

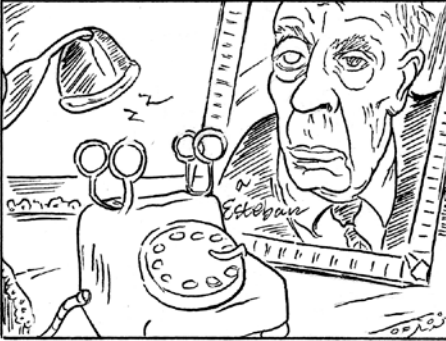
# Rick Grimes

uno

The REQUEST

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Walking slowly in the dry heat to a call on the old ground line, from my honorary uncle, a few weeks shy of his 11th birthday. His few remaining spots were endangered — the 'goat-sucker,' he imagined, had returned!!



I thought of wearing my Zorazo's stache, but decided against it. It would never stay on for the whole trip down and would inevitably lose all its panache-to-guest + the feeble glue!



I rode all the way in a baby halter across the belly of El Ciclón, who had been in one loco monstee movie and never let me see get it for the entire 4500 plus miles.



When I finally arrived, Uncle Jorge was expanding on how housecats have no interest in their own mirror reflections because they have no oodas to make them real.



Perhaps it was bad smokes, but he went on like that, talking about bisected cats being found on sidestreets throughout the City. I was beginning to be affected myself, seeing little feline body parts in an ice tray



pattern -- so I decided to head outside. "Watch out for strange spots on the pampas," he warned. "I don't wear those anymore." I countered, a bit peeved, and tried to psychically indicate I had advanced to short

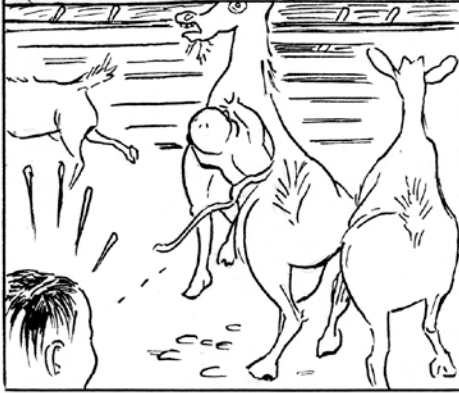


pants. Then, "Don't worry, Gean Tio. I'm on it."

Watching in the pens all night, I get a staticky call from Hive Baby all the way from Pseudoamerica, wanting to know "how it going?" Disturbing the goats and my chances!! Angloc.



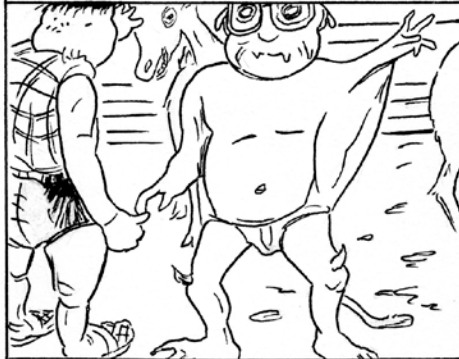
In the morning, I realized a fellow pequerio had been glommed to the opposite side of the lead goat all along.



He wore huge eyeglasses, novelty undershorts with a tail, and blood was trailing down his cheeks like tears.

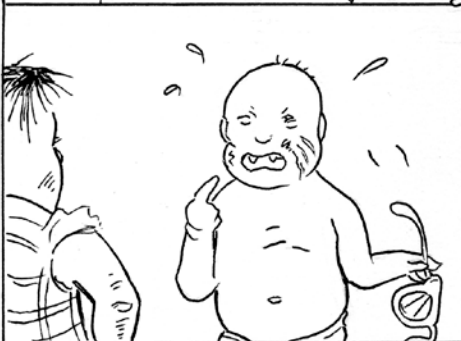


But the horns on his knees were real and a membrane of skin on one side that his peedyata'shumi advised not be removed.



His nails could have also used a trimming.

I said, "It's not time yet for the peclution!! Are you trying to frighten everyone in the country.???" But he said he was just teething.



Some of the other incidents had been wild dog and vampire bat attacks.

But my paddino was happier thinking about fervent travellers from multiple dimensions. And who am I to disabuse a peet?

