

Country philosopher

The Big Surprise

by Amos Arthur Holmes

Life is a very funny thing. Not humorous, mind you, but peculiar, suprising and mystifying. A few minutes ago I received a phone call from the State Department and this fellow said to me, "Mr. Holmes, your 500 wives from the island of Boola Boola will arrive in Southern Maryland on Friday."

Ordinarily I would have passed this off as someone playing a practical joke, but the man's message had a ring of truth because I DO HAVE 500 WIVES LIVING ON THE ISLAND OF BOOLA BOOLA.

Does this shock you? Of course, it does. Here I am, probably the most respected man in Maryland, playing the part of a bigamist. But before you cast your stone, before you run me out of the county, I want you to hear my story.

In 1944, I was on a flying mission from New Guinea to the Philippines. Two hundred miles from our destination, we were attacked by Japanese fighter planes. ~~Our~~ plane was hit and just before it exploded I was able to escape. I floated slowly to earth in my parachute and landed on a long, white sandy beach. I read the

map from my survival kit and found I was on the island of Boola Boola. The scant information on the map informed me that the island had food and water but was uninhabited.

I walked along the beach in great despair until I saw six beautiful Amazon women come out of the jungle. They were wearing nothing but loin cloths and I noticed immediately that they were truly AMAZON WOMEN. I didn't particularly like the fact that they were carrying clubs or the ferocious scowls upon their faces.

"ME FRIEND," I said.

The leader of the Amazon women, a tall, statuesque blond, came up to me and felt my biceps. She grabbed me in her arms and kissed me.

"MOOGLIE IGOO PUNA SIMPO," she cried. I later found out that this phrase, translated into English, meant, "CRIPES! CAN THIS GUY KISS!"

The Amazon women picked me up and carried me to their village. They placed me in a small prison made of bamboo and fed me bananas for two weeks. As the days wore on I was able to pick up their language which was a cross between Boola Bolla and Latin.

I counted 500 Amazon women and not one single man. At the end of the third week I was taken from my prison and carried to the center of the village. The spokesperson for the Amazons held up her hands for silence and spoke to me.

"Creature from the sky," she said, "Tonight, when the moon is full, we will have the wedding ceremony."

"Who's getting married?" I asked.

"You are."

"To whom?" I asked.

"To all of us."

Jeepers! This was ridiculous. I could easily handle five hundred women, but handling 500 Amazon women was quite a different matter.

"And what if I refuse?" I asked.

"Then we will kill you."

It is remarkable how strenuously a person wants to live. Life is such a precious commodity. That night, amongst pounding drums and sensual dances, I became a husband to 500 women. Later, I walked to a little grass shack with Ooolie Ooolie. Ooolie had won the right to have me the first night and I was glad because



Ooolie Ooolie was the prettiest girl on Boola Boola.

Sixteen months later a navy patrol boat landed and rescued me. I weighed forty-six pounds. I was sent back to America and it wasn't long before I forgot the entire experience.

After all these years, I get ^{now} that phone call. On Friday 500 women will arrive at my house. I have to go in now and tell JoLoyce to prepare for week-end guests. I will have to explain about Ooolie Ooolie and the other 499. I will have to ask for compassion, understanding, and forgiveness. ^{This}

Or I might (and this sounds more logical) run away from home.