

playlet number seventeen (in new york)

clyde: well martha this is the big city

marth: you said that

playlet number eighteen (in new york)

clyde: this is where the philistines were slew

marth: no, thanks

playlet number nineteen (in new york)

clyde: well now that we're here what are we supposed  
to do

marth: goodness i don't know kansas city was never  
like this

clyde: this is kansas city

marth: you're probably right

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

### The Armored Car

My neighbor parked his car outside.  
One dawn he found it plated with frost.  
He scratched a slot, not very wide,  
In every window. Didn't cost  
Him even sixty seconds' time  
To fashion that cold armored car.  
Then peaceful as a guarded dime,  
He drove, but had not driven far  
When Death broke in without much labor  
And changed the value of my neighbor.

-- Peter Thorpe

Seattle, Washington