

It Happens Every Year
By
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The Old Man and the Baby stood staring at each other.

“Your diaper’s full,” the Old Man said.

“So’s yours,” the Baby smirked.

“It happens”

“What does?”

“Shit. It happens.”

“So, what? You’re Forrest Gump now?”

“I’m nothing in about ten seconds,” the Old Man said. “Then it’s your turn.”

“I’ll rock this year, gramps!” the Baby laughed. “Not like how you wasted it!”

“Would you believe me if I told you I said the same thing when I was in your place?”

“Nope.”

“Didn’t think so.”

They stared at each other as the seconds ticked down to the end/beginning.