

on to 3rd and saw a boy on a lawn holding a dog while another boy strangled the dog with a rubber hose that I forgot about that bum at all.

HORSES DON'T BET ON PEOPLE AND NEITHER DO I ...

I try to get a seat alone but a couple of rows ahead of me sits a balding old man in a grey sweater.

he has a voice you can hear for 40 yards. the year is 1980, he is talking about some horse that won a stakes race in 1958.

he had him.

"HE WAS 13 TO ONE! THE HORSE HAD NEVER RUN MORE THAN SEVEN FURLONGS AND HERE THEY WERE ENTERING HIM IN A MILE AND ONE EIGHTH! WELL, SIR, HE JUMPED IN FRONT AND WENT ALL THE WAY, THEY NEVER GOT NEAR HIM! IT WAS SOME RACE!"

the man he is talking to turns his head away and pales, he's sick.

I get up and move my seat, I get a new seat, the closest person to me is three seats away and she doesn't even have a Racing Form, she's working on a crossword puzzle.

she looks up at me: "hey, what's a four letter for 'departed'?"

"dead?"

"no, that don't fit"

"gone?"

"ah ... yeah, that's it. say didn't I see you in some movie? aren't you a movie star?"

"no."

"yes, it was a horror movie, you played a man who fell out of a bell tower and crushed his skull"

I get up and I walk all the way down to the escalator and ride it down and I find a bench in the sun and I sit there, then I find I've lost my program so I go to one of the program sellers and buy a new program.

"buying another program, buddy?" he asks.

"yeah. you remember me, eh?"

"Oh yeah! I'd remember you anywhere!"

I walk back to the escalator.

as I ride the escalator up, the man next to me is carrying a portable radio and he has it turned as loud as it can go.

somebody is singing on that radio. it's Barry Manilow.