

^ The Minus Times

RANDOM AX:

Sept. 30: Sandy Island

• A caller told a 65-year-old Ricefields woman she had won \$50,000 and it would be sent to her as soon as she wired him \$2,500. The man said he was Elton Jones and was calling for American Clearinghouse in Las Vegas.

He arrived at the house by boat around 9 p.m. Sept. 27. and said his ex-wife beat him with a broom. His country doesn't have football, with all the wind and waves.

• Someone stole 20 pounds of eye medicine from the front seat of her car parked outside Howdy's Fireworks when she dozed off while waiting for a telephone call around 9:30 p.m.

her 19-year-old boyfriend ripped off her shirt and dragged her through the gravel in the parking lot of Charlie's Nitelife at knifepoint at 2 a.m.

The woman said teenagers also threatened her with two sticks and damaged her eye glasses.

She says she thinks someone has a key to her apartment.

when she returned home at 4:50 a.m.

Beds had been slept in. The hat was found between two beds.

When deputies arrived they found a television in the yard.

They were told to stay away from each other until they see a judge.

CAROLINA TRAVELLER:

The Kennedy Compound: Charleston, SC

Like most bachelors, the tallest table that my brother Thomas had in the apartment came up to my shins, so we ate our barbeque on the couch. When Jim came over we persuaded him to get a plate and join us. Though he said he had already eaten, he came back with a bigger stack than ours and finished it before either of us. They took me out to the Blind Tiger, a bar choking with blondes, very Charleston but still alright for pints. The next morning, while Thomas and I were lying around disheveled and bloodshot, Jim showed up in full camouflage. We split a coffee cake three ways and rubbed our eyes, not quite ready for New Year's Eve. Jim talked about how hard it was to teach yourself ~~to~~ duck hunting. We picked over last night's dreams like stones in the pastry, strange little riddles without much of an answer. ~~At~~ A bachelor's life is full of them. When I went to take a shower, my brother handed me a hand towel, but when we split town for our respective houseparties, it was handshakes all around.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

Dear Way Way,

This year I'm so broke I'm tempted to give out library books for Xmas presents, so pick a title. Life in Texas is about the same— strange hours, wrong phone numbers and dusty shoes, with the occasional collision with good fortune. There is a guide here from Cola-town who knows all the unmarked bars and Zydeco dance halls. Tomorrow he's serving ice cream to the astronaut\$ in Clearlake, and I might go along for the ride. I'll drop a card from NASA, but I'll probably beat it back home.

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a computer, toys and clothes. I love you Santa. So Please don't pull my toes when you visit my house.

Derrick Conyers