"They only sell them out West."

"I didn't know that. I'll take Carolina Lemons/Limes, then."

"Uh, they were taken off the market. Worum eggs in the filters."

"Any chance of you having Asteroid 6000 Soft-Lighters?"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"I didn't think so. Uh, R.X. Palace Antelopes."

"They're prescription only."

"I see. Do you stock Perfect String Leathers?"

"We considered it."

"Suppose you just reach behind you there and gimme a box of Elektro Excutifilters."

"We don't buy from them any more."

"Then I'll like some Jesus Pennales Diamond-Cuts, please."

"Little outta your price range, huh, fellow?"

"Spore you're right. How about Thursday's?"

"Funny, you don't look like a queer, but..."

"No, couldn't tell. Do you have any Domino Black-and-Tans left?"

"Not in this neighborhood.Samba."

"Er, right. Do you by any chance import Eden Orels?"

"Can't afford to."

"Diplomats?"

"Don't have any."

"OK, toss me a pack of Von Antfo Zeppyros."

"They're on strike."

"Hey, you must carry Pink Nun Broncbusters!"

"Do you have an ID?"

"Dang, not with me. Look, what about El Novaro with Vizagita 29?"

"Does this look like a goddamn health-food store, Tuarangi?"

"Scame me. Well then, Turkish Big Tops?"

"Last shipment didn't come in, must be Customs or something."

"I hope I don't have to go home and fertilize my lungs with a pack of Propy Lertificates."

"You get your wish."

"Spruce Dist Chlophilters?"

"Haven't seen any for ages."

"Leguna 100's?"

"Sorry."

"Ramatasticous?"

"Couldn't never move 'em."

"Not by any remote possibility, Rama Banana-Tips?

"Try down the street."

"Thanks anyway. Failafe Two-Tones?"

"I could order..."

"Ibeyo. No, wait, you must have Sphinx Sla-Smokers?"

"I take soap."

"Listen, could I just have a package of condoms, please?"

"Sure, guy. What brand."

"Keep that in your rear end."

"Well, I'll take Sunflower Menstral."

"Don't have any."

"Polar Shorts?"

"Oh, do you have All Stars?"

"Oh, uh, we don't stock 'em."

"How about Multi-Smokers?"

"Nope."

"Our you have an ID?"

"Well, I'll take Sungower Menstrual."

"Don't have any."

"Polar Shorts?"

"Uh-uh."

"Do you have Lone Star Strakers?"

"Nope."

"Uh, Rachel Cuda Omnifilters?"

"Never heard of 'em."

"Gold Leaks? It's an Australian brand."

"I'm smokin' the last pack we had."

"In that case, a box of Prussian Face-Tips."

"The store boycotts 'em."

"Not up to you, I guess. Could I have Aztaropes, them?"

"They've been recalled."

"Do you carry Excello Cigar-Tips?"

"We used to."

"Guess I'll have to settle for Mackapa Strongs."

"They don't make 'em any more."

"Fair enough. Gimme a pack of Beyonds."

"Really? They make me sick."

"Yeah, me too. Make that Fresh Raw Denim."

"We don't sell little cigs."

"Sigh. Do you have Palmer and Twins?"

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**The Finer... by Dr. Bulbus Finey, V.D.**

Before I travel any further, let me clarify something that needs no clarification. I do not necessarily endorse what they tell me to write, in fact I don't even write it. That it may well be my own opinion, if such things exist, is of no concern here. Further, let me reiterate that this is only paper and paper won't worth the soil you wipe it with, as the Poet once demurred. Facts? Nay, facts but the sausages men smoke as if they were cigars. Rubber ones, Viewpoints? Bunk! To bed down with viewpoints is to kiss your mother's child's rump, as the Poet once demurred. Facts? Nay, facts but the sausages men smoke as if they were cigars. Rubber ones, Viewpoints? Bunk! To bed down with viewpoints is to kiss your mother's child's rump, as the Poet once demurred...