

## Too Much Of A Good Thing



Good morning, y'all. A bit of the tropical storm has been kind enough to drop some moisture on our area. I don't know if the rain or the laser like heat has brought on my Gardenias, but they are in full bloom. Just like that, go to bed and they're all green, wake up and they're practically all white. Mulva appreciates their odor very much.

I do not. I remember an experience with the perfume "Jungle Gardenia" which will have to be parsed carefully to repeat in mixed company. It was back in high school, American history class, when the girl who sat in front of me decided to bathe in the perfume "Jungle Gardenia".

Whether it was a combination of smells, heat from the radiators, or perhaps the advent of a stomach flu, the combined effects were horrific. Before *The Exorcist* had even been conceived, I developed the technique of projectile vomiting.

Fortunately, when I returned to school a few days later, all had been forgotten. All except the dousing of Jungle Gardenia by my classmate, which I considered a blessing.