

Howdy.

VICTOR UNZIPPED his fly as he limped into the parking lot behind Codell's apartment building, trailed by his raggedy three-legged dog, Jesus. He reached the shade of the abandoned building where he lived, spread his legs, and began to urinate. After several seconds he relaxed, glanced around, and looked up and over his shoulder where Codell watched from his fourth floor efficiency apartment.

"Howdy," Victor grinned. Codell opened his mouth to reply.

"Howdy," replied a woman's voice from the floor below Codell.

Victor finished his chore and zipped up. He turned to face Codell's tenement, looked up again, tipped an imaginary cap to either, or both, Codell and the woman below him, and sauntered back to the street. Jesus lingered, panting.

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