

Hungry 6-Year-Old Crashes Car While Driving to Applebee's

by Jerry Ratch

That sort of says it all, doesn't it?

The skirmish for truth must be fought early in the morning.

Lies happen later in the day.

Big lies occur in the night.

And this belongs directly on the surface of time as well:

Alleged shoplifter arrested with live lobsters in shorts.

Woman injured by farting cat.

More alleged victims of botched buttocks surgery emerge.

But I remember having a beer once, and feeling like a minor god.

I remember going to one restaurant where they had a strange
dish on the menu

called "Beef Librarian." It wasn't tough, it wasn't tasty, and it
didn't look

that good, but it was supposed to be very nutritious.

I know in some lie you told your life began making sense.

And I know the mind likes logic,

but the heart really does love chaos.

I just hope flies land on the butter of your soul
and become butterflies.

I hope up to 8 hoboes attend your funeral.

I hope all religions will grow up and get a job.

But oh, the way that barista looked at that girl

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wearing no bra, with this fine line between
lust and hate, then looked
abruptly away, but then took
yet another smoldering glance.
Ooh. Ouch!

