

## HIS NAME IS CHARLIE

"Nine One One Emergency Operator. Can I help you?"  
"There's a man in my house!"  
"Are you in any immediate danger?"  
"I don't think so. Not right now."  
"Is he armed?"  
"Not that I can see."  
"Can you get away?"  
"Why should I have to leave? It's my house!"  
"What's he doing?"  
"He's in a chair in the living room. He's snoring."  
"What's your address?"  
"Umm ..."  
"What's your name?"  
"Umm ..."  
"Is this Ellie?"  
"I believe so, yes."  
"Is the man wearing a blue flannel shirt?"  
"Yes! He is!"  
"His name is Charlie. He's your husband."

—Steve Recchia



## SINGLE HANDED

The crab wouldn't leave her alone.  
It kept trying to burrow into her bag. She pushed it away with her flip-flop, but the determined crustacean simply circled and came back. Finally she smacked it with her book and watched in horror as one of its front claws snapped clean off.  
The crab took off oceanward and showed no sign of return.  
She must have dozed off. Gathering her things as the sun lowered, she noticed movement near the water. The crab, disappearing into the surf, was waving her car key fob in its remaining claw.

—L. M. Staton

## UNTITLED



"He's what!!"

The CEO had been on the toilet seat for an hour. It had automatically flushed before he could get off. The flushing had not stopped, and he could not break the suction.

"Sir, he's color blind and doesn't know which wire to cut."

"Have him cut them all!!"

The captain passed the order and received a reply.

"Sir, if he cuts all the wires, it may jettison the toilet for security reasons."

The CEO just shook his head and said to himself, "Buying Air Force One, on sale from Trump, was not good."

—Mike Trute

## UNTITLED

Ruth, age 67, greeted the ladies voice quavering, "How is everyone?"

Robin replied cheerfully, "I'm fine, and I look good too. How are you, Ruth?"

"Not well, arthritis and rheumatism are acting up, may be getting the flu. Getting old is really hard you know, really, really hard."

Alma, a hale 85, said, completely deadpan, "Gee, is that something I have to look forward to?"

The ladies suppressed their mirth, not wanting to hurt Ruth's feelings.

Jenny lightened the mood, "Ruth, how do you hold someone in suspense?"

Ruth shrugged, "How?"

"I'll tell you later."

—Jon Rea

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Landrum's: eight stools at a sparkling counter, tiny prefab building unloaded in 1948 from the V&T, tracks right behind the property. Eunice owned the place, and if you didn't want to sit by a Negro, well, get out. Plenty more behind ya'. She never said so out loud, but Washington could tell just by his plate: burger in the middle, fries Lincoln Logged, jaunty pickle off to the side. Minorities know what it means when food is served sloppy; if lettuce is slip-sliding out the side of the burger, don't think it just means lettuce.

—Laura Newman



## TERMINAL ONE

DFW: At 27 square miles, it had been the second largest airport in the U.S. after Denver International. It was larger than Manhattan. It's surrounded by grimy industry and warehouses—who wanted to live next to an airport?—and damned sharp, post-9/11 razor-wire fencing.

After the perfection of vertical, magna-launch airliners and 3D bio-print teleportation, airports moved into the cities. DFW Airport became DFW City of Rehabilitation—the country's only prison. Jesus, locking up three million men where people once flew.

S'okay. I'm in Terminal One, Death Row. I'm flying out tonight.

—John "JB" Bianchi

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