

The Big Splash

By Rick Ales

Our annual 1982 white-water rafting trip required some special planning.

Fellow Toastmasters, honored guests.... How special you might ask?

Well, in addition to me reserving, our 4-man rafts, our campgrounds at Ohio Pyle Park, and schedule a Launch time down the mighty Youghiogheny River, and Darla picking up our custom cut Porterhouse steaks, let me tell you about the incredibly special planning my sister Mickey brought upon herself!



It Started with a big Tease

One day, Mike and I stopped at Clay Street Inn for dinner after our round of golf at Hemlock Springs. Having already served 9 years of in the Navy, I was 10 years older than my buddy Mike, who I met arguing over whose turn it was at the computer terminal during the spring of our sophomore year at Case. I was a grizzled old salt, while skinny Mike was a barely 20-year-old mechanical engineering student, who had been his high school valedictorian. With his center parted Beatle mop top and ever-present pocket protector, Mike would have look quite at home in the Lambda Lambda, Lambda fraternity.

It was my sister Micky, in her busty Bavarian barmaid outfit who waited on us. She immediately recognized Mike as a shy, babe in the woods, so she began playfully-- yet relentlessly teasing Mike with her boosted bosom bawdy behavior that elicited extra tips from her men regulars. By the time Mickey presented the little red sombrero cap off a bottle of Toro Tequila and asked Mike, "Are you the man who can fill my hat?" Mike was totally embarrassed.

Now, every Start Trek geek knows the ancient Klingon proverb, Revenge is a dish best served cold! So that night we made a pact to not let Mickey's lascivious behavior that had so embarrassed Mike, go unanswered.

The Plan

Mike and I were CO-OPing in the Advanced Technology Division of General Electric giving us access to some of the world' brightest scientific and engineering minds. For days it was the mission of the High Intensity Discharge group to devise the plan. It wasn't the seasoned Nuclear Physicist who had worked with Oppenheim developing the atomic bomb, or Peter's big brain, that made him the math whiz who completed both his under grad and master's in physics in only 4 and ½ years but rather the skills Peter had developed while working in his dad's bicycle shop where we hit on THE PLAN.

Peter's idea was elegant! Simply get a bicycle tire inner tube-- Not an ordinary wimpy inner tube but one from an old-time bike, the kind with a handlebar basket and a bell your grandpa might have used to

deliver newspapers in the 50's. Those bikes have inner tubes that are this <gesture 2-handed big "O"> big around. Simply cut off a hunk about 2 feet long, patch over the ends hook it up to a hand pump, then have Mike wear it under his trousers, BRILIANT! Now, how to get Mickey to sit on Mike's lap.... Hmmm?

Ah Ha! We were all going white-water rafting together. Perfect! We volunteered to pick Mickey up from work. We Laughed!

The Setup

Darla, Mike and I were crowded into the cramped cab of my dad's compact pickup with our camping gear and custom cut steaks stowed in the back, Mike, riding shotgun, wearing a pair of this brothers about 2 sized too big black jeans over the apparatus. Peter's tube strapped to Mike's left thigh, with an air hose snaked around his waist, out a back belt loop, behind the pickup seat, over to the pump that was securely wire-tied just above the driver side seat adjuster, within my easy reach! Bwahaha!

By the time we pulled in Clay Street parking lot we were laughing so hard in anticipation, we feared prematurely spilling the beans. So, we planned to just tell non-stop jokes to disguise the true source of our laughter. We parked at Clay Street. Darla got out on my side, went round to open the passenger door then went to get Mickey. Mike reminded me, "Hey, when the time comes... Don't over pump!" Something about his family jewels? We laughed!

Shortly, they emerged. Mickey in her Bavarian barmaid outfit, recognizing the only available seat was Mike's lap, she happily hopped on. Facing mostly out the passenger window, she turned to Mike, stroked his ear, and immediately started in, "Did you conveniently forget your sleeping bag cutie?" This time, Mike was not quite so shy! Someone snickered so Darla asked, "Did you hear the one about..." as we set off to meet up with the gang about 70 minutes down the road, joking all the way. We all Laughed!

The Sting.

Mickey was wiggling in Mike's lap when she chimes in with her own joke, "Did you hear about the Martian who came to Earth to learn about sex?"

Regardless how the joke goes at some point Mickey says, almost like it was scripted, "... when you tug his ear, his equipment gets bigger..."

Mike interrupts, "Hey! You know that works for me?"

"Git out!" Mickey says as she begins tugging Mike's ear... and I began to pump!

It only took about 5 pumps for Mickey's eyes to get big as saucers, then a look of concern swept across her face as she shifted her weight, "Am I hurting you?" We laughed!

Mike whispered in her ear, "Hope you have lots of room in your sleeping bag, little girl!" Then he not so discretely rubbed his fully engorged Peter's tube against Mikey's backside.

"Now stop it your little pervert!" rang out as Mike flashed an ear-to-ear Cheshire Cat grin at me and Darla. We Laughed!

Soon her face was nearly mashed against the windshield, Mickey had been trying her best to get off Mike's lap in the confines of the cramped cab. All but for the occasional "Stop it you little pervert!" the laughter had stopped, and the cramped cab became eerily quiet.

Before too long, we were on the exit ramp to the rest stop where we are to meet up with our gang of rafters when Mickey says, "Finally! I will be SO glad to get away from you.... I really need to change into my shorts!"

"I wish I could wear shorts." Mike says baiting Mickey,

"What do you mean, you little pervert?"

"This!" Mike pulls his brother's way too big jeans tight around the fully inflated Peter's Tube.

"Alright! Darla what's he got in his pants?" Mickey asks as she reaches to grab the bulge Mike is proudly displaying.

"I don't know, I haven't been there!" Darla says with a straight face as we rolled to a stop in the parking lot amongst the other rafters turned jesters. We Laughed!

"Yoooo!" Mickey jerked her hand back like she'd grabbed a hot poker. She scrambled off Mike's lap, clambering out of the cramped cab and seeking asylum, stumbled towards Peter, "That little pervert is built like this!" making the fish that got away gesture. "Keep him away from me or I'll kill him!"

Greeted with only laughter, Mickey stomped off to the restroom in a huff. We all stood flabbergasted.... streetwise Mickey never caught on?

It took Darla about 20 minutes to coax Mickey out of the ladies' room. As they headed back to our gang, Mickey muttering, "Keep that little pervert away," I barked out, "Hey Mick, grab my sunglasses off the dash." When she poked her head into the cramped cab, she saw the apparatus, Peter's tube and pump laying on the seat. You could hear the wheels beginning to turn and after the longest pregnant pause, Mickey backed out with Peter's tube in hand, "You guys are the best! You got me good, I got to show this to the girls at Clay Street." We all Laughed.

Epilog

Although I'd been down the Youghiogheny many times with nearly so much as a splash, on this trip down the rapids while sitting next to loving sister Mickey, I mysteriously fell out of our raft with a big splash – three times?

Mickey laughed!