

## Gort: The Early Years



“This meat loaf tastes awful!” grumbled Gort, as he petulantly threw his fork down on his plate hard enough to chip it. “And where’s my evening paper? This house is a mess, too. The coffee cup I left on the table is still here. Crimony, what do you *do* all day?!” It was like this day after day for poor Lola. No matter how hard she worked, her husband always found something to complain about. Of course, he never did a lick of work himself. He just slouched down in his easy chair, drank Jell-o shooters, and watched wrestling matches on TV for hours on end. But one morning, after Gort had stormed out of the house following a bout of borborygmus, which he *also* blamed on his harried wife, Lola’s attention was drawn to an infomercial utterly incompatible with typical Wrestling Channel fare. *Gentleman’s Juice* promised to “tame the wildest beast in only 24 hours!” In fact, it took half that time. Yep, half a day after Gort guzzled what he thought was a Flaming B-52, he had turned into Mister Nice. He treated Lola with the utmost respect, insisted that he do *all* of the household chores, and even wrote a book, “Husband as Nurturer in the Twenty-First Century.” He only reverted to his cantankerous ways years later when he was whisked off to Mars by that Klaatu fellow – which is, of course, another story.