

# Excerpts From The Life Of Mr. P. Pixie Dash

BARBARA DEARING

"Get away you nasty thing! Who asked your help on this theme?"

"Really, I wasn't aware of what a sour drip you actually are. Funny how you reject me. Me, the only key to security you have. Some people just can't see beyond their noses."

Mr. P. Pixie Dash, senior member of the firm, "Dash, Parenthesis, and Bracket," was lolling against the third line of page three orating on the latest dividend offered by his company.

"My dear Mr. Dash, I'm quite sure your company has a very fine business, but if I bought your stock and thereby received the dividend, one complete correction of the punctuation and what-not of this theme by my mother, I would be accomplishing the exact opposite of Miss Phillips' assignment."

"Rubbish! Disgusting! Utterly revolting," he hissed. "People are nothing but elephant shells with cockroach brains. Yatta, yatta, yatta, ya . . . !!"

I was fast reaching a saturation point. Mr. Dash and I were coming to blows. I slyly figured that if I turned the page

quickly, perhaps I could pulverize Mr. Dash.

Flipping the page, I felt a decided relief as I began again to scribble. Slowly I became aware that I was not alone. I raised my eyes line by line, and there he was draped across the four. A smirk was worming its way across his face, and from a tiny comma-pipe smoke encircled his face.

As he teetered in and out the figure, he howled with laughter. Suddenly his shrieks ceased, and he blurted, "Ox, ox. What an ox you are! She'll never know. Why slave away on this stupid theme when you could just as easily relax in a quiet movie?"

I picked up a pencil to mangle him, and he seemed to be everywhere at once. First he was up at the top of the page throwing periods at me; then he clattered down the lines swinging on the question marks like a monkey.

"Phooey," I cried and pitched the whole mess, paper, pencil and Dash against the wall. After my encounter with Mr. Platterpuss Pixie Dash, I knew that persistence was indeed a trait justly attributed to high pressure salesmen.