Tuesday Gibberish

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"It was a rare and prestigious occasion for though occasions are rarely prestigious, everybody agreed that this should be, as it was a Blue Tuesday in Mayflower, a perfect time to watch the King journey to the Land of Mailbox and return with the Royal Circulars."

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TUESDAY GIBBERISH
(or the Beautiful People meet Lewis Carroll . . . )

It was a rare and prestigious occasion for though occasions are rarely prestigious, everybody agreed that this should be, as it was a Blue Tuesday in Mayflower, a perfect time to watch the King journey to the Land of Mailbox and return with the Royal Circulars.

A reception to mark the event was planned by Her Most Honorable Matron of Tupperware, who sealed all the Noted Noteworthies in airtight promises to attend. The Master Vizier of Protocol and Haberdashery was assigned to decorate the decorations, paying special attention to the crucial mailbox, coated in a trail of candied kippers, the Symbol of the Land as well as a Fish of the Sea. The King was to march in fuzzy socks, sewn by hand, worn by foot and smelt by nose, and as all was prepared, prepared expectations were rented till the day arrived.

The day dawned sometime in the early morning, early warning that The Event was near. The Cavalcade of Trivialities formed the receiving line, receiving lines of cocaine from Sir Oswald of the Purple Balloon, noted buffoon, who spilled the crystals between the cracks in the boredom, boring deeper into the hopeful excitement of those who waited for the King.

The King, it seemed, was late, but spirits were kept high by the conversation which buzzed through a crowd buzzed themselves with Dreamco Delight. The Grand Umbrella of Fuzzlewick arrived to announce the reign of happiness (but still no king) and an atmosphere of smiles blew in from the coast, lasting throughout the day and well into the evening.

After several hours, Wunandall announced he was tired from all the well being, it being well past the usual bedtime. So the celebration wound down, winding up as a pleasant memory in the heads of the people who trailed home along the glittering path of the stars, starring in their own dreams. The time had been so good that very few noticed that the King had never arrived; but the celebration went on without a reason, Treason not caring which came first, the chicken or the king, for the party needn’t be egged on by a cause to be effective. And we in a land without a king at all, but a president, now have precedent to celebrate Blue Tuesdays in Mayflower.

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