

High Society



Norm was a social elite wannabe. He could think of no better life than one surrounded by privilege and affluence. However, he had one major obstacle to overcome: most members of High Society were born with silver spoons in their mouths; Norm's maw began life with a steak knife in it. His early home life was difficult because his mum ascribed to an all-mulligatawny diet, and the knife kept getting in the way of soup bowl slurping. On the other hand, by high school, all the girls agreed that he was the most exciting kisser in town. There were occasional competitions to see whose lips required the most medical attention after an evening's worth of osculation. Sure, he never lacked for a Saturday night escort, but Norm would've preferred the company of the highfalutin. Then one day, one of the girls remarked that he bore a slight resemblance to Errol Flynn in "Against All Flags." The idea of genteel piracy (this was years ago, dear reader) appealed to Norm, and he promptly dropped his quest for a Social Register listing and set out instead to ply the swashbuckling trade. Turns out he was quite good at it, too, though he still had chronic mulligatawny issues. Which is, of course, another story.