

## Anthologized in *Let's Talk*, Florida Writers Association

### Requirements for submission:

Story had to be told solely within quotation marks, no attribution, explanation, etc.  
This story reenacts a conversation described to me by a coworker.

## Blind Tiger Patricia Charpentier

"Young man, yoo whoo, young man..."

"Yes ma'am. Can I help you?"

"Indeed, you can. I want two of your best tickets to the Blind Tiger concert."

"One moment, please."

"My, you have a lot of buttons on that...."

"Ma'am, I don't see a Blind Tiger concert scheduled."

"Oh, look again. I know it's there. My kids have been talking about it for weeks. I'm going to surprise them with tickets."

"One moment... I'm sorry. I still don't get any hits for a Blind Tiger concert anywhere in Florida."

"Did you spell it correctly? B-L-I-N-D T-I-G—"

"Ma'am, I know how to spell. The concert you want just doesn't exist."

"It has to. My kids love this band and know everything about them. Try again."

"That's not going to change anything, Ma'am. I'm sorry."

"Don't be difficult, young man. Just punch some more letters into that computer *thingee* and get me my tickets."

"Ma'am, I could key names into this *thingee* all day, but it's not going to produce a concert that doesn't exist."

"Fiddlesticks. It's in there somewhere."

"Oh, wait a minute..."

"See, I *told* you it was there."

"Ma'am could it be the *Def Leppard* concert you want tickets for?"

"Yes, yes, yes...that's it. I knew it was some type of a cat with an impediment."