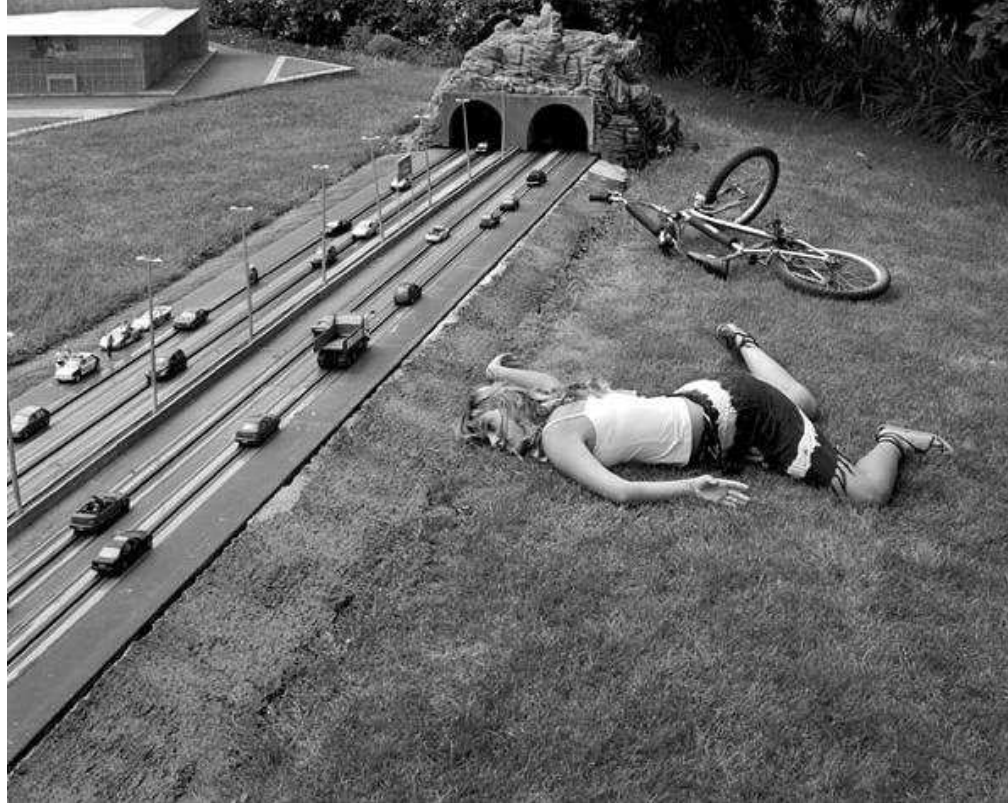


Schwinndjammer



It all happened so fast. One minute, Blanche was sedately pedaling her bike down South Cloaca Boulevard, and the next, she was sprawled in a heap by the side of the road. She gingerly moved her arms, then her legs – they were achy and stiff, but it didn't feel like anything was broken. Then she tried to sit up. *Whoa*, big mistake! Her head was spinning so fast she had to perform half a dozen pirouettes to keep her neck from unscrewing. As she lay back down on the ground, she tried to collect her thoughts, which had scattered all over the grass. She remembered approaching Mountebank Mountain in the bike lane as usual, and then all of a sudden her Schwinn was too big to fit in the tunnel. Blanche raised her head just enough to see the cars whizzing by on the highway just a few feet away. Hmm. There was something ... not ... quite ... right about the situation. Either she had put on some weight since she last was on South Cloaca or else the Boulevard and all of its indigenous traffic had shrunk by a factor of fourteen. Her head began to throb again so she lay back down in the grass, where she drifted off to a troubled sleep. As luck would have it, the artist Cristo was driving by at that moment and he spotted Blanche. At once he pulled over (not easy to do when your car is slotted to a specific lane), sprayed both her and her bike with a quick-drying mucilage, and turned them into an instant conceptual art project that he called "Schwinndjammer."