

Before the Second Civil War

I had to move the Prius into the garage for recharging before my wife came home from Pilates in the Subaru so I jogged into the front yard with that express purpose and Ronny was smoking next door on his porch like he always does under his wife's six wind chimes and his Trump 2024 flag that says "No More Bullshit" and I gave him my usual nod and he shouted "Man, that chicken or whatever it was you was grilling yesterday smelled *goood!*" and I turned and went a little closer, but not too close, so I still had to shout over distant mowers and Ronny's truck parked in the middle of his lawn with the engine running for some reason: "See, what I do is, I soak a bunch of wings overnight, two nights is even better, two or three bottles of Frank's, then grill 'em real low, and that's all there is to it!" and Ronny shouted "Man, if they taste half as good as they smell they must be pretty good!" and I gave him thumbs up and shouted "Hell yes they were—next time I'll bring you some!" and I went and moved the Prius, pissed I'd have to cook my wings inside from now on.