

So You Say You Want to Have Some Fun

by Mark Keisling

So about those fun lessons. You want fun? You want to learn? You don't want to spend another Friday night reading the Wall Street Journal? Great, I'll pick you up Friday at 6:37. I'll rent a Yugo. Bring Chow Mein noodles--we may need them. And bring some bumming-around-in clothes in a bag, but dress up a bit because I called the Marriott. Someone named Kravitz is having a wedding rehearsal dinner. We'll go there first. It starts at 7:00.

It'll be the usual rehearsal dinner. There'll probably be someone named uncle Frank we can sit next to. You know he'll get drunk and act like a jerk. Who'd want to miss that. Anyway if anyone asks who you are just say you're with me. If anyone asks who I am, I'll say I'm Frank's boy. Unless uncle Frank asks, then I'll say I'm John's boy.

Try not to eat too much

because we have dinner reservations at 8:00. We should be thrown out of the wedding dinner by 7:45. If not we'll stay. Oh yes, bring a gift. Sculpture of some sort, maybe a bust of Elvis. Sounds like a kind of soup, doesn't it?

So, into the Yugo and off to Casa Rillos. Once we've been seated and order, we can get up and "work the room." You know, network. Hey, meet new people and pick at their food--now that's fun.

I hope your birthday is soon because when I made the reservation I told the guy it was your birthday. So whether it is or not, there'll be a cake and singing waitresses, sparklers and all. By the way do you blush?

Next we'll leave. First we pay. Just for clarification I never leave a restaurant without paying. (Sometimes I try to put it on my Texaco card, but I always pay.) I see no fun in what is sometimes called "dine and dash." (In

Jersey, it's called "bun on the run.") It's not fun. It's stealing. Jail after all offers a whole different type of bun on the run. So, we pay--we leave.

The next fun will be from a different fun group--the somber new experience fun group. The Yugo will motor us to the train station where we'll greet people getting off the bus from New York City. We'll tell them we're Amish and maybe let them take our picture. We'll tell them we're allowed to drive Yugos now as long as we play old fashioned music in the tape player. (You know--Jim Nabors, Tony Bennett, Culture Club). Finally, we'll invite them to go down to this "Amish" bar I know downtown. It will knock their socks off. See, it's not really Amish. The regulars drink Corby's and George Dickel and almost no one has teeth. It takes a lot to frighten New Yorkers. Let's try, I'll buy.

At the bar (by the way it's

name is the Yo, Get Out Of My Face Tavern) we'll play pool. I'll tell one of the guys that you were cheating him and then I'll sneak out the back. Just kidding. It's really very safe. Bring scissors. Big scissors.

Finally at about 2:00 a.m., when the Yo, Get Out Of My Face Tavern closes we'll head to The Spot. Harrisburg's version of the classic Greek/Texas chili dog place. Let's see if we can break the record and eat seven Spot Dogs each. You've gotta have at least two. The question the King (Elvis) asks in his one song is "You ate nothing but a Spot Dog?"

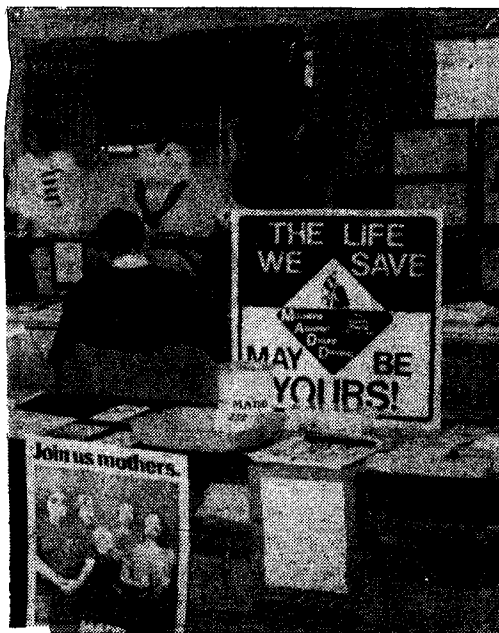
Then I (actually the Yugo--thank God for cruise control) will drive you home and you'll sleep until Wednesday. I'm letting you off easy this first time--no tattoos or stolen livestock. You owe me four dollars.

A Day at the Health Fair

Read and learn

Now this won't hurt a bit

A Photo Essay by Ed Hein



You can be healthy



I wanna be an 'mbulance driver too!

