

CHAPTER TWO: REPEAT OFFENDER



FIRST OFF, LET ME TELL YOU, I LOVE MY KIDS. ALL OF THEM.



BUT I AM SERIOUSLY GOING TO SMASH MY BALLS WITH A COUPLE OF BRICKS TO STOP MY PROPENSITY FOR REPRODUCTION.



MATTY! HEY KID, WHAT'S HAPPENING?



NOT MUCH, 'ADULT', WHY ARE YOU WHISPERING?



SAM'S KIND OF ASLEEP ON ME. I CAN'T PUT HIM DOWN OR EVEN MOVE 'CAUSE HE'LL WAKE UP.



LUCKILY, I COULD REACH THE PHONE THIS TIME. I'VE BEEN TRAPPED UNDER A SLEEPING SAM FOR HOURS BEFORE, TRYING TO REACH SOMETHING TO READ: A HARDWARE STORE FLYER, A TAKE OUT MENU...

WOW, TRUE PARENTING STORIES. YOU DIDN'T SPOIL US LIKE THAT.



I'M PRETTY SURE I DID. ANYWAY YOU'RE COMING TO TOWN; FALL ASLEEP ON MY ARM AND I WON'T MOVE... GO CRAZY.



WHAT TIME YOU WANT ME TO BOOK YOUR TRAIN?







MATTY IS TWENTY-THREE
AND LISA IS NINETEEN.



I'M FORTY YEARS OLD. I KNOW
THE MATH. I WAS MARRIED,
RIDICULOUSLY, AT SEVENTEEN
AND SPAWNED CHILDREN AT THAT
SAME TIME LIKE SOME HILLBILLY
CHILD BRIDE.

FAM KURT



CONTRARY TO WHAT YOU MIGHT
THINK, HAVING ADULT CHILDREN
WHEN I'M FORTY DOES NOT MAKE ME
FEEL AS OLD AS THEIR LITTLE
BROTHER DOES. HAVING A BABY
AT FORTY WITH A SUBSTANTIALLY
YOUNGER WIFE HAS AGED ME
TWENTY YEARS IN MINUTES.



WHEN I'M OUT WITH MY GIRLS THERE
IS STILL ALWAYS A CHANCE A STORE
CLERK OR SOMETHING WILL COMMENT
ON HOW YOUNG THEIR DAD IS. THOUGH
IT HAPPENS LESS AND LESS AS I
GET EVER CRAGGIER AND GRISTLED.



WITH LITTLE SAM I'M JUST A
NEAR-ELDERLY YUPPIE DAD,
EMASCULATED BY THE
DIAPER BAG...



... BY THE STROLLER...



... BY FRONT CARRIERS AND
VARIOUS 'MAMA KANGAROO' SLINGS.



POOR SAM WILL NEVER KNOW
HIS DAD AS A CAPABLE, VIRILE,
STREET-FIGHTIN' MAN...



... HE WILL ONLY KNOW A WEAK,
SAGGY-BOSOMED OLD DAD.



I HATE TO BE A CLICHE' HERE,
BUT MY BODY IS FALLING APART.
LET ME JUST LIST A FEW HIGHLIGHTS:



FACE - LIVER SPOTS AND WRINKLES. THIS IS THE KIND OF SHIT MY GRAMMA HAD AT AGE 96. THIS IS THE KIND OF SHIT OLD GUYS IN CHINESE MEDICINE SHOPS HAVE. AND NOW, SO DO I.

NECK - TURKEY WATTLES. MY FORMERLY MANLY NECK NOW LOOKS LIKE GOLDIE HAWN IN HER OSCAR DRESS.

SHOULDERS - SAGGING, PLUS BOSOMS! FOLDS OF FLESH WHERE THE CHEST AND SHOULDERS MEET MAKING ME LOOK PREMATURELY LIKE CLINT EASTWOOD IN THE BRONCO BILLY SERIES OF FILMS: SHIRTLESS, SQUINTY-EYED AND SAGGY-BOSOMED.

STOMACH - CONTINUAL BLOATING, EMBARRASSING 'INTERNAL FLATULENCE,' NOT FARTS, BUT INTERNAL SHIFTING OF GAS WITH NO ISSUE, USUALLY OCCURRING DURING BUSINESS MEETINGS. ALSO, CONTINUAL ALTERNATING DIARRHEA OR CONSTIPATION!

STOMACH (CONTINUED) - I HAVE A PICTURE, TAKEN FOUR YEARS AGO, WHICH SHOWS ME WITH ROWS OF PROMINENT ABDOMINAL MUSCLES, PURPORTEDLY A KEY ELEMENT TO BEING A WORTH-WHILE MEMBER OF OUR SOCIETY. TAKE AWAY DAILY EXERCISE AND SUBSTITUTE A BAG OF CHIPS. RESULT: GUT.

KNEES - BENDING TO PICK UP MY YOUNG SON IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SOUND LIKE FOUR CHOPSTICKS BREAKING.

PLUMBING, ETC - NO REAL COMPLAINTS ON THE RECREATIONAL ASPECTS YET, BUT YOU KNOW HOW OLD MEN SHAKE IT FOR HOURS AFTER PISSING IN PUBLIC TOILETS? I DO THAT TOO.

LEGS - THE HAIR IS FALLING OFF AND THERE ARE VARICOSE VEINS. BOTH OF WHICH ARE ABOUT AS MANLY AS HAVING A BLADDER INFECTION.





I'VE HAD EXTENDED EXPERIENCE WATCHING KID SHOWS, BOTH FIRST-HAND BEFORE I WAS MARRIED AT AGE SEVENTEEN...



...THEN, WHEN SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS WERE REPLACED BY CONNUBIAL LIFE, I WATCHED A LOT OF ANIMATION WITH MY OFFSPRING.



MOST KID SHOWS ARE VARYING DEGREES OF CRAP: CLOYING AND CUTESY OR FARTY AND INNAPROPRIATELY RIBALD. THEY INSULT THE INTELLIGENCE AND DUMB FOUND WITH THE LACK OF EFFORT THEIR CREATORS APPARENTLY PUT FORWARD.



I'VE SAT THROUGH SO MUCH OF THIS DRECK OVER THE YEARS, AND IT IS ONLY BY A CONSTANT, QUIETLY MOCKING DIALOGUE/COMMENTARY THAT I HAVE MAINTAINED SANITY.



THE KIDS WERE ALWAYS TOO YOUNG TO COMPREHEND THE SARCASM. IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU SING A HORRIBLE SONG TO A BABY THAT IS DRIVING YOU MAD AND YOU SING THE TERRIBLE WORDS TO A LOVELY, FAMILIAR, UNTHREATENING TUNE.



THESE ARE THE TRICKS A FATHER USES TO SURVIVE. WHATEVER. ASK WARD CLEAVER, ASK BIL KEANE...





WHAT'S THIS INSANE THING YOU'RE WATCHING?



MAN, CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING HAS GONE TO HELL. DON'T THESE LITTLE DOUCHES WATCH RAFFI OR SHARON, LOIS & BRAM?

NO OFFENCE, SAM.

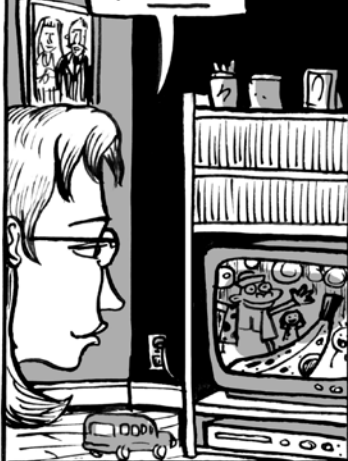


SAM WATCHES RAFFI! GOOD LORD, I'VE MEMORIZED EVERY RAFFI VIDEO. I CAN DO ALL HIS MOVES.

THIS DVD IS NEW. IT'S PRETTY GOOD, ACTUALLY.



M- HMM.



SERIOUSLY, THIS CHICK HAS THAT SAME QUALITY RAFFI AND THOSE OTHERS HAVE, WHATEVER. THE HELL IT IS THAT KIDS LOVE. KIDS ARE HOT-WIRED FROM CONSCIOUSNESS ONWARD TO REACT TO CERTAIN THINGS: TELE-TUBBIES, RAFFI. THEY'RE CRACK FOR KIDS...



... THIS GIRL IS LIKE THAT TOO. HER SONGS ARE SOPHISTICATED AND HER MONKEY SIDEKICK HAS A KIND OF "BUSTER KEATON-Y" QUALITY TO HIM.



THIS MARSHMALLOW AIN'T A-BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US...



ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, IT'S NOT EASY KEEPIN' IT REAL WEARING A MONKEY SUIT OR SINGING SONGS FOR KIDS, BUT THIS SHERRI SMALLS DOES IT. SHE'S GENUINE. I'VE WATCHED THIS THREE TIMES TONIGHT AND I'M STILL DIGGIN' IT...



SOUNDS LIKE GREAT COPY FOR A CD COVER — ALSO SOUNDS LIKE DADDY'S GOT THE HOTS FOR THE CHILDREN'S PERFORMER

I DO NOT.

