



Mysterious Substance Covers Walls of House Resident Shocked By Vivid Hues

Madison resident Pete Calgaro was visibly shaken when his family's home was rendered virtually unrecognizable by a mysterious substance covering nearly all the interior walls.

"The colors... there are so many..." he murmured to onlookers as he stumbled out of the one-story house where his family had resided since 1992 without incident.

"Where are the pristine, stark, minimalist white walls I've been accustomed to all these years?" he added, clearly in shock.

Adding to the confusion, furniture in the living room had been rearranged to accommodate a newly delivered butter-yellow leather sectional.

The change had been set in motion weeks earlier, when Aine Calgaro casually mentioned a possible painting project to take place in mid-June, after schools had dismissed for summer. Her plan was to engage child

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labor, in the form of Calgaro offspring Rachel and Peter.

Rachel's enthusiasm was suprisingly immediate, as she pushed to collect paint samples and attach them to various walls for consideration. She and Aine used the age-old technique of dowsing to determine the most auspicious hues for each area. Naturally, this resulted in the selection and purchasing of six different paint colors, ranging from a dark rust to a cheery yellow-orange.

The mother and daughter toiled together for the better part of a week, using their wits (certainly not their height) to reach corners of the vaulted ceiling and other tricky places. Peter worked alongside them until the task became tiresome, at which time he retreated to the basement to play World of Warcraft.

After the project was complete, Pete realized it was not the work of a poltergeist—he had merely blocked out the memory of climbing onto the kitchen cabinets after work to paint the most difficult high spots.

See the work of amateurs at:
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Teenager Forgoes Shorts

Suit Jacket, Pants Worn for Entire Day

Peter Calgaro shocked populations in two states when he failed to wear shorts on Friday, May 2.

The 14-year-old had previously left his shins, calves and knees unprotected for at least a full year.

"My aunt was getting married, and my parents said I had to look civilized," explained the teenager, who claims he "never feels cold."

Before donning a newly purchased suit and tie the morning of the wedding, Peter further confused matters by getting a haircut. The contrast with his shaggy, casual appearance during the previous day's rehearsal rendered him virtually unrecognizable, even to his own family members.

"Where's Peter?" asked the bride, who assumed the dapper young man standing nearby was one of the groom's guests.

Although Peter immediately went back to his regular attire the day after (Aunt) Francie and Matt Kelso's wedding, his behavior continued to be commendable.

Peter wore his suit briefly a second time, when he attended his 8th



You can't see his legs, but trust us—they are covered up for once.

grade completion ceremony. Even more shocking, he managed to hang on to his retainer for most of 2008. He currently participates in robotics at Memorial High School, and assisted with set construction for the school play. Although he seems to enjoy certain aspects of school, he and homework have not been especially well acquainted. Savvy readers know this is not a new phenomena.

He continues to wear shorts despite his parents' reminders that he lives in Wisconsin, not southern California.

Laps Not Just for Santa, Woman Discovers

Aine Calgaro is taking swimming lessons for the first time in more than 40 years. Inspired by the Summer Olympics and memories of childhood fun at her neighborhood pool, she joined the area YMCA and began showing up for morning lap swim.

Aine quickly discovered that getting from one end of the pool to the other was harder than it looked. Especially when she realized she was being outdistanced by septenarians.

In November, she enrolled in swim lessons, despite having only one previous formal training experience: a class called "Water Babies." She now

can (somewhat) pass as a lap swimmer, and hits the pool at least twice a week. On alternate mornings, she attends a 6 am step aerobics class.

Her workouts and generous amounts of coffee beverages prepare her for her full-time job as Content & Promotions Manager at MyWeather. In her spare time, she runs Pink Mandala Web Design, sings with the Uni-Chicks, plays in Unity's chime choir, knits compulsively, watches TV and hones her reflexes by attempting to pet the family dog. (At least Buddy the guinea pig doesn't mind attention, despite her advanced age of 7.)

Student Becomes Worker Drone

Dabbles in Madness; Settles for Retail Job

High school senior Rachel Calgaro became a contributing member of the proletariat this fall, after a brief study of mad science proved unprofitable.

“Emulating Dr. Horrible is more expensive than you might think,” she explained. “First, there’s the specialized goggles and welding supplies. And Wonderflonium isn’t exactly cheap to produce. Add the Evil League of Evil dues, and you need another job just to have enough change for the laundromat.”

Her income took a welcome turn upward when she landed a job at Shopko. Although the regulation olive green polo shirt is not as fashionable as a lab coat, she seems to enjoy the work.

“I work in hard lines,” she noted. “That’s basically anywhere there isn’t carpet on the floor.”

“Can I sit down? My feet are killing me,” she added.

When she’s not working, Rachel attends Memorial High School, where she manages set decoration for drama productions, participates in NaNoWriMo novel writing club, and plays cards with her friends during her



Rachel considers yet another diabolical scheme.

only study hall.

Outside school, she continues to take bass guitar and drum lessons at Good ‘n Loud Music.

She has been accepted to the University of Minnesota, Twin Cities, where she will pursue a degree in the lucrative field of Undecided.



She knows when he has German homework. Is that why he earned an A first semester?

Senior Trapped in Classroom with Brother, Other Freshmen

Rachel Calgaro has survived a horrifying experience, unable to escape a class overwhelmingly populated with high school freshmen—including her brother, Peter.

“I’ve been taking French since middle school, but I wanted to add another language before moving on to college,” she said, explaining how she found herself in first-year German with her younger sibling.

“Can you blame me? It’s such a beautiful language. Listen: Du musst die Hausaufgaben machen. Heute, Peter.”

Other classmates were shocked to learn that the two students were related, observing that Peter is “goofy” and “bizarre” while Rachel is “mature” and “stays on task.”

Yoga Enthusiast Still Runs

When the Calgaro family members had individual ayurvedic consultations at Puja Wellness earlier this year, no one took the recommendations more seriously than Pete. To balance his doshas, he drinks specially blended teas and has pursued yoga instruction.

He begins his days by jogging to his job as art director at NBC15, and ends them with strength exercises or a variety of yoga poses.

Neither fatigue, heat, rain nor snow can keep him from these appointed rounds. He continues to run four miles on weekends without fail.

Complementing his ayurvedic and yoga practices is his monthly kirtan

as part of the Mukti Tribe, drumming along with chant leader MaaShakti Das. He also helps lead monthly Cosmic Celebrations and Drum Circles with Ruah (RuahMadison.com) and directs vocal and chime choirs at Unity of Madison.

According to his wife Aine's Wii Fit, Pete has the healthiest BMI in the entire family, so all this activity has obviously enhanced his health.

Ironically, Aine was the one who instigated the ayurveda and initially was most interested in kirtan. We will not discuss her BMI in this article.

Pete has released his 7th CD, *Life*, which will soon be available at PeteCalgaro.com and CD Baby online.

A Guest Editorial by Foxxi Calgaro, Family Dog

Well, folks, last year I found out that running down the stairs can be hazardous. This year, I've given up stairs completely.

As you know, I'm a Welsh Corgi. Apparently being a member of this noble breed has its down side, because our short legs—the very thing that enhances our treat-generating cuteness—can lead to back and balance problems.

My humans noticed I had a lazy leg, and mentioned it when I went in for a teeth cleaning. At least that's what they attempted. I was friendly to the vet as long as the treats kept coming, but as soon as the serious stuff started, I growled and snapped. When I saw the muzzle coming my way, I flipped out.

We visited a few more times—the treats were good!—but nothing really happened until the third or fourth trip. I got woozy, and somehow found myself with a muzzle on my face. I growled a few times and fell asleep.

I guess they did some kind of dental work. The doctor said I had infections, so they took out two

teeth and fixed a bunch of cracked ones. I think there were six. I only use my teeth for food and biting, so that seems impossible. I think they're just trying to wear me down.

These days, I can't lift my bottom up so well, so I let my humans carry me outside and over stairs. I've heard them talking about doggie wheelchairs. They said something about a website with a special page devoted to Corgis and how stubborn they can be about adjusting to stuff like that.

Hey, I'm almost 12. Old dogs and new tricks, you know. And I saw what the doctor's office wrote next to my name: "A Bit Grumpy." Is that unfair, or what? As long as I have my dinner, my treats, and a snowbank to sit in, I'm good to go.

