A CRAZY GUY PUT A GUN TO BUKOWSKI'S HEAD ONCE

"Go ahead, kid," Buk said, "pull the trigger.
I've got a suicide complex anyways."

"Then why haven't you murdered yourself?"

"I've been too busy drinking. Here you want another beer?"

"No, I get confused when I drink too much."

"Okay. Well, I wouldn't want you to be out of your right mind. That could be bad."

"I've decided I'm not going to kill you. I can see you haven't suffered enough."

"Jeez, kid, you're so cruel."

PROCRASTINATION IS RAMPANT AT H.U.D.

All these fat women at work threaten to start diets all of the time. But always one of them brings in homemade cookies or a fresh baked pie or cheese and crackers or peanut butter and jelly and Wonder Bread, and they all look at each other and say in unison, "Hey, let's start our diets tomorrow. This food is too good to waste."

This is one government office where wasting is not a problem but the waists are.