

Missy Houlihan Tall Animal Revue Rehearsal "Going great Thunders" -- Not according to reports

Written by Administrator

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THE first, second and third rehearsals were a disaster. Of the last five rehearsals, it wasn't the fault of the performers as much as unobliging weather ... Stumie got-up in a frolic ... The Broke Down Marionettes could not even perform their limited, spastic performance; the Ringmaster inadvertently inhaled a Robin's egg during a dismal quench and windy evening practice. The Long Tall Monkey Boys had seen hard times before -- but that was last winter! Begob! This was the show! A whole new routine and retinue as well a surveillanced surfeit of superb celebrities cast in the chalky haze to save on the pigments for the genuine performance ... Everyone was gloomy, even Gloomy, who played against type-cast, and then there was an infernal hatching of shivvibs and quahoaxkta pink bugs, only they were far more Chilean than Peruvian and the mummified husk of the Monk who was to be awakened at the oiled hour, had grown limp and flaccidyllic, with signs of a fungal infection in all his poor parts ... hoisted against time and lightning and asteroid strikes, holding his pose until now, under a Wisteria bush in a haven for the rejectiles ... It's a wonder Missy Houlihan didn't call for the vapors, but it was too early yet ... and the whole damned season to get these quick-shift movements brilliant and snappy ... With that, out went the lights and it was quiet for a while by the orchard ...