



body Know How to Park Anymore?



ny nice, badly-parked
r locales, I gave the
g to remember it by.

After close to an hour, we returned and found the
truck still there. We called a tow truck, maybe out of
boredom. Think you can park anywhere, big shot?

If I could get me a tow truck, I'd have so fucking
much fun all day. When I see a big truck, I just can't
stop smiling. Except when they're towing my ass.



sleep: teaching crappy
a naughty parker. You
ll give you a lesson..."

This is better than free-base crack! And twice as addictive!
And I should know—I'm in Arts. Driving the tow truck
was the highlight of my pitifully happy life.

Bye bye, trucky! Next time, walk more than fifty feet,
and stop wasting your money on tickets. Try chucking
dice with a crack-whore in a back alley instead.