

# Why We're Going to Eat Uncle John's Suicide for Breakfast, Tomorrow

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"He didn't *mope* for weeks . . . How can you ever go there! . . . He must've *thought* about it . . . He'd certainly given Stacey away to Bucky, his hunting buddy, whom she'd been 'dating' since she was 14 and he was 28 . . . 'Sure, honey, I'll let you.' 'May I?' 'I'll *let* you!' 'Okay!' . . . Don't start your lefty-critique psychobabble with me, we don't want hear that that much-ballyhooed — if it's cited at all, paradoxically — 'Power of the Image' is just a drop in the bucket compared to *immediate-vicinity validation* . . . Well, another line's crossed and problems not needed are made, uniquely . . . At least *that* we can agree on!"

THE END/BARF  
*in loving memory of  
brains splattered all over  
the basement wall  
and buying the sub-  
urban, landless house  
you grew up in  
— after that horri-  
fic event! Ah, memories ...*

