

He Said, She Said

by Jake Barnes

At the funeral somebody says your mother was a good Christian woman, and you say, well, nobody's perfect.

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Maybe she would get married and have a baby, she said. Not with me, I said. She said she didn't mean she was going to have the baby with me.

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I tell the shrink that my girlfriend ran off with a Berkeley student and his wife. I tell them that am curious about what they do in bed. Do they do it in pairs or all at the same time?

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My friend says there's some kind of a bug that bites its mate's head off after they have sex. I ask him which one gets decapitated, the male or the female. The male, he says. I tell him that figures.

