World Hemophilia Day Shenanigans

April 19, 2010 By Shawn Decker

Saturday was World Hemophilia Day. And I was determined to squeeze as much fun out of it as possible. Especially when Decker's Daily sponsor, Nina, asked me on Twitter if anyone was going to sponsor me for an iced mocha on the big day.

I hadn't really thought about it- sponsorships had dried up, so I used the day of recognition to breath new life into my waning, mooch franchise. Using Twitter and Facebook status updates, I began an increasingly aggressive campaign for an iced mocha that, by Friday night, had reduced me to threats; if I didn't wake up to a sponsorship, I warned no one in particular, then I'd take to kicking thickbloods in the balls all throughout the day on World Hemophilia Day.

That wouldn't be good. Especially since Gwenn and I were speaking that evening at the University

of Wisconsin-Madision...

Fortunately, I woke up to three sponsorships from two former Decker's Daily mocha friends, Bob G. and Scott K. Thanks, guys! By day's end, one of Nina's- responsible for starting my obnoxious ranting for mochas- friends had also sent a mocha my way. (Thanks, Alex!)

It's all in good fun, made extremely obvious by what I found at a coffeeshop that Gwenn and I dutifully hunted down on the East side of Milwaukee called Rochambo Coffeehouse. "Why is that written on the dollar?" "I don't know, it's been there forever." After I had one of the best iced mochas I've ever had on the road, I got a good picture of the blood clot dollar.

Too cool, right? When we left, another sign aside from the dollar and the great taste of the drinks was the fact that there was an STD Clinic right across the street called the B.E.S.T.D. Clinic.

Riding high on a mocha buzz and the love getting sponsored, I was stunned to see Gwenn’s status update on Facebook: "If Shawn thinks that an iced mocha is the best thing he’s getting on World

Hemophilia Day, then he's going to be pleasantly surprised later." It really was coming up Decker on this Saturday afternoon- I was beginning to wonder why everyday can't be Hemophilia Day...

Gwenn and I had work to do, our last talk on the road fell on the evening of World Hemophilia Day, so after coffee we drove from Milwaukee to Madison. On the drive Gwenn asked a question I knew was comin'. "What is *THIS*?" "What?" I asked sheepishly, knowing full well that I'd hijacked her status update by commandeering her cell phone when she went to the bathroom at the coffee shop.

Yes, I posted the sexy message to myself.

The talk at UW-Madison went well, it was a dinner event in which about 40 students turned up. Since it's on my brain, I mentioned during my introduction that I'd met my favorite band as my dying wish during my freshman year in high school, but didn't mention Depeche Mode by name. Afterward, a group of the students asked who I met- they were dying to know. The table broke out in smiles and envy when I said it was the Mode.

"You guys know Depeche Mode?" I asked curiously.

It was a day of pleasant surprises, and I owe even more thanks to Brittney and Alex for organizing such a great way to end the semester. At the beginning of the talk I acknowledged World Hemophilia Day, and at the end I encouraged students to donate blood for all of us thinblooded mooches out there looking to bum some clotting factor or iced mocha sponsorships.

No matter what you got yourself into on Saturday, I hope that your World Hemophilia Day, regardless of your ability to clot, was as rewarding as mine. 363 days until World Hemophilia Day 2011! And no, in case you are wondering, I *didn't* get lucky that night. Gwenn and I had a few hours to sleep before our flight at 5 am, and on-the-road hotel sex isn't really our thing. But, after the talk, she did take me for a second iced mocha.

Life is good.

Positively Yours,
Shawn
Shawn on: **Shawn's Sick Days in 2010: 8** Shawn's book Decker's Daily Coffee

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