



The Right Moment

Summer. Languid evenings reclining on the camouflaged deck watching the sometimes-explosive methane bubblings in the back yard leach field. (“That was a good one darling, flush it again.”)

At such moments, I often think generally about my meds. Resourceful, despite being cut-off from lower-priced Canadian supplies by the nice folks at the FDA, I’ve stocked-up at a lower-priced alternative, **Herbies’ Herps**, in Cape Fear, N.C. Sure, they don’t have everything I usually take, nor in the same form, but you have to make do. And **Herbies’** includes lots of helpful tips, and publications such as: “*Cold Blooded in the Age of Global Warming;*” “*Scales: Not Just for Weight Loss.*”

So anyway, I’ve taken **Reptocal** with dinner. (“*Powdered mineral supplement includes Vitamins A, D, B, and E. Use on moist or live foods.*”) I also sprinkled the organic yogurt dessert with **Rot Guard**. (“*All-natural supplement with goldenseal and echinacea to enhance the immune system, plus garlic, clove, and turmeric to control bacteria and fungus.*”)

Afterwards, to aid digestion, I stretch out face down on the deck with my stomach over a warm rock heated earlier on the grill. With **Herbies’** guide “*My Friend Flicker,*” in front of me, I practice waving my tongue around in the warm air. Ahh, the smell of Kim Kardashian *Eau de Parfum* and charcoal lighter fluid - indicating my True Love is nearby or, possibly, THAT woman on the next block. (**Herbies’** guide is unclear about effective range.)

During such desultory moments, my mind races specifically through the all-natural supplement list to the “Wild Thing” section, aka “The Pill That Dare Not Speak Its Name” – probably because the vendor doesn’t know what’s in it either.

I read the information sheet. Whoa! Suppose I’m taken to the emergency room with the dreaded “4 hour uptime problem.”

First thing: bang out a text message to my former high school psychologist: “*I’ll show you Attention Deficit Disorder!*” Although, if he’s no longer alive, his own attention span will be noticeably shorter.

Then grab my phone again, and flick-out a quick email to **Dr. Stephen Hawking**: “*Can a moment (regardless of ‘right’ or ‘wrong’) last 4 hours or longer? If ‘yes’, could you possibly send your answer before you get this question, because at that time rate, I’ll likely be dead before I write it. Thank you for your understanding. Also, note whether GMT or EST time zone applies.*”

My big fear, of course, is that being weary from being “on duty” for 4 hours or longer, I could inadvertently blurt out national secrets.

My mind once again races around to the "Unlikely Scenario" section. Sodium Pentathol is in stock. Note to Head File: *“Give self injection to find out what national secrets I know, and why I have ‘truth serum’ in stock anyway. If there are national secrets, don’t write them down. Follow up with second injection to determine if I lied when I said I didn’t write anything down – provided I have any national secrets to write down, which I may say I don’t have, and, therefore, there was nothing to write down, even if I wanted to. But I suspect I’m lying!”*

This is getting overly complicated. It would be easier to just put GE bathroom caulk on my tongue and snag flies out of the air – **Herbies’** has a “How-to” guide about this. The problem with that is my tongue got so tired from flicking practice that it fell out onto the deck, and picked up a nasty splinter.

No, I'll keep The Right Moment simple. When the time is almost NOW! – I'll just draw the camouflage netting, apply a little extra **ShedEase** (*“Soak ... for 20 minutes to allow emollients to penetrate skin. Old skin should slip off easily.”*) And **Vita Shell** (*“A deep penetrating, concentrated, skin and shell conditioning cream.”*)

Then I'll heat up a few stones ...