**UGA and WUGA**

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*A play at the Theater of the Absurd*

(kindly imagine a setting or event you know

where this is played-out)

Uga and Wuga

Went to the market.

There, they loudly shouted:

“UGA-WUGA !”

Nobody cared.

So, they went home.

Uga swept the kitchen floor

Wuga mopped it and left it wet.

They did not care.

“This is too much” said Uga.

“Quite” agreed Wuga.

“So, *terminate della fiesta*?” asked Uga.

“Si; sicuramente” replied Wuga.

Well, that was that with the fiesta.

Or they momentarily thought.

Then Uga spoke: “Festival at La Villita !”

Wuga immediately agreed: “it is not terminated!”

“We must drain the San Antonio river to stop it”

Reasoned Uga.

“To the car” suggested Wuga.

“Where do we tow the San Antone river?” asked Uga.

“Where else, back to its source” answered Wuga.

“Do we have a tow rope?” wondered Uga.

“I have a bunch of used string” huffed Wuga.

“It will get wet and break” complained Uga.

Wuga scratched his beard.

“There are twisties from the bread packaging” offered Uga.

“Can we tow the bakery instead” queried Wuga.

“Back to its source in the plowed field?” wondered Uga.

It will be next to the San Antone river” stressed Wuga.

Uga scratched his bald head.

“Who owns that plowing field anyway?” Wuga wanted to know.

“Who else, but the Mayor” authoritatively stated Uga.

“Does he know how to swim?” Wuga questioned himself.

“Across the wheat field?” Uga offered.

“No, for crossing the airport runway” instructed Wuga.

“Then the San Antone river?” pressed Uga.

“No, it is the English Channel” explained Wuga.

“Why does he not walk over it” scorned Uga.

 “He does not want his shoes muddy” retorted Wuga.

“So he terminated his activity?” Uga was astonished.

“Not according to the author” dreamed Wuga.

“Back to cleaning house?” sighed Uga.

“Uga-Wuga” they shouted.

Still no one cared.

But the mental damage was done.