

Memoir 2.4

by Larry Strattner

He had eaten enough Girl Scout cookies to consider transgender surgery when he realized one day his Girl Scout sales contact had grown into womanhood.

Her badges included a Cookie Business Badge and a Financial Literacy Badge. But the day he saw her Council President Position Pin centered between her World Trefoil and Membership pins he knew things had changed.

He attempted to write a description of her for his memoirs. Appropriate words eluded him. *She was after all, first and foremost a Girl Scout.* He looked carefully at her sash hoping to see marksmanship or explosives technician badges. He noted for the memoir, *So far no luck.*

He invited her in for a Martini and she graciously accepted. He felt it was an appropriate gesture since by this time he was giving twelve percent of his net income to the Girl Scouts. He kept out enough funds for ammunition but since the clash down the block between the Horribulis whoevers and local law enforcement he hadn't required his usual five thousand rounds on-hand.

As an added benefit, the other manure pile of radicals, the Anarchists, had moved out, he heard, beyond city limits, into some compound or other where they could work on their non-rule violence in peace.

His Martini skills were not broad but they were well-honed in certain important areas. He made his own gin in a bathtub. His infused herbs were all grown or hand-picked by him. He did not offer guests an olive since with olives he could not provide his personal involvement. He had two specialties, one with cucumber slices and one with a pearl onion. Some hormonally over-endowed arbiter of taste had declaimed, *if it hasn't gin, vermouth and an olive it is not a Martini.* Most people these days called it a Martini if it was served in pointed base cone-shaped bowl stemware. He couldn't give two shits. He liked the open top rim of what was called a

Martini glass. It allowed surface tension to bring out the bouquet of his gin and enhance the garnish for presentation.

The Girl Scout seemed to agree. After two of his cucumber varieties she was on the floor scooting around on her knees doing an imitation of a Brownie selling her first box of cookies. During her performance, oblivious to all but her technique, she paid no attention to him taking detailed notes for his memoirs. *This one will be a classic.*

But his focus also fell apart after he chewed his second pearl onion. His notes became garbled and he began ending all his sentences with prepositions. Things grew dark. He struggled with his pen and wrote, *mumfairs.*

When he awoke he saw her uniform flung in a corner. Badges, award pins, sashes and adult insignia littered the floor. She snored contentedly beside him. *I'd better find the diamond ring Aunt Beatrice left me. I think I'm going to need it,* he noted.

He remembered his own brief career in the Boy Scouts. He had earned a fire-building merit badge. He thought, *I should get a Silver Beaver award for this one.*

