

Castaways

Written by Garry Lee Wright
Tuesday, 06 March 2001 18:00

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“Well, Wilson, another day here in paradise, eh? Nothing but sand, palm trees, and the occasional hurricane to liven things up. So, how long’s it been now, do you remember? No, of course you don’t. I keep forgetting you’re a volleyball. No offense, of course. Hey, some of my best friends are sporting goods, ha ha! All right, let’s see now. Three, four, carry the one. I’d say the plane went down about nine or 10 years ago. I’m estimating, of course. My math’s a little off, you know. I kind of lost track of time after I knocked out that other tooth using the ice skates. You’d think I’d learn, wouldn’t you? Remind me not to do that again, will you Wilson? Good boy. Gee, it’s funny the things you miss. I sure could go for some dental floss right now.”

(sound of an ocean liner in the distance)

“What’s that, Wilson? Did you say something? No, of course you didn’t. I keep forgetting. Must be the wind. So where were we? Oh, yeah, how long have I been here? Well, that’s hard to say. All I know is, the plane went down in 1992. Geez, that’s a long time ago. I wonder how that thing with Woody Allen and Mia Farrow worked out. Hope they patched things up. And what about my favorite singer, Sinead O’Connor? I bet she has a few Grammys under her belt by now! Gosh, I wish a television set would wash up on shore here. I sure do miss Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman.”

(ocean liner getting louder; sounds of “Ahoy! Ahoy!”)

“What’s that you say, Wilson? Oh, I forgot again. Gosh, my mind is playing tricks on me. I wonder if they got that recession thing under control. Sure, they must have figured that out by now. Remember all those signs — ‘It’s the economy, stupid!’ And that Saddam Hussein guy. Now, you can bet he’s behind bars somewhere. And I don’t mean the kind where they you serve you an ice-cold Schlitz, either. You know what else, Wilson? I miss all those game shows we used to watch, too. Hey, maybe they’ll have a game show where all the contestants are stuck on some tropical island! Ha ha. Fat chance of that, eh, Wilson?”

(sounds of “Ahoy! Ahoy! You, there on the shore! Can’t you hear us?”)

“You know, Wilson, I sure wish some new books would wash up. If I have to read The Pelican

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Brief one more time, I really am gonna get bored. Hey, I wonder who won that election back in '92? I bet it was that young guy from Arkansas. What was his name— Hinton? Binton? I'll bet he won easy. He was such a nice, clean-cut family man. And his wife, what was her name? I remember she said something about baking cookies. She's probably got a whole kitchenful by now, right? Geez, a cookie would taste great. To tell you the truth, I'm getting a little tired of crab legs."

(sounds of "Ahoy! Ahoy! This is your last chance! Can't you hear us?")

"Geez, that wind is kicking up, Wilson! I almost thought I heard voices! That's a good one, eh? Well, anyway, 1992 would be — what? one, two, three elections ago. No telling who's president of the United States by now. Probably Newt Gingrich. He was a comer, you know. Big future, that guy. Or maybe it's Ross Perot. He always looked like he cut his own hair with a pair of dull scissors, ha ha. That's a good one, eh Wilson? I know you're laughing, I just can't hear you. Speaking of haircuts, it's about time I had a little trim, too, don't you think? Maybe after dinner I'll go rub my chin on those rocks again."

(sound of ocean liner fading into the distance)

"Well, anyway, where were we? Oh, yeah. 1992. President of the United States. Well, whoever it is, it's a pretty good bet it's not anybody named George Bush, ha ha! Hey, Wilson, what's for dinner? Fish again? Yum, yum! All right, let's eat, and then you can watch me juggle some coconuts."

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