

Do Unto Buzz

by Jim Harrington

I parked an outhouse in Buzz's front yard late last night and blew it up. I suppose I should feel bad, but I don't. In fact, I think I strained something trying not to laugh out loud as I watched the contents of the crapper spatter all over the front of Buzz's house.

Buzz'll know who did it. He ain't that dense. We been pulling stunts on each other since high school.

Martha, that's my wife, says I need to grow up. If I really want to get to her, I raise my arms and fly around the house like I'm Peter fucking Pan. If it's close to supper time, I simply duck my head and say, "He did it to me last." That argument usually gets me this pose from Martha, like Superman staring down some bad guy, but I keep trying.

Buzz's pranks almost always have something to do with my truck. He probably figures it's in such bad shape he can't do it much harm. Once he hid a hornet's nest under the seat. I never bailed out of anything as fast as I did that beat-up Ford. Ran into the neighbor's driveway and nearly got run over by Old Lady Moss heading to church. I couldn't believe the language coming outta her mouth.

Martha reminded me about the time her daddy caught us in the barn. Said I ran fast then, also. Too bad he didn't get there sooner. Maybe I wouldn't of had to marry Martha before she birthed Jesse.

I tried to talk to Buzz about stopping, but all he wanted to do was argue. Didn't surprise me. He can be a mean son of a bitch. Kinda like a billy goat left alone too long in a pasture.

The argument turned into a real scorcher of a fight, and the best time I had with Buzz. I got to use all my cuss words without Martha

saying something.

We ended up on the ground rolling around and beating on each other. He was winning, until I landed a hard punch on his liver.

I know someday we'll have to stop, probably soon. Martha's right. It's time for me to grow up. Jesse is five and needs a better example of how to be a man. Martha deserves better for putting up with me, too.

Buzz is coming down the street. I can't see his face, but he's not using his happy walk. He's carrying one of those fancy squirt guns with the big tank. I suppose now would be good time to tell him I pulled my last prank, but I want to see what he does to my truck this time. Besides, I still got a stick of dynamite left. It'd be a shame to waste it on some old tree.

