

A CRAZY GUY PUT A GUN TO
BUKOWSKI'S HEAD ONCE

"Go ahead, kid," Buk
said, "pull the trigger.
I've got a suicide
complex anyways."

"Then why haven't you
murdered yourself?"

"I've been too busy
drinking. Here you want
another beer?"

"No, I get confused
when I drink too much."

"Okay. Well, I wouldn't
want you to be out of
your right mind. That
could be bad."

"I've decided I'm not
going to kill you. I
can see you haven't
suffered enough."

"Jeez, kid, you're so
cruel."

PROCRASTINATION IS RAMPANT AT H.U.D.

All these fat women at work
threaten to start diets all
of the time. But always one
of them brings in homemade
cookies or a fresh baked pie
or cheese and crackers or
peanut butter and jelly and
Wonder Bread, and they all
look at each other and say
in unison, "Hey, let's start
our diets tomorrow. This food
is too good to waste."

This is one government office
where wasting is not a problem
but the waists are.