

"Life Along the Mississississippi"

Once up on a time (sic. "Oh really? Well take two aspirins and call me in the Spring.") there was a baby called Hustin Oliday, who was a stunt man with a stunted growth on his worm-eaten shoulder named Fred. He had secret dreams of being a sparrow and spending the winters in Timbaktu, too. He had a dolly named Fredrina which he dressed in swaddling clothes and kept in the trash compactor. He kept a string tied around his finger in hopes he'd remember something. One afternoon at 9:00, the string cut off his circulation of newsletters, so his mother cut off his index finger, though the string was tied around his pinky, named Fredrick. So he went to work, where he ate a hearty lunch of heart, which gave him a heartburn and a cloth napkin. He was feeling nervous about an upcoming date he had last night with a Southern belle who worked in a chapel tower. He was exhibiting memorable emotions as he recalled an emotional memory, but the exhibit closed on Tuesday of next week. He had a valuable butterfly collection which he kept in his stomach. One day, he siad to his mother, "Hi." She didn't reply, and they haven't spoken in years. As he waited for the train to leave his living room, he whipped up a toothpaste milkshake, then enjoyed a heartless dinner of spinning-pipe soup and roast Long Island monkey with cranberry sauce. In no time at all, he was asking someone for the time. With that thought in mind, he tied another string around his finger, hoping to remember this time. The last I heard, he had migrated to unpopulated Alaska with a penguin named Freddy, hoping to start a race of tuxedoed race-car drivers. But I wouldn't know for sure, as I've been deaf for years.

Even-stā Elly-kā