



Hey, everybody, say hello to your fellow JHS alumnut Schaden Freude! (Her year of graduation is a bit murky, like other details of her life, including pending mail fraud charges in her native Lithuania and a few long-ago convictions for pickpocketing. “Youthful indiscretions,” is how she characterizes it. “I was just in forties.”

Schaden has never attended one of our high school reunions before, but she’s seriously considering flying in for the “Gathering of the Tribes IV: Rock ‘N’ Roll Heaven Reunion”—a casual get-together for the classes of 1968 to 1975 (although all groovy Jericho peeps are welcome)—on Saturday, September 17, at the Homestead in Oyster Bay, at 7:00 p.m. “Many peoples there will bring wallets, yes?” she asked hopefully, brightening. She still has reservations, however, worried that being surrounded by so many old friends will dredge up unresolved issues from childhood. “Never felt like other kids,” she explained. “Maybe because parents Soviet spies ...” We assured her that these parties are always fantastic fun, full of warmth and tons of laughs, but she still wasn’t totally convinced. So we suggested that Schaden do what the reunion committee does anytime we face difficult life decisions, such as “Should I marry so-and-so?” “Should I divorce so-and-so?” “Or should I pay someone to make so-and-so ‘disappear,’ collect the insurance money, and flee to Argentina?” We consult the Magic 8 Ball, naturally!

*She agreed, so we instructed Schaden to ask the all-knowing plastic oracle whatever was on her mind. Let’s watch, shall we?*

“If I go to Rock ‘N’ Roll Heaven Reunion, will I have good time?”

Cannot predict now.

“‘Cannot predict now’? You *supposed* to predict. You Magic 8 Ball! Is your job!”

What do I look like, a damn gypsy? I’m just not feeling it, okay?

“Stupid piece of plastic junk! What good are you?! Is waste of time!”

“What good are you?” said the person who’s consulting a “stupid” Magic 8 Ball!

“Feh! Fortune cookie predict future better than you do! Siri, too!”

Oh, sure, keep insulting me. *That’s* going to work out real well for you.

“Okay, okay, I apologize. I ask politely now: Should I attend this ‘Gathering of the Tribes’ JHS high school reunion?”

Out to lunch. Please call again later! 😊

“Out to lunch?!? Is nine o’clock in morning! Answer question! Answer damn question!”

Out to lunch. Please call again later! 😊

“Grrrrr ... Why you—!”

Hey! Quit shaking me!

I was just messin’ with ya! I’ll talk! I’ll talk! Cut it out!

Okay ... Whew! The answer to your question is ...

Yes, definitely.

Jerichonians are extraordinarily nice, fun, and interesting ...

... and they know how to throw a party. You’ll have a wonderful time.

“They bring wallets and plenty cash, no?”

You may rely on it. Outlook good.

“What is earliest flight back to Lithuania after reunion party? No layover. And cashew nuts. Like cashew nuts.”

6:00 a.m. From JFK. Direct. Put me down now, okay?

Would you mind taking a brief customer satisfaction survey?

“Huh? Wha? Oh, all right ...”

Would you rate the service you received today as ...

... (a) adequate, (b) good, or (c) exceptional?

“How you say ‘adequate.’”

Seriously? Only “adequate”? How ‘bout upgrading that to “good”?

Otherwise, my job gets outsourced to Sri Lanka ...

... and my answers will read like this:

“All right, all right. You better than ‘adequate.’ You ‘good.’ ‘Exceptional,’ even. Thank you for guidance, Magic 8 Ball. I go to reunion. Sound like much fun!”

Thanks for being a good sport! Please “like” my Facebook page!

And have a nice reunion! You will. It is certain. 😊