

## Synopsis & Book Preview

**(Author's note: The book preview and three sample chapters do NOT include page numbers. Also, this preview does NOT include the story's fairly lengthy introductory section titled "Events Prior to My Wacky Adventures.")**

Synopsis: Shortly after the death of the legendary King Arthur, the people of England and the Land of Camelot are searching for a new king. Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife, one of King Arthur's original "knights of the round table," stumbles upon a time-travel-remote device while walking in the woods near Camelot and while doing some soul-searching.

The Lady of the Lake (a lookalike of actress Helen Hunt) offers the young knight the opportunity to withdraw the fabled sword Excalibur from her tight grip, but the "wanting" knight lacks the personal character, overall, to claim the treasured sword and become the new king of England. Then the story's protagonist (a spitting image of actor Tobey Maguire) proclaims that he will go on a quest to become more virtuous and learn what it takes for him "to feel *and act* like a king."

Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife returns the time-travel-remote device to its owner, Willie C. Light, who resides in an estate in Beverly Hills. After spending eight days with Willie (a Hollywood stunt double for Mel Gibson) and Willie's 23-year-old daughter, Marilotta Light (a lookalike of actress Kirsten Dunst), the 25-year-old knight borrows Willie's main time machine, a 2009 Corvette, and begins his enlightening journey into time.

Right away, the protagonist meets God, who appears in the persona and diction of Jessica Simpson, one of the knight's favorite celebrities. Soon thereafter, the knight meets Aphrodite (aka Venus), the Greek goddess of love, and who

appears as a clone of the most attractive model/actress Carmen Electra.

Aphrodite has been heavenly sent by the Lord to act as the knight's guardian angel. God or Aphrodite helps the troubled knight throughout his wacky, adventurous, time travels, providing him with continuous, character-building, food-for-thought messages as he episodically and generally humorously attempts to fulfill his quest to feel *and act* like a king.

**(Scroll down for the “book preview”)**

**ONE  
KNIGHT  
STAND  
ON  
MOUNT OLYMPUS**

Print-on-demand Publishing Services by [Lulu.com](https://www.lulu.com)

**ONE KNIGHT STAND ON MOUNT OLYMPUS**

*The Wacky Adventures of Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife*

Rated PG-13 (some strong language/some sexual inferences)

Print-on-demand Publishing Services by Lulu.com

Cover/Back-cover Design by John M. Bartosh

**Orders: <http://www.OneSuperBook.com>**

Copyright © 2010 by John M. Bartosh

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission from the author, except for the inclusion of brief quotations or brief excerpts in a review.

ISBN: 978-0-557-53455-5

First Edition 2010 (Trade Paperback)

Printed in the United States of America

**T**O DANIELLE, a former co-worker from Evergreen, Colorado. Danielle, who read an earlier draft of this book, inspired me to rewrite portions of the book, edit it, and do everything within my ability to get this encouraging, publicly beneficial book published.

## About the Author

**A** NATIVE OF COLORADO who now resides in Evergreen, John M. Bartosh graduated from Golden High School in Golden, Colorado in 1965. Then he attended Mesa Junior



College in Grand Junction and received an Associates Degree before he transferred to Colorado State University in Fort Collins. John later completed his schooling at Metro State College in Denver, where he received a B.A. Degree in Psychology in 1971. With respect to other than his formal education, John said, “More important, as so many

people who have made their fair share of mistakes in life, I also graduated with honors from the ‘school of hard knocks.’”

John’s business background includes twenty-eight years of retail furniture sales and management. Along the way, he worked as a store manager and management-training manager for Furniture Row Companies, one of America’s largest privately owned furniture companies. John has authored and successfully marketed two self-published books on the subject of business leadership: *The Heart of Management* and *Practicing Dynamic Leadership in the Workplace*.

At the ripe age of sixty-two, John has learned that the most effective way to teach various aspects of self-improvement is to employ subtle, self-instructing, motivational techniques. The author said, “The elements of tact and humor in conjunction with the practice of basic or reverse psychology are also important. I tried to combine all of these factors in writing this book.”

As to what motivated John to write and complete *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus*, he said, “I began writing the book just

over eleven years ago, right after the tragedy at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado on April 20, 1999. Largely because I grew up just a few miles from Littleton, the appalling event really hit home with me. I became insistent from that day forward to do everything within my God-given talent and ability to do my part to insure that any such future senseless catastrophe, anywhere else and at any time, could be avoided. The deplorable and ill-fated incident at Columbine High School was in the forefront of my mind as I deliberately wrote each subsequent word of this socially important self-help book.”

The author added, “Few people in the world truly make an effort, almost daily, to help others. Oprah Winfrey and ‘Dr. Phil’ McGraw are two such people. Much of what I wrote in this book was inspired by the continuous psychological and motivational efforts of people like Oprah Winfrey and Dr. Phil McGraw. I sincerely thank all of those individuals who have been a positive influence in my life; particularly, I want to thank Oprah and Dr. Phil!”

Finally, John said, “I wasn’t born with a natural gift to write, particularly fiction. When I first started to put my pen to paper in writing this book, *eye strugguld wit bowth tha basik elements an tha fein pointz a wel grammir*. Or perhaps that should be: *I struggled with both the basic elements and the fine points of good grammar*. Anyway, I was saved, for the most part, when I purchased a handy little book titled *The Complete Idiot’s Guide to Grammar and Style*, written by Laurie E. Rozakis, Ph.D.

“For some unknown *idiotic* reason, and as compared with *The Chicago Manual of Style* or Kate Terabian’s *A Manual for Writers of Term Papers, Theses, and Dissertations*, I easily understood Rozakis’s rights and wrongs of sentence structure, word usage, spelling, punctuation, etc. For that valuable reference book, whether it was written for literary scholars or for ‘idiots,’ I am eternally grateful. Now, I hope that you will enjoy reading and learning from *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* as much as I enjoyed and learned from writing and editing it.”

## Foreword

**D**oes anybody in his or her right mind really believe that any just-published book could be *worth* a million dollars? Try to look at it this way: Any one of a multitude of material things—a precious gemstone, a valued work of art, a tract of undeveloped real estate, a luxurious home, a fancy yacht, etc.—is commonly purchased at a price of a million dollars or more.

Even a few, rare, historical books have sold in auctions for millions of dollars. For example, Leonardo da Vinci's *Codex Leicester*, a notebook filled with original drawings and notes and sketches, was purchased at auction in 1994 by Microsoft founder Bill Gates for an incredible \$30.8 million dollars. And James Audobon's *Birds of America* was auctioned in 2000 for \$8.8 million, the most expensive price ever paid to date for a printed book.

An unparalleled and superior *new* book might also be so treasured and be valued at a million dollars or more, especially if that extraordinary book would be of personal benefit, to some greater extent, to each and every human being on the face of the planet. With 50 character-enriching, life-improving lessons in living, *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus*—the most comprehensive, most educational, and most inspirational self-improvement literature written to date—could (and should) be considered such a book.

Many years ago, Barney Visser, founder and CEO of Denver-based Furniture Row Companies, once told me, “John, I don't completely understand what makes you tick, but you are the best leader of people that I have ever known.” Well, I've otherwise seldom been complemented for being in my “right mind,” so why should anybody be surprised that I am now inferring that my

recently revised, self-published, self-help book could or should be *worth* a million dollars?

Most of those who really know me would tell anybody who doesn't know me either one or both of these things: First, "There's generally a method to John's madness." Second, "Those who believe that the older-looking, bearded spokesperson for the popular Dos Equis beer commercials is 'the most interesting man in the world' haven't as yet met John Bartosh." By the way, I don't always drink beer. But when I do, I prefer an ice-cold mug of *Bud!*

On the bottom line, *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* will likely never be read by other than a handful of my relatives and friends unless I get very creative and do something out of the ordinary to bring *public awareness* to this truly outstanding self-improvement book. Generally speaking, unless an aspiring author already has a "household" name—a popular actor, a professional sports star, a politician, a talk-show host, a media personality, etc.—he or she will likely, as in my case, have to resort to self-publishing to kick-start his or her writing career.

I won't bore you with the details of my marketing plan for *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus*. Suffice it to say that if a major publishing house finally discovers this book and it becomes a runaway best-seller, then it will come to bear that there actually *was* a thread of genius intertwined with my upcoming book-promotion madness.

Tragic events such as those that took place in New York City, in Washington D.C., and in Pennsylvania on Tuesday, September 11, 2001 could happen anywhere, at any time. Ditto for tragic events such as the one that occurred at Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado on April 20, 1999, whereby two high school boys shot and killed twelve innocent students and one teacher/coach. Other appalling events, such as sexual assaults and/or murders of adults or sexual assaults and/or murders of children at the hands of pedophiles or other criminals, can also happen at any place and time.

To a greater extent, people commit horrific crimes either because *they don't like themselves* or because *they don't feel good about themselves* to varying degrees. When people sink into deeper depths of personal despair or when they experience total losses of

personal hope, increased self-hatred and hatred of others can build up to unbearable levels of frustration, severe depression, or personal anger. Highly negative thoughts and pent-up emotions can trigger actions of aggression, hostility, rage, road-rage, suicide, or other socially unacceptable patterns of behavior. In extreme cases, people can “snap,” mentally, and commit almost unthinkable, deplorable acts of violence. And people who are driven by radical religious beliefs or individuals who are mentally ill may also commit horrendous crimes.

As long as human beings may harbor self-hatred or feelings of revenge in their hearts, civilized people will be at risk. Violence in schools or elsewhere has no single solution. It simply isn't realistic to think that all or even most of the weapons in the world could be eliminated. *Only with more effective character education, through time, will it be possible to measurably reduce incidents of crime and violence in America and elsewhere.* More people should put their best efforts toward trying to take *all* weapons out of people's hearts!

*One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* won't be a cure-all for all of the ills that are affecting society today. And it won't stop all of the incidents of innocent people being killed at the hands of murderers or all of the incidents of kids killing kids in schools, etc. Nor will this book be a cure-all for all of the incidents of alcohol/drug-related fatal automobile accidents, all of the incidents of innocent people being critically injured or losing their lives in automobile accidents attributed to careless/reckless driving, or the multitude of circumstances of other abhorrent criminal behavior.

However, the thoroughly entertaining, thought-provoking, episodic narrative will boost attentive readers' self-confidence and self-esteem. Consequently, those individuals will *feel better* about themselves. And almost anyone who truly feels good about himself or herself simply does *not* have the personal desire or the personal incentive to smoke, drink excessively, use illegal drugs, or engage in any form of criminal activity. If this literature helps to improve the character and the lifestyle of just *one* serious reader, the entire literary project will have served its primary purpose.

Imagine for a moment the following scenario: Authors, comedy writers, educators, and leading politicians (representing all political parties) would be locked up in a room and asked to write *one* book—a light-hearted, more appealing, self-help book that would

address the issues of character, morality, ethics, and interpersonal communications. We would also ask that such a book should be strictly *nonpolitical* and *nondenominational*. The proposed book would neither promote any political viewpoint nor would it promote any particular religion or religious philosophy. Possibly, the world's leaders would combine their best efforts to write a book very much like the one that you are about to read.

*One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* contains an underlying, nondenominational, spiritual theme. But the book is *not* really about religion. Various religious founders are occasionally quoted, but their words of wisdom serve only to support many of the fifty nonfiction food-for-thought messages set forth in this otherwise fictional fable.

The book is about *you!* It is about character education and self-improvement for all teenagers and adults, including publicly known athletes, pop stars, models, entertainers, politicians, etc. The book is also about using good common sense and acquiring sound psychological principles for better living. In addition, the book is about reducing the incidents of crime and violence, worldwide. *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* represents my best individual effort to take *all* weapons out of people's *hearts* and help readers to become the *very best* that they can be!

They say that almost everybody has a good personal story to tell. If this were a contest for the world's all-time best "knight-time" tale or for the world's all-time best self-improvement/inspirational-fiction work, *One Knight Stand on Mount Olympus* would be my entry. The book may or may not win any awards for scholarly writing, but it should win a Pulitzer Prize in fiction for *literary value* with respect to its socially significant content.

## Table of Contents

Prologue . . . 17

Events Prior to My Wacky Adventures . . . 20

My Wacky Adventures . . . 47

*Episode One:*

**How My First “Knight” Out  
Ended Up in the Crapper . . . 47**

Lesson in Living: *Releasing Harmful Emotions*

*Episode Two:*

**Crossed Wires and Smoke Signals . . . 59**

Lesson in Living: *Overcoming Resistance to Positive Change*

*Episode Three:*

**“You’ve Got to be  
the Wackiest Knight from Camelot!” . . . 72**

Lesson in Living: *Replacing Aggressiveness with Assertiveness*

*Episode Four:*

**“Stick ‘em Up!” . . . 81**

Lesson in Living: *Improving Your Luck*

*Episode Five:*

**Reminiscent of “Eddie the Eagle” . . . 89**

Lesson in Living: *Decision Making*

*Episode Six:*

**Standing in Line for *One Million Years B.C.*  
Was Well Worth the Wait . . . 93**

Lesson in Living: *Patience and Persistence*

*Episode Seven:*

**“I Want My Mummy!” . . . 97**

Lesson in Living: *Accepting Personal Challenge*

*Episode Eight:*

**“Don’t Blink or You Might Get  
My Sweat in Your Eye!” . . . 103**

Lesson in Living: *Working Hard to Get What You Want*

*Episode Nine:*

**How I Won a Game of Beach Ball with “the Babe” . . . 107**

Lesson in Living: *Relieving Tension*

*Episode Ten:*

***It Happened in Paris* . . . 112**

Lesson in Living: *Positive Thinking*

*Episode Eleven:*

**Gandhi Would Have Laughed at this Little Joke . . . 115**

Lesson in Living: *Loving Yourself*

*Episode Twelve:*

**Two Bulls and the Louisville Lip  
Made Me Yell “No Mas! No Mas!” . . . 118**

Lesson in Living: *Taking Control of Your Life*

*Episode Thirteen:*

**“I’m having *Sweet Dreams* about YOU!” . . . 127**

Lesson in Living: *Overcoming Obstacles*

*Episode Fourteen:*  
**Why, Instead of Howling,  
I Cried on the Night of a “Bad Moon Rising” . . . 131**  
Lesson in Living: *Solving Problems*

*Episode Fifteen:*  
***All the President’s Men—and Women* . . . 137**  
Lesson in Living: *Your Right to be Wrong*

*Episode Sixteen:*  
**From a Knight to a “King” . . . 145**  
Lesson in Living: *Bouncing Back*

*Episode Seventeen:*  
**Time Out for “R & R” . . . 149**  
Lesson in Living: *Rest and Relaxation*

*Episode Eighteen:*  
**My Knight Wings Left Me *Moonstruck* . . . 151**  
Lesson in Living: *Setting Lofty Goals*

*Episode Nineteen:*  
**“Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star;  
Oh, I Wonder Who You Are?” . . . 155**  
Lesson in Living: *Learning*

*Episode Twenty:*  
**All Cigarette Lighters Should Be Knight Proof . . . 158**  
Lesson in Living: *Inspiration*

*Episode Twenty-one:*  
**“Knightmare” on Fremont Street . . . 160**  
Lesson in Living: *Wealth and Prosperity*

*Episode Twenty-two:*  
**An Evening “In” at “Knight-in-the-Box” . . . 168**  
Lesson in Living: *Creativity*

*Episode Twenty-three:*

**It Came Down to Sir Lancelot and Me . . . 172**

Lesson in Living: *Striving for Personal Excellence*

*Episode Twenty-four:*

**Shrimp Cocktails—Giant Dreams . . . 178**

Lesson in Living: *Achieving Your Dreams*

*Episode Twenty-five:*

**This Story's a "Real Croc"! . . . 184**

Lesson in Living: *Cooperation and Open-minded Thinking*

*Episode Twenty-six:*

**The Slap Shot that Broke the Ice  
between the "Great One" and Me . . . 188**

Lesson in Living: *Good Sportsmanship*

*Episode Twenty-seven:*

**My Knight Blues Left Me  
Singing the "Jailhouse Rock" . . . 192**

Lesson in Living: *Escaping from Loneliness*

*Episode Twenty-eight:*

**A Truly Divine Idea . . . 196**

Lesson in Living: *Being "For" Instead of "Against" Things*

*Episode Twenty-nine:*

**How I Turned My "Brown Eyes" Blue . . . 204**

Lesson in Living: *Humility*

*Episode Thirty:*

**Two-stepping My Way across the Deck of this Boat  
Nearly Drowned Me in the "Sea of Love" . . . 207**

Lesson in Living: *Finding True Romance*

*Episode Thirty-one:*

**Knight Vision Isn't Always 20-20 . . . 219**

Lesson in Living: *Giving Yourself a Pat on the Back*

*Episode Thirty-two:*  
**Three Charming Knight Angels  
Who Helped Me “See the Light” . . . 227**  
Lesson in Living: *Sensitivity*

*Episode Thirty-three:*  
**“Sometimes, it’s Fun Being Me!” . . . 232**  
Lesson in Living: *Enthusiasm*

*Episode Thirty-four:*  
**A Knight to Forgive  
and a Night to Forget . . . 238**  
Lesson in Living: *Forgiveness*

*Episode Thirty-five:*  
**While Working on this “Planet,”  
I Saw Lots of “Stars”! . . . 242**  
Lesson in Living: *Practicing the “Golden Rule”*

*Episode Thirty-six:*  
**“Book ‘em, Danno!” . . . 249**  
Lesson in Living: *Going by the Heart*

*Episode Thirty-seven:*  
**To Love and “Bee” Loved . . . 253**  
Lesson in Living: *To Love and Be Loved*

*Episode Thirty-eight:*  
**Hollering in a Knight’s Ear  
Can Make Him Go Deaf! . . . 256**  
Lesson in Living: *Listening Attentively*

*Episode Thirty-nine:*  
**How I Got It Off My Chest—and Hers! . . . 260**  
Lesson in Living: *Getting It Off Your Chest*

*Episode Forty:*  
**Super Knight . . . 265**  
Lesson in Living: *Teamwork*

*Episode Forty-one:*  
**This “Knight-time” Tale  
Makes a Lot of Horse Sense! . . . 269**  
Lesson in Living: *Giving Effective Instructions*

*Episode Forty-two:*  
**If He Was Such a Nice Guy,  
Why Did They Call Him “the Man in Black”? . . . 272**  
Lesson in Living: *Exercising Your Power of Persuasion*

*Episode Forty-three:*  
**“Harry, this Bud’s for YOU!” . . . 275**  
Lesson in Living: *Motivating Others*

*Episode Forty-four:*  
**“Stop! You’re Killing Me!” . . . 279**  
Lesson in Living: *Leadership*

*Episode Forty-five:*  
**Bobbing for Apples—  
Coming Up with Egg on My Face . . . 282**  
Lesson in Living: *Dealing with People*

*Episode Forty-six:*  
**A Little Gift—to Help You  
Get through Your Days and “Knights” . . . 286**  
Lesson in Living: *Artistic Expression*

*Episode Forty-seven:*  
**Down and Almost Out  
Until I Took My First Ride on a Harley . . . 289**  
Lesson in Living: *Friendship*

*Episode Forty-eight:*  
**Leave It to Me to Start  
with the Only Exception to this “Rule” . . . 292**  
Lesson in Living: *Looking for the Good in Others*

*Episode Forty-nine:*  
**From “Knight Rider” to Knight Writer . . . 295**  
Lesson in Living: *Sharing and Giving*

*Episode Fifty:*  
**The “Knight” that Was Darkest  
Right before the Dawn . . . 304**  
Lesson in Living: *Illuminating Your Dark Side*

**Epilogue . . . 319**

**Acknowledgments . . . 321**

**Ordering Information . . . 323**

## Prologue

*Barnes & Noble Booksellers;  
Caresville, California; November 15, 2011*

**S**OME 200 PEOPLE WERE ON HAND for my scheduled book-reading and book-signing engagement at Barnes & Noble Booksellers in Caresville, California. Almost every seat in the bookstore's spacious public-events room was occupied.

Richard Johnson, the bookstore manager, who had been sitting beside me before the proceedings began, stood up and announced, "Good morning, everyone! Today, it is my pleasure to introduce all of you to a very special guest. As many of you already know, this young man is from Camelot. He has recently been visiting a number of bookstores all across our country and throughout the world. His autobiography, *The Wacky Adventures of Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife*, has been at the top of the *New York Times* Best Seller list for the past fourteen weeks. We are both privileged and honored that he has accepted our invitation to come here and speak to us in person. Ladies and gentlemen, let's show our utmost appreciation and extend our warmest welcome to *Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife!*"

As I walked up to the podium, I received a thunderous, standing ovation. I tried to relax and better prepare myself to address the highly receptive audience. Except for my helmet, which I had placed under the chair when I first sat down, I was dressed in my full suit of armor.

After the applause died down, I said, "Thank you! And I'd like to thank Mr. Johnson, the store manager, for inviting me here today. Indeed, I am from the Land of Camelot. I'm one of the surviving members of King Arthur's exalted 'Knights of the Round Table.'

"Many of you may be asking how Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife or any other medieval knight could still be living.

Obviously, I'm not 1,400 years old. But the answer is simple: I accidentally discovered a time machine, which has made it possible for me to travel, among other times and places, to twenty-first century America.

"Lately, I've had to remind myself, at times, that I *really am* from Camelot. However, it's been easy for me to adapt to your time and culture. I'm already spoiled by numerous modern-day conveniences.

"Take the Post Office, for example. Just last night, I started to write a letter to a friend of mine in Camelot. After scribbling a few lines, I paused and asked myself, 'How am I going to get a letter delivered to someone who lives approximately *fourteen centuries* from here?' And when I stopped to think about it, I knew that I would have a problem with *postage*. After all, how much would it cost for a *stamp* to send a letter as far as 1,400 years into time? Needless to say, I gave up on the idea of writing a letter to my friend.

"In case you haven't heard about me up to now, I'm not too surprised. Sir Thomas Malory didn't bother to write about me in his *Le Morte d'Arthur*, the most popular account of the Arthurian legend.

"I can't blame Malory for not making mention of me in his historical epoch. During Arthur's reign as King of England, I wanted to stake my claim to fame. But I never really did anything that gave me any public notoriety. More prominent and romantic figures such as King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, and Sir Lancelot captured the lion's share of Malory's attention. Those three characters hogged most of the glory from the Golden-Age-of-Chivalry era in England.

"Shortly after the quirky and peculiar 'life and times' of King Arthur, I found my way under the spotlight. But when the bright beam finally shined on me, the illumination put me in the limelight among onlookers who lived in the future—people from the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. I didn't think that any of my friends or knightly colleagues in England would really understand the time-travel-remote device that I found or the freakish chain of events that swept me off my feet and altered the course in my life. So I haven't told anyone who lives back in the Land of Camelot

about my mostly amusing or whimsical episodes, except for Spirit, my loyal talking horse.

“Now that my autobiography has been published and has been so readily received, I am anxious to talk about my generally wacky but personally enlightening adventures with people everywhere. Perhaps millions of teenagers and young adults will be entertained and individually benefit, in one way or another, from my recent travels and personal experiences. In any case, I’d like to share my extraordinary and hopefully inspirational story with you . . .”

# My Wacky Adventures

*Episode One:*

## How My First “Knight” Out Ended Up in the Crapper

Lesson in Living:  
*Releasing Harmful Emotions*

*Denver, Colorado; July 27, 2010; 4:45 p.m.*

**I** DIDN'T WANT TO GET CARRIED AWAY on the first day of my journey. Furthermore, I was already tired from a week of preparation for my trip. I just wanted to try out the time machine and get some rest. I planned to spend my first night out in Denver, Colorado. So I set the date/time/destination controls on the time-travel module, which was located on the dash in the Corvette, for a couple of months into the future and for Denver. Little did I know then that it would turn out to be a “knight” to remember!

After I pressed the green *Go* button, I disappeared. Then about as fast as I could blink, the car, with me in it, reappeared. The shiny, metallic-red Vette “energized” on a busy street near downtown Denver.

Everywhere I looked, I saw people and cars—stop-and-go, bumper-to-bumper driving. Willie had mentioned that I might get caught up, at times, in rush-hour traffic when I visited bigger cities. He wasn't kidding. After driving in Hollywood, though, the

crowded streets in Denver seemed mild by comparison. Besides, my nerves had calmed down when I realized that the time machine was functioning correctly.

I had decided to stop at the first motel I saw. But first I wanted to get something to eat—just a hamburger or two and a drink that I could take with me to my room.

As I drove down the road, I saw a Burger Castle directly ahead. “My kind of place,” I said to myself. I didn’t feel like getting out of the car and having a bunch of people ask me why I was wearing a full suit of armor. So when I pulled into the fast-food joint, I drove around to the drive-up window.

“I’ll have that #1 Knight Meal Deal and a large Pepsi,” I said, after I stopped at the menu-speaker stand.

“Do you want our special ‘Guinevere’s Tartar Sauce’ with those fries, Sir?”

“Yeah, I guess. I didn’t know that Guinevere made a tartar sauce.”

“What did you say, Sir?”

“Never mind! Yes, I’ll try the tartar sauce.”

“Please pull up to the first window.”

I did, but I forgot to take off my helmet. When the cute little brunette handed me my order, she laughed and asked, “Why are you dressed up as if you were Sir Lancelot or somebody? Are you on your way to a Halloween party in the final week of July?”

“Sweetheart, it’s a long story. You might get the chance to hear or to read about it someday,” I replied, getting in the last laugh.

After I picked up my food order, I drove about two blocks down the street and pulled into the Lost Knight Motel. I checked into my room, laid my helmet down on one of the bedside night tables, and sat down to eat my dinner.

Then, after I ate, I unloaded my duffel bag. I knew that something was missing. Suddenly, it dawned on me. I raised my hands high above my head and yelled, “Damn! I forgot to pack my *toothbrush!*” The bad taste in my mouth from that damn Guinevere’s Tartar Sauce should’ve been my first clue that my journey was destined to get off to a *sour* start.

Sure enough, things got worse. My stomach started aching. I wanted to get some badly needed rest and overcome my stomach

ache, so I leaped, spread eagle and face up, right in the middle of my king-size bed.

Several hours elapsed. I had experienced more and more stomach pain as the time slowly ticked off the clock. Then I developed a slight headache. I got up and I went into the bathroom. I needed something to take for my aches and pains. When I reached above the sink and opened the medicine cabinet, I said to myself, “Ah, here’s a bottle of cod liver oil.” I took a couple of swigs. “I need a fast-acting laxative. I hope that this will do the trick.”

I dampened a towel and wrapped it around my forehead. Then I went back to bed. I tossed and turned for over an hour. I just couldn’t go to sleep.

All at once I opened my eyes, and I looked out of the window. Superman (the late Christopher Reeve) was outside on the sidewalk. He had been “examining” my tummy through the window with his dual X-ray vision.

Seeing Superman, in person, for the first time was strange. With his broad shoulders, well-defined pectoral and abdominal muscles, together with his bulging biceps and calf muscles—all stretching that predominately blue spandex suit—and that long, streamlined, red, satin cape, the Man of Steel appeared to be all that he was advertised to be—“more powerful than a locomotive, faster than a speeding bullet, and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.”

Curiously, a big mirror was fastened to the ceiling, directly over my bed. As both of Superman’s red eye-beams focused on my stomach, I looked into the mirror and saw a reflection of what was ailing me.

Superman’s X-ray vision showed that my tummy and intestines were filled with: fear, doubt, worry, unhappiness, depression, frustration, resentment, anger, hatred, etc. Superman could see that I was hurting, but that damn “S” man didn’t come to my rescue! Instead, he flew away as if he were a coward and as if he were fleeing from a fight.

“I really feel bloated,” I moaned, holding my stomach firmly with both hands. “God, I wish that someone would help me!”

Instantly, I saw the image of a very sexy lady. She stood just a few feet off to the right side of my bed. The dazzling longhair

blonde reminded me of Jessica Simpson, one of my favorite movie stars. In fact, after I studied her shapely figure for a few seconds, I was pretty certain that she *was* Jessica Simpson!

With a look of bewilderment etched on my face, I asked, “Are my eyes deceiving me, or are you *Jessica Simpson*?”

“Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife, your eyes *are* and they are *not* deceiving you.” Now, I really *was* confused. Jessica or whoever continued, “You see, Wantsalittle, it appears to you that I am Jessica Simpson. But I would rather that you call me by my real name—*God!*”

I got more and more confused by the second. “You mean ‘God’ with respect to the idea that you are acting out the part of God?”

“No, I mean ‘God’ as a matter of FACT! The truth is, Wantsalittle, I’ve been watching just about every move that you’ve made since that day in Camelot—the day you proclaimed that you were going on a quest. I recall that you said something about your wanting to ‘become more worldly’ and to ‘feel *and act* like a king.’”

“Yes, Lord. Then I found a—”

“Yeah, yeah. You discovered a time-travel-remote device, traveled to Beverly Hills, met Willie C. Light, etc., etc.”

“God, as you obviously know, I stayed with Willie and his daughter for just over a week. Through that time, Willie and Marilotta taught me a lot about American history, world history, and prepared me for my journey into time.”

“Wantsalittle, in a very short period of time, you learned quite a bit about history and about contemporary news events. The truth is, however, that you need to know much more, particularly about American celebrities who you are apt to meet and speak with during your continuing quest to feel *and act* like a king.”

“Are you saying that my eight days of cramming for knowledge while I was staying with Willie didn’t thoroughly prepare me for my travels?”

“That’s right, but don’t despair. *Right now*, I am going to further “educate” you by bestowing within you just enough more personal knowledge—basic information about both people and places—to help you as you proceed on your journey toward self-improvement.”

“Thanks, God, but something is wrong here!” I exclaimed. “For heaven’s sake, the Lord isn’t a *woman*, is he—e-r-r—is *she*?”

God giggled and replied, “Wantsalittle, your words reflect your chauvinistic attitude. What makes you think that ‘God’ couldn’t be a *woman*?”

My mouth and eyes were wide open, and I was simply speechless for a few moments. Then I gathered what little senses I had left and tried to answer God’s question. “I never considered the idea that our ‘Supreme Being’ or ‘the Creator’ or ‘the Lord’ or ‘God Almighty’ could be a *female*! God, you’re certainly an eyeful of heaven! I just adore that half-unbuttoned and rather-revealing pink blouse. You certainly are well-endow—”

God interrupted me before I could complete my well-intended compliment. “Now I’m beginning to understand why your birth name was ‘Wantsalittle Morenooky.’ Please keep in mind just *who* it is that you are speaking with, okay?”

I was a little embarrassed about trying to flirt with the Lord. I thought about adding some nice comments with respect to the rest of her ravishing physique and sexy attire—things such as: her distinguished, entrancing, light-blond hair; her short, cut-just-above-the-knee, powder-blue skirt with a lengthy left-side slit; and her long, slender, stunning legs. But I decided not to push my luck. Instead, I asked, “Why do you look so much like Jessica Simpson?”

“Wantsalittle, did you know that I, being God, can *read your mind*? In your thoughts, and while your eyes were ‘covering all of the bases,’ how come you failed to recognize my pink, three-inch-heel, genuine-leather pumps?”

“Oh, Lord, I’m so sorry! But you must admit that you *are* a real ‘knockout’!”

“Thanks, *I think*, for that nice compliment. I wanted to appear before you in a human form. I knew that Jessica Simpson was one of your favorite entertainers. So I thought that I would sort of clone Jessica and give you somebody to talk with who could be most appealing to you. Tell me, Wantsalittle, does *this* body and does my meticulous choice of costume fill the bill?”

“Absolutely! I don’t know whether to address you as ‘God’ or as ‘*Goddess*’!”

Earnestly amused, the Lord roared in laughter at my last remarks. Then she said, “By the way, you really don’t know, for certain, whether or not that God is a male or a female. And I’m *not*

going to tell you. You'll just have to keep wondering, like everyone else. Let me just ask you this: Really, does it matter?"

I hesitated before I replied, "No, I guess not."

"Your response doesn't seem to reflect your true feelings. I think you believe that 'God' has to be a man, or at least of the male gender. Maybe I should have appeared before you as—"

Quicker than I could blink, and before God could finish her sentence, she then presented herself in an all-white suit, including a white dress shirt and tie; the Lord assumed the persona of Morgan Freeman, the famous and most talented actor who portrayed God in *Bruce Almighty* and *Evan Almighty*—two very funny films, also starring Jim Carey, that I saw while I was staying at Willie's.

Before I could offer a comment, the Lord said, "Or, Wantsalittle, perhaps you would have preferred to see me as one of your likely favorite sports' stars." Suddenly, God stood at the foot of the bed with a golf club—a putter—in her right hand. Attired in black slacks, a crimson-red golf shirt, and a black ball cap with the Nike checkmark-like logo pictured on the front of it, the Lord appeared in the human form of Tiger Woods. The world's top-ranked golfer, probably the best ever in his sport, looked at me, anxiously, as if he were expecting me to guess his name and profession. Jessica—I mean—Morgan—I mean—Tiger—*whoever* the Lord was pretending to be—*she* or *he* tossed the putter aside. "If you don't play golf, or if you don't recognize me as 'Tiger Woods,' do you like *basketball*?"

Of course, I had recognized Tiger Woods. Who in the world wouldn't? But I had just experienced another sharp pain in my stomach, and I wasn't able, at that time, to speak. I just nodded my head, affirmatively, and played along with God while he or she continued to show off his or her divine powers. Even though I wasn't feeling well, I was both amazed and a bit amused by the Lord's quirky version of *What's My Line?*—a popular game show that first aired on CBS in 1950. I could hardly wait to see "who" God had next in mind. Just a few seconds elapsed before I lifted my head off the pillow and asked, "Aren't you LeBron James, #23, from the Cleveland Cavaliers?"

"Yes, but most of my fans refer to me as 'King' James," the Lord replied, jokingly.

Moments later, I stared, upward, into the big brown eyes of Carmelo Anthony, another young NBA superstar from the Denver Nuggets. “Hi, my ‘Melo’ man,” I said, fantasizing momentarily, as if he were one of my closest friends.

Still assuming her stance as Carmelo Anthony, dressed in a white-with-blue-and-gold-trim Nuggets’ basketball jersey, #15, and blue jeans, God inquired, “Who’s your favorite, currently active, football player?”

“That’s easy. It’s Pey—”

The Lord was reading my mind. Before I could spit out his full name, Peyton Manning, future Hall of Fame quarterback of the Indianapolis Colts, #18, stood at the foot of the bed, a Wilson Official NFL Super Bowl XLI football in one hand, a black Sharpie permanent marker in the other hand. God asked, “Wantsalittle, do you want my autograph?”

“Sure—if you sign the football with *Peyton Manning’s* name, instead of yours!”

The Lord, after showing me a brief *super*-wide grin, just said, “That figures,” as he or she reluctantly autographed the football.

After God handed me the signed, official, Super Bowl XLI football, she reassumed her guise as Jessica Simpson. “Wantsalittle, would you rather that I make my appearance, and perhaps future appearances, on your behalf in a *male* human form or as a *female*?”

“That’s a tough question to answer. As you obviously know, I do sincerely admire the five male personalities—one fantastic actor and four superstar athletes—that you so graciously and so accurately imitated. It is more fun, though, if not also more exciting to me, that you are presenting yourself in my presence in the persona, including diction and voice, of *Jessica Simpson*. Thank you, Lord, for your great sense of humor and for your utmost consideration!”

“You’re very welcome. Now, let’s discuss some more serious matters. You are traveling around in Willie C. Light’s time machine, in hot pursuit of your praiseworthy goals; at least, you are in search of those adventures that may provide you with the knowledge and the experience necessary for you to fulfill your commendable dreams. As you embark on your quest, you could become a legend in your own ‘time,’ as well as other ‘times.’ On the bottom line, I have a vested interest in your ultimate success.”

I wasn't sure what the Lord meant by "vested interest." "God, why is *my* success so important to you?"

"To begin with, I'd like to see anyone achieve to the best of his or her abilities and live a happier and more prosperous life. People look up to, admire, and are motivated by good example-setters. Wantsalittle, I've noticed that your intentions have always been in pretty good order."

"Well, I'm glad that I've done something right!"

"The idea that you're upset about such things as 'authoritarian leadership' and a form of government that 'deprives the common people' shows me that, by and large, you're conscientious and that you care about the welfare of your fellow man. I'd like for you to become a great example-setter. And I'd like for you to be regarded by millions of teenagers and young adults, throughout the world, as a true hero. In other words, I would like for you to mature, mentally, and personally grow into your best true self. But as of now, *character-wise*, you've got a few jagged edges to round off and some minor rough spots to smooth out. In particular, I'm concerned about the facts that you drink way too much, that you can't control your bad temper, and that you frequently display aggressive patterns of behavior."

"Yes, I'll admit to those faults and a few others."

"Wantsalittle, I haven't mentioned, up to now, some of your other noteworthy personal problems—your generally sexist-minded approach toward women, for instance."

A bit embarrassed and a little angered, I exclaimed, "Good God, Lord! Is there *anything* that you don't already know about me?"

The Lord's mood and disposition suddenly took a downward turn. Her big, bewitching, brown eyes now reflected traces of red. God squinted, slightly, and glared at me through demonic, piercing eyes. Then she shouted, "I guess that you failed to hear me when I said it was time to talk about 'some more serious matters'! Wantsalittle, it may appear to you that I am just another pretty face—someone who you can easily joke around with, perhaps make fun of, or tease by way of your snide, sometimes sexually inferring quips and comments. By God, Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife, I am your Lord! God Almighty! Your Creator! Young man, it wouldn't hurt for you to show me a little more respect!"

As God yelled and screamed at me in an explosive, thunderous outburst, I noticed that she had a bit of a bad temper, herself. I did my best to disguise the excruciating pain in my stomach. I would have been embarrassed for God to know *all* of what was ailing me. But I should have known that I couldn't keep *any* secrets from the Lord.

When the Lord calmed down, she said, "Wantsalittle, it looks as though you're really hurting inside, and I don't think that you've got a case of the stomach flu. As I see it, some of your negative thoughts and emotions are plugging you up, restricting your capacity to have faith in me, and damaging your self-confidence and your self-esteem."

"What do you recommend?" I asked, while also thinking that God was my best hope of pulling my first night on the road out of the crapper!

Then the Lord replied, "I mentally picked up on that 'crapper' thought of yours!"

"I didn't mean to make light of—"

God broke in and said, "That's all right, Wantsalittle. Your God *does* have a keen sense of humor, at least most of the time. Believe it or not, I like to laugh and joke around as much as anybody. Your wry sense of humor and sometimes wit-spoken words reflect your charming and good-hearted nature. I don't want you to lose those fine personal qualities. Please don't take offense or to heart my earlier, momentary lapse of patience with you. I'm confident that, through time, you will better understand the importance of communicating with more tact, when it's called for, and you'll learn to listen more attentively. And as you further mature, morally and ethically, from your upcoming virtue-seeking adventures and experiences, you will become more respectful of others and more sensitive to others' individual needs."

The Lord paused for a few seconds, then she continued, "Wantsalittle, the real drama in your life—what should make your life more entertaining, more challenging, and more rewarding—will be played out according to how you act and react to various adverse circumstances and conditions. By the time the curtain falls on your forthcoming journey, ending the accelerated stage of what should be your *steadfast* or *nonstop drive* for self-development and personal growth, you will possess an uncommon strength of morality and an

exceptional standard of ethics—character traits more befitting of a king.”

My already aching stomach condition had gradually worsened as the Lord spewed her lengthy, perhaps-scholarly discourse or oration or whatever she might have chosen to call it. All I could think of, throughout God’s sermon, was my “*steadfast or nonstop drive*” to rush into the bathroom. I said, “Lord, your concern for my better interests, character-wise, has touched my heart. And your forecast for my eventual wellbeing has been respectfully noted. But what do you think that I should do, RIGHT NOW, *TONIGHT*, to rid myself of some of my more negative thoughts and dreadful innermost emotions?”

“Wantsalittle, we’re not going to be able to solve all of your problems in one sitting. It’s going to take some time and patience. Really, the first thing I think that you should do is to go into the other room and try to ‘royally flush’ some of your ‘angels in black.’”

“What do you mean by ‘angels in black’?” I asked, reluctantly. I was afraid that God’s answer would likely be detailed and delay my inevitable trip to the toilet.

“The expression ‘angels in black’ is symbolic of your negative thoughts, bad habits, harmful emotions, etc.—any and all personal thoughts and personal behaviors that YOU perceive to be ‘skeletons hanging in your closet’—everything that reflects your darker side. You should clear your system of harmful emotional waste. Then try to fill your heart with more positive thoughts and emotions—things like: joy, self-love, love of others, love of your God, faith in your God’s goodness, belief in yourself, your worthwhile individual goals, and your precious personal dreams.”

“That’s going to take *some doing* on my part!”

“That might be an understatement!” God exclaimed. “For quite some time now, you’ve likely been trying, consciously or subconsciously, to suppress the feelings of your darker side. If your personal truths cause you to fear your angels in black, you must come to understand that such fear is not founded in universal reality. Your fear signifies personal false beliefs, not universal truths.”

“I really appreciate your willingness to help me, Lord. What else can I do, NOW, to work on my false beliefs?”

“The Bible states, ‘As a man thinks in his heart, so is he.’ (Proverbs 23:7) Your heart is at the center of all your attitudes, goals, feelings, and actions. As you think with the attitude of self-confidence, for instance, you will be self-confident. Try to ‘see the light’ of your positive thoughts and emotions. As you do, you’ll be able to release your enemies within! That’s about all that I can suggest at this time.”

“Thanks, my Lord! When will I see you again?”

“Wantsalittle, I’m not sure that you will see me again, at least not until that day comes when you may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. In the meantime, considering your obviously sexist-minded attitude toward women, I have someone special in mind to send your way. You can think of her as your guardian angel.”

“Lord, who in the world are you talking about?”

“Let that be a celestial surprise. I will give you one little hint: This woman is perfectly suited to address—perhaps I should say ‘to *undress*’—your male-chauvinistic mindset. And I will grant her all of the divine powers that she needs to help you in every respect for as long as you continue on your journey to personal enlightenment.”

“God, whatever you say and whoever you have in mind to be my guardian angel are okay with me. But I sure had high hopes of your future appearances before me in the lovely human form of Jessica Simpson.”

“Wantsalittle, I’ll bet that you did have ‘high’ hopes. You have to understand that I have more than 6 billion humanoids to take care of here on Earth. Most of these people pray to me and ask for my help, especially in times of dire personal need. But you won’t be disappointed with my able-bodied and very attractive assistant.”

“When will I meet my guardian angel?”

“That’s up to you. You are welcome to request her presence at any time! Of course, you won’t know her name until you meet her. But that doesn’t matter. Wantsalittle, whenever you seek divine guidance on a particular subject, simply ask a relevant question. Your guardian angel will expeditiously answer the call. And who knows? If my very busy schedule permits, perhaps I will appear before you, again, at times, to answer your questions and to help you in your pursuit of becoming a better man.”

“Okay, Lord. In case I don’t see you again in this life form, I want to sincerely *thank you* for dropping by to visit with me,

personally. Willie C. Light, Marilotta Light, and my friends back in Camelot wouldn't believe my 'heavenly sent' good fortune, right from the outset of my quest and journey into time."

Jessica—e-r-r—God started to walk toward the door. Then she stopped and turned around. She said, "By the way, Superman *was* coming to your rescue. I used mental telepathy, of sorts, to give him the idea that you already had a 'protecting angel.' Then Superman flew off to take care of other important matters."

"Thank you for telling me! That renews my confidence in the 'S' man." The Lord just snickered, and then she suddenly disappeared.

Still sprawled out on the bed in my motel room, my stomach pains had become all but unbearable. I knew that, somehow, I had to eliminate the oppressive pain. Tightly gripping my gut, I crawled off the bed and labored to get into the bathroom.

When I finally entered the restroom, I braced myself against the wall with one hand and held onto the bathroom doorknob, then the towel rack, and then the shower rod with the other hand, waddling my way along to the toilet. Then I made good use of the white porcelain fixture, going "#2."

When I got up and flushed the toilet, I saw the words: fear, doubt, worry, unhappiness, depression, guilt, resentment, anger, hatred, frustration, envy, tension, impatience, etc.—all of these self-limiting emotional terms swirled in the water just before they were sucked down the drain. Temporarily, at least, I had cleared my body of negative thoughts and harmful emotions.

On my way back to bed, I smiled and said, "Whew! It's a real relief to flush away some of the crap that has been constipating my thinking!"

(The moral of this episode: Replace negative emotions with more positive ones!)

*Episode Two:*

## **Crossed Wires and Smoke Signals**

Lesson in Living:  
*Overcoming Your Resistance to Positive Change*

*D.I.A. (Denver International Airport); July 28, 2010; 10:00 a.m.*

**T**HE NEXT MORNING I FELT REFRESHED and ready to go. What a difference it made to get a good night's sleep. I went outside and looked around. "Wow! It's a terrific day," I said to myself. "Today, I would like to do a couple of things: I want to take my first ride on an airplane, and I want to see Las Vegas."

I packed my things, and I left the motel. I drove a few miles east of Denver to D.I.A. I had planned to leave the Corvette at the airport and take the time-travel remote with me to Las Vegas. That way I could program the remote to transfer the car to Las Vegas, and I wouldn't have to take a plane back to Denver to retrieve the vehicle.

After I got to the airport, I bought a one-way ticket to Vegas. I only had to pay seventy-nine dollars. They gave me a good discount because some lady had just canceled her reservation; they wanted to fill her seat.

I thought that my day was going to get off to a flying start. But I encountered a problem at Concourse "K" when I attempted to get through the metal detector to board the plane. A sign posted above the security archway read, "PLACE ALL BAGS AND METAL OBJECTS HERE."

I did my best to be inconspicuous. After I put my duffel bag, war club, and ax on the passenger-check-through belt, I tried to slip,

undetected, through the security area. Suddenly, glowing, red, flashing lights came on. A deafening alarm sounded. The loud noise startled me, and the alarm drew the attention of dozens of airline passengers, who were in the immediate vicinity.

I should've realized that my *full suit of armor* would trigger the alarm. I was thoroughly embarrassed by the incident. Fortunately, I had the visor down on my helmet; nobody saw the blood rushing to my sweat-dampened, ruby-red face.

To make matters worse, two security guards rushed over and hurriedly carried me away. I trembled from head to toe. My quivering left hand held an airline ticket that had "VIVA LAS VEGAS" and "FUN JET" boldly typed across the front of it. "Some fun this idea turned out to be," I said.

Then the guards hustled me to the front door. "We suggest that you choose another mode of transportation," one of the guards said, showing a sneer on his face.

After the security men released me and returned my bag and my weapons to me, outside the main terminal, I raised my war club and said, "You guys wouldn't be so brave if it wasn't for the fact that there are two of you and that you both are toting those big black revolvers!"

"I'm only going to tell you this once, pal," the other guard said, after pulling out his pistol and pointing it at me. "Put down that big club of yours! How would you like to spend the night in jail, Sir—whoever you are?" I lowered my weapon and took off on a mad dash for the Vette.

I reached into the car and took out a piece of cardboard and a magic marker. Then I wrote "EXCALIBUR HOTEL & CASINO OR BUST!" in large black letters, and I hung the sign on the passenger-side door of the car. I was determined to get to Vegas one way or another.

Frustrated and a bit peeved after the incident with the metal detector, I said to myself, "I refuse to change clothes just to travel on an airplane! What's the world coming to that one must undress to fly first class?" Then I looked toward heaven and asked, "How can I overcome my resistance to change?"

When I started to get into the car, I heard somebody coming up from behind me. I grabbed my ax and swiftly spun around; I was

ready to strike out against any potential enemy. I probably shouldn't have been so hasty.

Suddenly, I was in the presence of a beautiful young lady. I asked, "Did God send you? Are you my guardian angel?"

The shapely woman with long, wavy, dark-blonde hair replied, "Yes, my name is Aphrodite (pronounced Aphro-di-tee). You must be Wantsalittle—Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife."

"Are you Aphrodite, the historic Greek goddess of love?"

"Indeed, that is who I am—I mean—at least that is who I was before I went to heaven."

"Say, haven't I seen you somewhere, perhaps on television? Let me guess: God summoned you in the guise and diction of *Carmen Electra*."

"Wantsalittle, you're quite an observant young man. The Lord has told me a lot about you. I am here as your guardian angel. I want to help you in your quest to feel *and act* like a king."

"Well, God was right on target when she said that you would be a 'celestial surprise.' I am most happy to make your acquaintance. And to think that I once thought that Greek Mythology was just a myth! You also went by the name of 'Venus,' didn't you?"

"Yes! The ancient Romans referred to me as 'Venus,' goddess of love, desire, and beauty."

"From my limited knowledge of Greek Mythology, didn't Zeus, who was the supreme ruler of the gods, grant you the power to compel any man you so choose to desire you?"

"Your memory serves you right. The Olympians consisted of twelve gods, including me, who ruled the world after the overthrow of the Titans—the elder gods who previously ruled over Earth. Zeus provided me with a magic girdle that gave me the power to win the attention and the affection of any man who I so desired."

"Aphrodite, do you still have that 'power,' and do you happen to be wearing your bewitching girdle, right now?"

With a perturbed look in her captivating, deep-blue eyes, Aphrodite exclaimed, "Wantsalittle, I'll be damned. God was absolutely right when she told me that you were a chauvinist pig of sorts. Let's get something straight between us, right here and now!"

The goddess of love was miffed with my "bewitching girdle" reference and what was on my dirty little mind. I knew right then

and there that her wanting to “get something straight between us” had nothing to do with any parts of our anatomies.

Aphrodite continued, “Wantsalittle, God has bestowed in me many additional powers to those abilities that I once claimed as the goddess of love. For instance, the Lord has given me the power to reason and to divinely guide you toward the praiseworthy character traits of virtue and nobility. But you would be wise to tread lightly with respect to your sexist-minded thoughts and comments in my presence.”

An expression of embarrassment came across my face as I said, “I am very sorry, Venus. God didn’t tell me that my guardian angel would be able to read my mind. By the way, may I call you by your Roman name?”

“Yes, you can refer to me as either ‘Aphrodite’ or as ‘Venus,’ whichever you prefer at any given moment in time. Wantsalittle, let’s keep our future meetings on the informal side and just between us. Nobody else but you will be able to see or hear me when we get together. I’ll contact you ‘in person’ upon your requests and for as long as it takes to successfully complete your enlightening journey.”

Aphrodite collected her thoughts for a few seconds before she said, “Because I am appearing before you and speaking with you in human form, I am apt to adopt human emotions and become influenced, although temporarily, by human behaviors and characteristics. In other words, you, as an imperfect mortal being, may prompt me to say things and perhaps do some things, at times, that I, as your guardian angel, wouldn’t normally say or do. And, on account of my human stance and expression as Carmen Electra, I will accept many of your sarcastic and sexist-slanted remarks so long as your intentions are honorable and you are willing to learn and show personal growth from my intermittent advice and suggestions.”

“Thank you, Venus, for allowing me some ‘human’ latitude in my face-to-face correspondence with you. After all, it was either your idea or God’s idea for you to assume the human form of a most beautiful young lady. I will promise to try to keep my chauvinistic thoughts and comments to a minimum and ‘above board’ during our future conversations. Hopefully, though, we can maintain a jovial yet meaningful and educational verbal exchange throughout the course of my quest toward enlightenment. And perhaps, among

many other of my personal shortcomings, you might even be able to help me cure my generally sexist attitude by journey's end."

"Wantsalittle, I'll give you *everything* that I've got—e-r-r—let me rephrase that before you get the wrong idea: I'll do the very best that I can to help you in every aspect of your character. As far as your sexist-minded ways, we definitely have our work cut out for us, haven't we?"

"I'm afraid so, but I *am* willing to learn!"

"That's what I wanted to hear."

"Venus, thank you, again, for your understanding and for your sincere concern for my personal growth and well being."

"With respect to your near altercation with the airport security people, do you remember what the Lord earlier told you about your being *aggressive*?"

I was red-faced, again. "Yes, I apologize for threatening the security guards a few minutes ago. I get a little hot tempered and hostile at times, as you probably know."

"You had a question with regards to how you might 'overcome your resistance to change.' Let's see if I can help you with that, okay?"

"Yes! Obviously, I'm pretty set in my ways. I got hung up with the metal detector, here at D.I.A., as I tried to board a plane to Las Vegas. I'm not accustomed to all of modern technology and to various contemporary cultural standards and ways. In many respects, my life was much simpler and easier in Camelot. How can I learn to be more flexible and willing to accept *positive* change?"

Aphrodite said, "Let's sit down in the car and discuss this topic for a few minutes."

With my cumbersome suit of armor, it took me a minute to wedge my way into the Vette. Aphrodite sat down on the passenger-side seat. She was very alluring. The goddess of love fashioned a white, satin, short-sleeve blouse, a dark-red, pleated skirt, and low-heel, white sandals. Unfortunately, however, her tight-fitting but front-bulging shirt was buttoned clear to the top!

As soon as we both got comfortable, Aphrodite said, "Walter Bagelot once wrote, 'One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea.' Really, Wantsalittle, change is good when people have positive images and ideas that lead to progress. Some change, an improved airport security system, for example, is

necessary if it serves to benefit or to better protect the rights and privileges of the public at large.”

The late-morning sun shined brightly through the cloudless sky. Outside the car, the temperature was about ninety degrees. We put the windows down as soon as we got into the Vette, but it was still getting too warm in the car. My picturesque guardian angel exclaimed, “God, it’s getting hot in here!” She quickly unfastened the top three buttons on her sweat-dampened blouse and squirmed around, from side to side, on the car seat for a few seconds. These maneuvers allowed me a glimpse of her high-riding cleavage, which was enticingly presented to me from over the top of her light-red, low-cut, push-up bra.

I had a feeling that Aphrodite was going to be long-winded with her suggestions. She probably would have to take several deep breaths of air throughout her upcoming food-for-thought message. Although I really hated to, under the favorable peeking conditions, I started the engine, put the windows up, and turned on the air-conditioner. Then I flipped the switch on the blower to full blast.

“I want you to read part of a good story,” Aphrodite said, “of two men who overcame a greater resistance to positive change.”

God’s also-cerebral assistant handed me a sheet of paper. A section of a movie script was typed on the page. “What I’m about to share with you is an excerpt from a scene in a popular American film, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. Clint Eastwood played Josey Wales, and the late Clint Sampson had the part of Ten Bears, a wise but angry Comanche Indian Chief.”

“Great! But how did you know what question I wanted to ask? Do you make it a habit to carry portions of movie scripts around with you?”

“Give me a little credit, will you? God gave me a clairvoyant mind. I can see into the future. I knew, beforehand, what you were going to ask me.”

By now, the temperature in the car had dropped to a cozy seventy degrees. While re-buttoning her blouse, Aphrodite said, “Wantsalittle, I hope that you’ve enjoyed ‘the view’ for the past minute or so. You seem to have a constant fixation with my *chest!*”

“Yeah, but it seems to me that *you* have a tendency to expose a plentiful portion of your fine and full mammary glands. I don’t

know whether or not that you're being generous or simply teasing me or what?"

Aphrodite chuckled and said, "Well, I admit that I *am* teasing you a little. I just thought that my more-revealing attire might help to keep our meetings and conversations on the lighter side and make our meaningful conferences a little more fun for you. Tell me something, Wantsalittle. Could you ever become interested in a woman who wasn't so well endowed?"

"Sure! Marilotta Light isn't that 'big,' as you must already know. But I haven't been able to get *her* off my mind. In fact, I'd seriously consider falling in love and marrying Marilotta, or somebody very much like her. For many guys, bigger boobs just give a female a little *extra* physical appeal. But that part, or any other specific part of a woman's anatomy, is not all that important to me. A lady is beautiful by what is in her *heart*, and that is what counts in any meaningful relationship!"

"I'd like to believe all of what you just said. Really, though, with respect to young and buxom women, I don't think there is *any* hope for you. Perhaps, time will tell!" We both chuckled. Then Aphrodite said, "Now, Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife, please take the time to read the brief excerpt from the movie script."

The script read:

Josey Wales: *You'll be Ten Bears?*

Ten Bears: *I am Ten Bears.*

Josey Wales: *I'm Josey Wales. I came here to die with ya or to live with ya. Dying ain't so hard for men like you and me. It's living that's hard. Governments don't live together; people live together. With governments, you don't always get a fair word or a fair fight. Well, I've come here to give ya either one or get either one from ya. The sign of the Comanche—that will be on our lodge; that's my word of life.*

Ten Bears: *And your word of death?*

Josey Wales: *It's here in my pistols, there in your rifles. I'm just giving you life, and you're giving me life. And I'm saying that men can live together without butchering one another.*

Ten Bears: *There's iron in your words of death for all Comanche to see, and so there's iron in your words of life. No signed paper can hold the iron. It must come from men. The words of Ten Bears carries the same iron of life and death. It is good that warriors such as we meet in the struggle of life or death—it shall be LIFE!*

When I handed the script back to Aphrodite, she said, “This is a classic example of two great men, each representing different cultures, who found a way to accept new circumstances and benefit from their changing environments.”

The goddess of love stopped to take a deep breath. I turned the air conditioner down a couple of notches, hoping that she might get a little overheated, again, during her rather exhausting dissertation. Then she continued, “Benjamin ‘Ben’ Franklin hit it right on the mark when he stated, ‘We must all hang together or assuredly we will all hang separately.’”

“Yeah, but how does the story with Josey Wales and Ten Bears pertain to *me*?”

Aphrodite paused to take an even deeper breath. But to my dismay, she had left her blouse fully buttoned. Then she concluded, “It’s high time that civilized societies, governments, and all of humankind overcome their resistance to positive change. People must begin to respect, tolerate, and love one another, individually and collectively, and lay down their arms and prejudices! Wantsalittle, are you on the same page with me here?”

I tried to quickly respond to Aphrodite’s question. But my mouth was wide open at the time; I was right in the middle of the last one of four, back-to-back, big YAWNS! As soon as I was able to get my mouth closed, I replied, “Yes! And I’ll try to do my part!”

“I’m glad to hear that. Say, you look like you’re about to fall asleep. I hope that you’re not getting bored with my important message! Are you?”

“No! No!” I exclaimed, with my eyes now wide open and my jaws now clamped shut, following my yawns.

“Wantsalittle, you have confessed that you have had overly aggressive tendencies. Something tells me that you’re in for a tough battle with that particular personal demon.”

“Yes, but with your help, I think that I can overcome my bad temper and aggressive ways. Venus, would you like to add anything more on the topic of ‘accepting positive change’?”

“Here is one last thing: I want you to remember that as you think with the attitude of accepting positive change, you will become a part of progress, accordingly. Try to think about how you’ll overcome *your* resistance to positive change.”

Aphrodite left just as suddenly as she had appeared. In a way, I was kind of glad to see her leave, for now. I said to myself, “What a sermon! When my guardian angel gets going, you can’t shut her up! I think that she must’ve got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. Why is she taking her problems with some of the rest of the world out on me? Besides, Aphrodite could’ve summed up much of what she had to say in one figurative sentence: *As most people on earth constantly try to screw one another, some mutants will be born!* Anyway, I sure hope that she is in a better mood the next time that I call on her!”

The time had come for me to go on with my plans for the day, which included traveling to Las Vegas, Nevada. I quickly programmed the time-travel module and pushed the green *Go* button. I didn’t expect what happened next.

On my way to “Glitter Gulch,” the outlaw Josey Wales held me up! Here’s how I ended up playing “Cowboys and Indians”:

The Vette and I energized out in the middle of nowhere, right next to an old trail marker that read, “Blood Butte straight ahead.” I was surrounded by lots of cactus, a few rocks, and some shrubs. And I saw some wildlife. A prairie rattler slithered across the trail in front of the car. I noticed a couple of lizards. They were slithering around in the desert sand. Then I looked up and gazed at a vulture, which was hovering just above me. The rapacious bird fluttered his wings when he looked down on me; the vulture probably hoped that I would end up being his next prey. Also, I saw several scorpions. The ugly little critters were crawling all over the ground, snacking on ants.

I said, "What happened here? I know that Las Vegas is out in the desert, but something isn't right!"

I looked down at the computer module. The dial read, "Blood Butte—one mile south of Santo Rio, Texas; July 28, 1866; 3:30 p.m." Then I began to understand. I must have gotten in too big a hurry and forgot to type in "Las Vegas, Nevada." And I might have mistakenly typed in the wrong "date and time of day." Or some wires in the time-travel unit might have crossed. I said, "Whatever, no problem! I'll just re-enter the date, place, and time."

Before I entered the correct data into the computer module, I got out of the car to stretch my legs for a minute and to have a cigarette. I had asked Willie if I could have the rest of his carton of Tomarlbury cigarettes to take with me on my journey. I sort of got into the bad habit of smoking Tomarlburies when I was staying in Hollywood.

As I took a drag on my just-lit cigarette, I noticed that I wasn't the only one in the vicinity who was blowing smoke. I looked off into the distance and saw smoke signals coming up from behind a hill (Blood Butte), about a half a mile away. Those little clouds of white and gray smoke made me curious. But only a wagon trail headed in that direction. I knew that the Vette didn't have enough clearance to get over the rocks and ruts in the road. I didn't know how to set the computer to travel that short distance, so I came up with a better idea.

Willie had told me, that with the main computer module in the car, it was possible to transport somebody or something through time, either TO some destination, as would normally be the case, or FROM some place in time, in the event that I would want to fetch Spirit, my talking horse, for instance. I could only do this if I knew somebody's exact location at a particular time. Then I could energize those molecules to wherever I happened to be.

I knew that Spirit always rested in the same spot in his stall every night. And because of the time difference between Texas and England, I also knew that it would be late at night in Camelot. I said, "What have I got to lose?" I keyed in what I hoped were all the appropriate buttons on the module and pressed *Go*.

As fast as my stallion could have wagged his tail, or as if Merlin were performing his sorcery magic—presto—Spirit

suddenly appeared. The horse energized right between the car and me.

“Hi, Spirit!” I said. I walked over and stroked the palomino’s long, light-brown-and-golden-colored snout. “Welcome to *somewhere* in Texas, USA. Would you like to take me for a little ride?”

“Master, it’s good to see you again! I’ve been wondering about you. Hop aboard. I’ll take you wherever it is that you want to go.”

I mounted up and headed on down the trail. I got about a hundred yards from the car and just around the first bend in the road. All at once, some cowpoke galloped out from behind a clump of tall sagebrush. He hollered, “Halt, partner! Where da ya think yer goin’? And why are ya dressed from head ta foot with all that strange-lookin’ tin?”

My “strange-lookin’ tin” outfit shouldn’t have looked any stranger to him than his dusty old cowboy duds appeared to me! Anyhow, I readied my lance and replied, “My name is Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife. Please state your intentions before I move to impale you!”

“Hold on, Sir—whoever ya said! I mean ya no harm! Do ya realize that yer right-smack-dab in the middle of Comanche Indian country?”

I said, “Say, I know a little bit about you. Aren’t you some kind of a famous outlaw? Don’t they call you ‘the *outlaw* Josey Wales’?”

“Yeah, some people refer ta me as ‘the *outlaw* Josey Wales,’ but I AIN’T NO OUTLAW! I’ve never stole nothin’ in my life, and I’ve never kilt nobody that didn’t need killin’. Some Union soldiers, who are searchin’ for me, tagged me with the term ‘outlaw.’ In truth, it’s they who are the real outlaws!”

Then I turned and said, “Those smoke signals up ahead—I’ll bet that the smoke is coming from an Indian village.”

“How did ya know that?” Josey asked?

“Just call it a lucky guess. Have you already spoken with Ten Bears, the Comanche Indian Chief?”

Josey tucked his pistol back in his holster and got down off his gray stallion. Then he replied, “Nope, I’m on my way ta do that, now. You see, Ten Bears is angry. The white man has lied to him, ambushed his warriors, taken away his prime huntin’ grounds, and

pushed him as far as he's willin' to go. Now he wants to fight back for what's already rightfully his!"

"Aren't you afraid to go up against him alone?" I asked.

"Yer damn right I am! What's more, I ain't got no personal grudge with him. But he's holdin' a couple of honest, decent men hostage. I gotta try ta point that out and reason with him."

"Yeah, I think that I know what you're going to say to him. Why don't you let me go in your place?"

"Well—okay, but yer probably headed to yer own funeral! If you fail, ya could make it harder fer me ta deal with him later."

"I won't fail! It was good talking with you, Josey."

"Same here, Wantsalittle. Best of luck to ya with Ten Bears!" Then Josey remounted his horse and began to ride off in the other direction.

About ten minutes later, I galloped right into the Indian village. Ten Bears rode out to meet me, along with about a dozen of his braves. We faced each other on horseback. Ten Bears had streaks of red and black war paint smeared all over his forehead and cheeks. He fashioned a three-feather war bonnet; one long, predominately brown eagle feather stuck up between two other grayish ones. I could tell that Ten Bears was in a foul mood and that our conference was going to be cast in a serious light. Fortunately, I remembered the words from the movie script. I just "filled in" for Josey Wales.

Near the end of our conversation, a couple of Indian scouts rode up. They had seen the Vette and read the cardboard sign, which was still taped to the door.

"This paleface roams across our land in style," one Comanche scout said to all of the other braves. Then he looked at me and asked, "Where is this place you call *Excalibur Hotel & Casino*?" I just snickered and switched my attention back to Ten Bears.

". . . It shall be LIFE!" Ten Bears perceptively exclaimed, as we neared the conclusion of our horse-facing-horse, tension-mounted meeting. Then we tossed our weapons—his lance and rifle and bow together with my lance and war club and ax—on the ground, except for his hunting knife. Ten Bears patted his pure-white stallion on the rump and rode up beside me, closing the few feet of distance that there had been between us. He sat on his horse, just off to my right. As we sat in our saddles, we looked at each other, serious but willing expressions on our faces. Then I leaned a

bit to my left, away from Ten Bears, and spat on a scorpion, which had been sunning itself on a flat rock, off to the left side of Spirit.

We used the Indian Chief's knife to slice the palms of our hands. Ten Bears made a slight cut on his right hand; I removed my right steel glove and cut into the palm of my right hand. Scarlet-red blood trickled from the Chief's hand, and blood oozed from the palm of my right hand. Finally, we reached out to each other and tightly clasped the palms of our freshly sliced hands, becoming "blood brothers" in the process.

Ten Bears concluded, "From now on, we will live together as good neighbors in peace!"

Once more, I leaned over and spat on the scorpion. Then, in agreement with the wise Comanche Chief, I said, "I reckon so!"

(The moral of this episode: Overcome your resistance to positive change!)

*Episode Three:*

**“You’ve Got to be  
the Wackiest Knight from Camelot!”**

Lesson in Living:  
*Replacing Aggressiveness with Assertiveness*

*Las Vegas, Nevada; July 28, 2010; 8:40 p.m.*

**A**FTER MY POWWOW WITH TEN BEARS, I rode my horse back to the Vette. Then I “transported” Spirit back to Camelot and adjusted the time-travel module to take me to Las Vegas, Nevada. I pressed the green *Go* button. Instantly, I arrived at the Excalibur Hotel & Casino, located on the famous “Strip” in fabulous Las Vegas.

I checked into a room. Dirty from all of the trail dust that I had picked up in Texas, I really needed to take a long shower.

After I got cleaned up, I stopped at one of the Excalibur Hotel & Casino’s dinner buffets to choke down some food. Then I headed straight for the casino.

Willie had taught me some of the basics of blackjack. I looked for a “21” table with an available seat. The casino was crowded, but it only took a few seconds to find an open spot at a “five-dollar” (minimum bet) table. The table’s maximum betting limit was a thousand dollars per hand. I quickly sat down in the far-left seat, called “third base.”

After I took off my helmet and placed it on the floor, right behind my chair, I looked around the table. The blackjack dealer had an identification badge pinned on her light-blue shirt. The tag read, “Hello! My name is Whoopi.” As I handed her a fifty-dollar

bill to purchase some chips, I asked, “Are you Whoopi Goldberg, the famous comedian, actress, and co-host on ABC’s *The View*?”

“Yes, twice a week, though, I moonlight as a blackjack dealer.” She handed me ten red (\$5.00) chips and said, “The minimum bet at this table is five dollars.”

Jay Leno, current host of the *Tonight Show*, happened to be sitting next to me. In fact, after closer observation, I noticed four other high-profile TV personalities at the table. David Letterman, host of *The Late Show with David Letterman*, sat just to the right of Jay. Bill O’Reilly, host of Fox News Channel’s *The O’Reilly Factor*, sat next to David Letterman. Joy Behar, also a co-host of ABC’s *The View*, sat next to Bill O’Reilly. And Dr. Phil McGraw, host of *The Dr. Phil Show*, sat directly across the table from me at “first base.” I was very excited to be in the midst of such prominent company.

Everybody at the table placed their bets. I glanced over and noticed that Jay had several stacks of black chips and a few piles of green casino tokens (chips) lying in front of him. He had two black (\$100) chips and two green (\$25) tokens (as “tokens” are more commonly called) placed in the betting circle; the green chips were stacked on top of the black tokens. Jay’s total bet was \$250. I scooted one red chip out as my five-dollar bet.

Whoopi dealt the cards out of a little clear-plastic contraption called a “card-shoe,” which was sitting off to her far left. I was dealt an *eight* of spades and an *eight* of diamonds; both cards were face up on the table. Jay’s hand revealed a two of *clubs* and a five of *clubs*. Whoopi’s “up-card” was a four of hearts.

Jay appeared relaxed, and he was minding his own business. He puffed on some kind of a big, brownish cigarette. In a friendly gesture, I slid an ashtray toward Jay.

I said, “Sir Jay, you’re certainly welcome to share this ashtray. Where did you get that giant-size cigarette? And why is the wrapper brown, instead of white?”

Jay cackled a little. Then he asked, “Who are you? And where are you from? Haven’t you ever seen a *cigar*?”

“No! I just smoke Tomarlbury’s. What brand of cigar is that?”

“This cigar or stogie is called an ‘El Non-producto.’ I switch back and forth between El Non-productos and ‘Black Owls,’ depending on my preference at the time. As you’re decked out in

that fancy suit of armor, it looks as if you're right at home here at the Excalibur Hotel. What's your name young man?"

"Sir Wantsalittle Morefromlife, but you can call me *Wantsalittle*. Indeed, the decor and atmosphere in this casino does remind me of being at home in Camelot, but that's another story. This is my first time in Las Vegas. I'm here on a vacation of sorts and to do some soul-searching."

Joy Behar abruptly turned her head toward me and said, "Mister, did I just here you say that you are here on a vacation from *Camelot*?"

I replied, "Yes! Well, I don't know if 'vacation' is the right word to describe why I'm here. This is what happened: I recently found a time-travel remote device in Camelot. I simply returned it, personally, to its original owner, Willie C. Light, who lives in Holly—"

Joy broke in, "Say, Mr. Wantalittlemore or whoever you said you are, you remind me of someone that I've seen in movies. Aren't you Spider-Man—I mean Tobey Maguire—star of the *Spider-Man* films?"

"No, but I've been told that there is a striking resemblance."

Joy replied, "If you're not Tobey Maguire, you could be his identical twin. I wish you would take off the rest of that suit of armor and let me get a better look at you. At least you had the courtesy to remove your helmet when you sat down. Your facial features, your bright-blue eyes, and your short, wavy, brown hair *do* remind me of Tobey Maguire. If you're serious about being from Camelot, and that you're here by way of some time machine, what a story I've got to tell my friends and co-hosts on *The View*. Elisabeth (Hasselbeck) and Barbara (Walters) and the rest of our crew are not going to believe it!"

With a dumfounded expression, Whoopi said, "Joy, you're not kidding. I'm looking at this guy, right now, and I *don't* believe it!"

Joy asked, "Wantalittlemore, will you come to our TV studio at ABC in New York and be a *very* special guest on our morning show?"

"My name is '*Wantsalittle*.' Maybe sometime, later, I'll take you up on your offer to appear on your TV show. First, though, I'm going to continue my journey into time, a quest of sorts, to become more enlightened and noble. I want to feel *and act* like a king."

Dr. Phil suddenly stood up, raised his hands high over his head, and shouted, “Hey buddy, I have as good a sense of humor as the next person. But I think that *you* need some serious therapy. You’re a pretty good actor, young man. You’ve almost got everyone here at the table believing that you *really are* from Camelot. I think that you had better make an appointment to come and be a guest on my *Dr. Phil Show*. I would like to diagnose you and treat you for what’s obviously ailing you!”

“Whatever you say, Doc. But —”

Bill O’Reilly interrupted me and said, “Say, pal, you’ve got to make an appearance on my show, *The O’Reilly Factor*, first. The folks have got to know about you, especially if you are not a far-left-wing liberal, which I’m very much afraid that you *are!* Anyway, when you sit down across from me on the show, you’ve got to understand that no bloviating (slang for “running off at the mouth”) will be tolerated. That’s my job. And you have to remember that ‘the spin stops here,’ okay?”

“Sir Bill, what’s a ‘far-left-wing liberal’? And what in the hell does ‘bloviating’ mean? Finally, what ‘spin’ are you talking about?”

“Wantsalittle, never mind! I’ll explain all that to you on the show. I think that we’ll put you on during our daily segment called ‘the most ridiculous item of the day.’”

“Okay, but I don’t readily find anything ‘ridiculous’ about me! In a few weeks, after I finish my travels through time, I’ll call your show and accept your gracious invitation. By the way, the next time that you see Megyn Kelly, host of *America Live* on the Fox News Channel, please give her my best regards, okay?”

“Sure, but I would have thought that you were likely more of a fan of CNN, rather than of the Fox News Channel.”

“Sir Bill, to be honest, I haven’t had the time, so far, to watch much of either cable-news network. Recently, while I was staying with a friend of mine in Hollywood, I did get a chance to switch back and forth from Fox News to CNN on a few occasions. I must say that I really enjoyed Shepard Smith, host of the *Fox Report* and *Studio B*. And I liked what I saw of Anderson Cooper, host of *Anderson Cooper 360* on CNN.”

“What about *my* show, *The O’Reilly Factor*?”

“I’m sorry, Mr. O’Reilly. I recognized you at the blackjack table, but I haven’t yet had the opportunity of seeing your show,

except for some previews that I saw from *On the Record with Greta Van Susteren*. I have heard that you—”

Suddenly, before I could complete my conversation with Bill O’Reilly, David Letterman stood up, looked toward me, and quipped, “I’ve had some most interesting guests over the years on *The Late Show with David Letterman*. But something tells me that *you* are going to move to the head of the ‘interesting’ class! I can’t wait to come up with the list of the top ten reasons why Sir Wantsalittle wants *more from life!*”

Everybody at the blackjack table roared in laughter. Then Jay Leno said. “I’m really *not* a gambler. The others at this table aren’t gamblers, either. I come out to Vegas, occasionally, to relax and to get away from my hectic working environment. Right now, many of my celebrity friends and colleagues and I are here in Vegas for the annual Talk-show Hosts’ convention. Tell me, Wantsalittle, are you married or do you have any children?”

“No, I had a girl friend some time back, but our relationship really didn’t last that long. Her name was *Lady Expectsalot*. And she *more* than lived up to her name!”

Jay chuckled and said, “Well, with those big blue eyes and that innocent facial profile, you shouldn’t have any trouble attracting the ladies.”

Whoopi interrupted and asked Jay, “With your two cards, you have a total of ‘seven.’ Do you want another card to go with your two and five of *clubs?*”

“Hit me—HIT ME HARD!” Jay eagerly exclaimed.

Then *I* reached over and—*whack—whack—whack!* I knocked Jay out with my big fat war club. Jay saw stars, but *not* of the Hollywood variety! His head hit the table, his chips scattered, and his long, thick El Non-producto folded like an accordion.

The entire butt end of the smashed, twisted stogie was crammed so deep into Jay’s mouth and throat that it could have tickled his tonsils. The lit portion of the crumpled cigar stuck out from under Jay’s bruised chin; smoldering ashes sizzled in the drool, where he had slobbered on the forest-green, felt-top table.

Apologetically, I said, “I’m sorry, Jay. Old habits are hard to break!”

I couldn’t believe that I did that, especially after Aphrodite had given me a lecture about my aggressive tendencies. My hostile

action was a far cry from virtuous, kinglike behavior on my part. Jay should've just picked up his "*clubs*" and crowned me!

With an obvious look of displeasure on her face, Whoopi interjected, "Hey, Sir Lancelot, or whoever you think that you are. He just wanted another card! If you can't control yourself and behave in a respectable manner, I'll have to notify the security people. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Yes—I'm really very sorry! It won't happen again!" Whoopi cleaned up the mess on the blackjack table and collected herself.

Jay scooted his chair to his right a few inches to get farther away from me. He was rubbing the big knot, which had protruded from his forehead, when a cocktail waitress stopped to offer him assistance. She gave him a courtesy drink on the house. Then she put a big Band-Aid on his lumpy head wound.

Meanwhile, all of the other players all had fresh drinks and neatly stacked piles of chips in front of them. A couple of ashtrays were filled to the brim with cigar ashes and butts. Whoopi was now ready to deal to me. I still had that *pair of eights* in front of me, lying face up on the felt.

Whoopi tried to coach me. "You should always *split* a pair of eights."

I appreciated the helpful dealer's good advice. I quipped, "Okay, I'll try to SPLIT 'EM"—*W-H-A-C-K!* I had stood up in front of my spot at the table and mightily thrust my sharp ax directly through the pair of eights, splitting both cards in the process. The blade of the ax stuck in the top of the table. Cards, chips, ashes, and butts went airborne. Every plastic cup and glass on the printed-felt gaming surface got knocked over, spilling coke, beer, and a couple of mixed drinks. All in all, it was a real ugly scene!

After she pulled a couple of chips and a cigar butt out of her dark, braided hair, Whoopi threw her hands up in disgust. Then she waved a little white bar towel over her head. Whoopi exclaimed, "I give up!" Everyone at the blackjack table had big frowns on their faces.

Totally perplexed by the incident, Whoopi softly added, in a monotone voice, "And I thought that I'd seen it all."

"Excuse me," I said, "I've got to go to the restroom. Whoopi, will you please watch my chips and save my seat?"

"Do you mean to say that you're *coming back*?"

“Yeah, I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I strolled into the men’s room. I didn’t have to pee; I simply wanted to talk with Aphrodite. I leaned back against the bathroom sink, looked up, and asked, “How can I learn to control my sometimes combative behavior and still move confidently in the direction of my dreams?”

Aphrodite energized right in front me. She said, “I mentally picked up on your *smacking* Jay Leno and on splitting that pair of eights *with your AX!* For the second time, what do you intend to do about your overly aggressive ways? You probably just ‘axed’ any chance that Jay Leno or the other TV hosts would still invite you to appear as a guest on their talk shows! Wantsalittle, I don’t know what I’m going to do with you!”

My guardian angel was really upset with me. I thought that she would be. I wasn’t too thrilled with myself, either. “Venus, this is going to be harder than I thought. Can you give me some good advice?”

“In your case, *maybe!* It’s a good thing for you that I have a good sense of humor. Anyway, sometimes people get confused between ‘aggressiveness’ and ‘assertiveness’—two distinctly different emotional conditions and behaviors. To *aggress* signifies an unprovoked attack or a first act of hostility. Wantsalittle, of all people, you should understand that! Aggressiveness is a negative emotional response. To *assert* means to declare or to act in a self-confident manner. Assertiveness is a *positive* emotional response.”

“Do you mean that, even though I’m aggressive, I might not be *assertive* enough?”

“That’s right! Many aggressive or hostile people aren’t assertive enough. Those who possess a passive and apathetic nature should place an ax dead center on their being overly timid and shy. Wantsalittle, in some ways you fall into this category. Try to assert yourself in a NON-HOSTILE fashion! Do something constructive. Write down your personal goals. Initiate action to achieve them. Don’t put off until tomorrow what you can get up and do today. Get creative. Make something happen. In other words, poop or pull up your pants!”

Aphrodite paused for a moment to laugh at her last remark. Then she added, “Wantsalittle, do something with your good ideas.

Victor Hugo once proclaimed, ‘Nothing in the world is so powerful as an idea whose time has come.’ Set your thoughts into motion. Turn them into inspiring products or services. Try to accomplish something that will allow you to leave your artistic mark on the world.”

“Venus, I’m going to do the best that I can to start practicing what you preach.”

“I hope that you do! Before I go, I’d like you to keep one more thing in mind: As you think and act with the attitude of assertiveness, you will become more assertive. Don’t let life pass you by—by being caught up in the traffic of ‘Someday, I’ll.’ Instead, shove your aspirations into the ‘Today, I’ll’ gear. If you do, you’ll catch up with your dreams!”

Aphrodite disappeared, and I strolled back to the blackjack table. Along the way, I picked up a foot-long piece of rope that someone, evidently, had dropped on the carpet. I handed Jay the rope. I asked him, “Would you please tie my hands behind my back?”

“You’ve got to be the wackiest knight from Camelot!” Jay exclaimed. But he gladly complied with my instructions. “I’m going to have to have you on my new television show one of these days. People all across America would get a real ‘bang’ and ‘split a gut’ over you!”

The table had been cleaned, and everything was back to normal. Jay placed his next bet. Then he helped me make a wager. Jay pushed a stack of ten red chips in my betting circle.

Whoopi glared at me. She was still a little angry after everything that I had done. Then she turned to the pit boss and said, “Checks play!”

Whoopi dealt the next round of cards. She gave herself a nine of spades as her up-card. I was dealt an ace of spades and a jack of hearts, a two-card combination of a face card and an ace that is called a “natural,” a “snapper,” or a “blackjack,” which pays three chips for every two chips wagered. I had just won seventy-five dollars for my fifty-dollar bet!

Now I beamed with joy. As my hands were still tied behind me, I was unable to otherwise react. I said, “Thanks, Sir Jay and Lady Whoopi! I think that I’m beginning to ‘see the light.’”

Whatever it takes, I'm going to stop being so aggressive and redirect my wasted energy into more constructive thoughts and actions!"

(The moral of this episode: Replace your aggressive behavior with more assertive, socially acceptable actions!)