

Stir-Crazy

By Debra VanDeventer

I was born to party. My disco-ball inspired crown and sleek, silver stem made me a standout among those cheap plastic types. I swirled my way through Harvey Wallbangers, Whiskey Sours, and Tequila Sunrises to the tune of “Stayin’ Alive.” Ah, those were the days. It was too good to last.

As the disco beat faded, they packed me away. Abandoned and forgotten, I ended up in a dishpan full of salad tongs and other assorted kitchen items in an antique shop in Sleepy River, Michigan. To make things even more humiliating, the sign above the display read: “Vintage Swizzle Sticks... \$8 each.”

That’s where she found me. She picked me up, showed me off to her friends, and took me home for the bartered price of five bucks. Sure, I felt cheap, but I would soon be back in action!

When the big day arrived, she dropped several ice cubes in a tall glass and poured in a generous amount of amber liquid. It didn’t seem like a party scene, but maybe she liked to drink alone. The woman tore open a small pink package and poured its white, powdery contents into the glass. I’d never seen that done before; perhaps this was a new kind of beverage. A shiver of anticipation ran up my spine as I slid into the glass and began to stir things up. I was out of practice, but my discerning palate detected... *iced tea*? And it wasn’t even the Long Island variety!

Oh for the love of... This woman needs to get a life! I’d have been better off staying in the antique shop with the salad tongs. On the other hand, she *was* attracted to my funky style, and she knows how to swizzle. Maybe I’ll stick around for a while. She has potential.