

Dave's Adventure Mission 2008:
A Game of Solitaire Begins

Did I hear you say you crave a sequel to the madcap mirth, pithy quips, puckish merriment and ribaldry exalted to way beyond even Rabelaisian licentiousness that made Infosurfing Through the Net, Internet Sitefinder and Conspiracies and Cover-ups the infamous underground classics they fast became? Well, take heart, thou legionnaires of apocalypse, for your search has finally come to an end. Dave's Adventure Mission 2008 is about to begin.

Well, maybe.

Read on.

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First we'll brief you in concerning the basics of Dave's Adventure Mission (DAM) 2008.

For the last couple of years I've undertaken DAMs to various exotic global locales, as a footsoldier in the perpetual war of niceness, goodness and jollity against badness, meanness and dumbness, but this year I got a little impatient and began writing about next year's DAM before it even happened.

Well, as it often occurs, your old pal Dave started yucking it up and laughing into his keyboard, and it all turned into royal spoofery. So here are some scenes from Dave's Adventure Mission 2008, probably not the way it will actually go down, just some initial rushes. If I get the impression that you want to read more, I might get inspired to write more. So you be the judge.

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First of all, in the context of DAMs I'm no longer plain old Dave or even the ever-popular good ole Dave, but referred to as Arnoldian Dave, an agent of DAVE, the Doomful Agency of Vicious Eating -- okay, so it's not the greatest acronym for a spy org ever invented, but you're not dumb enough to rag me about it, right? Not if you want to read DAM '08.

Anyway, DAVE is made up of only the finest specimens of Arnoldian manhood who can boast of (a) genuine Bulging Arnoldian Intellects (BAIs), (b) Bulging Arnoldian Physiques (BAPs) and, finally, (c) Supreme Arnoldian Profiles (SAPs).

So, as a member of DAVE, you best know I got 'em all in spades.

Now, your Arnoldian pal Dave, agent of the super-secret spy organization, DAVE, is now on Adventure Mission 2008, which places me aboard the Venice-Simplon Orient-Express, which is eating up the tracks between Venice -- where I've just brought a ring of fake singing gondoliers to justice worthy of a soprano, and Rome, where I'm going to buy some Barilla pasta sauce at the supermarket -- the original kind, with a genuine Italian label that reads: "Barilla Pasta Sauce" in English, just like in South Brooklyn where I came from. Call me a purist, okay? Sue me if you want. But when I want real, honest-to-goodness Barilla pasta sauce, I'll travel to hell and back in order to get it.

Y'all copy that, troops?

Great.

Now, to continue:

I am, furthermore, the master of the venerable martial art form known as Hip Coolery. It is most powerful mojo from the dojo. Using Hip Coolery, a tenth degree master like your pal Dave can defeat practically any opponent.

The secret of Hip Coolery is that unlike other fighting styles -- like, for instance, wing chun kung fu, which mandates getting inside one's opponent's zone of safety -- Hip Coolery calls for kicking the fucker in the ass, then making a beeline for cover before he (or she) turns and spots you. And your pal Dave is, as just



Dramatis personae 1: Arnoldian Dave, agent of DAVE, seen in front of his garage.

noted, an accomplished master of this oh so hip and oh so cool martial art form.

You with me so far? Excellent.

Now here I am on the Orient-Express between Venice and Rome and suddenly I spot some serious trouble.

And what's the worst trouble you can possibly imagine?

Exactly -- my former girlfriend (FGF) is sitting in the bar car knocking back vodka martinis like they're going out of style and my hard-won experience tells me the FGF is somehow putting it on my bar tab. Now I'm faced with whether to use Hip Coolery on this loathsome reminder of my past idiocy or call my operational guru, Der Schwartzter, for guidance.

I decide to call Der Schwartzter so I whip out the old Razr and say "Der Schwartzter" into the mouthpiece.

"Vass ist?" a familiar voice answers right away.

"It's your fellow Arnoldian, Dave."

"Yes, Dave, fellow Arnoldian. Vat iss it dis time?"

"I'm on the Orient-Express."

"So vat else iss new?"

"I'm in the bar car?"

"I am yawning right now. Dat iss new?"

"My FGF is sitting at the bar."

"You haff vun helluva problem."

"As a fellow Arnoldian I need some ideas, fast."

"Dave, you are talking to Arnold here, remember? Venn you talk to Arnold, you get de answers faster denn I can pump up a Kennedy. Here's what you need to do. You must pump her up. Dot is probably all she vants. After you have pumped her up she will go away again, maybe forever, if you are lucky."

"No, anything but pumping her up!" I cry. "I'm through with that. Even the thought makes me cringe."

"Dave, behave like an Arnoldian or I hang right up."

"How about Hip Coolery? I was originally thinking of using the ancient fighting art."

I know I sound pitifully desperate but I can't help myself at this stage.

"Dave, I'm surprised at how stupid you can be sometimes," my fellow Arnoldian chides me. "Don't you know you cannot use Hip Coolery on de vimmins anymore? Dey all have rights now, and dey all have lawyers. If you use Hip Coolery on her you might as vell cut off your schnitzel right now."



Dramatis personae 2: The nefarious Marcus Curius, bent on world conquest.

"Yeah, Arnold, you're right, as usual."

"Naturally. I am always right. Now do as I say and go pump her up. Make it a good one and get it over with fast, but not too fast if you get my drift. If you still haff a problem, call me on der hotline. But you vill haff none, believe me, if you vill just pump her up."

"Thank you, fellow Arnoldian Arnold."

"No problem, fellow Arnoldian Dave."

OK. Briefing received, instructions understood. Thanks to the neat advice from my fellow Arnoldian Arnold, I was ready as I pocketed the cell. Talking with Der Schwartz had pumped me up with courage to pump up the FGF. I knew what I had to do. Taking a seat at the bar I nodded at the bartender, signaling that I was to receive the regular: a balloon snifter poured five-eighths full of the finest 1954 Chateau Bardot sauvignon blanc, chilled -- in the bottle, and in a silver bucket of crushed South Pole glacier ice only -- to a precise thirty-seven degrees Fahrenheit while being turned with exquisite slowness by a dwarf princess in a belly dancer outfit (okay, I made up most of that).

The rest, as they say, is history. Except that before she got off the train at the last of the three stations of Florence, my former error in judgment told me something that raised my hackles. (Note: hackles are like the hairs on the back of your neck, only much lower down.)

"Beware of Marcus Curius and the Nipplians of Nauplia," she breathed hotly in my ear (the right one, by the way). "They are cognizant of your identity as Davidus Superbus, former Grand Flamen of the Order of the Sexitush, and they seek the Golden Dolphin of Bonzo."

"Did you just say 'cognizant?'" I asked.

"Yes," she breathed hotly, also in my right ear, and I had to clean it out with a Q-tip.

Muttering, "cognizant, cognizant, cognizant," I watched her go, painfully aware that there were no showers aboard the Orient-Express, yet too stunned by what she'd revealed to care. My old nemesis Marcus Curious ... allied with the Nipplians of Nauplia? And Curius had knowledge of the secret Order? And the Dolphin of Bonzo! I had thought it destroyed by manic groupies at the final Led Zeppelin concert at the Garden long ago.



Dramatis personae 3: Arnoldian Arnold, whose identity has been concealed to prevent identification.

Impossible. Yet, it might, just possibly might, be true. In which case the Order of the Sexitush was in grave peril.

But now the Orient-Express was pulling out of Firenze South Station. I took one last look at the distant ochre rooftops of Florence and hopped back onboard. Returning to my cabin, I thought about my past connections with the Order of the Sexitush.

In Rome I would make inquiries and be prepared for a most dangerous game of what they called in trashy espionage novels (even the ones I've written), "solitaire." I had a feeling I'd make more stops in Europe than even the most boring, crappy Ludlum novel imaginable before this DAM was over....

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Stay tuned, fellow Arnoldians -- I'll be back ... with more of Dave's Adventure Mission 2008. Maybe.