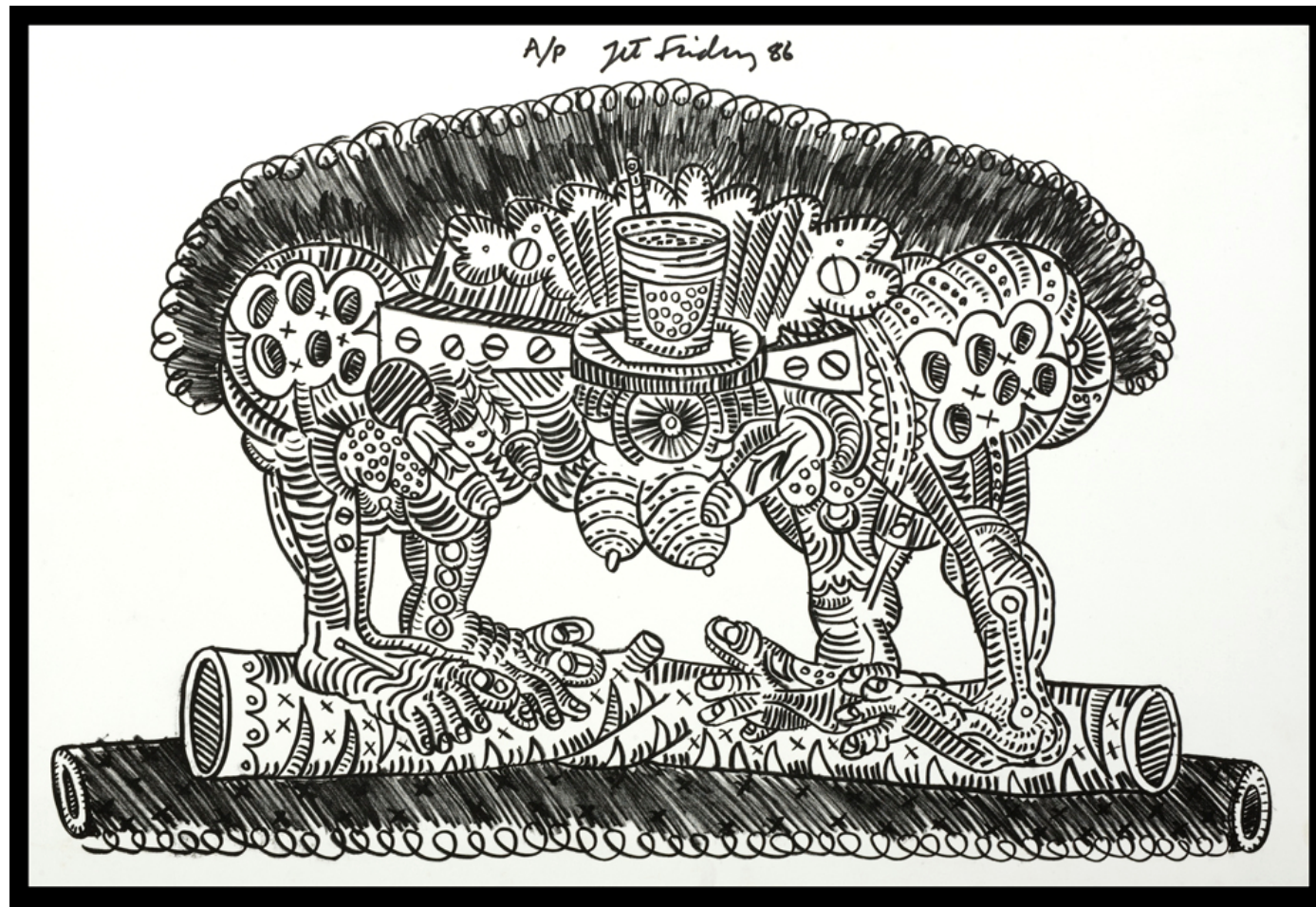


MR. FRIDAY ROLLS A WICKED JAY

skip the state dispensaries, they don't know a THC from a locomotive. you buy and they call *you* a donor, why? because some suit in Lansing could never stomach being a drug dealer, no, he's a "donation facilitator." who needs that bullshit? if you want some bona fide stratophilic jungle bud, you need to hook up with Mr. Friday. go three catalpa trees past the intersection of West Summit and Hiscock. look across the street and you'll see a piano wire monkey dangling from the antenna of a fogged-out Olds 98 that looks like it tumbled through the Kuiper Belt. tap on the driver's-side window three times and a Burmese parrot with a leather pouch tied around his left foot will land on your shoulder. try not to shit yourself. look for a little piece of paper dangling from his beak. slide a fresh c-note into his pouch and do it carefully – and I mean *carefully*. avoid any sudden movement and ease the note out of his beak. what will yours say? could be anything: a riddle, a cryptogram, a hendecasyllabic alba, some scrambled Martian geo-coordinates . . . the micro chicken-scratching on my last one read: FIND A PICTURE OF A HEADLESS, FOUR-LEGGED CREATURE WITH TWO WAMBLING COCKS, TWO PAINTED BREASTS, AND TEN PHALLIC TOES THAT WON'T STOP WRIGGLING. POST IT ON THE INTERNET. WAIT FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.



Bump on a Log by John Elkerr
15" x 22.5"
Lithograph

Text by Stephen Eric Berry