

Dear Grandson

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Dear Grandson:

While I am here in detox (prison) help your grandpa with the still and don't let him blow things up. If you can, scraped up enough money to get his dentures out of hock. If there is any leftover change, get him a gift card for a new tattoo. Perhaps " the dancing monkeys" like I have on my buttocks. Just remember that I love you, even though you were dropped from an anvil on the front porch. You were so cutesy-ugly and never grew out of it. Just don't let the bullies kick your ass. They are just plain jealous that you are a human tent peg at the circus.

I should be released by the time Trump is carbonated (incarcerated) and Pelosi gets new botox. The warden fixed me up with the cellblock preacher. Yes! I have been saved and reborn by the good shepherd. The reverend, Polly Waddle Doodle. He does it all day.

I am sharing a room (cell) with one of those trans-generated people who have moveable parts and Tammy Faye eyelashes. She or he kind of reminds me of your grandpa when he was young and greeting people at the Greyhound Bus station.

Just keep me in your prayers and don't forget your flu shot.

Granny.