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The Antique Shop Russell Edson

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Russell Edson

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

There was a man who wanted to buy an old man in an antique shop, how much for that old man?

You do me too much honor, but owing to my youth I'm not for sale, smiled the old man who was standing behind a counter of antique bellybuttons.

How much for that piece of biological trash?

One man's trash is sometimes another man's treasure, smiled the old man, who was now wearing a bellybutton on his forehead like a third eye.

You're old enough to be dead, said the man, but still young enough to be put on a pole for a scarecrow. So how much for the nasty old man?

He's not ripe enough to be sold as an authentic antique, smiled the old man who was now wearing the bellybutton on one of his earlobes.

By the way, what's with that bellybutton?

Oh that, I'm trying to find the right place to grow my new umbilical cord.

But you're too old for an umbilical cord.

I know, smiled the old man, isn't it wonderful?...