

# That's General Lord Glossop to you...

That's right, not General Glossop, not Lord Glossop, and certainly not Mr. Glossop. General Lord Glossop, thank you very much. No, I am not on some sort of medication. I am in a show, believe it or not. What? I never mentioned auditioning for one? Well, I didn't. I had actually noted this theater group's auditions awhile back, but got caught up in work so I forgot about them. Then less than a week ago I took another look at the green room and came back to that site only to see a cast list. Nuts- I had wanted to try out for this show. Then I noticed a blurb mentioning that they were looking for a few more men. I couldn't hit the contact us form fast enough. A short time later I received not one, but two emails informing me that my interest was being passed on to the director. Next morning, a call, and a request for my presence Sunday night. Resume in hand I arrived at St. Joe's (as they call it) nursing home where they do most of their rehearsals. As I arrived, another theatre group, Tesseract, was just leaving- a popular rehearsal place apparently. The directors arrived shortly after, talked to me, then I sang a bit from the show for Ann Stewart (I thought I'd mention this name to see if C recognizes it- it's a bit unbelievable that she is still doing this!) and read a line for the director, Kevin, who said I read it perfect the first time. Yes! I was in. Two other new ones joined me that night, and we rehearsed the first dance number. Of course my first rehearsal would have to be a dance rehearsal. For those who know me, I could never be considered a triple threat- far from it. Of course I'm not much of a single or double threat either, but that's beside the point. □

What? I didn't name the show? Do you really need to know? Are you sure this is the moment to say? By the way, you can

wish for me to break a leg, but I do break a neck in the show,  
or rather it will be broken for me... ☐