

Meet Kay Roberts



Kay Roberts, a star of our last book, *Stories From The Heart, Vol. 2*, which was named an Amazon.com Top Seller, is at it again. In this collection, you'll find more of her fantasy side coming to the fore, as Kay spins tales of "Old Weird Harold," and flies us to magical realms in *Fairy Tales for Grownups™*. (Kay co-founded the Pawprints gang's Fairy Tale series, along with Laurel Shapiro, whose stories appear later in this volume). Readers will also be pleased to find more installments from Kay's memoirs, based on her unique framework of the houses she lived in over the years. Kay's talents extend to acting, standup comedy, and crafts, and she's quite an artist, too, as her drawing in this book reveal (see page 190). By the way, Kay likes to tell people, she started on her creative path in her sixties, after suffering some rather severe physical traumas. Her feisty spirit inspires folks who are a lot younger to remember to enjoy each and every day.

BOYFRIEND

By Kay Roberts

I don't know what their name was originally, but it was changed when the patriarch of the family rolled a truck full of watermelons on the highway near the town of Colton and walked away unharmed.

I was his daughter's babysitter. She had two adorable little boys, Brian and Ryan. They lived in a small apartment on the corner of Speedway and Brooks. I seem to have had many jobs in this set of apartments through the years and could possibly make a story for each family that I worked for, but none so personal as this.

The daughter's young brother Solly still lived at home and worked in the family business, wholesale produce. He came to visit and go to the beach when he could. The first time I met him he decided that he would rather stay and play with his nephews than go with his sister and brother-in-law to where they were off to for the evening. My first thought was I would have to go home and lose my pay for the night. The decision was made that I had better stay so I could get the boys to bed and be there if he wanted to go out when the boys were asleep.

So began one of my best summers. Company as I babysat, sun bathing and walks along the beach. Most girls can remember candy and flowers. I was given watermelons, cantaloupes and an occasional sack of corn or other vegetables.

The family was Jewish but did not keep Kosher, and when Solly and I would walk to Ocean Park for those

fantastic ham sandwiches and birch beer we would get a couple “to go” so we could take them to his sister.

What a nice guy he was. I developed warts around my fingernails and was so embarrassed and upset. I’d had a bad experience having a wart removed before and didn’t want to go to the doctor. Solly bought me some corn remover and put it on for me. He told me to reapply it for three days and to wear rubber gloves when I had my hands in water, even in the bathtub, then to forget about the whole thing until school started. Sure enough, the first day of school I looked at my hands and noticed I no longer had what had been a total of thirteen warts.

I don’t remember if his sister moved or what, just that when summer was gone so was Solly.

He came back and took me to the movies for my sixteenth birthday. We walked one final time to Ocean Park, ate one last ham sandwich, drank our last birch beer together went to the Dome to see “All The King’s Men.” Then the stroll back down the beach and goodbye.

I had Malcolm in Miami, a handsome blonde boy in Cincinnati who played Alan Ladd, with me and my friend alternating in leading lady and “the other woman” roles. Carl Wiggerhauser, Myron Fink and finally Solly. I doubt we ever kissed, I think I would remember a first kiss. Oh, there was that Bruce Bennet type from the Crystal Ballroom, he scared the heck out of me. I was just too young. I still wasn’t ready.

From a class prompt adapted from “How to Write Your Memoirs” by Ina Hillebrandt: “What about other romances in your life (aside from a spouse)? What do you remember?”