

NHshorty's and BuffaloBill's Out-of-the-Blue 3-day-WDW-Adventure.

*The scene: NHshorty and Buffalobill at a local watering hole in a Mickey Spillane/Mike Hammer black & white movie.*

*The date: Friday, January 8, 2013*

*Cue the film noir bluesy saxophone.*

It all started innocently that Friday night. I had just started a new-old-job on Monday, so it had been an unusual week already. As we are wont to do, NHshorty and I met up at one of our usual haunts for adult beverages and unhealthy appetizers. Tonight we had rendezvoused at Billy's Sports Bar in Manchvegas (aka Manchester, NH).

I had just taken a sip of my Sam Adams when NHshorty asked what I thought about an email she had sent earlier. We had exchanged several emails during the day, so connecting the dots was a bit difficult. While I stalled by taking another sip, she slipped a piece of paper across the high-top table. I made sure we weren't being watched and glanced at the note and looked at NHshorty through the steam rising from our plate of potato skins.

In the center of the paper the cryptic "SWA MHT-MCO RT 2/1-2/3 217" appeared. Was this some secret code that NHshorty had unearthed? I wasn't sure, but I knew it was important, so I took another sip.

NHshorty pointed to the paper and said, "I know it's crazy, but what do you think?" I took another sip and stabbed a potato skin. Not knowing where this was going, I said, "Interesting, what do you think?"

*Cue more film noir bluesy saxophone music*

The potato skins had bacon bits on them and the Sam Adams was cold, so my brain was barely turning over and NHshorty wanted to know what I thought about this. I read the note again. "SWA MHT-MCO RT 2/1-2/3 217" ... "SWA MHT-MCO RT 2/1-2/3 217" ... "SWA MHT-MCO RT 2/1-2/3 217" Suddenly dawn broke over Marblehead and I knew what it meant.

Again NHshorty asks, "What do you think?" I took another bite and a sip. The holidays and switching jobs had resulted in a bit of a negative cash flow situation, but I had to really consider if "SWA MHT-MCO RT 2/1-2/3 217" would sink my little leaky boat.

*Stop the film noir bluesy saxophone music*

Now NHshorty drops the hammer and stops me in my tracks with, "We've got passes, and more rolled-over points than we'll ever use, and 2/1 is an off-Friday for you. So, what do you think?"

*Cue the film noir bluesy saxophone.*

I take another sip and say in my best Bond-like manner, "Why not? Another potato skin, my dear?"

So that was it. Southwest Airlines had sent NHshorty a special offer of a round trip from Manchester to Orlando leaving on Friday, February 1<sup>st</sup> returning on Sunday, February 3<sup>rd</sup> for \$217. Forget having months to plan a WDW trip, we're going in 21 days.

In the next installment we will see how Buffalobill and NHshorty, with almost no planning, leave the great white north and drop into that alternate reality known as WDW.

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