

Divorcing Delia

by Gita M. Smith

It's appropriate to divorce a friend if she's an old and dear one who's bugged up your life. There are orders of magnitude of friendship, and each requires its own severance package.

Delia and I went back to childhood jump-rope days, LONG before she became a huge celebrity.

I held her hand through two divorces, I warned her that gorgeous Geoffrey was homosexual when she was oblivious, I fed her children when she was off at rehab (four times before it 'took') especially that last time with the Percocet, and I never asked for anything in return. Delia, by contrast, wrote a tell-all memoir full of intimate, damaging details, many of which concerned our youthful indiscretions. Her ghost-writer used my name not once but 17 times in 300 pages, and did I get a penny for MY thoughts?

Then gorgeous Geoffrey took the cure for homosexuality at Michelle Bachman's husband's clinic and came back to town, ready to shtup women using his newfound Fantasy Gender Reversal Visualization, and of course I offered my services (we had quite a good go at it, even though he did yell "Cowboy UP" at the finish line).

Delia's next offense was to swoop Geoffrey away to Antibes for the season, and when they came back, they'd had matching chin jobs.

DAMMIT, she *knew* how badly I wanted my chin done (me wearing turtlenecks to hide the Sharpei beneath).

So one day, I gained entry to her mansion and repossessed the cashmere pashminas, velcro-tipped mink bondage straps and other items Delia had borrowed over the years but never returned. Then I laced every food item in her house and all open wine bottles with bits of Percocet.

The next day I had my lawyer seek a restraining order and send Delia official notice that we were through.

The last I read of Delia in *People* magazine, Geoffrey had turned gay again (but Christian-gay), and Delia was in the Adirondacks for rehab.

