
Country Philosopher

My disposition is rotten



Arthur Amos Holmes

by Amos Arthur Holmes

My disposition this morning is absolutely rotten.

My wife has just left for work and we weren't speaking for the last half hour just because I told her she has been making terrible coffee for thirty years. I also told her that her breath smelled like she had been eating dead fish for several months. And, with her juvenile control, she got mad at me.

I will apologize when she gets home because I just hate it when I become disagreeable. But this week has just been horrible. I need a sympathetic ear so that I can release the vast amount of bile that has been building up these last seven days. And I want you people to listen as I cry out my woes.

It all started when a group of young men (I couldn't possibly think it was a group of young ladies) took ice-picks and punctured the two rear tires on my two rear tires on my daughter's car. My daughter isn't the wealthiest person in the world and when she called me she was crying. Something bad happens inside me when one of my daughters is hurt and if I could have caught the coprophagous characters that ruined her tires I think I might

have become a trifle violent.

Later that day I was driving to Lexington Park when I noticed a van coming toward me. I also noticed that the van was on my side of the road. I blew my horn but the van remained on my side of the road. I blew my horn, pulled out my hair, screamed obscenities, and the van still remained on my side of the road. With one desperate twist of the wheel I missed the oncoming idiot and my car bounced across the shoulder and into a corn field. If I could have gotten my hands on the driver of that van I might have become a trifle violent.

It is funny what certain types of vehicles do to certain types of drivers. When I was a young man the wild drivers drove pick-up trucks. Then there came a period when obnoxious automotive manipulation was performed by owners of Volkswagons. And lately this vehicular insanity has been passed on to the drivers of vans. When I was retrieved from that cornfield by a nice fellow who charged me twenty-five dollars my lower lip was resting uncomfortably on the ground.

So many things this past week have irritated me. I went into a restaurant and ordered their finest meal. The bill

came to twelve dollars and forty cents and the forty cents was for coffee. And this really burns me up. If you buy an expensive meal then shouldn't your coffee be included in the cost of that meal?

I went into a supermarket and bought a package of cupcakes. Thirty cents. And this activated certain wormy things in my disposition. Several years ago we had a sugar shortage and all products made with sugar went sky-high. And I understood this. But when the sugar crisis was over I was astounded to find that products made with sugar remained sky-high. Now everytime I buy a cake or pie I feel as I'm being taken and my blood pressure keeps soaring.

I ran into a store yesterday and when I came out there was a grocery cart directly in front of my car. I rolled that grocery cart back to the front of the supermarket and put it with the other grocery carts. And when I considered the laziness and inconsideration displayed by those people who push grocery carts all over the parking lot and leave them as tiny traffic hazards... well... my apoplexy became most severe.

Then (I still tremble when I think about it) I ran into McDonald's to use their toilet facilities. I pushed past a huge crowd of people and entered the men's room. I guess it was my haste but I'll be darned if I didn't get my underwear caught in my zipper. I pulled and tugged but that underwear hung on with great determination. A great deal of my underwear was still in my pants but there was a rather generous amount outside my pants. How was I ever going to walk out into that crowded dining room? It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for the fact that my underwear was white with red and blue stripes. It looked like the American flag was protruding from my fly. I finally drummed up enough courage to leave the men's room and it wasn't as embarrassing as I thought it would

be. The people didn't even laugh. They simply stood up and saluted.

Well, I think that takes care of my discontent. It has been such a relief to get it all out my system. I feel better already.

And, my dear friends, thank you so much for listening.