

As You Suspected

by Larry Strattnr

"I'm thinking about buying a laptop and only installing a word processing program. Then, whatever I write I can download to wherever else is necessary."

"Why don't you just write on a yellow lined pad like the old-school folks did? Then give whatever you write to a ten-year-old and they can get it out there, plus establish a twitter campaign and some goofy YouTube clips with a cat to get you some hits."

"Hey, fuck you."

"No that's The Donald's job and he's already on record with his promises."

"I'm sick of hearing about that bozo and his goddamn bald spot. He only married good looking women because he was hoping any daughters he had would have all their hair and not go around grabbing guys by their cojones. He probably should've married RuPaul."

"Is it true various parts of Donald are deformed from extensive alien probing?"

"Never heard that, but it could be true."

"Right. I'll get it out on Twitter, ASAP."

"I'll stick to my writing. I'm just sick of the passwords, the incompatibilities, the PDFs, the review trolls, agents, publishers, and flash fiction writers who think it's an art form."

"Up yours. I write flash fiction and it's a beautiful thing. A lot less pressure overall."

"Right. And your mother was married to a Minotaur."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Whatever you want it to."

"You sir are a four-eyed porn addict with no opposing toes."

"Whoa! Sir! Is "Sir" an attempt to elevate your lowbrow humor?"

"Nope. I leave that to your flash fiction output."

"Up yours."

“Whoops. I think we've come full circle. Let's concentrate on getting some editing done before you have to cast your three or four Presidential votes.”

