Love In Bloom

Homer Stoutry had just walked through his door and now he was rubbing a bump on his head. The door had been closed! Slowly he gathered himself together, picking his right kneecap from under the piano.

After he had replaced his transmission, checked his oil and gas, and cleaned his windshield, he went into the bathroom to think. It was in the solitude and heavy atmosphere of this sanctum sanctorum, that Homer could best cogitate. This he proceeded to do. After he was through cogitating, he got up, went into the living room, and sat down on the piano bench. Ceaselessly that same tune beat through his brain. Unendingly it pounded at his temples, until his very spectacles began to shake. Swinging about, he poured his entire soul out on the piano. Then he got a dust rag and cleaned it off.

"My God," he exclaimed, as he discovered the piano installment man's been here.

Hurriedly he got up, and began pacing the room. "Twenty by ten," he said to himself, "My wouldn't it look ducky with a red rug." He was not wrapped up in his new thoughts. Just then the doorbell rang. He unwrapped his thoughts and opened the door. There stood the apple of his eye, the cherry in his lime rickey, his own Amnesia.

"Amnesia, my love," he called her Amnesia for short (sometimes he even called her Amnesia when he was in a hurry). "Amnesia, come in. The beautiful girl came in, carefully lifting her 250 pounds over the threshold.

"Please sit down. Take the chair over the heavy floor beam, darling. The neighbors have been complaining about falling plaster lately."

"Thank you, Homey," the girl said and deposited herself on a reinforced concrete seat. "Homey, I have something to tell you, something that has been worrying me for days. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I'm even losing weight..."

Homer leaned forward in expectation of some glad news. He leaned so far forward that he fell down. Amnesia continued.

"I've been wanting to tell you this for days. Now I have the courage tell you. I don't love you."

Homer's face fell. He picked it up and said nothing. Amnesia got up and left. There had been nothing more to say.

Stoutry had reached a crisis. There was nothing more to do but opened a fire door and stepped out into the street ten stories below.