

V

Hey there kiddo, welcome back from school!

“Hi, Grandpa. I had a tough day today. Think I need to just go lay down.”

Whoa, whoa. Remember what your old Grandpa said about feelings, okay? They’re just a buncha hormone lies designed to keep you from success. Just tell me what happened.

“That cunt Jenny Vanderbuntchew fucked me over!”

Hey watch your goddamned mouth! You gotta earn the mustard to cuss, lady!

“Sorry. Sorry. It’s just that she broke into my locker, put snails in my gym pants and crushed them all up. There was dead snail scum all through my sweats!”

Oh, z’at all? Sounds like a funny enough prank.

“No! It didn’t stop there. I tried to get out of gym class, telling Mr Frankbert, the gym teacher, that I couldn’t wear my gym clothes today on account of all the dead snails in the pants...I couldn’t believe it, he just told me to turn them inside out! He didn’t even care and and all the kids could see my pants were inside out and and they could see the dead snails and everyone laughed at me! AUUUGH! But Jenny didn’t even laugh, she just stared across at me from the the playground with dead eyes and a slight upturned smile! How could someone do that?!”

There, there child. Here. Grandpa will put his arm around you and pull you in to console you.

That’s right, dry your eyes on my Tommy Bahama patterned, linen shirt. Just get it all wet with your salty, sappy feelings.

See, your Paw can be righteously heartless sometimes, but I always got what’s best for you in my mind. Now what you say was this young ladies name again?

“Jenny Vanderbuntchew.”

Mmmhmm. That short for Jennifer?

You're shrugging. You don't know I reckon. Whelp that's alright. Tell you what...you smell like escargot so why don't you run upstairs and drawl a bath. I'll come up and warsh you and we can continue the story we left off on yesterday. You want to her what happens next to the Arnold-Tones back in the year two-thousand. That's great, I see you nodding your head vigorously to indicate yes so here's a smack to the ass and up you go up them stairs.

Gee. Dunno where that kid coulda not got it from. Shit if she ain't a apple refusing to fall outta the tree. Can't even defend herself gets a couple bruising snail crushers. And now here comes ol' gentle grandpa headin' up the stairs to clean up her pansy, can't defend herself mess.