

## **Can't Dance, Don't Ask Me!**

While attending a wedding reception the other night, I was once again witness to a barbaric ritual that has come to symbolize woman's lack of compassion towards man.

I speak, of course, about the unjust use of force against some poor unsuspecting soul to get him out on the dance floor.

We've all seen it happen. The 'victim,' his back to the dance floor, tries to keep a low profile as he huddles at a table in the corner farthest away from the band. He is quite content sipping his beer while trading jokes with a group of friends.

Then it happens.....She appears out of nowhere. She grabs his arm...Immediately he senses what is happening. Instinctively he cries out, "No, no, I'm sorry, I can't dance!"

She tugs at his arm, "Oh come on now, stop being silly."

"I'm serious, really, I can't dance."

"Come on, get up!" she demands, as the playful tug quickly evolves into something bordering on violence.

"I can't dance, I'm dead serious here; please believe me, I can't dance!"

"Oh sure you can, anybody can dance to this song."

Those wild glazed eyes, that panicky look of impending doom will be forever etched on your mind as the poor guy is snatched away from his table right in the middle of his punch line.

His friends turn away. While it's never really spoken, they are all thinking the same thing..."Whew, better him than me!"

She continues to ignore his pleas as she drags him ever closer to the dance floor. In a final effort to

avert certain disaster, he resorts to his steadfast pitiful look and scans the crowd, trying to make eye contact with anyone who might show the slightest hint of sympathy. Possibly some compassionate person who could hone in on the urgency of his dilemma, jump up and talk some sense into her before it's too late.

Much to his dismay, that does not happen... Instead his heart pounds, he's shaky and weak in the knees as a quick look around confirms his worst nightmare; he is smack in the middle of the dance floor! And not just any dance floor. On this dance floor everyone has the beat. Arms, hips, heads, feet, all moving in perfect harmony to the music. They make it look so easy. She joins in; she too makes it look easy.

Meanwhile, our hapless victim just stands there, head bobbing to the beat of something other than what the band is playing as he considers his options. Reluctantly, he concludes that his options are limited, very limited; he has only one.

Backed into a corner, he has no other choice but to dance. He decides to suck it up and be a man for once in his life. Searching deep within himself he finds a tiny morsel of courage that he never even dreamed existed.

Armed with this new-found-courage and faced with the realization that the 'head bobbing' thing probably won't carry him much longer, he takes a deep breath and begins to psych himself out. "It can't be that difficult; look at all these morons doing it. I'm pretty sure I can do it too... Hell, I'm probably making a big deal out of nothing! Yes, I honestly believe I can do this.... In fact, I'm almost positive I can do this! No...No... not almost; by God, I know I can do this!!"

And truth be known, for a few brief seconds the poor devil honestly believes he can.

He rolls his head slowly and shakes his shoulders a couple of times to loosen up; then, with a silly smirk and a wild-eyed look of confidence, he joins in.

For starters he thrusts his arms up over his head, then brings them down slowly while making embarrassing gyrations with his hands, arms, and hips. While difficult to describe, 'washed-up hula dancer' comes to mind.

He takes it up a notch and does a couple of quick twirls. Not one other person is twirling, so he moves on to a bizarre step that resembles a cross between a Mexican hat dance and the Flamenco. No one else is doing that, either. His arms dangle motionless while his two left feet are shuffling so fast they are simply a blur. It doesn't take a trained eye to recognize that his upper body is not at all synchronized with his lower body. Then, just when everyone assumes he is finally out of moves, and for reasons no one will ever completely understand, he throws in a little combination bunny-hop, chicken-dance number that catches everyone by surprise.

Two elderly ladies sitting at a table closest to the dance floor almost faint. Most likely they could have tolerated just about anything, but to see someone butcher the 'chicken dance' like that...well, that went beyond poor taste; he had crossed a line. No mortal could possibly tolerate this ghastly display!

By now it has become perfectly clear to everybody watching the fiasco; this man.. this...this...outrageous monstrosity cannot dance! What the hell is he doing out on the dance floor?

Mercifully, the music ends. You could hear a pin drop. All eyes are on him as he slinks back towards his table. He overhears someone say in a loud whisper, "Somebody should take him out back and just beat the crap out of him."

The bride wants to yell out, "Way to go, jerk! I hope you're happy; you've just ruined my wedding video!" But she controls herself, considering the person who initiated the debacle was her newly acquired sister-in-law. Who, I might add, was scrambling to defend herself. "I'm sorry, but give me a break. How could I have known? Good God, any idiot could have danced to that song; it was the 'Twist,' for crying out loud!"

As I finally approach my table, the looks of pity and disgust are almost more than I can bear. Even more disturbing, my beer is now flat and my friends have lost interest in my punch line.

That's right; you guessed it. The poor devil was me!

I truly wish I could come up with an answer that might put an end to this miserable injustice that, even today, continues to be perpetrated against man.

I, however, have now developed my own personal strategy. At any future wedding or dance that I

attend, I plan to put my arm in a sling and strap on my fake leg cast. With this clever ensemble I can limp confidently into any dance hall and guarantee myself an evening free from stress.

When the music begins I will simply grab myself a beer, sit down with my buddies, and proceed to do what I do best.....”Guy walks into a bar with a small monkey on his shoulder. Bartender says.....

End

