



Sgt. Funsky: I formed my own band! I get to march in front, with my trombone.

Simon: Merg, your band looks very familiar...

Sgt. Funsky: Huh? It came straight out of your and my imagination.

Simon: Well, imagination has a starting point in reality. Are you sure the Beatles didn't help a little?

Sgt. Funsky: The Bug guys? When I was younger, so much younger than today, I never needed anybody's help in any way. But this year on my birthday I chose to be your age, 63 – so we need all the help we can get!

Simon: Thanks, I think. Will you still need me, when I'm sixty-four?

Sgt. Funsky: I get by with a little help from my friends. Those Bug guys are joining me on tour. But while I'm away, I'll write home ev'ry day.

Simon: So who's going to compose your music?

Sgt. Funsky: I write it myself. I just take a sad song and make it better.

Simon: Your "Bug guys" provide a diverse audience, to judge by your album cover.

Sgt. Funsky: Look at all the lonely people.

Simon: A few of them look extremely familiar.

Sgt. Funsky: You said yourself, imagination starts with reality, and the two real people most in my imagination are you and Ginny. So there are lots of both of you in there.

Simon: I saw her standing there. In fact, I count about eight Ginnys and ten of me. It's kind of like "Find Waldo."

Sgt. Funsky: Is he one of the Bug guys?

Simon: No, that's Ringo. I just meant it's like a game.

Sgt. Funsky: I prefer Monopoly. Maybe someone who looks real careful can find each of the Simons and Ginnys. But I bet no one can find the pickles I drew in there. There's a whole pot, that's easy, and then one more that's in plain sight.

Simon: It looks like you spent an awful long time on this picture.

Sgt. Funsky: It's been a hard day's night...

[Originally sent June 11, 2007 (when Simon was, in fact, 63)

Subject: Magical Mystery Tour]