

My Mom and Aunt Jan Present...

THE COBRA'S NOSE

Vol. 31

My karma tells me, "You've been screwed again"

30 August

The Cobra's Notes...

To celebrate the upcoming one year anniversary of **The Cobra's Website** (www.thecobrasnose.com), my server/provider, whatever it is they call themselves, decided to mark the occasion by doubling my rates and giving me a ton more space than I will ever, ever use. Sure, I didn't have to take them up on their offer, but certain conditions, which they delineated in red boldface, insured I wouldn't refuse:

- **Your domain will be opened on a new machine, with new hardware, software, etc.**
- **You will have to move ALL of your files, databases, etc. to the NEW MACHINE.**
- **You will have to RECREATE all email accounts, autoresponders, mail lists, etc. on the NEW MACHINE.**
- **You will have to REPOINT your domain name to the NEW MACHINE.**
- **You will have UNTIL your current account expires to complete the change. Your current account will be deleted on your due date... thus, you must have all of the steps above completed by your DUE DATE.**

The funny thing is, on their (www.nomonthlyfees.com) promotions page, the head guy claims the reason they can supply such reasonable rates is because they rely on their faithful customers to spread the gospel of their service to at least three other people. Well, I have a forum of slightly more people than that, so here goes:

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD YOU EVER BECOME INVOLVED WITH THOSE EXTORTIONISTS AT NOMONTHLYFEES.COM—TELL YOUR FRIENDS, FAMILIES, AND PASSING STRANGERS LIKEWISE.

Sad thing is, I was too chicken to write this to them myself.

Also, I have this policy about hassle. I'm against it. So against it that the major source of hassle in my life is thinking of ways to avoid more hassle. That's a problem when I feel a twinge of worry about the future, or an ache in my body that might need some attending, but when that happens I usually just take a nap and wake up thinking about purple bats instead of, say, health insurance (which I have, by the way, because I don't even want to contemplate



The Amazing Amy's Amazing View

what might happen if I didn't have it for when the Tums finally give me kidney stones). Last time I had my pulse taken, it was down ten bmps. My blood pressure was so low I took an extra half hour to pump out sufficient platelets to fill up the baggie. When I took the Stress Test at Spark.com (do not go there until you have finished this article, Aureng), I scored in the top sixth percentile of stresslessness among American women. The webmasters remarked that the only thing I could do to make my life less stressful was to give up on consciousness completely (don't think I haven't considered it). They went on, with somewhat of a tone in their typing, to suggest I "get a job."

Now, I've got a job, thank you, but it is the kind of thing that causes more irritation than stress. This could be alleviated if My Boss would allow me to hang signs in the Break Room that read, "If you leave your dishes in the sink instead of the dishwasher everyone will think you're a jerk," or "If another person leaves a Coke in the freezer for so long that it explodes, I will hunt down the culprit and kill him/her," but I'm having trouble getting clearance. Or I could tell you about this short, fat, old guy with a white beard and bright red shirt who has clearly been bucking for many years to be described as "elfin" who came into the office the other day. I could tell he was trouble just by how he parked his gigantic white SUV in the handicapped parking spot, hopped out, and ambled up the walk. My suspicions were confirmed when he stood long enough in the doorway for the door to swing shut and smack him in the rear. "Ooo!" he cried. "It bit me!"

At this point I had already nearly thrown out my forehead trying not to roll my eyes, so I just said, "How can I help you?"

"Have I reached the place I was trying to find?" he simpered. Fortunately he hadn't, and Mr Marlboro Man was on hand to take him away, so you see—irritation, not stress.

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

Lashed to the Engines of the Devil

I've heard the aphorism "if you fail to plan you plan to fail" numerous times in my life, most often followed by the words, "so fill out this goal sheet, already" or "that's why you should buy this Franklin Planner." While I hate to count out any possibility, up to this point in my life I've never bought a planner—especially not a hideously expensive Franklin one—and as I recall, my goal sheets were filled out by advisors with quotas to meet who scraped the barrel of my meager accomplishments. And yes, I'm a failure. Yet in between episodes of failing to plan, I do occasionally make note of life-paths I do not want to follow and have had some success dodging them. Like not shacking up in the back of a pick-up with a filthy man and three or four even filthier dogs (check!). A more recent fate I've chosen to avoid, one which I was hurtling toward, is standing with knees together but feet splayed at least twelve inches apart and profuse sweating merely due to eating tacos. And I want a marked reduction in involuntary sighs.

Before I go on I want to be perfectly clear: this will not be one of those nasty "Americans are so fat" diatribes that seem to be everywhere these days. Especially not one that includes the words "we as a nation" before it goes on to insult the national physique. As far as I'm concerned, the words "we as a nation" should always be followed by something complimentary, at least if the nation referred to is the United States. Nor will I rail against "the beauty myth," at least not right now. Yes, there are cultural prejudices, but the last assault on them I saw was so boneheaded I'm still reeling from it. It was a tirade about fashion victims on the Discovery Health channel that showed crowds of anonymous city people going about their business, unmindful that the show's producers were filming them for the purpose of exposing them as typically homely to all the world. Then they hired Peri Gilpin—who has played always-gets-her-man sexpot Roz on *Frasier* for the past eight years—as narrator to solemnly decry beauty standards that demean and stereotype women. What, was Kathy Bates busy? For me, that went over about as well as Clinton claim that he "feels my pain." On top of that, I was watching this program with Partick, who possesses certain credentials as a beautiful person. He could not stop snickering. To be fair, he said it was mostly because of the producers' ambush of innocent citizens, and how they might feel if they saw themselves tarred as the unfortunate ugly mass on cable television, and I believe him. (Less excusable was his exclamation during a dieting infomercial, I've got one thing to say—I just finished eating two cake donuts and now I'm sitting on my ass drinking a beer!") Anyway, the whole program struck me as surreal and pandering effort supposedly on the behalf of women.

No, no, this article won't be anything like that. Nor will it end with some sort of "and you should, too!" exhortation because I'll tell you right now that this whole "working out" business stinks, and is confusing besides. Sure, many of the devices are intuitive, at least on the surface (they often have a deeper, near-afflicting logic all their own), others require a formal introduction which Partick was willing to make on my behalf. Unfortunately, and like most introductions made on my behalf, the names of all those menacing, black and silver, S&M looking devices blurred in my memory. There are the ones that make my arms hurt, the ones that make my legs hurt, the ones that make my, ahem, bottom hurt, and the ones that make my abdomen hurt. Partick tried different weights on each of them before finally muttering, "This is the weight Sophia uses." Sophia is my seven year old niece.

You may well ask why I was consorting with these engines of the devil, and I'd have to admit that while my idle hands weren't exactly doing the devil's work, I couldn't keep them off his stuff. Months and months ago, My Boss told me the 4th of July fell on a Wednesday. As with most of what she tells me, responded by pursing my lips, widening my eyes, and nodding my head. As



A Close Relative to the Devices in the Awful Chamber

we were on the phone at the time, she said, "Hello?"

"A Wednesday," I replied. That should break up the week."

"If you took either Monday and Tuesday, or Thursday and Friday off, you'd have five days off in a row."

Five days is a long time, and I had plenty of time to think of something to do with them, so I asked which days more people were taking off (Thursday and Friday), and chose Monday and Tuesday, figuring I'd minimize the amount of actual Cosmodemonic work I'd have to do that way. Doing almost nothing at work isn't as good as doing absolutely nothing at home, but it's still good.

About a month later, there was a crisis in my department over the week of July 4th. One of my co-workers had scheduled an out-of-state family trip to last the entire week, and two had major out of town parties penciled in for the fourth, and one just thought it would be cool to take advantage of the five days off thing. We gathered in the Presentation Room.

I hadn't come up with any plans and four days of doing almost nothing was still pretty tempting, so I offered to give up my days off, but My Boss kept insisting they were sacrosanct. I think that's because she's too polite to just say I'm so superfluous to the day to day business of Cosmodemonic that my gesture was meaningless. We all wheeled and dealt and finally by my agreeing, nay, insisting, that I would do a little more than almost nothing, (cont. on Page Six)

The Upside of Down

Most funerals have theatrical aspects—an audience and a stage, oration and music, and afterwards, refreshments—and that renders them prone to critical discourse. (“Can you believe what the Elders’ Quorum did to that hymn?”) On the other hand, they are still funerals and therefore sacrosanct. (“Oh, shush, they meant well.”) So what to write about them? At this point in my career, nothing. I’ll just keep using them as set-up until I write “fiction” and pretend I made up the five varieties of potato salad and the references to the Donner Party in the eulogy, and skip ahead to the strangest place I’ve ever eaten lunch.

Well, almost ahead, because the place had some curious build-up from my sister, Lauren, who took me there. We had left the funeral in Tooele and headed to Salt Lake City, because that’s where Partick had to pick up the rental car and that’s where the record stores are (a plug for my favorites, Recycle CD and Randy’s, especially Randy’s because they have a good selection of cds price \$4.95 and under, but at both you can listen to the cds on the stores’ machines). The day was hot, dry, and windy, and the funeral sustenance was weighing heavy on our stomachs. (Did I mention the five varieties of potato salad? If it had been the Amazing Amy’s funeral, I’ll bet there would have been poltergeist activity on the spot as she has a longstanding hatred of “food you scoop.” Chuck had no such issues, and surely would have enjoyed all five, plus the other beige food that was offered.)

“Where can we get a drink?” I whined.

“Well, there’s this place...,” said Lauren, “it’s in Salt Lake, or maybe Sandy? Do you want to go there?”

“There are drinks?”

“Yeah...it’s cool, but sort of weird. The kids like it. You’ll see.”

Not that I thought Lauren would drag me off to a Chuck-E-Cheese, but as we motored down block after block of State Street, one of the ugliest stretches in Utah, rays from the sun set glared through the passenger window, directly



Outside and Inside the Mayan

into my brain. We passed one Circle K after another while my throat twitched and spasmed, dry and raw, as if I had last drunk from the Great Salt Lake.

“Any of these would be fine,” I croaked, with a limp wave of my hand.

“No, we’re almost there. It’s...it’s...you’ll see.”

So I sat, pouting and sweating, and thinking, “*&#\$\$@)*&,” or words to that effect. I couldn’t fathom Lauren’s reticence. She is an extraordinarily, devastatingly, articulate person aside from occasional weird lapses where she says, say, “refrigerator” when she means, say, “book.” But when we pulled into the parking lot of Jordan Commons, I began to understand why she would have a hard time explaining that the Mayan might be just the place to unwind after attending our brother’s funeral.

The setting that most resembles the Mayan—in my experience, anyway—is the Indiana Jones ride at Disneyland, though less concerned with verisimilitude. You enter a gift shop immediately upon entering, then head over to the turnstiles where you select your entrée. Although there were warnings that splitting meals and other cheapskate activity would not be tolerated, the afternoon was slow enough that the woman who took our order allowed us to order a taco salad to share. And here’s a tip for you—if they let you, start ordering daiquiris right there and then, because what follows will only be enhanced by the benevolent appreciation for the absurd that comes with their ingestion.

What follows specifically is a dimly lit pathway lined with smiling service professionals welcoming you to the Mayan, then entry into its cavernous dining hall/ theme park which is dominated by a thirty-five foot high faux rock face ornamented by faux plants, and at the very top, faux animals. Before I could properly appreciate this spectacle, our guide wheeled us around to the humongous faux trees in which most of the dining area is perched—the restaurant version of the Swiss Family Robinson’s house, if you’ve seen that movie or attraction. Lauren insisted on a seat high enough to see the talking birds and have a good view of the divers.

“Divers?”

“Yeah, they...you’ll see.”

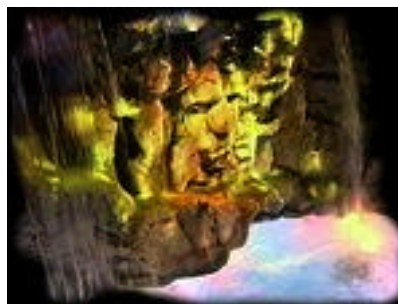
So we settled into our seats which faced the cliff wall, and soon enough a fey waiter appeared to bring us chips and salsa (this being Utah, the salsa was more like extra-chunky catsup), and take our drink orders. Then he left, and we were free to take in our surroundings. There were maybe twenty people in the entire place—nearly empty as it has a seating capacity of hundreds and clearly caters to the younger set (most of them were in school or something). So Lauren and I had a whole balcony to ourselves most of the time, and were far enough away from our fellow patrons that we couldn’t hear them. There was some sort of (Cont. on Page Four)

(Cont. from Page Three) Chuck-E-Cheese-y song and dance happening in a neighboring balcony, but too far away to be a serious distraction. What I couldn't see from the ground but which was prominent from our seats was a pool of water in front of the cliff face, and streams which dribbled down the rocks. The air was wet and cool, and that alone would have made me giddy considering what outside was like, but there were also mechanical parrots and iguanas, some wearing berets, surveying the room and preening, and then, look look look! A shapely young man in a loincloth scrambling out of a depression in the rocks, over to the edge of the cliff, then back again.

"Did you see *that*?" I demanded.

"Oh, here's lunch," Lauren replied.

"...And here come the boys in Speedos," murmured our waiter as he placed a big pile of iceberg lettuce bedecked with cubes of chicken and tomatoes before us.



Boys in Speedos, Kopak

I looked back in time to witness the entry of two more shapely young men wearing less revealing though nicely tailored red loincloths accessorized with shiny gold belts, and extravagant feathered headdresses. They also had long tribal drums suspended from straps hung round their necks and pretended to beat them whilst flexing their tummies, and the tape recorded drumming echoed throughout the hall. After a while, another young man dressed as a priest or a king, and who was

wearing all together too much clothing in my freshly jaded estimation, emerged from the rocks carrying a pitcher, the contents of which he poured into the pool below after performing a few ceremonial looking moves. *Then*, two guard types dragged the first loincloth wearer to the edge of the cliff and pitched him off of it. He hollered and flailed all the way down. The drumming stopped and the execution party marched back into the recesses of the rock.

I was agog. I turned to Lauren who had a mouthful of lettuce and an expectant expression.

"That was so cool," I said, and laughed like Henry Miller protagonist after a notable sunrise. Lauren swallowed and said, "Wasn't it?" I could not stop giggling. I dug into the salad and regretted my political choice of a virgin daiquiri.

"You understand why I didn't want to say too much?"

"Oh, wow, yes! Thank you!"

If nothing else had happened, I would have been thrilled to pieces by the Mayan, but just as soon as I (cont. on Page Five)

Cookin' With Cobra



Just to prove that this summer has not been tough only on me, I offer the following e-mail from The Man:

For some reason God insists that I always have a source of irritation in my midst, akin to a good itchy rash that makes me wonder if peeling my skin off with a potato peeler might make it feel better. I can take Darth ___'s vomit-burps (my dogs make similar sounds so I'm somewhat conditioned to that sort of thing.) I can take Muffin's limp-wristed and insincere greetings every time I go through the executive butt-kissing ward to get to the lunch room. I can pretend to be happy to see Uber Boss when I pass him in the hall. I can even stand CosmoGirl A's outbursts of super-sonic laughter that booms through the area at least twice each day. (How can such a tiny person be so loud?) My new nemesis and irritant is, like, the ding dong next door—the queen of all raving, forceful, like constantly PMSing, bad-hair-extension-wearing dips hits. This morning she was all: "Like, I crash my *Camaro* like every few months, so it's like constantly getting body-work so, like, it always looks like brand new," and while leaving a trail of like *some stranger's* dead hair everywhere, she goes; "And I was like... And he was all... Like Like like Like [pause] DUDE! I was like OH MY GOD!"

Fortunately, The Man also recommends a cure, or at least a salve for such irritations (aside from that potato peeler one, I mean). And it goes something like this...

Grasshopper Pie

pre-fab Oreo pie shell
chocolate mint ice cream
Cool Whip

- ☛ Let Cool Whip & ice cream sit out for 15 minutes to soften.
- ☛ While you're waiting for the frozen stuff to soften, make a Vodka Grasshopper (below) & slam it.
- ☛ Fill pie shell with ice cream.
- ☛ Cover with cool whip, then drizzle with chocolate syrup or hard-shell chocolate topping crap.
- ☛ Put in freezer for at least an hour.
- ☛ While you're waiting for the pie to re-freeze, make a double vodka grasshopper & slam it.

Vodka Grasshopper

1 part Vodka
1 part Crème de Menthe (green)
1 part Crème de Cacao (white)

- ☛ Mix it up
- ☛ Shake with ice, then strain into a glass
- ☛ Slam

If you can think of a better cure for the summertime blues, please forward it to me. 🌟

Ghost, Interrupted

○○○○○

Chapter Three

low long I was contained in that same spot, like an eyeball dangling from a string, I couldn't say. I faded in and out of consciousness; restlessly sleeping, but without dreams, and without knowing what had happened to me when I had been out, if you follow. Sometimes I would see Amy in her bed asleep, and sometimes she would wake up screaming. Mother would gather her up and carry her away. Once, Amy threw a blanket at/through me, and she was careful never to come near me. Mrs. Hera would occasionally sidle in and fuss over me, but more often would give me a stern look, shake her head, then examine the bits of trash that made their way from Amy's pockets to the top of the dresser or the window sill. I know she took some of it, but couldn't for the life of me think how she managed it, seeing as I couldn't even figure out how to move without a body.

my's coat on the floor told me it was wintertime, and for the first time I moved from the spot I had inhabited since I passed away. Not to pick the coat up. That's what Mother would have said, never to do a lick of work. Also on the floor, shoes, socks, schoolbooks. Amy was becoming a slob, an even bigger one, I mean. She had kicked the sheets and blankets to the foot of the bed and her head rocked back and forth on her pillow. With a moan, she rolled onto her side and I realized that she had been bleeding.

Without thinking I rushed over to her, but she pulled away, pressing herself against the wall. My instinct was to hold her hand, which she jerked away so fast that it hit the wall with a crack. That woke her up. She opened her eyes wide, then squeezed them shut, took a few huddering breaths and ran out of the room, leaving me with the taint. That's all I recall of that night, but from that moment forward I was mobile.

he first place I went was Rhoda's room, which was a shocking disappointment. Not only was it not splashed with lamb's blood, as Amy and I had so often speculated, most of its contents seemed to be making their way into cardboard boxes. I drifted around the house and saw that this was the trend. Back in my room, the only item I recognized as mine was a pair of pants with a rip in them that hadn't been there when they were in my possession. Amy's stuffed dog was sitting on top of them in a box labeled "Deseret Industries."

My family was moving, a prospect far more distressing to me than my death had been. Throughout the early evening, I followed Mother around the house trying to reason with her. She responded by putting on a sweater. Amy no longer slept in the house, and Rhoda was as impervious to my influence as she had ever been. When a man I didn't know took the Deseret Industries box out of the house, I willed the pants to remain and they did move just a little. The exertion depleted me, and when I recovered, the house was empty. I never saw my family again.

○○○○○

(cont. from Page Four) began considering the culinary merits of our meal, the room went dark, and clever lighting on both sides of the cliff revealed an angry face which was soon revealed to have a booming voice. I don't remember the details of what it said, but the substance was a lot of "My name is Kopac, I'm so great, I'm a god" kind of stuff, and it went on for a long time—but it was followed by an indoor storm and roaring torrents that filled the air with water droplets.

I was awash with fresh delight, and kept turning to Lauren, saying, "thank you, thank you, thank you." After a while, a pretty long while as a matter of fact, Kopac quieted down and



Can't get enough of those boys in Speedos

another face, that of a serene looking woman, was projected onto the cliff face. She said her name was something like Tucow (insert Johnny Lingo crack here) and she explained that she was much nicer than Kopac, &ct. At the Mayan, the deities are *talky*. Anyway, her spiel wasn't nearly as impressive as Kopac's. Besides, Lauren and I had some smart alec remarks that weren't going to make themselves, and that iceberg lettuce wasn't getting any fresher. So we

tuned out Tucow, and hardly noted the lizards and parrots when they started their routine (it didn't help that a couple of the animals' accents were quite thick). When they finished, the house lights went up and I thought we must have seen the best the Mayan had to offer. After a while, our waiter asked if we wanted anything else and we demurred. Then the lights went back down, and nearly naked and very fit boys, one after another and sometimes in pairs, started diving from the cliff. We waved our waiter back, I asked for a real daiquiri, and we asked to see the dessert menu.

When he returned with my drink, we ordered a treat that I believe could only have originated in Utah—deep-fried, chocolate-chip cookie dough cheesecake, with strawberry sauce and Reddi-Whip accents. We ate it and watched the show with relish and a few sexist call-outs that were lost in the sound effects that accompanied the spectacle. Okay, most of the call-outs were mine, as Lauren wanted to preserve the Mayan as a place to take children, specifically hers.

I have no such motivation, and the hardest time recommending the Mayan as anything but a place to drink cocktails and think about bogus representations of ancient cultures and scantily clad young men diving off rocks. And nothing else. ~~~~~

Cont. from Page Two) everybody got their days off, and I still had about a month to decide what to do with mine.

When June struck, hard. It was pretty bloody hot for one thing. Also, unexpected trips to New Mexico and Utah were cropped up, while they had their moments (see Page Three) were also exhausting. I've never been much of an adventuress, which is why economic excursions to the likes of Fresno and, oh my! Toronto are such a big deal to me. A single vacation is refreshing and sustenance for **The Cobra's Nose**. Two—especially family intensive ones—leave me exhausted and cranky. So by the time July rolled around I had failed to plan, and...you know.

The first two days of doing nothing were great. I went to bed early and napped on the couch. I wore pajamas the majority of the day and watched cable for hours on end. Partick cruised around the house dusting, vacuuming, watering plants, and frowning at me with Mom's disapproval. I'm proud to say I withstood it pretty well. By Monday, however, I thought a little activity might be in order, especially since it would be hours before Partick finally went to work and let me lounge in peace. So when he announced he was off to our apartment's workout facilities I calculated the number of inches apart my feet were when I stood with my knees together, and asked if I could tag along. Partick, apparently making the same calculation, said sure.



A Descendant of This Thing Is There

The workout room is far enough away from our apartment to count as exercise in my book, as I learned from several aerobic jaunts to the Jacuzzi which sits just outside of it. The Jacuzzi is an swell place from which to placidly observe the goings on in the workout room, ideally with a big glass of something cold in hand. From the other side of the glass, the Jacuzzi seems populated with drunken, lazy swine, most of whom should be forbidden to wear those swim togs ever again.

I miss being a swine. Whatever lashing myself to the engines of the devil might have done for my thighs, it's been murder on my

disposition. Upon reaching the awful workout chamber (and it's got to be a block away if it's an inch) I'm already pretty hot and tired, and if other people are there already, watch out. They are invariably younger, thinner, prettier, and more fit than I am, but have the worst taste in television viewing. *Baseball*. *Judging Amy*. *Sheesh*. And if you don't get there before nine a.m. on Saturday, you can forget about watching Loony Tunes. Often, the only entertainment is watching young, thin, pretty, fit people try to figure out how to operate this stretching thing (not the contraption pictured above, but a direct descendant I bet). I'm also disappointed in my torture of choice. Having met all the cardio-vascular devices (did you know that a treadmill can be instructed to simulate an incline but not a decline? or that people choose to pretend they are walking up stairs?), I selected one that because it compelled rather than resisted motion, seemed most like a ride—a stationary bicycle sort of thing. For one thing, it asks a lot of questions—age, weight (I put down what I told the DMV and snicker), that sort of thing. For another thing, I'm having a hard time believing burning off an Almond Joy could be that much work.

That could be the worst part of my voluntary ordeal—the calorie counting, a practice that had never interested me in the past, except to discourage it. Like on this trip I took with my mother where she insisted on comparing the relative merits of our cranberry juice, minimizing the less nutritious but more delicious. I feigned (badly) polite disinterest but in my head I was quoting Apu—"I cannot believe you do not shut up!" Now I never thought of an Almond Joy as health food, *per se*, though they are loaded with fiber. Used to be, they were snack, a little indulgence. Now they are the enemy; but I crave them more fiercely than ever. They're the Mata Hari of food.

I've also been setting little goals, like keeping my pace above such and such per minute, or getting to a certain pretend distance by a certain time. It's horrible. Don't let it happen to you. 🦋

Cobra Headquarters

📁 Sharon C. McGovern,
Cobra-in-Chief
3600 N. Hayden, #2803
Scottsdale, AZ 85251

☎ (480) GAY KATS

💻 shmcgovern@ikon.com
thecobrasnose@yahoo.com

🌐 www.thecobrasnose.com

Use them.

End Nose...

The end of summer, on the calendar if not the thermometer, is upon us, and according to tradition a new version of **The Cobra's Website** is in order. Provided my service isn't withdrawn or otherwise screwed with before I get around to it. I'll let you know. Also, Halloween is coming right up, and as I'd like to make **The Cobra's Ghost** an annual tradition, I need your ghost stories. Please submit them in a timely manner. Also, despite the whining about travel above (which I stand by), I have a couple of trips scheduled in the near future. The first, to Seattle for the music festival Bumpershoot which begins tomorrow, and in a few weeks to Hollywood, where I plan to wear tight sweaters and get discovered. As always, the real attractions are the people, Rebecca, Jodi, Bradley, Jude the Un-obscure (she came up with a Cobra Name, but it's long and I didn't write it down but will next time I promise), her husband Wayne, Danny (if we can swing an audience), and of course the Elegant Evelyn. The forecast: Partly Cloudy, Unseasonably High Levels of FUN. Also, the Amazing Amy is back on US soil with stories to tell. Try to get an interview with her before she resumes her world tour, which will culminate in her becoming the Sultana of Brunei with all the political and ceremonial duties that entails. See you next month.