

A Day in the Life of Alice Levitt, by Dorothy Graham

Dang boss sent me on this stupid assignment; I'd rather be sleeping. Geesh, there's hardly anyone here, guess I should have come yesterday afternoon like he told me too. Where are the freeking hors.....OH! Crap! What was that I just stepped in???? My new shoes are ruined! I'll ask that greasy vendor over there if he has any napkins.

"What do you mean I can't have a napkin unless I buy a piece of fried dough"????

Never mind, I'll wipe it off in the grass.

Geesh, look at all these stalls, Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers and nutritionists, all for freeking horses? I wish my son had aspired to these professions, instead I'm stuck with a spoiled, live at home son, whose idea of making a living is McDonalds food service. Oy!

Oh, here's the kids area, I wonder what they have keeping them entertained. "Scoop the poop"? No thanks, I've had quite enough poop today, I can still smell it clinging to my shoes.

Ah, the Breyer show, How laughable! What a waste of time and money. But at least they're not as bad as my son's huge Barbie collection. I'd die if my friends ever found out about that!

Somebody should tell that little girl there's no such thing as a spotted purple horse and nobody in his right mind would find it pretty!

There's some nags over there, let me feed one this carrot and get the heck out of here to write some gibberish. I am way overdue for my meds!

Alice offers the carrot to Blackjack who then snuffles her for more. Blowing horsy snot and drooling carrot pieces down her shirt, Alice screams, scaring Blackjack. He promptly turns around, lifts his tail and lets rip with a loud and fragrant fart directly in her face.
(Oh well, I can dream can't I?)