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Garlic [drawing]

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Henke: Garlic [drawing]

noon sun and his feet sunk in it like marshmallows. He started walking toward home, fishing pole in one hand, colored rubber ball in the other. He decided to put the ball in one of his pockets, but which one? They all carried valuables. His right front pocket was stuffed full with his fishing bait which consisted of, considering what was biting; jelly beans, comic books, cherries, green apples, baseball cards, bubble gum—used and unused, pennies, a knife that wasn't really a knife but an a) screw driver b) belt-hole puncher c) cork screw d) fingernail file e) pairing blade f) bottle opener, bottle caps and a traveling zoo.

His back right pocket was empty but it was his emergency pocket which would hold anything in an emergency, usually reserved for whatever he caught when he went fishing but a colored rubber ball was not that much of an emergency so he would leave it empty for now.

His back left pocket was ripped and had a hole in it the size of an ocean so that didn't really count as a pocket.

His front left pocket, he remembered, was also full at the time, but not really too full, so he guessed he could put that ball in there. Sighing as he turned up the walk to his house, he shrugged his shoulders and dropped the ball into his pocket. The pocket with the universe in it.

