

Mr. Four Letters

Mr. Four Letters asked a pretty girl to visit him. One evening she knocked on his door. Mr. Four Letters was in his dining room eating one of his meager dinners. He swore to himself when he heard the knocking. He lived alone, and he enjoyed eating his small nourishment without interruptions. But he did get up and go to the door to see who was there. He was very surprised to see the girl, and he was delighted that she had come to his house. He never really thought she would be in his section of town.

"Come in, come in," Mr. Four Letters chanted with much interest.

The girl entered. She looked around until she found his bedroom and immediately took off all her clothes and sat on his bed.

This surprised Mr. Four Letters even more than seeing the girl at his door.

"Why do you take off all your clothes, my dear?" he asked her with considerable bewilderment.

"I've come to get your advice," she replied eagerly.

"But why do you take off all your clothes?" he asked her again.

"You are Mr. Four Letters, aren't you?"

"I'm an old old man," Mr. Four Letters complained.

"But you asked me to visit you," the girl reminded him.

Before Mr. Four Letters could stop her, she was lying down on the bed, and rubbing her bottom on his white bedspread.

"I'm the elderly Mr. Four Letters," the old gentleman explained.

"Then why did you ask me here?" The girl was frankly puzzled.

"Why to help you," he answered.

"Where's your son?" she asked Mr. Four Letters.

"Kiss?" he raged.

"I really wanted to see the other one," the girl replied sitting up.

"My grandson and I are not on speaking terms," Mr. Four Letters said with much dignity.

"Then what's your name?" the girl asked staring at him.

"Love," the old gentleman said.

The pretty thing fell back on Love Four Letters' white bedspread and laughed until she wept.

-- John Stevens Wade

Apeldoorn, The Netherlands