

THE FAT LADY SINGS

"well," i say to my buddy, romero.  
"the fat lady's back in town."

"how do you know?"

"i saw her running a red light  
on her bicycle-built-for-two.  
uphill. alone."

"ah well, who cares?"

"i care. if she reads my fat  
lady story, she'll run me over  
and sit on my face until i  
suffocate."

"maybe," he says, "she'll think  
it's a funny story. maybe she'll  
show it to her friends and they'll  
all sit around yukking it up and  
remarking on what a humorous writer  
you are."

"on the other hand," i say, "maybe  
she'll find it truly humiliating and  
swallow about two million valium."

"if she does," romero says, "they'll  
probably just put a few more pounds  
on her. but look at it this way:

if she does kill herself, you'll  
have the material for a sequel."

FAME AND MISFORTUNE

"i'm moving to palm springs," gunther  
tells me. it's a bad feeling when every  
cop in long beach knows your life history."

"gunther," i have to tell him, "by  
now every cop in interpol knows you."