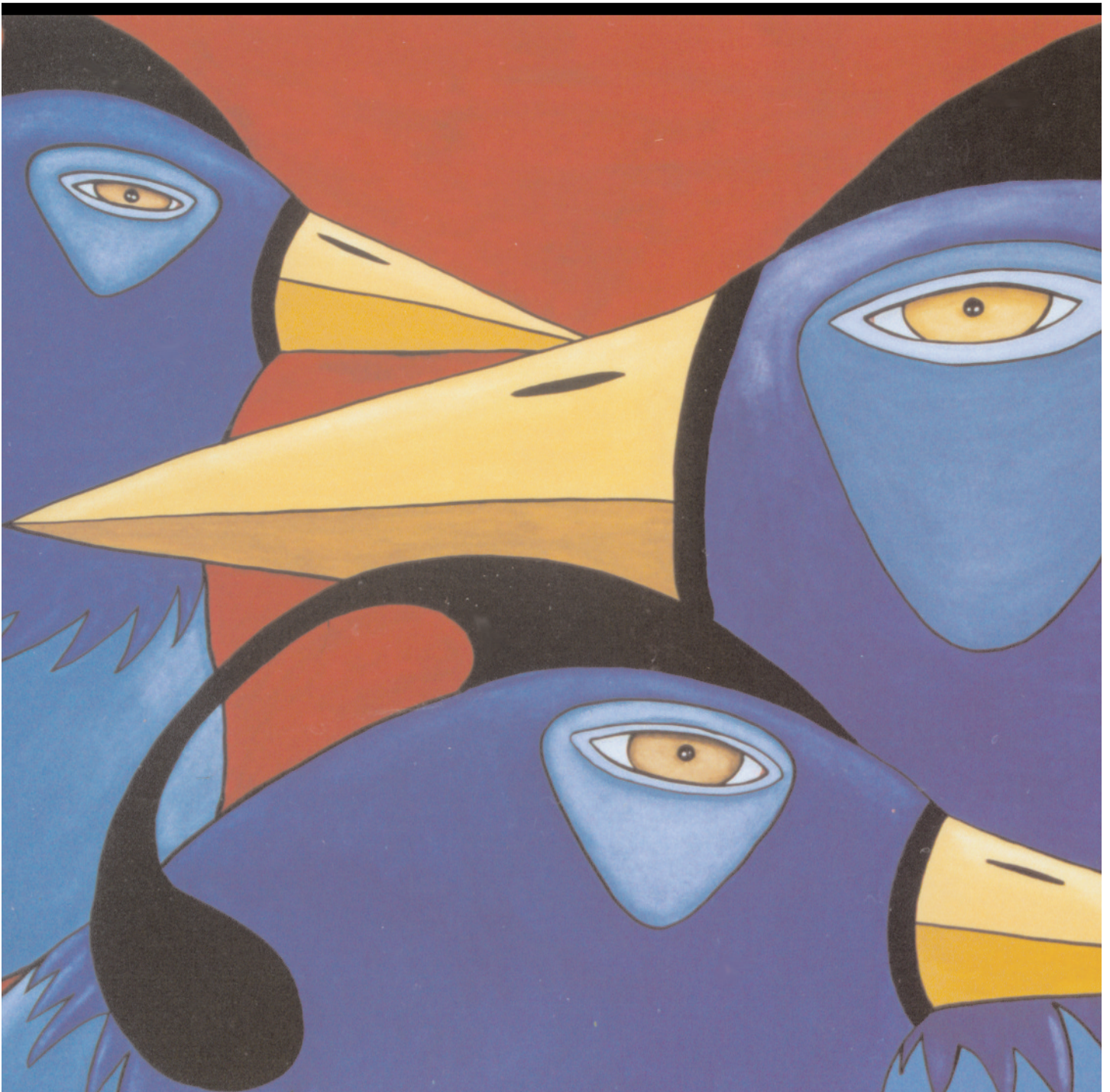


The Blotter

December 2004

My mouth's bleeding, Burt! My mouth's blee ... Zuzu's petals! www.blotterrag.com



In This Month's Pear Tree:

**Art by Cathy Dailey and Sarah McCallum. A Story by Melissa Starr.
Poems from Nancy Hunt, Brent Appling, Libby, and Josh McIntyre.
Plus, Marty Smith's "Paper Cuts" and the Dream Journal.**

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Cover art: detail of *Three Blue Partridges*, by Cathy Dailey. See pp. 12-13 for more from this artist.

If you don't recognize our cover motto, go out and rent *It's a Wonderful Life* right now.

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This magazine may contain typos or bad words

Items Worth Mentioning
from the desk of Johnny Pence**To Thee and Thine**

I just love Christmas—spending twenty dollars each on relatives who will in turn spend twenty dollars on me, all of us perpetuating a cycle of Old Navy sweaters that will be returned. Gotta do our part for the economy, don't we? I also love carting a baby and two dogs across three states to fulfill some damned filial obligation to my shattered and dispersed family; those grungy third-string regifted cookies; retail stores full beyond firecode capacity; Christmas tunes sung by the likes of Usher and Celine Dion, endlessly woo-woo-woo-yeah-ing out a single syllable in an already interminable version of "Silent Night." I fucking love it.

That said, I hope your holiday season is great. I may be an incurable Scrooge, but here's a Christmas wish from me to thee and thine:

I hope you get enough of what you want and all of what you need.

There.

Time Once Again

Time to beg, that is. Please, please, please, oh *please* we could really use some help. Father Christmas, give us some ad salespeople, advertisers, or something to bring in a few bucks. Don't mess around with those silly toys.

If you, Dear Reader, have a little free time and would be willing to try some ad sales for us, we will do what we can to make it worth your while. In NC, contact Marty. In GA or VA, get in touch with me. Contact info is over there in the Masthead. And likewise, Dear Reader, if you happen to be a businessowner or someone who would benefit from an ad in our pages, we could benefit from your money.

And Since You Asked

Regular readers of *The Blotter* might remember some discussion about a book, a novel in fact, written by yours truly. I've run ads for it and even published a little excerpt. Those readers with good memories might remember that this book, *Waking Up* (Trevisi Publications, www.trevisipublications.com), was due out at the early part of '05.

And some of those regular readers with good memories have been writing to ask what's up with the book, when they can order a copy, whether it'll be in stores, and things like that. Well, I wish I had more information or better news, but it might be awhile before the book is even in print. Nobody really knows how long it'll be now.

As happens with even hotshot publishing companies and equally hotshot authors, this book has been delayed. But if it can happen with hotshots, I guess it can happen with me too.

The Blotter is still the best (public) source of information about the book, and you're welcome to keep asking me about it.

—ediot@blotterrag.com

All God's Children Got Guns

for Beth Keiser

by Melissa Watkins Starr

Rachael prayed, kneeling by the white metal daybed in her apartment, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." She frowned and looked out the window. "I want to stop right here, God, and explain something. I've taken your name in vain several times today. I've said 'God' and 'Jesus' and I've even said G-D; and you know what that stands for, but I didn't mean anything by it, God."

Rachael pushed her floral print skirt under her knees, closed her eyes and continued, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." She twisted her hands and bit her lip. "I really want that, God. This world is so screwed up. I know it would be better if people didn't throw candy wrappers around and let their dogs crap in public parks. It disturbs me, Lord, that people drown kittens and such, being too chintzy to spay or neuter their pets. Anyway, I think you know a lot of us try to do right. I pray every night that I won't go to hell for cussing some salesman on the phone."

Rachael repeated the first lines of the prayer to find her place and picked up with, "Give us this day our daily bread." She released a long, hard sigh. "Now, God, I'm still waiting on that to come through. I heard that part means all our needs, not just food, and I'm short this month. I need sixty-five dollars to pay the light bill, and aside from that, I'm starving for a man, but every time I see a good prospect, something goes wrong. You

saw it yourself today when ..."

Rachael stopped mid-sentence at the sound of breaking glass. She looked up and saw a man coming through her side window with the afternoon sun at his back.

"Jesus Christ on a bike!" she yelled, clapping her hands over her heart, "You're the answer to my prayers!" She ran over and threw herself on him and peppered him with kisses, until something in his stance made her stop. She pushed his chin sideways to examine his profile instead. He hadn't shaved in several days, so he had a rugged, sexy look that reminded her of Harrison Ford. "You're gorgeous. What's your name, darling?" she asked.

The man brushed her hands away and said, "Lady, I thought I'd seen everything until now. Can't you see that I'm here to rob you?"

Rachael shrugged and pushed her hair behind her ears. "We've all got our faults, honey. I had a real problem with profanity until this spring." She leaned in and smiled big.

The man put his hand in his coat pocket. "Back off, lady, I've got a gun."

Rachael pinched his cheek and said, "You've got a gun. I've got a gun. All God's children got guns." She pulled a 9 mm out of her skirt pocket and pointed it at him.

He looked over her skinny frame and laughed. "Women like you don't know how to use guns. What kind of bullets you got in that thing, sweet cheeks?"

The Dream Journal

real dreams, real weird

sci-fi coincidence

I dreamed I was hanging out with Sting, who was showing me around the new *Star Wars* movie set. He'd taken over for George Lucas and was now the big creative mind behind the picture. He was feeling pretty depressed because the movie wasn't very good. We walked over to some Habitat for Humanity houses he was also building and I felt comfortable enough now to tell him that he was pretty much just a lame wussy laughing-stock. I could tell it hurt his feelings a little, but also that he needed to hear it. The Police were brilliant, but what was he doing now? Superbowl halftime medley duets? Come on. And to think that he was cool enough to write and direct the next *Star Wars* movie was just silly.

I dreamed that my local scenester newsweekly had published some *Star Trek* fan fiction in which Kirk and Spock were marooned on a planet where it was a rural Southern 1930s depression. There were ruins of a Tibetan Buddhist monastery out by the river, and some of the poor Southern folks still had some Tibetan blood. Kirk, realizing that he was stranded for good, became a Buddhist ascete with Spock helping him learn. Spock had somehow become a Rastafarian and was teaching the locals to grow lamb's bread. The story was a pretty entertaining read, involving a miracle cure of some kind, and lots of bacon (despite the Buddhism and Rastafarianism). I was disappointed though, because it was my idea but someone else published it first.

—J.P., Athens

Please send excerpts from your dream journals to Jenny at mermaid@blotterrag.com. If nothing else, we love to read them. We won't publish your whole name.





HUNTING TROPHIES AND ODDITIES SARAH McCALLUM

sarah mccallum will be showing
with cahty dailey at THE GRIT
restaurant in athens, GA, throughout
december.

the works in the grit show are of the
sort seen here: soft sculptures of
unlikely animals, along with
dreamy, fragile paintings with paper
faces and thread held on plywood
with straight pins. sarha's work can
also be seen at the hep athens bou-
tiques, helix and agora.



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and happy holidays to you, too!

"Hollow points," Rachael said, and she cocked the gun, thinking he was about to reach out and grab it. "They make a hole smaller than a dime going in, bigger than a baseball coming out."

The man swallowed hard. She motioned to the daybed. "Have a seat." When he sat, she asked, "Why don't you show me your gun? I want to see whose is the biggest."

He didn't move, so she said, "Oh, I got it. You're bluffing, or talking about *something else*. In that case, I hope yours is...uh..." She trailed off and blushed, but kept her 9mm pointed at him. "We can talk about that later. After all, we haven't even introduced ourselves." She made a little curtsy. "I'm Rachael Deets. And you're?"

"Rexford, Samuel Rexford." He offered his right hand, but Rachael refused to take it.

He turned his palms up. "What's wrong? I thought I was the answer to your prayers."

"I'd like to see some ID, Mr. Rexford," she said. "Surely you understand, since we haven't met under ideal circumstances."

Samuel rolled his eyes and reached for his wallet. He checked several pockets, before he looked up. "Sorry lady, I must have left it in the car."

She pretended to bite a fingernail. "Gee, I hope you locked it."

"Stop mocking me," he said. "Of course I locked it."

She stared at him until he threw up his hands and asked, "What?"

"I'm trying to decide what to do with you, Mr. Rexford ... Sam? I guess you're trying to be an honest man. Why else would you say you were here to rob me when I was willing to believe that God had picked you up

and dropped you from the sky?"

When he didn't respond, she said, "Tell me, Sam, do you believe things happen for a reason?"

Sam thought about it for a few minutes. She watched his irritated look grow contemplative. At last he said, "Sure lady. Like me meeting you here under unusual circumstances and like, for example, once I was robbing a place, and I saw some lady had left a faucet running. Her bathtub was about to overflow, so I turned the water off to keep her house from flooding. That sort of thing. Yeah, I was meant to be there."

Rachael was quiet for a moment, then she gasped and asked, "Was that the little blue house with black shutters down on Arcadia Drive?"

Sam grinned. "The very one. So you heard about that?"

"Yes, but the woman who lives there said she thought the robber started to take a bath, then changed his mind. Hmmm.... So she left the faucet running? You know, that would have been an awful mess. She didn't come home until the next day."

"No kidding? See? There you go. I did her a real service." Sam leaned back against some ruffled pillows. "I would appreciate it if you'd clear that up with the lady, if you get a chance."

"No problem." Rachael rested her right hand and the gun in her lap, but she didn't take her finger off the trigger.

Sam glanced at his watch. "So, have you decided what to do with me yet?" he asked.

Rachael narrowed her eyes. "No, I'm still thinking."

They both sat still for a couple of minutes, then Sam nudged Rachael's shoe with his foot and said, "You're a pretty lady. Tell me about yourself."

Rachael giggled and looked down at her hands. "I don't know what to say. I like to cook and read adventure novels." Her eyes flitted back and forth before she said, "You probably won't believe this. I mean, it's not that big of a deal, but do you know the little curb market that burned back in December, there on the corner of Grenada and Benfield?"

He nodded.

She dropped her voice low and said, "I set fire to it."

"Get out! No way. Did you really?"

"Uh huh."

"So you're a firebug?"

Rachael felt her heart jump. "I prefer the word 'arsonist.'"

"So why did you do it?"

Rachael leaned forward and licked her lips. "It was a big, old frame building, and I wanted to see it burn." She sensed her eyes were sparking a bit brighter than she wished, so she looked down again and said, "But that place was an eyesore, don't you think?" She took a strand of her hair and started twisting it. "What I did was a sort of community service," she explained.

"I can't argue with that," he said.

Relieved, she asked, "How many houses have you robbed?"

"I don't know, all total, but six in this area in two weeks. Yours doesn't count. It's my first unsuccessful attempt."

"Oooh, that's a lot in two weeks."

"Enough to keep me and my old lady fairly comfortable."

Rachael felt a lurch in her stomach. "You're married?" she asked.

"Yep, have been for five years, now. I think I deserve a medal or something." He slapped his sides. "I'm just starting to get little love grips."

Rachael's throat started burning as he pinched his waist. *He was leading me on*, she thought. Her hands trembled slightly, but she kept her voice light and asked, "How do you get rid of the stuff you steal?"

Sam shoved his hands in his pockets. "What is this? Fourteen questions?"

"No. Really, I was just curious." Rachael looked away, as if she didn't care whether he answered or not.

"How do you set fires?" he asked.

Rachael's throat suddenly felt better. She reached into her left pocket, took out a Bic lighter and flicked it. They watched the little flame stretch and gulp for a few moments before she put it away. "I use it on loose paper, curtains, whatever will burn easy. I never use gasoline or anything. That's why I don't get caught." She cut her eyes at him. "So what do you do with stuff to get cash?" she persisted.

Sam laughed and threw up his hands. "Christ, lady, I take it over to Bennie Larson's Pawn Shop. He pays cash on the barrelhead for the right stuff, no questions asked, not for regulars anyway. Why? Are you thinking of taking up burglary?"

She picked her hair up off her neck and let it fall. "You never know."

Sam glanced at his watch again. "Excuse me, but could I use your restroom?"

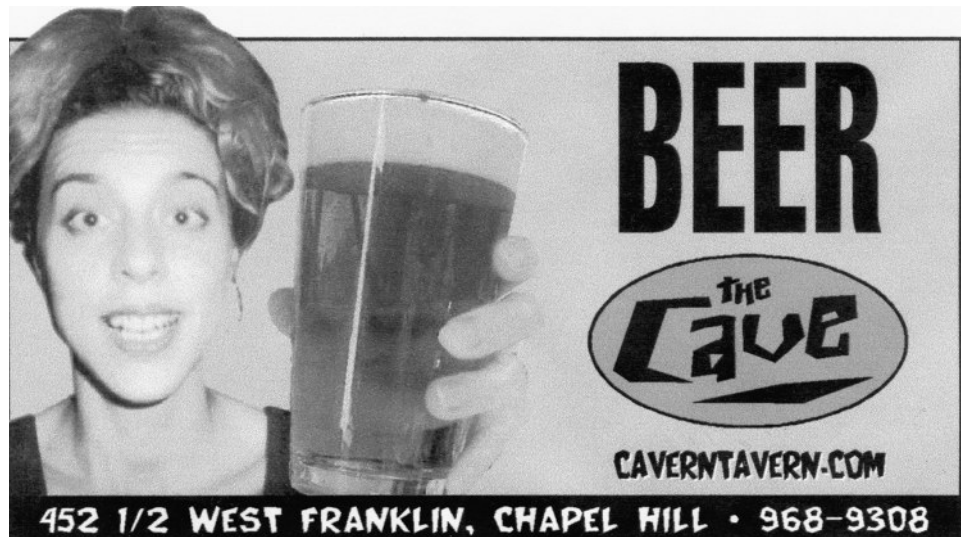
Rachael nodded and gestured to a door across the room. "Hey, don't be breaking out another window. I prefer that you leave by the front door."

He smiled and said, "Me too. That's perfect."

When Sam closed the bathroom door, Rachael picked up the phone and dialed 911. "Listen, this is an emergency. I have a burglar in my house, and I'm holding him at gunpoint. This is Rachael Deets at 814 Serendipity, that's 814 Serendipity, three blocks back from your station. Can you hurry, please?" She hung up the phone and unplugged it to keep the dispatcher from calling her back, then unlocked the front door and returned her seat on the daybed.

When Sam came out of the bathroom, he said, "I guess it's time for me to go." She saw him look down to see if she still had the gun in her hand. He started to say something else, but stopped because there was a sharp knock at the front door.

"That's probably my friend Leslie," Rachael said. "Just act natural. I'll hide the gun." She turned her head and called, "Come in!"



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A police officer entered and looked over the scene.

"Here he is," Rachael said, standing. "He told me he's broken into six other houses in this area, including 208 Arcadia, and that he fences goods through Larson's Pawn Shop."

"Well, I guess confession is good for the soul," the policeman said.

Sam struggled against his handcuffs as the officer advised him of his rights. "This isn't fair!" he shouted. "This is entrapment! I want a lawyer. I didn't know she was a cop!"

The policeman shoved him against the wall. "She's not a cop. Settle down."

Sam pounded his head against the doorframe a couple of times, then made a visible effort to relax. "All right, if she's not a cop, she's an arsonist. She set fire to the curb market on Grenada and Benfield. She told me so."

The officer laughed. "You're too

much, champ. Come on, let's go." He looked to Rachael. "Ma'am I'll need you to come down to the station to give us a detailed statement."

She stood for a moment, as if she hadn't heard, then said, "Let me get my purse and freshen up. I'll follow you shortly." She started to turn away, then added, "Oh, and thank you for coming. I was really frightened."

"No problem, ma'am."

When they were gone, Rachael took a black leather wallet from her left pocket and opened it. A driver's license with a photo of Sam was there, along with two twenties, two tens and a five. She flung herself down and started to pray.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. God, I'm doing better. I've only took your name in vain once since we last spoke."

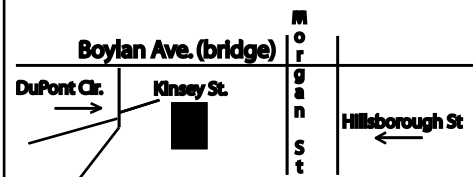
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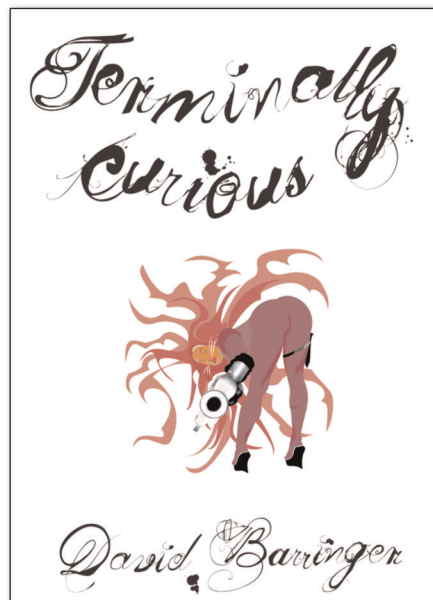
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Books You Might Not Have Read

by Martin K. Smith

Roger Casement's Diaries—1910: The Black and the White

Roger Sawyer, ed., Pimlico (Random House), 1997

Our most recent ex-President might take comfort in knowing that sexual scandals eventually lose their shock value. Anybody remember Warren G. Harding and Nan Britton? John Profumo and Christine Keeler? I don't mind if the Kennedy brothers frolicked with Marilyn, as the legends say, so long as they treated her like a lady. This Roger Casement business was about as ugly as scandal could get in 1916, but nowadays for details you'd have to ask experts in either Irish history or Queer Studies. (How's that for a novel combination?)

Roger Casement was born in 1864 to an Ascendancy family, meaning English gentry who'd been given estates and power in conquered Ireland. While working for the British consular service he was stationed in the Belgian Congo, and was instrumental in exposing its notorious colonial atrocities. Though English by ancestry he was Irish by romantic notion, and after retirement he took up the cause of Irish independence. In 1916 he was convicted of treason for trying to run guns from Germany to the Irish rebels, and sentenced to death. He was a hero to human-rights groups for his Congo exposés, and many notables—like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle [see last iss. for meaningless coincidental cross-reference —ed.]—petitioned Whitehall for a commutation.

Whitehall was not about to put up

with such nonsense. They were in the middle of a world war which had turned into a bloody mess; and just that spring had had to put down the violent Easter Rebellion in Dublin, a bloody mess on their own turf by their own subjects. (Ireland in 1916 was still part of the Empire.) They'd hung the Rebellion's leaders, for which world opinion roasted them; plus they now had a crop of brand-new martyrs for the freedom fighters to rally round. So they let it be known that they'd found in Casement's papers a secret "Black Diary," detailing a highly active gay sex life. This they circulated among the prominent, including King George V and a representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury (the ArchB. being too squeamish to read it hisownself.) Casement's supporters denounced the diary as forged. (Conan Doyle suggested that all those years of unhealthy tropic heat might've parboiled Roger's mental balance.) Casement was nonetheless hanged on 3 August 1916.

Diarizing was an everyday thing among people of Casement's time and class. Explorers regularly edited their diaries into bestsellers about their expeditions. In 1910, while serving as consul-general in Rio de Janeiro, Casement and other officials were sent to the Putumayo region of the upper Amazon to investigate slave-labor charges against a British-owned rubber company. He found the charges to be horrifically true, as bad as the Congo, if not worse. Indians, even children as



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young as five, were forced to carry their own weight and more of raw rubber on 30-mile marches without food or water, and whipped, tortured, raped, shot, drowned, or beheaded if they failed. Casement wrote voluminously of what he saw and heard in his regular "white" diary, which he made freely available to British authorities on his return.

As for the scandalous "black" diary, the Archbishop needn't have been such a wuss. This is about as intense as an entry gets:

28, Saturday. Left for Warrenpoint with Millar. Boated & Huge Enjoyment. Both Enjoyed. He came to lunch at G Central Hotel. Turned in together at 10.30 to 11 after watching billiards. Not a word said till—"Wait-I'll untie it" & then "Grand" X Told many tales & pulled it off on top grandly. First time—after so many years & so deep mutual longing. Rode gloriously—splendid steed. Huge—told of many—"Grand".

Many people even today, encountering the passage out of context, might not guess what it meant. ("They untied billiards and then went horseback riding? What's the big deal?") *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is more graphic. The sexual entries are brief, cryptic, telegraphic—"Gabriel Ramos—X Deep to hilt"—and comprise only a tiny portion of the diary, among mundane travel itineraries, bridge parties and hotel bills. There are none at all during the Putumayo journey, save for fleeting notices of a handsome face or prominent stiffie. (Unlike a recent ex-Prez, Roger knew to keep it in his pants while there was work to be done.)

What the Archbishop would have found, if he'd bothered to read both

diaries, was the record of a complex, intelligent, passionate man, who worked his ass off (and got it poked only in his spare time). Each day on the Putumayo Casement traveled for miles, took testimony, wrote letters, reports and entries in both diaries, and still found time for bridge each evening with his fellow officials and their hosts. He romanticized the Indians: "If ever there was a helpless people on the face of this earth it is these naked forest savages, mere grown up children. Their very arms show the bloodlessness of their timid minds and gentle characters"—and raged against their oppressors: "I'd shoot or exterminate these infamous scoundrels more gladly than I should shoot a crocodile or kill a snake." He called things as he saw them, in an invigorating way:

I told Reigada that the people who were not afraid to get drunk had conquered the world!—the English, Irish, Scotch, Teutons, and Northerners generally, while the sober races had failed! The man who was not afraid to "give himself away" had probably a temperament that made for greatness lacking in the more discreet man who feared in vino veritas. When English gentlemen went to bed on their servants' backs, a drunken English cabinet had smashed France and conquered the world!... If the United States cannot let light into the dark places of S. America then she must stand aside or be swept aside. The Monroe Doctrine is a stumbling-block in the path of humanity. Instead of being the corner-stone of American independence, it is the block on which these criminals behead their victims. If the only great Power in America cannot do her duty, in a matter so vitally concerning

America's honour, then the Greater Powers of the World must step in. The Monroe Doctrine has more than served its purpose. It is to-day but the selfish instrument of a grasping diplomacy that, while refusing to act itself, would prevent others capable of action from doing their work. The day the Monroe Doctrine is challenged and Europe protests with shot and shell against this greedy assertion of Yankee ambitions the better for mankind. This blight in the forests of Peru and Bolivia would end tomorrow were it not for the M. doctrine.

(During his imprisonment he told his defense attorney that "sodomy was inseparable from genius.") On the Putumayo he caught butterflies, and went poetic at sight of a lunar rainbow.

Most scholars now believe the Black Diaries to be authentic. I do too: having read both Black and White together, my instincts tell me they came from the same guy. The naughty bits are tame, and the fact that he had such naughty bits no longer a big deal. (One scholar thinks part of their shock value in '16 lay in that, instead of poking a few native boys on the side—which the Brits could've overlooked from ideas on racial superiority, outpost-of-Empire and unspoken public-school memories—Casement let himself be poked, and joyfully labeled it "Grand".) The only offensiveness now lies in the slimeball way England used the Black Diaries to mudsling on him. It didn't work. A few years after his execution, his remains were exhumed and given a state funeral in Dublin—capital of a newly free Ireland.



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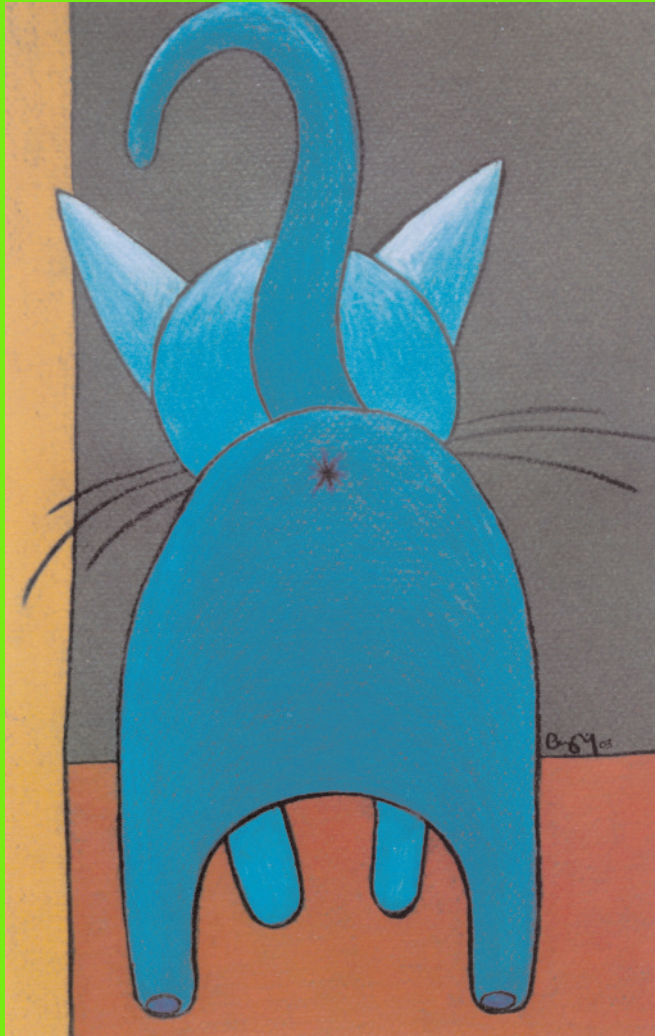
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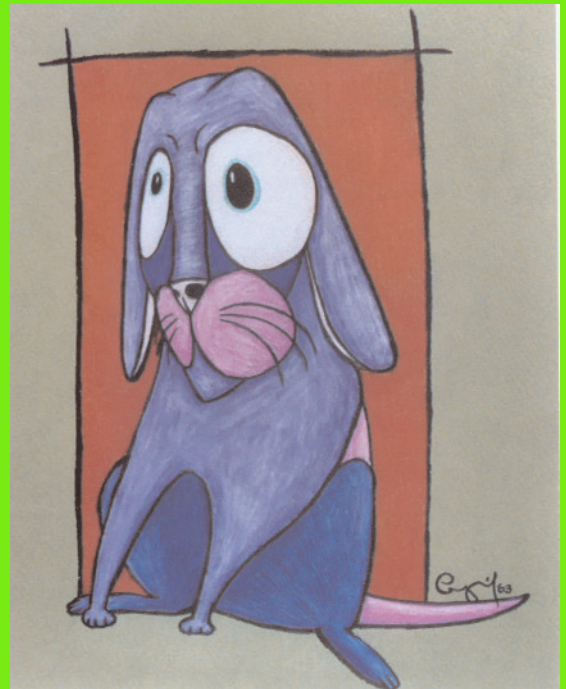
cathy dailey will be showing at THE GRIT restaurant in Athens, GA, along with sarah mccallum throughout december. she's an athenian artist and artisan who's been featured on HGTV's little show *crafters coast to coast*.

this page: kitty butt, three partridges.

the other page: oblivion saved the bird, popeye, flickers



cathy dailey



skipping stones
by Nancy Hunt

pet the dog
pound on walls
quiet contemplation
piles of white powder.

love those autumn leaves
bruises on my skin
life in the Adirondacks
junkie love.

Tense
by Libby

He left for London in a matter of weeks, so it was funny
That I got jealous. I burned a bundle of his things and watched it leave a mark.

London is so important. He is making very big things
And I am starting lists of promises with clauses that exempt the future tense.

My souvenirs will seem so important. She'll think
I am amazing. She'll make my face all wrong and hear him say my name

And listen to him explain that I burned them
With gasoline on some old porch, from start to end, all of them burned to ashes.

untitled
by Josh McIntyre

Rain tattoos an azalea,
shushing the voices of drunken con-
science
as he stoops to gather wits.

"Sure," he allows, "I'm lucky, yet,
to know they're bollixed up."

It's an amateur's anagram, though.
Shuffling the scrambled letters
spells too many words.

Some quarrel,
Others hurl curses.

Erect again he jams
the southpaw in his pocket;
pinches a square in his lips
and doggedly sips
the killing fog.

He squints
and fishes
among a dozen
rough-edged two-bit coins.

Rummaging
for folded money
to purchase
a better class of failure.

At Age Seven by Brent Appling

I'll try to keep this as basic as possible,
but words like 'pretentious' extinguish such a goal.

At age seven, the glowing magma
of rings that resided atop my
mothers' stove exploded in my eyes
as the pots of peas or bacon grease
were relieved from their stewing.

At age seven, my lack of self
control contributed to my fascination
as I yearned for the obviously
dangerous rings of fire, but despite
my awareness, curiosity and
determination prevailed.

At age seven, the smell of gas
filled my innocent nostrils. At the
time it was just a 'funny smell'
that became stronger as my nose inched
closer to satisfying my inquisitiveness.

At age seven, a fantastic screech
followed by instant tears escaped from
my scorched boyish face as it glued
itself to the heat like one glues their
eyes to a terrorist attack or a natural disaster.

At age seven, my mother, bathrobe
and all, hastily grabbed my resistant body
from its grasp on the plate of pain, dropping
the metal mixing bowl of freshly beaten
eggs in the process in order to get my head
under a cool faucet.

At age seven, my mother sat
in the back seat of our white
station wagon with my tear-soaked,
towel-wrapped face across her
nervous lap as my father sped
to the emergency room.

At age seven, the nurses bandaged
and creamed my third-degree burns
and sent me home with a lolly and
a permanent scar that starts at the middle
of my left glasses lens and ends at
the corner of my mouth.

At age seven, I first realized
my face just wasn't for me, but
hatred of it was.

sarajo berman

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bios, bios, bios

melissa starr is a writer from the tidewater,
va, area. her work appears in newspapers
and anthologies, including a little short fiction
anthology edited by *the blotter's* johnny
pence (it was called *in good company*, one
of three annual editions i did. if you e-mail
me, i have crates upon crates of those things
in my attic).

marty smith is the publisher of *the blotter* and
a disk jockey on WXDU radio, durham. he
has many other notable attributes, including
a bionic eye that allows him to see the
future.

i didn't even get a last name for that "libby"
person, much less a bio.

brent appling is an english major at USC
(go cocks).

nancy hunt lives in chapel hill with her hus-
band and a cat named trouble. she writes
poetry and short stories while pursuing a
career as a freelance grant writer.

josh mcintyre is a raleigh-based writer who
found us at the peace street market.

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**The Blotter Magazine's
Christmastime Agenda:**

Saturday, December 18

OohLaLatte Coffeehouse

1116 Broad St., Durham

4-6 p.m., Jane Austen Tea Party
(www.republicofpemberley.com)

6-8 p.m., Open Mike

8-11 p.m., Blotter Benefit Show

Saturday, December 25

Ringside

308 W. Main, Durham

**10 p.m. The Blotter's First-Annual
Christmas Night Party!**

\$5, and bring a White Elephant gift
(something fun and cheesy)

Specialty Drinxxx

and it's a

**Guaranteed Christmas-Music-Free
Zone**