

My Stealth Bomber's On SALE!

by Smiley McGrouchpants

"Took out an ad in the Want Ad digest, I did." Puffs on his cigar.

I thought these types were supposed to be nouveau riche, I thought, clicking my pen and opening my Mead™ mini-notebook.

"I figure — " (*he chortles*) " — nobody can afford to *read*, nowadays, so, who else'd be picking up the thing 'cept some — " (*he brushes a dandruff flake off his plaid jacket shoulder*) " — sub-contractor's lobbyist's assistant who'd want to impress her *boss . . .* "

He trailed off.

He looked at me suspiciously, arching one eyebrow and asked: "Are you *getting* all this?"

I eyed him back, and dropped my gaze to my notebook, where I wrote: *Not nouveau riche!*

"I think that'll do," I said, and left.

THE END, VER. 1

"That'll do . . . PIG!" I countered, and booked it out the door before his security guards could catch me — *barely!*

THE END, VER. 2

I'm in a debtor's prison — or, whatever they call it — Communication Management Unit. I should've known better than to *publish* that on my blog! I wish WordPress™ was protected by some benevolent figure, like Mark Zuckerberg or Bill Gates or God. As it is, I've run out of blood to write this on the cellstones with, and am using my own feces . . .

THE END, VER. 3

