

My main **concern these days** is **the fact that** I can't listen to Dave and Stu. **Now**, I know I've told you that radio is for **losers**, but there's no rule that **doesn't have an exception**.

Man, the things they say **crack me up!**

My **mind** is always **working overtime**, and I've got a lot of stuff to **get off my chest**.

So, **this one time**, I was driving **around**, going **nowhere in particular**, when I decided I had some things I wanted to **sound off to Dave and Stu about**.

I **pulled into** the **parking lot** of a **filling station** and **got to a pay-phone in a hurry**.

I had about  $\$1.75$  **worth of change** on me, so I started **shoving** it in.

The line was **busy** the first few **times**, but I **eventually** got through.

**Man, was I thrilled!**

I tried **a few more times**, getting more and more **pissed off** with each busy signal. Finally, just when I **was about to call it quits**, the line rang.

The guy who **answered** said **there were about** five callers before me, so I should **take it easy**, and that they'd **let me know** when I **was about to** get on the air.

I **was gonna** tell the guy to **step it up** but he **put me on hold** too fast.

While I was waiting, they **had the show playing over** the phone, so I **could tell** what was on the air **without having to** listen to my radio.

The first guy on was talking **about how** he'd like to **see us go** and **kick Saddam Hussein's ass like we did** last year. **Like** that ain't a **tired** enough topic.

**Meanwhile**, I had to **drop in** another quarter because my five minutes **were up**.

The second caller **must have gotten tired of waiting**, 'cause he wasn't **even** there when they got to him. (I could **relate to** that.)

I don't **even** know what the third guy **said**. He was wheezing like a **geezer**. He was probably **over-excited about being** on the radio. **What a loser!**

I **wasn't gonna** be **anything like** that when I **got** on the air. I was gonna **play it cool**, so **that** listeners **all over** the area would know I'm coming to **set them straight**.

The fourth caller **came on**, and, **as it turned out**, it was that **no-good "friend" of mine** Ron. **What a dumbass!** **Not only does he** steal my money and my beer, but now he steals my **valuable** radio time! And, **boy, did he sound like a jackass**.

**I could have just kicked his ass when I heard him say that. I hear this crap when I'm hanging around with him.**

**After waiting so long to get on, I really had some things to say.**

**All the while, I had to keep shoving in change, paying to listen to the same stuff I could get for free on my car radio.**

**Without even thinking about it, I go, "It's about fuckin' time."**

**We're gonna have to let you go.**

**Man, was I pissed! My one shot at setting a lot of things straight for a lot of people, and I blew it.**

**If nothing else, I would have at least made up for the lameness that Ron dished out.**