

# The Trust-Funders Take Over the Loser Cafe

*by* Jerry Ratch

It was time to go sit outside in the sunlight with the gang of trust-funders, just to see what was new in the world of high finance and falling stock prices. "So, what's happening with the economy in China?" I asked. And they just stared at me as if I had asked the most stupid question in the world.

But they pulled out a chair and gestured for me to take a seat, as long as I did not say a thing and just listened to their pearls of wisdom. I looked underneath the table for anything like a paper shopping bag with air holes punched into it, but nope, not a thing. No beaks poking out. Nothing at all. I felt, somehow, satisfied. I don't know why.

"Were you just talking with that loser window washer, with his bags of *pigeons*?" they asked.

"What, me? No. What makes you think that?" But my face must have grown a little redder than usual, and they kept staring at me, as if to see if I might burst, like a red balloon. I managed to hold my ground. "So, what's up with Greece?" I asked. "Are they going under soon, or not?" When they didn't respond right away, I said, "So, is Russia about ready to rule the world now?"

"*Pigeons!*" was all they said, shaking their heads in unison. "Flying rats."

"Wait a minute," one of them said. "Isn't that the name of that Pigeon Investment Opportunity in China? Flying Rats?"

The murmurs flew out of their collective mouths, and they pulled out their I-phones in unison and got down to business in a flurry of economic activity, while it began to rain showers of gold like glitter all around us.

