Last Year at Betty and Bob's: A Novelty

Sher Doruff

Published by Punctum Books

Doruff, Sher.
Last Year at Betty and Bob's: A Novelty.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/84177

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=2917366
“There’s a plastic juice bottle crumpled under the left wheel. Get it out of there so we can move dammit.”

“Hold your goddamn horses Betty, I’ve got to find a stick or something to poke it.”

“We’ve got ten different kinds of prodders in the box marked ‘Prodders’ idiot. Just use one of them. Try the three footer with the talon tip.”

“OK. Wait a sec while I find it ... Got it! Why do you always use animal metaphors for everything? It’s fucking unoriginal. OK. Wiggle the wagon just a little to help me dislodge this thing. Yeah. That’s it. A little more ... a little more. Now give the front wheels a good jerk. Got it!”

“All that commotion. You woke Billy up and he’s a pisser when he’s jostled.”

[Loud barking from a box buried underneath a double gas burner camping stove and a paper mâché model of Mount Vesuvius found in a dumpster outside the Geographic Museum that Bob holds dear for some inexplicable reason.]
“Shut the fuck up Billy or I’ll smack ya one. We’re mobile again, dammit.”

“Where to Mrs.? Shall we get a ‘bird’s eye view’ of the station from the mezzanine?”

“You’re really annoying you know that. And I don’t give a rat’s ass about animal metaphors ... Let’s have lunch by the PostOffice incinerator. It’s warm over there and we might get lucky today. I got a hunch it’s a better location than the Q line.”

“Anything you say Madame. The world is your oyster.”

“Cut the crap Bob and push a bit harder, you always make me do most of the heavy work.”

“What would you do without me Bets? I’m the one that plays the pipes so good and sweet. You’d probably starve without my trillin’. Billy aside, my breath and spit swirling in these holey tubes is still our most effective weapon.”

“Is that your qualitative or quantitative assessment?”

“Bit of both I reckon.”

“Hmmph. PUSH for god’s sake.”

[Barking from the box subsides to a lazy growl as the steel casters on the luggage cart rhythmically clank along the refurbished brick walkways of City’s downtown.]