

# What's The Catch?

O.k., o.k., o.k.... so, you know I got a joke for you, o.k.? Just bear with me a bit 'cuz I like to let the punch line out nice... and slow, o.k.? Two strippers and a good girl are sitting in the back of a truck stop diner late one night sipping coffee, alright? O.k. - so the waitress comes up to the three girls and offers them the 'Poisson du Jour,' that's fish of the day, o.k. Well, the good girl looks up to the waitress with her eyes look all virginal, sweet and innocent... like the one angel looking broad I offered to buy a drink for at the Gallow's the other night. Mahn, she was fwine-al' might! Heeeeow! I felt like a young kid again... stepping on hot coals. She looked like a saint alright, but her EYES, they were these mean green BIG little things. I mean, they shot bullets! 'How 'bout that,' I tell myself... I offer the gal a free drink just to find out her name, not much for a hardworking fella whose got a wife knocked up by hell knows who, not by me that's for sure... swear on my sober life. Stupid slut of Satan... that poor excuse of a dishwasher... gets banged up some late night waiting tables at a 24-hour truck stop with a zoo full of wild buffaloes and tries to convince ME that I put the bun in the oven when we was asleep... *Right*. That's what I said. So I told her it would take one of her doggie bags with Linda Hamilton's name on it... to get me to climb on top of her and unload my goods in her truckie stop. Ah, mahn. You see, I had originally intended on marrying her mother... until the lady got herself into some REAL freak accident, not to say the least. That woman was always

thinking up schemes to make a ton of dough. So one day, she gets this brochure in the mail inviting her to attend a seminar on how to strike it rich in the automatic vending business, right? O.K., so the next thing I know she's busy running all over town plotting the seeds to her wealth wherever a tree hasn't already been planted, you with me? So, anyways, she soon grows into the Queen of vending machines, her children are all over the city. So, whadd'ya know... she's on mob turf. *Ferreal*. She would NOT back down from any threats 'cuz the money was good, *REAL* good. I mean, I read articles on U.S. Senators quitting their day jobs just to et a piece of the action. Oh, so they nail her, right? These two Pacinos ram her car one day when she's driving around making her rounds, you know? Yeah, her legs both fly out feet first – out of the front window... details unimportant. She's legless now. I mean, I hear she's out on the road with the circus... yeah... featured as the smallest woman in the world. No joke... just pure facts. She takes a hike and leaves me with her daughter, who was seven at the time. Shit just happened one night in the back of my truck when I picked her up from some fella's sleepover party. She's always been my little whore. What the hell was she doing working out so late? She gets the job and tells me she's only scheduled to work lunches, right... next thing I know she's out all night... I ain't ever got anything to it, but she'll go serve a bunch of strangers that she'll later screw in the back of their truck... hell, even disappear for weeks on end and tell ME she's WORKING! I said, excuse me honee, but if you expect me to believe you're out there busting your ass like you says you are, then you better start calling me the Terminator, Jeezus... can you believe women? Most of 'em act like they're ritzy appetizers

on a golden platter held by the hand of God! Jeez, that's what I say. That's why it's best to stay a few barstools away from them and just eat them with your eyes, 'cuz they ain't nothin' but a hole in your soul AND your pocket. It's true when they say wedding bands are like miniature handcuffs. I'm a simple man, you know. I'm a welder with a strong puritanical streak, if you get what I mean. I don't ask much outta life and I get the same treatment in return. Not a bad deal, I say - but nothing ever impressed my old man who said if I got anywhere in life, I'm welcome to spit on his grave. He wanted me to go to college... but I make good money where I'm at. In fact, I make more Washingtons than a cousin of mine who has a degree in something to do with designing parts for hospital beds or equipment and stuff... and he took the long haul. Anyways, I hear he's doing time for running around town impersonating a rectal physician, or something rather... I dunno, the world's gone mad and I'm sittin' in the middle of it. I remember when we was just outta high school, the family would throw this big neighborhood fish fry over the summer, right? I mean, they was these BIG little things, right? BIG. So, anyhow, every kid's parents on the block were these competitive bastards - always wanting to know whose kid is gonna collect change for a living and whose is aimin' for the Ivy Leagues. It was always the same questions for us kids, like "So, what are your plans now that you've finished high school?" Blah, blah, blah, with the full rides. So whenever I got asked the Big Q, I'd try to respond all professionally, serious-like, "Me? Oh, well - uh, I was thinking about majoring in Mechanical Functioning for a good start." Then they would react super- surprised to hear the neighborhood nigrat aspire to do

something that sounded so BRILLIANT, so intelligent-sounding, you know? Then they would try to dissect the new career title introduced to them – and then I would go on to tell them it was just a classy name for a first-class pretzel twister. Gawd, they're faces just dropped, but at the same time, they tried to keep on carrying these nice, FAKE, supportive expressions – which is all a bunch of horseshit. Oh, I even went as far as telling some of 'em that I was going to school to study Aqua Physics – then they would let me drop the bomb on them to further explain my dream to be a mermaid detector! Life... ain't it funny? It's just another day and the pay just fades away. Oh, I'm sorry... just call me Joe. O.k., so... o.k.... where were we? I mean, tell me what I was trying to tell you before... all this about, oh, the hookers – right. Oh, so she asked, "what's the catch?"