

JAMESTOWN LIVING

THOSE JAMESTOWN LOVEBIRDS

Jamestown lovebirds at the DMV

By Portia Little



As The Jamestown Lovebirds sipped their morning coffee, they contemplated the fog rolling in over Narragansett Bay.

"Nothing like a good roll in the bay, eh, Love Muffin," he noted.

"Here I am having a bad hair day," complained the female Lovebird, "and I'm still bummed out about the Nomar trade. And you as usual have just one thing on your ..."

"Ah but you, My Dearest Heart, are always on my mind," he replied. "And since I'm an incredibly strong but also acutely sensitive male, I've come

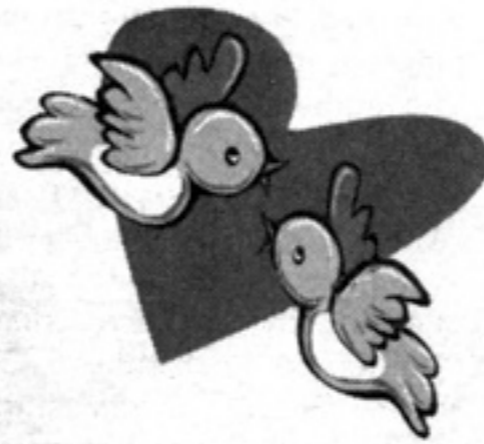
up with a sure cure for your malaise."

"Be still my heart, Honey Bun. I'm all ears."

"Well, just for kicks, Sugar Lump, let's pack a lunch, bring along some good books, and head over to the DMV. There will be lots of folks there to keep us company, and also we can get the cars registered and renew our driver's licenses."

"Ooooooh, Dreamboat, you know how to boost a gal's spirits. I feel better already."

"But before we venture out, Luscious, we should plan our DMV trip, make sure to bring



everything we need. Then we'll just breeze through."

"You have infinite wisdom, and are so worldly wise, Love Nuts. And be sure you zip your fly before we leave."

And so the amorous duo set about organizing stuff to take with.

She gathered together various items and placed them in a suitcase.

It was all she could do to lug this heavy piece of luggage, filled with insurance info, her birth certificate, passport, high school and college yearbooks, wedding album, recipe file, laptop computer, sewing machine, and chocolate chip cookies.

"Let me carry that for you,

mine. We'll just U-ey around. Be there in no time."

Taking the scenic route, the lovesick twosome finally arrived at the DMV on Main Street in West Warwick. "Nice day for a drive, Lumpkin," she said, giving him a hug. "You know, I've always wanted to see East Providence."

"And look, My Sweet, there's a shop, Old World Imports & Antiques, right next door," she exclaimed. "And the gal inside with the dark curly hair looks friendly and knowledgeable."

"Cupcake, you know how much I love to shop, but let's take care of business first."

(Now let's pause for A NOTE ABOUT THE DMV, which is short for Disorder, Mayhem, and Valium-Inducing. The DMV has gotten a bad rap over the years. Your information used to be entered all in longhand by Brenda Biggnockers, which took several hours, not including the time she took to reapply her Sparkly Mango lip color, check her boa earrings, and readjust her blouse to display more cleavage.

But now there are computers.

"That's me," he said, excitedly. "Be back soon, My Love."

He returned in a flash.

"Cover those delicate little shell-like ears, Pumpkin," he said. "I fear I may have to utter an expletive."

"What's wrong, Lovecakes?"

"Special Agent 423B at the counter said that in order to get my driver's license, I need to produce my letter from Publishers Clearing House, with Ed McMahon's authentic signature. He also needs an autographed photo of Tom Brady, a baseball signed by Pedro, a Yaz cap, and proof that I've been to Fenway Park."

And so our weary couple left the DMV and drove back to Jamestown where they soothed their frazzled nerves by devouring sandwiches at Slice of Heaven, she the Chicken Waldorf Salad, and he the very manly Roast Beef.

They walked home hand in hand, ready to plan their next DMV escapade.

(kiss, kiss)

Stay tuned for the next episode

