

Best Laid Plans

by Jim Harrington

My obituary wasn't in the morning paper, so I headed to Target. I entered the store and there she was. Red shirt, curly, grey hair, hunched shoulders. I smiled as I walked by, still unable to speak to her. But today I had a plan.

I headed to the flower section to purchase a bouquet of green balloons. My passion wasn't the only thing left deflated when I was told about the helium shortage.

