

Life In The Slow Lane by Kip Adotta

It was Cucumber the first; summer was over. I had just spinached a long day and I was bushed. I'm the kinda guy that works hard for his celery and I don't mind telling you I was feeling a bit wilted. But I didn't carrot all. 'Cause, otherwise, things were vine. I try never to disparagus and I don't sweat the truffles. I'm outstanding in my field and I know something good will turnip eventually. A bunch of things were going grape, and soon, I'd be top banana. At least, that's my peeling. But that's enough corn; lend me your ear and lettuce continue:

After dressing, I stalked on over to the grain station. I got there just in lime to catch the nine-elemon as it plowed toward the core of Appleton, a lentil more than a melon-and-a-half Yeast of Cleveland.

No one got off at Zucchini, so we continued on a Rutabaga. Passing my usual stop, I got Avocado. I hailed a passing Yellow Cabbage and told the driver to cart me off to Broccolyn. I was going to meet my brother across from the eggplant where he had a job at the Saffron station pumpkin gas. As soon as I saw his face, I knew he was in a yam.

He told me his wife had been raisin cane. Her name was Peaches: a soiled but radishing beauty with huge gourds.

My brother had always been a chestnut, but I could never figure out why she picked him. He was a skinny little string bean who had always suffered from cerebral parsley. It was in our roots. Sure, we had tried to weed it out, but the problem still remained. He was used to having a tough row to how, but it irrigated me to see Artichoke, and it bothered my brother to see his marriage going to seed.

Like most mapled couples, they had a lot of grilling to do. Sure, they'd sown their wild oats, but just barley if you peas. Finally, Peaches had given him an ultomato. She said, "I'm hip to your chive, and you don't stop smoking that herb, I'm gonna leaf ya for Basil, ya fruit!" He said he didn't realize it had kumquat so far. Onion other hand, even though Peaches could be the pits, I knew she'd never call the fuzz.

So I said, "Hay, we're not farm from the Mushroom! Let's walk over." He said, "That's a very rice place. That's the same little bar where alfalfa my wife!" When we got there, I pulled up a cherry and tried to produce small talk. I told him I haven't seen Olive; not since I shelled off for a trip to Macadamia when I told her, "We cantaloupe." The time just wasn't ripe. She knew what I mint. When we left the Mushroom, we were pretty well-juiced.

I told Arti to say hello to the Boysenberry and that I'd orange to see him another thyme. Well, it all came out in the morning peppers: Arti caught Peaches that night with Basil, and Arti beat Basil bad, leaving him with two beautiful acres. Peaches? She was found in the garden; she'd been pruned.

Well, my little story is okra now. Maybe it's small potatoes. Me? Idaho. My name? Wheat. My friends call me "Kernel". And that's life in the slow lane. Thank you so mulch.