

Mr. Garibaldi



Although Mr. Garibaldi was president of the Very Big Bus Company, he took the train to work whenever possible. For one thing, he couldn't smoke on the bus, and the train featured a smoking car. Given the extremely high-stress job he had, he needed a nice leisurely fag before settling into the daily grind. But then, citing decreased ridership, the railroad began to downsize. First, it scheduled fewer trains, and Mr. Garibaldi often didn't arrive at his office till well after the cows came home. Then, the size of the cars themselves began to shrink, and Mr. Garibaldi found himself sharing his personal space with goats that previously had inhabited the cattle car. Eventually, the cars got so small that there wasn't room for both him and the goat, and Mr. Garibaldi had no qualms about kicking the damned ruminant off the train. The sides and roof of the cars went next, which at least gave him room to stretch out. But then, the Very Big Bus Company suffered a string of incidents in which dozens of passengers went missing during their commute. To calm his clientele, Mr. Garibaldi took the bus to work one morning. However, he, too, disappeared, followed almost at once by the rest of this story!