

TITLE: Birthday Wishes

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RATING: T

WARNINGS: Adult language

DISCLAIMER: Characters belong to their corporate parents. I'm just playing with them and I have no money worth going to court over, though the zine collection might be worth something.

Summary: Written in honor of Alex Cord's 78th birthday (posted 5-3-11), a little bit of a very silly fic.

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"I don't know," Caitlin said, face scrunching in perplexed thought. "What *do* you get the man who has everything?"

Marella snorted. "Everything white, you mean. It's not as if I haven't suggested adding a little color, nothing too radical. How about a nice blue to pick up the color of his eye.... Well, I tried, but he's still a little sensitive on that topic. You'd think after a few years he'd have accepted it and moved on but no."

Caitlin sagged and made a face. "So clothes are out because he's impossible for buy for. And it's not as if he ever has time to enjoy a show. Always off saving the world, or selling weapons to arms dealers to secretly save the world, or giving money to revolutionaries to overthrow Castro or Khaddafi to secretly save the world ...."

"Last year, I got him a birthday card," Marella said. "It was entirely white. White lettering on white card stock. Very high quality. Of course you couldn't *read* the damn thing because it was white on white but I think he liked it. Reinforced that sense of mystery."

"I tried gadgets," Caitlin said. "He's got the world's largest standalone computer and every time an upgrade comes out, he's the beta tester." She saw the narrowed eyes and hurriedly back pedaled. "I mean you are, of course. You do all the actual computer research. He just sits at his desk and glares until you give him the answer he wants."

Marella leaned back in her chair and slowly raised an eyebrow. "I hear there's a certain helicopter that he's expressed interest in..."

Caitlin snorted and the both women roared in laughter.

"As if he couldn't have managed to get that back if he'd actually wanted," Caitlin said finally, wiping the tears from her eyes from laughing so hard.

"So, you know what that means...." Marella intoned.

"But..."

"Yeah." She sighed.

Caitlin's forehead scrunched. "We gave him that last year."

"He's a man. It never gets old," Marella said with a roll of her eyes.

Both women thought for a moment.

"Flip you for it," Marella offered.

Caitlin shook her head, long red strands flying emphatically. "Oh no. We go by author. Who's writing this little sad excuse of a story, anyway?"

Marella flopped back against her chair.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Caitlin's eyes gleamed with something of the devil. "It's Enfleurance writing, then it's your turn."

"Men," Marella said in disgust. "The one thing that they always want and never get tired of....."