

is a twenty-four inch replica of me during an alcoholic blackout.

The toy of me does not run on batteries or solar power but on lunar power at night it turns itself on and won't stop talking. It knows a lot but remembers nothing.

The toy of me is the second least popular robot toy in Japan. The least popular robot toy has a name that translates to "The Low Self Esteemed Robot Turkey Who Needs Lots of Hugs and Whose Feathers Are Made from Jagged Metal Bits."

In the anime cartoon that was made to promote slumping sales of both toys both the turkey and I die at the end when we catch god pissing whiskey from the sky, and we both drown.

Bucky Sincer

The Other Universe of Bruce Wayne

There's an alternate universe in which Bruce Wayne is poor and I have my shit together.

Without money, there's no Batman; no Batmobile, no Batcave, no utility belts, much less a cool butler and a trusted sidekick. Without Batman, there's no crimefighting, no hot vigilante action, no pensive brooding on the rooftops of Gotham. In this universe, Bruce Wayne drinks alone in his trailer home in Arkansas.

Bruce has one friend: me. He calls me in the middle of the night.

"Hey, it's Bruce. Can you come get me? I'm feeling real low."

I can tell by the sound of his voice that he's been dumped again. In this universe, Bruce Wayne ain't that lucky in love.

I pull up outside his trailer in my convertible '63 Lincoln Continental. Bruce makes his way inside the car, reeking of whiskey and cigarettes.

"She's gone," he says.
"Can you stop by the store?"

When we get to the store, Bruce hobbles in. His knees and feet have seen better days. He's got a couple of vertebrae in his lower back that cracked and healed poorly that gives him constant pain. He has chronic headaches that the VA hospital won't do anything about, they say it's psychosomatic.

I buy Bruce another bottle of whiskey and go back to my place. I know that he doesn't want to talk. He just doesn't want to be alone. I turn on the TV and we watch as he drinks. We watch The Tonight Show with Lenny Bruce. Tonight's guest is Jimi Hendrix. He's plugging the album he just cut with Miles Davis: The Kind of Blue Haze Experience.

He's asleep by the time Late Night with Bill Hicks comes on. During the guest bit when Richard Pryor's talking about the cure for Multiple Sclerosis I hear Bruce talking, unawake, but not rested. Bruce talks in his sleep and I would let him but when he starts screaming *it's not fucking right, it's not fucking right, it's not fucking right,* I have to wake him.

When he finally realizes he's awake, he instinctively moves for the whiskey. He's shaking so hard he can't pour it, so he drinks it right out of the bottle. I sit next to him and hold him close to me.

"It's okay, Bruce," I reassure him,
"There's another universe out there in which everyone loves you. Children read about you in comic books, adults make movies about you, and you symbolize justice in human form."

Bruce exhales loudly and looks up.

"And this in this other universe," he asks, "What are you?"

"Bruce," I say,
"Don't you concern yourself with that."