

for a fact that no one could open it with less than a sledge hammer since you have the key in your pocket. So you wave, not inclined

to yell back, only this infuriates him more and he yells: Get your ass over here now, or you're through! You excuse yourself rather abruptly. You yell, UP THE TOMATOES!! and head for him -- no matter how useless and messy

the effort may be, not every snail on the path is stepped upon accidentally.

TYPEWRITER CITY

A new shipment of Royals comes in just as Ron, the chubby little owner of TC, gets on the phone in another one of his real estate deals. So you go out back and try to think of new ways to stack the bastards cause your boss is a pennypincher on a genetic scale and orders wholesale

volumes of typewriters, 100 at a time, in order to save a few bucks, and he wants you to cram them into a 50 typewriter space in the storeroom. You get the ladder and begin piling them 10 high when Jack the salesman returns with coffee and donuts.

Naturally he doesn't offer to help, but as you lug the 10th case by his steaming coffee and glazy donuts, Ron's voice overtakes you both: "Jesus Christ, not a cent over \$250,000," he yells into the phone. "It's only 4 units and I've got to build garages..." Then he spots Jack and lets

fly in our direction: "Where's my 30¢ change, Jack?" You can't believe your eyes as Jack forks over the 30¢ a little sheepishly. When you finish -- ten stacks, ten high -- you experience a workingman's pride. Too bad it doesn't compound interest. However, it does keep you alive. You only wish that

just for once it could be, instead of Pride, one of the other Deadly Sins -- say, the keen cutting edge of 30¢ in change.