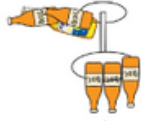
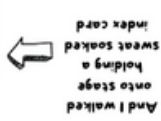


And Mr Maybedad Mcdsurprisepants came and sat on the front row and drank beer after beer. He did not as much as she should have if he was going to claim a biologically relationship to me. and he walked out during my closer, leaving 7 emptyes on the table and floor next to his seat. Later, as I pondering my options, my girlfriend asked "Could he be your dad? Like did he look like you?"



LOL

Just then the emcee said **AND NOW I'D LIKE TO BRING TO THE STAGE KELLI DUNHAM!**



It was rural Wisconsin. The gene pool isn't deep



EVERYONE looked like me



But really, the more I thought about it... I mean, my mom had a type: **EMOTIONALLY STUNTED ALCOHOLIC**



Judging by his TIMING and his consumption he was probably the same. Unless one of us needed



did it matter which dysfunctional clown was my biological father?

I didn't get in touch with him for the same reason you don't send back the food at Red Lobster

YOU KNOW THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN THE KITCHEN

I have something to tell you. I think I'm your biological father.

Then he said **did NOT say** He did NOT say you would you like to hear it?

I have something to tell you. I think I'm your biological father.

I said **oh just that oh**

Because there was a dude who lived in my house when I was a kid, and I thought he was my father. because yknow, I called him dad.

Well you know how your mom had all those affairs? but he had started and he couldn't stop himself.

Nope. Did not know about all those affairs.

Well I'm your father. I was one of them, and the timing...well, I think

He handed me his contact info.

perhaps because of this Germanic stoic upbringing, since I'm been performing I've never been particularly excited about using the green room **it always seems so PRECIOUS**

Does my accountant need to go into a special room to prepare himself, get into accountant space before doing my taxes? No, he just does my taxes. And even when he gets me a really hefty refund, I never give him a standing ovation.

John Deere ball cap paced nearby. a nervous-looking man in a out in the lobby before the show, when from where I grew up. I was hanging for a show at a club 20 miles away I recently returned to rural Wisconsin

He paced back & forth & back & forth and when he got close enough he said I have something to tell you.



I grew up the youngest kid in a large stoic Germanic farm family. How stoic? How germanic? Well, my sister borrowed the 1972 touchy-feely album from our local public library. She somehow smuggled this contraband into the house.

My dad walked into the living room just as Rosey Grier sang, "It's Alright To Cry." He stopped, looked at his assembled children, and said **I hope no one's getting any \$%&! ideas around here.**

we shook our heads. we definitely were not getting any ideas.

I learned two things from this encounter. I give one as a piece of advice to you dear reader:

If for some reason you believe you are the surprise biological parent of a stand-up comic whose performance you are attending.

Inform them **AFTER** rather than **BEFORE** the show

The second thing I learned is this: **I don't care how precious it makes me**

I use the green room now.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:
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BAD IDEAS GOOD STORIES PRESS

MY BIG FAT SUPRISINGLY DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY

(OR WHY I USE THE GREEN ROOM NOW)

OMG!

BY KELLI DUNHAM