

WHO'D A THUNK

(Wild Time in the Old Time Tonight)

What were you thinking? How did you get yourself into this bizarre situation? This was supposed to be a simple, sort of blind date, middle of the afternoon, charity event doing something you enjoyed. Out having fun and good conversation. So maybe you were thinking your first date out while going through a divorce was going to be easy. The first guy you'd dated since you met and married your soon to be ex-husband. A hunk of a guy you were introduced to by one of the girls on the bowling team. So, he's a stunt man in the movies. Physically gorgeous, friendly, sort of funny. You're only going to be connected to him for a couple of hours through the event. You're not planning any long term evening etc., if you know what I mean.

The afternoon had been pre-planned. You'd meet at the bowling alley to sign in to bowl as a 2 man team. Monies paid to benefit the charity sponsoring it. Casual, safe and a good start of not being home alone, self involved with tasks and kids and not mingling with adults, or should I say the opposite sex again because you were awkward, afraid of adult conversation and unsure/not sure, wanted/unwanted attention you were definitely not use too. Your husband hadn't paid much attention to you over the years so why would you think anybody else would react any other way. You were always sort of a shy wall flower trying to make cute conversation, and looking socially acceptable and not just like a relaxed seemingly unattractive mom with two active boys now making her way through life as a new (not really) single parent. I say that because when your couplehood diminishes over years of marriage, you really are only just a single parent. It just doesn't get recognized as such in your mind until you've gone through the never-ending tears, frustration, anger and inner endless questioning as to why you went from happy as can be to miserable as Hell and completely dumbfounded. That's a whole mouthful isn't it!

Well after pleasantries were expressed, we checked in, received our lane assignment and prepared to battle on behave of ourselves and our unrelenting bowlers notion that

we were going to beat out those pins and come out ahead. As the afternoon proceeded, my date seemed intense not only on his bowling but also at polishing off White Russians. He seemed totally sober. No slurring or tilt walking. Although amazing as that seemed even after 4, we continued to bowl at least another entry rounds worth of games, his treat. When all was said and done, we sat down at the bar. Another Russian for him. Maybe he was formulating an army? I was just a soda drinker. We talked for about a half hour or more and then I was restless and had run out of frivolity and conversation. He had now decided I was a great alternative to a dilemma he had found himself in.

Earlier that day I had just started wallpapering my small bathroom. He had spent the morning with a nameless girlfriend with whom he had had a disagreement with which lead to the dilemma he was forced to resolve as best as possible. You see his girlfriend

and he were going to a party that night and picking up friends on the way. Now on his own and alone, he was looking for the relief fill-in to accompany him to the event so he said, "So, what are you doing the rest of the evening? I was invited to a party with my friends. They work for a local well-known Circus as trapeze artists and on closing night of the circus they always have a gathering of all the performers at someone's house in the area so that everyone can sort of close the show. I'm without my girlfriend, spat you know, and I promised my friends I'd pick them up, and we'd all go. It will be fun. A real Hollywood party in the hills of Hollywood."

This is where my 'Oh my God what ' should have stood firm and I should have gone directly home and not past circus anything. No such luck. Mr. Nice was so convincing and I figured since I was the driver I'd just leave any time I wanted. Now begins Alice's travel down that mystifying rabbit hole.

Picture yourself winding your way through the streets of Hollywood in the dark of night to a small little house/apartment, whatever and the doorman answering the door to the place saying welcome is a 3 foot midget. You enter into a low lit abode, being introduced along with your fellow party animals, to a few more 'Little People' and others. On the

table in front of you are various snacks, a whiff of marijuana encompasses your nostrils and a very large punch bowl, contents unknown and questionable to say the least are there too. 'My whatever possessed me' feeling was starting to crawl up the back of my neck as I wandered through this place looking for a restroom. Great found it.

Remember when you were in elementary school, they had little toilets for little children.

Not the standard size everyone has at home, but maybe 1/2 the size.

Seems only

practical that one should be here, right, especially since the occupants are much

smaller than me. Ok. I remember last time I used one though my knees were not at the same level as my ears. I guess I grew up. I'd say the evening is progressing well, wouldn't you?

My date is mingling with others, some seem to know him and his friends are also conversation locked with others as I decide it's time to sit and settle in. I'm thirsty, but don't trust any punch bowl. It has Cheshire cat written all over it, so I decided to find the kitchen and drink water. Can't find a glass so hands work just fine. Time to find a seat. Couch available, good. As I proceed to try and sit down. I notice I'm now but a mirrored image of Lily Tomlin sitting in a very low high chair type sofa with my legs straight out in front of me. No bend at the knees. I believe that Alice is now whispering and blowing in my ear words like 'Everyone who falls through the hole are friends of mine'. Soon I find that no matter where I sit, even on the floor I am still felt taller than the majority of party goers.

You'd think that being among at least 40 + little people, the Ringmaster in all his

attire, the sword swallower, the rainbow colored hair woman, my friends the trapeze

artists which whom I brought, a few ODDS and ends besides, I'd say the party is a roaring success. As the evening progresses and I'd say inhibitions seemingly start to falter, the party

goers begin to increase their noise level. Dancing begins, some are getting too warm and are shedding jackets, shirts, etc. I on the other

hand am still trying to figure out whatever possessed me to become unsheltered all in one evening.

The loud music and vigorous dancing starts to virtually rock the house. My thoughts begin to lean toward neighbors and noise abatement violations. What if they get so loud and boisterous the police get called to my location and it gets rowdy and.....

Picture this. I have been arrested. I am in a jail cell with 50-60 people from a local well-known Circus. All happy party goers. Some stoned. Some have disarrayed clothing, The rainbow haired lady has the Ringmasters whip and some of the little people are talking about the movies they've been in recently, such as Finian's Rainbow, Poltergeist, etc and my date is sleeping on a bench that at the other end his friends are trying to balance walk it. I guess the evening is coming to a close and the policeman at the cell door is asking who wants to make their call.

My dilemma??? Do I call my soon to be ex-husband? He'll probably tell them to keep me. Good riddance. Or, do I call my parents? My Mom will say that she always knew my husband would have me locked up one way or another because he was evil like that.

I think I'll call ALICE. She'll understand and know exactly what to do!