

Rocky Arredondo, My Mom, Aunt Toni & Uncle Scott Present...

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 28

Slim Shady is not responsible for your actions.

20 March 2001

The Cobra's Notes...

Eye of Fatima, formerly Magi, claimed I drove him out of the building with my remark in Vol. 27 about Michael Douglas's flat, withered ass, a remark he claims would never have been made by a male. "That's a woman's perspective," he said. "A man does not separate another man's ass from the rest of his anatomy: they are one and the same." I don't know precisely what he meant by that, but I am intrigued by the drift. In any case, I know I can produce at least a couple of males who object to Douglas's horrible bottom and its prominence in American cinema.

But as much as I'd like to deny it, something about that reflexive "woman's perspective" crack rings a bell. I believe there are trends and tendencies among constituencies. If there weren't there couldn't be language, philosophy, art, or marketing. Still, I resist the notion that I could be so closed minded as to be pegged by a stereotype or blithely reject something without giving it some thought. And yet, my hatred for *Erin Brocovich* is so vehement and oft spoken that my friend Aureng Zebe frequently forgets I've never seen it. I go on and on, I hate that movie. It's been around for close to a year and still when I see promos for it on television I want to claw the screen with my fingernails like Gertrude Stein described the first viewers of Matisse's fauve painting of his wife in a hat doing.

The worst thing is that having such an attitude makes it more difficult for me to condemn others for doing the same thing. For instance, all of you who told me you would never ever watch *The Thin Red Line* so I might as well shut up about it, or the way Patrick (he's going to be Patrick instead of Pat from now on) resisted reading one of my favorite books, *Vanity Fair*, for several years because he hated *Howard's End*. You should have heard him go on and on about *Howard's End*. "How do you like *Howard's End*?" I'd say. "They've been having lunch for 150 pages," he'd say. That's nonsense, of course, the entire book is under 300 pages; but he kept describing it like it was Bart's play from that episode of *The Simpsons* where he breaks his leg ("Is it St. Swidden's Day?" said Viceroy Fizzlebottom. "Tis!" said Aunt Hehhlga," etc.). For the record, *Vanity Fair* is even less like that than *Howard's End* is.

Anyway, after a couple of years of me nagging him,



Little Known Fact: Eminem's character "Stan" was based on your friend and Cobra, Esinem

Patrick asked, "Aren't you afraid I'll hate it and never let you live it down?" I told him that since he already hated it I didn't see how I could be worse off if he still hated it after he read it. So he began reading *Vanity Fair* last Tuesday, and he is the type of reader who will not give up on a book no matter how much it irritates him, and it's a pretty long book. Even if he doesn't hate it (I asked him yesterday if he did and he said, "Not yet"), I still feel as if I am indebted to the Art Tolerance Bank, or whatever it's calling itself these days.

So here is my plan: This month, **THE COBRA'S NOSE** will make an effort to include things that bother people, like pictures of Eminem and tunes from *South Park*. But I know that's dishonest, because I like Eminem and *South Park*, so I went further and included a Sports Page. I also know that's not enough because my effervescent cousin Kelley participated in the sports and wrote the article.

So here is my self imposed penance: at some time in my life, provided it doesn't unexpectedly end, I will see *Erin Brocovich*. I will. I don't promise not to hate it, but I will keep in mind how mislead I was by the preview for *Dead Alive*. It made the movie look like a stupid mother-fixated gore-fest that I would hate and turned out to be a witty mother-fixated gore-fest which I loved. Maybe EB will be like that, you know, with people eating soup with zombie ears in it, exploding pustules, stuff like that. I'll let you know.

Sharon C. McGovern
Editor/Publisher/Cobra-in-Chief

COBRA IN A COFFEE CUP

Patrick and I are regular watchers of John Edward's show *Crossing Over*, and frequently speculate on what dead relatives might say to us given the chance. More than one, we speculate, ask why we turned up instead of one of the Arredondos, then give us a bunch of messages to deliver to members of that family. Some we know we would tease even if they are defenseless specters, and others just make us glad we don't have any paranormal gifts to speak of. Still, because we have a weakness for the spooky, we were thrilled to learn a psychic was scheduled to visit Author's Café.

Patrick was working and I came in late, and we were both disappointed. We've seen John Edward, and she was no John Edward. She said things to Kathy the Greek and Peggy the Other Greek that resonated with them, and we could have taken some of her intuitions to heart if she hadn't been so insistent that they were for others. "Write this down and research it," she instructed woman at back table when a couple of people in another direction entirely could easily have found meaning in the words "Grandma Marge." But there you go. Most of the time she threw out vague words of comfort to her regular clients and reiterated disclaimers about interpretation and basically defying the audience to take anything she said seriously. This isn't to say she is an inept fraud, just that she may be as inept a truth teller.

Fortunately, after the medium and her acolytes left, I was introduced to an occult practice previously unknown to me, reading tracks left in the muddy remains of Greek coffee. Three sibyls were on hand that night, Kathy the Greek's Mom (who once asked why her daughter would require a keg for her children's birthday party—I could have told her that without any supernatural insight whatsoever), Peggy the Other Greek, and a woman I had never met before named Sophia. The fact they all spoke Greek gave the proceedings a cinematic touch. Much as I like *Crossing Over*, Edward's homey evocations of Winnie the Pooh and sitcoms can really kill a spooky mood.

The first thing I learned about Greek coffee is that you don't have to drink it all. In fact, if you get too close to the bottom the readers will shake their heads at you and say, "No, no, no, no, no." When you drink just the right amount of the sort of sweet, very gritty concoction, they take the tiny cup away from you and dump most of the leftovers on a napkin. Then they swirl the remainder to the brim of the cup and abruptly overturn it in that same napkin and wait for fate to write on its walls.

The calligraphy is often pretty, and the exercise is akin to finding images in clouds, or, okay, a Rorschach test. But when Peggy the Other Greek spotted two (cont on page five)



I Feel Numb

The band U2 has three central preoccupations (Christianity, the United States, and commercialism) and three major fan bases (those that have been with them from the beginning, those that hailed in 1988, and those that jumped aboard that year). The two sets are linked by the release of *Rattle and Hum*, the album that first addressed the band member's status as major rock stars and money makers, and marked a lessening of their endless condescending sermonizing. As a member of the third variety of fan, I can tell you precisely when U2 won me over. At 4:20am whilst I was working as a custodian (I have a depressing job history), I heard the line from "God, Part II": "I don't believe in excess, success is to give/ I don't believe in riches, but you should see where I live." It was the first time I had ever heard them cop to any sort of moral weakness, a big one I mean, not like "loving too much," but actual hypocrisy. They used the money they made telling people off to buy themselves a big fat glass mansion and were beginning to be a little more cautious about throwing stones.

U2 went underground for a few years following the release of *R&H*, and worked reworked their sound and look for *Achtung Baby*. The album was a coherent song cycle, essentially a hero's journey toward enlightenment (the sun) in the form of true, pure, Love—a longtime character in U2's dramas, with frequent distractions by sensuality and materialism (the moon). *AB* ends in a stalemate between the two impulses with the song "Love is Blindness." The singer makes a conscientious choice to defer the appearance of moral superiority for that of fallible humanity—a Roger Chillingworth pose for that of Hester Prynne. The song contains the line, "Take the money, Honey," and U2 spent the Zoo TV Tour selling themselves hard; but in an ironic, theatrical way. And though it was refreshing to see them tackle something new, they are just too serious and upright to pull off irony. They clearly are not in the music business just for the cash, and no matter how much chief songwriter and front man Bono prances and smirks, the audience knows their "sell-out" is mostly snake oil.

Not that he hasn't gone to some impressive lengths to sell the sell-out. His work on *Zooropa* is a subtler, more beautiful variation on *Achtung Baby*, with more commercial references but better odds for the singer's redemption. For *Passengers: Original Soundtracks I*, the entire band went undercover to do an art piece. *Pop* promised consumerist decadence, but Bono's best lyrics (cont. on page three)



The "T" Word

If you are like me, and I don't mean anything by that, you may have days when the world and its inhabitants are a steady source of aggravation, when every person seems to be The Pill and every object graven in her image, when your psyche has reached a state of helplessness beyond range but not yet to hysteria. You may wonder if there is a song to accompany such a condition if, say, you are at work and screaming obscenities or discharging firearms aren't viable options, and I'm happy to say there is—but you must play it quietly. Not because it is worst thing you ever heard—even the youngest Cobra reader (Hi, Alex!) will recognize it as merely ridiculous rather than ragingly offensive. You should be quiet to preserve its sniggering immaturity—the only antidote to the straight faced insufferable kind mentioned above.

The authors of the song, which I'll just call "Turds," are Matt Stone and Trey Parker of *South Park* fame. The singer is Shelly, Stan's mean older sister (Is there any other kind? Just kidding.) and Cartman's brace-face babysitter. Her slushy vocal delivery and tendency to hurl little boys with wall cracking force initially cast her in an unsympathetic light, but she does have a touching weakness for a shiftless male (Is there any other kind? Just kidding, jeez.), ten years her senior ("I'm still in high school!" he protests, "...I'm a very immature twenty two year old."). As a boyfriend, he is so sleazy and heartless (Is there...heh, heh, KIDDING!) that even Cartman tells her, "You're pretty ugly, but you don't have to be dating twenty-two year olds." Shelly does endure a painful break-up, then, with Cartman, crafts a sweet revenge; but before all that does have a moment in the sun, fronting her boyfriend's band and shouting out her surprisingly up-beat philosophy which goes something like this...

So much pain in the world today
Too many turds are headed my way
But we can lick those turds together
Passing by turds whenever
(Don't you know that)
Life's so full of happiness
Feel free to mark my words
But me and you will muddle through
In a world that's full of turds (Turds!)
Dime a dozen sphincter lovin' turds (Turds!)

Thank you to Mr. Kukini (Hawaiian for "not a turd") for locating this song on-line, at www.beef-cake.com. ♪

(cont. from page two) lyrics delivered the same solemn beauty at which he excels. No surprise then that the most successful example of U2 as product was not written by Bono, but by U2 guitarist The Edge.

The song and video "Numb" is the only U2 single written and fronted by The Edge, though his voice can be heard in the background of most of the band's songs. In that capacity, it adds to Bono's vocals a big, vibrant quality, like balalaikas under church bells. "Numb" is a different proposition altogether. In it, The Edge lists in a monotone upwards of ninety negative instructions, with the repeated direction, "Don't project, don't connect, protect/ Don't expect, suggest." It's a syncopated delivery, but not punchy like rap; the melody happens around it. While The Edge intones as if issuing lots of new commandments, Bono sings in his flamboyant "gospel voice" the refrain, "I feel numb/ Too much is not enough." What enervates The Edge innervates Bono.

A simple video, directed by Kevin Godly, illustrates why The Edge—always quiet and reserved—has become battered and numb in a short, abstract history of U2. It begins with a faucet. Its dripping marks the beat, but when the camera pans down to show the water splashing on The Edge's head the image recalls water torture and brainwashing (which would explain his somnambulant presentation). Right off the bat, it shows how



With fans like these...Bono

something pleasurable and benign, like a drumbeat or participating in one of the world's most successful hands, can seem like abuse.

U2's early years are represented by female fans, who coddle and pat him (see similar attention to Bono from his fans, left), but bass player Adam

Clayton visually remarks that they are just blowing smoke by blowing smoke in The Edge's face. The fans become more insistent, kissing him and twisting his face into a smile with their fingers. A little girl runs up and slaps him until she is dragged away. Hands grasping scissors snip away his tank top, leaving him naked (okay, we can only see down to his shapely shoulders, but that's the implication). This is *The Joshua Tree* era, when U2 reached unprecedented levels of exposure (that album set a record in England by going platinum in 28 hours). U2 filmed and recorded during *The Joshua Tree* tour, which resulted in the movie and album *Rattle and Hum*. In this venture, the band paid homage to rock and roll's American, and consciously inserted themselves into the history of rock music by singing about blues icons like Billie Holiday, covering songs by The Beatles and Bob Dylan, recording at Sun Studios, performing with BB King, etc. It was a bold move and would have been unthinkable for a lesser band, but their songwriting had matured and their self-righteousness for once took a back seat to personal, even humble, expression. While they reached a wider audience than ever before, many of their core fans detested the project and persisted in describing it as a sell-out. Going back to the "Numb" video, this accusation is amplified by the fact the only article of clothing The Edge is wearing is a hat with a bar code on it—he is perceived as an object to be bought and sold. (cont. on page six)



COBRA SPORTS

A few weeks ago, I announced to Pat and all the world, "I like sports." "I dare you to print that in The Cobra," he said, and I did. It didn't remain, as the outburst occurred during the episode of *Behind the Music* about Huey Lewis & the News and I was talking about their album *Sports*, and I really didn't have any follow through. Lately, however, I have to admit that I do like sports as long as the overall competitions last no longer than a half hour (a full hour during semi-finals and finals) a week, with individual matches lasting no longer than three minutes (less in the event of incapacitation), and the combatants are Battlebots. Otherwise, I stand by my indifference.

As a swimming and softball coach, my radiant cousin Kelley Arredondo Willey takes a more active interest in sports generally. She even watches them in her spare time, though she hasn't seen *The Thin Red Line* even once. I think she would agree that BattleBots is the best sport, but as season 2.0 just ended for that event and softball is in full swing, heh heh, the latter is the subject of her first Cobra Sports Report:

The week ending February '01 was harsh on the mighty Padres. [And on BattleBot *Bad Attitude* in the Semifinals. Spaz driver—and eventual middleweight champion—Mike Regan claimed he was trying to liberate BA from the spike strip but that didn't wash with the fans in attendance or at home with me who saw him hammer his opponent into said strip. Although his driving in the final against *El Diablo* was perhaps the most impressive performance by a two wheeled 'Bot to date, his victory was soured by memories of his facilitation of the earlier disqualification. On the other hand, Regan did design and play the part of a Sybarite in *Helraiser V*, and you've got to love that. Okay, back to Kelley.] (Freshman softball team coached by yours truly.) The Chandler Wolves showed their muscle in the form of a tough pitcher. The Padres were intimidated but managed to put 3 runs in the books before succumbing to the ten run rule. The runs scored were due to errors. Apparently having a decent pitcher was enough.

The following day the mighty Padres of Marcos de Niza faced the young ladies of Seton. All ten of them were anglo, tall, and pretty good at the game. Once again the Padres were able to go home early courtesy of the ten run rule. (The team ahead by ten after five complete innings wins.) But not before the feisty team dared to put up a run in the bottom of the fifth.

[There is one other sport in which I'm developing an interest, even though it is British and therefore, shall we say, sedate. It's called *Junkyard Wars* and the competitors' purpose is to build various machines like rockets and boats from stuff they find in the junkyard. But here's the weird thing about the English and their sports, the names they give their devices. English 'Bots named *Panic Attack*, *Bigger Brother*, and *Suicidal Tendencies* were eliminated immediately at the beginning of season 2.0, and on *Junkyard Wars* Monday, a rocket with a defective parachute named *Death or Glory* crashed to earth and smashed its cargo. Serves them all right; I mean, what the hell kind of names are those? If the builders really want to memorialize the Charge of the Light Brigade or depressed pop bands should probably choose a less competitive venue to do so. One of those 'Bots, I forget which, was defeated by the wussiest American entry ever—

Buddy Lee Don't Play in the Street, a bulbous fire truck manned by a doll and three stuffed animals. I was discussing this name issue with St. Janet of the TP, and she e-mailed the following:

I caught a few seconds of *Junkyard Wars* over the weekend. They were building boats, and one woman named their team's boat *Blinkie*. She said that "Blinkie" is the name of Death's horse. I think Death would have come up with a better name. I don't believe her.

Blinkie. You see what I mean? Back to you, Kell.]

Fortunately the weather was on our side Wednesday and the game was cancelled. Thursday we were again unable to play due to field conditions. These games should be rescheduled and the Padres look forward to the challenge after a bit of rest and a few good practices.

Next week, the Padres take on their arch rivals the Chargers from McClintock and the Corona del Sol Aztecs. Hopefully pitching will not weigh as heavily against the Padres and they will be able to pull out a couple of wins. GO PADRES!!!

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—Advertisement—

AVOCADO SYMPOSIUM



Due to technical difficulties involving the size, shape, density, texture, and skin of our friend the avocado, Culinary Genius **Jan Arredondo** has offered to lead an Avocado Dismemberment Symposium. The

date is not yet fixed, but if you are interested, please contact me using one of the means listed on page six (the work internet address would probably be best due to some new fascist restrictions at Cosmodemonic re the WAN). Keep in mind, sharp knives are likely to be involved, as well as the eating (I hope and pray) of the soft, moist, delectable, nutrient dense, monounsaturated, cancer-fighting, fruit (yes, it is a fruit, I read it on the California Avocado Commission's web site), so keep the little ones at home supping on something I don't like and won't regret not having the chance to eat.

Ghost, Interrupted

A few weeks ago, I mentioned to Aureng Zebe that my wise and wonderful Auntie Jan had offered to edit this work in progress. "Good!" he said, with such enthusiasm I immediately became defensive and demanded clarification. He explained that in his field—academics—a good editor was recognized as a rare and valuable resource and I was lucky to have one. It's true, and I thank her.

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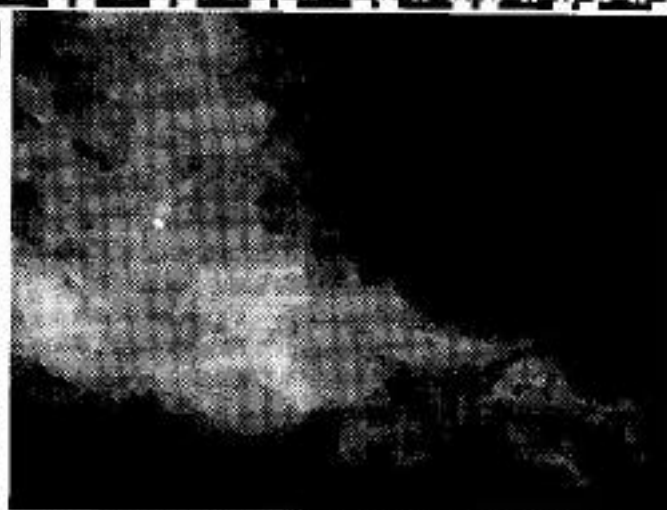
Chapter Two

Mrs. Hera was the first person I saw when I left my body. She stood motionless in the doorway of my bedroom until I looked into her eyes, then she rushed over to me, like sand sliding from one side of a smooth bottomed box to the other. I felt her gather me up and move me to Amy's bed. I looked at my poor old shell while she fussed over me in my new state. I don't know what she was doing exactly. I felt weak, and more than that, depleted, thin as the heel of a sock. The room filled up with so much light I couldn't see, then so much sound I couldn't hear—the sound of my Mother screaming.

That was unlike Mother, to say the least. She was always quiet. So few people could hear her when she spoke that she stopped speaking entirely when she was in public, but she would whisper instruction and praise to us, and something to Daddy that always made him smile. When Daddy went away to war Mother hardly spoke at all. Rhoda's yelling—her preferred mode of speech—yielded no more than a blank look and maybe a small sigh that would inspire fits of rage from my sister. I'm sure she wouldn't have told us about the telegram from the War Office that said Daddy's ship was torpedoed and his body lost had Rhoda not turned the house upside down looking for it. "It doesn't mean anything," Mother said. I don't know whether that was hope or delusion, but she could take refuge in neither now, upon finding me.

The room emptied of so much light that I thought I must have missed the hours between afternoon and night, but that was just contrast. Mrs. Hera left me to comfort Mother, patting her head and kissing her hands, all the while her lips forming unfamiliar words. Mother would not be comforted. I thought the vibrations from her cries would tear me apart, that I would become them and would end when they surely must. She said my name and I tried to go to her as Mrs. Hera had, but couldn't move. Whatever locomotion required in this form was beyond me, so I looked on and on. I couldn't even blink.

Our neighbor Sister Harris entered the room and took Mrs. Hera's place on the bed. The sorrowful look on her face made Mother frantic. She shook my body and



Our Heroines: This picture was taken by Mrs. Ron Jones at about 7:45pm on January 9 of this year—during the lunar eclipse. Allegedly, the smoke or fog or ectoplasm pictured wasn't visible to the naked eye, and there are faces to be seen within it. Do you see them?

slapped its face until Sister Harris grabbed her from behind and pinned both arms to her sides. "Dear, dear, dear," she said, "Why are you doing this? Your daughter isn't in there."

Mother gasped, then shuddered, then shrugged off Sister Harris's embrace. She exited the room without a backward glance and Sister Harris followed. I was alone again with Mrs. Hera and the gray rumpled thing that used to be my home. Her lips still moved and she made stroking gestures around me, but I couldn't feel or hear her. I couldn't feel or hear, or even see myself. Eventually, she settled down and together we watched Brother Harris and Dr. Tompkins arrange, then remove the body. Rhoda, looking furious, ventured in to collect a pile of Amy's clothes and Jennifer, her toy dog. She glared at my empty bed then stomped away.

Night came and finally even the murmurs and weeping from other rooms ceased. Mrs. Hera left, perhaps to attend to her housekeeping and petty theft. I remained, jangling with the echoes of Mother's screams. I feel them still.

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(cont. from page two) children holding hands and a three leaf clover in Kathy the Greek's cup, I could see them, too. When she described a vignette in Patrick's cup that involved fights and kissing, the scenes were laid out like hieroglyphics on a scroll.

Then the ladies got to my cup, and I heard a lot of worried sounding conversation. "What, what?" I said. "Your cup is full of fear," Kathy translated. Peggy tipped it and I could see a dark crust that reached from bottom to top. "A snake!" Sophia said in Greek, and Peggy pointed to it with a toothpick. The ladies didn't know what to make of it. Snakes are usually forbidding figures, but this one was in an auspicious location. I looked and saw a hooded form was making its way from the bottom of the cup to the top. Its shape was echoed by wriggly marks they identified as thoughts that were having trouble penetrating the fear.

I was converted at once by this demonstration. Kathy has two kids, just like in her cup. I have no doubt that Pat will fight and kiss. And for me, fear and a cobra pretty well sums up my life. 7

(cont. from page three) You would think that sort of hostility would be too much and he just leave, but then drummer Larry Mullen, Jr. enters the frame on the left and Bono sidles up on his right, caresses The Edge's shoulder and neck and croons in his ear. Clayton approaches from behind holding a length of rope, but his head and neck are out of frame. The grouping is significant. Mullen, The Edge, and Bono are part of Christian sect that Clayton never joined, but which was important to the identity of the band as moral, and yes, preachy. The Edge and Bono are especially closely associated, one of those classic singer-lead guitar player dyads like Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, Steve Tyler and Joe Perry. Plus, they are the only members of the band with nicknames that are popularly used and known. Clayton begins to wrap The Edge's head with the rope—surrounded and bound, The Edge couldn't leave U2 if he tried.

To represent the hiatus U2 took after *Rattle and Hum*, Bono pushes The Edge out of the frame and the dark, empty set is filmed for a good 40 seconds. Eventually, some out of focus figures drift past in the background. Clayton and Mullen have a seat, then move on. The moments pass as slowly in music video time as the years did while U2's fans waited for a new album, and when *Achtung Baby* was released their appearance and sound were as shiny and new as the jacket The Edge pulls on when he returns to the frame. He is even handed a bunch of roses, perhaps in acknowledgement that U2 recently seemed indebted to the band Stone Roses. Even the fans are more aggressive, and have a decadent nature—the hands in his face have been supplanted by feet—and where before only women got close, The Edge is now fondled by men as well. A belly dancer, an important fixture in the Zoo TV tour (who later married The Edge), wriggles up into the frame, then out. Finally, a manager looking guy gives The Edge some sort of instruction, which he acknowledges. But at the end of the video he remains sitting, looking into the camera, resigned, numb.



Golden Days by Balthus Klossowski de Rola, known as Balthus, who died last week. Although Balthus was quite popular with collectors in the United States he had little use for them. He scorned what he perceived as American's Puritanism and wondered why they persisted in characterizing the girls in his paintings as Lolitas. Well, look at them! They have doll baby heads sitting on newly nubile bodies, are frequently in states of undress, and never seem to have their knees within two feet of each other. I may be a bit of a Puritan myself, but while I admire Balthus tremendously I don't think the allegation is entirely out there. By the way, the above image is featured on the Spring Edition of The Cobra's Web Site, and Rebecca Petersen collected one million Cobra Points for correctly (and really promptly) identifying it.

"Numb" was on U2's album *Zooropa*, which was written and recorded while they were on the Zoo TV Tour as *Rattle and Hum* was during the Joshua Tree Tour, and like that album was largely misunderstood and maligned. In fact, "Numb" was recently featured on MTV's presentation *When Bad Videos Happen to Good Artists*, where it was jeered by the likes of Pauly Shore and Carrot Top. Carrot Top! Now there is such a thing as a difference of opinion, and then there is where the hell does *Carrot Top* get off? I don't know where most of you stand on U2, if anywhere at all, but when it comes right down to it, who are you going to trust, me or Pauly Shore? Buy or borrow *Zooropa* immediately and let me know what you think. ☿

End Nose... In the time it took me to get from page one to page six, Patrick stopped reading *Vanity Fair* (in favor of a Henry Miller book—a good choice, but *still*) and I saw another clip from *Erin Broovich*, something about how she thinks she looks nice in her trumpy attire, and will continue to wear it unless she has two asses or something, and it made me wonder what Cosmodemonics policy on proper attire for persons with

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Use them.

two asses is. I queried My Boss via e-mail and she replied the only policy that need concern me was the one about me cleaning the Beak Room Fridge every two weeks until the end of my natural life and calling Animal Control from time to time about the rattlers who hang out by The Man's office door. The last time this happened was two or three weeks ago and it caused quite a stir. I was too late to see the beast, which is too bad because I think we'd have a lot to talk about, but Andrew had recorded it's stay with a digital camera that was about the size of red brick. On the left side, a flap came out and he showed us how it looked just minutes before. Amy was impressed by the device and asked if she could have it. "No," said Andrew. Sensing an object lesson was in play, Amy sighed and tried again. "Okay...may I have it, please." "No!" Maybe Andrew and Amy had different lessons in mind, but I don't suppose you know unless you try. So be bold and try things, new things! Dangerous things! Don't be afraid to eat a peach! Then tell me all about it, because I can't see myself doing any of it.