

almost drafted /1/ moping around

Hey everyone. Working **hard** or **hardly working**? If you know me, you know my answer **to** that question. And if you don't know me, then **hang on**, 'cause **you're in for** a wild ride. I know **it's been** a long time since **you heard from me** so **here's what's** been happening. **Life** has been pretty good to Jim Anchower **lately**: I got a new job, I got no shortage of ice-cold beer and, **most importantly**, I finally got my car **up and running**. You **may think** that all this is **too good to be true**. Well, it is and isn't, my friends.

See, before I **settled into** my comfortable new station, I had **more than my share of** problems, as you could well imagine. I spent most days **moping around** my house, waiting **for good luck to** come **my way**. **Feeling low**, I'd **spend hours watching** daytime talk shows. I **figured seeing** all these people who were **worse off** than I was would **take my mind off** my troubles.

But the real trouble started this one afternoon a couple weeks back, when I started feeling hungry. I **had finished off** my last emergency pizza **the night before**, and I **had nothing left** in the fridge except a few slices of American cheese. **Before long**, I didn't **even** have that. I needed some food, and how! I still had some birthday money **left over**, thanks to my grandma, so I **figured** I should go to John's Place For Eats.

Now, John's Place isn't the **finest** establishment in the world, but they have plenty of cheap eats, plus a video poker game that **rumor has it** pays out if **you're in good with** John. Well, **I'd been** there **enough times that** I thought John would remember me, and I could go play a few hands of poker and get my food for nothing. **Plus**, if my memory served me correctly, the day's special was three hot dogs, a medium drink, and fries for two and a half bucks. How could I **possibly go wrong**?