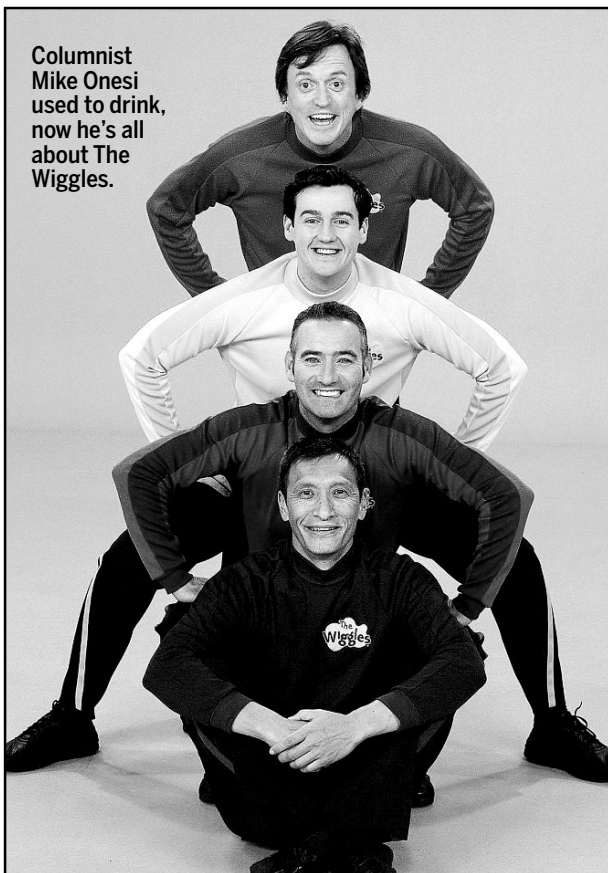


I'm a 37-year-old loser who loves The Wiggles

Columnist Mike Onesi used to drink, now he's all about The Wiggles.



The Wiggles are coming!

If you are saying to yourself right now, "Who are The Wiggles?" then no one in your home has been potty trained recently.

This group of children's entertainers, made up of four men from Australia, are like the Beatles for preschoolers.

Just how popular are they?

In 2006, The Wiggles were named the richest entertainers in Australia, making more money than actors Nicole Kidman, Russell Crowe, Hugh Jackman, and musicians Kylie Minogue and AC/DC.

They have a TV show, have sold more than 22.5 million videos, and perform 200 live shows a year.

Toronto fans get a chance to giggle at The Wiggles on Oct. 24 and 25 at the Rogers Centre.

The minute tickets went on sale, my wife bought three tickets quicker than you can say "Wake up Jeff!" in the 11th

row for \$150.

On the one hand, I am pumped to take my children to see Sam, Murray, Jeff and Anthony because I know my children will love the show. We will be singing along to my kids' favourite Wiggles tunes such as *Big Red Car*, *Dorothy the Dinosaur* and *Henry the Octopus*.



Michael Onesi

But there is a downside.

Watching four grown men singing "Fruit salad, yummy yummy" is one of the highlights of my social calendar this year, which begs the question: When did I become such a loser?

I'm pumped

I'm 37 and The Wiggles perform for preschoolers.

Why am I so pumped about seeing Wags the Dog and Captain Feathersword in person?

It's not like it's U2, The Rolling Stones or Britney Spears (pre K-Fed, not the current, talentless Brit).

Have I turned into a lame,

boring person who spends all his time doing daddy duties and has forgotten how to have fun for himself? How many years until I forget to turn off my signal light after making a left turn while driving?

When I was in university, I could drink and party with the best of them.

Don't believe me? Just check out the police reports and my Nick Nolte-like mug shot.

Today, most of the parties I attend involve Pin The Tail On The Donkey and five-year-olds overdosing on sugary birthday cake.

Earlier this month, at an open-bar wedding, my cousin's 16-year-old son drank three times as much as me (his three beers to my one).

I used to party so much, you'd think my last name was Lohan.

Now, I'm skipping an open bar because the thought of making pancakes at 6:30 a.m. with a hangover for my screaming kids terrifies me.

My life is so boring that when I take a vacation from work, I no longer take a vaca-

tion. I often spend my time at home doing chores.

It's time for an intervention.

But instead of friends and family members trying to get me to stop drinking, they'll hopefully show up at my house with a bottle of Jack Daniels for a Paris Hilton-style extreme makeover.

Find your 'inner idiot'

"We're concerned about you, Mike," they'll say. "You have been a good father but a boring person lately. It's time to get back in touch with your inner idiot."

And with that, they'll toss me into the back of a limo for a one-week, child-free road trip to Vegas.

I'll be so intoxicated, I'll make Amy Winehouse look normal.

A week of booze and gambling is just what I need — just not any time around late October.

I'm not missing The Wiggles for anything.

— Onesi is a Sun Media columnist in Kingston

michael.onesi@sunmedia.ca