DR. PEPPER

It was my idea to race.

Jerry said, "Sure. Loser
buys the Dr. Pepper." I
stayed with him for a hundred yards. Then he pulled
away. He got smaller and
smaller. When he hit the
hard road, I quit. Walked
on in. He was already
sitting on a stool with
half a Dr. Pepper. When
I reached for mine, it was
a Pepsi. Sam said, "Sorry.
We're all out of Dr. Pepper."

## CHARLES

Charles was very interested in chemistry. He had a lot of beakers and chemicals and test-tubes in his basement.

On Saturday mornings, he'd do experiments. I'd go over and watch. He'd pour, mix and stir. I'd look at the shimmer of orange and red and yellow. I didn't have a clue to what he was doing. I went every Saturday.

## THE MOVIE

When I was eight, a girl
named Amanda lived across
the street. One Saturday
we decided we wanted to go
to the movies. I wanted
to see Abbott and Costello.
She wanted to see Astaire.
We couldn't decide, so we
flipped a coin. I won.

During Abbott and Costello's antics, she laughed and loved it, while I sulked down in my seat, guilty we hadn't gone to see Astaire.

## THE BIGGEST KID

Barry was the biggest kid on our block. He never spoke to me. But one Tuesday after school, he came up to me with Jerry and Will. "I hear you got a Mickey Mantle." "Well, I don't know." "Oh, c'mon. Let's see the Mickey Mantle." "Well." "I'll give you a Mary Throneberry for it." "Well." I looked at Jerry. His eyes were hard and shiny as marbles. "OK." I handed Barry the Mantle. He handed me the Throneberry. He never spoke to me again.

-- Robert Swanson

Davis CA

TO THE POINT

i don't like poetry
anymore than anyone else does
it was a bore in school
& for the most part
it still is
the sentimentality is gross
& after 13 years
i still don't know a damn thing
about the technical aspect of it
the only reason i chose this medium
is for its merciful brevity