

# **The Bargain**

**by Roger W. Trammell**

I am normally immune to yard sales but the fishing poles leaning against a table full of junk proved irresistible. So I turned into the driveway of the dilapidated old house. The proprietor was an old man, in much the same condition as his abode. On closer inspection the fishing tackle was a disappointment, as was the other merchandise, but there amongst the worn-out tools and old shoes and house wares—still in its original box and priced for \$1.00—was a brand new battery-powered dildo. I picked it up and the old man said, “That’s supposed to be a massager . . . I bought it for my wife but she has never used it.” It was a beautiful spring morning, the nicest one we’ve had so far.