

Having a Day!

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By : Mike Stevens

This is because of Bruce!

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A Guiltiest AND Forgetful Man Tale

Danny Pretest was having a day, as in a *s***y* one! He was running super-late, and wouldn't you know it? He couldn't find his damn car keys anywhere.

“Oh, doesn't that just figure; of all the times to lose them!” he yelled out loud, as if there was ever a good time! It was just that today happened to be his first day at Scrotum and Sons Appliance, and he didn't want to be late. Scrotum and Sons wasn't actually the name; it was Scrodon and Sons, but Scrotum is what he always thought of first. As he looked desperately for his keys everywhere; under couches, on the floor (he even looked in the refrigerator, that's how desperate he was!) he thought, *I hope Mr. Scrodon never hears me call it that!* Oh god, what if he did and had blocked it out? No! He would have never made that mistake. But what if he did?

Then, he heard his keys jingle. Something around here that he had disturbed, held his keys. He had just been checking under the rocker cushion; they must be under there. He ripped the pad off the rocking chair with his right hand, and, nothing, no keys! Still, they must be close by, because he could still hear them. What the hell? He whirled around in every direction trying to see another place they might be hiding. Wait a minute, they were still jingling, and he wasn't touching anything. What? It was then, he realized he'd had them in his left hand, hooked around his finger, the whole time! He'd basically ripped apart his entire apartment, looking for his keys, all-the-while they were in his damn hand!

Oh boy, he must be more nervous than he thought about starting at Scrodon and Sons. Scrodon; Mr Scrodon! He glanced at the wall clock, and saw he would never make it on time; *s**t!*

“Scrodon and Sons appliance, this is Richard Scrodon speaking; how may I help you?”

The thought of Dick Scrotum made Danny almost lose it, but he somehow managed to reply, “Ah, yes, this is Danny Pretest calling; can I speak to Mr. Scodon please, Dick?” He almost lost it again, but didn't.

“Sure, Danny; I'm going to put you on hold while I transfer you.”

Then Danny heard silence, thought he must be being transferred, and said out loud, “Oh, Dick Scrotum? What kind of a *dip-s**t* name is that?” The silence again, as apparently he hadn't yet been transferred.

“Come on, I don't have all day!”

Then he heard an angry cough, and heard the voice of Mr. Scrodon, “Mr. Scrodon here.”

Oh crap! “Oh, hello Mr. Scrotum--err--Scrodon, I was just hanging on for you, Mr. Scrod--” He lost it. “Eh, haw, haw, haw!” Hanging, Scrotum?

“Mr. Pretest, don't bother showing up for work today; consider yourself fired!” a very-angry Mr. Scrodon then said.

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“ Wait, Mr. Scrodon!”

“ Nope; I don’t want anyone who makes up juvenile nicknames for people working here; we have an image to uphold!”

Fine! thought Danny. “ Well, Scrodon, you’re definitely upholding something; Scrotum, you’re a human jock strap!” and he slammed down the phone.

Now what?

The End

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