

The Anonymity That Is... NOT

Chair 9. Narrative.

Title: *Old Timer (Old School)*

Newcomer: "...but she...blah blah blah."

Three mean old bastards pick-up their hammer: "...open up to page 448...ok, read that..."

Newcomer: Slumps back into chair and starts to cry.

Sponsoree: (Calling new sponsor) "...she did blah blah blah..."

Sponsor: "...read 1, 2, 3..." (hangs up)

Sponsoree: (calls again) "...they were blah blah blah..."

Sponsor: "...A, B, C. study that and call back when you got it straight" (hangs up).

K. I. S. S.

We CAME.

We Came TO.

We Came To BELIEVE.

PS...I found the book (That is the leg holding the chair up) in a donation box of assorted items at a completely unrelated facility. Upon opening the book, I realized it belonged to someone from my homegroup. Serendipitous, eh?