

Tootsie Roll

by Jake Barnes

Bad Dream

I dream some kind of monster is attacking me. I fight back. It's all just a dream, but I don't know that. I slug my wife. "Hey, ow!" she screeches. I wake up. I pretend to be asleep.

Cold

I can't decide whether I want to be buried or cremated when I die. I am afraid of fire, but I would hate to be stuck in a box six feet below the sod where it is always 55°. Brrr!

Flying

I dreamed of flying when I was a kid. I would run and give a little hop and I was airborne. I would skim the ground for quite a distance, then tap my toe and go soaring off again. It was the most wonderful feeling to be weightless.

The Pony Ride

Once when my friends and I were at a carnival, we rode the ponies. Of course I got the ornery one. The other ponies plodded around in a circle like they were supposed to; mine went into a corner and stopped. He tried to bite me, too.

Freak Show

Do you remember the tent with all the freaks? The midget, the fat lady, the strong man, the man with hooves instead of feet? I remember that the strong man had dirty feet. He was wearing a leotard, no shoes.

Editing

I send a manuscript for a novel to a publisher. They have a man in the office who sits by an open window, and one by one he reads a page or two, then throws the ms out the window.

