

A COMMEMORATIVE DRUMROLL PLEASE

By Joan Black

Please take a moment to observe one minute of silence for the demise of The Little Drummer Boy. In a fit of passion and exasperation I "offed" him.

Without fail, every year, the minute Thanksgiving has faded into a memory of gluttony and football, the Christmas hype swings into full force. So on Friday a.m. having digested my muffin and marmalade along with all the mayhem reported in the morning newspaper, I tried to lighten my mood by switching the radio to my favorite Golden Oldies Station - and what immediately assailed my ears? Yep, the brr-rump-a-rum-dum of that not-so-little-anymore Drummer Boy. That pesky kid has been banging on that damn drum since 1941, He is now 73 years old and that drum should have been relegated to the trash heap long, long ago. Every couple of hours, all day long, that constant, repetitious, annoying brr-rump-a-dum-dum assaults the senses. The prospect of its continuous pounding for a further 28 days sent me over the edge.

I JUST PLAIN LOST IT. "Enough!" I screamed – eliciting a further drum-like pounding on the wall from my neighbor whom I'd awoken from a sound sleep.

Gathering up the necessary weaponry, gun, sharp knife, rope, poison and prerequisite heavy blunt instrument, I proceeded (theoretically) to shoot, stab, throttle and bludgeon Drummer Boy until he was dead, dead, dead. Then I gathered up all the incriminating evidence of my act of mercy (along with the drum) and tossed the whole bloomin' lot down the chute, dusted off my hands and felt calm, content and justified – after all, I had done a good thing for mankind.

Routine chores kept me happily occupied for a couple of hours until ... until ... OH NO! It could not be! In horror I stared at the radio. He was baaack! Drummer Boy had somehow been resurrected. Brr-rump-a-dum-dum , Brr-rump-a-dum-dum.....Brr-rump-a..... and so on and so on, ad infinitum.

I feel honor bound to hand back to you the moment of silence I requested earlier. You are busy this time of year. But, honestly now. Wasn't that break from the constant drumming peaceful and wonderful?