

# FOR FUN, FOR KEEPS

## 1. The Old Fashioned Game of The Future™

Long before POGmania™ reached your fair town, there were milkcaps, and milkcap games. In fact, milkcap games have been played for decades. Years ago, when milk still came in glass bottles, boys and girls nearly everywhere collected and played with the round, wax coated cardboard disks that sealed every bottle of milk.

*Inventory:*

*World POG Federation approved, official tournament quality – 55*

*Ying Yang POGs – 7*

*President POGs – 38*

*Scorpions!Skulls – 17*

*Beavis & Butt-Head – 15*

*Nickelodeon – 12*

*Animaniacs – 5*

*TMNT – 8*

*Nintendo – 87*

*Missleanus – approx. a million*

## 2. Slammers

*Inventory:*

*Approved for WPF tournament play – 6; 1 Insane Clown Posse, 1 Black Widow, 1 Hub*

*Cap, 1 Foghorn Leghorn, 1 Tie-Dye Dinosaur, 1 Ying Yang*

*NOT Approved for WPF tournament play – 2; 1 Poisonous 8-Ball, spiky on side like saw blade, 1 Poisonous Ying Yang, spiky on sides like saw blade*

Josh Stanley made two mistakes yesterday. First, he wanted to play POGs on the bus. Second, he didn't know the rules, at all. I won every single Nintendo POG in his collection.

## 3. Dennis the Menace

I made two mistakes today. First, I told my brother Riley that I won all of Josh Stanley's Nintendo POGs on the bus yesterday. Second, I told my brother Riley that I won all of Josh Stanley's Nintendo POGs on the bus yesterday using a non-Federation slammer.

“You know that’s not right, Andy,” he said. Riley was an honorable man. He’d never gotten a red card in soccer...ever. Not even a yellow card that I could remember. He always apologized if he accidentally tripped someone at Y-Ball, or bloodied their nose, or jammed their finger. You’d have to do something really despicable to get Riley to rough you up. “Was it the spiky one?”

“Yeah. The ICP one,” I said.

“You have to give them back,” he said.

“I wish Josh Stanley would cut his fingernails,” I said. “He grows them out like a girl’s. They’re disgusting.”

“What does that have to do with slammers?”

I shrugged.

*Duck Tales* was on. Once, Riley had grabbed Josh Stanley by the collar at the bus stop because he called me a “pussy.” Riley told him to watch his language. Josh Stanley thought I was a pussy because the day before, when we got off the bus, he had burped the entire alphabet to show off. On “X, Y, Z,” he blew in my face and I barfed right there on the Robb Hill bridge. I don’t think Josh Stanley had brushed his teeth since last Christmas.

During the commercials, Riley went into the garage and got out the bee-bee gun.

“Dennis coming over tonight?” I asked.

“Yeah,” Riley said. “We’ll be ready this time.”

Dennis wasn’t our mom’s boyfriend yet, but he’d taken her out on three dates ever since we moved out of grandma’s house and into the apartment. We didn’t like him. Later that night, Dennis showed up wearing a brown suit. He’d brought us some stupid tape to watch about *Monster Trucks* or something. Me and Riley hid behind the loveseat while Mom took Dennis’s coat. Riley slid the barrel of the bee-bee gun between the upholstery and the end table. Now, I whispered. Now, now!

Mom and Dennis went to the kitchen and opened some wine. I heard their feet shuffling on the linoleum. He was probably kissing her and thought we didn’t know.

“Why didn’t you shoot?” I asked Riley.

“Couldn’t get a clear shot,” he said. “It was just too risky.”

#### 4. Beavers and Boobs

For Christmas that year, Mom got me and Riley a POG machine. We could take any picture we wanted, from anywhere, and stamp it right onto a POG. I did three or four with boobs on them, never naked ones, just pushed together nice and high with a good bikini or bra. At Dad’s, I cut out some girl’s crotch from one of the old *Playboys* he kept lying around the upstairs bathroom. When I showed Riley, he laughed.

“That’s pretty gross, Andy,” he said. “Not the kind you want.”

He took me to his room where he'd been filling the top drawer of his bedside table with some girly POGs of his own. He passed me a handful.

"Check these out, brother," he said. "That's what you call a bald beaver."

These were different. All the crotches I'd seen before were pretty bushy. Riley said it had something to do with the *Playboys* in Dad's bathroom being from the seventies. These ladies, or at least the part of them that fit on the POG, were hairless, and all opened up. Their privates looked soft and pinkish, like the inside of a kitten's ear. I thought it was probably dangerous for something so fragile to be hanging out like that. On the rest of my beaver POGs, the girls would all wear panties.

#### 5. It Doesn't Take Much to Go POG Wild™

I gathered up all my Beavis and Butt-Head comics and made a few POGs that said stuff like "ass-wipe" and "butt-munch" on them. At Mom's, I showed them to Riley and he thought they were pretty funny, so I put on a few episodes of the show that I'd taped in the VCR.

"I bet we could write our own episode," Riley said. "If it's really good, we can send it to them and they might put it on TV. They would probably pay us like fifty grand for something like that."

I thought this was a great idea, so we got a notebook and a tape recorder to practice saying our lines. We began writing an episode that would end with a part where Beavis gets to pull Josh Stanley's pants down on the bus, and Josh Stanley gets so upset about the whole thing that he poops himself in front of everybody. I hated that kid for making me barf, and I also remembered that once, in third grade, he stole my Game Boy game. And he had those fingernails. And a brown front tooth. I should have told Riley about the Game Boy game, then he wouldn't have made me give all the Nintendo POGs back. It was too late, though. I'd already passed them back to Josh Stanley on the bus.

"Okay, Riley," I said. "At the end of the show, Beavis starts yelling 'Shitty-Ass! Look at Shitty-Ass Stanley!'" I was laughing so hard I could barely talk.

"Shut up, dude," Riley said. "Seriously."

It was Mom. Right there in the door. "I heard that," she said.

"What?" I said. "I didn't do anything."

"I heard that nasty language you just used, young man."

I was about to apologize, but not sure who to say sorry to, Mom or Josh Stanley.

"And you know," she said, "Dennis is in the living room as we speak. Are you trying to embarrass me?"

"Yeah," I said. "And you're a bitch!"

It only took a few seconds for Mom to start crying. Riley stood and hugged her in the doorway, shaking his head at me over her shoulder. I didn't cry until I saw Dennis in the hall behind Mom, stroking her back like she was some baby he was trying to burp.

The next day, Mom's best friend, the pediatrician, came over. Mom and Dr. Jenny decided that what I needed was a cuss book. Apparently I had some sort of trouble putting my feelings in the right place. Mom handed me a black and white speckled notebook and some packs of stickers to decorate it.

"Now honey," she said. "Any time you think naughty words or bad things about people, just write them in here instead of saying them out loud. Okay?"

I didn't believe her when she said she wasn't mad. I took the book to my room.

#### 6. Andy's Cuss Book

1. *Josh Stanley is a white trash son of a bitch bastard.*
2. *Mom is a bitch.*
3. *Dennis is a dillhole ass turd fart eater.*
4. *Megan R. is a whore.*

#### 7. Once upon a time, all milkcaps were created equal. But times have changed...

My POG collection got so big recently that I decided to leave half of it at Dad's and the other half at Mom's. When I sat down to sort them out, I decided the more manly ones could go to Dad's—the ones with sports guys, presidents, scorpions, and stuff like that on them. I left all the beavers and boobs there, too. They made Dad laugh. I kept all my best Nintendo POGs at Mom's, which must have been good luck because she got rid of Dennis. She's got a new boyfriend now named Charlie. He bought us a Nintendo 64 with three extra games besides Mario. We think we're going to like him.