

Bobby



“Bobby! You’re not leaving this house until you shave!”

“Aw, Mom. You said I could grow a mustache.”

“The mustache is fine. But the beard has to go. And what about your hands?!”

“Jeez, Mom. I washed ’em, like you said.”

“They still feel dirty. Here, sit down and I’ll give you a manicure.”

“*Emm*, no way! All the guys will make fun of me!”

“Well, you simply *must* do something about your appearance. [sigh] Whatever happened to that handsome young man who used to pass me the succotash when we ate supper together?”

[pause] “You mean Butch? My brother moved out of the house two years ago.”

“But you were always nice, too. In a feral sort of way.”

“Mom, I have to go. I have an appointment with my lycanthropist.”

“Bobby, please don’t go! I don’t like what Doctor Dinklaker is doing to you!”

[sound of door opening, slamming shut]

[sigh] “Such a stubborn boy. Just like his father, Wolfgang.”