A Sundae Stroll

Ronald Trent

Well, it looks as if the drug store has a new attraction. WALK-AWAY SUNDAE CUPS—10c EACH. Say, I think I'll get one and eat it on the way home. Oops! Pardon me, ma'am! Boy, did she give me a dirty look. I couldn't help it if she had big feet. Oh yes, Miss, please. A strawberry walk-away sundae cup. I always did have a weakness for strawberry. Well, it looks as if I'm getting my money's worth. Hello, Sue. What a sweet smile, but what a despicable personality. Never could stand her. Oh-oh, better wait for the stop-light, hadn't I? Boy, look at the chartreuse on that gal. Oh, I have the green light.

Strawberry topping almost gone.


Sundae about half gone.

Man, that sun is really pouring it on. I think I'll take off my coat. I'll just set my sundae here on the sidewalk. It's a good thing that there are no ants this time of the year. There, that feels much better. Hmm, the ice cream's melting a little. Hello, Jack—or Jim. Jack? Hello, Jack. These little boys confuse me. Say look at the beer bottles in that yard. Those people must have had a big party last night. I guess some people will never learn.

Sundae about three-fourths gone.

Looks as if somebody's left a tricycle sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. You'd think that the kid's parents would make him put it up. A man could break a leg stumbling over something like that. Hi, Zeke. How's the wife, any better? Fine. Glad to hear it. Well, that's all of my sundae; I wish I had another. Oh, well, I'm almost home. Here's Ninth street. Ninth street? I live at Sixth street! Oh, yes, now I remember—the house with the beer bottles in the yard.