



"The Blast"

Short True story by Michael K. Primavera

"It's not polite to talk with your mouth full."

Childhood weekends often featured splendid family outings. Getting there was sickening though, literally. Before Dad discovered Dramamine, I would get dreadfully carsick.

Worse still, was getting Dad to stop. He drove these trips as if on a sacred mission to make good time. Dad openly resisted "pit-stops" at all costs and once, we ran out of Dramamine.

I told Dad I would be all right without the Dramamine but boy, was I wrong. I quietly sat behind him, becoming increasingly more ill. Still, I waited, hoping to last. Suddenly it was too late and out it came with a vengeance!

Tightly clamping my hands over my mouth caused my cheeks to fill up like a tuba player's. Desperate to share this with Dad, I quickly stood up. My mouth was now inches behind his head. Then, like an explosion, out came the blast!

Spewing through my fingertips increased the blast's velocity and what I did to Dad's poor head, was truly an atrocity. The wipers would not be cleaning what covered the windshield that day.

Dad made this pit stop willingly, then slowly turned around. Puzzled and irritated he asked, "Michael, why didn't you tell me you were sick?" Squinty-faced and hesitantly I replied, "I was afraid you'd be upset."

He answered in calm amazement, "You don't think I am upset now?" Dad was really in a hurry to get home then. Needless to say, we never ran out of Dramamine again.