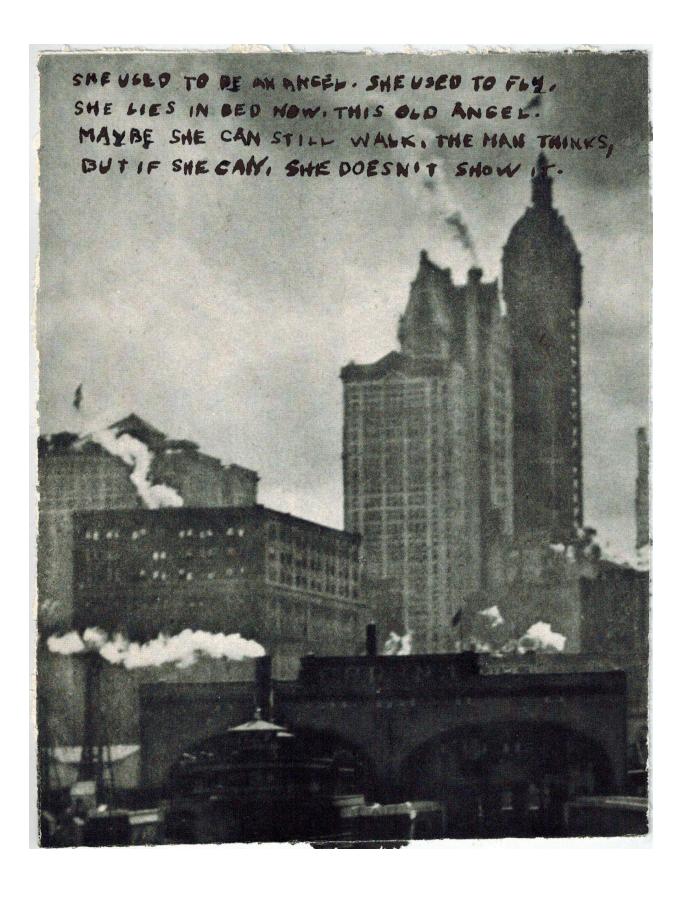
## EVIDENCES

My first job paid \$2.15 on hour. fifty years ago, that was minimum wage. My kids don't want to hear about this, but I tell them anyway. "You've told us a million times, Dad," they say. I don't know why I continue to do this.

The home me and the Gunk were living in at the time was decent enough.

The Gunk brought all her fishing stuff over in a decrepit old station wagon she borrow from her friend, who we called the omelete. The Omelete was a quiet little man whose farts smelled like cheese.

Some days at the end of the day, there is no evidence that live done anything. Kitty says, "So what did you do today?" I don't know what to fellher.



TO SEE YOU DRIVE ANAY INSTANTANEOUS SOUP AND ATE IT ON THE COUCH WHILE WATCHING TV. THE GIRL CAME HOME WITH COLD AIR ON HER AND HER EARS PEEKING THROUGH HER HAIR, THE RED TIPS OF THEM

## Ken Sparling