

'Rambles by Rodney

# My TwentyDays as a IPreppie'

**By Rodney Linderman**

Who are these preppies, what do they want, and why the little alligator? These questions refused to leave my mind, not unlike the way the black refuses to leave President Reagan's hair.

I guess now, I could have just walked up to some preppies and asked them, but that would have been too simple, and I've got a whole

column to fill. I tried a different approach. For twenty days I was a preppie!

**Day 1..**

Within two hours after I donned my deck shoes and alligator sweater I was made President of several clubs. Some of these clubs (like Future Farmers of New York City) didn't really exist.

**Day7**

Tenament Owners Club held a fund raiser. We sold hand guns to the criminally insane.

I now have answers to two of my questions. Who are the Preppies? They aren't fools. What do they want? Money. But I still needed to know about the little alligator. Maybe my answer would come on day 15?

**Day 17**

A close call! Several Preppies became suspicious of me when I suggested "Apocalypse Now" as the Prom theme.

**Day 20**

I could stand it no longer, I had to know why the alligator? I decided to ask the leader of the Preppies, a man I'll call "M".

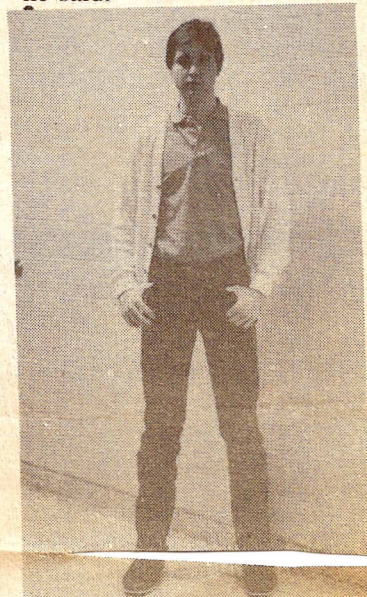
"Because," 'M' said, "Alligator spelled backwards is "Preppie."

"It is not," I said. "Alligator spelled backward is 'rotagilla'. 'Eipperp' is preppie spelled backwards."

"Oh?, I never knew that," he said.



**Before**



**After**