

BOBBY BAKER

*Pocket Picking Tips from the Amsterdam Bus Station*

I had laid myself down in the sand, counting my change—same as yesterday, f1.50. My luck had run out on me that month and I was hoping to escape my hangover. “Could you lend me a golden?” the tourist sleeping next to me croaked. “Fuck off,” I muttered. “Just a doubler, then. I’ve never borrowed from you in my life.” “Get lost,” I replied. He pouted a moment while I rolled onto my stomach. A police officer was eyeing us, just begging for an excuse to put one of us in a stranglehold. It wasn’t going to be me. I spit over the embankment into the canal. The tourist, on his feet now, wobbled. “Where’re you headed, brother?” I demanded. “You’re not my brother anymore,” he said.