

The Day
Things
Got Hairy
at Disney
World




The year was 2005. And we were on our first family trip to Disney World.





My boy was 5 and he said he wanted to go on
"every ride in the park!"

A photograph of a young girl with blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a white wide-brimmed hat and a pink floral dress, sitting on the shoulders of a man. The man is wearing a green visor and looking towards the camera. The background is a dark blue night sky with some trees and lights visible. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, monospaced font with a black outline.

But my girl was only 2. So she happily hung
back with Daddy for the scary ones.

Enter that stupid Mission: SPACE ride at
EPCOT.



He couldn't believe it when I said yes.
Neither could I.



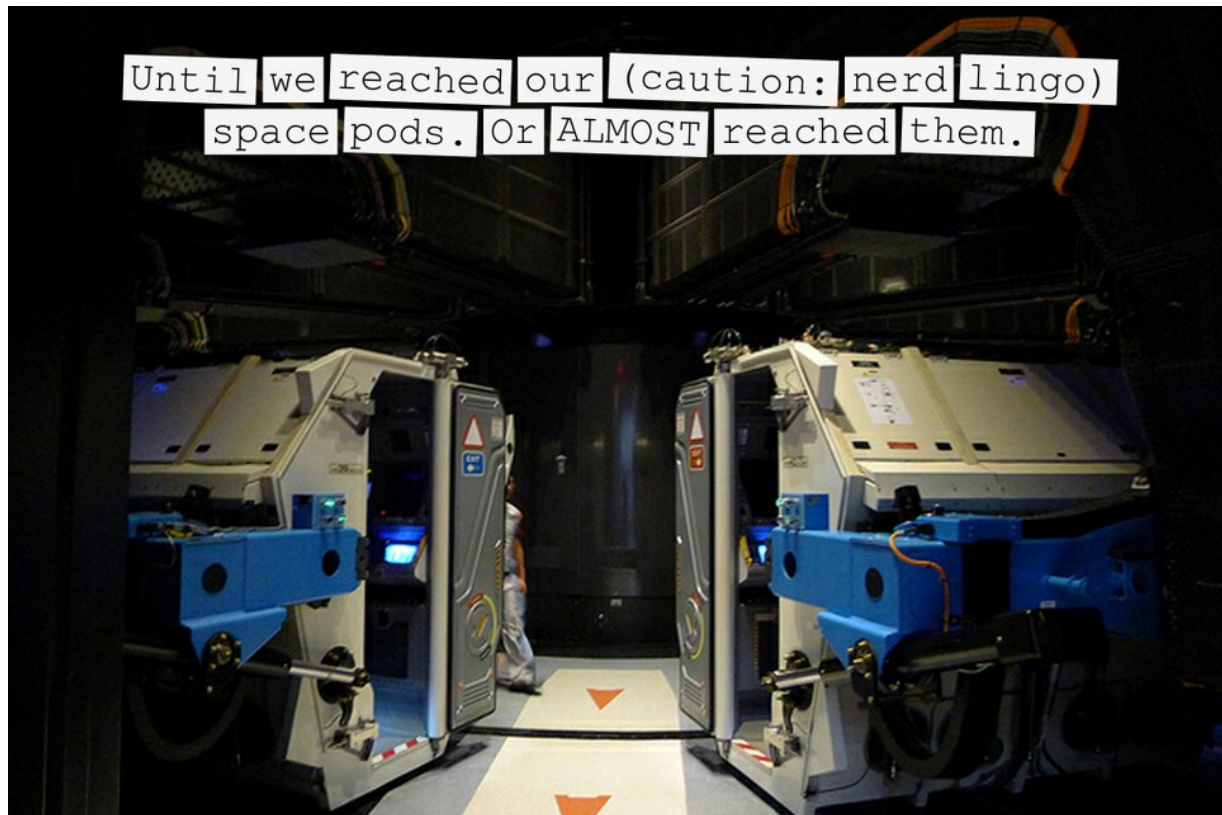


So we took our place in line among the
throng of other surly park goers.

And navigated our way through miles & miles
of snotty ropes & germy handrails.

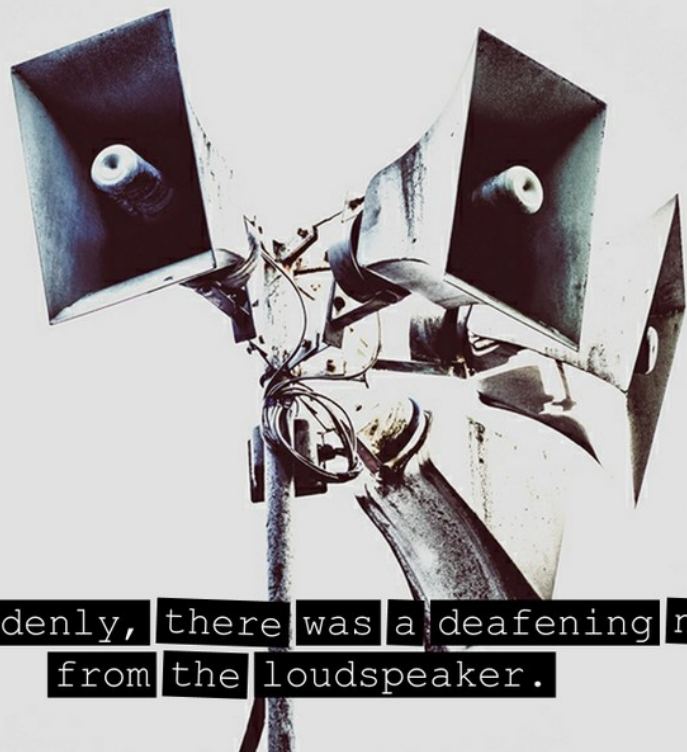


Until we reached our (caution: nerd lingo)
space pods. Or ALMOST reached them.



Clearly, there was some kind of problem. So
we waited ... and waited ...



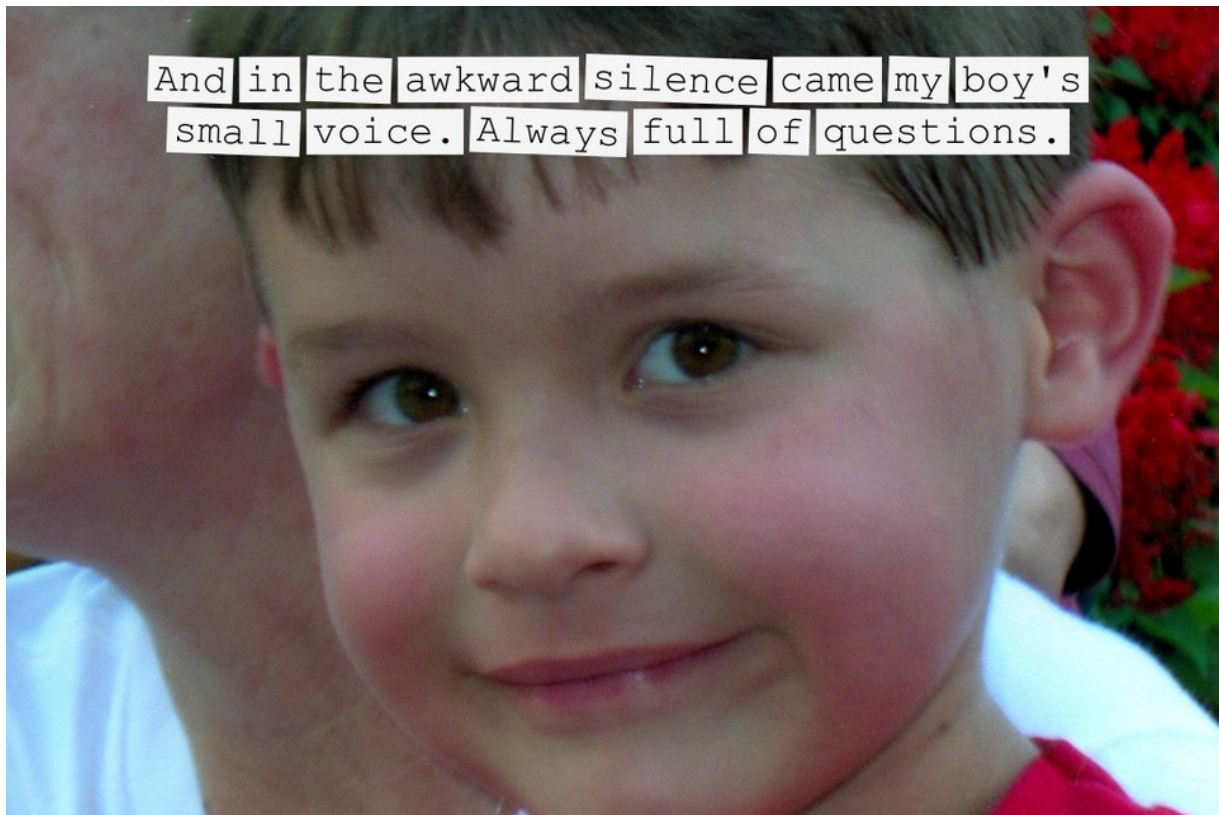


Then suddenly, there was a deafening noise
from the loudspeaker.

And everyone got
whisper quiet in
anticipation of
instructions from
the P.A.



And in the awkward silence came my boy's
small voice. Always full of questions.





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What he COULD have
asked: "Where's
Daddy?" "How much
longer?" "Why's he
so fat?"

What he DID ask.

"WHY DO YOU HAVE SO

MUCH HAIR ... ON

YOUR VAGINA?"




Did anyone else just hear the needle scratch
across the record?





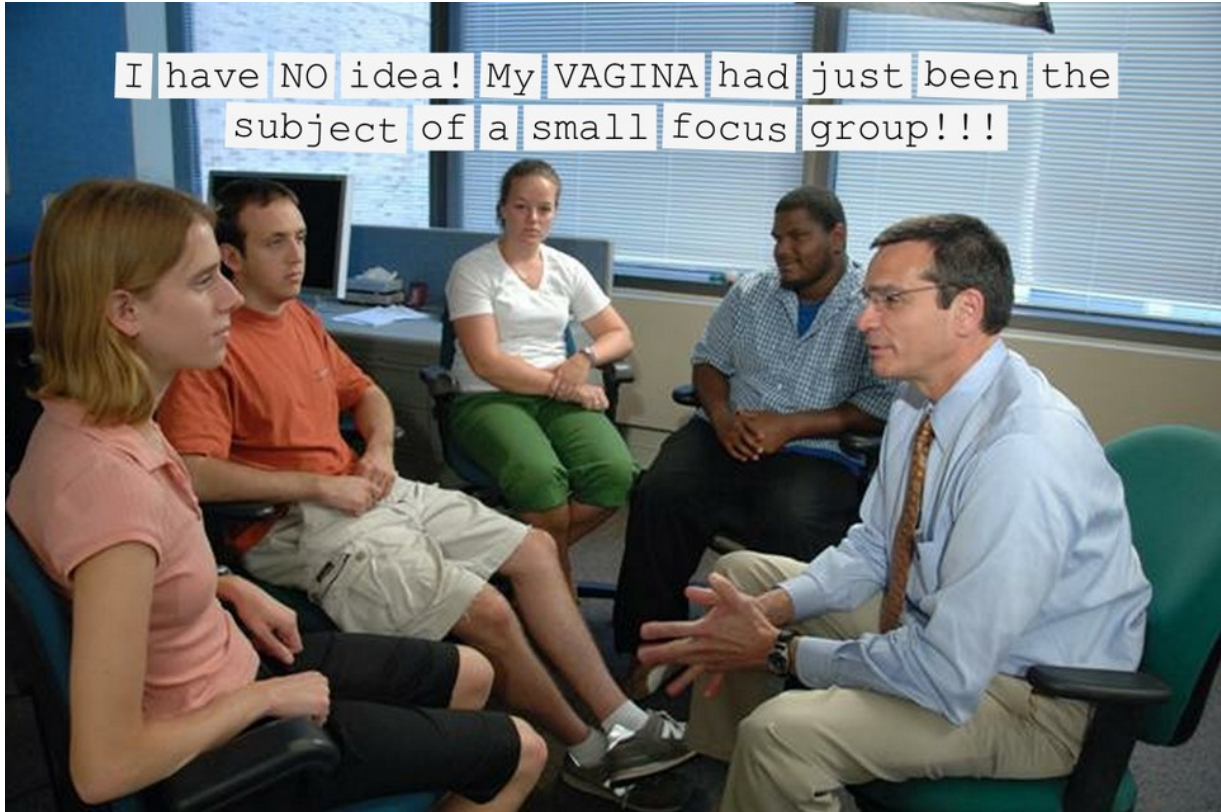
OMG

People weren't
actually saying
that just yet but I
think it fits!!
DON'T YOU?!?!



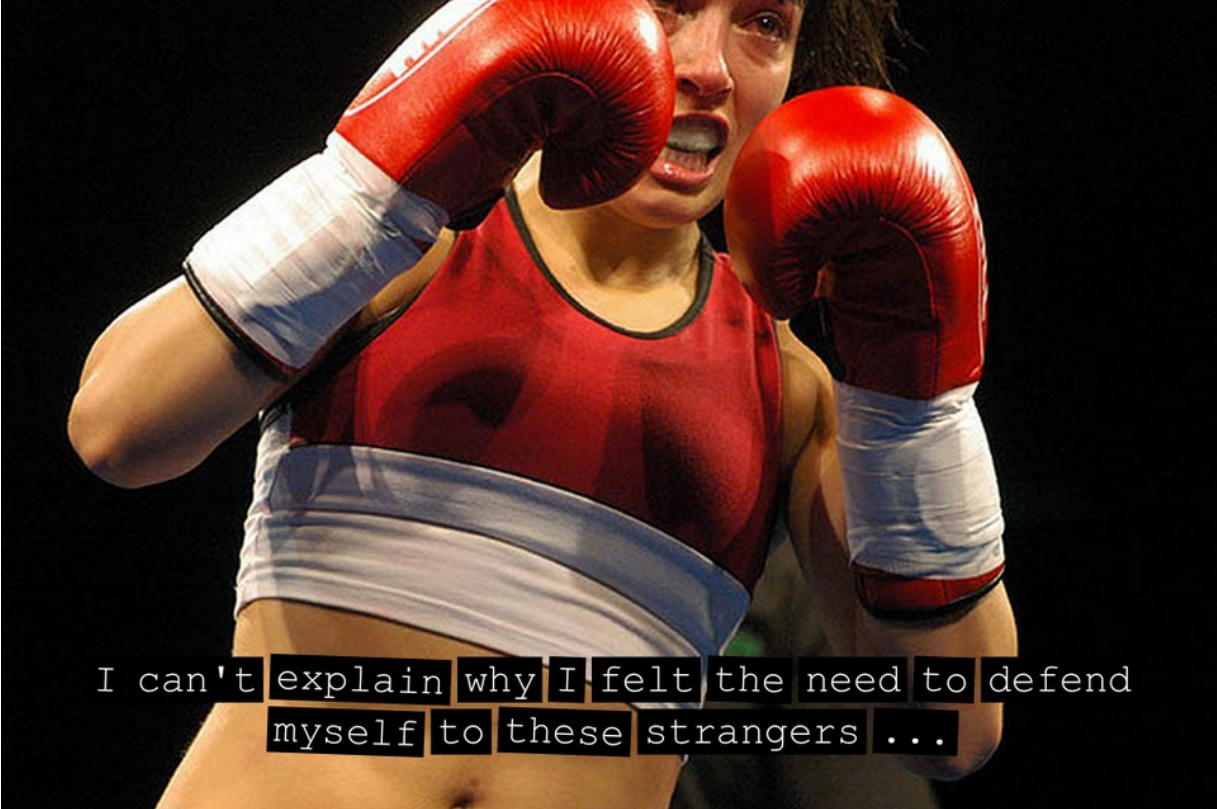
Then mercifully,
the P.A. announced
the ride was broken.
Or something like
that.

I have NO idea! My VAGINA had just been the
subject of a small focus group!!!





And then ... somehow ... I made it worse.

A close-up photograph of a woman in a boxing ring. She is wearing a red athletic top, white boxing trunks with a blue waistband, and red boxing gloves with white wristwraps. Her mouth is open as if shouting or exerting effort, and her expression is one of intense focus or aggression. The background is dark, highlighting her figure.

I can't explain why I felt the need to defend myself to these strangers ...

I needed them to
know I was clean ...
groomed ...
manicured even.



Not some sort of
1970s freakish
Woolly Mammoth. So I
stepped up on my
podium ...



"It's not that much
really," I
announced to the
room of tongue-tied
onlookers.

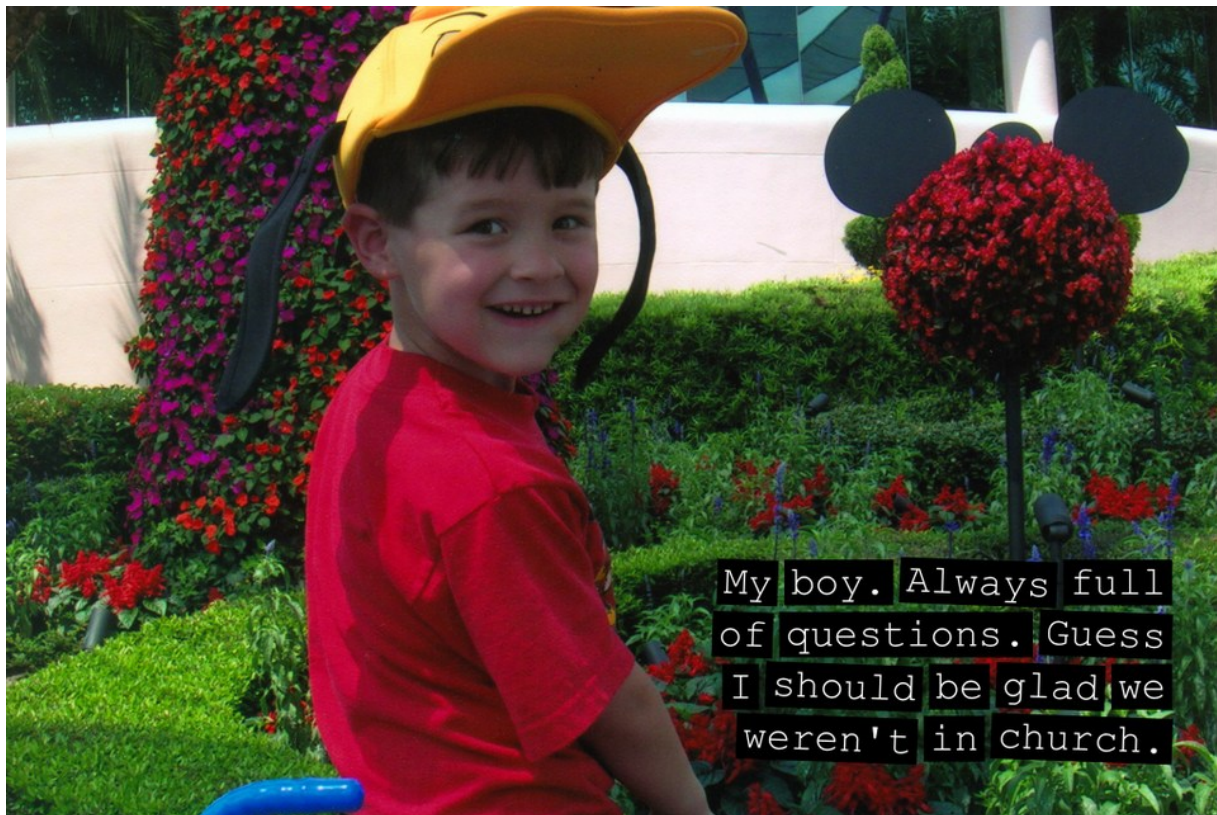


And then I grabbed
my boy and hauled
ass out of there.





I don't think I stopped 'til I reached the
nasty crawl space under my hotel bed.



My boy. Always full
of questions. Guess
I should be glad we
weren't in church.