

"Rude, rude, rude!!! Would you say that to your grandma? No, sir!  
Snicker, snicker, snicker, you're a dreadful young thing!"

"Listen, life's rough!"

The old lady chuckled as he turned away. She looked up at the lights, raised her hand to her lips, and whispered, "This is for you, George." She quietly tiptoed over to the bin and reached in. Before the clerk even knew it, one of the red beauties was hidden under her shawl.

UNTITLED

Anita B. Olin

Sitting wearily on a cracked step,  
Experience shows on the old man's face.  
His leathered skin tells.  
Oh, how well he knows of life.