And, inexplicably, teenage girls with bare midriffs and too much makeup were elbowing their way up front. Once again, no one seemed to pay attention to the short woman with Down syndrome who was trying desperately to see, but then again, the crowd mentality at concerts always turns all Darwin anyway, with the fittest pushing forward to the front while the weaker stay behind.

The island that the News were performing on had long since been sealed off and was packed to the gills with revelers. The band burned through all of its hits, like "Heart and Soul," "Do You Believe in Love," and an a cappella version of "It's Alright." Let's face it, whatever it is that makes a song "catchy," Huey Lewis & the News have it. Even I have to admit a certain affinity for the driving keyboards on "Workin' for a Livin'."

"I tell you, that guy can really play the harmonica," said Sean the next day. We never caught up with any of our friends; there were just too many people. I trusted that they were having just as good a time as the people who surrounded us.

Bobby was ecstatic at the show, especially when I found a place for her to stand on a chair behind the stage where she could see everything up close. This angered a middle-aged woman with frosted lip gloss. "If you put her up there, no one will be able to see around her," she sneered, referring to Bobby's ample roundness, doing as if Bobby weren't even there to hear it.

"I'll be sure to take that into consideration," I shot back at her with a look that would have melted the polar ice caps.

I helped Bobby up onto the chair and put my arm around her. We sang along to "Doing It All for My Baby." The bitch-cake lady with the lip gloss had stomped off. Before long, a woman with an American Idol baseball hat and a speech impediment joined in on the song we were singing, followed closely by her male friend with something like Asperger syndrome.

Then it happened. Huey noticed us. He acknowledged our presence by strolling toward us and singing into Bobby's camera lens.
As a rule of thumb, the more you read, the more you learn. And the more you learn, the more you can do. So read on, and learn more. And do more.

105

KATY'S CAFE