**Davis Speech [EZ Speech No. 16403]**

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Remarks by Mr. Daniel Davis at the birthday celebration for his friend,Ken Avelene.

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ken avelene and i have been friends for nigh onto 30 years. i first met ken when he was a working for my sister, who was managing at a mickie-dee’s at the time. through hard work, talent, and some modest bribery, he soon rose through the ranks there and became chief assistant to the assistant chief in charge of very little things. which was very strange, because way back then, ken was anything but little.

he was, in fact, fat as a cow. his idea of a snack was *six* all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, quadruple cheese, pickles, onions, on a triple-stacked sesame seed bun. can you imagine what he had for dinner?!? hint: it was usually the rest of the cow. but understand that ken wasn’t fat because it ran in his family. he was fat because *nobody* ran in his family?

but being on the hefty side didn’t stop our boy ken from participating in athletics. i once attended a softball game in which ken was playing. i don’t remember how he’d gotten to second base this one time, but when he tried for third, he slid in hard . . . missed the base entirely . . . and slid 10 feet past the bag. they had to stop the game for 5 minutes while the groundscrew came out to fill in the fucking canyon he’d gouged into the ground. True story!

now, it’s hard to believe that the trim, svelte, dashing figure whose 60th birthday we’re celebrating here this evening once weighed in excess of [no.] pounds. then he had a heart attack. there’s nothing that’ll focus your mind and grab your attention like nearly losing your life. well, ken got focused real quick — and i mean *real* quick! — and by [year] ken had lost — are you ready for this? — [no.] pounds! you done good, my friend, and — all kidding aside — i’m damned proud of you.

now, many of you might not know this, but ken is an avid collector of comic books. he had to add an annex to his house just to store ‘em all. when you ask him why he spends so much time in this ridiculous pursuit — remember, we’re talking about a 60-yeaer-old man here! — he’ll tell you with a straight face that it’s his form of investing. this isn’t such a bad idea, seeing as how a pristine copy of **Action comics no. 1** — where superman made his first appearance in 1938 — recently sold at auction for three-point-one million dollars. three-point-one *million*! unfortunately, ken only has a copy of **action comics no 2**, which you can buy on ebay for three ninety-five. one day, ken, one day . . .

now, i’m sure that most of you do know that ken’s a damned fine actor and comedian, and he’s played in any number of clubs — or “dives” as we call them. but this avocation of his certainly has its perks. for example, one day ken picked up one of the waitresses at the club he was working, and she spent the evening with him. as she was leaving his apartment the next morning, she says to him, “listen, ken, you’re a great fucker, but Could you do me a favor and please not mention this to anyone?” and ken says, “yeah, sure, I understand; it might get you fired.” And waitress replies, “oh No; i just don’t want anyone to know i slept with the fucking talent!”

in addition to all of his theatrical talents, ken’s also something of an entrepreneur. in fact, he always used to brag that he started out with nothing and still had most of it left. but seriously, ken actually *did* run his own business for several years, and he really cleaned up. that’s because he owned a cleaning business. he’s now making his living as a janitor. [to ken] who the fuck’s been giving you career advice, old boy — benjamin button?

now you might not think of it to look at ken now, but in his day, our kenny here was a real ladies man. every saturday night for years and years he’d go out dressed as a lady. yes, that’s night. during the week, ken was a quiet, sedate, and introverted gentleman. but on saturdays, all he wanted to do was eat, drink, and . . . ***be*** mary.

but in all seriousness, i must tell you that ken and i are truly the best of friends. we make each other laugh, and what’s more important than laughter? nothing compares to the stomachache you get from laughing too hard with your best friend. we’d do anything for each other believe me. it’s been said that a good friend calls you in jail. a great friend bails you out of jail. and your best friend sits next to you in jail and says, “wasn’t that fun?!?”

that, ladies and gentlemen, is my dear friend ken avelene. i am blessed to have had such a wonderful person in my life for all these years. it’s been a helluva ride and a damned lotta fun! so let me end this little speech with a wee toast: to my partner in laughter, full of joy and full of wit, let’s have all the fun we may, ‘fore this evening turns to shit.

thank you.

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