

## IN SUPPORT OF TIGGER

It may be old news to you. And after more than three weeks, the sting of the sucker punch has considerably softened, but for me, a dear friend of the accused, I can't seem to move on. I can't stop thinking about Tigger.

It's been reported that on Friday, January 5<sup>th</sup>, while at the Disney theme park in Orlando Florida, my "trouncy, flouncy pouncy" friend attacked a teen-ager.

Now I saw the video that's been splashed all over the news and the internet, and attack seems a strong word, for a paltry paw swipe. There's also been talk that the punk may have yanked my friend's tail. Of course, we don't know all the facts and now that lawyers are involved, heck, we'll never know all the facts. But when a lifelong friend gets in a situation like this, you can't help but show your support. You can't help but feel that deep down something doesn't measure up. Because you know this guy. And this guy would never intentionally hurt anyone.

I have a few of my own theories about what happened.

First, we all know Tiggers are wonderful things. And when your top is made of rubber and your tail is made of spring, it's difficult to be a model of self-restraint! As reported, "Tiggers are loaded with vim and vigor. They love to leap in your lap." Let's look at past history. He knocks over dudes in the Hundred Acre Woods all the time. Just ask Winnie-the-Pooh. Do you see Pooh getting a lawyer?

But let's not forget the most important characteristic. "Tiggers are fun, fun, fun."

My pal Tigger is the life the party. He's always on. And we all expect that of him. But then, when he goes too far, he gets a little out of hand, or out of paw, we get upset? Is that fair?

Has anyone ever thought of the impact of an "always happy disposition" on my friend's psyche? Tigger has never been allowed to express one of the most basic emotions of his species - anger. It would be unacceptable, horrendous even. So he has learned to squash it, to stuff all that aggression into his cuddly orange and black striped body. But now he's got an even bigger problem. Because just ask any psychologist or animal trainer, heck ask Eeyore, what happens when anger is turned inward. Depression.

But when you're Tigger, you can't afford to be depressed. No one would allow it! Not your friends your family, your co-workers. You're the one who's supposed to uplift everyone; the one everyone counts on to be fun and funny.

People would say, "What's wrong with Tigger? Why isn't he his flouncy, bouncy self? Where's the old Tigger? We don't like this new Tigger. We won't stand for it. He's here to help us, to serve us, to make us feel better.

# SLIGHTLY OFF

*by Deb DiSandro*

So, while people demand his attention and invade his space, he ignores his own needs and pleases everyone around him. And then one day, he just snaps. Well, can you honestly blame the guy?

Just look at his friend friend, Montecore, the Siberian Tiger of Siegfried and Roy. After years of being pushed around by guys who dressed in really bad outfits, he finally lost it too. But no one blamed Montecore.

So, I just want Tigger to know I'm on his side. Let it all out Tigger! Cry. Be sad. Sigh like Eeyore, pout like Pooh, be the opposite of bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy. I'm here for you man. Figure out what Tigger wants. Take it from someone who knows. If you don't, you'll never be truly happy, no matter how many springs you have.

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