

Smooth and Crunchy

by Adam Sifre

"Ms. Walters. I'm a big fan." Robert shook her hand and gave her his \$5,000.00 patented agent smile.

"Thank you Mr. Wolfe -"

"Please, call me Robert."

"Wobert. Nice to meet you. And this must be Twey."

The boy was in the middle of pushing another doughnut into his maw.

"Ith's Threy!"

Ms. Walter's smiled. "I'm sorway?" The boy swallowed and chased it with a swig of Dr. Pepper.

"I said, it's 'Trey.' My name is Trey."

"Yes, yes" Robert jumped in. This is Trey, you are the famous Barbara Walters and I'm the guy who's going to put you two together. For a price."

"Mr. Wolfe -- Wobert. Your client killed thwee childwen with peanut butter. I'm here to give him a chance to tell his stowie, but the network isn't going to pay him for it."

Robert smiled a tad wider. "You know that 'People,' HBO and Fox News are all chomping on the bit for an exclusive. But Trey isn't going to open up old wounds for nothing. He - "

"Shut it, 'Wobert.'" Trey took another doughnut. "\$100,000.00 gets

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you 15 minutes. I tell you how I knew they were allergic, why I hated them, and how I did it. I'll cry if you want, or I'll give you dead eyes. Your call. You want to talk about the families, I'll tell you how sorry I am, or how I don't really care. Again, your call."

Robert gave a nervous chuckle. "Kids. Trey here likes to joke to hide his pain, but we --"

"I said shut it. Give her the disc."

Robert's smile faltered. He handed Barbara the disc.

"That has all the background crap you'll want. Photos of family, my poor mother. All that. There are also photos of me with two of the kids. At their birthday parties. No one else has those. If you want 'em, it's another \$50,000. I don't have all day. HBO is waiting."

Trey took another swig of Dr. Pepper and belched.

"I think we have a deal," Barbara smiled.

"Duh."

