

Designated Dumbo
By: S.R Thomas

Rick woke up early to cook breakfast for his daughter and his wife, Mindy. Then Mindy was off to court listening to every minor charge that the city of New Orleans had to offer. Everything from public nudity to minor in possession charges, Mindy was there, meanwhile Rick had to find his daughter, Lamy's, pink tutu and Patsy Patch purse that she couldn't go anywhere without. She didn't even like dancing; she just thought it added extra flair to her wardrobe. Then Mindy, headed out the door smiled at her daughter and said "remember what your Mamma Audrey always said 'when the carnival and circus come to town better hope those mischievous voodoo spirits hadn't picked you,'" she said in her best Cajun accent.

"Please don't get her worked up honey," said Rick.

"It's her heritage, it isn't my fault you married into a Creole family," she said with her devilish smile.

Rick was already disappointed that he wasn't going to get to stay home and work on his "Jonesy Ale," but his wife talked him into taking Lamy to the Orlean Parish Carnival where *The Booming Babers* circus was performing. Mindy being a former trapeze artist with *The Booming Babers*, which is what paid for her law school tuition, wanted Lamy to see what her momma's glory days of performing were like. Unfortunately she would have to be late because being a judge she was obligated to appear in court. Rick being still out of work (what he would say if someone asked him, but he was really for all intensive purposes a stay at home dad) had time to take Lamy everywhere.

"Well I hope you can appreciate me taking today off from work to do this for y'all," said Rick.

"Honey, let's stop calling your hobby work. Good heavens you are the whitest person I know! Who brews beer in their garage?!"

"But Sam bought a case of it!"

"Honey, Sam is your best friend."

They finally arrived at the fairgrounds where a strange man with a top hat greeted them.

"Y'all here for the show?"

"Yes, sir."

"The show doesn't start for 30 minutes, come by my candy stand and get some flavor and maybe ride the merry go round."

"Candy!" screamed Lamy.

"We got every flavor you want and I do mean every flavor. seem like a guy who like's his brew, have you ever had 'Jonesy Ale' at Sam's Bar and Grill?"

"I made that brew!"

"Well I got something for you then good sir! Here is a beer-flavored lollipop for you mister! Only two dollars! And this for you little lady."

He gave her a cherry tootsie pop to which she immediately stored in her purse.

"The name is Reuben Goodfella, sir. If there is anything I can do for you on your journey please let me know. The Merry-go-round is over there."

Rick and Lamy sat together at the Merry-go-round and right when Rick bit into his beerpop he found himself in a circus tent.

"Who here has had a few drinks tonight?" asked the ringleader to which the crowd responded with thunderous applause.

"Well I think someone has had more than most. Look under your seats ladies and gentlemen. You will find a breathalyzer and I'd like you all to blow into it. Don't worry they are all sanitized."

Everyone blew into his or her breathalyzer, but Rick's was the only one that began to whistle loudly.

"Grab that man!" yelled the ringleader.

Lamy just sat there laughing as her daddy was forced in front of the crowd.

"You smell like you've had a few drinks sir," said the ringleader.

"Actually no, I had a beer flavored lollipop."

"Beer flavored lollipop! Ladies and Gentlemen I can't make this stuff up! This man has clearly had way too much fun juice if you know what I mean."

The crowd continued laughing.

"Looks like someone needs a DESIGNATED DUMBO!"

With those words the jokers and the harlequins mounted Rick on top of a giant elephant that appeared out of nowhere. The elephant began to walk out of the ring and then everything went black.

"Daddy!"

"Rick!"

Rick came out of his daze.

"What the heck happened? When did you get here Mindy?"

"They said you and Lamy sat down in front of the Merry-Go-Round, where you found a brick underneath the bench and began blowing on it saying it was a breathalyzer. You then said that you needed a 'designated dumbo' and hopped on the merry-go-round where you rode the plastic elephant screaming that you'd had too many beerpops."

"Is everything ok Mi Mi?" said a man who looked very similar to the ringleader.

"Yes, everything is fine, thanks again Mr. Booming. Sorry it's been so long since I've visited," said Mindy.

"Well it's good to see you again Mi Mi, there is always some case like this every year, I'm sure you remember."

"Oh yes, this fella is lucky he's my husband. I usually fine these folks."

"What was his name this time?"

"Who?" asked Rick.

"Honey, did y'all meet someone right before the show who offered you something to eat, usually something they know you'll buy?"

"Yeah! The guys name is Reuben Goodfella. Said he'd had my beer before!"

"That's what I thought, come on honey let's get you some water and watch the real circus. We don't even use animals in our acts, it is too cruel."

"But he'd had my beer before!"

"I know honey, I know. My trials were cancelled and I ran into Sam on the way here, he said they hadn't had time to open your first case"

"But he gave Lamy a tootsie pop!"

"Honey that has been in her purse for two weeks."

"Reuben Goodfella," laughed Mindy, "so this year he is a Shakespeare pun."

"Those spirits are getting more clever year," said Mr. Booming.

"Ain't that the truth," said Mindy "and my husband was just too damn easy."

They entered the tent laughing, dragging Rick who was still dazed and confused.

Lamy turned around and waved to the man in the top hat sitting on the merry-go-round elephant.

"Y'all enjoy the show now, you hear?" he said in response.

When the ride came around again the plastic elephant was vacant. Lamy then ran into the tent after her parents eating her tootsie pop.