



How Long Before I Use My Ejector Seat?

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Co-worker: Thanks for driving me to work while my car's in the shop.

Me: No problem.

Co-worker: I wouldn't have asked if anyone else in the office had been available.

Me: Oh.

Co-worker: Don't get me wrong. You're a nice guy and all. It's just that sometimes I get a certain vibe from you. Like...

Me: Like what?

Co-worker: Oh, nothing. I shouldn't have said anything.

Me: No. You shouldn't have.

(I press the ejector seat button.)

* * *

Friend: Go faster, will you? The movie starts in ten minutes.

Me: I'm not going to get a speeding ticket.

Friend: Not going this slow, you're not.

Me: We'll get there in time.

Friend: If we miss the beginning, the whole movie is ruined.

(My finger creeps toward the ejector button.)

Friend: Also, I want to get some popcorn before we go in.

(Closer to the button...)

Friend: The light's turning yellow! Hit the gas!

(Boing.)

* * *

Girlfriend: I saw what you were doing, you know.

Me: Saw me doing what?

Girlfriend: Flirting with the waitress.

Me: I wasn't.

Girlfriend: Why is your hand moving toward that button?

Me: What button?

Girlfriend: This one. I never noticed it before. What's it do?

Me: Let's find out.

* * *

Hitchhiker: Thanks for stopping.

Me: You're welcome. You look familiar.

Hitchhiker: So do you.

Me: I think you were my waitress the other night.

Hitchhiker: That's right!

(My finger creeps past the ejector seat button and presses a button on the stereo. A Barry White CD starts to play.)