

"Your eye looks terrible," she says, handing him his change.

"Hurts like a son-of-a-bitch too," he says. He walks back out to the new Buick, pressing the cold cup to his face. He gets in, starts her up and pulls back out onto the street. He notices an irritating rattling noise coming from up front somewhere.

"Hell's bells," he says, "This just ain't my day."

CLETE AND JUANITA GO TO THE MALL

"Who is the animal?" said Clete, fanning the air in front of his face with his hand.

He and Juanita and Ginger (Juanita's Chihuahua) were in the elevator in the big department store in the mall. It was crowded. They were packed in like sardines. Clete had just passed a large amount of really foul smelling gas and was trying to blame it on someone else. It was an old trick of his.

Juanita was embarrassed to tears (or was it the toxic vapors burning her eyes?).

Ginger just hunkered down on the floor with her paws over her face.

The fart hung there like a wet heavy fog. A short fat lady in the back fainted. A tall grey-haired man beside Juanita stuck his tie in his mouth, held his nose and pounded the wall.

"Jeez, what a pig," said Clete, looking around the elevator. The doors opened.

"Oh thank God," said a little bearded man, dashing out into lingerie.

"Some people got no class," said Clete, looking around accusingly as his fellow riders stamped by.

"You are a disgusting, flatulent, porcine piece of armadillo dung," said Juanita, walking by him, dragging Ginger, who had gone into a coma, by the leash out into the store.

Clete stood there and smiled, smoothed his hair back and said to himself, "I don't know what porcine means, but whatever it is, if it's good, I'm it."