

## almost drafted /4/ **cured** once and for all

Sergeant Slaughter smiled all big and friendly and put his arm around my shoulder and started talking **about how** great the army was and how it would make a man out of me and all this **crap**, but I **wasn't having any of it**. I just **kept eating** donuts and coffee **the whole time** and going, "Uh-huh."

Problem was, **after a while**, I started **getting tired of listening** to him **yammer**, and I had to **take a leak**. As I started to back out of there, **all the while** he was **shoving** all these pamphlets, **stickers** and pens into my hand, **saying** that he wanted my number. Of course, I wasn't **dumb enough to give** him my number, so I gave him Ron's name and number **instead**. (**That'll show** that dickweed **for not paying** me back **that** 10 bucks.)

When I was finally out of there, I was **extremely relieved**. I mean, I **almost** became Private Anchower **for** just a couple of **lousy** donuts! I **would have thought** about it more, but I had to piss **in a major way**.

Now, maybe you need a job, or you want to **impress** the ladies, or you've just got a couple of years you wanna kill. But **unless that's the case, do me a favor** and don't go talking to any army recruiters. I **made** that mistake, and I almost **ended up getting drafted!**

Man, Jim Anchower is simply **too much of a rebel to get caught** in that kind of **rut**. I mean, I love the U.S. of A. **and all**, but **no way am I gonna** join up. Three months of Boy Scouts when I was eight **cured** me of that scene **once and for all**, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, amigo.