



## FOR THE BIRDS

### *EPISODE 6 - TURKEY TROTS ("OH SHARON, WHAT DO YOU DO TO THESE MEN ...")*

The headlines should read "Turkey Now at *The Cellars* and *The Grotto!*" Not on the menu mind you, but seated alongside the regular patrons, much to their chagrin. Keep in mind, size wise, comparing a turkey to our regular patrons is like parking Queen Mary's next to Mini Coopers. And their toileting habits are atrocious! Remember Indian Pudding? Melt it and coat it in oil. I'll say no more except I learned quickly to tread carefully after THEY had been seen at the establishments.

Our first turkey I named Gertrude. Gertrude was a loner and somewhat homely as turkeys go. However, I must say she was quite graceful and unassuming. For weeks, she would show up at *The Cellars*, after the regular crowd shuffled out. She'd have a light breakfast, lunch or dinner, depending on her travel schedule that day. Then she'd return to her Eleanor Rigby like existence wherever she called home in the woods. We figured she was destined to be a spinster forever. Poor Gertrude, such a nice girl.

But one day, while I was at the supermarket, it happened! According to my wife, a dashing Tom showed up in our driveway, feathers puffed, fanned and ready for action. Evidently, I would like to believe he too was smitten by Gertrude's elegance. More than likely, he was just a horny old bird looking to get laid. But I have to believe, the former scenario may have been the case. After a prolonged slow motion tango, the enchanted couple alternating circling, puffing and clucking a language only known to turkeys in the troughs of passion, they splayed out on the sun warmed asphalt in exhaustion, googlie-eyeing each other to the exclusion of all else. Then they both unceremoniously got up and left together, never to be seen again. Today I imagine Gertrude pecking the rice where her wedding had been ... living a dream.

Then wouldn't you know it, the very next day, two more males showed up! I dubbed them the Thompson Twins. They seemed to be amenable to each other and not combative or aggressive. I figured they were either brothers or gay or both based on future observations of their awkward attendances at my eating facilities. I was somewhat reminded of Chase and Chance Cornbright, the ineffectual siblings of Kiki Pew Fitzsimmons of Carl Hiaasen's *"Squeeze Me"*, a fictional recounting of those dystopian days between 2016 and 2020.

Days after their first appearance, an unaccompanied female started dropping in on *The Cellar*" and *The Grotto*". This girl was no Gertrude by a long shot. No, quite the contrary, she had the

demeanor of that slut in the slinky, short red dress and stiletto heels, who intentionally spills a bit of her drink in your lap when she catches you starrng and says "Take a picture. It lasts longer". Then she saunters off wishing to be alone ... though never is. This was the Sharon, David Bromberg sang about, *"Oh, Sharon, what do you do to these men? You know the same rowdy crowd that was here last night is back again"*. And draw a crowd she did.

First it was the Thompson Twins and then a crusty old bird who reminded me of Lucky, the squirrel, mentioned in an earlier episode, showed up. In other words, he looked like he'd been run through the mill. I christened him Billy Bumstead. Why? Just trust me, the name fit. When he puffed up and fanned his array of feathers trying to get Sharon's attention, it was a pitiful display. Peacocks had nothing to be worried about. Billy was a mess, but that didn't stop him from pursuing Sharon with vigor. The Thompson Twins seemed not to have so much a romantic interest in Sharon but more a desire to be in her entourage. (continued ...)