

lifted it to my lips. Then down. In gulps. Not thinking. Seeing hot splashes of red and blue flash past. The globs of sauce bubbled over my throat, bursting before slithering down to my churning stomach.

The bottle felt empty now. I couldn't know for sure. I simply set it down slowly, got up from the table, started past the silent rows of stunned faces and made it to the door. When the air hit me, it came. It came and it came. And when I was empty it still felt like coming.

A thin fellow and the orange hair of another figure came running up to me as I writhed on the grass.

"Good show, mate," Greg was saying. "Come on now. Let's get him to the nurse. Take it easy. You okay mate?"

Hands were touching my body and arms fitted their way under my shoulders. Then they lifted me to my feet and led me away.

Me

by *Charles Hoffman*

Architecture, Sr.

I don't
believe me
But
I'm not
for real
anyway
I'm just
a puff of
smoke
from my
own
pipe.