

# A Bunch Of Carny Folks

Last night, I received an email to meet a bunch of friends at the county fair this afternoon. Since I got off work at 4, I just made it to the fairgrounds by the 4.30 meeting time. None of the other people who were invited were able to attend (or just were “too good” for the rest of us...KIDDING). It has been a few years since I have been to the fair. I believe the last time I went was about 4-5 years ago when I was asked to go on the bus for the county high school band show. We never made it. By the time the bus arrived, it was pouring rain and the show was canceled.

I am pleased to say that this evening was great fun with great friends. With rides and attractions provided by Poor Jack Attractions. We came to the conclusion that it is called Poor Jack not because the proprietor is a poor man named Jack, but because Jack is laughing at all the poor folks spending their money.

I am constantly amazed at the daredevil Sammie. She will go on ANYTHING... or at least try. There was one ride that she could not get on because she was not tall enough. But she and her two sisters were just a ball. Even when they had their moments. But with three siblings of my own I well remember having moments of our own.

After depleting our supply of tickets riding the “ocrapus” (is that it?), bumper cars, Goose rode her favorite (Tilt-A-Whirl), among other rides, we spent an absurd amount of money on carny food that was deep-fried, fattening, and delicious. We then played one game. However, I REFUSE to play a game in which you could not understand what the barker is saying. I did treat myself to a chocolate milkshake at the dairystand (a must at the fair). Hopefully, a precursor to the fun I will be having on a trip next month. I did take exception to one thing: Why was it that the bumper car operator told the other

riders to gang up ON ME?!