



The Idiot

by D.R. Smith

...He looked like a chocolate ice cream cone, trudging along on stumpy little legs... his over-sized snow leggings bunched up at the waist and a rumpled, hand-me-down woolen coat that was way too big... only his eyes were exposed, blinking from behind a bright red ski mask that topped the lumpy mess like a maraschino cherry.

...Yes, I am gonna be rich!

I swooned from dreams of untold wealth... I was so absorbed with wild expansion plans, a second ear-splitting screech rocked me in my boots. “Stop, boy! Vhatch out you damned fool!”

“...So vhat is this? You think making chopped liver from my little Chutsie is so funny, do you? Vell you’re a schmuck! A meshuggener!” She slammed the door in my face yelling a final word: “Idiot!”

“...No sweat, Dad; got ‘im for a fin higher than the other stores. I told him he could take it or leave it, too— *just* like he did to you.”

“Good for you, son.”

I stabbed an apple wedge with a confident fork. “Whadju expect; you think you’re raisin’ some kind of *idiot*, or something?”