

All That Glitters Isn't Gold



by Reg Green

Between the rains, with Southern California looking its legendary beautiful self, a high-end convertible overtook me on the freeway and I caught a glimpse of the bald driver and a passenger with a mop of auburn hair waving in the wind.

“Lucky devil,” I thought.

As it happened, he turned off the freeway at the next exit, as I did, and was stopped by a red light.

Envious to see what delights money can bring, I drove alongside and glanced over. The driver wasn't bald: he was wearing a skull cap.

And the passenger was a golden retriever.

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