

Something in the Papers

By Ambrose Bierce

“What’s in the paper?” O, it’s dev’lish dull:
There’s nothing happening at all—a lull
After the war-storm. Mr. Someone’s wife
Killed by her lover with, I think, a knife.
A fire on Blank Street and some babies—one,
Two, three or four, I don’t remember, done
To quite a delicate and lovely brown.
A husband shot by woman of the town—
The same old story. Shipwreck somewhere south,
The crew all saved—or lost. Uncommon drouth
Makes hundreds homeless up the River Mud—
Though, come to think, I guess it was a flood.
’Tis feared some bank will burst—or else it won’t;
They always burst I fancy—or they don’t;
Who cares a cent?—the banker pays his coin
And takes his chances. Bullet in the groin—
But that’s another item. Suicide—
Fool lost his money (serve him right) and died.
Heigh-ho! there’s noth— Jerusalem! what’s this?
Tom Jones has failed! My God, what an abyss
Of ruin!—owes me seven hundred, clear!
Was ever such a damned disastrous year?