

*The Round Man With His Red Tie*

The round man with his red tie, rosy cheeks, and rotund belly, runs, I kid, rumbles down the street. He makes a right turn on Rosalind Ave., slips and rolls down the hill. On his riotous fall, he rams into a registered nurse, passes rowdy bunch of punks, and crashes into a record store owned by retired Randy Regal. Red Hot Chili Peppers play on the radio as the two men share a rustic looks. The ringing of the store bell returns owners glance to the store's entrance revealing a rigid looking old lady with eyes like rubies. She commands respect and when she has it she tells them a riddle. The one who remarks correctly gets a great reward. The plump one goes to response, but the owner throws a recorder at him, rather rude of him, and gives his own answer. The woman reports that his answer was indeed correct and gives his 300 rubles. Roland, the fat man, roars with laughter. Rejoicing and unhurt, he walks out—the broken window made he rocketed through earlier.