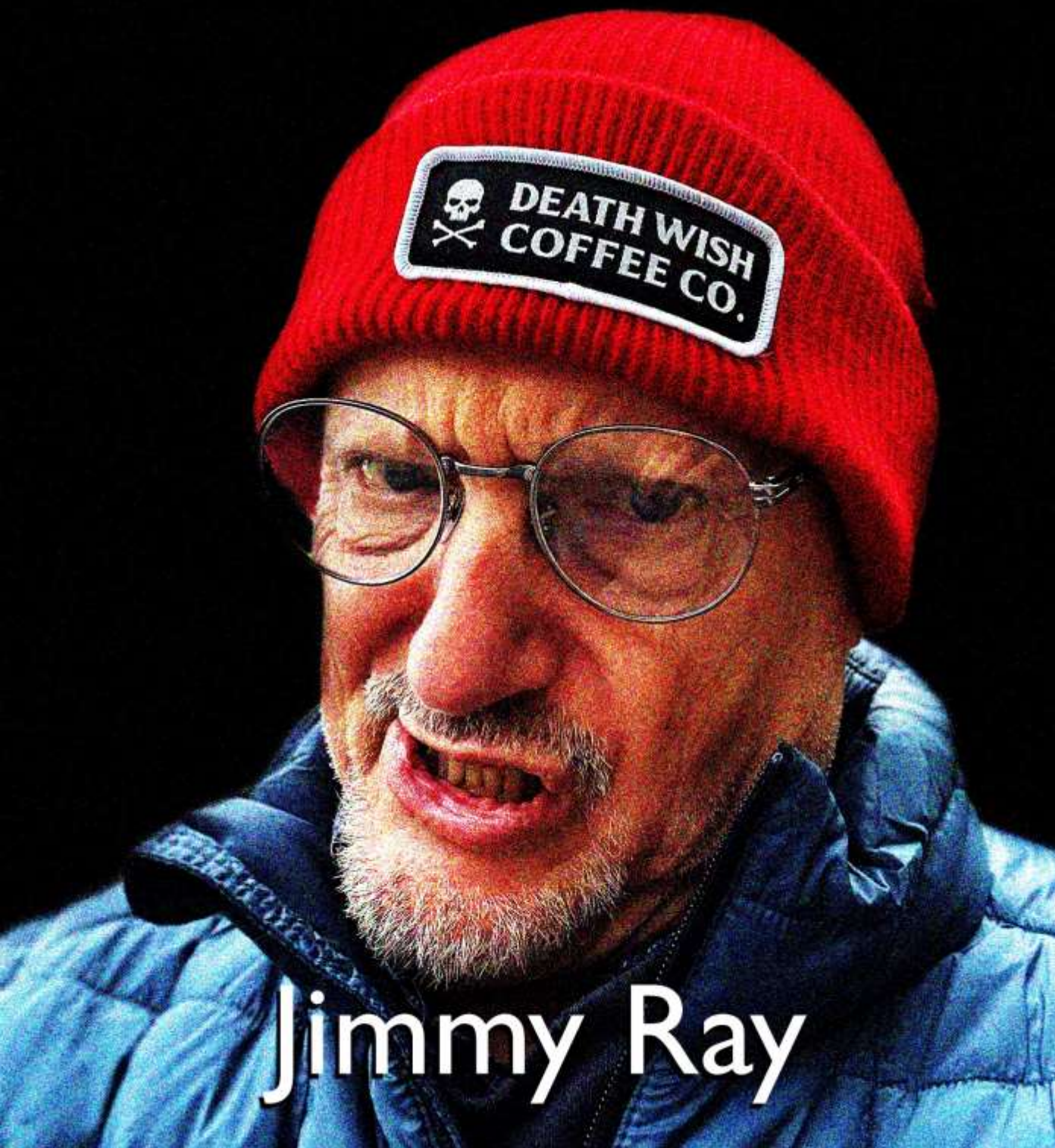


A RAY OF SUNSHINE



Jimmy Ray

A Ray of Sunshine

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johnscottg.com

gnud edition 2024/03/01

OK, you may not reproduce any part of this work in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the publisher. Sure, the 'fair use' portion of copyright law allows you to use brief excerpts in reviews, articles, blog posts, podcasts, and/or social networking commentary, but when you go beyond that, there will be terrifying reprisal in the form of locusts, or perhaps attorneys. While we're doing legal stuff, let me point out that the characters and events depicted herein are fictitious and any resemblance to individuals living, dead, undead, or lab concocted is mere coincidence. The task of 'tagging the Internet' with the work of JSG is being supervised by the praiseworthy platoon at Golosio Publishing, 5000 Beckley Avenue, Suite #44, Woodland Hills, CA 91364. Contact brian@golosio.com if you want to send them erotic sock puppets. Funding for this literary expedition comes from the Gruenberger Family Trust as well as contributions from Immedia, the Brian Forest Family, Edward and Pearl Geschke, Pandemonium Productions, the Guyette Family, Creative Communication, and a bodacious bunch of bohemians who are reading this persiflage aloud by candlelight. You guys are wondrous strange, and I salute you!

gnud

*GOLOSIO NONTRADITIONAL
UNIVERSAL DISSEMINATION*

“Socrates is a cool dude, and
he always has the best dope.”

— *Plato*

(Quotation unconfirmed.)

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Snaps



Snapshots are decaying remnants of humanity's attempt to capture eternity.

Wait, is that too poetic for you?

Okay, let's just say that these images are stories waiting to be told. I have provided an opening line or a situation. Try a couple, why doncha?

Snap 1



Cynthia Susanne Waterson began her career with the Secret Service by demonstrating how easily she could blend in at social gatherings. She became so proficient that she disappeared entirely in 1954.

Snap 2



These guys *rocked!*

Every time they headlined the annual Legion Hall Hootenanny, the whole crowd would be dancing joyfully or vomiting profusely, often both. It was the birth of Heavy Metal.



Snap 3



“Stop pestering my sister or next show I’m wearing my golf shoes.”

Snap 4



A reflection selfie taken by the woman on the right. This is an early example of a meet cute.



Snap 5



Prototype of the Oscar Meyer Weinermobile. Seconds after the picture was taken, the fuel tank exploded, killing three and injuring nine. Later that night, hoboes roasted tube steaks by the still smoldering fire. Some had bread crusts to use as buns, and they all had mustard.



Snap 6



The resulting damage included one fern, some lawn furniture, and Aunt Martha's left foot.



Snap 7



Too late.



Snap 8



“There’s a naked lady sitting on the jumble.”



Snap 9



“Don't put your daughter on the stage,
Mrs. Worthington.” — *Noel Coward*



“These daughters are fine.” — *Busby Berkeley*

Snap 10



“Your initiation is about to begin.”



Snap 11



We've always had the Internet,
but it used to be called
"newspapers & radio."

Snap 12



At the start of their affair,
conversations about murdering her husband
were merely theoretical.

Snap 13



“We overdressed for the Father-Daughter dance.”



Dad's footwear.

Snap 14



Everyone agreed that the event called
“Pajama Night at the Gentleman’s Club”
should not be repeated.



Snap 15



In the talent phase of the pageant, Miss Iowa demonstrated the fine art of holding a curtain.

Snap 16



Using an instrument of his own design, part-time musician and full-time crank Buddy Jinx could play all three parts of the “ah-oo-h-gah” novelty car horn sound simultaneously.



Snap 17



Ignoring the bigots, these male college students performed drag musicals in the American Midwest during the 1930s.

Snap 18



Hats. Women wear them well.



See?

Snap 19



Write your own damn caption.



Snap 20



Lillian and Scooter claimed they were re-enacting a funny scene in *Monkey Business* (not the Marx Brothers film, the one with Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers) where the two stars coping with a baby for some reason. Don't know about you, but I'm not buying this explanation. They are clearly up to no good.

Snap 21



“Typo”

Calligraphy by Fuyuyoshi Smith
On loan form the artsit.



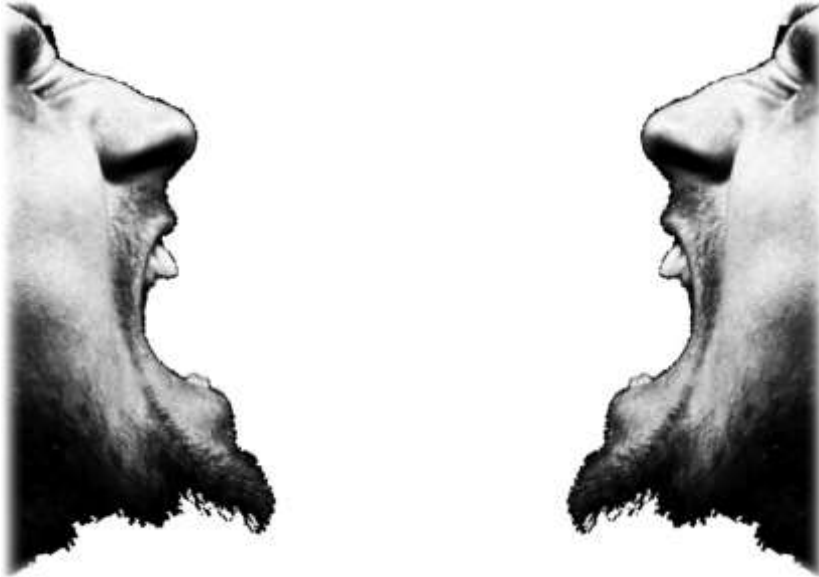
Snap 22



For a few precious seconds, life was magical.



Yeah, I'm Saying It



*So, I've got a few things on my mind
and I'm going to let you know about
some of them.*

*Please feel free to disagree with me if
you wish. Don't worry your pretty little
head about it.*

Really.

It's perfectly okay for you to be wrong.

My appreciation of flowers is not matched by my knowledge of them. For me, flowers are “the cool blue one,” “the dead one,” and “the pretty yellow one with drops of water on the floppy parts.”

My appreciation of people is... (pause for a moment while searching for the right word; still searching; oh, I’ve got it) ...minimal.

As much as I hate golf, I have to admit that their courses look nice. And what great potential they represent! They could become playgrounds, or parks, or at least dog parks. Plus, we should take a look at George Carlin’s idea of erecting some much needed low-income housing behind those country club gates.

One has the right to be skeptical of a nation whose only cultural contributions appear to be musical comedy theater, home delivery of THC, and the salad bar.



Some of those dingbat thingys look like faces. Or demons. Or the heads of robotic devices. Or letters of the alphabet trying to organize a revolt against humanity.

Speaking of dingbats: the Republican Party.

Every business should pay taxes, even the ones selling an invisible savior.

Songwriting may be the scruffiest form of poetry, but it's often the most lucrative.

Too many people think that "I grabbed something off the Internet" is the same thing as "I did my research."

It's nice that English is often considered a universal language, but this could be due to the fact that we've stolen so many words from so many other cultures.

I think I'll create an email account, use it to subscribe to every offer on the Internet, and then ignore all the spam and sales messages that arrive. I'll call it "conceptual art."



After pumping eleventeen zillion milligrams of Ritalin, Aderall, Focalin, Evekeo, etc., etc., etc. into generations of kids, our nation is now full of befuddled nincompoops who are unable to focus on many of the most critical matters which—Oooh! Squirrel!



Sincerely Held Beliefs

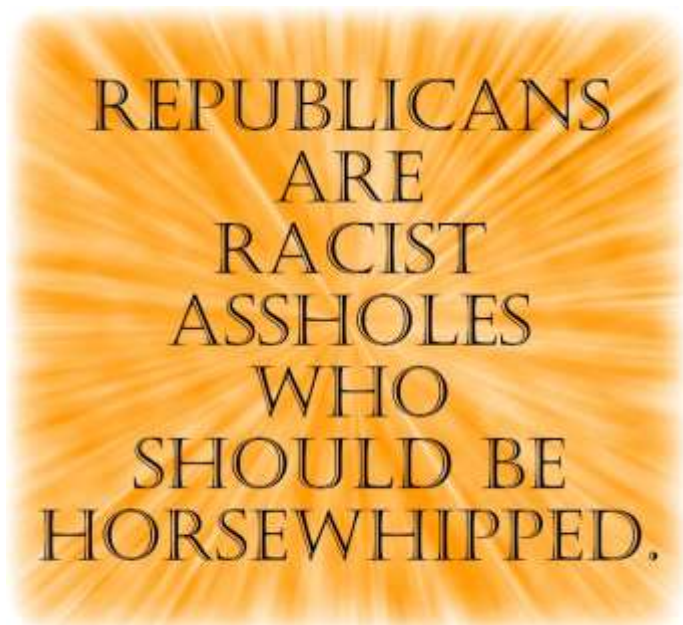


*Hello there, my brothers and sisters!
Have you heard the good news?
There's a new religion in town!
Let us rejoice together!*

▶▶▶ The whining, moaning, and wailing of faith fascists seems endless. Among their demands are deferential treatment, special dispensations, and a “get out of jail free” card whenever they decide to break the law. And this is on top of the atrocity that they don’t pay taxes.

Along with false piety, crocodile tears, and rampant hypocrisy, these theistic twatwaffles actually believe that their stupidity, perfidy, and meddling are acceptable because of their “sincerely held beliefs.”

All right, if you want to play that way, allow me to present my sincerely held beliefs...



GOP
GREEDWHORES
SHOULD BE
CASTRATED
AND LEFT TO
DIE IN THE
WILDERNESS.

CONSERVATIVES
ARE HOMOPHOBES
WHO DESERVE TO BE
RAPED WITH
CATTLE PRODS.

GOP
MISOGYNISTS
SHOULD BE
DROWNED
IN A
BUCKET OF
MENSTRUAL
BLOOD.

REPUBLICANS
ARE
TRAITORS
AND SHOULD
BE SHOT.

Cretinous twits object to my views, saying, “We meant sincerely held *religious* beliefs.” Ah, that’s different. Well, all righty then...

Announcing a new faith, the Congregation of United Nudniks Triumphant. (We will augment the acronym to CoUNT.)

Unlike other cults, CoUNT insists on strict adherence to logic and human decency. We take the opposite path from conservatives—we support facts, truth, justice, fairness, equality, math, science... everything morons hate.

- We are pro-emancipation.
- We are anti-slavery.
- We are pro-liberation.
- We are anti-misogyny.
- We are pro-multicultural interaction.
- We are anti-segregation.
- We are okay with same-sex marriage.
- We are okay with mixed-race marriage.
- We are pro-humanity.
- We are pro-law.
- We are pro-regulation.
- We want everyone to pay their fair share of taxes, including those in the religiosity industry.

We believe in the right to clean water, healthy air, and untainted food. We favor access to healthcare, voting rights, and shelter. We are against fracking, drilling, and pipelines across private land. We do not want oil refining or chemical storage or runoff or containment pools, period. It's not just that we don't want them anywhere near homes or the water table; we don't want them anywhere.

We are pro-fact—which means we support stem-cell research and the teaching of science (including such undisputed “theories” as gravity and evolution).

We support assisted dying.

We support the active change from fossil fuels to renewable energy.

And here's an important point that a lot of knuckle-draggers just cannot or will not understand... We are pro-life *and* pro-choice.

Yes, that is correct, skeptics: we are supporting the lives and choices of women while ensuring that no unwanted child will be forced into the cold and uncaring GOP world.

Not only does a woman have the right to choose contraception, family planning, and abortion, she also has the right to do so in private without any jerkoffs gathering around her to point, shout, wave placards, or any other of the scurrilous activities of disgusting right-wing nut-jobs.

We have no sleep-inducing screeds for you to read. None of that boring “Apnopious begat Clamwich, and Clamwich begat Meerqwirk, and Meerqwirk begat Plucktush” and so on and whatever and whatnot. If you want badly written superstition, go elsewhere.

In fashion news, CoUNT has no funny hats or crazy costumes. Some of our competitors have all kinds of fancy-schmancy duds, probably because they want to have Halloween every day, but we don’t sashay that way.

We have no pedophile priests. Unlike so many GOP politicians, we are anti-pedophilia.

We have no millionaire preachers with mansions and private jets. We have no money-grubbing fund-raising drives. We have no

expensive buildings. We have no collections of stolen antiquities.

CoUNTERS may talk about Fight Club—I mean our wonderful congregation—or not; it's totally their choice. You get no points for spreading the word, and you get no demerits for shutting the hell up about it.

Think of us as “the anti-religion religion.”

The primary point is this: Our sincerely held beliefs are part of our faith, and you must show respect, even if we don't.



Sense & Sensuality



*Sounds trigger memories.
And vice versa.*

▶▶▶ The game was simple and could be quite entertaining, although often in an embarrassing way.

“So glad you made it,” the hostess said to the latest arrival to the party. “You’re just in time for your turn to entertain us,” the hostess added.

“I don’t know about that,” replied the neatly dressed elderly man.

“Oh, it’ll be fun!” the woman insisted. “Now, we have four categories designed to reveal a few lurid stories from your past. First, tell us what music you associate with your first kiss.”

All of the partygoers turned to watch the man as he took a seat at the far end of one of the sofas in the living room. He smiled and cocked his head while thinking back to his initial lip-lock many decades ago.

“First kiss,” he said, stalling for time. “Okay, okay... Let’s see, I was twelve, and the music I remember was... you’re going to laugh—”

“Hope so!” said one party guest.

“Believe it or not,” he said, “the song was *Louie Louie*.”

Whether or not they believed it, the crowd was pleased.

“Excellent!”

“Good one!”

“Outstanding!”

One woman asked a follow-up question in a sweet tone. “Was that song selected because it’s supposed to appeal to the libido?”

“Maybe it was,” the man said, “but I didn’t pick the music, so I can’t say for sure.”

“Oh, who picked that song?”

“I don’t know; it was at a party.”

Several guests peppered the man with queries.

“What kind of party?”

“Where was it?”

“Who was there?”

“Any arrests or hospitalizations?”

“C’mon, we want all the details!”

“Alright,” the man said, smiling. “If it’s specifics you want, I’ll do my best. It all started when I was at my first Friday night church youth group meeting.”

“What kind of church?”

“United Church of Christ.”

“I thought you were an atheist.”

“No, I’m more of a pantheist. Anyway, the youth group meeting broke up early.”

“Thank God,” someone said.

“Yes,” nodded the man. “It was fortuitous. Anyway, one of the older girls told me everybody was going to a party and invited me

along. I had heard rumors about the youth group get-togethers, so I said 'yes'. The rumors turned out to be true, I'm happy to say."

"Get-togethers'?"

"It's a perfectly good phrase."

"No it isn't."

"It's a phrase."

"Can't argue with that."

"Hey!" said one man in mock protest. "Focus, people! Let's get back to the party. Tell us what happened. Make it colorful and, if possible, dirty."

"That's going to depend on your definition of dirty," the man said.

"Try using a double entendre or two."

"I'll try to work some in and out."

"There ya go!"

"Okay," the man continued, "we piled into a bunch of cars, careened to the house, entered, and it was full of older kids—most of whom I didn't know. I went from room to room, watching people dance, smoke, drink, tell unfunny jokes, and try pick-up lines on each other."

"That's our next party game!" one woman said to mixed reaction of groans and laughter.

"In every room," the man went on, "at least one person said to me, 'the parents are out of town.' I felt reassured, because if the owners

were home, they might not appreciate the drug and alcohol use, especially among the young ones, like me. You know, an innocent traveler on the road of life.”

“The road of life being in a middle-class suburb,” said a sarcastic voice.

“It’s still on a road,” the man replied.

“Whatever.”

“Focus, damn it! So, you’re in the house, the parents are gone, and the party is on.”

“Right,” said the man. “In the living room was what we used to call a ‘stereo,’ and they had a stack of 45s on the changer.”

“A stack of what?”

“What’s a changer?”

The man wasn’t the only senior at the party who had once owned a “hi-fi” and 45s, but he was the only one admitting to possessing such esoteric knowledge. He did his best to bring everyone else up to date.

“Vinyl ‘albums’ were 12-inches in diameter with a small hole in the center for the spindle on a record changer, which held a group of albums, letting one drop onto the turntable when the music of the previous album finished. The 45 rpm ‘singles’ were the smaller vinyl product with a big hole in the center,” the man explained.

“‘Product’?”

“Sure. Music is ‘product’ to the people in the music industry.”

“He’s right,” another guest said.

“Yeah, fascinating. Are we ever going to get to the kiss?”

“Hey, I’m trying.”

“Try harder.”

“Wow,” the man noted, “you guys can make anything a double entendre. Okay, so, there were 45s on the stereo, the lights were turned down, and each girl picked a guy to make-out with during the song.”

“Then what happened?”

“Then they changed partners for the next single. So, my first make-out session lasted about two-and-a-half minutes.”

“But you had other partners.”

“Yes, but your question was about my first kiss, not the second, third, fourth, and so on.”

“Sounds like it was a good party for you.”

“You bet,” the man said, grinning. “It didn’t have the shattering conclusion I was hoping to achieve, but there was a very satisfying outcome later when I got home.”

“And took matters into your own hands.”

“Exactly.”

“Alright, that’s not bad,” one guest said.
“Not bad at all.”

“Yes,” agreed the hostess. “Pretty good. Okay, here’s the second question. What music do you associate with the first time you got to second base?”

“Ah,” the man said. “I see where this is heading. Okay, second base. It was Ravel’s *Bolero*.”

“Oooh, a nice long session!”

“Well,” the man noted, “*Bolero* is usually about fifteen minutes.”

“Long enough for second base.”

“True.”

“Any salacious details for us on this session?”

“The girl only wanted my hands on her body while we were kissing, which I guess was enjoyable for her, but I like to kiss, then caress, then go back to kissing, then... but I’m sure you all know how that works.”

“Can you show us?”

“Nope. That’s what porn is for.”

“Alrighty then,” the hostess said. “And now, the music for the first time you made it to third base.”

“No problem,” the man replied. “It was *Light My Fire* by The Doors.”

“Details?”

“It was the long version,” the man said.

“I would hope so.”

“And,” the man added, “the stereo was on ‘repeat,’ so we heard it a few times.”

“Good for you.”

“Well, again, first it was fun, then it was frustrating, and the onanism came later.”

“Owen who?”

“Let’s not go down this road.”

“Alrighty,” the hostess said loudly. “We’re moving on.” She turned to the man. “Last one: music you associate with your *first time*.”

“I don’t want to brag,” the man said, “but, it was an album.”

“Sounds like bragging to me.”

“Well, perhaps,” the man said sheepishly. “I’m happy every time I think back to that relationship. We were listening to the first album by The Left Banke. It was called *Walk Away Renée/Pretty Ballerina*, named for their two hits.”

“I think I remember them,” one guest said. “They performed Baroque rock!”

“You got it,” the man replied, “but there’s a little more for this story.”

“We’re all hoping,” said another guest.

“This was still in the days of vinyl,” the man said, “and their two hits were on opposite sides of the album.”

“So?” asked a couple guests.

“So,” the man continued, “that means we had to stop during our, um, liaison, and one of us had to get up, walk over to the stereo, flip the record over, and then go back to bed.”

“Double entry on your first try!” shouted one woman. “Impressive.”

“I appreciate you saying that, and I want to assure everyone that I can make time in my itinerary to schedule personal demonstrations upon request.”

“No thanks,” one man said.

“He wasn’t talking to you,” the hostess said.



PUNG

TUAT

ION

What's with those dots 'n' lines?

Colon:

A colon tells you that we're not quite done with this sentence. Those two dots are saying, "But wait, there's more."

Except in this case: there's no more.

Semi-colon;

We've almost concluded; but here's something else to contemplate; hope you're happy now.

Exclamation Point!

Important shit here, damn it! Or maybe it's only semi-important! You get to decide! Or not! Whatever! Yawn! Woof!

Comma,

Pause.

Take a breath.

Or comma rather comma pause comma collect your thoughts for a microsecond comma breathe deeply comma and then comma and only then comma carry on.

(Or, rather, pause, collect your thoughts for a microsecond, breathe deeply, and then, and only then, carry on.)

Not to be confused with coma, comatose, confused, confounded, con job, or any act of sexual perversity committed by conservatives at one of their CPAC conferences when they're away from their spouses.

Hyphen – Dash — Squiggles

Hyphens are little lines, that's all. They're handy for multi-faceted phrases, such as when describing Republicans:

Every sub-human creature in the GOP is a right-wing, nutsy-goofus, enema-bag-sucking treason-weasel.

Dashes—whether they are em dashes (longer) or en dashes (shorter)—are ways of setting apart items in a sentence.

Squiggles are, well, you know, squiggly.

Slash /

The slash, also called solidus, virgule, and diagonal, may be used in a number of ways, but is often reserved for binary comparisons:

On/Off

Up/Down

North/South

Either/Or

Woman/Man

Angel/Devil

Yes/No

Maybe/What's it worth to you?

Question Mark?

Why do you ask? Is this any way for a member of the media to behave? You *are* a registered member of the media, are you not? You sure? May I see some identification please? (pause) Is this really your photo? (pause) Could someone call Security?

[Brackets]

Use brackets when you need to insert clarifying data in the middle of your sentence. Like so:

Use brackets when you [an earnest aspiring brain surgeon with a regrettable and debilitating history of substance abuse] need to insert clarifying data in the middle of your sentence.

{Braces}

Braces appear in math equations, so normal people don't need to pay attention to them.

(Parentheses)

Parentheses work like enormous (and more noticeable) commas.

Apostrophe ’

The flexible mark:

Omitted letters (lil’)

Possessives (Joan’s)

Contractions (you’re)

Pluralize letters (dot the i’s and cross the t’s)

“Quotes.”

Quotation marks show the words spoken or written by another person.

“I don’t like traitors or Republicans,” said Lynn without realizing that was the same thing twice.

Single quotation marks are used for a quote within a quote.

“Jack ran up the hill to ‘fetch a pail of water’ before he fell down, broke something, and went to the hospital.”

Ellipsis...

When three periods are strung together, it indicates that some words or letters have been left out for clarity and brevity. Examples:

At midnight on December 31st, we joined a horde of Times Square drunkards in chanting the countdown, “Ten, nine, eight...” as the ball dropped.

In Martin Luther King’s “I have a dream...” speech, he spoke movingly about achieving civil rights for all.

An ellipsis can also indicate a pause, as in this charming and useful example:

When you take someone to bed, you should never try to fuck them to death... unless it’s absolutely necessary.

Period.

Stop.

That's what it means.

Cease. Halt. Hold. Freeze. Terminate. Finish.
Climax. Finale. Conclude. Standstill. Apodosis.
Omega. Cessation. Enough. Whoa.

You get the idea.

Let me go out on a limb here and proclaim the period one of the greatest of all the punctuation thingies. It is extremely valuable because the period lets the reader know when a sentence has come to an

What Should Jimmy Write Next?



*On the following pages
are six rough mock-ups
of covers for new stories.*

See anything you like?

*Vote your preference:
brian@golosio.com*

①

The Compact
Companion to

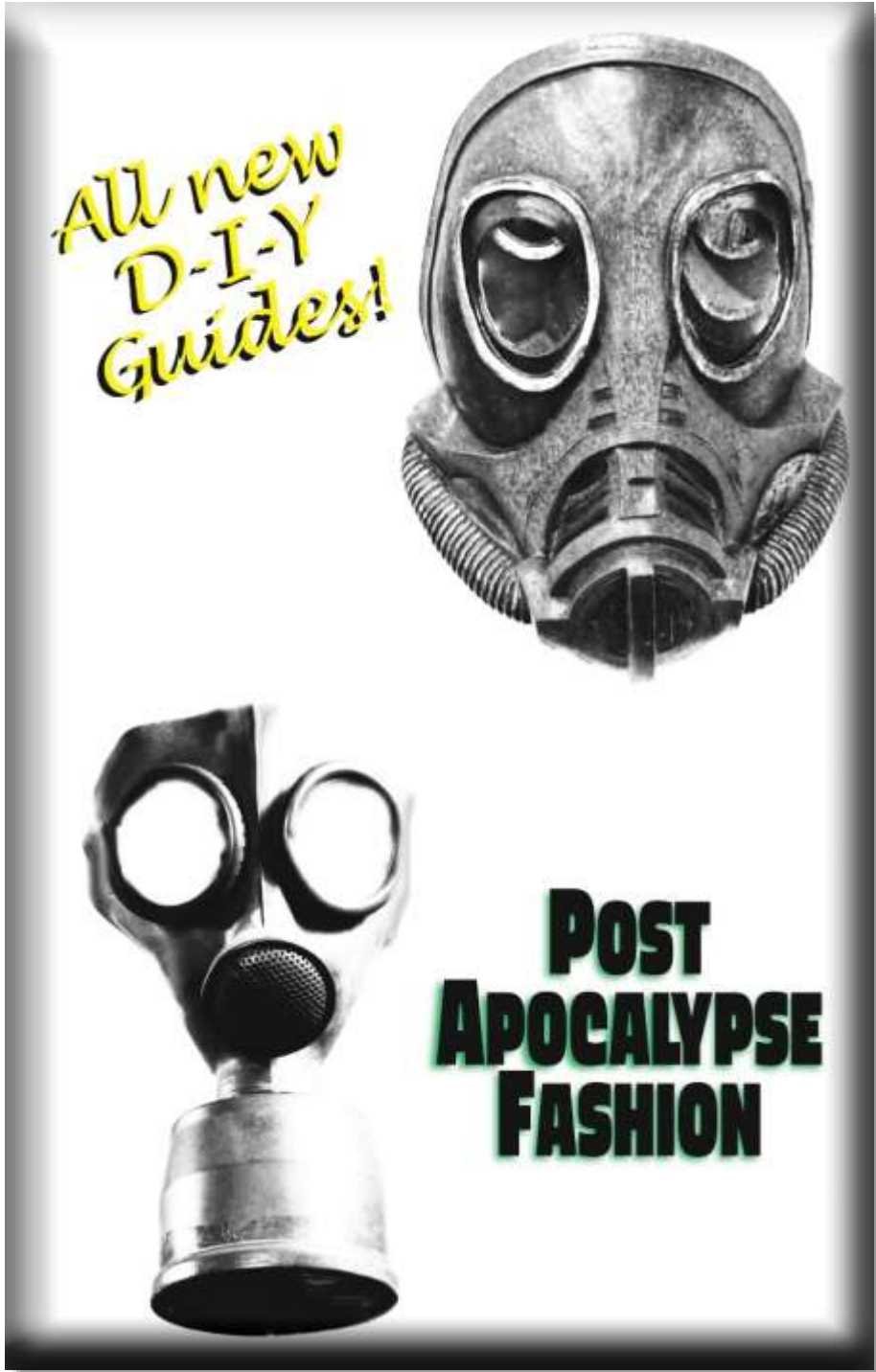


*Feline
Dentistry*

②



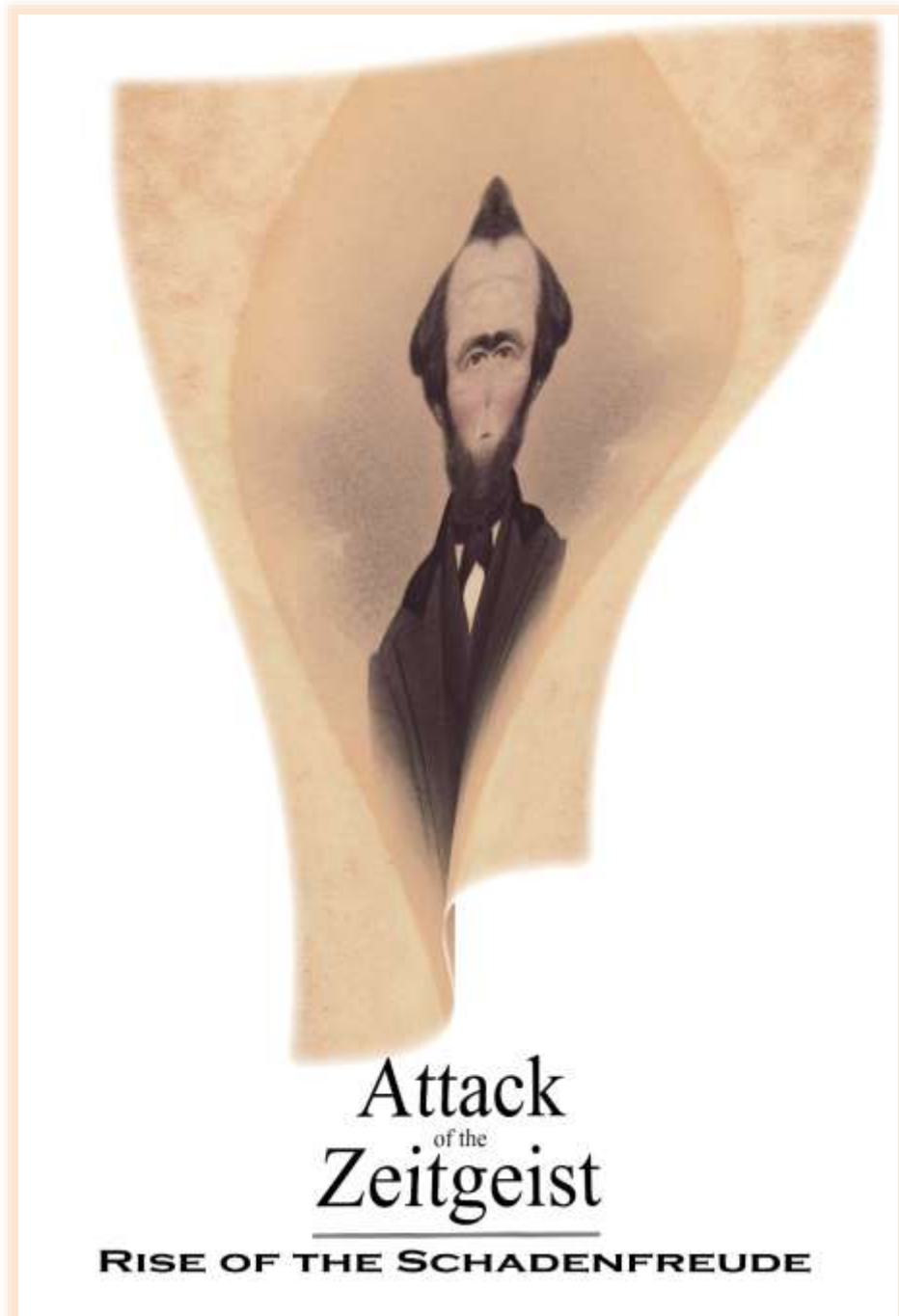
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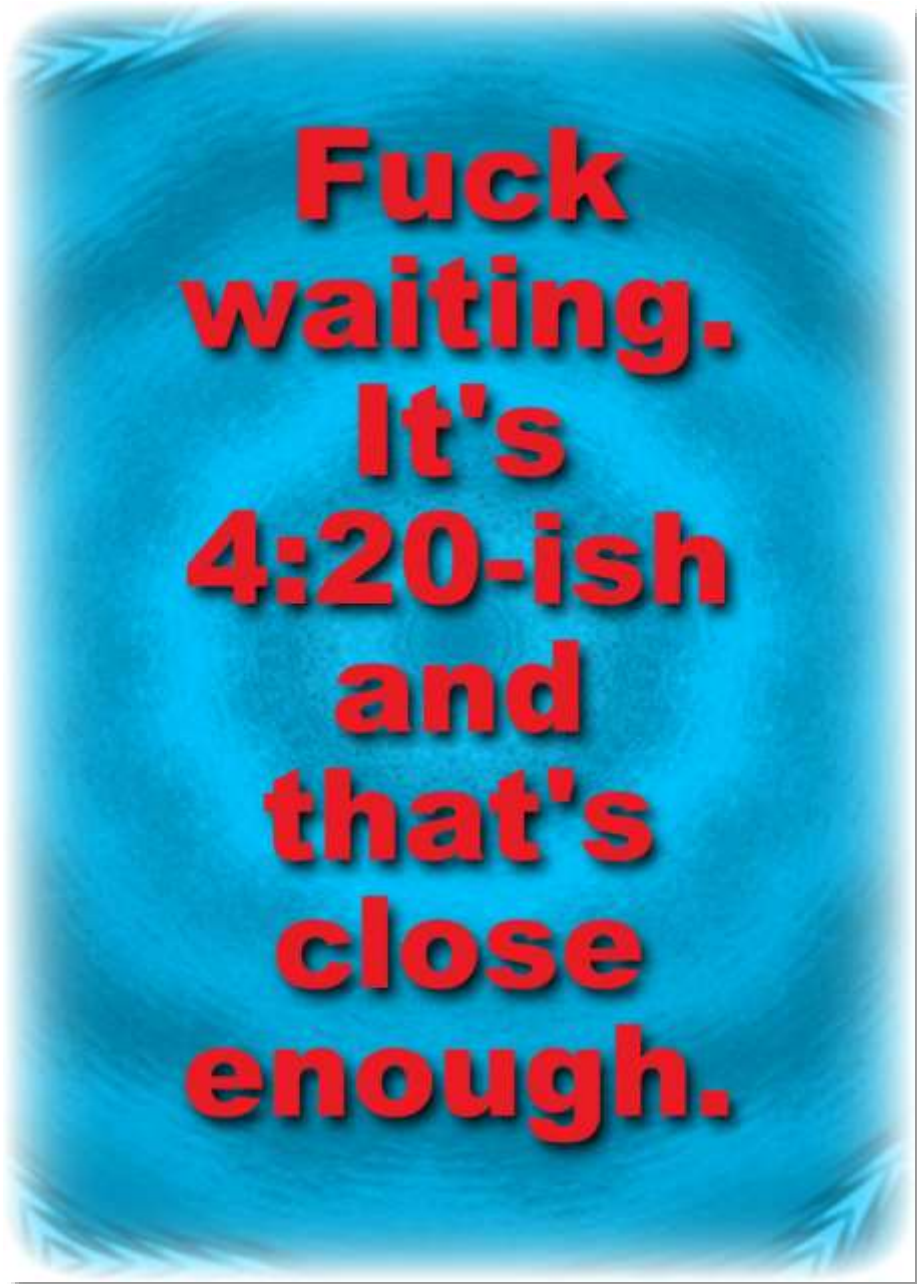
④



⑤



⑥



About the Author

▶▶▶ Sensitive, club-footed Philip Carey tries and fails at many things, falls in love with a bad woman, and then... Wait, wrong story. That's *Of Human Bondage*. Sorry. Let's try again... Jimmy Ray is a great guy in many ways, I'm sure. Well, maybe not, but he's a guy with lots of opinions. More opinions than you. Hell, more than anyone, for that matter. In addition, this Jimmy character is strange. Stranger than you. Hell, stranger than anybody. If you don't believe me, consider this: he likes libraries, cold pizza, and jazz. See?



*Visit our site for more from Jimmy Ray,
John Scott G, and Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss.*

<https://johnscottg.com>