

## WEALTHY AND WHYS

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*Justin St. Clair*

*(scoffing...)*

Curse Ben Franklin, that maladaptive maxim monger.

Forward-thinking?

Forward-thinking—yeah—and a bit far-sighted as well  
(whereupon the luminary hyperope, Dr. Franklin,  
constructed for himself and generations of  
impaired visionaries—spectacles!)

And what about those wooden teeth?

No, I suppose

that was old George—resourceful chap.

Had to do something with the wood from that  
damn  
tree.

Big Ben should take a gander down from his lofty perch.

I've got a spectacle he can sink his teeth into.

Pennies. Hadn't the bugger any sense?

Curse Ben Franklin, burning a hole in my pants.

I saved ten thousand and that fucking Kike—

(—uh—make that Kite. Texas thanks you, Ben.)