

The Sadness of Thrift Shops

by Jerry Ratch

Punks were stationed out front with spiked-orange hair, dressed in black leather jackets, leather pants and engineer boots. You've got to understand, it was hot out, and now that it had rained, it was downright steamy.

They had rings in their noses. They wore earrings, two of them up and down their ears. They were bald at the sides of their heads, and the bright orange parts of their hair rose in greased spikes like a Mohawk. They passed by in a pack and cast the evil eye on everything. It was definitely something they had practiced. This was an action that was meant to intimidate anyone who stood in their path. They couldn't have done it better if they'd waved guns around in the air.

