

Testing, Testing

by Jim Harrington

I awoke sweating like a

- A. Mormon at an anti-bigamy conference.
- B. farmer facing down a rabid donkey.
- C. truck driver steering his semi down an icy road.

I assumed I'd had a nightmare, but I couldn't remember anything.
It could have been about

A. losing my job as an apple picker at Claire's husband's orchards
and having to tell Norma.

B. someone figuring out that was my boot print on the mayor's car
door. (He should have known better than to say I was a no good SOB
at last Saturday's town picnic. How was I to know his adopted son
was one of those "Mexicans who take all the jobs?")

C. the heart attack I knew I'd have if Norma found out about
Claire and me.

I knew I should

A. get my lazy ass out of bed and make Claire a nice breakfast,
even though I sucked in the kitchen.

B. start looking for a new job.

C. forget about breakfast and have Claire help me with my
morning hard-on.

Instead, I guess I'll

A. take care of my hard-on myself like I do most mornings. (Like
grandpa used to say about playing cards, with a good hand who
needs a partner?)

B. apologize to the mayor and his son.

C. pray to God that Claire doesn't leave me. (She's the best thing
in my life, and I am a no good SOB.)

D. do all of the above.

