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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.