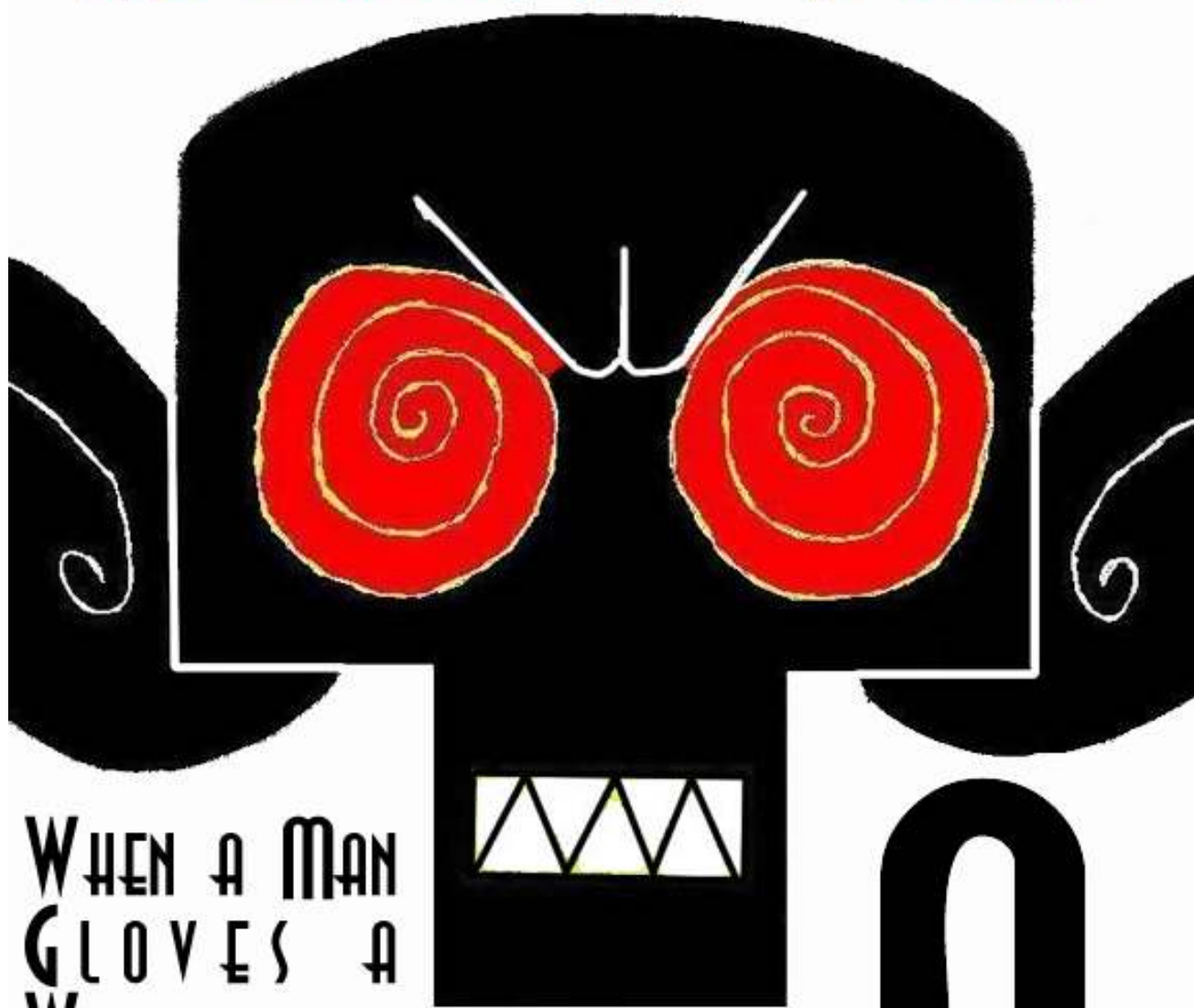


NICHOLAS DIAZ



WHEN A MAN
GLOVES A
WOMAN OR
WHAT'S GLOVE
GOT TO DO
WITH IT

A WEEK WITHOUT MARGARET

2

When a Man Gloves a Woman or What's Glove Got to Do with It?

A Week without MacGooglesfest

Serial Novel

Part 2

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WHEN A MAN GLOVES A WOMAN OR WHAT'S GLOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

PART 2: A WEEK WITHOUT MACGOOGLEEST



I N T R O D U C T I O N

This story.

What the first flash of lightning is to a pending tsunami, so was that simple black and white photo of a glove lying on wet stairs, and, alas, the 40,000+ word order that is known as *A Week without MacGooglefest* was born.

But first came, this story.

It all began that day Dr. Robert Miltner of Kent State University handed out that black and white photo during one of my very first creative writing classes. The assignment? Write a story inspired by a basic image, in this case, a leather glove lying on some wet, stone stairs. *How did the glove get there? Who did the glove belong too?* were just some of the questions he gave to help spark our imaginations.

Going into the assignment, I knew what the majority outcome would be. Even though I was very young in college familiarity, I learned very quickly that most people wrote about heartbreak. Why? Beats the heck out of me, but that was, and I'm sure still is, a fact. And that fact annoyed me more than anything else.

So what did I do? I wrote a parody of what I thought all my fellow classmate's stories would be composed of: Someone getting their heart ripped out of their chest, stomped on, and in some wannabe poetic gibble they dropped their glove and, boohoo blah blah, there it lies on the stairs.

Well, I was right, that's exactly what happened. But it was *my* story that was the class favorite of course.

The story was such a success that I went on to write a follow up story titled, *Oh Craps, I'm Shrunken!* Much like the latter story parodied all my fellow classmates' love-stink stories as well as the classic W.W. Jacob's short, *The Money's Paw*, this new story was like a cross parody of *Honey, I Shrank the Kids!* meets *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

After the second story's success, though some said they would have liked to have seen more character development ****rolls eyes****, I finished up the class with a third story continuing in the other two's tradition. Thus came, *Zer0* ('Cause Doughnuts Sort'a Look Like Zeros), a much longer piece that parodied the cliché police verse doughnut rigamarow, *Se7en*, and just about every hardboiled pulp that's ever come off the printing press.

With three smash hits under my belt, I come to the realization that there was a much bigger story unfolding here. *Oh Craps* centered on a break-in at Dr. MacGooglefest's office, *Zer0* revolved around two detectives investigating the break-in and trying to locate the absent MacGooglefest, and *When a Glove* focuses on the events that proceed after the good doctor gives a less than sane woman a very powerful relic. *Hmmmm*.

Since I liked that fact that MacGooglefest seemed to be a central character in all the stories but was never actually in them, the next six stories that followed *Zer0* were all themed around where the heck is this MacGooglefest is, and when's he coming back, because he's the only guy who can fix all this insanity that has ensued in his stead?

Okay, well, I'm getting off topic. My point is, what started as a single picture of a dumb, old, smelly glove, turned into nine connecting stories which makes up my first completed book...and when I say completed, I mean crappy first draft.

After writing for almost two years on the same subject and then having to rewrite twenty pages of the book after losing it, I was rather burnt out on old MacGooglefest's shenanigans.

That was way back in the years of '02 and '03, and today, as I write this, it is 2009. A great deal of time has pasted since I first saw that glove on those stairs and came up with the goofiest name possible for some old archeologist. I guess six years was the time it took me to get interested in his tale once again.

This story, *When a Man Gloves a Woman or What's Glove Got to Do with It?* is probably my favorite story out of the whole batch. And not only because it's the only one that's published, but also because I just like the characters Marian, and Harold.

Hey, I actually wrote another story focused on them that had nothing to do with Dr. MacGooglefest for one of my last creative writing classes before I graduated. In it, Harold keeps hearing a noise that turns out to be the narrator's narration, and eventually finds the narrator who is actually in love with Marian. It was a parody of nothing, well what I mean is, it was written a year before that cruddy Will Ferrell movie came out...whatever it's called....*grrrr!* Another one of my ideas stolen. I've never seen it; I'm sure it's a fine movie.....**vomits**

Anyway, where was it? This story. Yes, I got it published. Back in college, I had submitted to *Canto* before but always seemed to miss the

deadline. And once again, after submitting *When a Glove*, or what was titled at the time, *You Win Some, You Glove Some*, I thought I had missed the deadline. So believe me how surprised I was after searching myself on Google and realizing that I was actually published.

I contacted the magazine, and they told me they had been trying to get a hold of me for like a whole year. *Well, blow me down*, I said, *I had no idea*. It's pretty amazing to see your name in print for the first time. Much to the same excitement when I first saw my name on front page of a newspaper...section C's front page that is.

The last thing I'll bore you with is the extensive titles this story has gone through. Back in the day, I used to just slap down the first random thing that came to mind, and alas, that's how the terrible title, *You Win Some, You Glove Some* came to be. I mean, what the hey does that mean anyway? I'm really not a fan of the title, that is to say, I hate it :)

The original, which is more bearable but makes just about as much sense as the latter, was *Not a Glove of a Chance*. Other titles included, *The Evil Monkey's Hand of Doom*, and *Harold and Marian's Slappy Happy Adventure in Glove-O-Land*....Okay, I just made that last one up.

Somewhere along the line I realized that "glove" was one letter away from being "love", and since the story is a parody of a love story, well the obvious became just that much more obvious, and thus these possible titles were born: *For the Glove of Pete's Sake*, *For the Glove of It*, *A Glove Story*,

and *Harold in Glove* which later became part of the title to Marian and Harold's second adventure in the MacGooglefest series, AKA *Harold in Glove or Just Another Glove Story*.

Okay, I've rambled on enough. If you've made it this far, let me know, I'll send you a gold star and then point and laugh at you. I hope you enjoy it, and with no further ado, turn the page...



WHEN A MAN GLOVES A WOMAN OR WHAT'S GLOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Fumbling for her keys she unlocked the door and stepped in to find, to her horror, the house covered in shadows blacker than the fangs of a steatoda spider. Immediately, she went for the light switch leaving the door ajar, but was abruptly stopped by sudden words that sank deep into her heart, "*Leave the light off, you little hussy!*" A large pain of panic shot into her throat keeping her from screaming. She spun around and saw a single stream of light stretching through the small crack in the two living room

curtains falling upon a disfigured face. Under the light's illuminating stream the face was twisted in diabolic unfamiliarity hovering above an overstuffed La-Z-Boy, the chin gently resting upon two folded hands.

"You're a half an hour late! Where have you been?" asked the face.

"Who's there?" the woman said, falling back against the wall, her fierce, pounding heart transformed her breathes into short hyperventilations.

"Don't you know you're not supposed to answer a question with another question, *Marian?*" the obscured face retorted.

With a deep sigh Marian's body was cleansed from any fear as she realized who the sickening face belonged too, *"Harold!* What the heck are you doing? Trying to scare me to death?"

"I should ask you the same thing. Where have you been? Out with *Gerardo* again, you little wench of a wife?"

"You creep! I don't even know any Gerardo's! And I'm only fifteen minutes late! You need to take a chill pill for real, mister!"

"Ooooh, I bet. Then where the heck have you been?" Harold asked leaning forward, his face still twisted in a monstrous form, but Marian recollected that's how he always looked.

"I stopped by Dr. MacGooglefest's office to pick something up, okay? Jeez, layoff! And turn on some friggin' lights, will ya!" Marian spun around

and hit the switch. Spontaneously the room was ripped from its wannabe satanic shadows as beautiful angelic light splashed against its walls revealing the rest of Harold's unimpressive, spaghetti-like body.

He screamed in pain and clasped his hands over his dilated eyes. "*Ahh! Why'd you do that!? I'm blind!*"

"Oh, you're not blind. How long have you been sitting in the dark anyways?" She asked walking up and standing over her bantam husband with both hands clamped to her hips. "I stopped by the good Doc's to pick something up he wanted to give me."

"*Give you?*" Harold cut in removing his hands, "What does that mean, *give you?* Oh great, now you two are screwin' around on me!" he said flailing his arms in the air.

"Oh, give it a break, Harold. If I was screwing around on you, I wouldn't try to hide it," Marian said, her eyeballs rolling very sarcastically around in her head. "No, but you know how he collects all those weird thing-a-midges he finds out on his archeological digs, right? Well, he knows how much I love primates, so he called me over and gave me...*this.*" She exclaimed as she tore the gift from her raincoat's red pocket.

"What the hell is *that?*!" Harold asked as his face soured.

"It's a monkey's hand," Marian explained proudly holding it up high in the air so that all the living room could see, "I believe, a screeching monkey's hand to be exact."

"Well I can see that! What the heck do you want with it?" asked he, turning his eyeballs free from the hideous spectacle.

"Dr. MacGooglefest told me he found it during one of his digs in South America."

"Do they even have monkeys in South America?"

"Beats the heck out of me. But legend has it that this monkey's hand can grant the holder like...wishes or something," Marian explained, her eyes glowing in the shriveled, black hand's phantom glory.

"Oh great, another one of Dr. MacGoogle-crock's stories! And you fell for it: hook, line, and sinker! Look at it. He told you that because he wanted to get rid of the ugly thing. *Jeez*, it reeks! It's like literally rooting right here in my living room as we speak. That's probably what's been stinking up his office this whole time," said Harold covering his eyes with one hand and holding his nose with the other.

"Well, we'll just see about that." Still holding the monkey's hand high in the air, Marian cried out, "I wish...I wish...I wish you were like uh...uh...*glove!*"

Instantly, Harold disappeared in a puff of pink smoke, and a single black leathery glove floated down upon the velvet seat of the overstuffed resting chair where Harold once sat. Marian just stood there holding the hand, and staring down at the black shred of leather before, "*Ha!!* Won't work, huh?! Well, I showed you mister smarty pants!" exploded from her mouth. She danced around the room in victory, sticking her tongue out and wiggling her rear-end.

"Very funny, Marian! Now wish me back!" the glove demanded.

"Oh please, why would I ever do-" Marian screamed, but soon the realization of her reaction backhanded her across the face. Running over, she grabbed up the glove, "Oh no, Harold. I'm sorry, I didn't think it would actually work, you know. I mean, I'm so sorry, baby. I'm so sorry, Harold baby? You okay??"

Slitted in the palm of the glove, a grotesque face exclaimed, "I mean, do I look okay, Marian? I'm a friggin' glove for crying out loud here!"

"Oh Harold, you're hideous!" Marian said shading her eyes from the glove's horrible sight.

"Are you serious? Oh great, now you really are going to leave me," the glove said, its black eyes dampening.

"Oh please, Harold, you were never that great looking to begin with."

"I don't care, Marian, wish me back! Come on, Marian, *wish me back!*" the glove forced.

"Yeah, ooooookay," She said in dismay, before throwing the glove back into the chair. The glove let out a small squeal of pain as Marian held the monkey's hand so high in the air it almost grazing the bottom side of Heaven's floorboards as she cried out, "*I wish...I wish Harold was back to normal!*"

Nothing.

"It didn't work, you dumb cumquat! Try again!" Harold ordered. Marian held the hand up and tried again. And again. And again.

She tried forty seven more times, but nothing seemed to work. The glove began sobbing, or at least made noises as if it were sobbing. "*A glove, Marian. Why did you have to wish me to be a glove? Of all things!*"

"I don't know. It was the first thing that came to mind," she shrugged.

Suddenly, the phone rang, causing her to spring skyward like a jack-in-the-box. Since she was the only one in the room able bodied, Marian ran to the phone. "*Hello?*" she squeaked into its receiver. After a few moments of engrossed listening, any cheer she still might have had slide off her face and splattered onto the floor leaving behind only the rock hard seriousness of an Easter Island statue, "*Who is this? Shauna? No, he isn't here! Goodbye!*" she said in quick bursts before slamming down the phone, and placing both stone

hands back onto her marble hips, "And who the flippin' heck is *Shauna*, Harold!?"

"*Shauna*? Oh... that's...just my sister from Iowa, yeah that's it." The glove insisted.

"You don't *have* a sister Shauna from Iowa!"

"She's my long *lost* sister Shauna from Iowa?"

"Yeah, I bet she is!" Marian exclaimed walking over to leather absurdity and snatching it up.

"Wait...what are you doing?" asked the feeble, black glove.

"You have the galls to accuse *me* of cheating while you're out messin' around with another one of those slutty girls from your office! Oh, I'll teach you, you bad, bad ma.....***glove!!***"

The glove squirmed defenselessly in Marian's grapnel grip as she took the monkey's hand and rammed it sadistically up inside the glove's gulch. In a loud painful shrill, the glove cried out as its leathery body stretched to its full capacity under her force.

"Oh shut up, Harold, gloves can't feel pain," Marian said rolling her eyes, "That's a little well known factoid."

“Oh yeah, Marian? How about you take this cruddy hand out of me and wish yourself into a glove, then let me ram something up your poop-shoot and see if you don’t scream like a little girl,” the glove retorted.

“Oh please, Harold. Why would I-”

“Or, hey, wait a tick!” the glove said, its two beady, slim covered eyes jetted out as one of the living room light bulbs popped and flashed dark in correspondence to the glove’s epiphany. “Eat this Marion,” it said. With the monkey’s hand still inside, it cried out, “I wish you were a gl...no wait, a *dog!*”

In another puff of pink smoke, Marian vanished, and the glove fell hard to the scratched and stained panel wood floor with a thud bouncing but keeping the hand still rammed up in its crevasse.

Underneath the dissipating puffs sat a little naked Chihuahua shivering, with one eye drifting slightly off to the left, and a pink bow fixed neatly around one of its ears. After a moment or two, it let out one sharp, choking bark, and then another, and another. The barks were less like dog’s and more in the ballpark of a human’s poor impersonation.

“Bark, bark, bark,” the Chihuahua said.

“Ha! How do you like that, Marian?” the glove gloated.

“Bark! Or I mean, darn you, Harold! I’m a freaking Golden Retriever!”

“No you’re not, you nitwit, I turned you into a toy puddle, but that’s besides the point. I made you what you really are, *a female dog*,” the glove corrected sticking out a leathery stripe of clothe from its mouth like slit, feeling very clever.

“Oh, well at least I’m something cute unlike your vomit inducing self. A very cute dog indeed I’m sure,” it said raising its dapper chin to the sky before, “No! Wait a minute, I’m a freakin’ dog! You cheated on me *and* you turned me into a dog! I’m going to kill you!” the Chihuahua said before sprinting swiftly towards the glove. In mid stride, though, the glove slipped and began sliding across the sleek wood paned floor, and continued to slide right past the glove stopping conveniently directly in front of a full length mirror. “*Oh my gosh!*” It screamed gawking at its refection, “Is that me? I’m that freakin’ ugly thing Paris Hilton carries around in her three thousand ostrich Louis Vinton purse!”

“Well, that’s what you get for turning me into this smelly, old glove then shoving that rotten thing a *dog* won’t even eat up...*Hey*, now that’s kind’a funny,” the glove amused before bursting out in an explosion of laughter.

“Oh yeah, Harold, let’s just see how funny you think it is after I use you as a chew toy,” the Chihuahua said darting towards the glove again, and again getting caught in a slide. This time it found its mark, stopping directly in front of the glove.

The glove let out a loud "Pfft!" as it watched the Chihuahua slide across the floor before detonating into another blast of laughter.

Its laughs were short lived as the Chihuahua soon did exactly what it promised to do. It garbled up the glove into its saliva filled mouth, and began violently shaking its head back and forth. The glove's laughter turned from glee to utter torment as it was flung from side to side. "Ieeeeee haaaaaaate youuuuuuuuu!" it bellowed.

Just then several soggy foot steps slomped onto the front porch and a single sun-stained envelope come sliding from underneath the still slightly cracked door. Soon after, the soggy foot steps where heard slowly slomping away off the porch.

The Chihuahua stopped its shaking and brought its eyes down upon the shabby looking envelope. It looked as if it had been traveling desperately around the world for past seven decades in search for Marian's living room.

"What is it?" the Chihuahua asked looking down with its good, straight eye.

"It's an envelope you dingleberry. Now open it," the glove demanded.

"You think I should?" Chihuahua asked with a little hint of quivering freight in its voice.

"Yes, I think you should! Now open it!"

“Okay, what if it’s from a collections agency, or the draft board?”

“*Open it!*”

“You open it.”

“A glove, Marian, for crying out loud, I’m a glove!”

“Right.” The Chihuahua leaned forward, placing one paw on the envelope and with its jaws, ripped the end off with surprisingly very little effort. Pulling the contents from inside was a tad harder, but soon a single piece of paper slid free with only minor chew marks and slobber.

Unfolding it, the Chihuahua read to herself:

Dear Reader of this Fine Composition,

If you are reading this, and obviously you are, that signifies that you’re in possession of my left manus, or left hand for you laypersons. Need not worry of its return, as I am already in steadfast haste in retrieving it. Many admirations and have a superior day.

Truly yours,

The Monkey

P.S. I will try not to maim you too badly upon my arrival. Be seeing you

There was no period after the "you" but rather a small, scribbled smiley face grinning sinisterly up at the Chihuahua causing a gasp to spill out over its dog lips.

"What's it say, Marian? What's it say?" the glove pleaded.

In a half dazed voice the Chihuahua spoke, "It says that the owner of the hand is on their way to get it back."

"What? McGooglefarts?"

"No, the Monkey."

"Well, that's just great. I think you broke one of the fingers off while you were trying to killing me."

"Oh, I wasn't trying to kill you, you drama queen."

"I am not a drama queen! I hate it when you call me that! Don't ever call me that ever again! Now what are we going to do?" the glove questioned, but the Chihuahua just sat there fixated on the smile at the end of the note. The smile's black eyes seemed to transform into a dark, blood color and pop out from the old, yellow paper attempting to twist themselves around the dog's neck.

“Um, Marian?” the glove asked feeling ignored.

The rusty small gears in the dog’s head, well, the few gears it had, begun to creak and turn. “What are we going to do, Marian? Maybe this is just some sort of sick joke. Maybe that nutcase of an archeologist you call a friend-”

“No.”

“What?”

“No, he wouldn’t. He seemed very worried and concerned when he gave me the thing. This isn’t a joke,” the Chihuahua insisted, its eyes still unturned from that beguiling grin. The Chihuahua was absolutely entangled within the smile, mesmerized by each line scratched into the page. It seemed to almost be singing the Chihuahua’s name, singing it in a high-pitched money scream.

“Well then, what are we going to do?” the glove continued to press, “If you haven’t noticed yet, you’re the only one able to walk-”

“Exactly.”

“What? What does that mea-” the glove’s words broke off as the Chihuahua grasped the thumb end of the glove in its jaws. “What are you doing, Marian? What are you doing?”

Unable, and unwilling to give a reply, the Chihuahua made its way over to the still ajar door, and carefully squeaked it open with its snout making

sure the slomping letter deliverer wasn't waiting beyond it. Abruptly, the door slammed back revealing an empty porch stricken with ghastly shadows as a wicked fall breeze and rain smacked the Chihuahua and glove in their faces. After amount, the Chihuahua pranced out onto the porch blinking heavily through the swirling, wet wind as the glove still protested.

"Honey? What are you doing?" the glove cried as the Chihuahua reared its head back ready to fling the glove out into the savageness of the blustery night. "Marian, please. What is this? Okay, I cheated on you! There I said it, but look, I'll swear I won't cheat on you again, just put me down. Please! I'll swear! Is that what you want? You want me to swear? Ok, I swear to you, on my father's face, I swear I won't cheat on you again.....well, at least not with Shauna! *Don't!*"

But if there had been any hesitation or doubt within the gears of Chihuahua's mind, it was far from surviving there any longer. Without another thought, the Chihuahua flung the repulsive faced glove out into the icy rain.

As it flew through the night, the Chihuahua cried, "If the monkey wants his hand back, then he can have it. And if he's looking for revenge, then let him take it out on *you!*"

The Chihuahua watched as the glove continued its protests as it plummeted facedown onto the cold, wet front steps. "Oh, and Harold," the Chihuahua went on, "don't bother trying to make any wishes! I just

remembered something else MacGooglefest told me! The holder can only make one wish every sidereal rotation...or something! So don't waste your energy on wishing your way out of this! Goodnight, *Harold!*"

But still the glove did all throughout the storm stricken night.

*

*

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Not long after the ironwood grandfather clock outside the Chihuahua's bedroom chimed 1:15 am, there were petite screeches echoing far off in the distance that ever so quickly seemed too swept closer and grow into sharp, madding squawks mixed with the wild, whistling wind vibrating the bedroom's single, thin window pane. Turning its ear in an attempt to hear past the heavy gusts of gale, the Chihuahua wondered snuggled up in its warm, cozy bed, *Are those monkey squawks I hear?* and then aloud it said "Yes, I believe they are," with a satisfied smile.



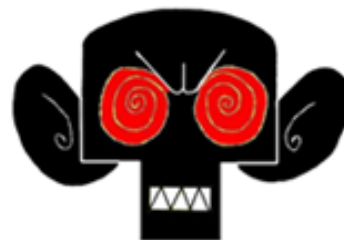
Hi, my name is Nicholas Diak. I am a writer. I write things. Things that will cleave your mind of your intelligence, and cleave it with true intelligence. For more than 52 years I've been writing stories which might be odd to some because I'm only 27 years of age, but I guarantee that it's not odd in the least. My great, great, great, great grandfather was the real Count Dracula, but I wish he would have been Count Chocula because I like him way better. I worked as a freelance journalist and photographer for the Dayton Daily News for a while. Oh, and I've got one of those B.A. things from Wright State U. in English...not to brag or anything, but you all know what B.A. stands for.

A WEEK WITHOUT MACGOOGLESFEST

The next tantalizing piece of the puzzle comes to you in the form of, *When a Man Gloves a Woman or What's Glove Got to Do with It?* Part 2 of the *A Week Without MacGooglesfest* serial novel. This special edition includes an introduction from the author, the photo that inspired the story, as well as a million dollars. Okay, it doesn't really include a millions dollars, but I'm sure you'll agree that this story is worth way more than a dumb, old million dollars.

There's been a break-in. The world renowned archeologist's, Dr. MacGooglesfest, office has been vandalized and is now the possible sight of a John Doe homicide. But why, and by whom? There are many, possibly more important questions to be answered. Like, who is the Ant-Man, and is he responsible of the mystery corpus' death? Or why does the Crusty Cream Doughnuts seem to be as enslaving as crack cocaine? And just what the heck does that nasty old monkey's hand have to do with anything? Nine mind-blowing short stories come together to form a bigger more exasperating, complex tale that will keep you drooling for more. So sit back with some pineapple pizza in hand, and dim the lights low as you embark on one of the strangest journeys ever taken to discover the mystery behind what really happened that week Dr. MacGooglesfest wasn't there to keep e v e r y t h i n g u n d e r c o n t r o l .

The mystery unfolds in:



#1 - *Oh Craps, I'm Shrunk!*

#2 - *When a Man Gloves a Woman or What's Glove Got to Do with It?*

#3 - *Zer0 ('Cause Doughnuts Sort'a Look Like Zeros)*