

GRUDGE

Bob Dawg ended up
owing the Feds
\$3 for last year.
His accountant's smile is
as big as the room and
he's patting himself on
the back, thinking Bob
will probably take him to
lunch. But the thought of
paying ANYTHING MORE is
getting Bob Dawg's goat
like that goat was a cow.

I TRIED

They're yelling at
each other in the
Wal-Mart parking lot
like only lovers can
yell and he blurts out
at the top of his lungs
"But I love you unreal,"
then slaps her across
the ear. So I yell
"HEY." They both look
at me like they've found
a common enemy. She
flips me off, he pulls
her in the car and they
roar off to who-cares-where.

— Robert Underwood

Redlands CA

LOTS

I don't give out change
in parking lots. "You want something
to eat — bread, cheese, some oranges?"
They nod. "Don't bother washing
my windows," I say, walking towards aisles
of Bisquick, raisins, peaches, beer, piles
of lettuce, Pine Sol, green and yellow sponges.