

MAUI WOWEE!

RON. Maybe I'm speaking out of turn and being grossly unfair to them - but I don't think they like one another anymore. Every year they spend most of their days either fighting or not speaking. It a shame really. I can remember when I was about eight years old. I wanted to have a birthday party where all of my friends were invited. You know? The first one complete with invitations? Well, anyway. I used to love the circus. Actually, love is kind of a soft word. I was obsessed with the circus. Ringmasters, clowns in funny cars, cotton candy, the trapeze - you name it, I was a fan - but the lions were my favorite. So, I wanted to have a circus party where lions were the focus. Well, my mother decided she was in charge of the amenities and Dad was in charge of the entertainment. Having grown up with this monster amount of arguing and heated interactions that were so regular you could set your watch by them, I was amazed almost to the point of giddiness that they were able to pull it together and actually get along. At least for a day - it would seem, anyway. Apparently, though, there was some fighting going on behind the scenes that no one knew about. So, my Dad proceeded to get drunk while he was out wrangling up the entertainment. In his drunken stupor, he hired a stripper named "Kitty" - still keeping with the "cat theme" but with a slightly skanky twist. My mother was infuriated - and her anger got the best of her. She announced in a rather loud voice that she was sorry but when she sent her husband out to find a lion she had no idea that he would quote "spend the day trolling for pussy" end quote. The party came to a halt, the children were ushered away, my parents lost all of their friends. Our family hasn't been right since. *(Silence. Everyone is stunned. Ron loudly slurps his water.)*