

A SELECTION OF THINGS YOU MIGHT HAVE TO SAY IF THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENS AT YOUR SESSION

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The Flumdunkle Family Band again! I can barely contain my joy and anticipation at seeing you back at our session - you were such a wonderful addition last time! Why don't you all sit down and get comfortable while I walk slowly into the next county and make a few phone calls to tell all our friends you're here . . .

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Well, well, look who's here - the Biffstork Community College autoharp class, all 23 of you! I couldn't be more thrilled . . . sorry we don't have enough chairs - would you mind playing outside? Plenty of room in the Stop n Shop parking lot and it's only a fifteen minute walk . . . give me somebody's phone number so we can let you know what tunes we're playing . . .

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Look, Professor Zinkheimer - I think I warned you and your little class of music-murdering evildoers never to return to our session, but golly - you didn't listen! Bet you just couldn't wait to come back to cause even more bad feelings and projectile vomiting. You know, there was a reason we all pretended to go home at 9 p.m. last week, and you were it. Now please get your sorry arses out of here before I call the cops.

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Golly! Three adorable children playing screechy whistles almost in the same tempo! Of COURSE they're too young to tell a jig from a reel - why would anyone want to put that kind of pressure on the little darlings? Go ahead, kids, toot away, while ol' Uncle Zouki goes home and gets his baseball bat so

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he can beat the living bejayzus out of you and your nincompoop parents later on . . .

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Love of the music has to begin somewhere - agreed. Unfortunately for you, Alyssa, refusal to accept utter incompetence and insensitivity has to begin somewhere too. See ya!

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I'm really sorry that my pit bulls got into little Troy's face like that, Mrs. Gorkley. Normally the breed loves good music. But look on the bright side - I'm sure your little rascal will have plenty of time to practice that obscene bodhrán of his in the hospital while the plastic surgeons peel huge chunks of skin off his behind to repair the damage. Or maybe they could borrow some of the goatskin off your bodhráns . . . ? I'm sure they can figure out a way to remove those cheesy pseudo-Celtic designs before they staple the skins on to little Troy's face . . .

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Lawsuit? Maybe not a good idea, Gorkley ol' pal . . . I have fourteen witnesses who'll swear they saw Troy kicking my pit bulls under the table. And there's a video somewhere of a certain tail-pulling episode you might want to forget . . . probably wouldn't look too good in court . . . judges around these parts don't look kindly on cruelty to animals . . .

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Gee, Lance, I'm sorry you had to come all the way here - 32 miles is a long way to hitch-hike carrying a bodhrán that big. But I guess you didn't know

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about the town ordinance that prohibits minors from playing drum-like instruments in public places. And the really bad thing is that they get prosecuted as adults. And the minimum sentence if they're convicted is ten to fifteen at hard labor and lots of solitary confinement, except for an hour or so each day when they're turned loose to cavort with the lifers. So do you really want to take the chance?

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