

So here's the crux of the problem ...

You know – the vital, basic point ... btw, I got that from the dictionary – online, of course ... I mean, no body has a real, like book, dictionary ... with words in it and all ...

Well, in fact, I do ... but they're in Irish ... you know, as in Gaelic – like "Irish" which is English for Irish ... because Gaeilge is Irish for Gaelic ... and, well, ah, forget it ... it's not important.

So ... oh, yea ... the crux of the problem ...

I don't remember what the problem is ... I mean, the crux is – or was – my dog. Well, not "my dog", per se. I don't even have a dog. Did – but that was a long time ago. A golden retriever. Sweet thing. Did you know the Seeing Eye Foundation quit raising pure-breds as guide dogs. Yea. Seriously. I mean the problem was they used to raise goldens, black labs and german shepards. Now, the shepards worked out pretty well. But the goldens – they were just too mellow. And labs – OMG – might be great for a runner who needs a guide dog but, for an average person ...

I'm off point again ... where was I – oh, the problem. Yea. No. The crux of the problem ... yea, the crux.

Crux ... the vital, basic point ... yep. That's where I was alright ... the crux ...

*[long pause, obviously lost]*

Where was I?

Well, I guess I'll start at the beginning ... an inauspicious moment as any. I was born ... De Paul Hospital, they tell me. No one ever mentions the throngs of admirers, you know, their rally towels wrapped around their fists, all shouting "WHUP, WHUP" ... I suppose for good reason ... oh, that they don't mention them ... you know, like they weren't there ...

Now, that's a problem ... they aren't there for anyone being born ... well, except maybe for a baby royal, you know, in some place where they sitll put up with royals ...

*[silent, thinking a bit]*

Royals ... wow, mull that one over a bit ... I actually lived some place where they had them ... two places, actually – ah, royals. The seond place, tho, I didn't know there were royals ... they apparently looked like everybody else ... you know, fit into the crowd, so to speak ... or there were so few of them, and never hung out at that awesome sausage house or ... take the tram ... or ... but, see, I found out about them, who ever they were, one day ... there was a guy I worked with, nice guy, kinda regular looking but really cool, his name was Eberhard Von Wangenheim ... Eberhard Von Wangenheim ... I mean, listen to that ... Eberhard Von Wangenheim ... seriously ... isn't that the coolest? Man, I'd say that over and over again in my head ... and it just hit me one day ... well, I mean, first of all, that's just too damn much to say ... Eberhard Von Wangenheim – I mean six syllables, and not all English sounding ... some ... so I just called him the Count. Yea, one day, I was headed off to visit the Count and I told another person in the bureau that ... and you could hear a pin drop ... the who? ... almost accusingly, if I say so myself ... the who? ... you know, Eberhard Von Wangenheim ... HE'S NO COUNT ...

I mean, what the hell ... sorry ... and who gives a shit anyway ... I mean, like who gives a shit? Oh, my, god ... they did.