

The Secret Revealed!

July 21, 2007

Two Things That Brightened My Friday Even Further Than I'd Imagined

1) When I was listening to the radio and a guest on the show was making up his very own version of The Kinks' "Lola" and rhymed "LaVar Burton" with "Beef Curtain."

2) When I was doing some sort of sadomasochistic thing at the gym (wherein Parfait instructed me to pull the weight of 10 oxen whilst squatting at an uncomfortable 40 degree angle whilst thrusting my chest out like a tranny with overfilled implants), and said instructor suddenly initiated the following conversation:

Parfait: Mademoiselle, do you have any brothers or sisters?

Mademoiselle: (*Grunting like an overworked Romanian peasant girl, straining under weight of oxen*) Uh, yeah. A sister.

silence.

Mademoiselle: (*Inner monologue realizing that P-Diddy wants me to ask if HE has siblings*) Do YOU have any brothers and sisters?

Parfait: (*Signature, high-pitched laugh emits from giant head*) I have twenty-four.

Mademoiselle: (*Dropping oxen, feeling tiny muscle threads start to splinter away from the pack*) WHAT? All by the same mother and father? Or different ones?

Parfait: (*Clearly bemused. SO VERY HAPPY that we have the chance to discuss this; not paying attention to my crumpled body leaning against the wall in the wake of oxen.*) No, no, no, Madame. My father have *three* wives.

Mademoiselle: (*Clearly shocked. Eating flies. Making undecipherable sound. His father have three wives.*)

Parfait: Yes, in my village, polygamy is normal. (*Leaning in uncomfortably close, swishing his finger around in the air in front of my nose*) In my village, the more wife and children you have, the more respect you have. The chief, you know how many wife the chief have?

Mademoiselle: (*Inner monologue only making mumbling sounds now*)

Parfait: Mademoiselle! You look so funny! The chief have 200 wife! 200 wife!

Mademoiselle: (*Finally realizing that this may be the only time I get to interview a Cameroonian polygamist-in-training; seizing the opportunity; regaining use of voice*) So, Parrrrrrfait, how many wives do YOU want to have?

Parfait: (*Emitting that high-pitched sound again, like he's a pec-heavy helium balloon slowly losing air*) Madame! I think you are afraid of many wife in this country. I am not married now. But, if I meet a pretty girl, why don't I marry her, too, instead of cheating on my other wife? The whole world do it this way; only America is backward. The world would be happier place if we all had big family.

There you have it, folks. The secret to world peace, as told by a hulking, log-necked Cameroonian personal trainer at LA Fitness.