

Letter to Mike

Tanks Mame. I was just sitting here slurping down a hot prune juice and olive oil, asking, "When can I lie down?" and now you pop up and I now have to wait till Tuesday's game. Oh, put it on my Bucket list: To sit with you to watch IU win the NC2As, to give my daughter away to her betrothed cuddly bear, to help Obama win, to expose the evil in the world and make fun of their frightened little hinies, to make the world laugh all at once, to swim with the dolphins one more time in Cancun, to pet the statue of David in

Florence and to bring him home to Bloomington, To restore my brother's eyesight (his number in Ellettsville is 812-825-2329, & 217,412-1636), To dance like a flaming fag again, to restore all the love I've left behind and know it's waiting for me, to get well and drive a car with the Rosedale Hills gang, to smoke cigaretts anddrink Captain Morgan with Richard and the Bleacher gang, To go on a book tour -a cruise - signing agraphed copies of my work, right alongside you signing yours, To teach an adoring class of sketch comedy and improvisation again, To dine in all the best restauratns in the world and give thanks for the animals that had to be sacrificed fou my eating pleasures, to restock the planet with all the wildlife that went down, to sled down Scrotum Hill, to expose the makers of Aids and get the cure, To be with someone I love when I know it's time to go, to go peacefully, pain-free and understood, knowing I've done some good and knowing my friends feel truly loved from this moment on...till the coons come home and the world is as one, and the next game is on! Peace, Ponch...Don't taez me, Bro, and promise when they come to takee me, that they won't leave me alone, they won't shock me and better yet, they won't find ne.

Time for lunch! Cheeseburgurs in a hospice? HMmmmm.

I wonder..... naw! They wouldn't dare.... would they? Would I? Hair lip!

Come qickly!

Love,
David