

It Must Be the Spaghetti!



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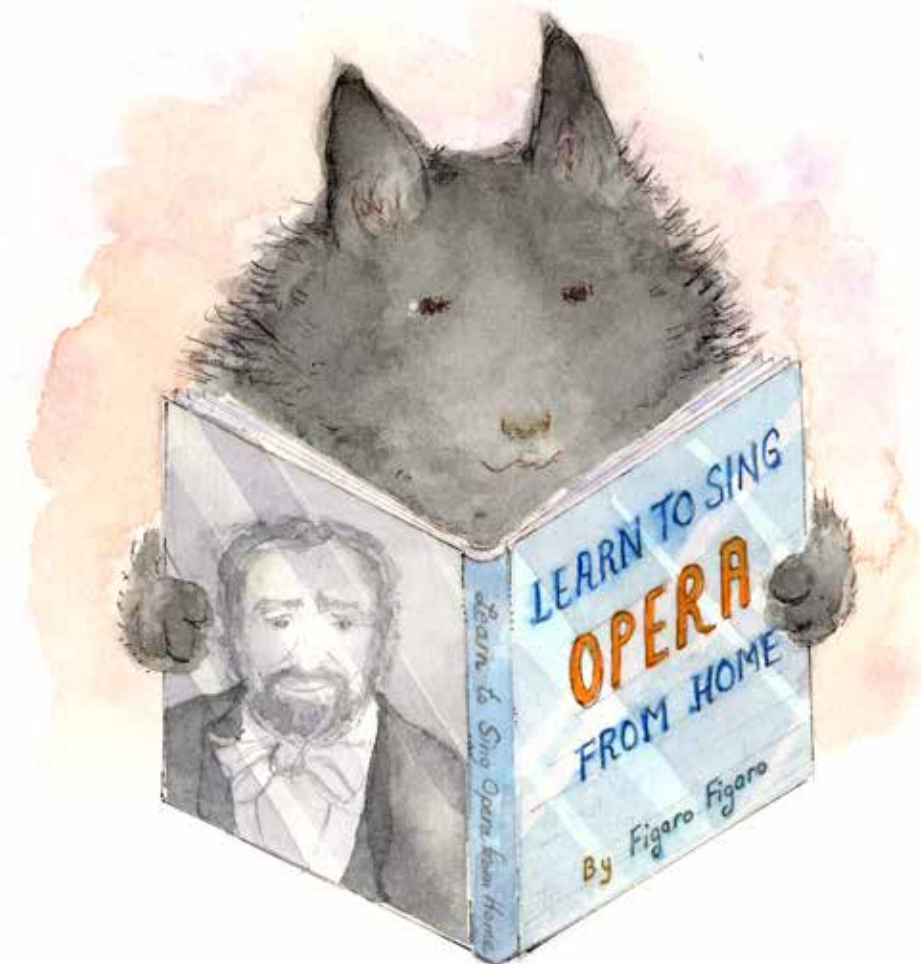




To Stevie D. and Eddie Jack, two of my cherished
Schipperke dogs



Steve was good at everything. He could dance. He could beat a drum and march in parades. He even played in a rock band. There wasn't much Steve couldn't do. And now he was learning to sing.



The only thing his brother Eddie had ever been good at was eating. Eddie especially loved Italian food, which was why he was Luigi's best customer — and why he was a little on the chubby side. (It must be the spaghetti.)



Every Wednesday, Steve and Eddie headed to Luigi's for the mid-week special: a heaping plate of super deluxe spaghetti for \$2.99.

As they pulled up to the restaurant on one of those wonderful Wednesday evenings, Steve noticed a sign outside the theatre next door. He had always dreamed of being in a gala show, so he grabbed Eddie and pulled him into the building.



They joined the long line of hopefuls that wound through the theatre. The wait seemed endless for Steve, but Eddie was in no hurry. He was trying to figure out what he could possibly do for the audition. The line grew shorter, and finally Eddie came up with the idea of reciting a poem.

Just ahead of them, a fellow sang a jaunty version of "Puttin' on the Ritz." This entertaining number made Eddie doubt his choice. He tried to make a run for it, but Steve pushed him in front of the director.



"A bunch of the boys ..."

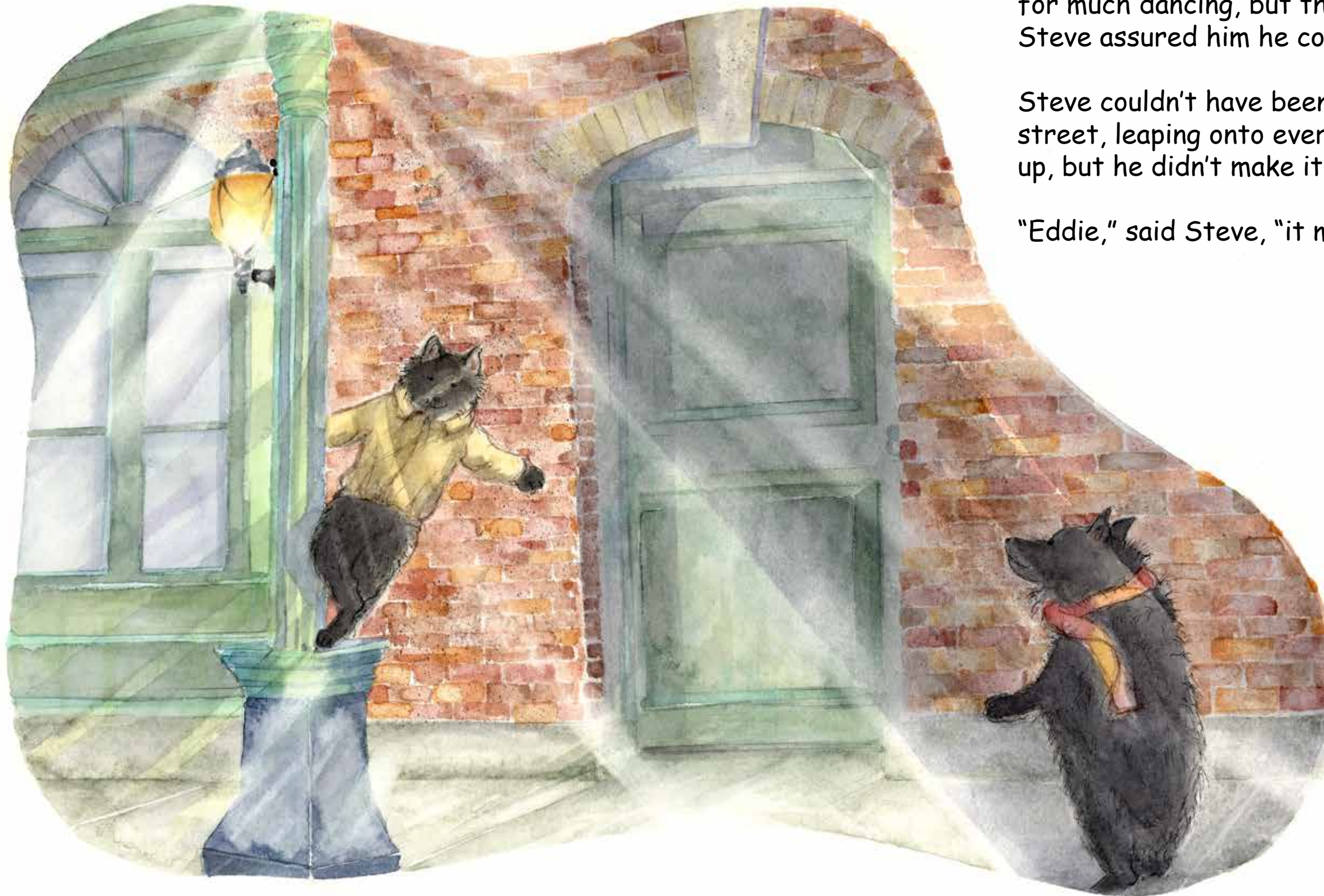
"Speak up!" hollered the director. "I can't hear you."

Eddie began again.

*"A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon;
The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune;
Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And watching his luck was his light-o-love,
The lady that's known as Lou.
When out of the night ..."*

"Next!" shouted the director, and then his assistant pointed to the door.





A stunning dance routine from the musical *'Cats'* won Steve the lead role of Pirate King. The part didn't call for much dancing, but the director liked his style, and Steve assured him he could sing.

Steve couldn't have been happier. He ran down the street, leaping onto every lamppost. Eddie tried to jump up, but he didn't make it.

"Eddie," said Steve, "it must be the spaghetti."