

Borrowed Gas Can, Hwy 99
by Natalie McNabb

He wears his overalls too loose and without a shirt; so does his graying mutt. The newspaper he tucks into his armpit proclaims: "Nowhere Safe in Africa."

I ask if he thinks it's true.

"Hell," he says, "nowhere's safe—Africa or America," and smashes out his cigarette on the pump as he fills my can.

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