

# **The Premium Version!**

**By A.M. Jeans**

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The locally owned electronics shop was closed for renovations, so this poor lad by the name of J.D. Dickens had to go deeper downtown to the LAW-MART to buy headphones for his uPod. J.D. Dickens usually avoided such big stores because he knew what kind of trickery the place entailed.

So when he approached the customer service desk to ask where the headphones were, they directed him to an aisle that included the Standard version and the Premium version of the headphones. The price difference was monumental. So, a little peeved, J.D. picked the Standard and when he got to try them out, he was more than a little peeved at the disappointing quality.

One week later, J.D. decided it was time to get a new uPod. So, he took a trip to another LAW-MART and asked where to find the uPods. The employee directed him to the uPod section and in the section, poor J.D. found a white Standard Edition uPod, and a silver Premium Edition. Officially peeved, he took the standard edition and went home.

Now, I must advise, J.D. Dickens was a hardworking man, working in a rather big city as a male nurse. Well, supervisor. While being moderately paid, J.D. was smart, and didn't pour his money into useless things.

So, back to the tale. Another week later, J.D. felt himself yearning for a special macaroni sandwich, in a manner that only a true man could crave such a macaroni sandwich. But when J.D. glanced in his cupboard, well sweet evil Jesus, he was out of macaroni. And in a manner that only a true man could, J.D. hopped in his car, hopped out, and proceeded to LAW-MART's grocery aisle.

And to his ultimate detriment, he found there were two kinds of the god forsaken macaroni. Standard macaroni. Pieces as small as a quarter, the uncooked color being the hue of an ill man's piss. And then, Premium macaroni. Hand sculpted beauty, pasta perfection. Enraged, J.D. Dickens succumbed to his edible tubule desires and bought the Premium, only to be further furious when he reached the counter and it was a total of \$15.69.

Another week passed without Standard or Premium incident, and J.D. was at work one fine Tuesday when a man was rushed in, complaining of blinding pains coming from beneath the trousers. Everyone was making a big fuss, because this man was a business executive and had been had the news as of late. So, after he was...tidied up and operated upon, it was J.D. Dickens whose duty it was to look after him in

his time of need. But when J.D. entered the room, he quickly recognized the face of the patient. There lied Mr. Ernest Higgins, the CEO of LAW-MART Incorporated. J.D. didn't say a word, until Ernest wanted to use the facilities.

"Excuse me son, can you guide me to the bathroom?"

"Sure thing. Will you need any help?"

"I've just had an operation on my willy, of course I will!"

"Just let me go get the bathroom key to your suite and then I'll guide you there." The little spat of rudeness helped J.D. decide whether his intent was too cruel. He left the room and quickly returned.

"Now sir, right here we have the Standard bathroom, but right here we've got the Premium bathroom for people staying in the personal suites here."

"Well obviously I'll be using the Premium one."

With that, J.D. opened the door to the broom closet and shoved Ernest Higgins in, and promptly locked the door behind him. You see, when he left to get the key he already had, he removed the brooms and left just the bucket.

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