



Wazzit

by John Jones

FLYMF July 2005, The Appoint Ito Issue, Volume 2 Issue 7

I was recently driving along a beautiful stretch of road in South Florida when something in the median caught my eye. It at first appeared to be the letter “T” covered in gaudy plastic flowers and assorted colors of ribbon. On the ground beside it were a ping pong paddle, a New York Mets ball cap, and a bright pink pinata in the shape of a donkey. My first thought was “Oh no, someone killed Carlos Beltran!” But alas, this was not the case.

You see, all across the nation, people have learned how to avoid the high cost of cemetery plots. Nowadays, you simply place a grave marker, not where your loved ones have been laid to rest, but at the location of their death. Studies have shown that most people die within 5 miles of their home while the average distance of the closest cemetery is 27.3 miles. Combine this information with the high price of gas, and the local marker just makes more sense.

Of course, a lot of these markers could be considered eyesores and most even violate city and municipality codes. But hey, who’s ever gonna have balls brassy enough to complain? Who’s heartless enough to throw away a handmade crucifix along with little Becky’s teddy bear collection?

Anyway, the “grave marker makers” have gotten smart enough to add messages such as “Drive safely”, “Don’t drink and drive”, and “Speed Kills”, thereby changing the classification of their grave markers to “Public Service Messages”. Pretty damn smart.

But, as is the case with all loopholes, things quickly get out of hand. There will always be those who take it to the next level and fuck it up for everyone. Recently, while in the act of lovemaking, my Uncle Rodney had a heart attack and died. His family, seizing the opportunity to avoid the high cost of a tombstone, simply shoved a cross up my Aunt Doris’ ass and engraved the words; “Lower your Cholesterol”.