

Bon Temps Roulez

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Thursday, January 05, 2017

<http://www.curmudgeon-alley.com/bon-temps-roulez/>

We just got back from a week on the beach in sunny, warm, friendly Mexico. I mention



this because it is snowing and 16 degrees outside. About nine or ten days before we left I noticed that my wife (aka Robin the Beautiful) was sleeping restlessly. She was also mumbling during these restless periods. I could not really make out single words, let alone a coherent sentence. Sometimes I could pick out something that sounded like Getty, get or possibly Gertrude! And sometime there was a word that sounded like back. I thought maybe she was singing the Beatles' song *Get Back*. I thought that a little strange as I have not known it to be one in her repertoire, but dreams are indeed strange things. She must have really liked the song because one mumbled bit sounded a lot like groovy.

We get to the resort in Akumal and the beach is beautiful and the staff very attentive. We spent the better part of every day from about 11 a.m. until 4 or so laying in cabana lounges. We alternated between sunning and swimming. The staff would circulate through and would bring you whatever drink you desired. They were free with towels and other such trifling, so truly all you had to worry about was staying in or out of the sun.

About the second day, I noticed that Robin was being very friendly with the cabana boys. I did not think a lot about it as Robin is friendly with everyone. She almost never fails to make friends anywhere she goes. What I did begin to think a little strange was that she was tipping for the drinks like a middle-aged man at a strip club. While Robin is a very generous soul, she is also frugal with her money. I thought, "Well David let her have her fun. She is obviously enjoying the attention."

On the third afternoon she begins to complain of a headache in the middle of the day. I suggested that she go back to the room and take something for it, and perhaps lie in the cool room for a bit. I would play the part of the good husband and hold down our spot on the beach. She eagerly acquiesced to this suggestion. She returned in an hour or so all smiles saying her headache was much, much better now.

This was the pattern for the next several afternoons. I figured the sun was getting to her. Or perhaps since she was binging on a couple drinks every night, being unused to that massive quantity of booze, it was getting to her a bit. We had come to the resort to get away from winter, troubles, and to let the *bon temps roulez*.

I thought no more of it until we were checking out. As they were carrying our luggage to the taxi to

leave, four of the cabana boys lined up and each kissed her hand passionately. I finally figured out what she had been mumbling before we left, “Robin needs to get her groove back.” I think perhaps she did.

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