

## The Costume Party

(based on a joke told over and over again via spammed email via the Internet)

Oh Carly, you bring a lot of joy to me on my boring workdays!!

I met up again, like I normally do on Tuesdays and most Thursdays, with my lawyer friend Carlotta. Carly and I frequent the Ford Parkway Starbucks at about the same time each day -- around lunchtime. A little later for me because I tend to wait until everyone else has had their lunch before "Dex" (that's what one of the nicer names they call me at work -- short for "Rolodex", the guy who has the phone number handy for just about every or anything) gets his -- my -- turn to have an hour off for lunch and errands.

And I'm telling you, I am glad that I spent it with her that day!

We were sipping our Mochas -- one of the many reasons why I like this law gal, common drinks -- and talking about Halloween in general. She took a sip from her grande paper cup and then placed it down on the table. She then touched my lower arm and said "Hey Mike!! I've got to tell you about this! This is a good one!"

I've learned that when she says, "it's a good one," the story or joke is worth remembering. So she starts in.

"I had a client who was divorcing her husband. She didn't want everyone to know it, but she grew tired of the man. I could see how...but that's one of them law stories."

"Anyway," she said, taking another sip of the chocolate-flavored strong coffee, "they were invited to one of those ritzy Halloween costume parties last year by a friend of their family. Everyone was required to wear a costume and mask. The wife, already pissed at the hubby for all kinds of Tom-foolery she says that "she's caught him at", got sick and decided earlier that she wouldn't go -- but that he should go because the tickets were so expensive and after all, they don't get a chance to do this kind of high-flying thing often."

We paused for a minute because someone wanted to get past us to the table behind ours in the small but cozy coffeeshop.

"So the guy protested a bit but relented and went to the party. She took something for the illness and went to bed. He took his costume and went on to the party. The wife, after sleeping soundly for about an hour, woke and felt much better. She looked at the clock and discovered that it was still relatively early and then she realized what a perfect opportunity she had.

She would go to the party and observe how her husband acts when she's not with him. So she got dressed and went to the party. With me so far?"

I nodded up and down.

"So she joined the party and soon spotted her husband in his costume, cavorting around on the dance floor, dancing with every nice "chick" he could and copping a little feel here and a little kiss there.

His wife -- who looks really hot regularly I think -- walked over and started in with him, trying not to laugh at her man. The guy left the other woman high and dry and devoted the rest of his time to her.

She let him go as far as he wished, naturally, since he was her husband. After a few more drinks and a couple more dances, he finally whispered in her ear that he could take her out in his car in the parking lot and she agreed. So they go off to his car in the parking garage and had passionate intercourse in the back seat. "

"Okay," I stopped her, taking a sip of my own coffee and looking at the young lawyer. "Couldn't he tell that was her? I mean, without getting personal here, I could tell my own sweetheart from others, if you know what I mean..."

Carlotta took a drink and sat her coffee back down, "Hey...hormones, okay?" She did this gesture to indicate, "just go along with me here..."

I smiled and agreed. She went on with the story.

"Okay. So right before midnight, she slips out of the car and goes home; confident that now she's got enough ammo to come into court with. She got home, put her costume away and went to bed, wondering what kind of explanation he would make up for his outrageous behavior. The suspense was killing her, so she sat up and was half-reading a book when he finally came through the door and into the bedroom.

She asked what kind of time he had.

"Oh, the same old thing. You know I never have a good time when you're not there."

She did one of those "humphs" to herself. Then she asked, "Did you dance much, darling?"

He replied, "I'll tell you, I never even danced one dance. When I got there, I met Pete, Bill Brown and a couple other guys, so we went into the parlor room and played poker all evening. I won forty bucks!"

Carly took another drink and found a napkin and brushed it over her mouth as she continued. She said that the woman said, "You must have looked really silly wearing that costume playing poker all night!" she said, with a lot of sarcasm in her voice.

Her husband looked at her and said, "Huh? Oh yeah... when I got there and found Bill Brown, I found your brother too. I gave him my costume. I saw him about 20 minutes ago when I was leaving. He was babbling about having the time of his life and how he did some woman in the parking garage. Lucky stiff!"

After we both laughed, realizing what happened, Carly said, "I haven't seen her in my office since."