



A SURPRISE FOR SHORTY
by: JOHN CURRIER

He Buildded An Eatery

Since he like pumpkins so much, he build it an eatery. The Place he build like a giant pumpkin with doors, and windies, and all orange with a pointy green roof like a stem of a pumpkin, which was something the building resembled, being round and orange, like all pumpkins are, only rather than a real pumpkin, this was an eatery resembling one. And inside the tables was all like little pumpkins and so was all the chairs so that you could sit at your own pumpkin in the pumpkin on your pumpkin. The only thing was that allst you could get to eat there was pumpkin cuisine, which is kitchen in France, but food at this eatery. You could only get pumpkin steak, or pumpkin salad, or pumpkin seeds, or baked pumpkin or boiled pumpkin with fried pumpkin or pumpkin souffle or diced pumpkin. You could get pumpkin wine with your meal and pumpkin tea after dinner, but you could never get pumpkin pie because he was always out of it. Of corset, as you probly guest, the menues was shaped like little pumpkins and so was he, only unlike him the menues was orange. On Hallyween he give away goodies and light up the pumpkin tables with jacket lanteens. He do a good business, mostly from pumpkin fanciers, and I think you shood go there too. It's called The Cucumber.

The End

The Problem

Carl scratched out the last name on his list. He paused abstractedly and began again. The third time he succeeded.

"I only know two people named Larry," he told his wife.

A Surprise For Shorty

Oh, what a surprise his frenz thot up for Shorty! They took him to the stripteen showw and he loved it, for although he is short, he loves to look at gurlsl!

Shorty is, of corse, that one whose farther died shovelling the snow with a hart attak. He was ninety years old at the time of death.

Anyway, Shorty said later how he enjoined the gerls dancing to the erotic Oriental tunes of the pornograph. He said he never before had scene women expressing their beasts in pubic, and nearly feinted wen the first one remoof her brass! Shorty never nude such things took place in our cuntree.

He laffed at the comediums who tolled jokes between ass, and the hole audients ribald with laffter. But best of awl, said Shorty, was the show's harlot. She was able to mannippleate nefarious potions of her anamory where mussels just couldn't possumly exiss. The only thing that spoiled the show for Shorty was some guy behind him beating down his neck with hot wet breath.

Before leaking, however, Shorty bought a sooveneer witch the hustler said was impounded from Paris. It was a little spastic voyeur with a set of strip films showing gurlsl in the nude in different outdoor obscenery.

Shorty said he wants to go back there someday.

The End

The Robbery

"Stop, thief!" yelled Bill, but he didn't.

Another Short Story

E. Devilish Delby twirled the ends of his mushtack and gribbled. A gassly smile wrinkled his fat. Tried to the tacks was little Alyce and coming along as fast as a freight train was a freight train.

Little Alyce yelped for hell, but the dirty E. Devilish Delby merely smired in bree. Little spits fell from his mouth and his nose dripped in disgust. Little Alyce was about to faint, but fortunately she passed out.

It was only one year ago that the little mope was engrained to E. Devilish Delby, the town councilman and professional villain. People would grin amuckably as they passed, arm in stump, along the boredwalk, she in her yellow bikini and he in his green wheelchair. They were all nice to him, not just because he was crippled, but because he was rich.

He had made his fortune in junk cars after coming home from the war. The war! He frowned to thout abink it. He looked down at his wooden leg and thought about that night mission in Korea. Korea! He had been assigned to lead a patrol through enemy lines and when he tried to run away, his men shot him.

Barney ... what was his name, the one who told him there were no mines in that field? Barney Cooper, that was it! Barney had always been in the jeep. He never got to ride in the jeep. But Barney knew about jeeps.

Barney had grown up on a farm where they grew jeeps. He could remember, from his first recollection, things he could never forget. What were they now? They slipped his mind. But Barney was always planning to go bach home to Butte, Montana, and grow on his own farm.

And that dream had come home for Barney. Here he was in Boise, Idaho, selling cars in a lot. He sold a lot of cars. He was not proud, but he was happy. And why not? Didn't Susan love him? No one really knew. Any why not? No one really knew.

Susan was certainly quite a girl. She was beautiful and intelligent and always had a gourd wood, especially for everyone, but sometimes for others. Just because she was silly, people called her strange, but then Paul was the only one who understood.

Susan knew that Barney loved her, but it was Paul only Paul and that's why. So what? Paul, the alcoholic dapper playboy heir to the Boxite Mines of Boise. Paul treated her like dirt. And why not? She seldom took a bath.

It was after the car accident that Paul began seeing her regularly. Susan was the nurse who changed his plasma. He couldn't sleep for winks after the accident. He could still see the tree in the yellow glare of headlights, hear the scream of brakes, the rending crunch of twisted metal. Even though he had been six miles away from the scene of the accident, he could envision every detail. And the same night, he himself had been injured. While guzzling at a local tavern, a bottle of Muscatel exploded in his mouth.

Arnold knew how it happened. Arnold was the bartender at the Foghorn Cafe. That night he had been making a Molotov cocktail in a Muscatel bottle, and when he turned around for a gasoline-soaked rag, Paul took the mixture and drank it. Arnold cursed his luck. It was the fifth time in two days he had been foiled in his attempts to burn down the tavern in hopes of collecting the fat new insurance policy he had taken out on it, much to the owner's astonishment. He watched them carry Paul out and brooded over the dirty glasses. Then a strange thing happened.

While watching the strange thing happen, Arnold absent-mindedly popped a maraschino cherry into his mouth. In the middle of a laugh, it caught in his throat. Panicking, he jammed a swizzle stick into his neck. He begged the crowd at the bar to call for help, but most of them pretended to ignore him. A sympathetic drinker gave Arnold a dime with which to call for help himself, but, while staggering toward the corner phone booth, Arnold collapsed upon the juke box, depositing the dime in a reflex action, and died to the strains of Let It Be.

Arnold's mother looked out the window. She knitted herself another sock and rocked in her chair. Outside, the hearses passed. "What nice flowers!" she thought, unaware that it was her son in whose honor the funeral was being held. Fred's body rolled by unaware.

Arnold's brother, Fred, had been a famous actor in his day, but dying interrupted his career. He had played everything from the fairy godmother in Cinderella to the syphilitic Mafioso in Cinderella. His greatest

moment on stage was when, as Tybalt, he won the sword-fight with Romeo and ended the play two acts early.

Sylvia had seen him in Stop the Wagon, I Want to Get Off. She hated him, but she didn't think much of the show. When she went back to the office to type up the review, Mike, the editor, was there.

"Hi, Mike," she breathed passionately.

"Hi," he answered without emotion.

Out on the street, Louie gazed at the sky. His raggedy bum clothes were damp with dampness. His old bum shoes were on his feet. One hand in a litter basket, the other in his ear, he looked steadily at the sky without pausing in his activity.

"Yup," he said reflectively. "Looks like rain."

The End

Rapencils

A fyn yung fella was once marriage to this pregnable womin who had a crazing to eat the witches garden. As hir hasbeen could not refrain her from clamming over the witches wall, he had to go into the garden to get her out. The witch cot him and sed, "Okay, fren. Wot is yer game drubbing about in my garden with a pregnable womin eating on all floors?"

"Pleez, owld thing, let my wrife has her fill of garden as she is indeed garryon a feet us will soomday be a lufly yung laydee naymed by the naym of Rapencils."

"Yer owld womin ken eat her film of guardian if an onlee if yoo gif me yer wombful of Rapencils wen it gits bon."

"Oh, all rite," sayed the hasbeen of Rapencil's mom, "but just get out of the carrots, pleez, your standing on my wives fingers." So the wife ate all the guardon and delivered a child to the witch, c.o.d., wen it got bon.

Sure enuf the witch locked up the Rapencils in a tower

an onlee let her play brij on Thursdays. All day long poor Rapencils wood sit in the tower and put togezzer modals, lonelee and sore ass she was always sitting down, while the witch fooled around with her farther over the wall.

Soon a prints came to the garding for some peppers and saw her up in the tower and put an erection up against the wall to clam up to Rapencils who was saw by a prints who came to the garding to get some peepers and saw her in the tower where she was when the prints came and saw her there.

"Clam up my hare!" she cried, throwing her long hairy out the windy and he did. When he got up he helped her put twogather modles and rub down her ass she was all the day sitting down.

When the witch came hoam, she say, "Throw down your hairy Rapencils, Rapencils!" But none came down. Once again she sed, "You debb and duff? Get yore hare out that windy or isle fix your ramp, yer two bit sluff!" But still no heir came down. The witch blew up from sheer prostration and little did she know that Rapencils had been did by the prints who was in all realism Earnestly Ryme, alias Jack the Nipple, the nofarious sex meanie of Shamrock Wolmbs fame, who had escaped in traffic via his erection which stood still at the wall and is standing still.

The End

The Challenge

John looked intently at the chess board. He lifted his queen, a piece hand-carved from a brazil nut, and stupidly moved it stupidly. John, looking intently at the chess board, raised his knight, a piece also hand-carved from a brazil nut, and wisely moved it wisely, capturing John's pawn, another piece hand-carved from a brazil nut.

John took the challenge. He moved the queen to king's bishop six and won the game awkwardly.

"Well," said John, "I've been beat with my own walnuts!"

The Magic Zoo

While looking down his sink one day
He see an awful thing:
It might be like an elephant
Except that it got wings.
He puzzle on this thing so long
He almost fail to see
The jellyfish that with a smile
Go sailing in his tea.
He put his finger in the hole
To see if he can find
The magic zoo from where they live
Or if he's lost his mind.
Then very much upon his thumb
A little hippo sat
And just between his knees and toes
A froggie pass a hat.

The End

-- John Currier

Gloucester MA

John Currier has one book in press (The Elephant Strikes and Other Footprints), one book awaiting judgement (The Big Immense Pig), and one book in manuscript (Creepy Outrageousness: The Faux Pas and Its Applications). He is currently working on a libretto (Iwanicki Alley).

The frontispiece for this yellow-paper special is by Ann Sibley who is now in England and living in a houseboat.

The End