

# How Tom Typed His Way to Cold Turkey

by Jim Gold

The winner of the typing contest would get a free trip to Turkey. Tom entered. He'd always wanted to see the poppy fields.

When the gun went off, forty contestants began typing: "Thumbs" Goldberg flew at incredible speed; "Thirty Fingers" Halligan soon pulled into the lead at three hundred words a minute. Content was superfluous: only speed counted.

Tom won by pulling out Halligan's electric typewriter plug, turning over Goldberg's table, and pouring glue on the keys of the comma virtuoso Luke Looseness.

"Congratulations, Tom," said Mr. Keys, who'd organized the contest. Using pantomime techniques perfected at the University of Serif, he handed Tom a paw of imaginary stubs. "Here are two tickets to Turkey via Typing Carriage. Just put your clothes in the roller, and you'll be off."

"What?" said Tom, pushing aside the proffered hand. "I want the real thing! Give me a real trip, or I'll turn you in for pushing dope."

Mr. Keys drew back. "Call in the Lettermen!" he cried. Four Letters entered the room. "Take this young man and put him on the first plane to Turkey. He wants the real thing."

"North Turkey?" asked the short Letterman, dressed like "0."

"Exactly," answered Mr. Keys.

What a surprise it was for Tom when his plane landed in the Pontic Mountains of Northern Turkey. Snow was falling, and a chilling north wind shook the needles on the pine trees. "I'd better slow down," he said through chattering teeth.

Tom stayed a month. During that time, he kicked his fast typing habit cold turkey.

from Carlos the Cloud

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