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Give Me Some Sugar

She worked in the kitchen to make a crust of bread.

He walked in, maybe like some kind of king, grabbed her butt.

“Give me some sugar,” he said.

She quickly scooped out a teaspoon of sugar and gave it to him. “Is that enough?” she asked.

“Hell no, give me some sugar,” speaking louder.

She filled a cup and gave it to him, “Is that enough?” she asked.

He yelled, “You know what I mean. Give me some sugar.”

She hit him on his ear with a twenty-five-pound sack of sugar, Blammo. He fell, out like a blowed candle. Anybody would be unsure if the sack of sugar put him out or hitting his head on the counter as he fell, six of one, half of the other, big bruises and bumps both sides.

When he wakes, his head hurts. His shoes are full of sugar. Everybody is gone, no crust of bread to eat, even. It’s getting dark out there. He shivers with cold. He doesn’t remember where his jacket is.