

# The Carney



“Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Dinklaker Sisters perform unbelievable feats of prestidigitation. Watch as they make common household objects disappear before your very eyes! A mere fifty cents will admit you to this amaaaaazing spectacle!” Umogogwa stepped up to the carney cradling a human female. “Will you take this instead? he asked. “I don’t have fifty cents.” The carney, who was named Art, scratched his chin. “Well, I dunno.” The boss, he never said nothin’ about takin’ anything but cash.” Umogogwa let out a low growl, and Art hastily recoiled. “Sorry,” said Umogogwa, “I didn’t mean to threaten you. I’m still learning how to keep my emotions in check. Now, will you take this,” he continued, lifting the female above his head, “in lieu of the fifty cents?!” Art thought about it for a moment. If he *did*, he’d be setting a bad precedent. Besides, he didn’t know what he’d do with another human female. But if he *didn’t*, he was afraid that Umogogwa would beat him to a pulp. Calling upon his skills as a former telemarketer, he said “I’m sorry, sir – er, *primate*, but I cannot make that decision. You’ll have to speak to my supervisor. I’ll go get him now.” And with that, Art dashed around the corner ... and never came back.