

Bob, the owner of Targus and other ventures, hosted a Christmas party a few days before Christmas, as was his custom, for his employees and spouses. Somehow Charlie managed to get me on the guest list. How he accomplished that is still a mystery to me, although I can imagine some conversation about it, ending with Charlie saying something like, "So invitation is limited to spouses or 'significant others?' Well, then, he's like my wife except that we don't sleep together *every night*, which is true for several employees and spouses who *will* attend this shindig. You got a problem with that?" Sure, the argument seems weak when it's written like this, but it's a whole hell of a lot stronger when it's presented by a six foot three, blond haired, blue eyed, certifiably crazy lunatic with a hulking demeanor that will soon have you drowning in sarcasm, gasping for breath, with no relent. You got a problem with that?

I could tell you what happened at that Christmas party except that all the synapses which *should have been created* were never formed properly due to my excessive alcohol consumption that evening. Since I don't remember the drive back to the apartment...we made it safely...

Charlie, for his part, was unconcerned about that drive the following day. He hardly mentioned it. Instead, he went on and on about *my* performance at the party. Yes, *my* performance. "It was grand, man," Charlie gushed. "You reamed Bob relentlessly, so much that he was actually speechless. I have *never* seen Bob at a loss for words, except *last night!* And you wouldn't stop!"

"F***!" he exclaimed, his excitement barely contained. "That was the single greatest comedic, sarcastic monologue I have *ever* witnessed. S***! Duncan, Georgina, Rick, *everybody* was just rolling on the floor. I couldn't stop laughing. Even Bob's *wife* was laughing. You were *absolutely f***ing great!*" Charlie paused in his recounting of the event to laugh heartily at the memory. "And you were so f***ing dead-on. That's why it was *so* funny, because it was *so* true."

Thus, I became the truth messenger. The truth shall set you free. However, it does beg the question as it pertains to this small tale. *Is the truth less powerful if it is delivered by one who cannot recall that truth at any later date?* Perhaps it is not less powerful simply because I am just the messenger, the mouthpiece, and the truth resides *somewhere else*. How it reaches me is unknown, even to me. Once I convey this truth, though, I still remain as ignorant as you are. Maybe more so. After all, you get to hear the truth, to remember it. I remember nothing.

For some unexpected reason both Charlie and I had company of the female variety for New Years Eve and New Years Day..."So, now you've got a date for New Years," Charlie announced in conclusion. "Think you can finally f*** her or are you gonna let me down again?"

"Why would I tell *you?*" I protested. "That stuff should be confidential, man."

"Because you would brag about it like every other f***ing guy would," Charlie insisted, "and if you don't, then I'll assume you didn't get any, like every other f***ing guy would."

Nothing like pressure. - pages 361-362