

The secret touched me yesterday when I read it on the back of a Salada tea-bag. Suddenly I all of a sudden knew. And the tobasco bottle I held cracked down the side, just neath where the collar meets the screw-cap threads and the mung collects there. The craze silvered all crackly in the lamplight while I meditated on the secret I had just discovered while my tea was brewing quietly.

From then on my life changed, kind of like those chameleons that switch colors on you. My life's color finally got tuned in and ~~my life~~ got focused. Transmission complete.

Even though no tobasco was leaking, I could see my waitress eyeing me over her apron. I left as she was calling the manager and forgot to pay the check. The blast of fresh air at the door was ruined by a spicy burp.

When I tried to ignite my car's engine, I noticed I had been unconsciously trying to jam the Salada tea-bag tag into the keyhole. It got rather folded, spindled, and mutilated—besides being plain disheveled—but I could still read the secret. I placed it on my pocket and removed my keychain from my watchpocket. It jangled. As soon as I started the car and pulled into traffic, I lit a Tijuana Small Aromatic and cracked the window and looked at the bag tag while thinking about the secret.

After I hit the brown Chrysler that used to be in front of me, and signed all the crap that the glovebox insurance policies and cops brought, I sold my car to the man I hit for ten dollars. What he didn't know is that I kept the keys, and picked up the disheveled bag tag from the oily floor. I returned to the restaurant and smiled at the waitress, she winked and brought out the manager, who I promptly paid in triplicate. I asked the waitress for the broken tobasco bottle, but she refused. She was duly goosed upon my exit. Note that I could make a joke about flying saucers but I won't because.

Strangely enough I don't miss my car. I do miss my tea-bag though, because subsequent to my story, I lost the tag in a public uninal at Ho Jo's. The secret, however, is still with me and mine. I am in full control of my emotions even though I'm crazy and when I get out of hear I'm going two by a package of toohundred Salad T-bags and steep all the secrets out so I can live like a chameleon can and be smart again and smile at waitresses and enjoyn enjoy I mean life,