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PLEASE HELP US FORGE THE ILLUSION OF NORMALCY - CLAIRE ZULKEY

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Here is the scenario:

Our brilliant, beautiful son will be turning 23 this spring. A junior at Stanford he is double-majoring in pre-med and business, so it's guaranteed that no matter what he does, he'll be a success! Our darling boy is popular with his elders and peers, and is an active participant on the lacrosse team, student government, and Habitat for Humanity. It should go without saying that our son is also handsome as can be! He is a parent's dream. It's probably for the best that the Missus had her tubes tied, because any additional children inevitably would have been disappointments. We're sure that one day he'll make an excellent husband and father.

This, at the moment, is the problem. We had second thoughts about sending our baby to Stanford, since we had heard of their rather "liberal" practices we figured that he was grown up enough to handle it on his own. However, while he was home for Christmas this year, he made a rather unsettling announcement to us.

"Mom, Dad," he said, taking a deep breath. "I'm gay."

Boy, did we have a good laugh about that one! He always was such a kiddo.

"Good one, son!" we said, wiping our tears away. But soon enough, we realized that he was telling the truth.

"No, really," he said, "I'm telling the truth."

Well, you could have just knocked us over with a feather. Don't get us wrong, we are not "closed-minded" people. We have several friends of various nationalities, and sometimes we even watch "Will and Grace." In a way, we would have loved to have a gay son, to show some of our more judgmental neighbors how open-minded and welcoming we actually are.

However, the problem lies here. The last living grandparent of the family, Gramma Ruth, is sadly on her last legs. And while we care more for her in life than in death, her grandchildren stand to inherit a great deal of money when she dies.

Gramma, unfortunately, was born in a less-understanding era than our own, and were it revealed that our son was of the homosexual persuasion, she would not be inclined to leave him any inheritance. Which is really a shame when you consider all the work he's done through his life, and that he'll be punished for what inevitably will prove to be a youthful, foolish indiscretion.

Thus, we turn to you, dear grifter. We need a woman to seduce, or at least

give the impression of seducing our dear, darling, misguided son. He is very persuadable (if anything, that is his greatest fault. Otherwise he wouldn't be in this pickle! Part of us believes that he is not really gay--he merely got talked into it). However, it will not be your responsibility to convert our son (although it wouldn't hurt). We learned our lesson when our neighbors, the Peppers, spent thousands of dollars on therapy for their son, Jay, who, if possible, is now straighter than before.

Use your feminine wiles, your well-honed sense of trickery, your years of conning men and turning tricks on the street to scrape together a living--we don't care. We will pay you \$5,000 a month, for as long as Gramma is still alive, to at least give a believable impression that our son likes girls. If you happen to convince him of that along the way, that's fine. We believe that you will find this to be a very good deal, and that you will find our child to be a breath of fresh air compared to the lonely and desperate derelicts you have doubt been servicing for the majority of your ignominious career. We also believe that if you have read thus far without having to consult a dictionary, you are also close to what we are looking for.

But we are not here to judge.

If you are going to be a member of our family, or at least appear to be so, there are a few requirements to which you must adhere.

You must be Caucasian. We realize the unfairness of this rule, and believe nothing would help the Mister's career more than by having a bit of "ethnicity" in the family. But, sadly enough, we believe Gramma would probably be much more upset with our child if he were with a "woman of color" than were he with a man.

On that note, you must also be Lutheran, or at least give a good impression thereof.

You must provide for your own wardrobe. We will not have you tramping around in thigh-high boots and pasties. That might have worked for Julia Roberts, but this is not a movie. We suggest Talbots. Their timeless yet sophisticated clothing will make you look respectable, and blend in well in our annual Christmas Photo--after all, you will be a member of the family!

You must not have any eating disorders, physical handicaps, or any special diets (although the Atkins diet is okay). We are a very busy family and do not have time for "special needs."

Also, you must be disease-free, if you know what we mean (and we think you do).

Please contact the attached number if you believe you make a good candidate. We hope you can bring the most of your years of trickery and sexual deviance into our loving family. Welcome in advance!