

A LITTLE DRINK DONT HURT
NOBODY

A SHORT STORY BY
J.M. DOME

MARRIED TO A MAN WITH THE SAME NAME HAS HIM, ONLY FOUR DAYS AFTER VALENTINES DAY. THERE IS ALSO A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING IN HER PURSE, IT READS:

DE-AMONIQUE STEVENS, 2,
DIED YESTERDAY OF SEVERE
SWELLING OF THE BRAIN.
SHE WAS HIT BY A CAR
AT MIANTANOMI PARK,
FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH
WHILE ON A PICNIC
WITH HER MOTHER AND
FATHER.

AFTER HE WAS FINISHED READING THIS, HIS APARTMENT DOOR BURSTED OPEN AND POLICE OFFICERS YELLED "FREEZE GET DOWN!"

~~NOT UNTIL THEN DID THE WHOLE RUBENS~~

NOT UNTIL THEN DID THE WHOLE RUBENS CUBE COME INTO FOCUS. THE LAST THING HE HEARD BEFORE BLOWING HIS OWN BRAINS OUT ~~WAS~~ WAS THE SOUND OF BAG PIPES. IT WAS ST. PATRICKS DAY. HE HAD BEEN IN A BLACKOUT SINCE VALENTINES DAY. THE LAST THING HE SAID BEFORE HE ENDED HIS LIFE WAS "AND I THOUGHT THAT A LITTLE DRINKS COULDN'T HURT NOBODY!"