

"Did she tell you about the fight I had with my father about Silly Inez?"

"No. When was that?"

"Last night. Outside the apartment house where she lives."

"What time?"

"About half-past seven or so. Oh, I screamed and carried on something frightful. But it didn't do any good. He just told me I needed a good whaling. . . ."

"He might have something there."

"Hoh! I'd like to see any man try it . . . unless I wanted him to. Anyway, I couldn't stop my father from going to her goddamn birthday party but I gave her fair warning what I'd do if she wore that goddamn coat."

"You gave her a number of warnings, didn't you? Those jerk jingles?"

She squealed in delight. "How did you know? Pretty cute, weren't they? Did Silly Inez show them to you?"

"Yep."

"She didn't show you the best one, though. She hasn't even heard it yet." Joyna chanted in a shrill sing-song:

*"You think you'll be dressed up to kill
But I'm the one who really will."*

"How do you like that?"

"Kid stuff," he said.

"Hoh! You think so? She won't think so. That's what I'm going to recite to her just before I use this gun on her tonight."