

Mr. T. had been in NYC before and had met a guy called Bobby. It is still unclear as to how they had actually gotten to know one another. Oddly enough Bobby was fond of Mr.T and offered him a job at one of his many junkyards ~~in case he had ever wanted to return to NYC.~~

After hearing about Bobby's proposal, Frank saw this as his opportunity to take care of some unfinished business he had in the Big Apple. To finish this business of his, he needed to bring along a guy called Zag.

On their way to New York, Frank amused Mr.T and Zag with stories about his wild nights in Helsinki with a colleague known as 'Porno Ale'. Later he managed to upset a group of hasidic Jews on the aeroplane.

Once in Manhattan, Frank insisted on getting cupcakes from the famous Magnolia bakery and eating a double cheeseburger at Tom's diner. Mr.T felt that this was a waste of time, but Zag took selfies and enjoyed the cupcakes.

The appointment was set at 2:35pm in West Babylon. Bobby arrived punctually, to the minute, in a run down 1992 Ford Mondeo. "I got me myself three European stooges standing in the middle of the street?" he yelled. In no time Zag and Frank were sitting quietly on the back seat while Mr.T attempted to explain who the additional characters were.

Mr.T was interrupted when Bobby got a phone call from someone named Moose.

Meanwhile Zag was admiring Bobby's massive, shovel-like hand that was stroking the back of Mr.T's headrest. "I ain't no bumble bee anymore buddy, Im a Killer bee!" he exclaimed and hung up the phone.

The junkyard was tucked deep away in an industrial neighbourhood, located next to a large concrete factory. Entering through a barbed wire gate, the guys were suddenly surrounded by hundreds of scrapped American cars stacked on top of one another with only the narrowest of paths leading between them. Frank thought that they looked like hamburgers. ~~From out of the towering steel masses appeared a stumpy rounded figure wearing an oil stained sweatshirt. The embroidered text across the man's chest read: 'Billy'.~~

~~He whispered in Frank's ear: "live the life you love, love the life you live". After these wise words, Billy mounted a forklift carrying a wrecked chevrolet and sped off into the rusty yonder. That was Billy, said Bobby.~~

Bobby led the guys into a cramped office located in the back end of a large garage. The filthy office was cluttered with a vast collection of Rat Fink miniatures. The only thing outnumbering the Rat Fink miniatures, were the demolition derby trophies. The trophies were inscribed with the words 'Bumble Bee'.

"Frank and Zag you'll share this", said Bobby as he pointed out their sleeping place: a flesh tint fake leather sofa, stained with patterns of undefined substances.

"Mr.T, you get the gym floor upstairs."

~~The expression on Zag's face was one of utter horror. Night had fallen, Bobby had left. The barbed wire gate slammed shut.~~

The next morning Bobby showed up at 6am sharp. He noticed a tattoo of Butthead on Franks left arm. "That's fucking crazy!" he said and rolled up his trousers revealing a tattoo of Jesus carrying the cross on his left leg, and another tattoo of Jesus getting crucified on the right. "Do you boys believe in God?" Bobby asked. Mr.T mumbled something about soul, Frank said "no" and Zag didn't say anything. "Who created you, Frank? Do you really believe that we all came from a fucking fish?" An awkward silence continued. The 4 stood around clumsily averting one another's stares by fixating their glances on a newly made patch of concrete.

In the evening Bobby took them for dinner at a local Wendy's. Apart from one table, the restaurant was empty. At that one table sat an African American man with a blond Caucasian woman. Bobby asked: "Do you boys think it's natural that an elephant fucks a giraffe?" Frank replied that he couldn't say, because there were none in Europe and he had never visited the zoo. Deep in thought, the hungry cohort devoured their square shaped hamburgers.

Bobby confessed that sometimes another Bob comes out. He said that most people don't like this Bob and that's why he keeps him suppressed. Mr.T was anxious to meet the other Bob, but Zag didn't think it a smart idea.

~~The following day Bobby taught Mr.T how to fill a gas tank using a bucket and a hose. While Frank and Zag were making sarcastic remarks on Mr.T's failed attempts at what was seemingly an easy task, Bobby, in Mr. T's defence, calmly announced: "One punch, one kick, and you would be done, Frank."~~

~~Frank replied with his infamous hyena laugh. "Hyihch Hyihch Hyihch... ulhigh-hquel!" His laugh suddenly cut to an uneasy squeal as Bobby embraced him in a surprise headlock. "Frank you are a weapon and you don't even know it, but you have a fucking skinny neck." A wounded Frank pleaded for mercy.~~

~~This was Frank's first lesson from Bobby in 'How to eat the pain'.~~

Many uneventful days went by at the junkyard until one night, Bobby showed up unexpectedly at the office with a strange gleam in his eyes. He was dressed in black, a dirty blue bandana masked his face: "Fuck you Frank and Fuck you Mr.T, I'm doing this for Zag".

They all jumped into a Chevy van and took off leaving only a trail of burnt rubber in their wake. Zag thought to himself that this must be the other Bob. This Bob seemed more like a troubled youth high on sugar than a man approaching his 60's. Where was Bob taking the Europeans, why was he masking his face, and why was he driving so fast. All of the confusion and mystery. Frank felt the urge to blurt out something about his sex addiction. There was no response from the peanut gallery.

The van came to a blistering halt behind a shady lumberyard. ~~A crazy-eyed Bob sprang from his seat. "Stooges stay put," he ordered. He ripped open a gate that had appeared to be locked. The stooges looked on in awe.~~

~~Bob sprang back into his van and proceeded to guide the vehicle with its lights switched off beyond the fence, sneakily parking the darkened chariot into one of the numerous canyons of lumber.~~

~~"See that crime detection lamp up there?" Bob asked. There was a massive jaded lamp resting on top of an electricity pylon. "That's really strange, it's been switched off", announced a nervous Mr. T. Bobby grinned mischievously. "It's all about who you know out here", and winked his eye.~~

A creeping Bob led the trespassers to a secluded corner of the fenced area. "The guard will return in one hour, but I'm a running mother fucker, got world class speed!" Before them lay a propped up blue milk crate surrounded by piles of scattered cigarette butts. Beside the crate rose up from the ground an other worldly stench. As the stink of old urine filled Zag's nostrils, he guessed to himself, that this filthy recess is most likely the guard's break-time hangout.

~~The group strolled between the lumber, a bit confused, somewhat excited, but mostly scared. Bob had disappeared once more, leaving the guys crouching amidst a bunch of old rusty freight trains. The freight trains were used to transport the lumber, and soon their names, from state to state. Frank's breath stank like something had died in his windpipe. Zag restrained from making a nasty comment. A whiff of death floated over into Zag's ear, "Finally!" whispered Frank. Mr.T wasn't nearly as impressed as he overheard Frank's comment, and quickly replied "guys, this is no joke, we don't know where Bobby went!"~~

A feeling of anxiety began to spread among the Europeans. It was pitch dark, Bob was nowhere to be seen, a security guard was supposed to be doing his round soon, and West Babylon was known for its trigger happy cops. Then a sound, and another. A strange clatter of rocks. ~~"Did you hear that", Frank exclaimed. "Pää kiil!"~~ ~~retorted Zag. The smell was too much.~~ As quickly as he had left, he had returned. A ninja-like Bob crawled out from under a nearby wagon.

~~"Mr. T takes this one. Frank and Zag, go to the right,"~~ ~~commanded the elderly male~~ ~~who was clearly about to burst from excitement.~~ "Zag, keep an eye out for the guard." "But how will I know, it's pitch dark?" replied Zag. "You'll see a small red light floating in the distance. That's the guard smoking his cigarette."

The sweet smell of Rust-Oleum multipurpose spray paint filled the air. Only the sounds of mating frogs from a nearby pond broke the concentrated silence. In baby blue bubble letters the unlikely group proceeded to spray paint a legendary homage on the side of the giant steel beast. Within minutes read the unmistakable text "Wish you were here", for all the nation to admire.

The trip had climaxed. Frank had finished his unfinished business. Mr T. had gained new insight into the North American junkyard business. And Zag, feeling a bit displaced, was ready to return home to Finland.

On the last morning Frank proudly presented a farewell gift to Bobby. The inscribed book contained material from Frank and his colleagues. Eagerly, Bobby opened the book on a random spread. He froze. "Frank, what the fuck?!" The double page spread contained a hedonistic image of four naked Caucasian women admiring the exceptionally large erect dong of an African male. "You might think this is funny, but the second you leave, I will blow torch this book!"

~~"But Bob, it's just art..."~~ Frank stuttered in defence. ~~Zag tried to stifle his~~ ~~laughter but Mr. T couldn't help himself.~~ Despite Frank's sweet talk, Bobby handed him back the gift and said, "You better run stooges, or you gonna miss the train!"