

I was asked to leave my weekly square dance lesson for the second time this month because my teacher didn't like my attitude. While I stepped on her foot several times, kneed her in the crotch, and spun her into a steel post it was obvious she was intimidated by my superior abilities. I was upset and wanted to quit the class, but I liked the outfits too much. When I got back to my apartment I headed for the kitchen to get a can of Orange Fanta, but I froze in the doorway when I saw the hairy creature sitting on the kitchen table staring at me.

Being an urban lad I wasn't very familiar with all of nature's beasts, but I was fairly certain my guest was a small monkey wearing a diaper. The more I looked at the little guy I couldn't help but notice the resemblance to my Aunt Maggie except she had more hair on her upper lip. Since I didn't have a clue on the gender I decided my new friend should be a male. Besides, I always wanted a brother. Actually I already had a brother, but I didn't think this one would beat me up and steal my Oreos.

The more I thought about how my new friend got into my apartment I figured it probably involved my neighbor Hector who would sometimes sneak into my apartment when I was away at work. One time I caught all three hundred pounds of Hector singing to an older version of La Traviata while wearing nothing but an apron. The spectacle disgusted me so much because the song he was singing should have been done in soprano and not bass. He ruined it for me.

Even though I had no idea where my new friend came from I decided to let him hang out with me and I gave him the name Marty. Almost immediately Marty became active and started jumping around my spacious one room apartment. In fact he got down right boisterous to the point where I had to do something to calm him down or risk him

destroying what little possessions I had. Several times he created various shapes and letters with my blue Play-Doh even though I asked him many times to only use the red Play-Doh. That's a primate for you.

Marty trotted over to my coffee table and started playing *The Entertainer* on my electronic keyboard. I was unimpressed especially since he was using the sheet music in front of him. On the other hand if he had done it from memory I would've been impressed. The few times I tried to cover the sheet music he shook his head and spit at me.

Once Marty calmed down we played several games of checkers, but eventually we had to stop when he repeatedly swallowed pieces. It was frustrating because I was finally on the verge of beating him. I think he acted up on purpose. Bad monkey!

It was getting late and I figured the least I could do was offer him something to eat. All I had was cold cuts and bread so I made him a sandwich. Apparently that wasn't good enough for him because he took one bite and tossed it at me and the wall. I wasn't sure if he wanted the crusts cut off or something else. I guess he wanted more mustard because he promptly squeezed the remains of the bottle into his mouth. I cleaned up the sandwich while Marty was chomped on a celery stick he found in the refrigerator.

Then there was a knock at the front door. It was Hector. He apologized for letting Marty in my apartment. He told me the little guy really belonged to some college professor on the first floor. As they left I tried to give Marty a hug goodbye, but he burped at me instead. However, just outside the door Marty turned back, smiled, and pulled my television remote from his diaper and gave it to me.

I waved goodbye and was ecstatic Marty had found the remote control that I lost two months earlier. Marty was a good friend.