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Beer Belly Burlesque

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How far would you go for your 'fifteen minutes of fame'?

Bill walked quickly but gingerly (as his head was killing him) towards the bathroom, his bladder ready to explode from all the beer he'd drunk the previous night. As he passed the bedroom mirror, a vague memory of a drunken game he and Bobby had been playing caused him to stop and turn. He peered bleary-eyed at the unwashed and unshaven wreck in the mirror before him. His bathrobe was hanging open, exposing his huge potbellied gut hanging out over his "ThoughtCafe" boxer shorts. Remembering the game, he reached down with his hands, placed them on either side of his belly, manipulated his fingers just so, and viola! He was staring at a fleshy (and hairy) version of Milton Berle's face!

In his amazement, he immediately forgot about his full bladder, grabbed the cordless phone off the night stand and called his brother, Bobby.

"Hey Bobby! Guess what, man?"

"Wha-aht..?" His brother replied groggily through the phone, sounding at least as bad as Bill had just a moment before.

"I did it, man! Just like last night, dude! I made 'Uncle Milty'!!!"

"Whoa, really? Did 'ya try Bob Hope?"

"Nah... Hold on. Le'me try."

Bob placed the phone under his ear and turned back towards the mirror. After placing his hands back in place, he carefully manipulated a glob of fat here, a fat-roll there, and, once again...

"Man, that's just amazing! Looks just like him... In the seventies variety shows, 'ya know? Not the younger guy from the Bing Crosby road movies. Hey, have you tried any yet?"

"Yeah," his brother responded enthusiastically. "While you was doin' Hope, I did Nixon and Ford. This is a cool thing we got here, Bro! We should, like, go on the road, dude; like, put on our own show, 'ya know?"

"Yeah, COOL! Let's do it!! But, uh, well, we probably shouldn't tell Ma about it, 'ya know?"

"Yep... Boy, would *she* be mad!"

The audience could tell Bill was concentrating hard on this one... Beads of sweat were pouring off his forehead, and down his sides from his hairy armpits. His and Bobby's 'creations' had gotten increasingly difficult as the show progressed, each subtle manipulation of hairy, gelatinous flab projected onto a huge screen behind them on the stage. Still, though they were working their 'craft' harder than they'd ever done before, the applause from the audience made it all worth while. And Bill intended this last one to be the best of all...

He continued moving his fingers this way and that, a master craftsman of fat manipulation. Each sweaty digit pained him from the effort, and his hands were covered in fallen-out belly hair, but still he continued. Minutes ticked by, the audience waiting expectantly, hardly daring to breathe.

And then it was complete...

The audience leaped to their feet as one, applauding madly at the ten foot high projected visage of Hillary Clinton. Cheers and whistles erupted from he and Bobby's adoring fans, roses were tossed up onto the stage, and there were shouts of "Bravo!" And "Encore! Encore!"

Just as Bill was preparing to let go of his latest 'masterpiece', the loud and unmistakably shrill voice of their mother yelled out from the back of the theater...

"Damn it, Billy!!!"

Cold water splashed across his face, jolting him awake, and he found himself face to face with his mother. She had an empty water glass in her right hand, and her face was livid with anger.

"I said, Damn it, Billy!!! You were drinkin' with your good for nothin' brother again last night, weren't you?!!"

"Uh, er, why 'ya say that, Ma?"

"'Cause you was too drunk to get 'yer lazy ass out a bed and go to the bathroom again! And this is the THIRD TIME THIS WEEK you've peed the damn bed!"

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