

## Baloney

I think I'm going to give up being a bullsh\*\*ter. No, I haven't had a life-changing conversion. It's just that I'm getting old and I don't do it as well anymore. Even criminals have to retire, eventually.

There was a time when I think I ranked among the best. As a kid, I printed up raffle tickets for non-existent organizations and sold them to unsuspecting grandmothers up and down my street. I once convinced my friend George in the seventh grade that I was actually a visitor from the planet Magbutt. That went over pretty easily, come to think of it.

I remember the night I tried to convince my high school girlfriend that I had a deadly disease and would soon die. As in "all gone, no more." "So," I said mournfully, "this could be our absolute last night together and, you know, we've never experienced each other in a *really* friendly way...." She got up from the couch and left the room, returning in only a moment to hand be a bottle of aspirin.. "Hope this helps," she said.

Lately I've wondered if I'm losing my touch. I've been bothered for some time by businesses that force us to do things their way. At my local drug store, I have to affix my signature to a clipboard when they hand me prescription drugs, to acknowledge all my pharmaceutical questions were answered by an eleven year old clerk. Really?

So, one night last week I handed the clipboard back over the counter to the

adolescent Ugly Betty look-alike and asked what surely would sound like knowledgeable questions about the cinnamyl-4 antihypoxic class drugs I was getting. Then, to be a complete smart-ass, I asked her if it was generally OK to take isomeric fluorenols within 2 hours after ingesting a small dose of dibenzothiopyran. No, of course I didn't know what I was talking about, but you can be sure she didn't either.

She rolled her eyes, as if she had heard this routine, and called the pharmacist over to to join us.

"How much dibenzothiopyran have you taken?" he asked. He was almost my age, so I sensed I was about to be had.

"Two," I blurted

"Milligrams? Micrograms? Cardiograms?" he mused, looking up at the ceiling and trying to keep a straight face.

Flustered, I said, "I don't know...*two*," as I tried to figure out how I would to get out of this with my pride. The young woman was openly smirking at me.

"Well," said the pharmacist, "I think maybe you should get to some sort of hospital."

"No problem," I said. "There was an ambulance over at the Pizza Shop when I came by. Maybe they'll give me a ride."

I turned and left in a hurry.

Maybe I should retire before I get too far beyond my peak. Maybe I peaked back on Magbutt.

*copyright 2008, David Griffin*

## The Press at Windswept Farm



Saugerties, NY

Write to me. [www.windsweptpress.com](http://www.windsweptpress.com)