any real enthusiasm.

“I think you can mark down Memphis as another town you won’t be able to get a drink in.” Masterson laughed as he made his way over to Brutus. “Lucky for you this is the last town we are running this angle. Starting tomorrow you get to be Sawyer the Rebel. The man is going to single handedly lead the South back to independence.”

Brutus/Sawyer sighed. “Hey boss, how long are we doing this carnival shit? I ain’t had a match in a permanent building in months.” He eyed his lemonade and shifted in his ever more rickety chair.

“Tell you what. You figure out how to run a promotion in one place, making money, and not breaking kayfabe we will give it a shot. Until then we are on the road. Tomorrow, Jackson Mississippi!”

Masterson turned to leave, but Brutus was on his feet and holding him back by the shoulder. “No! That ain’t your territory! Are you trying to get me killed? That will be three shows in a row in the dust girl’s territory. No more a dollar a fight! If they send out one of their boys I am fucked!”

“Calm down. We are in and out. One show in Mississippi and we are headed back east.”

It took a couple hours, but random well wishers stopped dropping by the medic tent to make sure the kid was ok. He lay there staring at the roof of the tent expecting another person to come in and ask him how he was doing and in actuality, he did not feel like pretending his ribs were broke any more.

The flap opened pouring sunlight on the kid and the fake medics. Moans immediately filled the tent as the boy went back to his act.

Masterson chuckled as the flap closed behind him. “Daniel, get up, you have time to get back to the train while no one is looking for you.” He had a huge smile beneath his thin and graying mustache.

Daniel sat up on the picnic bench he had been laying on for the past two hours. The medics sat down and reached into their medical smocks retrieving their individual flasks.

“Hold on! I don’t you two sloppy yet!” Masterson pointed at the first medic. “You are the ref tonight, I don’t need a drunk ref. What if David fucks it all up and someone gets hurt?”

The second medic laughs and jabs his unlucky counterpart in the ribs as he takes a quick swig.

“And you.” Masterson eyes down the medic with the flask held to his lips. “I need some ring girls. So save that whiskey for a good pair of tits. I need two girls on the arms of David tonight.” He turned to leave, but quickly

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added before he got moving, “and it would help if they were drunk enough to show some skin this time!”

As soon as Masterson left the tent the two medics started taking swigs from their flasks. Daniel got up to leave looking at the two men with a pleading look on his face.

“Get your own booze.” One of them said.

David sauntered over to the medical tent. Only ten minutes until fight time and he was dressed and ready. He made a ruckus as he punched the flap open and stepped into the tent as if he were a returning war hero.

“You have to be kidding me!” The former medic said as he saw David walk in. The drunken girl who was half undressed and dancing for him turned and recognized David Davidson as the man who rescued the boy from the monster, Brutus. She immediately rushed over to the blond masterpiece mumbling drunken praises.

“Oh please, Jermy. If I had got here ten minutes later, you still would not have got laid.” He smirked at the pathetic-ness of Jermy. “Where’s my other girl?” He asked casually as he removed his shirt to show off his glorious muscle structure.

“All I could find, hero.”

David squinted at Jermy as he bent down to get his ring girl’s clothes. He wrapped his other arm around the girl and pulled her in tight to his own body. As he led her out of the tent, he made a clicking sound with his tongue and nodded to Jermy who was still sulking over the girls fawning over David.

They made their way across the carnival grounds to the main tent where Masterson had already packed the place as much as humanly possible. David flung open the tent flap and raised one arm to the crowd while his other arm was taken by the drunken woman holding onto him. Masterson, who was slowly revving up the crowd by retelling the tale of Brutus and the child, immediately noticed David come in and quickly ran down the details.

“Now entering the tent, is the hero to all children, the Adonis of Memphis, the embodiment of modern ethics. David Davidson!” David raised both his hands in triumph when the drunk woman by his side lost her balance without his arm and slunked down into a pile of drunkenness on the floor.

Masterson ran across the tent and helped the woman up while David soaked up the adulation of the crowd. He attempted to put the girl in a chair near where David would be starting the fight, but she couldn’t manage to keep upright enough to stay in the chair. She toppled off to the side hitting her forehead on the dirt floor while her posterior stayed planted in the seat.

David grabbed the megaphone to hype up the crowd. “Did you all witness that bastard Brutus manhandling that poor boy this morning? Did you all see how he nearly crippled a child over some name calling? When I am though with him tonight, he will be the crippled one!”

As he finished his speech the tent flap opened and in walked Brutus. He had swapped out his overalls for a wrestling singlet which made his size look even more massive. The lack clothing hiding his body brought attention to the fact that it was all body. Brutus slowly walked into the center ring of the tent and walked up to David.

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They were easily the largest two men in the room. Brutus just a few inches above David. As Masterson explained the rules to the crowd Brutus reached back and came slamming his hand across the bare chest of David. A sharp slapping sound echoed in the tent and the crowd groaned at the painful sound.

The girl in David's corner tried to stand, but only lifted her head a few inches above the seat shouting, "Hey, he is cheating. They ain't even started yet!"

The crowd got behind the sentiment of the woman and booed at the massive man's jumping of the gun.

Brutus looked around at the tent taking in the boos of the crowd. He looked down at David who was still holding his chest in anguish. He reached down and hooked David under the arm and lifted him into the air. He used his other hand in the small of David's back as he shoved the man backwards.

David landed flat on his back sliding a bit in the dirt of the tent. The crowd began shouting profanities at the villain.

David wriggled in pain and crawled away from the beast. But as he started to get away Brutus reached down and grabbed the man by his face. He pulled him back to his feet and headbutted the man back to the ground. The crowd became even more raucous as they began to throw food and change at Brutus.

When David crumpled Brutus turned his attention to the woman in the chair. Her ass and legs still up while her face was resting in the dirt again. His first step was perfectly placed on the side of David's head. He took

another slow step towards the nearly passed out woman and whispered down to the David, "They are ready. Time for your comeback."

Brutus walked over to the girl and picked her up by the waist. He wanted to tease forcing a kiss on her to give David the motivation to make his comeback and win the match, but the girl was too drunk. Brutus tried to straighten her up, but she was passed out limp in his arms. He decided to try and fling her over his shoulder as if he was going to take her as a prize, but the dead weight of the girl knocked him off balance and he fell backwards landing on his butt with the girl in his lap.

The woman started to wake up and started swinging her fists at Brutus's face. Her small stature was no indication of her strength. Brutus could feel welts and bruises forming quickly. David sprung to his feet and leapt into a tackle on Brutus, knocking the girl off him in the process.

David bounced to his feet and started laying kicks into the chest of Brutus who was still stuck sitting in the middle of the event floor. As each kick connected the crowd cheered for their hero. After a ten consecutive kicks David took a few steps back and delivered a drop kick to Brutus's head.

This finally gave Brutus the chance to roll over and get back to his feet. As he did, he noticed the girl had also got to her feet, her clothes now falling off her body she charged him with flailing fists again. The crowd erupted in laughter and applause at both the big man being mauled by a woman and a woman exposing herself to a crowd of men.

David started to fear that the woman was going to do some real damage to Brutus, so he skipped the drama and went straight for the climax. He ran over to Masterson where he grabbed another cash box like the one

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Brutus had crushed that morning and came charging across the tent at the dazed and confused Brutus.

The drunk nearly naked woman saw David out of the corner of her eye and moved just in time for Brutus to have a wooden box crushed against his skull. Brutus collapsed to the ground pretending to be knocked out. David then helped the girl back to her seat attempting to help her collect her clothing, but she wanted nothing to do with it. She instead hung onto the neck of David where she covered him in kisses. At least they were kisses in her head, the drunken reality of it all was they were small headbutts covered in slobber.

David grabbed a wrench that was next to Masterson and slowly walked back to Brutus. He stood over the slain giant and slammed the wrench down across the chest of the beast. He did this three times until the crowd erupted in cheers.

Masterson grabbed the megaphone and announced the winner as the fake medics snuck into the tent to get Brutus out of there.

Late that night Masterson, Brutus/Sawyer, Jermy, and David were sitting in one of the carnivals freight cars having a drink.

“I think we may have to change your gimmick for Jackson. With all those bruises and the black eye, you may have to be Quasimodo.” Masterson chuckled as he pointed out the damage the drunken woman had done to his giant.

Brutus/Sawyer sulked and shook his head at the taunting from his boss. He took a big swig of bourbon to hide the pain.

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David patted the big man on the shoulder, “Don’t fret it man. That girl was trying to shove her tongue down my throat and I think she gave me at least a couple knots on my head.” The men clanked glasses and enjoyed their night.

They split the money between them all and started to plan for the next day because in the morning they weren’t Brutus and David slaying goliath anymore, they would be Sawyer helping the south rise again by putting the weak talking Abram down for the count.