

Scott Interviews Astrid

A few weeks ago, I "interviewed" Astrid about her doll baby, Honey, during one of the afternoons I watch her to give Eliot a break.

First, Astrid told me that she is Honey's mommy. I asked how Honey got her name.

"I had to," Astrid explained.

And does she have a daddy?

"Yes," said Astrid, "I'm married to Honey's father. We met downstairs in the closet. Honey's dad's name is Eliot. He's a clown."

"Where is Honey's daddy right now?" I queried.

"Well," Astrid told me, with a look that suggested it was a question to which I should already know the answer, "he's downstairs in the fishbowl drinking milk."

"That's very strange," I told Astrid. "How would I be able to tell him from the fish in the fishbowl?"

Her response: "He's wearing a squezy green shirt and chocolate pants."

"Does he have a job?" I wondered. "Does he go to work?"

"Yes," Astrid replied. "He picks up honey."

Very interesting, I thought. I asked Astrid whether she, too, had a job, and where that might be.

"Yes, I get chocolate milk for Honey."

In the course of the interview, I learned several other things about Honey. Astrid was quite forthcoming with the information. Honey, it turns out, has a brother named Ben and a sister named Alex. And Honey is two years old.

"Where was Honey born?" I queried.

"She was born at my heart," Astrid explained.

Astrid went on to tell me that Honey loves purples in her house; that her favorite food is broccoli and cheese; that her dad has black hair and blue, blue eyes; and that he has a black beard "on his mouth." Honey doesn't wear shoes, and she likes to play with her toys and then "go back home."

I then learned what are perhaps the most shocking things about Honey. At the tender age of two, Honey is married "to another clown." Asked his name, Astrid told me that he is as yet without one, but "he's getting his name on a special day." Thinking that perhaps a married two-year-old could also be a mommy, I was quickly corrected by Astrid. Honey, she related, would be a mommy "when she grows up. She's going to be lots of mommies: a

summer mommy, and a Kangaroo mommy." And she'll work "at the magazine."

I thought I had learned quite a bit about Honey, but I decided to ask Astrid whether there was anything else she wanted to tell me.

"It's crazy to put the patients on the King," she answered, "but the queen's okay."

And what is a patient?

"It's called a marigold," she explained.

Well, of course. And then Astrid's dad came home.