

# Pals

by XXXX

There was a body in the backseat, and they drove through the highways at night to a late night radio show that played 80's power ballads.

He said: "I am really glad you're here for me."

His friend said: "Of course." His friend was on the wheel.

He said: "He wouldn't die! I kept hitting him over the head with that figurine of a monkey or yeti or something and he wouldn't die! Do you remember that?"

His friend said: "Yeah. He's tough."

"Something about a knife just upsets a stomach, I guess," he said.

"Yes," said the friend. "A knife through the stomach generally disagrees with you."

They took a sharp curve and the body fell on the floor.

"Shit!" he said.

"What?"

"The backseat's all bloody. We should have wrapped him or something."

"Newspapers for next time," said the friend. "It works with fish."

"Do you remember that time we murdered that old lady?" he said. "Her brains were beginning to spill and we had to buy some cola from McDonalds' to collect it. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Good times," said the friend. "Good times."

He placed a hand on his friend's shoulder and shook it gently. "You and me, man," he said. "We're going all the way."

