

the great zucchini /4/ gambling & ambassadors

you must be making quite a lot of money. what other hobbies do you have that keep you in the red?

I do make quite a lot of money. I mean, I charge \$300 for a 40-minute party. I probably make like \$100,000 a year but it's all gone before I pick it up. I'm just so lousy at handling money. even if I were making five times what I make, I'd still be flat broke every morning.

there must be a reason for this other than being disorganized

the truth is, I gamble. I've been a gambler for years. it's not something I'm proud of. it's an addiction I don't know how to deal with. gambling actually helped end the best relationship I've ever had. this girl chose me over a pro footballer but then she felt I was ignoring her needs and she walked out on me. I was crushed. I still haven't quite gotten over it.

so what's your routine at parties? do you make any special demands?

I can be quite demanding. unless things are exactly the way I want them to be, I can't relax. like the other day I was doing a party in this living room and the parents wanted to keep a door open. I need all the doors to be closed so I told them that something had better be done about it. we argued for a while and then I offered to give the money back and leave. when the kids heard I might be leaving they made such a fuss the parents figured they'd better close the door after all.

why kids, anyway?

I'm used to being around kids. I feel comfortable around them. I wish I could be as innocent and naive as they are without constantly passing judgements on people I meet. I had a fine childhood myself even though my parents got divorced when I was thirteen. my dad and I weren't getting along at that time but we made up shortly before he died.

that's pretty much all the time we have for today. it's nice to end on such a happy note

there's one more thing. there was this family living across the hall from us. they had a son, Laurence. the mother was a beautiful lady and the father was an ambassador. I used to babysit Laurence, he was such a nice little kid. one night his dad came home, shot his beautiful wife in the head, then shot the kid and then killed himself. that's the kind of thing that stays with you no matter how hard you try to forget