

SPOTLIGHT by John Jackson
(continued from last ish)

So I got out, pulled the mass of arms and legs in the general direction of the joker who had sold me this dirty old car, and accosted the salesman.

"Havin' trouble?" The man's six gold teeth and the ring in his nose glistened in the sun.

"No", I replied, "I'm a masochist and I try to see how many ways I can mutilate myself getting out of my car. How do you get the blasted thing moving?"

The salesman took the knife out of his mouth and said, "You gotta pull the emergency brake off first." My equanimity renewed, I went back to the car, found the emergency brake and pulled it off literally (so that's what he meant) and my maiden voyage had begun.

I drove along the streets, passing gas station after gas station until I realized that the automobile needed some gas after all, (have you ever tried pushing a car up Peach Street), paid twenty-five cents and filled it up again.

I was planning on having another wild weekend, so I had to procure my supply of oatmeal and kool-aid (root beer was the flavor of-the-month). I muscled my vehicle in between two Volkswagens, opened the door, and in twenty minutes I had pulled myself out of the car.

When I came back, two mammoth Valiants had sandwiched my poor little car. I wanted to kick them but I remembered how sore my right foot was from hanging out the right front window. I climbed into it (fifteen minutes this time) and aimed it homeward. It had started to rain and I found out that my windshield wipers didn't work; but it didn't matter, my left arm hanging out the window did a commendable job. One's sleeves get a little soiled but it saves on the battery.

I now pulled into the driveway, got out in a record thirteen minutes, took the kool-aid out of the back seat, the cookies out of the trunk, and parked my vehicle under the milkbox. (cont. p. 8)

GURU + HIS FRIENDS
by GURU

