

Where's Waldo?

by David James

Over his usual ham sandwich and skim milk for lunch Uncle Waldo used to always say, “Going out in the dead of night without a flashlight is dangerous.” But I knew what I was doing. After dark, I'd slip out and sneaker on down the path to take a dip in a neighbor's pool. Waldo was not my uncle. He was my mother's boyfriend. His name was not Waldo. It was Wallace. But, Waldo it was to the neighborhood gossip crones. Sometimes I snagged up on the similarity of the two names and blurted out, “Wallace”. Mom would go, “Shh!”.

