

# Tootsie Roll

*by* Jake Barnes

## Bad Dream

I dream some kind of monster is attacking me. I fight back. It's all just a dream, but I don't know that. I slug my wife. "Hey, ow!" she screeches. I wake up. I pretend to be asleep.

## Cold

I can't decide whether I want to be buried or cremated when I die. I am afraid of fire, but I would hate to be stuck in a box six feet below the sod where it is always 55°. Brrr!

## Flying

I dreamed of flying when I was a kid. I would run and give a little hop and I was airborne. I would skim the ground for quite a distance, then tap my toe and go soaring off again. It was the most wonderful feeling to be weightless.

## The Pony Ride

Once when my friends and I were at a carnival, we rode the ponies. Of course I got the ornery one. The other ponies plodded around in a circle like they were supposed to; mine went into a corner and stopped. He tried to bite me, too.

## Freak Show

Do you remember the tent with all the freaks? The midget, the fat lady, the strong man, the man with hooves instead of feet? I remember that the strong man had dirty feet. He was wearing a leotard, no shoes.

## Editing

I send a manuscript for a novel to a publisher. They have a man in the office who sits by an open window, and one by one he reads a page or two, then throws the ms out the window.

