

## The Bike Fucker

I pick up my phone and it's Marcella and she says, "Jonas, somebody fucked my bike."

I laugh. "You mean they fucked *up* your bike? Like they messed it up?" It's cute that she mixes up idioms sometimes. I picture her with her high ponytail and her leggings, all mad cause somebody stole her back tire or her handlebars and now she can't get home. I take my lunch break and I bike over to the tennis courts and she's standing there but not next to her bike. I scoot past her and hop off next to her ride.

Nobody messed up her tires or anything. Somebody fucked Marcella's bike.

She's got one of those thin bike seats that's high under her ass and it's got a groove down the middle "to take weight off the soft tissues," is what the bike shop guy said but it keeps her vagina from getting sore cause she bikes so much. She's real athletic. And the leather seat is all pasty and slimy and there's jizz down on the crossbar thing, the body of the bike, and under the pedal there's an empty foil packet of lube like they give out at Student Health for free.

"Oh, shit," I say. "My bad. Somebody fucked this bike, for sure."

Now she laughs at me. "What the fuck, right?" And we're both standing out there by the tennis courts cracking up about her poor bike, now what are we gonna do, it's been fucked.

She walks over to Rite Aid and buys plastic gloves and cleaning wipes and I go with her and buy a sandwich and I watch while she carefully cleans the seed off of her bike and goes over it a few extra times. And we laugh again but mostly I think

we're both grossed out and we don't really want to talk about it, and I kiss her goodbye and I bike back to work and she goes home and she takes, she tells me, "a long fucking shower, Jesus."

But then the next day I get a university police department email reporting a case of vandalism because somebody else's bike got fucked. And then the next email is about three new cases, and we're all supposed to look out for this suspect, assumedly male, who's got a thing for a sweet body on two wheels. And Yik Yak is going nuts for this Bike Fucker, and soon Marcella gets famous as the OG bike fuck-ee and for a month the bike fucking scene just exploded—people printing shirts with bikes on 'em that say Get Fucked, UC Davis and Save a Cowgirl Fuck a Bike and Never Forget, Bike Fucker 2016. And according to Ricardo who does campus security the police think people are doing Copycat Fucks because there's been so many of them in such a short time, like ten a night, and nobody has the time or the stamina to be fucking so many bikes, do they? But then it was Spring Break and no bike fucks were reported that week, so campus police (according to Ricardo) figure the Fucker is a student and he went home to do laundry, but the bike fucks never start back up again—as sudden as they started, they're done.

But then here's the weird thing. When Marcela gets her bike from her friend's garage where she left it over spring break, it's different somehow. She's got one of those 80's men's bikes with the curved handlebars and the super-thin tires, and she looks so hot on it cause she's really tall and fast, all leaned over, she's got places to be. The bike is toothpaste green and it's got orange stripes and it has one of those straight bars, right under and in front of the seat to the handlebars, which makes it

hard for her to wear skirts when she rides but that's okay. But when she picks up her bike, the low straight bar on the body of the bike is like, curved somehow. It's sloping down towards the pedals in the middle, like somebody melted it but just right there. It's only curved a little so she calls me to come check, but I can see it too. So we just ride home together from her friend's house and I look over at her while we're riding and the curve in the bar is like the slight dipping curve of her belly while she stops pedaling and just coasts, her elbows straight up from the handlebars.

And over the next weeks the curve gets worse and worse, and other people whose bikes got fucked come up to me after class and ask me, with the famous girlfriend, whether it happened to Marcella's bike too. They're embarrassed, like I'll think they're crazy, but then I show them her bike and their relieved. Nobody knows how it's happening. We put her bike inside in the kitchen a few nights like that'll help but it keeps curving more each night so we put it back outside. And soon the bar curves all the way nearly down to the pedals and it's like one of those sloping lady bikes, just a smooth arc, and we look at it together when we're smoking in the park one long hot night after finals and she points out that it can't curve any more, there's nowhere else for it to go. And when we're biking home in the dark past the pond something about the quiet makes her shout "Get FUCKED, Bike Fucker!" and ding her bell a bunch of times even though some people are sleeping, she knows.

And the next morning is one of the really great ones, where it's warm and sunny and I wake up to her in my arms with her hair just all over the place, her cheek a little sticky on my chest, her lips a perfect angel's pout. And we want to go to

the farmer's market but we can't get out of bed because our bodies fit together too well but finally at 1 we peel ourselves off of each other and get dressed and walk downstairs and her bike, it's a fucking tandem bicycle now. It's got another set of wheels and an extra seat. But the crazy thing is that the back half doesn't match the front half, it's not turquoise with those orange stripes, and in fact it's navy blue and says STEVE POTTS and has chunky mountain bike tires like my bike. And my bike's sitting there too, all smug in the sun.

And we both get on Marcella's bike and instead of stopping at the farmer's market we keep going, deep through the citrus orchards, through Woodland, past the family farms up to the hills and once it's dark we stop and find a restaurant for dinner. And after the restaurant closes and everyone leaves we're putting on headlamps and sweaters to go home and there's a bike in the rack, left for the night, and Marcella looks at me and she says "Jonas, I'm gonna fuck that bike."

And she does.