

In the Constitution

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WHEN I GOT the Oakland greyhound to San Fran, the bus was full of dwarfs. I know that sounds crazy as hell, but I'm not kidding you. Every single goddamn person on that bus besides me and the driver was a little guy. They were squealing and squeaking and jumping around. I kept my head down and went way up back, all the time wondering what kind of fix I'd got myself into.

Don't get me wrong; it wasn't that I had anything personal against them. I wouldn't have wanted to shack up with one, or take one to the game, but they're human beings too, right? I mean it's in the Constitution. There in black and white. *Equal before God. Big and small.* But a whole busload of them. That was just way over-the-top freaky for a small town guy like me.

So anyways, after an hour or so, I started to get real paranoid, like it wasn't them that were small but me who was frigging tall. I wiped the dirt off the back window so I could make sure that the whole world hadn't gone dwarf, but we were in the middle of nowhere, just desert as far as you could see. Then I started panicking, getting hold of my gear and sliding down my chair so I wouldn't seem such a damn giant.

I checked my watch and we had at least three more hours until we got to the city. I'd never been to San Fran before, but now all the stuff people said back home started filling my head. What if the dwarfs weren't just small but fags, too? Christ, I thought, what if they were sadomasochists and wanted to nail me to a plank of wood or something? I rummaged through my bag to see what I could use as a weapon if they came for me. Zip. Not even a pen to poke their little eyes out with.

I punched the seat, cussing myself for not listening to Pops when he told me I should get some firepower. Nothing fancy, he said, just a little