

Two Devils, An Angel and Me

By Nimrod Jones

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Phil likes to sit by the window, watching the world go by over his morning cup of Java. None of this instant supermarket crap. None of this cheap filtered nonsense. Phil likes his coffee, he doesn't drink it because of the buzz or because it wakes him up. He drinks it because he loves the aroma. He's a coffee connoisseur and proud of it; despite what the others think. It makes things a little easier for him, a distraction of sorts. He doesn't really like his work, but it's not exactly as if he can retire. Anyway, he's been doing it so long now that it doesn't really matter.

"Would you like another coffee, sir?" says the young waitress. Her name is Karla. Nice girl, you should like her. She grew up on the West Side, got pregnant young to a punk called Tony who's now serving time for armed robbery and discovering the pleasures of prison rape. Promising lad, should go far. Maybe you can think up of something juicy for him, you know serial killer, mass murderer, psychopath; some kind of perverse complex maybe, or perhaps when he gets out he could stalk that nice girl, what was her name again, Karla, yes that's it. Well, think of something. She doesn't deserve it, I know, smart girl, trying to make the best of her life, bright too. Trying to put herself through college, no support from her lay-about, drunken, junkie mother sitting watching the idiot box all day and night, truly believing every damned lie it pumps into her brain. Her father's with us now, so there's no chance of him helping her out, oh no. What can I say? Shit happens. You don't like it? Get yourself committed, believe that God is good and everyone goes to heaven when they croak.

"Thank you, Karla" says Phil, and treats her to a Smile. Phil's a flirt. He's got a bit of a soft spot for her, mostly because she's his *café fiat*, it's a simple case of transference. Poor bastard. Never mind. Karla, of course, thinks Phil is quite cute. He has this mysterious charm about him, and that Smile of his makes her horny. She sometimes fantasises about him in the bath, and she doesn't know why.

As Karla goes off to get another coffee for her dirty little secret, a devilishly handsome man enters the diner. His good-looks differs from that of Phil's. While Phil's is all cheeky and cocky, this one has something of the dark horse about him. Well, you can picture him for yourself, that is, of course, if you haven't met him already. You know Bob? Never mind. Anyway, this is Bob. He's here to meet Phil.

"Hey, Phil," says Bob.

"Hey, Bob," says Phil.

Bob sits down opposite Phil. They've had a million meetings like this, it's kind of routine now. Bob likes them, Phil doesn't. Bob's the kind of bastard who really wants to fuck you up. He's got a chip on his shoulder, he reckons he's been cheated. Once he was Number One, but not anymore. Hey, what can you do? To be the best you either got or you don't. Bob don't, so he ain't. He doesn't quite see things this way, which is why he's so bitter. He still loves his job, and seeks to get the most out of it. He thinks that if he's good enough it'll still feel like he's in charge. He'll never learn.

Once upon a time, there was purpose in their meetings, but now it's just a chance to exchange stories and tell the other what they're up to. What purpose there once was is now long forgotten; it's just something that they do. These days, of course, Bob does most of the talking, Phil just listens and drinks his Java, nodding occasionally, feigning interest. Phil hasn't been active on the circuit for ages, he gets the occasional job, but he usually passes

them onto Bob who goes in his place, still enjoying that kind of thing. Phil would rather just drink his coffee and give Karla dirty dreams.

“Man, you should have been there last night,” starts Bob, in his usual cut-the-foreplay way. “It was a gas, I tell ya,” he continues. “I had this bunch of spotty New Age freaks on my hands. Naïve or what? I mean, they had no fucking idea what they were getting into, thought they’d ordered up some freakin’ lesbian luvvie Earth Mother or whatever she’s calling herself these days. Anyway, they got this thing all arse over tit, you know what they made their circle out of? You’ll love this one, I mean we’ve seen a few in our time, but this one killed me, no I mean it, it did. Wait for it. — *Beads*. Fuck-in’ hell. Can you believe it? No, neither could I. Un-fucking-believable. These had to be the dumbest fucking loobies I ever laid eyes on. Well, I gave it to them good and proper. I’m there waving my hands going like, ooh, aah, love, love, I could barely contain myself, thought I was gonna puke, they bought it hook, line and fisherman. I tell you some of those pricks had such dirty minds, one of them actually got so turned on by the whole experience that he seriously considered asking her to fuck him. Man, I actually think they were lucky getting me. Can you imagine if She’d turned up to that freak? Whoa, I don’t want to think about that one. I’m just glad I got to have *my* fun with them. Anyway, that dirty bastard; what was his name now? Jason, that was it. Jason Webber, dropped out of college to live naked in the trees, in tune with Mother Earth. He’s a real piece of work, he bores holes in trees to fuck them. Can you believe it? Calls it ‘sowing the seed with the Goddess’. Gets a fucking hard-on looking at ‘nature’s beauty’, jerks himself off watching wildlife documentaries. I thought, fuck me, who’s been working on him. You know, I seriously thought for a moment that I’d stepped on someone else’s turf, you know? Not that it bothers me, of course. You know that. But I tell you, he’s just prime meat. I couldn’t resist it. He wanted to get fucked, I fucked him. I fucked him good and proper, he won’t be dancing naked under the starlight in a hurry I can tell you.”

Bob lets out a sign, loaded with emphasis on more to come. “Where do I go on? They were all as fucked as each other. With the exception of Emily. Man, she was sweet.”

Karla comes back with coffee, she’s taken longer than usual. Phil notices the disquieted look on her face. She pours the coffee without looking at him. He forces eye contact.

“Thank you, Karla,” he says in a seductive mellow, making her body shiver with pre-orgasmic tension. She instantly forgets her troubles and walks off quickly.

Phil turns to Bob and says, “Why did you do that to Karla?”

“What?” says Bob, innocently. Of course, he knows full well that Phil knows what he’s done, but he likes this game, and he doesn’t like Phil’s fondness for Karla. He thinks that she’s behind his getting soft in his old age. He doesn’t like to say it to Phil openly because Phil’s a friend, despite the way he’s been acting recently. Phil’s become a tease, not a tempter. He’s a dreamer, not a doer. There was a time when Phil would have just fucked Karla and be done with it. Coffee is clearly behind it all. It just isn’t healthy. And it tastes like shit, too, as far as Bob’s concerned.

“Leave her alone,” says Phil, a glimmer of his old self in his tone.

Bob is almost happy to see it until he remembers just what caused that flicker of passion to rear its thought forgotten head. Bob considers snapping at Phil, but holds himself back.

A minute or so passes in silence. Phil’s taking this shit far too seriously these days and Bob doesn’t like it.

“So what have you been doing with yourself?” asks Bob, by way of a leading question.

“Not a lot,” says Phil. “I just been biding my time.”

“Come on,” coaxes Bob. “You must’ve had a few good encounters, at least.”

“Nothing I really wish to talk about,” replies Phil, clearly reluctant to talk. Bob doesn’t like it. There’s very little that they haven’t told each other until now.

“You’ve been different lately,” says Bob, after a while, daring to take the first dangerous step into Phil’s world.

Phil gives Bob a Look. Bob knows that Look, he uses it himself shit loads, but he’s never been on the receiving end. You know the Look? The one that says “You know absolute shit about me, you think you know me but you don’t even know the beginning”—kinda look; but with far darker portent. And when Phil does it, well, it’s always been one of his trademarks.

“Phil,” says Bob, now with more feeling than he’s been known to show before. He must be real concerned. “I ain’t never seen you this fucked up before. Tell me what’s going on. I know something’s up so don’t jerk me around.”

Time passes. Bob doesn’t press the issue, he knows that it’s something big for Phil. He just waits. Phil, meanwhile, is busy counting down from a hundred. He’s trying desperately, poor bastard, to get his mind off the subject and is hoping something will happen in the next minute and a half that will give him an excuse not to explain himself to Bob.

Nothing happens.

“Bastard,” Phil mutters, under his breath. He takes a deep breath and, ah well, guess there’s not much else to do except explain himself.

“It happened last Tuesday,” he begins. Bob sits back and lights a cigarette. Yeah, that’s right, he lights a cigarette. Bob can criticise Phil about his coffee, but Bob’s got habits of his own. Smoking is to Bob, what coffee is to Phil with one exception: Bob does it cause it looks cool. He’s a connoisseur in his own right. He loves a good Cuban, but at the end of the day he makes his own pleasures. Sure, it’s all very well smoking a cigar because they say it’s rolled on the sweaty thighs of young beautiful virgin women, but Bob does that every night with his Golden Virginia and it costs him a damn sight less. Sometimes he rolls his own in places he knows for a fact those cigar guys never thought possible to roll *anything* in. Yes, you guessed it, the cigarette he’s lighting is pre-rolled. All that remains now of one particular Golden Virginian’s innocence, alas. But, shit, that’s Bob.

Phil waits until he’s had his first drag, always his favourite simply for appearance sake, and proceeds to continue with his story. These two have been a double act so long such dramatic pauses have become second nature to them.

“Egypt. Exactly why I was there I’m not entirely sure. I just found myself in that general vicinity. Maybe I was looking for something, I can’t remember. And maybe I found it, I don’t know. The fact of the matter was, I was in Egypt. You know how I prefer the warmer climates of the Middle East, I’ve spent far too much time in Europe and the Americas. Hell, I’m surprised you don’t miss it yourself.”

“It’s all fucking routine over there,” replies Bob, off-handedly. “Not enough originality for my liking.”

“You haven’t been out there for a while, have you?” says Phil, coming right back at him. A scornful look in his eyes. “Anyway, I was in Egypt and I ran into Mikey.”

“Mikey? In Egypt?” says Bob, doubtfully. “You’re shitting me.”

Phil ignores this interruption and continues.

“He wasn’t looking too well. Looks like we’re not the only ones to have fallen from grace. Mikey was a state, I sort of felt sorry for him. I know, I know. We’re not supposed to. But he was a state. A bum in a world that’s slowly killing him. He was on the other side of the road, rooting through some trash, he didn’t notice me at first; he had a rotting apple in his grubby, mangy mouth. I think it was only because I was standing there, not sure of what I was seeing that he became aware of my presence. Suddenly he stopped and looked up at me. We just looked into each other’s tired, old eyes for a moment across the noisy, dusty streets. Then he spat that rotten apple out of his mouth and spoke to me in that way he used to. You remember, it kind of never went much above a whisper, yet you could hear it above even the chaos of the battlefield.

“He said to me: *‘Ha'néshamot she'lanu lo nir'ot sho'not akhshav.’*”

“None of that Enochian bullshit for Mikey. Oh no, even in Egypt he comes right out with it. I don’t think it would have mattered if he were in Iraq, he would have still said it like that.”

“You’re not telling me that Mikey – ” begins Bob.

“No, I don’t think that’s what he meant,” Phil replies. “I mean, I don’t know what he was doing in Egypt any more than you, and I certainly don’t know what’s been going on that should leave him in such a way. But what I do know is that Mikey was above all that.”

“So was You-Know-Who,” says Bob, meaningfully.

“That’s different, and you know it,” Phil answers. “Mikey was special in ways we never were. It shook me up to see him like this and, well, something stirred inside of me. No, it wasn’t so much sympathy, as desire to prove my suspicions wrong.”

“How?” questions Bob, uncertain of where exactly Phil’s story is taking him.

“Well, you know that way that no matter what we did, They would always be standing in the way. Always two sides to the coin.”

“Fuck yeah. If it weren’t for them we wouldn’t be the sneaky bastards that we are now.”

“Exactly, so for, longer than I care to remember, we’ve been underhanded and devious sons of bitches. Well, I decided to try out a little experiment. Just for the hell of it.”

“What d’ya do?” Bob asks.

“I started a war,” Phil states, simply. Bob’s mouth drops visibly, despite him trying to catch it.

“No shit! That was you?”

Phil nods in response.

Now, if you haven’t guessed it already, Phil’s not a lot like Bob. At this point, Bob would stretch it out, tell a good tale, weave a gripping yarn that would engage (or in Phil’s case, attempt to engage) the audience; ever leading us to try and anticipate what his actions were. What did he do next? Where will it all lead? How did it resolve? But, Phil’s not much for badges. For him that’s all just work. Does Schmo Bloggs, when he gets home from the office bore his family with the gripping details of the Phantom Memo?

However, when Phil says he started a war, you can pretty much expect there’s a fuck load he ain’t telling you, kid. I mean, wars are not exactly the same as saying: “That bastard pissed me off so I hacked into his terminal and sent a few phoney e-mails just to stir the shit a bit.” Uh-uh, when Phil says he started a war he means big guns, tanks, laser targeted smart missiles cruising down the high street coming for you disguised as the postman. We’re talking armies thrashing it out all hours of the day and night, making the earth tremor and skies thunder. Nation versus nation, man against man, woman against woman. We’re talking that nice young man down the street being turned into a fearsome fucking evil killing machine, legally murdering absolute strangers, broadcast around the world live while you’re sitting at home settling down for your dinner, watching someone’s child magically transform into mince meat.

So, this nice young man, Billy Donald McKay, grew up in Wichita, thought it was the most boring fucking place on Earth. Wasn’t exactly a smart kid, not exactly as if he was going to college any time soon. Looked like he was going to spend his entire life stuck in the same place, of course, he didn’t imagine it any other way, what do you expect? He didn’t have any ambition. Naturally he found his niche with a bunch of drugged up, fucked up, part-time wannabe gangsters. Spent most of the days cruising the streets in Jimmy’s uncle’s brother-in-law’s car, listening to ‘gangsta rap’ full blast coming out of the windows, a trail of green smoke in their wake as they got deeper into their self-styled roles the higher they got.

One day it got all out of hand. Sammo was crazy about this girl, Betty, she was the daughter of the pharmacists, she worked there weekends; that’s how he met her. Of course, Betty thought that Sammo was just a dope freak rotting away his brains on weed, not

realising that he was actually a bright kid, really into William Blake and John Keats, did these amazing charcoal drawings that he never showed anyone and hid under his bed. Real talent, wasted by circumstance. Read Plato and Socrates, Descartes and Wittgenstein (and shit, there's not a lot of people that can actually read Wittgenstein). Thought Franz Kafka was a genius. If Sammo had a flaw it was the company he kept and his late cop dad's (shot himself in the foot) excess discipline attitude that he was unconsciously consciously rebelling against in a paradox no-one but himself could appreciate. Well, at least until he fell in love with Betty that is.

Yep, that was definitely his downfall. He gave himself a little more RSI each night and every morning thinking about her ample bosom and to die for thighs. He'd even got to the stage of managing to get some very steamy camera footage by hanging upside-down in the tree just outside her room all night, so that he could catch a glimpse of her showering with the slide-door open through a jar in her bedroom door the next morning. He'd even done everything he could to discretely sabotage Betty's relationships so that she would remain single until eventually she'd chose him. Of course, he absolutely worshiped her and wouldn't dream of harming her in the slightest.

Only one day, cruising for what passed as night life, jazzed on just about whatever you care to name, he came across Betty wearing a very, very sexy new outfit that he saw her buy and had been fantasising about all night. Well, the usual sexual harassment got a little out of hand and Sammo raped Betty outside the rear exit of some two-bit joint. Well, our boy Billy went and had himself an inner conflict, Sammo was one of the boys, but Billy, despite his company, had a moral code. His folks were Baptists, and while he had always rejected religion, like Catholic Guilt consistent exposure meant that some of it managed to stick.

He ratted out Sammo to the cops and was seen as the honest citizen in the eyes of the law, albeit once misguided, but now back on track. Of course, Sammo went ballistic—literally. Took his father's service revolver down to the mall: shot Betty, two of her friends, three strangers, reloaded, shot a security guard, that guy in men's wear that once punched him in the nose for puking on his shoes when he took some bad shit, unloaded two shots into some fat guy he didn't like the looks of, missed Billy and hit a sixty-year-old recently retired nurse who had just booked a trip to Chicago to see her daughter and grandchildren she hadn't seen for six years, and finally placed the last bullet firmly through his own head. His mother later burnt his charcoal masterpieces, ashamed of her son and thanking God that his father wasn't alive anymore. She moved to another town and died a couple of years later.

Billy, naturally, wasn't too welcome with his former pals, Jimmy kept trying to run him down in his car. Eventually, he moved away, and decided to take up the pipe dream and try to make it in New York. As *what*, he wasn't sure; he just hoped something would turn up.

Now this is New York we're talking about, it's not exactly as if you just wander in and take up the job that's going to make you a star, oh no. You get to New York, if you're lucky you find yourself some stinking, junkie hangout, two-bit flea-hole to lay your head before getting yourself a habit and working in some dive for stale peanuts. Eventually, you probably lose the place your living in, most likely because it's being condemned, and then you're living on the streets. Of course, you lose your job. What do you expect? You're a bum. And that, friend, is all it takes to be initiated into New York's finest majority population. Yep, be careful when you want to take a bite out of the Big Apple, it usually bites back.

However, someone must have been watching over our boy Billy, because he struck it lucky after living it in the pits for only a week. He struck gold with a comfortable enough job as a croupier in a casino. Rough hours, but good pay. In no time, Billy was living in far more satisfactory surroundings, found himself a soul-mate in the curvatures of Sally Sher on the Black Jack table.

Billy settled into a comfortable routine and a comfortable companionship. Naturally, this wasn't what Billy wanted to do with the rest of his life. He got himself a job as assistant manager in a reputable book store, got to doing a lot of reading, discovered Kafka, remembered Sammo and decided to grow himself a brain and get a diploma through night school. Sally, now exploring her love of writing had managed to sell a couple of novels. She was doing quite well, had a real talent. You might know her under the name of Ruby Sher, but you probably don't read that kind of stuff. You're more into that other stuff, it shows. Yeah, yeah, well you're probably not missing much. She was good, but in the best seller sense.

So, anyway, this meant that Sally McKay née Sher could stay at home and be both a full time writer and full time mother. Two wonderful kids, Hetty and Danny, always laughing and joking, bright sparks, and inquisitive, too. Danny, the elder, would one day become the rarest of specimens, an honest politician, unfortunately, of course, he would have to die. Hetty, meanwhile, would become an environmental installation artist and post-modern feminist writer with her eco-warrior lover, Valerie. Still reasonably young Billy got promoted to manager and was soon running the store himself.

And then the fighting started.

Sally, naturally, was against him enlisting, but Billy being such an honest American felt it his duty to go fight for the sake of truth, justice and the American Way. Shit, if only he knew. But he didn't. Tough break.

Got shipped out still green. Do or die. No formal training; just point this thing here at that guy there, and make sure he don't get up again. Oh yeah, and if we say jump, you say into which fire.

Well, this war got ugly. The battlefields were the empty shells of what were once thriving cities, full of life, now just entropic skeletons of once mighty giants. Soulless, sorrowful husks of concrete and mortar, iron foundations exposed like bones in horrific, bloody wounds. The grey, crumbling walls riddled to the point of instability with bullet holes—breathe too hard and you blow the house down, probably on top of you and your unit. Tanks thunder down the dilapidated streets, now devoid of anything but these formidable metallic beasts. The burnt out chassis of once motorcars littering the wastelands like rotting corpses. Civilians live here no more, the only life you see is either you or the enemy. You're the invaders and you don't really understand exactly why you're in this war, simply that you got to kill or capture anyone who isn't you. Chances are, of course, that they're not too much clued up on what's going on either, and it's *their* war. Or is it? Fuck knows. All that really matters at the end of the day is that they're trying to kill you, and you're trying to kill them. The only objective here is to stay alive until the next round.

The air cracks with the sound of a machine gun ripping into it. The bullets find their way into the wall above you. Grey dust sprinkles down, covering you in a fine dust, not for the first time. You can't help but cough and splutter this time. Your heart pounds like a wild beast trying to escape. That was too fucking close for comfort. They know where the fuck you are and you haven't even opened fire yet. You glance over at Lieutenant "Kafka" McKay, and can't help but wonder if maybe the cold-blooded bastard was right when he said he had a bad feeling about this one. Everyone thought he was just making light of the situation, but some say he's got some kind of freaky intuition. That's what got him his command of a unit so quickly. You just wanted a cheap fucking education, you didn't expect this shit. Now you got yourself into a world of trouble. Kafka enlisted when he heard the war had started. He's either the luckiest bastard alive or he's got some kind of demonic pact, you don't know. It's just your tough luck you got put into his unit. You know what they say, of course. The stories are as rampant as they are varied as to what the fuck actually happened that time. New boy, he was, not too long ago either. Everyone else in the platoon was

slaughtered, except him. The only bastard survivor found when the airlift came, everyone, including the enemy was dead. They say that he can't die, they say he's the modern American Geronimo, bullets can't kill him. Of course, you haven't seen the scars, and the details always vary, including exactly where and when it was supposed to have happened. Well, that's the short version anyway. He's commanded a couple of other missions, too. With high fatalities, allegedly. All the same story, really. Military legends. At least, that's what you keep telling yourself, over and over. You're not going to die today. Not with Kafka. Small comfort, but maybe someone, anyone is listening.

It's been quiet now for a while. Maybe they've made a run for it. It's done nothing for your nerves. It just means that you're more likely to be making a move. You'd rather stay right where you are, but you know you can't. You start to feel it, too. There's something different about this one. Something uneasy.

Everything is silent. Even the wind seems to be waiting to see what's going to happen next.

"I don't like this," you say, looking at Kafka, his face fixed, grim and unresponsive. You look at the others, they seem as nervous as you.

Then you hear the voice.

It seems like barely a whisper, yet you can hear it clearly as if the speaker were right next to you. Everyone else has heard it to.

"Who the fuck's that?" says Psycho, leading the scramble to look out over the top. A grubby man wanders through the streets, seemingly in total disregard for his own safety. He seems out of place, yet at the same time perfectly at home. One thing's for sure, he ain't from round here.

"What the fuck language is that?" someone says. "That ain't local lingo."

"Sounds like some fucking Arabic language," says someone else. "Hey, Rabbi. You know it?"

"Yeah," says Rabbi, an atheist Jew from Brooklyn. Everyone stops to look at him. "It's Hebrew. He's speaking Hebrew. He's quoting, but I don't know from what."

"Well, what the fuck is he saying," asks Psycho, impatiently.

"He's saying, um, 'Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great!' um 'Become has it a dwelling place of demons, a haunt of every foul spirit' um 'every foul and hateful bird' um the next bit's tricky, he's saying, well I think he's saying –"

"Just get the fuck on with it, Rabbi!"

"Alright already, he's saying um he's saying 'all nations have drunk the wine of her' um 'impure passion, the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, the merchants of the earth they have grown' um 'rich with the wealth of her' um 'her wantonness.' Something like that anyway. I – I don't know what that's supposed to mean."

"I do," says Chapel, a Southern Baptist, the antithesis of Rabbi. "It's from the fucking Book of Revelations."

"Why is he quoting Revelations in Hebrew?" says Rabbi.

"How the fuck should I know?" snaps Chapel. "This is freaking me out," he adds, under his breath.

"Crazy old fuck," says Kafka, speaking at last but to no-one in particular. Standing up, pointing his rifle, he unloads into the old man.

No-one says a thing. Not out of consent, out of fear. There's something in Kafka's eyes today that's disturbing.

"Let's get this over with," he says, ordering the unit out.

Everyone saw the old man get gunned down by Kafka, yet when you get to where the body should be there's nothing.

"Where the fuck did he go?" you say, your heart racing with nerves, fear and anticipation.

“Doesn’t matter,” says Kafka, calmly. “Move out.”

And then you die. You don’t know what hit you, just searing pain, a bright light and darkness. The rest, well, that’s down to you. Kafka probably survived, the bastard. Sick and twisted fuck that he is.

Anyway, that’s the kind of story that Phil would tell. Not quite Bob’s thing, which is why Phil didn’t tell it.

“And Mikey did nothing?” Bob asks, after a suitable silence to let it all sink in.

“Not as far as I was aware,” he replies. “I mean, you usually know when They interfere.”

“Yeah, don’t I know it.”

They sit in silence again for a while. The mood somewhat sombre.

“Wait a minute,” Bob says with a start. “Why the fuck are we so down? I mean, that was a major one up! Why are you moping? Fuck me, Phil, you gone and out done me. We ain’t done nothing like this shit for, well, longer than I can remember.”

“It’s not that simple,” Phil argues. “Don’t you find it disturbing that I wasn’t opposed?”

“So we’re winning. So what?”

“We’re not winning. We’ve won. We’re fighting a battle against ourselves. ‘Our souls are not so different now.’ That’s what he said to me, Bob. I mean, you can’t get more fucking different if you ask me, but no, not according to Mikey. That’s some serious shit. If we’re not fighting Mikey and his lot, who *are* we fighting?”

“Phil, you’re freaking me out,” Bob states, frankly, getting up.

“No-one needs us, Bob,” says Phil. “Our work here is done.”

“The only thing that’s done here, is me talking with you. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Bob leaves.

They go through this kind of shit every day. Bob does his bad deeds, Phil does fuck all. Every day is routine now, but only Phil seems to have noticed this. Maybe, Bob has too, but doesn’t want to admit it. What do you reckon?