

She pulled him over to the door he'd failed to open for her, dragged him half way out, pulled him around in front of her, let go and gave him a good kick in the ass, sending him sprawling in front of the newspaper machines. Then she stood there with her hands on her hips, daring him to try and come back in. He wouldn't dare.

He just sat there and rubbed his upper lip.

Bazooms came up behind her, touched her shoulder and said, "Grandma, why do you always embarrass me whenever I take you anywhere?"

#### CHUCK AND NADINE'S HOUSE

He had a bottle hidden underneath some old blankets in the garage. We were supposed to be out looking at the cabinets he was finishing, but it was just an excuse. He took out the bottle and took a long pull off of it, then put his finger to his lips.

"Shh. I don't want Nadine to know about this," he said.

"Chuck, I can smell you from here, you're not going to fool her."

"Naw, she's got sinus trouble, she can't smell anything."

"Well, pass that bottle over here."

It was cheap Scotch. I had it tilted back, sucking some up, bubbles bouncing off the upended bottle bottom when Nadine walked in with an armload of laundry. She was a striking woman in a paisley bathrobe and pink fluffy bedroom slippers, large pendulous breasts and an ass a yard wide.

"Scoundrel, drunkard," she screamed at me. She dropped the laundry except for one of her large cupped bras. I tried to run but she wrapped it around my neck from behind, the cups on either side of my head like giant ear muffs, the elastic strap between them cutting off my air supply. She pulled tighter, I struggled to get free, my tongue came out of my mouth, my eyes bulged.

"You devil," she screamed, "bringing evil alcohol into my house to corrupt my husband."

Chuck said, "The son-of-a-bitch tried to pull me off the wagon, Nadine. Give him what he deserves." He swung at



me. I was able to plant my foot and pivot to the side. He hit Nadine hard on the temple. Her head bounced off the hot water heater and she crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

"She's a feisty lady, Chuck," I said, rubbing my throat.

"Yes indeed. Yes indeed," he said.

"Now, where's that bottle?"

"Right here, my man. You only spilled a little."

#### RUTH AND ELLIS CELEBRATE MEMORIAL DAY

He sat at the redwood picnic table on the patio of his tract house in Vista, CA. There were a half dozen empty sixteen-ounce beer cans on the table and an almost empty one in his hand. He took a pull from it and yelled through the sliding screen door into the family room where his wife was watching a game show on the tube. "Hey bitch, get up off your fat ass and get me another brew."

"Cram it, scrotum ears, you want one, you get it yourself," she said, reaching for the T.V. Guide.

He came through the door, striding purposely toward her, whispering, "I'll kill you."

He got his hands around her throat and squeezed, then started shaking, her jowls quivered, large pink hair rollers flew in all directions. Before he could finish her he felt her left hook go deep into his soft, fat belly, doubling him over and dropping him to his knees. Then the famous right uppercut hit him flush on the chin and sent him over backwards, flat on his back. He rolled over, scrambling to his hands and knees, trying to get up when he was sent sprawling by a sharp kick in the ass.

"PUNT. HA, HA, HA," she screeched, holding her house coat up about mid-thigh to allow for full range of motion.

There was only one thing to do when Ruth was in one of these moods. Run.

He charged full blast through the dining room, knocking over the ironing board, and through the front screen door, leaving it lying on the lawn. Ruth was right behind him, screaming like a banshee, hands stretched out in front of