

Sid's Girls

by David James

Sid, the owner of the red convertible, always slept with his twin Lhasa Apsos, Helpless and Hopeless. He was an early riser and took his “girls”, as he called them, out for a brief walk, yes, and also he was up early to take his morning penicillin because he still had a persistent case of clap — a gift from Giggles, the lady rodeo clown, who he had a crush on. He said that falling for her was a confusing tangle that he carried around for a couple of years before that hot, August night they finally made love in the stables and she infected him.

Sid finally shut their romance down, not because of the STD, he said that someone gave it to her after all, but, because she kept, well, giggling and referring to his dogs as Lavender Assholes.

