

MY FRIEND, THE PARKING LOT ATTENDANT

- he's a dandy
- small moustache
- usually sucking on a cigar

he tends to lean into cars as he transacts business

first time I met him, he said,
"hey! ya gonna make a
killin'?"

"maybe," I answered.

next meeting it was:
"hey, Ramrod! what's
happening?"

"very little," I told
him.

next time I had my girlfriend with me
and he just
grinned.

next time I was
alone.

"hey," he asked, "where's the young
chick?"

"I left her at home"

"Bullshit! I'll bet she dumped
you!"

and the next time
he really leaned into the car:

"what's a guy like you doing driving a
BMW? I'll bet you inherited your
money, you didn't get this car with your
brains!"

"how'd you guess?" I
answered.

that was some weeks ago.
I haven't seen him lately.
fellow like that, chances are he just moved on
to better
things.