

A Different Kind of Shock and Awe

Imagine Using a Vibrator for That!

by Christine Cover

One summer my husband and I went to see a play with our friends Mary and Rick. On our way back from Stratford we stopped at a Kelsey's restaurant for supper, and it was there that Mary shocked our waitress.

Mary has very bad back pain, and to help her cope she has bought an electric handheld massage contraption which she most hilariously calls a 'vibrator.' I have seen the object in question, and I do not believe it could be used for the purpose that a vibrator (the kind one thinks of anyway, when one hears the word) is traditionally applied to. If it could somehow be used for that purpose, I really don't want to think about *how* [sings 'la la la' and tries to get unpleasant images to go away].

We were about to place our order, and the 20-something waitress was just approaching our table when Mary said, with superb timing, "I don't care which one of you does it, but tonight one of you is going to have to work me really hard with the vibrator."

This would have been funny even under normal circumstances, but seeing the look on the waitress' face (she was approaching the table from behind Mary, and facing me and David) was downright life-threatening. It was a mixture of horror, incredulity and frank curiosity.

After she left the table again my husband and I nearly killed ourselves laughing, but Mary and Rick were unfazed, and didn't seem too concerned when various wait staff (whom we had not seen before) began to pass by our table on mysterious errands that involved looking covertly in our direction. I expect they were speculating about who would get to do the vibrating.

However, it wasn't nearly as exciting as they probably imagined, although Mary said she felt much less tense afterwards.

I'm glad it was good for her, at least.