

Twos's Too Many!

I should have called **Hira!** I should have called **Chadwick!** Oh, Lordy! I should have called **Carl Jones**—that's who I *should've* called! That is, before accepting my first two-year old birthday party! **Patrick O'Gorman** warned me, "Just go for the flash and surprise!"

I've just got one thing to say: **Ugh!!!** I dreaded it before the show, and I'm *still* dreading it!

Okay, okay! It was a set-up deal, and I couldn't get out of it. See, my daughter Rebecca volunteers with the Youth Choir, and Juliana, my granddaughter, sings in the same choir, and they were putting together their annual fundraiser when they decided to have this auction, and they needed "stuff" to auction off to raise money for the kiddos, and . . . well, you can see where this is going: "Doc's Magic Show" became a line item in the silent auction, minimum bid set at \$150 for a birthday party.

Right! So at the end of the bidding frenzy, only one Mamma had deigned to bid on "Doc's Magic Show" for \$40 which is where the bidding ended—\$40-my-**!@&%\$# (Director!! Director!!!)**

So, for weeks I wait for the "Mamma" to contact me, and when she does, the first line of the conversation goes something like this: "So, I was just calling to reconfirm—you **ARE** going to be able to do our party tomorrow, yes?"

..... (What th'?) "Who is this?" . . . **NO! I never received the contract!" (!@&%\$#)**

So, I get home from *Main Street Magic* at almost midnight after McKinney's "Second Saturday" monthly late-night gig, and start loading the car.

Next day at the front door: "You didn't mention *'twin'* two-year olds," I whispered as I met the two pretty Precious-Little-Blondies and their expectant Mamma at the door. "I only have *one* bunny!" I confessed.

It's 105 in the shade, but the Daddy helps the old man unload, along with Juliana and Rebecca who have come along, "just in case."



We get it all set up, and the eight or nine other squirmy little two-year olds are going crazy. They're clueless about what a magic show is, but their Mammams are encouraging them throughout the set up: "It's going to be a **MAAAA-gic show! Won't that be FUNNN!**"

Five minutes before the hour, the iPod starts blaring "It's Magic!" and the kids come bouncing into the living room in between the feet and legs (and that's just the furniture). Twenty minutes into the show, at least three more times, guests and their little gremlins interrupt the show,

banging at the front door just four feet away from the Square-Circle that Precious-Little-Blondie #1 is depleting, just before Precious-Little-Blondie #2 slaps the egg bag out of my hand after my suggestion that she only *touch* the egg inside the bag. The falling bowling ball production out of the brown paper sack worked all right—“*Oh! Did you see that!*” (*Whatever!*)

Precious-Little-Sister starts wailing when she pees just off the carpet onto the hardwood floor, and Mamma #4 squeals and runs to the kitchen for paper towels, tumbling over the Grandfather who had just about drifted off to sleep in the recliner.

Rebecca saves the day, when she decides to ditch “the magic” sprouting from the “Victory Cubes” and has the kiddos just line up behind the flex die frame and, as she sings a song, pop up through the Velcro© top for the cameras (which is all ‘the Mammams and the Pappas’ were interested in anyway).

So, I floated Juliana off the chair suspension next to the end of the show just after the other kid grabbed my “broken” wand and really *broke* it, and Juliana got her \$5.00, payable on the spot (it’s a contract thing that Juliana negotiated with me: every time she floats, she gets \$5.00—allows she’s saving up to buy a *Porche* or something).

I had remembered to load the one stuffed bunny on the “surprise side” of the duck bucket just as the iPod exploded into music at the beginning of the show. I had made assumptions about the other side without checking it.

Wrong!

The sponge bunnies went just fine. All the kids collapsed in a pile around the base of my table as the “mamma” rabbit and the “daddy” rabbit launched into the air, giving me the misdirection I needed to dig for the “grandma” and the “paw-paw” rabbits from my back pockets, and the baby rabbits and junior rabbits dribbled all over the floor—all twenty of them or so, disappearing into the frenetic, tight little grips of the giddy two-year olds.

And the parents say: “Okay! Give’m back to the magic man!”

And the two-year olds say: (*&^%\$ <*#@!>+) . . .

And the parents say: “Com’on, now! Give’m back to the magic man!” . . .

And the two-year olds say: (*&^%\$ <*#@!>+) . . .

And finally, the parents say: “***Didn’t you hear me!! I said to give’m all back to the MAGIC MAN!!!***”

Here now! Listen to me! I’m gonna bust you! Gimme those bunnies!”

So, the bunnies got back onto the table. I opened up the “deposit side” of the duck bucket to load in the sponge bunnies, when what to my surprise! *Oh, happy day! Another “Animal Alley” stuffed bunny! A second bunny!* That fuzzy critter made the whole show as I dramatically reached into both sides of the duck bucket and plucked the pair of stuffed bunnies for each of the Precious-Little-Birthday-Blondies #1 and #2. I quickly took my sweaty bows and pumped up the iPod!

“That was just wonderful!” said the Daddy. “Let me have a card! You really have a way with kids! I think I can get you some more work real soon! Here! Take this! Call me in the back yard when you get ready, and I’ll help you load the car.”



I just smiled and shook his other hand. “That’s kind of you, but really! I can handle it myself. You go ahead and be with your kids, and *thanks!*” I said, slipping the tip into my back pocket.

Driving home, I stopped at the service station for some gas and a quart of frosty *Gatorade*. When I reached for my cash, my hand slipped around the folded tip—five \$20 bills!

Yeah! Two-year old birthday parties! Don’cha just *luv’em?*

I’m just sayin’ . . .

Doc Grimes