

Chocolate and Cockup

"HOLY SHIT, COCKSUCKING MOTHERFUCKER!"

My body jolts and my heart starts racing when the scream from the padded lounge chair next to mine interrupts the beautiful, peaceful morning. Taking a few deep, calming breaths, I turn my head and glare at the man sitting next to me.

"Dammit, Drew. You made me mess up my crocheting. Can we keep the noise level down to at least a three? Right now, you're at *toddler throwing a hissy fit* level. People are staring."

Drew gapes at me with wide eyes and an even wider dropped-open mouth as I attempt to fix the stitch I just botched when he scared the hell out of me.

"What the hell, shit stick, you woke me up from my nap," my best friend Liz complains from her chair on the other side of Drew.

Liz leans forward and rubs the sleep out of her eyes before giving Drew the same annoyed glare I did.

"How am I gonna stay awake for bingo tonight without my mid-morning nap? Virginia Albright has won three weeks in a row. This was my week, asshole. The grand prize was a bus trip to the casino. You suck."

Drew just continues to blink rapidly at both of us, before he gets his own bodily jolt when our friend Jim pops up from the other side of Liz.

And when I say 'pops up', I mean that sarcastically. Jim has a bad back. He basically just slowly lurches forward with a loud groan.

"What's going on? What happened? Where are we?" Jim mutters, looking around in confusion.

"We're at the retirement community, out by the pool, sweetie. Go back to sleep. I'll wake you up when it's time for your blood pressure medication," Liz tells her husband.

Jim lets out another groan as he lays back down in his chair, crosses his arms over his chest and goes back to sleep.

"Where's Jenny?! Where the hell is my wife?! JENNNNNNNNY!" Drew suddenly shouts.

Liz reaches over the arm of her chair and smacks him in the arm, then points a few feet away to a grassy area next to the pool, where Jenny is lying on her back, rocking from side-to-side as she stares up at the clouds.

"She's fine. She's frolicking in the grass," Liz tells him.

"Uh, I don't think she's frolicking. I believe she's fallen, and she can't get up. Liz, go help her up. You know she'll just lay there all damn day without asking anyone for help," I sigh.

"Why the hell do I have to help her up? I helped her up last time. It's your turn."

"Fuck off, and go help her up before she gets a sunburn," I argue.

After lifting her arthritic finger in the air and flipping me off, Liz gets out of her chair with a moan as we all hear a few of her bones creak and pop with the effort it takes for her to move.

"You're alive," Drew whispers in astonishment, looking around at all of us, including my husband, Carter, who is still peacefully snoring in the chair next to mine.

He better thank me later for telling him to turn down the volume on his hearing aid before he settled in for his nap. He gets to continue enjoying the quiet morning while I have to deal with whatever shit show is about to happen with Drew.

"Uh, yes. I'm alive. What the hell is wrong with you?" I mutter, shaking my head in annoyance when I realize I'm going to have to undo this entire row of stitches to fix the mess I made of the scarf I was crocheting for Carter.

"I had a dream. A bad dream. An awful dream. We were all dead. You, me, Jenny, Liz, Jim, and Carter. Holy fuck, it was so real. You and Carter died in your sleep on your 75th wedding anniversary after a celebratory game of Metamucil pong. Liz and Jim kicked the bucket on their 78th wedding anniversary from heart attacks when they tested out an entire new shipment of vibrators. Jenny died in the parking lot of the emergency room, next to our personalized parking space, when she slipped on a sheet of ice trying to dislodge a whisk from her vagina and hit her head, which caused her to swallow the ball from the ball gag my arthritic fingers were unable to remove and she choked to death. I died from a heart attack overexerting myself giving her CPR."

When Drew finally finishes rambling, I roll my eyes at him as I set my knitting down in my lap. I'd like to say that the things coming out of my friend's mouth surprise me, but they don't. At all. Over the years, he's said plenty of insane things and honestly, this dream he had, while ridiculous, sounds exactly like the way each of us could potential die someday.

Hello. My name is Claire Ellis, and I hate old people.

God, that sounds awful, but I'm allowed to say it because I'm one of those old people. I like myself just fine, it's *other* old people who get on my last damn nerve. Like Drew. And everyone else we live with in the lovely retirement community of Park Summit in Coral Springs, Florida.

"It was just a dream, Drew," I remind him as he continues to breathe so hard and fast that I'm afraid he might have a panic attack.

"How the fuck are you so calm?! WE WERE ALL DEAD! Six feet under, gone, vanished, never to walk this earth again, never to have sex again..." he trails off, pressing his hand against his chest. "Oh, God. No more sex. This is it. I'm having a heart attack. The dream was false. I won't die hovering over my wife while she chokes on a ball gag. I'm gonna die surrounded by old people knitting, playing shuffleboard, taking naps, and every other boring, old people shit everyone around here does!"

"Drew, we're in our seventies. We live in a retirement community. This is what retirement looks like. Quiet and peaceful," I remind him, glancing around at the beautiful scenery that surrounds us.

When Drew needed hip replacement surgery a few years ago after he and his wife Jenny went a little overboard with trying out things in the Kama Sutra book, he found out his doctor had moved down here to Coral Springs, so Drew followed him for the surgery. After the hip replacement, his doctor set him up in the rehabilitation area of Park Summit. We all came down to visit him and immediately fell in love with the place.

My best friend Liz and I started a business back when we were in our twenties called *Seduction and Snacks*, which is a combination sex toy store and bakery. Our friend Jenny was hired on to handle marketing and promotions for us. After decades of working our asses off, opening up franchises of *Seduction and Snacks* all over the United States, and then eventually handing the bulk of the business over to our kids when they became adults, visiting Drew at Park Summit made us realize it was time to slow down, trust our kids to take care of the business, and just relax. The six of us moved here permanently three months after we visited Drew, and we've been here ever since.

Park Summit has everything you could ever need. We each have our own two-bedroom condo, and they offer a library, fitness center, beauty salon and spa, fun activities, beautifully landscaped grounds with a swimming pool and Jacuzzi, and even nursing care. It's like living full time at a tropical resort.

"I don't understand. How are we in our seventies already? Weren't we just in our fifties like, three years ago?" Drew asks in confusion.

"Don't try to math, Drew. No one gets math," Jim pipes up from his chair, with his eyes still closed. "Can you stop yammering now? I've got a Jazzercise class in the pool in an hour and I need my rest."

"Baby! I think it's time for your bottled water medicine!" Jenny announces, her hand clinging to Liz's elbow as they amble over to us, and Liz helps her sit down in the chair she vacated.

"For the last time, Jenny, it's his *water pill*. It's not the same as drinking bottled water," Liz complains with a sigh.

"Jesus. JESUS!" Drew shouts, throwing his arms up in the air in frustration. "Will you look at us? What the fuck happened to us? We used to get drunk and make poor decisions. We used to get drunk and get kicked out of public places. We used to play dinner roll baseball. We used to wear awesome shirts that said things like *Hello, my name is Slutbag McFuckstick*. We used to go to BronyCon."

"You used to go to BronyCon. We just pointed and laughed at you for being ridiculous," Liz laughs. "And might I remind you, you're currently wearing a hat that says *I ain't dead yet, motherfuckers*."

Drew reaches up and touches the brim of his hat.

"This is a pretty awesome hat, if I do say so myself. But it's a fucking fishing hat. It has fishing lures on it, Liz. I am wearing an old person's fishing hat and I HATE FISHING. Fishing is for old people."

"We are old people," Carter says with a sigh as he adjusts the volume on his hearing aid and sits up in his chair. "Is it three o'clock yet? They're serving strawberry Jell-O and meatloaf at dinner."

"JESUS CHRIST!" Drew yells, forcing all of us to give apologetic looks to the handful of people in the pool who stop what they're doing to stare at us. "Are you guys even hearing yourself right now? Crocheting, casino trips, bingo, mid-morning naps, Jazzercise, dinner at fucking three o'clock in the afternoon where all they serve is soft, mushy food so our dentures don't fall out."

"But...strawberry Jell-O is delicious," my husband mumbles.

"The point is, I get it. We're getting up there in age. But why the hell are we acting like it? This is not who we are. We are not these people. We are people who fuck shit up. We're all just sitting around waiting to die," Drew complains.

"He's right, you know," Jenny nods. "Sure, we moved out here to Florida to relax, but that doesn't mean we can't still have fun. Our kids are all grown up, they're living their own lives and having fun doing it, and they've spooked us."

"Christ, Jenny. They didn't spook us. It's *ghosted*. They *ghosted* us. And they didn't ghost us. They visit all the time, call practically every day, and they're busy running our *Seduction and Snacks* empire," Liz reminds her.

"Whatever. I'm just saying, we need to live a little. Remember what it was like to have fun. *Real* fun. Not old people fun."

I really, really wanted to take a nap before dinner, but the things Jenny and Drew are saying are kind of making me a little sad. What *has* happened to us? We moved to Florida and suddenly we're not fun anymore? What the hell is that about? We started a company that sells sex toys, for God's sake. Our business is all about fun. When the six of us hung out back in the day, we had so much fun we almost got arrested. We had so much fun it resulted in a few of us going to the emergency room. Drew's right. We are just sitting around, waiting to die. And like his stupid fishing hat says, we ain't dead yet, motherfuckers.

"I could handle a little fun," Jim suddenly states.

"I do have a brand new medical marijuana card for my bursitis I haven't put to good use yet," Liz muses.

"If we're fucking shit up, can we still stop by the kitchen and get Jell-O before we get started?" Carter questions.

"Before we start making plans, Drew needs to take his stool softener," Jenny announces to the group, leaning over the arm of her chair and grabbing her purse from the ground.

She sets it in her lap and digs around inside until she finds the blue, plastic, seven-day pill box, pulling it out and popping open the lid for today.

"I got you new ones since the old ones were huge and way too hard for you to swallow," Jenny informs Drew.

"THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!" he shouts as he takes the little brown square from her fingers.

"You'll like these ones better, baby. They're chocolate chews!"

Drew holds the piece of medical chocolate in front of his face and studies it for a few minutes, before his eyes light up and he gets a devious look on his face.

"Claire, sweetie, honey, woman who my best friend knocked up at a frat party in college...do you and or Liz by any chance have a few boxes of sex toys sitting around in a closet at your condo?" Drew asks before popping the chocolate chew in his mouth.

"Why in the hell would we have boxes of sex toys? We don't run the company anymore, remember? All the free samples and excess product goes to our kids now. I have my own personal stash in my nightstand drawer, same with Liz," I tell him.

"Eew, I don't want anything from your own personal stash with your old lady vagina juices on them," Drew shudders.

"I have a box of butt plugs, two boxes of bullets, a half a box of strap-ons, four small boxes of nubby finger vibrators, and three boxes of g-spot touch finger vibes," Jenny announces proudly.

"I knew there was a reason I married you," Drew tells her, leaning over his chair to give her a kiss.

Drew pulls back from Jenny and points at Liz.

"Go put that medical marijuana card to good use and get us some awesome shit."

"I can do that. I just have to check with Kevin and see if one of the golf carts are available," Liz replies.

Kevin is a wonderful young man that works as the activities director for Park Summit. He not only schedules all sorts of things to do for the people who live here, he handles the schedule for the fleet of golf carts the retirement community owns that residents are free to use if we need to make a quick trip to the store, or want to get away and go somewhere else for dinner.

"No golf cart!" Drew yells. "Jesus Christ, we're trying to *not* be old. Only old people drive golf carts to the fucking marijuana dispensary. Take an Uber. Or a taxi. For shit's sake, don't tool up in there in a God damn golf cart. You people are a disgrace."

Drew then turns to me and gives me a chin lift.

"Think you can whip up some baked goods for us when Liz gets back?"

It's been a while since I've been in a kitchen, and I have to say, I really miss it. I was responsible for the "snacks" part of *Seduction and Snacks* and my recipes are world famous now.

"You're damn right I can," I tell him with a smile.

"Perfect. Carter, Jim and I will handle everything else."

"What exactly does *everything* else entail?" Carter asks.

"Duh. Inviting people to our rave, dumbass," Drew says with a roll of his eyes.

"Do people still rave? Is this still a thing? I feel like this is not going to end well," Liz says.

"When has anything we've ever done not ended well?" Drew asks.

We all start to open our mouths and he immediately holds his hands up in the air.

"Never mind. Don't answer that. This won't be like any of those other times, I swear. We're going to show all these other old ass people what it's like to have fun again. Get your crotchety, wrinkled old asses moving and we'll meet back here in three hours."

We all push ourselves up from our chairs and as everyone else disperses, Carter slips his hand into mine and pulls me up against him.

"If we die today, I hope you know how much I love you," he tells me with a smile, leaning down and kissing the tip of my nose.

Even after all these years together, this man still gives me butterflies.

"We're not going to die today. Didn't you hear Drew's prophecy? We're not dying for a good twenty more years after an intense game of Metamucil pong," I remind him.

"STOP MAKING OUT IN PUBLIC BEFORE I PUKE, FUCKERS! LET'S GO! TIME'S A WASTING! WE'VE GOT SHIT TO FUCK UP AND POOR CHOICES TO MAKE!" Drew shouts from over by the door that leads into the main section of condos.

"Scratch that. We're probably going to die today," I mutter as Carter and I pull apart and make our way over to the building.

"Oh, my. There are a lot of...all I see is...there are so many..."

"It's okay, Kevin. You can say it," Liz states, patting poor Kevin on the back as he stares around the party room at the retirement facility in a state of shock.

"Here a cock, there a cock, everywhere a cock-cock."

I can't help it, I let out a giggle when Liz says cock-cock. It feels good to giggle. It makes me feel young. It makes me feel like I can do anything.

As soon as I remember how legs work.

"Why does every gentleman in this room have...a problem in his pants?" Kevin asks in the nicest way possible as Mr. Schumacher walks by and gives us a wave.

None of us wave back. Our eyes all immediately drop down to the giant tent in his pants that is sticking out, loud and proud.

"Okay, the good news is, I threw away what was left of the chocolate chews. The bad news is, there were only three left out of the hundred I made," Drew explains, rushing over to us as fast as his old bones will allow, wearing a t-shirt that says *I fucked your grandmother last night*.

"Chocolate chews? Do I even want to ask what you put in those chocolate chews?" Kevin asks. "When I told you guys you could throw a small get-together today, I didn't expect...whatever this is."

"DON'T YOU JUDGE ME, KEVIN!" Drew shouts. "I was trying to liven this boring place up! Put a little excitement back into everyone's lives so it wasn't just about napping and early bird dinners!"

"Don't yell at Kevin," Jim scolds Drew. "Not all heroes wear capes. Kevin is a saint for being here with us every day, taking on the task of organizing fun activities and making sure Mrs. Swanson doesn't drive another golf cart into the lake. Corralling us old people isn't easy. He's doing the Lord's work. You got too cocky with this party, Drew. It happens to the best of us."

"Please, will someone just explain why every man in this room has a giant bulge sticking out of the front of his pants?!" Kevin pleads, quickly wiping the panicked look off his face when another elderly gentleman that I recognize from bingo night walks by and smiles at him. "Lovely day we're having, isn't it, Mr. Jasper?"

"Best day I've had since my prostate surgery five years ago, Kevin!" Mr. Jasper announces, pointing down at his boner proudly. "Has anyone seen my wife? I need her to take care of this."

Kevin lets out a nervous laugh and points over to the buffet table filled with all of the cupcakes, brownies, cookies and cakes I threw together earlier, where Mrs. Jasper is currently filling up a plate.

As soon as Mr. Jasper walks away, Drew lets out a sigh.

"Jenny crushes up my Viagra and puts it into delicious things because I have trouble swallowing pills. I saw those stool softening chocolate chews this morning, did a little pill crushing and mashing the powder into chocolate chews when I got back to our condo, and came up with Chocolate and Cockup. I guess I didn't think this plan through very well," he explains.

"Heh, heh, you can't swallow," I giggle.

"I HAVE A SENSITIVE ESOPHOGUS, CLAIRE!" Drew complains loudly.

"So, basically, all the men in this room are going to have massive erections while shitting their brains out. That should be fun," Carter deadpans.

All of this just makes me giggle even harder, which makes Liz look at me quizzically.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Why are you so giggly?"

I try to smother my giggling by pressing my hand against my mouth, but I can't contain it. Everything is so funny right now. Men are just wandering around the room with huge hard-ons. They're standing in small circles, talking about their golf game, with huge hard-ons. They're drinking punch and getting jiggy with it, *with huge hard-ons*.

"Oh, my Jesus. You ate the pot brownies, didn't you?" Liz suddenly asks. "You were supposed to just *make* them, not eat them. How many?"

I shrug my shoulders and look up at her sheepishly from my chair.

"I dunno. A few. Also, I don't think I need my shoulders anymore."

"For fuck's sake. Didn't you learn your lesson when we were in our twenties and you licked the wall of *Seduction and Snacks*? You never eat more than one. NEVER! At your age, you should only eat a bite. And don't even tell

me you thought it wasn't working, so you kept eating them. THAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT WORKS! Not high, not high, not high, oh, my God, I'm dying. You're a grandmother! What would your grandchildren think right now?" Liz asks me with a shake of her head.

"My grandchildren would think I'm the shit!" I tell her. "My doctor told me months ago that my blood glucose level was getting close to the diabetes territory. Do you have any idea how long it's been since I've had real sugar? So, I licked the spoon when I made the brownies. And then I licked the beaters. And then the bowl. And I had to taste-test the actual batter with a few spoonfuls before that. And who the hell makes brownies and doesn't try a few when they're warm and gooey from the oven? Also, I think I might be paralyzed from the neck down."

Liz continues to shake her head at me, but she has to admit. This party has been a blast. We're listening to loud music and it's not just the theme music from game shows on TV, and it's not loud because half of the people in this room can't hear it. It's loud because we're having *fun*. People are dancing. People are laughing. People are sneaking off to have sex all over this retirement community because the men overdosed on Drew's Chocolate and Cockup. Mrs. Anderson ate three cupcakes and is telling everyone who will listen what a big penis Mr. Anderson had, complete with holding her hands in the air at least a foot apart. This wouldn't be all that strange under normal circumstances, I guess, but Mr. Anderson died twenty years ago. Ever since I met her, all she does is cry whenever she mentions him. And now she's smiling and laughing and making dick jokes. No one in this room is acting like they're just sitting around waiting to die. They're *living*.

With huge cocks and medical marijuana highs.

"Are you gonna shut our rave down, Kevin? It was just getting good," Drew complains with a *harrumph*, crossing his arms in front of him.

"No, I'm not shutting things down. But I am going to start handing out water to everyone, get the nurse in here to take some blood pressure readings, and make sure no one else eats any brownies," Kevin informs us.

"Or cupcakes, or cookies, or cakes," I add.

"You put it in *everything*?!" Kevin asks.

"Liz got some good shit. A *lot* of good shit," I shrug, with the shoulders I realize I actually *do* still need.

Kevin mutters under his breath and then scurries off to save the day and make sure no one around here dies, just like always.

"He's a good man, that Kevin. Someone should nominate him for president," Jim states.

"You guys! Why are you all sitting over here in the corner? You're missing all the fun!" Jenny says us as she joins us, waiving a large pink vibrator in her hand. "The vibrator races are just about to start over by the refreshment table."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" we all scream at the top of our lungs as Liz reaches over and snatches the vibrator out of her hand.

"Will you guys calm down?" Drew huffs, wrapping his arm around Jenny's shoulders. "I'm sure Jenny isn't conducting *those* kind of vibrator races this time, are you honey?"

Back in our younger days, we attended a charity function where Jenny entered a vibrator race contest. You were supposed to pick your weapon of choice, set it down on a homemade racetrack next to a bunch of other contestants, turn it on, and then whoever vibrator made it down the track first, won. Our dear Jenny thought vibrator race meant you had to stick the thing down your pants and whoever *finished* first, won.

That's definitely something none of us wanted to witness back when we were in our twenties. Seeing that shit *now*, in a room filled with elderly people, would definitely kill everyone, and then Kevin's life would be ruined.

"You guys have such little faith in me," Jenny says with a shake of her head, pulling out from under Drew's arm. "We're doing the vibrator races the way they are supposed to be conducted. By putting them in your mouth and whoever gives the best blow job, wins!"

Jenny turns and makes her way back over to the refreshment table while we all stare after her.

"So, it looks like a lot more of our neighbors will be getting dentures today after they chip all their teeth," Jim muses, pushing himself up from his chair and turning to hold out his hand to Liz. "Let's go, my love. It will be fun. I'm sure there will be lots of blood. You like blood and pain when it's happening to other people."

With a sigh, Liz grabs his hand and laces her fingers through his.

"If someone whips out their dentures and I get hit with them, I will murder you in your sleep," she warns him as Jim gives her a kiss on the cheek and they amble over to the now growing crowd around the refreshment table, listening to Jenny give instructions.

When they're gone, Drew turns to Carter and me.

"Thank you guys for your help today. It really means a lot to me that you would do all of this. I just...it means a lot. We've been friends for a long time. Jesus, over fifty years. I know sometimes I can be over the top, but I just wanted us to have fun. I just wanted a day where we could remember what it was like to be young again," he tells us with a smile.

"Awww, buddy, look at you being all sweet and emotional in your old age. It's the stool softener, isn't it? A good daily poop just puts you in a better mood," Carter laughs, giving him a pat on the back.

"I HAVE A BOGGY PROSTATE AND IT GIVES ME CONSTIPATION!" Drew shouts, punching my husband in the arm before turning and walking over to the vibrator races that have just begun, going by the shouting and screaming we hear on the other side of the room.

Once he's gone and it's just Carter and me left, my husband grabs both of my hands and gently pulls me up from my chair, wrapping his arms around my waist. I press my hands against his chest and look up at him with a smile,

knowing that even with age, a few wrinkles, and a full head of salt and pepper hair, he's still the handsomest man in the room, and I'm lucky that he still puts up with me after all these years.

"I have a surprise for you," Carter says with a mischievous smile, removing one of his arms from around me to reach into the front pocket of his pants.

He fishes around for a second and then pulls his hand out, holding it palm up in between us.

"Oh, my God. Is that a Chocolate and Cockup?" I ask with a laugh when I see the little chocolate chew sitting in the middle of his hand.

"I confiscated one right before Drew threw what was left away. So, what do you think, Mrs. Ellis? Wanna go sneak off somewhere and have some crazy, young people sex for a few hours?" he asks with a wag of his eyebrows.

"I love you so much. And I would like nothing more than to go find somewhere quiet and have some crazy, young people sex with you."

I take the chocolate chew out of his hand, stare at it for a few seconds, and then toss it over my shoulder.

"Damn, now I won't have an uncontrollable boner for the next three hours," Carter complains with a laugh.

Clutching the front of his shirt into my fists, I pull his face down closer to mine.

"The Viagra was mushed up into a stool softener, remember? You also won't have uncontrollable shitting for the next three hours," I remind him.

"Yeah, that doesn't sound very enjoyable," Carter nods.

Tipping my chin up, I give him a quick kiss on the lips before pulling back to look into his eyes.

"Baby, I would love to have crazy, young people sex with you, but we are no longer crazy young people," I remind him.

"We did successfully throw a rave today and you got stoned out of your mind. I may or may not have taken a picture of you staring at the wall with a little drool coming out of the corner of your mouth and sent it to the grandkids," he informs me.

"And, what did they say?"

"They said their grandma is the shit," he says with a smile and a shrug.

"Damn right she is! So, how about we just go back to our condo, take a nice, long nap, and I'll take out my dentures and give you a blow job during Wheel of Fortune?" I suggest.

"Can I eat strawberry Jell-O, while watching Wheel of Fortune, while you give me a blow job?"

"Yes, yes you can."

"We're not crazy young people anymore," Carter says with a shake of his head.

"No, we are not."

"I'm okay with that. Wheel of Fortune Jell-O blow jobs are more my speed anyway."

Pulling away from each other, my husband takes my hand and we make our way through the room, pausing to glance over at all of our friends who are still watching the vibrator race. Jim and Liz break away from the cheering, screaming group first and meet us over by the door.

"This was a fun day, but I need a nap," Jim says with a sigh.

"Claire, I think I'm skipping bingo tonight. I'm exhausted and my knees are killing me," Liz adds.

"Yeah, we were just heading upstairs to take a nap too. Those pot brownies are wearing off and the arthritis in my hip is bothering me," I tell her.

"Are you guys leaving the party already?" Jenny complains with a pout as her and Drew join us. "We still have three more rounds of vibrator races before we crown a winner, and Drew sent Mr. Sampson out to go steal a few golf carts. We're gonna sneak out after curfew and go to a strip club! This party was such a huge hit, that every said we should make it an anally thing."

"I don't think that means what you think it means," Liz sighs.

"Anally. Every year. Duh," Jenny scoffs.

"Maybe next time, sweetie," I tell her with a smile before Liz starts losing her shit. "This was a good day, wasn't it?"

Everyone nods and murmurs their approval, while also rubbing their backs and wincing a little bit in pain.

"Are we getting too old for this shit?" Jim asks.

We all take another look around the room at all the smiling, happy old people and shake our heads, replying in unison.

"Never!"

"Anally it is then!" Jim says with a laugh. "We'll have an entire year to rest up and prepare for the next boner marijuana rave."

Good lord, we're all so ridiculous. But at least we're not boring.

Or too cocky for our own good.

The End