

# Flying the Potty-Mouthed Skies

by Con Chapman

*A children's book author was thrown off a flight when he began swearing about a delay, using the f-word.*

*News item.*

*“Uh-oh—Mr. Writer Man said a swear!”*

You know, people think being the best-selling author of the Pokey Little Bunny™ series of children's books is nothing but cream-filled cupcakes, but they're wrong. There's a lot of stress—I fly all over the country going to “story hours” in library basements where I have to somehow sit on a chair made for a five-year-old's butt and read to all the little snot-nosed brats with their adorable upturned faces. You can hardly blame me if I order *two* gin ‘n tonics as soon as I plop down in my f-kin' coach class seat that my CHEAPSKATE PUBLISHER won't let me upgrade on a twenty-four hour turnaround to the coast.

*" . . . and then the [bleepin'] bunny hopped over to Kitzi Witzi's house for a quick one."*

[BLEEP] him! And [BLEEP] my [BLEEPIN'] agent too, for getting me to sign a five-book contract right before Pokey Little Bunny hit it big, making The New York Times Top Ten Treacly Kids Book List—with no royalties! Yes I was advised by counsel, my brother-in-law the unemployed lawyer—[BLEEP] him too!



*"You kick my seat again, I'm going to stuff Pokey Little Bunny™ down your [BLEEPIN'] throat!"*

At least I've got my groupie—little 12-year-old Amanda Cynthia Henderson, who's been a fan of mine since she mastered "See Spot run!" I mean, there's nothing wrong with that, is there? Salman Rushdie didn't attract any babes until they pronounced a *fatwa* on him. Me—I went about it totally legal—adopted Amanda and everything, just like rock star Steven Tyler did when he wanted to date a toddler—I mean a teen. She's so precious!



FilmMagic

*Worth a fatwa.*

I help her put her tray down so she can snort a couple lines of Lik-m-Aid before take-off. It helps calm her down—that and the Pokey Little Bunny™ of course!



Goddamn it to hell, Amanda! What did you [BLEEPIN'] have to sneeze for! Now I've got pink and purple snot all over the Brooks Brothers cable knit cardigan sweater I so deliberately picked out in

order to look informal and casual—it helps give me that Mr. Rogers  
vibe that drives kids wild.



*What the well-dressed young children's book author is wearing.*

Where's the stewardess. Where is the [BLEEPIN']  
STEWARDESS? Oh, right, Amanda—ring the little bell and she'll  
come. Okay—here we go.



Excuse me—*excuse me?* EXCUSE ME—HEY! Who do I have to  
screw to get my [BLEEPIN'] gin and tonics like I asked for? You  
heard me—I said who do I have to . . .



Hey—no fair! You Transportation Security Guards are supposed to wear uniforms or something, aren't you? Let go of me! You're not . . . you wouldn't . . . you're not gonna—  
Please—NOT an atomic wedgie!

