

Forkman



To paraphrase the Bible, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to pass through a metal detector covered with forks.” Obviously, the Bible never heard of Earl Dinklaker. Better known to Flederer Family Circus fans as “Forkman,” Earl was a walking puzzle to anatomists. His abdomen featured scores of oversized pores from which transpired not vapor bearing waste products but rather ready-to-use tableware: dishes, teacups, salt and pepper shakers, and especially forks. Carbuncle Cutlery once paid him a hundred bucks to harvest a crop of his silverware, which they planned to sell in their retail shop. But when they discovered each knife and spoon consisted primarily of cartilage and was totally creepy to hold, they scrapped the idea. Earl drifted from one monotonous job to another, until he bumped into Yarngirl at a utensil convention. She told him how the circus had turned her life around and convinced him to audition. By chance, he’d recently added cockles, black pudding, haggis and other iron-rich foods to his diet. So when he auditioned, he was also sweating irons. Circus management loved it and straightaway hired him. Earl really didn’t have an act – he just sat in Booth 14 in the Sideshow of Abnormalation and let his body do all the work. He seemed always to have forks on him, but, depending on what the circus chef cooked up for breakfast, he might have a harmonica or something equally odd poking out of a pore by the time the 6 p.m. show rolled around. You just never knew. So the next time the Flederers are in your neighborhood, be sure not to miss Forkman!