

Parental Planning



Good morning, y'all. I've started today off with several burrs under my saddle. It's against the rules of humanity to have problems before coffee. Credit my sanguine approach to the cosmos and the belief that even though we all seem to be a bunch of random atoms hurtling through space, there is a positive force to our nature. It's like Mammy Yokum used to say, "Good will always beat evil, 'cause good is gooder than evil".

My day started with being called over to Number Thirty Nine, where my lovely wife Mulva has allowed the Mrs. Reverend Dale E. Bread to reside with her seven hellions while "she get's her feet back under her". Now if you remember, the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread had abandoned his wife and kids to seek the comfort of the choir director, Ophelia Bottoms. Such was the case until reports started coming in that the Reverend was "visiting his children" well after their bedtime. Well, let me report that the Reverend must have gotten to Number Thirty Nine early this morning to serve them breakfast, because he was there at 7AM when I got the call of a backed up toilet. Imagine my surprise upon entering Number Thirty Nine, to find the Reverend appearing from the back room with nothing between him and the Lord but a smile.

Let me just say that this puts me in a cross mood so many ways. I've been telling Mulva for years, I don't need anger management, the world just needs to stop ticking me off. This would be one more prime example. Why have I been called out to unstop a toilet for the man and his family that are living off my largess? Ok, it's really Mulva's magnanimity, I never wanted to get involved in the situation in the first place. It is only through the Christian teachings that Mulva tries to exemplify in her daily life that we now have the situation that has forced me to come face to face with the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread's yahoo. Red-faced doesn't adequately describe the situation for any of us.

The Reverend retreated to the bedroom while the Mrs. directed me to the disaster

zone, the hall bathroom. The good news is that, for the most part, we're dealing with an overflow of water. The bad news, simple plunging isn't getting rid of the clog. I will have to return with the Johnny Jolter, my super plunger. Trying to avoid Alva's eyes, I tell her that I will return in a few minutes with a tool big enough to do the job. I curse myself all the way back to Number Two for all of the horrible puns that could be made from my choice of words. I take the long way around the park to see if I can locate the good Reverend's car, and I do. He has parked in front of Number Fifty Three, Anita Goodman's trailer. I make a mental note that I may have another problem that has not revealed itself yet.

I knock loudly to announce my return to Number Thirty Nine, and thankfully, the Reverend is not in sight. Three or four massive plunges clears the clog with portions of the clog returning to the surface attached to the plunger. Condoms. No, really, it's condoms. Several are attached to the Johnny Jolter like wet pieces of cellophane. Now, my mind is already spinning like the Mind Bender at Six Flags over Georgia and this discovery has got me absolutely gob smacked. I am not naive enough to think that the Right Reverend Dale E. Bread is a man of such prowess that he has created this crisis from his over indulgence. No, I'm thinking that this is the work of his demon seed, Devin. The fact that Devin has remained out of sight while his siblings have been milling about also gives me the clue that Damian, I mean Devin, is laying low.

So it appears the first born Bread has got it in for his old man. Interesting. The sub plot of the son wanting to "out" his old man has turned my wrath from white hot to a manageable irritation. It will certainly give Mulva and I something to discuss over lunch. The luncheon where I will ask Mulva to start collecting rent from the Breads, or have the Bread's start collecting their things. It should be an interesting mid day repast.