Mrs. Barrett

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Mrs. Barrett

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Abstract

I sat behind a lady oh so stately in the pew ahead of me at church today...
confidentially in his ear, "Now don't let this out, I don't want to ruin my image, but my woman fell in love with the wallet of a sailor off the Enterprise, that two-timing bitch. So I spent my money on barbecue and beer and came home early."

"Really?" Phillips was astounded. "It really happened to you?"

"Tonight I'm out sniffin' for something new," Bronson said. "So let me sleep, I'll need the energy." Bronson rolled over in his bunk and pulled the pillow over his head.

Phillips sat on his bunk and began to tie his shoes. If it can happen to Bronson, it can happen to anyone. Why maybe even Steve McQueen. Shit, I betcha it DID happen to Steve McQueen. He got up and looked at himself in the mirror, scowled, squinted his eyes and ruffled his hair. Tonight would be different. He jammed his white hat on his head and took the stairs two at a time on his way to quarters. Yeah, Steve McQueen would be proud.

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Mrs. Barrett

by

Mary Almquist

Journalism 2

I sat behind a lady oh so stately
in the pew ahead of
me at church today.

She had an eye
on the backside of her head
in the hair
peeping out unblinking at
me from a pincurl, barely visible
sly eye — a regular ball.

It knew what I did
during the sermon.