

## Country Philosopher

# The wild one

by Amos Arthur Holmes

Usually I am a mild, boring individual who seeks the solace of unromantic, unexciting pastures. I do not drink, frolic with women, nor do I exercise my inalienable right to make a fool of myself.

But I change completely at New Year's Eve parties.

This is the one time I let my hair down. This is the one time I become the Great American Lover. And this is the one time I try to drown myself in alcoholic beverage.

And, baby, I have been to some wild New Year's Eve parties. I remember the one, twenty years ago, where I ended up in a hall closet with twenty-three girls. While I played games with those delectable desireables I could hear my wife running around outside, screaming, "HAS ANYONE SEEN AMOS?"

I remember the party where the host and hostess called the police because I was swinging (quite naked) from their expensive chandelier. And the party where I wedged myself into

the giant fishtank and pretended I was an abnormal guppie.

But for the last fifteen years I was unable to join the New Year's Eve festivities because of an inflexible work schedule. But this year, due to my retirement, I accepted an invitation to a party on New Year's Eve.

As I arrived at the party I was terribly excited. For over fifteen years I had been straighter than a Presbyterian minister. I hadn't imbibed one martini or offended one single female.

There were six couples at the party. The other men weren't much to look at but the women were gorgeous. There was one girl who had on a red dress with a neckline that plunged to her ankles. Another girl (the one with the lovely legs) kept looking at me with such smoldering passion my pants caught fire.

This, I decided, was going to be one hell of a party. The host passed around martinis and I drank six. Ah! I was ready for Post Office or any other game suggested.

One of the men said, "It doesn't look

good for our hostages, does it?"

"Not at all," says another voice, "and we had better pledge ourselves to extracting more information on a possible holocaust at Three Mile Island."

What the hell was going on here? Was this New Year's Eve? Had I come to the wrong party? Had I stumbled upon a seminar?

"And," says another voice, "let us contemplate the staggering consequence of inflation."

The girl with the sultry looks crossed her legs and I damn near fainted.

"It isn't the quagmire of insatiable lust that has created the oil problem."

Ah! Did someone say lust?

"Nor can we expect nuclear parity with Russia if we insist on handling our productivity with childish intrigue."

The girl with the plunging neckline bent over and I damn near fainted.

"We must be careful in our intercourse with other nations."

Ah! THERE was a familiar word. Maybe, just maybe, the party was



picking up.

"I think," says someone, "the balance of power might be allocated to Third World nations if, of course, we consider the folly of unilateral statesmanship."

It was almost twelve o'clock. Where the hell was the strip poker game? Why wasn't anyone swinging from the chandelier?

The clock struck twelve and everyone yelled, "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"Whooooopeeee" I mumbled.

As we drove home my wife placed her hand on my arm, and said, "Honey, I was very proud of you tonight. You were a perfect gentleman."

"Thank you," I said.