

Cranshaw at the Dinner Party / Cranshaw, the Cause of Wit in Others

by Bill Yarrow

Cranshaw leans back in his chair and cracks the back leg.

He sits suddenly straight to hide what he did.

The hostess steers the conversation to the politics of bullying
which everyone decides is the nature of the beast.

Dessert is served—toffee cheesecake with kiwi.

It begins to hail.

“What does the future hold?” the hostess asks.

Says Mark, the wiseguy: “Hands.”

Morrie, the florist, offers: “Opportunity.”

“The reins,” insists Bertram. “The future holds the reins.”

“Just men?” the hostess queries. “No woman has anything to add?”

Cranshaw stares at the woman whose shawl refuses to cover her
breasts.

He leans forward and touches her knee with his toe.

“Back!” she yelps.

Bertram bellows: “The future holds back! Hahahahaha! Brilliant!”

