

SMALL THINGS

by Eric Boyd

I held at my gut and immediately regretted laughing at Frank when he pulled the pocket-knife out on me. For such a small thing, that blade hurt like hell. I doubled over and fell to the floor.

"John, was a typer all this important?" Frank asked, knife in hand.

"It's not yours to sell," I said weakly.

"This is my shop, correct?"

"Was my ex-wife hocked it to you, not me."

"Linda is a nice lady," Frank said. "I've known you both how long now? Why shouldn't I accept her business?"

"Because," I moaned as I got on my knees, "it's my typewriter."

"John, you want I should ask every middle-aged lady that comes in here, 'Ma'am, is this your ex-husbands? Are you getting a divorce, ma'am?' How silly does that sound?" Frank said, waving his hands in the air. "It's not possible."

Still pressing my hand to my stomach, I stood up slowly. Frank tightened his grip on the little knife. We stared at each other for a while.

"Frank, I started, "she got the apartment, the car, and the kid. Do you think it was in the right for her to hock my typewriter, too?"

"All the time with you uptown goys," Frank sighed.

He began rubbing his head with one hand. After a long moment he put the pocket-knife down to use the other hand as well. I lunged toward him and grabbed the knife. Before he could say anything I stuck the blade in, almost the exact spot where he got me. Frank jerked back and pulled the knife out. He threw it on the other side of the shop.

I picked up my typewriter from the sill of the broken window and smashed it into Frank's head. There was a terrible sound, both crunching and wet. The typewriter was a small portable job, but it

made a nasty blow. Bad enough that I stopped to check if the machine would still work. It'd have been a shame to go through all that and break the thing.

So before leaving the shop I typed out a little story. Just something about how I spent my day.

