

Holy Thistle

Pedro is the spitting image of his father, only in miniature—which is saying quite a lot. Except for help around the house—with the chores—and that really pisses his old man off.

Taking the risk of being called a "sissy" by Dad, all to rid the rugs and carpets of their potential to trigger asthma—anything for the little one!

And all the other odious clichés!

Prepare the vermicelli soup—or the one with little alphabet letters, which make us both polyglots—and handle the vegetable blender.

Jose, an art therapist—himself an expert in art, and more specifically in "trash art"—cannot stand the fact that his son (an extension of his own complex) has spontaneously decided to compensate for his father's shortcomings by kindly stepping in to help his mother.

The matriarch who spends all her time hanging laundry on the line, while the man of the house is off having a beer with his buddies.

And who, upon returning in the evening, tosses out, "But you should have just asked me!"

The same applies to using a steam generator iron—or, more simply, to the process of putting laundry into the washing machine, taking it out, hanging it up to dry, and then folding and putting it away.

"But you should've just asked me!"

Then listen to him for two hours, as his embryonic sexual organ drains, emptying itself; listen to Jose complain about his miserable existence.

A misunderstood artist—one who was deeply depressed. And, in the same vein, such a vulnerable father!

Kevin Ashdown