

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.

