

Give Me the Finger!

Lisa and I searched the field for almost an hour. Everyone else was gone, the crowd, the police, the ambulance, you, everyone but us. We both spotted it at the same time. There it was; sitting in amongst the dried weeds was this severed finger. According to those in the crowd, a certain boy, who shall remain nameless... Okay Jack... had been viciously attacked by a Pit Bull on his way home from school. The dog had bitten off his left pinky finger before a man came to his aid with a big pointy stick. Some people searched for the finger but couldn't find it. They just assumed that the dog had ran away with it or even eaten it.

Lisa and I lunged for the finger at the same time. We rolled around in the dirt trying to take from each other, that's why I'm so dirty.

Lisa was like, "It's mine! I saw it first!"

But I was like "I saw it first! It's mine!"

We wrestled around for a bit and then I was like "Wait, wait, wait! We'll share it."

And Lisa was like "Share? Okay."

So we relaxed our hands and opened our fingers. And there it was the missing pinky. It was all dirty and bloody and Lisa was like "Eeeww! Dog slobber!"

So I was all, "We could take it to the hospital. Maybe it's not too late to re-attach it."

And Lisa was like "Are you kidding? I know exactly what you're thinking. You walk right in there with Jack's finger and he's gonna think you're a hero. Well, you can forget that. He never paid any attention to us before and returning his finger isn't gonna get us anything but a "thank you." Oh sure, he'll be real nice and he'll smile at us and we'll both pee our pants but that will be the end of it."

So I was like, well, what are we supposed to do with it? And she says, I say we plant it.

I'm like, plant it? Yeah, she wants to plant this finger, you know, and water it and nurture it and grow a whole new Jack. So I'm like, are you kidding? We know him; he goes to our school. We only plant boys that we don't know.

But she was insistent and I was like we don't want two Jack's running around, I mean that would be too weird. So, I grabbed the finger and took off running and here I am. And here is your finger back, Jack. (*Hands him his finger and waits for a reaction.*) Aren't you gonna say thank you?