

The Dinner Party

Written by Dave Howard



So I go to a Dinner Party.

Homemade Indian Food..

What sane person can argue with that? Okay the drive back from Irvine.. not on the top of my list for a Saturday night. I noticed the folks lining up for the Rocky Horror Show at the Nuart and got an 'old school' impulse. But CPG was zonked at this point...

I have been wanting to see the Rocky Horror Show again recently...

The evening was nice. Good folks

Nice apps.. good conversation.. good folks...

Here's the problem... I don't know the carb count on Indian Food... but it's big.. the entire night I am above 300... I do shots... it doesn't work. I can't figure it out.

I feel so bad because the hospitality is so GREAT! The Hostess should be able to serve whatever she wants.. I should be able to adapt!

It's carb heavy.. all these people are marathon runners. They burn everything like before I get out of bed. I don't burn anything!

So tonight I failed.. I got really high and not in the Groovy Lounge way I used to do. CPG wants 'physical activity'... but I am so tired cuz I am so high... I just want to sleep. Which I can't, Which doesn't mean I don't love her, I do.

It's stupid sleep, nightmare sleep, 'did I leave the front door unlocked?' kind of sleep You are so wound up on carbs you can't do anything but feel lazy.. but you can't feel anything but angry, frustrated and physically paranoid. Mentally, you are okay... I think.

And awake-- kinky, turny and 'I don't want sex' awake.

Is there an old movie on? Since when is Audrey, Rita or Gene Tierney a substitute for 'doin' it'?

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This sucks.

My next challenge is being a good boyfriend at the LA MARATHON CARBO LOAD DINNER. I want to be a good boyfriend. I look forward to being the guy on her arm. I just don't want to embarrass her. I don't want to be the "weak" one. I don't want to be the kid riding the short bus.

I want to be James Fucking Bond.

There has to be SOMETHING I can eat there. Or at least a good band... maybe Flock of Seagulls covers?

I can't marathon.. I can't carbo load (But DEAR GOD I WANT TO) will someone cut me a fucking break??? Why I do have to be in love with someone who can eat whatever the hells she wants?

It's cold in Los Angeles tonight.. unseasonably cold.. Summer in San Francisco.. testi-icicle cold.

What are you gonna do?