

A Little History

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (May 2025)



The Beatles (John Byrne, 1969)

A Little History

I just happened to be at my front window when Paul rushed by yelling at the top of his lungs, "The British are Coming! The British are coming!"

Upon hearing this, I immediately ran into the bedroom and got out several of my old Beatles records and spread them on the floor. I figured that this would save me from being taken away—and, in the end, maybe save my life

I also went into the kitchen and took out the basket of British chips that I had left over from the day before and put it on my night table.

When the two soldiers entered and wanted to know which side I was on, I told them to please follow me. And upon seeing the records, the older of the two asked me to put "Rubber Soul" on the turntable, and play, "Run For Your Life."

Upon hearing the song, he responded, "Man, you've made my day! Haven't heard that song in ages. It's my favorite of theirs!"

With that, I picked up the basket of chips, and asked if they wanted some—
to which they both smiled and nodded their heads.

After sharing a little chit chat, the younger one said, “It was a pleasure meeting you, but we must now be on our way. Hopefully, we’ll all meet again!”

I then walked them to the door and they headed out, muskets in hand...

Clum Z

Yes, I knew Clum Z a bit before he became a famous rapper. We worked together in a restaurant downtown washing dishes, and it was amazing how many of them he broke before he was finally fired. I remember him telling me that he’d already had 8 or 9 dish washing jobs that year and we were only half-way into the month of May.

Anyway, a couple of years later I was flipping the channels and came upon one of those music video programs, and on it was a video in which some guy was hip-hop dancing and rapping like crazy. Looking more closely I realized that it was Clum, and behind him were some beautiful young babes, scantily clad, doing their thing to his rapping.

I’m not a fan of rap music, but I was happy for Clum ‘cause I knew
he wasn’t ever going to make it as a dish washer.

To the best of my recollection the rap lyrics that I got from his

performance went as follows:

They call me Clum Z,
and you know I'm free
to be who I want to be,
and that's a fact,
it ain't no act
cause I made a pact with a Z...

I have no doubt that Clum will continue to make it as a rapper
so long as he can keep coming up with new material...

What I Don't Like

The truth is that I don't like it when others show signs of
happiness,
when I'm not feeling happy at all. In fact, when I'm not
feeling
happy and I witness someone smiling or laughing, I often feel
like slapping their face. I really have to control myself not
to do so.
I don't mind a quick grin if someone is seemingly being polite
in response to what another person is saying to them, but, as
I already
expressed, I don't like to see a smile or hear someone laugh
when
I'm not feeling happy at all.

Now, you could be asking yourself how often— in terms of
minutes—
do I feel happy during an average week? And the answer would
be
as follows: No week is exactly the same but if I were to
venture
an average, it would probably be around 3 or 4 minutes per

week—

give or take a few seconds—that I actually feel happy and show it

with a bit of a sparkle in my eyes accompanied by a smile here and there, and maybe a chuckle, depending.

And there's nothing specific that makes me feel happy. It could be

that I was flipping the stations and came across an old episode

of the Three Stooges—of course, with Curly in it— The Beverly Hillbillies, or maybe a certain I love Lucy episode. I also sometimes

feel a bit happy watching young children in grocery stores picking

at items on the shelves and dropping them on the floor. This can

make me smile for up to 30 seconds sometimes. Dogs can also make me feel happy if they look me in the eyes, and wag their tails

when passing me by. Really, there is no predicting when a feeling

of happiness is going to come over me.

In conclusion, I will say that I'd feel more tolerant of a person

showing happiness if they're at a wedding and are the ones to be

married, and I don't mind if occasionally I witness someone at a sporting event who's smiling because their team is winning

the game. Other than that, I don't like it when people are looking

as if they're enthralled with being alive when I'm standing there

feeling forlorn and wishing I were home under the covers...

The Search

Proud of the fact that some of my poems had just been published
in a top-notch literary journal, I decided to call around and see
if anyone besides the editor/publisher had read any of them.

Turned out that on the 10,462,758th call I reached someone
who said they not only read my poems but that one in particular
had changed their life.

And so, of course, I excitedly asked which one it was,
but when he presented the title and began to recite the poem
I knew immediately that it was no poem of mine.

Felling dejected, I nonetheless waited until he finished,
thanked him, and without telling him that he'd made a mistake,
I gently hung up the phone.

Then, out of curiosity I did a little research with regard to
that poem
and discovered that it was written by the late Rod McKuen
a well-known poet in his time, and someone who I believe made
a very good living from his published poetry books.
Personally, I was not a fan of his poetry, and really couldn't
understand his popularity, as most his work that I read
seemed trite and overly sentimental.

Continuing to be feel forlorn with regard to reaching an
audience
for my work, I finally decided to stop writing poetry
altogether
and take up sculpting with clay as I thought I'd have a better

chance
of getting some real recognition.

And truth be told, so far I've gotten a lot of positive feedback
from the instructor and several students in my class...

The Best-Looking People

=

I've always thought that the best-looking people are not only the most popular, but also the happiest. It may not be true in every instance, but I think it's mostly true.

In my neighborhood I see a lot of the best-looking people walking around, and most of them have confident expressions on their faces and most of them are smiling in comparison to just average, or below average looking people.

A little while ago as I was riding a stationary bike at my gym,

and looking through the huge glass window, I noticed that the best-looking people walking by seemed to have a certain aura about them. They not only looked happy and contented, but seemed

to exude a feeling of having found the true meaning of life.

These best-looking people didn't seem fearful of getting old or dying because they know they have many years left to enjoy being the best-looking people.

They also seemed very aware of their superiority over the rest of us,

barely glancing at anyone who didn't look like themselves.

That old saying, "Blonds have more fun" should be changed to "The best-looking people have more fun," because I don't think I've ever seen a best-looking person with less than a grin on their face...

An Old Story

When the clock struck midnight and I turned into a beautiful princess

I decided to go to the prince's ball that I'd heard about.

When I got there, it was obvious that the prince was not only drunk,

but horny as well.

He kept asking me to dance, and even tried to put his hands on inappropriate places on my body.

Not being that kind of guy, I fended him off each time by giving him looks

that let him know I meant business.

Otherwise, I ate as much of the sumptuous food as I was able, knowing

that a poor schmuck like me may never get another opportunity like that.

Arriving home, I felt happy for the first time in longer than I could remember...

Watching For The Signs

Yes, I am friends with Mo Skito who recently bit me out of the blue.

And when I asked why he did so, he just responded that he didn't know what came over him.

It was then I realized that he had a dark side,

and that if we were to continue our relationship
I'd have to be careful to watch for the signs...

[Table of Contents](#)

Jeffrey Zable is a teacher, conga drummer/percussionist who plays Afro-Cuban folkloric music for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area and a writer of poetry, flash-fiction, and non-fiction. He's published five chapbooks and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *The Paradox*, *Beach Chair*, *The Broken Teacup*, *Ranger*, *Hot Pot*, and many others.

Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](#)