

2001 Camp Brooklyn Odyssey

Sam's Diary

July 14-20, 2001

Cool Aunt Marna's MaxiPad, Brooklyn, New York



Naps: 9

Hot dogs: 2

Milkshakes: 2

FlavoIce: 7

Drugs: 4 oz. Bubblegum-flavored Advil, 5 Chewable Sudafed

Alcohol: Foam off of Cool Aunt Marna's Guinness

Porn: 1 tube top, 3 halter tops, and one transgender in a miniskirt

Cigarettes: second hand bar smoke

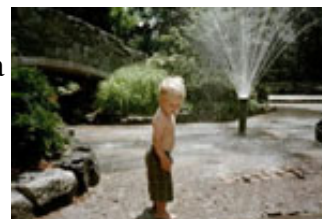
The age of two is not too young to go to "sleep away" camp when it is with Cool Aunt Marna. We talked about it for a year and I finally met her minimum entrance requirements: (1) regular sleep patterns; and (2) understanding the word "no." It was time for me to leave my sleepy, Mystic, Connecticut crib and explore the real world while Mommy and Daddy took an adult vacation where they could have hot sex and sleep late.

My journey began when I took a ferry ride to meet Cool Aunt Marna at Orient Point, Long Island. (Cool Aunt Marna told me on Fire Island, a fairy ride is much different). In the car leaving Orient Point, Cool Aunt Marna told me there would be no sleep 'til Brooklyn. I napped anyway.

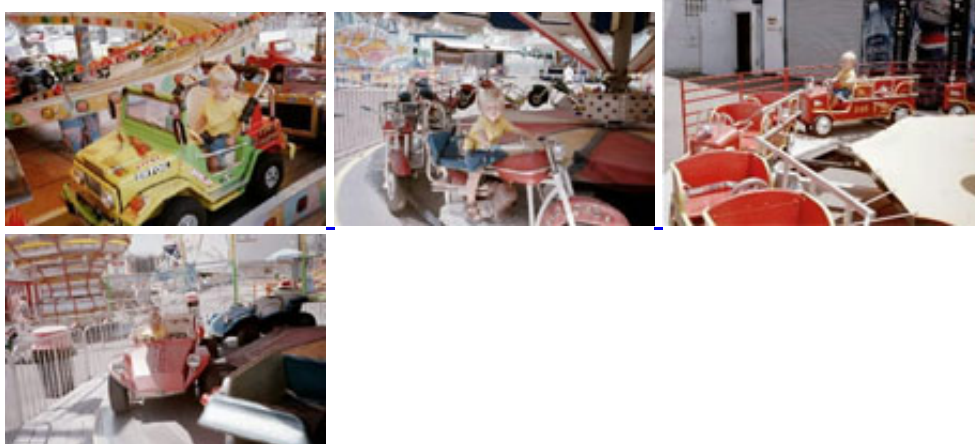
I was treated like a man at Cool Aunt Marna's house minus the tequila and condoms. I had my own double size bed with out bars. She called it my big boy bed. I found out a surprise MaxiPad rule: I had to learn to use the potty because Cool Aunt Marna didn't like changing diapers. She taught me how to grunt when I took a crap, flush the toilet, and spray poo-poo spray. I got so good at this, on some days I only used one diaper.



We wasted no time touring New York. On my first full day, we went to Central Park. I took a ride to the zoo in a handsome cab. When we got there, the horsey took a crap for me. That was better than the polar bear I saw at the zoo. Afterwards we went to the park playground where I played in the water moat. After I woke up from my nap under a tree, I crashed some 3-year old's birthday party and rode the carousel before we left.



My favorite day was Coney Island, a day that began with a burping, tattooed man on the subway. Since the freaks didn't appear to come out until noon, we went to the aquarium first and I got to touch a horseshoe crab and a starfish. We didn't have to go out on the beach to see a shark feeding. They do that at the aquarium too. After that, Cool Aunt Marna took me to the Coney Island kiddy rides.



I drove a jeep, a boat, a motorcycle, a fire engine, a car, and I rode a carousel horse and the swings. My Coney Island experience was almost complete... except for the freaks. I was ready for sword swallowers, midgets, bearded ladies and fire eaters. I'd already seen the fat ladies on the boardwalk. I almost made it to the show, but I passed out in my stroller. I made due with the freaks on the subway .



The playgrounds in New York were “da bomb.” I got to ride on a tire swing, play in the sand, go down slides, and wonder why the other kids had Jamaican nannies. Cool Aunt Marna even taught me a few choice phrases to use on the girls in the sandbox.



“Yo, yo babydoll. Come here often?”



My final two days in Brooklyn were a test of Cool Aunt Marna's patience. Daddy laughed at her and told her it was his evil plot to give her the “full Sam experience.” I got sick. Cool Aunt Marna decided to dose me up with Advil instead of shoving a thermometer up my butt. That helped a little, but the next day, when Cool Aunt Marna and I were leaving to go get more drugs at Rite Aid, she realized that the lock was broken and she was locked INSIDE the MaxiPad with me, the sick 2-year old. Since, it was going to take at least two hours for a locksmith to come and bust us out, I took a nap. When I woke up, Cool Aunt Marna was drinking beer and holding a letter opener chanting some nonsense about removing her ovaries. We eventually did drugs in the Rite Aid aisle and I starting feeling so good on the stroller ride home that I scored a milkshake from Mister Softee.

Camp Brooklyn rocked. Cool Aunt Marna made it so fun that I didn't have time to miss my parents.

"We go to Cool Aunt Marna's house?" I repeated in the car to Cool Aunt Marna as we drove home to Connecticut to return me to my rightful owners. I didn't want to return home — no Mister Softee, no good bagels, and no subway rides. When Cool Aunt Marna was leaving my house, I tried to return my toys to her car and sneak back with her.

"Sam, where are you going?" she said.

"Sammy's car!" I replied.

"Sam, I'm going back to Brooklyn to drink lots of beer and watch porn. We'll play again real soon," Cool Aunt Marna said.

"I love you Aunt Marna. Brooklyn rocks," I said as I watched her back down the driveway and head home towards civilization. I can't wait until next summer. I love New York.
