

Sunday Cookout

by Michael J. Solender

Alfonse sat on his deck admiring his handiwork. He and the John Deere 5740 had the fescue looking ripped. He took another swig of Schlitz ML when out of the corner of his eye he saw a lady tiger mosquito land on his bronzed and sweaty forearm.

She thrust her proboscis through seven layers of dermis and began to suck, filling her belly with his Welbutrin and Xanax infused blood.

Al tensed his muscle just so she couldn't release her grip. Once the siphon had started, it would not reverse and she exploded after a minute sending Al's pathogens all the way to the grill which was filled with brats and burgers freshly flipped by Melba.

Adorned with Al's ketchup the kids didn't wait to be called in for supper and gorged on the protein rich snacks their dad had cooked up.

