They Know Better.

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

Fat Yasmin and Greg Lane were quite a couple. They held hands a lot. She was a mound of *shit*.

"She had to go to *Egypt* to *marry* someone who looks like *Antonio Banderas*[1] at *22*," Greg Lane used to *like* to say, to *people*, while holding the hand of the "landslide" of shit, under her *dress*. She blew out *smoke*.

He liked to caution Jamison about "slick Pavement." "Always be careful," he said, leaning in, and getting a little aroused. He pushed his glasses up on his nose. "Always be careful . . . about *slick* Pavement."

He calmed down.

He haunted the radio station for another year, because he's a *goddamn bitch*. He couldn't get Andrea Laiacona, so he dated the *landslide of shit*.

THE END

[1] Nothing like a Barbie doll . . . or *Ken*, eh? — ed.

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