

Residual Sulking

by Christopher J. Slimeball-McNugget

We'll find it, dude, will you quit sulking. I know, I know
IknowIknowIknow . . . I'm *sorry*, o.k.? I'm sure we'll find it . . . it's
gotta be here, somewhere, right? . . . I mean — ha ha — there's only
so many *grains of sand* . . . o.k., o.k., I know, I know: not funny. But
— shit, you're telling me it was some kind of *heirloom*? Was she
kidding, or . . . hello? . . . hello— naw, I already looked over there,
it's not . . . *not* kidding. *HO*-boy, shit it sure didn't look like it . . . I
know I know how many times you want me to tell you I'm *sorry*,
okay? I'm *sorry*, I really and truly am . . . I honestly didn't think . . .
shit. Tide's coming in . . . no no no no don't worry, don't *worry*, we'll
find the fuckin' thing . . . dammmmit, it's just like me to lose
something just as the— *HEY!* Is that it? Is— oh, shit, you're right,
it's just a broken bottle . . . *FUCK!* Where *is* the goddamn thing . . .
don't worry man, I got your back . . . How? Well, if it costs that
much, I'll buy you a new one . . . It cost *how* much?

