

# Day One

*by* Gary Percesepe

In the Sea of Collapse my boat sat safely bobbing. I lounged in my captain's chair growing a beard. Things continued in this way and then the president called. He wanted to know the meaning of virtue. "I've no idea," I said, "have you considered asking the train porter?" "I never ride the train," he said. "Well, that right there," I said. He considered this, then blew his nose. Over the phone circuitry, on my end, this was a big deal. It sounded like a dead man's rattle. "Why did you call *me*," I asked. "It's well know that you deal in these antiquities," he said. "Not anymore," I said, "I've sold the franchise to my cousin, Mort. "Fuck Mort," the president said, "where can you find a good salad in this one-trick town?"

