

BARE SPOTS

The tree is puffed out in the green splendid shock of being brought inside to die. Sap sticks to my hands as I straighten it. Uncle Zeke will be over soon to criticize the bare spots, and to tell us what kind of tree we should have bought. No tree is ever quite right. On the Fourth of July he sits on the porch criticizing our fireworks, saying we should have gotten such and such kind instead. Whatever kind of turkey we buy for Thanksgiving, it's no good. We should have consulted him before throwing our money away. Easter brings the same tedious jellybean postmortem: didn't we know about the sale at Food Fair, five pounds for \$2.00? I'd like to shoot Uncle Zeke. I've gone to the gun store more than once. But just when I'm ready to purchase the weapon of my choice, I wonder if I'm doing the right thing by him. Would he approve of this particular firearm, or would he prefer to be killed by some other weapon? I should just come right out and ask. He'd give me a straight answer without a moment's hesitation.

BRYLCREEM BLUES

No woman has ever run her fingers through my hair. They've done other things, but never that. For some reason, they only seem to do this for formerly bald men whose hair has miraculously grown back. They seem to have a thing against doing it for men who've always had hair.

I guess they view it as degrading or sexist, whereas in the case of formerly bald men, they don't mind because, after all, it's just an act of kindness, a nice way to reassure some insecure guy he's just as attractive as any other man.

Bald men look enviously at men like me, men with lots of hair, without realizing that they're the ones with the best chance of hitting the jackpot. Their touching ignorance of this fact is the very thing that attracts the soft, slender hands of beautiful women.