denture was broken, the upper. When I got home I checked myself in the mirror. My lip was cut, but not bad. It wouldn't need stitches. I'd have to call the dentist to see if I could get the plate fixed. I kept a spare set, my old ones. They were stained and they didn't quite fit right but they'd have to do.

I sat down and turned on the T.V. There was a show on gardening on. Fat chance in a mobile home park, huh. I had to be satisfied with window boxes. I kept dabbling at the lip until it stopped bleeding.

Then the phone rang. It was Joyce, "Al, where've you been? I've been worried about you. I was gonna send Frank out to check the trail."

"Don't worry about me, Joyce. I'm O.K. It's just that I, uh, well, I broke my denture this morning and I've got to wear my old ones until I get it fixed. I didn't want to show up there wearing the old ones. You know how Frank and Lefty are, always kidding me about my age. I didn't want to hear any denture jokes."

"Jeeze, Al. Don't be so damned vain. You men are worse than us women, I swear. Just get your butt down here."

"My old teeth look terrible, Joyce."

"Oh, who cares. Besides, Frank's driving Lefty down to the V.A. Hospital today for those tests he's got to have."

"Well, I guess I could drive on over."

I drove this time, the old Oldsmobile. A hundred and twenty thousand miles on it and still going strong, not even a valve job yet. It'd be good to see Joyce.

When I pulled into the parking lot I saw the bikes outside of Joyce's. They were the same bikes, I was sure. Small wheels, high handle bars. Then they came out of the shop, still chewing on their donuts. The taller one threw his chocolate milk carton on the sidewalk and they both got on their bikes. Joyce came out and said something to them, pointing to the empty milk carton on the ground. The shorter, blonde, flat-topped boy said something to her and gave her the bird. They started peddling down the sidewalk then bounced off the curb between two parked cars and out onto the parking lot. They were coming toward me. I hit the gas and steered straight at them.

It was sweet, the look on their faces that split second before impact.