



From The Elevator Family:

The taller of the men pulled a red bandanna from his back pocket and wiped his neck. “Whoa! Wow! Wee!” he said. “They’re getting closer all the time. Someday they’re going to catch us.”

“Those fans nearly tore me shirt right off me back,” said the shorter man. “One grabbed me hair. Another ripped me jacket.”

The woman slumped to the floor. “Twelve more cities!” she said. “A dozen more times we must go through this.”

As the little room started upward Walter lowered his newspaper. “Splendid. More company,” he said.

Winona set down her sketch pad. “You look frazzled, dear,” she said. “I hope you don’t have a fever.”

The three newcomers stared at the Wilsons.

“Whoa! Wow! Wee!” went the tall man. “More people! You can’t escape them.”

“Please, no more autographs?” said the short man. “Me hand is killing me from writing me name so much already.”

“Relax,” said Walter. “Sit down and sit tight. We’re the Wilsons, and who may you be?”

The tall man sat on the edge of a trunk. “What?” he answered.

“What is your name?” asked Winona.

“That’s right,” said the short man, sitting on the other trunk.

Whitney looked up from her paperback. “You’re What?”

“Fantabulous,” said Winslow. “You’re the rock band called What?”

Walter looked at his newspaper. “Why here’s your picture on the front page,” he said. “It says you’re What, and you’re playing a concert in the city tonight.”