

The Best Friend

by James Como (July 2015)

Rain was falling hard and it was the tail end of rush hour, so when Eli snagged a cab on eighty-sixth and Lexington he knew he had been lucky. Well, maybe not lucky.

“Hey you prick! That was my taxi!” The pudgy young woman had the door in her hand when Eli splashed a puddle and slid into the back seat. As he jerked the door closed he saw that her face looked swollen, with a flattened nose and squinty eyes. She banged on the glass with the handle of her umbrella. He was happy with himself. He was ugly too, but not that ugly.

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