

INTRODUCTION

This book is the very first book to be written by Jeff Goebel at age 16. Within the covers of this book, there are enough stories, articles, guides, warnings, campaigns, and announcements to last an entire lifetime (providing you only read one a year)

It is very unlikely that you will be able to pick up BOOK and read through it cover to cover. This is why BOOK has been specially designed. Each story is very short and completely separate from the others, making it possible for a total stranger to pick it up, flip somewhere to the middle, read a bit, then leave, without having the feeling that they're missing something.

Because of this feature, BOOK is an excellent book to have in an office waiting room. Any age group can be interested by it, and it's topics are more general than any magazine ever would be. The material is also not dated. It won't lose its impact in two months. BOOK is perfect as a bathroom journal.

Please feel free to read BOOK in any manor you wish. Read it front to back, back to front, or start in the middle and read both ways. In fact, you don't even have to read it if you don't want to. You can throw it out and buy another copy. But, whatever you do with it; Enjoy it.

Editors note: In the year when this book was written, NO NAME GENERIC PRODUCTS were a new concept. I'm not sure which supermarket chain invented it first, and I have no idea how wide-spread the concept got, but stores actually started selling products in plain white or yellow wrappings with no style at all, claiming that dull packaging was a great way to bring the costs down. The fad quickly died, and although most large food chains still have house-brands, few are still sold in plain yellow wrappings. To summarize; the idea of a no-name generic BOOK was actually relevant and topical at one time... not just silly, for silly's sake.

FORWARD

By Jay Sankey

As the title atop this page states, this is supposed to be a forward to the book, *BOOK*, written and compiled by JEFF GOEBEL. It has taken Jeff many years of constant writing and refining for him to acquire a style that is definitely his own. During those years, Jeff has founded and edited two fairly successful magazines and I myself was lucky enough to work with Jeff on one magazine called "*THE UNDERGROUND*."

The idea behind *BOOK*, whether the stories (?) them-selves are delightful or not, is a very good one. The reader can start anywhere and stop anywhere. A person can read from back to front or front to back. The humourous writings between these covers are neither long nor tedious, but in fact, short and sweet. It is because of that fact that Jeff only had to go to one publisher, who immediately started publication, instead of going to five or ten. Though, for the life of me, I don't know why I had to go to 26 publishers before one would even read past the first chapter in the book I wrote, and even then, the book wasn't published.

NO! You never see or hear about my book, or watch TV commercials publicizing it! For eight years I wrote and wrote and wrote and now nobody will even read it!!!

Incidentally, I think Jeff is one of the most qualified comedy writers in Canada today, and I doubt anyone else could have written this book once Jeff copyrighted it. This book has something for everyone, and other than the stories from page twelve through eighty-two, this book is a gem and will surely be laughed at.

Jay Sankey

Author of the Life and Times of JAY SANKEY!!!

ED NOTE: Although this was totally silly when we were 16, it is interesting to note that Jay Sankey went on to become a successful published author, and is still writing. (<http://jaysankey.com>)

DEDICATION

Almost all books have some sort of dedication in the front of them, and I didn't want mine to be any different from the rest. The problem in my case is that I have so many good friends I wouldn't want to leave anybody out, and it would take pages to list them all.

I decided that the fairest (and the safest) way of dedicating my book without hurting anyone's feelings would be to dedicate my book to someone I didn't even know. I therefore randomly selected a name from the phone book and began to use it. Up until two weeks before publication, that name was going to be the actual one used but just before I sent my manuscript off, my friend advised me to change it. She said that the name sounded dumb and made up and nobody would believe it was really selecte randomly.

Now I was back where I started. I could have gone back to the book, but an inspirational idea hit me, and I decided to try something absolutely new and innovative. I have thus decided to hold a "BE DEDICATED IN JEFF GOEBEL'S BOOK CONTEST." The winner of which will have his or her name on the dedication page in the second printing of this BOOK. see how your name can be eligible, read the contest rules below. Remember, judges' decisions are final.

DEDICATION CONTEST RULES AND REGULATIONS

- Simply write in fifty words or more why you feel your name should be the one chosen, and not someone else who hasn't had such a good rich life.
- Send your entry on the back of a famous oil painting by one of the masters, (or a reasonable hand-drawn facsimile) along with your entry fee of \$1.00 (or a reasonable hand drawn facsimile) to:

Be Dedicated in Jeff Goebel's Book Contest
c/o The Publisher

- No paintings will be returned, even if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.
- This contest is open to all residents of Canada and the United States except the friends and relatives of Jeff Goebel, his publishers, anyone who happens to be rich enough to buy the judges, or anyone else who in any way has anything to do with this publication. (which includes those who read it or buy it.)

SECRET AGENTS

You mustn't let this leak out into the wrong hands but it is really true. This country is crawling with secret agents. If you are reading this out loud to others in the room, you should stop. If you just read that last sentence out loud too, you are too late and you will look like a fool for stopping. Have you checked your house for bugging devices? For all you know, your friends could be secret agents. It doesn't matter how long you have known them, they could be newly joined secret agents. You have got to be careful you don't say anything bad about our country. These agents report everything they hear.

You can never be too careful. There are thousands of agents around. They are everywhere, and last Thursday, I found a microphone in my meatloaf. My dentist was caught inserting one in my fillings. There is only one way that you can be sure that your friends are not secret agents. There is one secret password that verifies you not to be a spy. That all important word is; Wait a minute! What am I doing? How do I know YOU are not one of them. Here I have been telling you about all this. I almost even told you the password and I didn't check to see if maybe YOU were a spy. You look mean enough to be a spy.

All right buddy! Tell me the password or you'll be sorry!! You don't know it do you?? I didn't think so. How could I have been so blind. All along you've been taking mental notes about my book. Well I caught you now. You are going to be sorry you ever read this page, you just wait and see.

AND DON'T SKIP TOWN EITHER!!!

RECIPES FOR ARMCHAIRS

Many housewives have written letters to me and inquired about the proper cooking for armchairs. They wished to know if I had any recipe suggestions. Naturally, I promptly chucked the letters right into the garbage where I thought they belonged, along with the many other crank letters I receive.

However, recently I received a letter from the Queen of England, requesting the same recipe ideas. This letter (sent by way of registered mail, of course) has inspired me to look around to see what I can find in the way of armchair dishes.

I instructed my staff to assist me, and together we must have scoured a total of 3700 books by some 3000 chefs and homemakers. Unfortunately, none of us were successful in locating even one single recipe for an armchair, easy chair, recliner, rocker, or chairs of any type.

I am terribly sorry to have to disappoint the Queen of England, but I'm afraid there is no other choice. I refuse to keep on looking in any other books because my staff and I all have other things to do.

However, if the Queen will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I will be able to send on to her a great recipe for a velvet footstool, A LA MODE.

ARTIFICIAL TURF

The use of artificial turf is quickly growing in snorts these days and artificial turf sellers have been booming. Some turf companies have put their profits into new types of products. They are currently experimenting with other types of artificial products. Rich people are buying artificial lawns, rich farmers are buying artificial crops to nut out in the fields to make them look busy when they are actually sitting around doing nothing.

Golf courses are buying artificial greens that need less maintenance and can be moved around for the second eighteen. Desert areas are buying artificial grass to make it appear like a tropical paradise. It seems everyone is getting artificial something.

NOTICE

I want it understood that under normal circumstances this story would be thrown out and never published. It is not funny. There is no possible way to wrap this story up. I just decided to leave it in, strictly for demonstration purposes to prove that everything is just written and put in. There are several things you'll never get to read because they have been thrown out. We can't all be perfect.

HOW TO HAVE BABIES

I am sure that there are an awful lot of parents who are not quite sure how to tell their children how babies are born. This is a very delicate subject and it should be handled carefully. Children often get strange ideas about how babies can be picked up down at the local 5 and 10.

This, unfortunately, is not true. Try to explain babies have to be taken into consideration long before they actually arrive, sort of like “ordering” one. There is no 100% sure fire way of knowing exactly when your order will be completed or even if it will be accepted at all.

The orders are taken inside the bodies of women and take approximately nine months to be completed from the actual “ordering” time. This form of child ordering is not as simple as going downtown to fill out a form or application. The process of ordering involves many hours with your wife, or girlfriend (for you crude types), so you can get to know her better prior to the ordering period. The order is then taken and if it is accepted, it is processed and the baby is manufactured and delivered about nine months later.

There are some speedy order houses which are considerably more expensive, but we'll get more into that some other time. I hope you find this a good way to tell your child the facts of life. If not, I have another descriptive paper available privately by writing to me. This one includes full colour pictures.

THE BEGGAR

It was early in the evening and I was taking my usual walk through the park, passing all the usual bums and beggars that gather there, when suddenly someone new caught my eye. He was certainly like no regular bum. I had to look twice, to make sure that my glasses weren't lying to me.

This beggar had built a big stand, similar to the type you see in movies that the mayors stand on when they are campaigning.

On the top, in large red flashing letters, read the caption:

MATTHEW BOBNOSE: DISABILITY IMPERSONATOR.

Out in front was placed a classy pop-top hat lined with silk. I walked around his stand a couple of times and finally inquired about his unique profession as a disability impersonator.

He assured me that this truly was his trade. "Yes sir, I do them all. Would you care to see a sample?" He asked.

I agreed to view a small bit, mostly out of curiosity. To my surprise, the man began wailing and limping all over his stage. "This is my Leprosy act, sir. Pretty authentic, don't you think?"

I now felt obligated to drop some money into his hat as I'm sure was the plan. I left him 35 cents and quickly moved on leaving no further comment.

As I passed by the others, I could still hear him yelling in the distance; "WAIT! You haven't seen my Deaf Mute ... it's a killer. You'll love it!!"

THE BELLY BUTTON CLUB

This well known club is probably the best club I have ever been associated with. Being an "OUTIE", I was of the minority, but at our meetings I was treated just as normal as anyone else. Not as an OUTCAST. They all made me feel right at home, even though I was one of the only OUTIES there.

There were rumours past that the Grande Belly might have been an Outie when he joined, but that he had had it surgically changed. Personally, I don't believe this. The operation was too costly even for the Grande Belly. I had last priced it around \$40,000.

Whenever I leave the clubhouse after a meeting or a special dance, (belly dance, of course) I leave feeling like a real somebody. All through the week, whenever someone puts me down or insults me for being different, I don't mind. I just ignore it because I know I can talk about it to my friends and members at the next meeting of THE BELLY BUTTON CLUB.

BLIND BUS DRIVERS

It was a real shock to me when I first was told that blind bus drivers were a reality. I could not believe that anybody would actually hire a blind person to be a bus driver. A taxi driver, maybe, but not a bus driver. Sure enough, when I went down to the BBDTC (Blind Bus Drivers Training Centre) to see how this phenomenon is worked, I actually saw people training blind people to drive.

I was simply amazed to see all of the new gadgets that had been invented to make the job easier. There were braille traffic signs and braille stop signals. I was told by an officer that these were still in the testing stages but as soon as a method was discovered to use them without having the driver stop, get out, and touch each sign, they would be put into operation. Currently, the seeing eye drivers are working out quite well. A sighted driver sits next to the blind driver and yells out commands like STOP, TURN, SLOW DOWN, etc.

In my opinion, the civil rights people have gone one step too far. I don't think I'll ever quite get used to being driven around town in a bus by a blind driver. I'm still adjusting to flying with blind airline pilots.

MAGIC FOR THE BLIND

I was just remembering the time I went to see a magic show for the blind. It was in an old building on the main strip of my city, located next to all the porno movie theatres. I was only in that area to see what type of people go see these movies... strictly for reference of course. Occasionally, I'd go watch one, just to see if there was anyone inside I knew. I thought it would be fun to catch them watching a dirty movie. When I realized one day that they would also catch me, I stopped going.

To get back to the topic at hand, magic for the blind, as I was walking down the street, a huge brightly coloured sign caught my eye. It read MAGIC FOR THE BLIND! ONE DAY ONLY! I thought to myself, what a waste of power to light up a sign with lights when it was aimed strictly for the sightless minority. I decided to venture out, and test a sample of this new art form. Unfortunately, I was not permitted to enter because I could see. This show was just for the blind.

This aroused my curiosity, so I went home and came back later for the evening show with my dog in a harness, disguised as a blind man.

When I was escorted inside, I was seated in a chair beside several other 'not-sees' who all looked quite comfortable and ready to listen to the show. To my surprise, when the show started, there was no magician at all, There was merely a voice over a loud speaker describing fantastic feats that were obviously impossible. All the audience assumed that the show was official and they loved every bit of it. The voice would describe vanishing a huge elephant under an ashtray and everyone would clap expecting it to be so.

Hopefully, this is one type of show that will not become a great success.

THE BOWLER:

I like to watch people in embarrassing situations. I don't really know why. I guess it is just the way I am. I was at the bowling alley about a week ago and there was a league game going on. I decided to sit in and watch it, as I had never seen any real professionals bowl before. I had never seen a league game. The only reason I realized that this game was a league game was the big banner and the two dollar cover charge to watch it. I figured it was worth it. If I was to see some real good bowlers, I might pick up a few pointers that would help me with my game.

I chose a seat next to the home team bench. As the first bowler walked up to the ball return, the crowd cheered. This must be the best bowler on the team, I thought. She looked confident as she picked up her ball. She proceeded to stroll up to the diamond foul line and released it from her fingertips. Slowly it ran down the middle of the lane then suddenly for no apparent reason it jerked right in to the gutter. Embarrassed, the bowler turned around, red faced, and selected another ball. Again her fingers left the holes only to have it react in the same unusual fashion.

The crowd could not hold back their laughter, as this was supposedly their top player. I figured, if this is pro bowling, it isn't worth two cents.

As I was leaving the building, a huge machine caught my eye. I stopped to watch it to see what it was. To my amazement, it was a giant forklift and every few minutes it raised the entire building up on an angle. I called out to the driver "CHEATER" to which he responded with a rude hand signal.

NEW USES FOR OLD CALCULATORS

Many people have bought calculators which were considerably more expensive when they were bought, than the new ones available today. The new calculators are now less than half the price and they do so much more than the simple mathematical equations the former ones did. Calculators now are so small they can fit on the faces of watches, so the question people are asking themselves is: "What do I do with this old thing?"

As a public service, I have put together a short list of uses for the older type of calculator which are now obsolete as far as using them for calculating goes.

My invaluable list is as follows:

- Wall ornament
- Writing bad words upside down
- Target practice
- Stylish decorative holder for batteries
- Something to throw during arguments
- Electric bathtub shock maker
- Pothole filler
- Breakfast for a bionic friend

Perhaps the best use, is as something to waste an entire page in a book like I just did. It works great for making your book look thicker even though its full of junky articles like this one.

INSPECTOR CALVIN 1

Here is a fun mystery that YOU can try to solve.

Inspector Calvin Mumphy is called immediately after a burglar alarm is set off in a building right next to the police station. Inspector Calvin tells the police commissioner to have the building surrounded, and then wait till he arrives. This is done in a matter of seconds. Inspector Calvin arrives shortly after from his cottage villa where he had spent the night. When he saw the situation present, he was outraged.

“YOU BUMBLING FOOLS!! YOU LET HIM GET AWAY!!” he screamed to the chief constable who apologetically tried to explain the situation as he saw it.

“Oh, no sir, there is no possible way for anyone to have escaped. We have had every single exit covered since seconds after the alarm was triggered.”

This was true. It seemed that the entire police force had assembled and no exit was left unguarded. A remarkable stunt, considering the crime was on such short notice, with no warning whatsoever. At least, no warning that Inspector Calvin knew of. The force waited a full thirty minutes and was prepared to lob in tear gas.

“You are wasting your time, and the taxpayer’s money! The crook you are waiting for has gotten away long ago,” the Inspector persisted.

BUT HOW?

ANSWER: All the exits were immediately guarded and guarded well. However, the police force carelessly forgot to guard any of the entrances. The culprit simply exited backwards through one of them.

HOW TO THROW A CAMERA AGAINST A WALL

Many people have come up to me while I am showering and asked me, "Hey Jeff, how do I throw a camera against a wall?" It gives me a great feeling of pride knowing that people feel they can bring their problems to me. And whenever possible I try to solve them.

This problem presented me with a slight challenge. I shut off the faucet and began to wonder. Exactly WHY would anyone want to throw a camera against a wall in the first place? After a few moments, I realized; for insurance benefits! This created a different problem. Now it was not just a matter of throwing the camera against a wall, but it had to be thrown in such a way so as not to look thrown on purpose, but rather accidentally.

I realized that seldom, if ever, something is accidentally thrown against a wall. Finally, I came up with the perfect answer which is not exactly throwing it, but a fair compromise.

"Drop it:" I explained, and then I turned back on the shower and continued with my business.

INSPECTOR CALVIN II

Inspector Calvin was ordered to report to Hemsleys Department Store on the corner of Fifth and Elm Streets. He arrived shortly after and found six police cars parked outside of the four story building. Carefully, he edged his way through the crowds to a doorway clearly marked "Entrance Only."

Upon entering the building he was immediately taken aside by Phil, the store manager. Inspector Calvin and Phil walked down the narrow hallway to Phil's office, where the details of the crime were explained to the Inspector. Phil had to talk rather loudly to be heard over the blaring rock music in the background.

It seems that a huge ape rushed in the door, ran straight to the stereo counter where he picked up a two-thousand dollar system under one arm. He then headed for the front door to make his exit. The chief security guard was standing directly in front of the electric doors, making it impossible for the ape to leave. To this, the ape pulled out a gun and shot the guard, not killing him but injuring him badly. Then the thief ran off out the door.

"Would you like to speak with the guard, Inspector?", Phil asked.

"No, that won't be necessary, Phil. I have all the information I need, thank you. You are under arrest." Calvin replied.

The police then rushed in and took Phil away. They thanked Inspector Calvin kindly, and he left satisfied that he had solved another seemingly impossible crime... but how did he know?

Answer: The Inspector knew that Phil's story was partially untrue because anyone standing in front of an electric exit door is making it stay open and only a fool would do that. Also, an ape carrying a huge stereo system could not possibly "Pull Out" a gun from anywhere, unless of course it was an ape SUIT!

But how did he know that it was Phil who had been the one? If you remember back, the Inspector was called very quickly, and he arrived so quickly that Phil did not have time to change. He was still wearing the ape suit.

Another baffling case, solved by Inspector Calvin.

CLEANLINESS FOR PIGS

One problem that has been much on the minds of many pig owners is: how to clean them up. Pigs have a well deserved reputation for being an extremely filthy breed. They are always seen lounging in the mud to keep cool, which would be fine if they would only learn to wash themselves up like cats.

The Research Department at CANADA SOWS has come out with a revolutionary device to solve this problem once and for all.

This is sure to please all those with pig pets. The top of the line model is a portable box which-works very much like a dishwasher does.

The dirty pig is led into the machine and it's head is pulled out of a hole in the end. When the machine is turned on, four powerful jets of water spurt out onto the pig, giving him/her a nice water massage while getting all the dirt off at the same time. This process takes only a few minutes, and if it is repeated regularly, the pigs will get so used to it they will be easy to train to use it even without your supervision. After all, pigs are supposed to be one of the smartest animals.

This new model will be available very soon in pet shops and farm supply shops everywhere. It will be sold under the brand name of: HOGWASH.

WRITING IN THE DARK

Surprisingly enough, this has become one of America's (both North and South) favourite pastimes. More and more Canadians Americans and Mexicans, as well as Brazilians, are taking up writing in the dark as their chief hobby.

Naturally, writing in lightless areas requires a certain degree of skill, which can only be obtained through constant practice. The question is, how does the writer benefit? In actuality, they don't. Not one little bit. Writing in the dark is stupid! It's boring, dumb, and a complete waste of time. Only total idiots would attempt it. I hope I have not offended anyone by expressing my opinion, but lets get serious now: People who have this hobby should be put away into padded cells, well lit. Who ever started such a moronic hobby??

Writing in the dark - HA.

DEATH

As a famous author 'once said, "Death is an acquired trait," and frankly, he was right. To me, Death is like a bath; once you get used to it, it's not so hot. Death is definitely a reality. It is the only thing in life that everyone has to do whether they want to or not. The only way to avoid death is to kill yourself.

What about the afterlife? What is there after you die? Many people claim there is nothing. Death is Death. Others say that Death is the real beginning. There is ample proof to satisfy either. The life after death issue is probably one of the most argued topics.

The believers say: "I've spoken to the dead," and to this the non-believers say, "Well, so have I."

The believers say, "Ya, but the dead spoke back to me," and the non-believers say, "Show offs!"

The arguments continue on like this and probably will forever. I guess we'll never really know until it's our turn and luckily I picked a high number at the delicatessen of life, so I'll be around for a long time yet.

MR. DEPRESSION

There used to be an elderly man who lived on my street and the entire neighborhood was kind of relieved when he finally passed away. This man could take a cheery wonderful day, and fill it with morbid depressing thoughts with one sentence. We called him, Mr. depression.

If he was ever around while we were talking to our friends about winning a lottery or having a birthday, or falling in love, or some other happy topic, he would always come up and add his two cents worth by saying something like "My father died exactly four years ago" or "My cat was just hit by a car, she only has the use of her two front legs and she has to drag." Something like that certainly doesn't make your day.

The day I got engaged to my girlfriend, I rushed around happily telling everybody in sight. I should have known better than to tell Mr. Depression. He looked at me and told me his wooden leg has termites. Well our streets are finally free from his depressing sayings. We can all live happy undisturbed lives, although sometimes I still wonder if his mother really was bald.

THE DO IT YOURSELF STORY

After reading this far in this book, you have probably realized that you got ripped off. You are probably thinking to yourself, 'THIS IS CRAP! I COULD DO BETTER MYSELF!'

This is probably true, but its a bit late now. You've already paid money for this book. You should have thought of that before. Anyway, if you really think you could do better yourself, try it out with my new "Do It Yourself Writing Kit" below. All you have to do is photocopy this page a few hundred times, and fill in the appropriate blanks with nouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives and you are well on your way to writing your own book to get published, so you can rip off a bunch of people just like I did.

The __(noun)___

One day last __(noun)___, I was __(verb)___, and noticed a __(noun)___ . This was no ordinary __(noun)___, but rather different. This __(noun)___ had a __(adj)___ __(adj)___ __(adj)___ __(noun)___ sticking out from it's __(noun)___.

__(adverb)___, I __(verb)___ up to the top of it. From that height, I could see all around the __(noun)___, and I could even see the __(adj)___ __(adj)___ __(noun)___ which I had __(verb)___ to last year.

Just then, a (noun) wearing a (noun) (adverb) (verb) me up and (verb) me to (verb) I (verb) his (noun) (verb) him.

THE __(noun)___

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE A DONKEY

We know that if all the world were a stage and we were the actors, then the sets would be extremely expensive. But, what we don't know is.... WHAT IF EVERYONE ON EARTH WAS A DONKEY? What would life be like? Perhaps the most sickening thought would be the realization that there would be no way to tell who had turned into a donkey or who has been a donkey all along.

Then what would happen to all the people who run the 'DONKEY RIDE; booths at the fair? They would be out of a job. They'd have to find work elsewhere.

Nobody would ever show up at the charity games of DONKEY BASEBALL because it would be dull. All the games would be donkey baseball.

The people who run the Burros at the Grand Canyon would find themselves unemployed. They would also no longer be the people who run the burros. They would be the burros who run the burros.

Just think of it. Tomorrow you could find yourself in the body of a mule. The insult "YOU JACKASS" would become as meaningless as saying, "YOU HUMAN!!!" What would you do? What could we do?

Bray I guess.

WHAT'S WITH RUBBER EGGS?

I could not believe it when I tried to crack my usual breakfast egg about a month ago, and it would not crack.

This puzzled me, as I have always tapped my eggs on the side of the frying pan to break their seal. I have never had any problem. However, this time was different. This egg would not crack no matter how hard I persisted. After tapping several extra times, I proceeded to throw the egg about the room, first on the floor, then later against the walls.

Each time, the egg remained un-shattered. I then went downstairs to the workshop to get a hammer, but again the attempt was in vain. I broke my chisel over it, dulled my hack saw on it and cracked my welder's anvil over it.

Continuing desperately, I took a couple of shots at it with my rifle, but unfortunately the bullets simply ricocheted off it and ended up smashing three of my kitchen windows.

By this time I was determined to crack this case. I was more amazed than hungry. Using the egg as a baseball failed, as did golfing with it. It seemed as though nothing would break this shell of armour. In a last fit of anger, I took it outside and strapped it to the bumper of my car and drove full speed into the side of my house. I am now sitting here in my semi-private room in a hospital, where I have been since that afternoon.

Scientists in the lab are still undertaking extensive studies of my egg and have not yet discovered a method of opening it. Oh well. .

MORE SOLVING FUN WITH INSPECTOR CALVIN

A major city bank had been robbed, and as usual the police were unable to turn up any clues. As always in a case like this, the phone call went out to Inspector Calvin, the man who could solve any crime.

After only a few seconds of searching, the Inspector found loose floor boards under the bank vault. He removed them, and discovered a tunnel. It seemed to be the perfect crime. For the first time, Inspector Calvin seemed baffled. The thief could have gone in any direction. There were hundreds of choices. The remainder of the police force was busy evacuating the city, so Inspector had to work alone and quickly.

Constable Boticins was requesting that the Inspector also leave the city, but Calvin would not evacuate until he had an idea who had taken the money. "I have never been stumped and I never will be," he insisted.

The constable persisted, "...but if you don't leave, you will be killed by the radiation in five minutes!!" Still the Inspector remained, claiming that he would stay till the very end. "I admire your courage sir, but it is a hopeless case," the constable pleaded. Finding his argument useless against the stubborn Inspector, he walked away, hurrying out of the city.

Reluctantly, after a full four minutes of nothing, Inspector Calvin walked weakly to the city evacuation bus. As he was almost out of the danger zone, it hit him.

He had found the thief: Can YOU??

ANSWER:

The answer is given clearly in the story. Read the last line again. "As he was almost out of the danger zone, it hit him. He had FOUND the thief."

The key word in this sentence is FOUND. Inspector Calvin had not solved the crime, but he had found the thief. As it clearly says above, it HIT him.

Literally, the body of the bank robber fell dead on top of Inspector Calvin. Obviously anyone who just robbed a bank would not want to evacuate with the money. They would be arrested immediately. The robber had stayed behind to count it. The sound of the police evacuation siren was probably mistaken as a search for him. The thief died of radiation.

It looked dismal for the Inspector, but his record remains unbroken, and he has solved every case he has taken.

Did YOU?

THE ELECTRONIC HOUSE

Last month, I visited the “Electronic House” for the first time. The title is given to this building for a good reason. It is truly the world’s most electronically operated home. The tour costs almost nothing, and it is well worth it. The guide is a gorgeous blonde girl and she begins her tour in the house bedroom. By clapping her hands, the light fixtures are all activated and quiet music begins playing in the background.

From here we are transported via conveyor belt, to what is referred to as the “Universe’s most modernized kitchen.” I was surprised to find in its place a completely empty room. The guide simply whistled a special whistle, and instantaneously before my eyes the blank walls filled with new modern electronic fixtures and appliances. One of my favourites was the new liquid nitrogen freezer, which was capable of freezing foods in a matter of seconds. It would be great for ice at parties.

Next, we entered the main hallway and all of our coats were automatically removed and placed neatly in a closet. She explained to us that the central computer was activated by the sound of her voice and all she needed to say was “away” and the over-garments would be removed. I was almost ready to sign the papers and move right in. I am a generally lazy kind of guy.

But there was still more to see. In the next room, we were to experience a first in entertainment. There before us stood a huge six foot 3.D television screen. The guide turned it on and the entire crowd was awe struck at it’s realness.

The show was an old-fashioned western type movie being performed before a live audience. The star, Robert Redford, was the Mayor and he was in a standing small town bar. Into the bar walks an original Mae West type of woman, and all of the heads in the bar turn. All the men start to whistle at her and several begin howling and drooling all over the bar counter.

The picture quality was so good, a few of the people in the tour found themselves performing like-wise. Robert stood up calmly and quietly told her to go away and never come back. The performance was moving and everyone loved it. We all began to applaud, and to our complete amazement, the lights went off, the music stopped, our coats were destroyed and the kitchen blew up. The guide smiled lightly and embarrassingly said, “You win some, you lose some.”

THE ELEVATOR

Recently, I went back to visit the local elevator. It had been months since I had last seen it and I felt it was time to renew my visit and see if there were any improvements. This elevator was no normal elevator. It traveled up and down like the conventional models but it also moved left and right and even diagonally in any direction desired. With it, you could travel to any one of the rooms in the 54 story building where it was located. This was really the only tourist attraction in our town.

It was designed five years ago by the man who invented the little steel and plastic tips that go on the ends of shoe-laces (called Anglets). It has no connection to his work with the elevator, but it is a fact to know.

When I arrived at the building, there was a long lineup with about two or three people in it. This was understandable, because the elevator was fascinating, but our town is quite small. I had been there before when as many as four or five people were waiting. The line moved slowly, but it was interesting to see the expressions of the people as they came out. Most looked to be pleased with what they witnessed.

Eventually my turn came, but to my astonishment, when I opened the door expecting to find the elevator, I instead found a washroom. Above the seat was a little green sign which read:

We are sorry, but due to expense, the elevator has been removed.

I left, and walked home depressed.

THE EXPLODING FOOD

Extensive research has been conducted by the Association for the Prevention of Exploding Food, to try and stop this dismal reality. People all over the world are not eating their food; not because they are unable to, but because they are afraid to. Thousands have died of starvation and millions more are undergoing treatment in hospitals nation wide.

Scientists estimate that one in every ten thousand bananas is explosive, and one in every four raspberries is also dangerous. Many other foods are being tested right now but doctors agree that the exploding side effect is caused by some chemical reaction with some preservative added to foods. Seven of these doctors have since exploded.

This saga is truly urgent. If the entire world population was to hear about this, it could result in an earth wide hunger strike. Millions of farmers would be out of jobs. It could cause great panic in the streets. People would starve to death and soon an entire race would become extinct.

The risk is yours to take if you decide to. It's your choice. Either stop consuming food and die, or go for it and possibly blow up. One thing is for sure, it'll definitely clear up your sinuses.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU FIND YOURSELF FALLING OFF A BUILDING

WARNING: Now is the time to read this! NOT as you are falling!!

I am assuming that you are now either standing or sitting on solid ground and that you have decided to practice preventative reading. You are probably thinking that you will never need to know what to do if you fall off a building, because you probably figure it will never happen to you. That is what everyone who falls off buildings say.

The best precaution you can take is to ALWAYS be prepared. You can never be 100% sure that you are not going to fall off the edge. People have been known to fall hundreds of feet even when they were quite positive they were safe - in a desert, for example. An earth movement could cause a huge cliff which could mean the end of your life: unless you are prepared for it!

The best way to be prepared is to wear a parachute at all times. They come in all colours and will soon be more expensive as the trend catches on. Another important tip is to call your lawyer right now and make out a will. Tomorrow could be too late. Even the best parachutes can't guarantee anything.

If you are already falling right now, then you are too late. You'll wish you had listened to me earlier. There is not much you can do and you have just wasted valuable time reading this paper. Tough luck!

FUN PAGE? HA!

What is a FUN PAGE? How is it possible for any single page to be more amusing than any other? It isn't. If you tear out this page, I promise you that you will be able to have no more fun with it than if you tore out any one of the other pages in this book. There is nothing that this page can do that the others can't.

Basically, all pages are equally boring once you take away the words on them. A page is a page and cannot be physically fun. You can tear it up, crumple it, stamp on it, or throw it around, and all these things may seem to be fun, but actually, it is the action that is fun, not the specific piece of paper.

The real reason for putting this FUN PAGE in this book was to have a nude picture of a man and a woman on it, but, unfortunately, the publisher would not allow it. Too bad, that would have been a real FUN PAGE!! Oh, well.

NO NAME PRODUCTS

These days, there is a fad that is sweeping the country. Companies are beginning to stop putting brand names on their products. More and more products are sold by their generic name only. I was lying in bed the other day, staring up at my authentic swastika poster with the slogan that says, "Uncle Adolf Wants YOU!!!" and suddenly I thought to myself, what if the no-name fad took over completely?

What would the world be like if nothing was called by brand names? The world would be in a panic. Products would not only lose their brand names, but also their decorative packages and package designs. Advertising would become useless. Products would be referred to by one-word generic names. There would be no way of telling a high quality item from a piece of trash.

The idea doesn't seem half bad at first. It would certainly lower the price of goods considerably. However, when we stop to think a moment, we realize that the no-name idea doesn't work too well when applied to books or records. This thought is what inspired me to entitle my book, "BOOK". Is it possible that some day all books could be titled like this?

After some time there is no doubt that a new phase will start, where the labels become even more generalized and products are packaged by groups. People will go to the store to buy FOOD or CLOTHES or FURNITURE and have no way of knowing what they have purchased until they get it home to open it.

I almost went hysterical thinking about it, but then I saw the poster again and remembered it was only a daydream, so I went back to sleep, this time thinking about what it would be like if hiccupping was illegal.

THE DEPRESSION OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Life is so depressing at times and I'm convinced that it is part of a world plot for a mass suicide at some pre-determined date in the near future. Most of the world's depression falls into the hands of one small group of people. These people have secretly planted in our minds thoughts which we will never get over. These people are the producer's of Gilligan's Island. They are the reason why the world is in such a mess.

Who would have imagined that such a silly stereo-typed show like that could have had such an impact on so many lives? A show that lasted so many years through the transition from black and white to colour, and even today is going strong all over North America in re-runs. This dumb show has driven hundreds of people to drink. Any why? All because so many questions were left unanswered for so long. For years, people have asked GILLIGAN WHO??? What was his last name? When people sit down and think how many sickening episodes they sat through to try to find out if anyone ever referred to him as anything else, but alas, they never did.

I must have seen every show at least three times and still I don't know what the skipper's name was. I even wrote away to a newspaper for help. They didn't know either. The professor and he were never introduced as anything but "The Professor" and "The Skipper."

A lot of people expected to be relieved of these questions in 1976 when a remake of Gilligan's Island was aired. In this episode the castaways were to be rescued. I felt that finally I was to discover the answers to these silly problems. I prepared myself on the couch, ready to watch, with my tape recorder on one side and my plastic BAR BAG on the other. I was determined to find out their names even if it killed me. I sat through the first half of the program and suffered as the now much older actors tried to replay their parts of years gone by. The acting was as poor as ever, except the director had neglected to add the old familiar laugh track, which we have all come to know and hate.

Finally, the moment came . . . the castaways were found, and brought ashore to be interviewed by the press. I pressed the play and record buttons on my recorder and waited in excitement. I could picture thousands of eager people nation-wide doing the same thing.

The announcer stepped up to the microphone and the camera zoomed in. He spoke, "I am standing in front of the seven survivors of the USS MINNOW, a small sailing ship which was shipwrecked many years ago. Could you explain the experience to our listening audience, Skipper?"

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH H H H H !!!

GNOMES IN YOUR SOUP

There have been several reports lately about people having seen gnomes in their soup. Gnomes, (pronounced NOMES) are little elflike creatures which were always assumed to be mythical (pronounced MYTHICAL) but now, due to their recent appearance in books and movies, they have been spotted all over the globe.

As of yet, there has been no concrete evidence to prove whether these sightings are true or not. The only photographs are naturally blurred and out of focus, as are almost all photos of unidentified objects. The only thing that scientists have to go on is the 32,000 sightings all across North America. Such a large number of sightings might actually persuade one to believe that there is a possibility that gnomes really exist, but when the statistics are examined more closely, it is discovered that 31,999 of those sightings come from one Jonathan Smorn, who is an established nomad bum. Even still, the sales of the three major soup companies have dropped 27% since the papers reported the sightings.

Experts are currently investigating the one odd sighting which comes from a woman who claims never to have met John, or read any of the articles about him, yet her claims seem to match his almost identically. She clearly saw a tiny gnome in her bowl of soup.

If you should happen to see any gnomes in your soups, or anyone else's soup, don't hesitate to call us. Many people think that gnome sightings occur regularly in restaurants where there is a great deal of soup served, but they are never reported because of the fears of being put into a mental home.

Naturally, if you do report a sighting, we can't guarantee that you won't be put away, but at least you will know you have helped solve the problem of gnomes in people's soups.

THE HOLE

When I arrived home after a long hard day of pulling teeth, I discovered a huge 20-foot hole in the side of my house. Actually, I didn't notice it right away, it wasn't really until later when I was showering that I felt the draft.

I stepped out of the tub, covered myself with a HERS towel and proceeded to check it out. It was then that I noticed that I was dripping on the carpet, so I first dried myself off. Then, after putting my suit back on, I rushed into the bedroom where my wife Millicent was calmly reading the cartoons.

"Honey", I asked her. "Why is there a hole in the wall?"

To my surprise, her answer was normal and unexcited: "Is there?"

I briefly explained that there was a gigantic 20-foot hole penetrating both the first and second stories of our house and we could see right out it into the neighbour's yard.

"I was hoping you wouldn't notice," she said flatly, before returning again to her reading.

I sensed immediately that she was hiding something, but it was obvious that she didn't want to talk about it, and being the good husband that I am, I said no more about it.

HOW TO BE A HOSTAGE

Many people have stopped me on the street in a rush and asked me how they could become a hostage. I used to think it was a joke. Why would anyone want to become a hostage, and even if they did, why would they expect me to know how?

Strangely, though, the questions continued becoming more frequent each day. Some days, as many as twenty different people would stop me and ask. Finally, I decided to do something about it. Having to confess to twenty people every day, that I honestly did not know how to become a hostage was depressing me. I was determined to find out. Who am I to let down the thousands of sick people who really needed to know.

After weeks of hard research, I had found nothing in books pertaining to my topic. There were hundreds of books on what to do if you are already a hostage, and others describing how to avoid becoming a hostage, but none explaining exactly how to go about being kidnapped. Finally, out of desperation, I walked out onto the street, stopped a gentleman and asked him.

“Excuse me sir. Could you please tell me how to become a hostage?”

He laughed and continued on his way.

THE DAY MY MOUSE WAS ROBBED

You can imagine how I feel about the topic of robbery by reading the title atop this page. I have had personal experience. One day late last August, I arrived home to find that my house had been robbed. I rushed to the telephone and immediately called the police. In my haste, I accidentally dialed the wrong number and won an all expenses paid trip to the Orient.

I thanked the contest operator, quickly hung up and re-dialed, this time a little more carefully. In the middle of my conversation, the police chief I was talking to was shot, and he fell onto the desk with a deafening thud, unfortunately, leaving the line open so I was unable to call back.

After some time, another man came onto the other end. It didn't sound much like a policeman. Actually, it sounded more like the murderer. He told me to forget what I had just heard, and then the phone went dead.

Aggravated, I ran upstairs, packed my bags and left on the next flight for the Orient. I thought that I could do with a rest and maybe after a couple of weeks, things would be all straightened out. I couldn't have been more wrong. When I returned from my trip, I discovered that not only was my house still robbed, but this time so were the things INSIDE it.

INNER TUBES: ALL PURPOSE?

It used to be that these silly black rubber tire inners were used simply to keep up the air pressure inside tires. Then, some guy came along and invented the tubeless tire, and overnight inner tubes became as obsolete as the hula hoop. People were now forced to find new uses for them or else throw them out.

Several attempts were made to try to convert the tubes into new useful household utensils and outdoor insulation, and some farmers experimented using them as a substitute for hog feed, but all these failed. It wasn't until 1969 that one scientist noticed that they floated.

After several weeks, a new improved inner tube was put on the market. They were announced over radio and television and thousands of new floatable water toys were sold to the paying public. Beaches flocked with people trying out their new purchases.

However, this wasn't quite as much fun as was expected and after a few hours the swimmers were totally bored. There is only so much that can be done in the water with an inner tube. So, scientists went back to the drawing board to see what other uses could be discovered. They could not be recycled and they were not micro-wave safe. The Institute for Inner Tube Usage (better known as T.I.F.I.T.U.) has finally released a series of books which lists thousands of uses for your old inners.

It is called 2001 USES FOR INNER TUBES. So far, Volume One has been released, but 2000 more are planned. Contributions are gladly accepted as the writers are having problems with Volume Two.

THE LAST DAY OF MY LIFE

One thing that is much on my mind, other than my hat, is the possibility that every day could be the last day of my life. For all I know, I could be shot in the head accidentally tomorrow. It is unlikely, but certainly feasible. My social life would be destroyed.

That is why I feel that if today is going to be my last, I'd better make the best of it. This is my philosophy, which naturally doesn't work for everybody, but it certainly has made a change in my life. A change for the better.

Some people call me crazy. They say I have a few loose screws, but I laugh at them because I know that my life has been great, just because I know I could die any minute. I have led an almost perfect, rich, comfortable lifestyle.

The obvious question is: HOW? The answer is as easy as the question itself.... I steal everything. Why not? If this is the last day of life, why not steal whatever I need to enjoy it? There is nothing worse than having the feeling that you have missed out on something you really wanted to do after you are dead. I will never have this feeling. I may, of course, get arrested someday, but I would probably die of some highly contagious disease going around in jail anyway.

I was once stopped by an officer of the law, and questioned how I could afford three Rolls Royces on the salary of a professional fridge defroster. I simply replied: "I stole it sir, but I'll be dead by tomorrow."

He said, "Oh, well enjoy your LAST DAY!"

THE LONG DISTANCE READER

It was the third subway stop and there were only two more to go before I was to get off. Around me were hundreds of people reading their newspapers, and doing their magazine crossword puzzles. The only thing I had to do was to watch them. Somehow, I kept forgetting to bring something for myself to read. I usually remembered earlier on in the morning, but I always seemed to forget before I left the building.

Tomorrow will be the day when I will finally bring a book so that I can have something to do. I want to be just like all the other commuters. It's not the same just seeing the backs of other peoples' newspapers, because just as I get interested in an article, a stop comes up and the paper is folded up and carted away under someone's arm.

I am living in a world of other people's media . . . but soon it will be different. No longer will I be the only one without something to read. Tomorrow I will enter a new era. I will become a somebody, and some other poor fool will be sitting in the corner watching me be engrossed in my book. Then it will be him, not me, who will feel like an idiot because he forgot to bring his magazine. Oh, the joys of superiority. Good-bye to the days of newspaper backs. Tomorrow I start a new life all on my own!!!

SCHOOL LUNCHES . . . SUPREME BOREDOM

The thought of taking a plain bologna sandwich on plain white bread with a touch of mustard to school every single day is a thought that almost makes me want to throw up all over the plastic wrap the sandwich comes in.

This is something that would never happen to me, because I don't take packed lunches. I'd rather not eat anything at all than try forcing down a piece of processed pig meat. Most kids agree with me on this topic, but unfortunately mothers seldom get to know, because they are never told. They go through their lives assuming that their child eats what is given to him every day, when in reality most school lunches wind up at the bottom of the school garbage can.

There are some mothers who feel that they have beaten the system by offering their darlings a variety. Possibly, bologna on Mondays, salami on Tuesdays and mixed loaf the rest of the week. BIG DEAL: It's still DULL!

I am pleading to all you mothers. Think of your children. They are not eating what you are giving them for lunch. They are wasting your money:

Will somebody please invent some new exciting lunch meat before it's too late? How about Alligator meat . . RAW!

Give the kiddies a real challenge. Make them fight for their meals!! Make them work up a real hearty appetite. Then they'll eat their lunches. To me, that's a real school lunch.

THE MAGICIAN

I once went to an interesting magic show. The magician who was performing was unlike any other I had ever seen before. He was 97 years old, and he was a camel. When he first walked onto the stage, I thought that it was part of some clever trick, but as the show progressed, I realized that the camel was just that. The magician I had paid money to see was a huge four-legged hump backed animal. There was no trick.

He was surprisingly good, although his card manipulation was a little rough. I could understand and sympathize with him, because, after all, he did have very small hooves. Certainly, too small to even attempt some of the difficult moves he was trying.

His best trick used his beautiful assistant, who claimed to have walked a mile for her boss on many occasions. In this effect, the girl lay down inside a wooden box. The magician then took a plastic hoop between his teeth and passed it over the entire box, showing there was nothing to hold the box suspended ... nothing but magic. This in itself was an amazing stunt, but the magician continued dramatically. I have never seen anything quite like what he did next. He walked around the rear of the still-levitating box, and bit into its side, sending wood chips flying all across the stage. Slowly, he gnawed right through the entire width of the box leaving two totally separate pieces floating in mid air.

This magic impressed me so much, that it was then and there that I decided that that was what I wanted to be. I knew that if I practiced real hard every single night, I would someday be just as good as he. For years and years I practiced, both in front of small audiences and in front of my own personal mirror, checking angles and perfecting my work.

After five years of constant practicing, my dream came true.

I became a camel.

A MINUTE PASSED (*Dramatic Fiction*)

I looked up at the clock to see how much time had gone by since I had first been placed on my mark. It was a minute passed. I had only been there for 60 short seconds yet it had felt like so much longer. Sweat was collecting on my brow and pouring down the side of my nose almost like rain-water. I was nervous. I knew what was in store for me within the next few moments.

“Cigarette?”

“No thank you, I don’t smoke”

I had never tried a cigarette. The smell really turned me off. Perhaps I should have taken one anyway, just to be sociable. . . No, there was no need for me to be polite. Heaven knows, it wouldn’t have done me a speck of good. The hands had hardly moved at all. It was now only two minutes past noon. The time was drawing closer.

“Blindfold?”

“Yes... NO”

Blindfolds were the chicken’s way out. I wanted to let people know that Morris T. Baker was no scaredy cat. I could take my punishment like a real man.

“WAIT! I changed my mind. I’d like a blindfold after all, please.”

What a cheap move. I just couldn’t bear the sight of ten double-barrel shotguns aiming at me straight in the face. What would it matter anyway, there was nobody around to know the difference.

“Ready”.

It was time, I could imagine the actions of the trained stone faced killers just outside my handkerchief. They would be showing no mercy for me.

“AIM”

There was a loud sound of clicking as the row of guns were cocked and aimed ready for firing. Oh, how I wished I was back in the good old United States safely packed in a prison cell somewhere, serving my time instead of here in front of this row of foreign justice. If my life had only been a little more colourful, perhaps it would be passing before me now, but alas, it wasn’t.

FIRE!”

A minute passed ...continued

There was a pause. There was no string of shots.

I was not dead. I was still alive. I was still breathing. What had gone wrong? After awhile, I slowly slipped my blindfold down around my nose to see what had happened, and to my surprise I saw a row of ten uniformed soldiers holding their guns, but instead of bullets they had been loaded with large red "BANG" flags which were now sticking out of the ends. After a long pause, the guards called out "FOOLED YA!!"

THE MOVIE

I went to see a G rated movie yesterday, expecting it to be a dull and depressing “kiddie” movie. There was no lineup, which I predicted. No one has ever lined up to see a G rated movie. To my surprise, when I entered the theatre, the film was already in progress, and the entire viewing audience consisted of twenty or thirty year old street bums and drunks.

Alike most G films this was an animated feature. It was about two small chipmunks who spoke in very high squeaky voices that were slightly irritating to listen to. About half way through the cartoon, it stopped for almost two minutes while the projectionist changed reels.

When the screen lit up again, it was no longer filled with chipmunks. They were now showing full colour live action girlie porno films. I thought to myself, what a great idea. Advertise dumb children’s pictures that nobody goes to and in its place, show bottom line nudies. They could make a bundle showing the films in first class theatres without fear of getting caught.

I really was sort of proud of the guy who first thought of this idea, and I would like to meet him. Unfortunately, the police raid interrupted my train of thought and I was arrested.

MR. PHOTO

There is always a silly guy in every crowd with his newly purchased 35mm camera and his bright flash which he's not quite sure how to work yet. He'll always walk around getting in everybody's way and taking blinding photos at the most inconvenient and embarrassing times. He'll try to pass off the classic line, "Just pretend I'm not even here." This is the man who is responsible for more birthdays turning out bad and more weddings ending in divorce.

This must be stopped!! The next time some jerk steps out in front of you when you've just stepped on a banana peel or a bit of doggie doo, tell the guy you want copies. He'll try to get your name and address, because those guys love people looking at their pictures. When he gets close enough, grab his camera and tear the back off. Then take a picture of his face. Say "CHEESE!"

MY SAYING

Today, almost everybody who is anybody has said something that is famous, and it will always be remembered as their famous saying... but not me. I don't want to be a nobody. I want to be a somebody. And I want to be a somebody all the time, not just when I get my muffler fixed.

I decided the easiest way to become well known would be to write a great book and have it published... but since that idea failed, I decided I would create a famous saying.

I searched to find the ideal one. It would have to be new, original and meaningful. One that seemed to stick in my mind for some reason was one that a friend always used to say to me on his deathbed: "Things that go without saying should be said more often, lest they be forgotten." I never quite understood it, but it always sounded good.

I worked and worked and worked to find a saying that would be relevant to all aspects of life. Finally, after a full seven minutes, I hit upon a breakthrough in the English language. I had a start: "GLOOP".

Naturally, it needs a bit of work to match the true greats, but it was a definite beginning. I knew I was well on my way to creating MY SAYING.

THE MEN WHO NAME THINGS

Who are these masked men? Why are they so lucky that they can choose titles while the rest of us lie around on our cheeks using the products that these people we don't even know have named? Why was the fork named a fork? I think it's a dumb name. Why were flowers called flowers? Why not the other way around? It makes about as much sense. Who was the first to call salt SALT? Who gave these people the right, that's what I want to know!! Why can't I make up names? Can I call a dishwasher a "stone" if I want to? What does "stone" really mean anyway? In mexican it could mean something rude, or obscene.

It's just not fair. Just because I was born after these things were invented, does that mean I have to refer to them by names: that someone else thought up, even if it's the stupidest thing I've ever heard? Why can't objects be renamed every seven years or so? That way, everybody would get a chance to have a say in what things are called. The way it is now, it is very similar to the situation in the 1700's NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!! We want to be able to name some of the things we use. Why shouldn't we be allowed to?

Why can't we rename electrical outlets "CURPLANTS" if we think it's fitting? What kind of a dumb name is "PLUG?" Whoever it was who thought plug was an appropriate name should be put to sleep. It's probably the same man who named the spoon.

What really is a TOWEL? What is a CAR? These names are not relevant to the objects they describe. What is KATSUP? Is it Katsup, Catchup or Ketchup? Who knows? Who cares? What is a HAT? What is a DUO-TANG? These words have no meanings!

I want a revolution!! What is a medium soft drink? What is a ...

NO ONE? NO RESPECT!

One question that has always puzzled me is that very same one that I am going to discuss presently. Why is there no channel one on the TV dial??? Don't deny it. At some time in your life you have definitely asked that question, and you probably received no concrete answer. Nobody knows. To this day the question is unanswered and everyone only assumes there is a logical answer, but in fact, there is none.

There is a channel 2 and a Channel 3. Why not a Channel 1? And while we're on the subject of missing ONES, I'll bet you've also pondered why the letters on the telephone dial begin at two? Every number has three letters next to it except the ONE.

If I were a ONE, I'd protest. People are not being fair.

ONES are slowly disappearing from the face of the earth. People are buying "double-packs" and everything is available in bulk quantities. Even the good old dollar bill is being replaced by the more useful Two. It makes you think, doesn't it? In our modernized society, people are phasing out the ONE.

I always thought "Number One" was the most important. We're supposed to look out for Number One! In support of the ONE, I have pledged never to eat another pair. What can you do? 1985 is the official year of the ONES. Why not do something special . . . get a divorce!

WHAT TYPE OF NOSE DO YOU HAVE?

People are always coming up to me and asking what they can do about their nose. They hate it, and they want it changed. I'm just a regular guy. They should go to a specialist.

One day, I found out I was wrong. There is something I can do about it! I did it. I have just opened the first in a world wide chain of NOSE SHOPS, in which I repair the noses of unsatisfied people... I am currently in production of a "Catalogue of Noses" and I need photos. If you think your nose is unique and interesting, and somebody might like to own one just like it, then by all means, send a photograph of it to me and I'll publish it in my new book as a sample.

My address is:

Jeff Goebel,
c/o Nobody Nose
The trouble I've Seen
P.O. box 9242
NASAL, Ontario.
Canada

Editors note: this is not a real address... just in case you're an idiot.

NOSEHAIRS

Nose hairs have always greatly interested me. I have always found them extremely fascinating. I remember once, when I was a small boy, my adopted father used to come up to me and he would tell me a story. He sat in his big green chair and began. He spoke softly, but with a strong accent which made it impossible for me to understand a word he was saying, but I always knew that whatever it was, it would have been meaningful. Of course, I doubt it had anything to do with nose hairs.

Later in life I stumbled upon a notebook up in my attic. It was dusty and, as I wiped it off I realized it contained my father's personal notes. I knew I would finally be able to understand what my dear old adopted Dad was trying to tell me all those years before.

I slowly opened the first big page of the book.

It was as dramatic as any scene in any horror movie. His handwriting was surprisingly clear for that of an ex-doctor, not at all like what I had expected. But, unfortunately, the entire book was written in hieroglyphics, making it impossible for me to decipher. However, it probably had nothing to do with nose hairs.

I then turned to my mother for the information I requested, but she was deaf mute and she had both her arms cut off in the war so the only method she had of communicating was by drawing with her toes. Surprisingly, she had become quite talented and some of her artwork had sold, though not at too high a price because she could never see her models. She was also blind. Unfortunately, she could not answer my questions because she was wearing socks at the time and had no way of removing them. Besides, she had never seen any nose hairs.

This is why I have never known much about nose hairs, but as long as I can remember, they have always interested me.

APOLOGY:

I would like to apologize for the past note, entitled "Nose hairs." It appeared in error and was not edited out. This apology also appeared right after it in error and was also not edited out. I apologize for these mistakes, but my secretary has other qualifications that outnumber her actual office skills, if you know what I mean. -ED.

NUDIST COLONIES

As an experiment, strictly for journalistic purposes, a friend and I decided to go to a nudist colony and check out what it is like to spend some time with the people there.

We got up our nerve to take off our clothing, but unfortunately, the green T-shirts we had been wearing were cheaply made, and the dye had soaked through, leaving us with bright green chests. Because of this, we were not permitted to enter the colony. The dye would not wash out and my friend and I to this day have green chests and are not allowed in nudist colonies.

This story must have been a real let down for you few with rude dirty minds who opened to this page entitled "NUDIST COLONIES" to read some hot stuff porno type literature.

Well, it serves you right, you scum!

THE OPENING NIGHT

It was the opening night. The curtains would open in three minutes and forty two seconds. The time was counting away fast. Soon it would be time for me to walk out in front of the crowd to recite my lines.

The house lights were now beginning to dim slowly. The audience was hushed as her Royal Majesty, the Queen of England gave the official sign for performance to begin.

The huge stage drapes unfolded before me and the bright lights glared at me straight at my make-up covered face. I stumbled up to the podium and nervously removed my script for a last double-check. I then uttered my first few words for all to hear: "Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome BOB HOPE!"

I then walked casually off-stage, feeling confident, knowing I had done my part.

THE OVERWORKER

Each day, Seymour Flatulate wakes up at 4:30 in the morning and instantly gets to work on his hobby. Seymour is a professional overworker. Everything he does, he overdoes.

Seymour lives in a house that is over painted. All the walls, windows, doors and roofs were painted green. His mailbox was green. His pool was green. His car was green, including the windshield. Everything he owned he had painted green.

During the day, Seymour worked as a cook in low budget 'greasy spoon' type cafeteria. Naturally, he always over-cooked the meals. Still, the restaurant was a huge success, because Seymour also overfilled the plates with huge portions. Fortunately, Seymour didn't work the cash register or everyone would have been overcharged.

The one characteristic about Seymore Flatulate that stands out over all the others is shown best in this story. Any four paragraphs that are written about him are vastly over-written.

THE WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENON

Since I try to have something for everybody in my BOOK, here is no exception. Her is a humorous story for all of you people interested in the field of E.S.P.

Enjoy it .

PLASTIC HAIR

Plastic hair has 'grown' in popularity over the last two years and 7 out of 10 people now either have it, or else they know someone who has it. The recent advancements in plastic hair have made it completely undetectable in most cases with only one or two minor disadvantages.

People with plastic hair are cautious against swimming, because the plastic does not get wet and innocent bystanders might become suspicious when you come out of the pool with a perfectly set head of hair. They also never become any longer or shorter, and the style cannot be changed. This could cause some problems if people notice. The instructions included with the hair give two or three routines to use. The one I use is the simplest. I tell people my wife is a practicing hair stylist and she cuts mine every night.

You should also be aware of falling objects because they have a tendency to bounce off your head without you even feeling them, but other than this plastic hair is great.

PRACTICAL JOKES

1. While your neighbours are away on vacation, take off their front door. Then burn their house down, after which you return the door to its hinges with a note attached, reading "We were here, you weren't. John and Martha" You'll love the fun you can have. The effect is even better if they know a John and Martha. Be sure to leave a different set of names if you are either John or Martha.
2. Connect all of the drains in your house to a pipe in the house next door neighbour's attic. Every time you take a bath, wash the dishes or the other thing, a bucketfull of water will leak on your neighbours' heads... Lots of laughs!
3. Arrive early at a party, like before the hosts have decided to throw one. The effect is even better if you arrive dressed up in a costume. That way, they can't tell who you are till midnight so you'll just have to stay.
4. Wire all of your boss's electrical outlets through his bathtub... WOWIE! Breaks the ice at Japanese parties. Ten times stronger than a Joy buzzer.
5. This is a great one. Substitute the holy water at your church for sulfuric acid. A real rib tickler!

SOLVING WORLD PROBLEMS #1

WASTING ENERGY

Today's world is in great danger. Our leaders are all out complaining about wars and attacks, and the destruction of the world, and not spending enough time worrying about the more serious problems we are all faced with every day. The most important of these problems is ENERGY! We have just now realized that our energy cannot last indefinitely.

It has come to my attention that the world leaders are spending far too much time and money on defense and almost completely ignoring energy. In fact . . . they are wasting more energy than everyone else put together. It has been announced that we have a weapon capable of destroying the earth ten times over. It can be activated by the pushing of a single button. (after a bunch of other things have been done first, naturally.)

If this device is set off, then this earth and every living creature will be blown up TEN TIMES!!! That is NINE TIMES TOO MANY!! If the world is exploded once, isn't that enough? All the other nine times are wasted. The energy required to destroy the world nine times could be more than enough to heat North America for a century.

If the President says we must cut down on our energy wastes, then why doesn't he cut down his??? He is sitting on one of the biggest wastes ever witnessed by mankind, or womankind, or even animal kind. The world only has to be destroyed once. It makes me angry to think of the satellites orbiting Jupiter, or Saturn and yet, we can't stop wasting energy. It almost makes me want to push the button just to prove how easy it would be to waste it.

One thing is for sure, I'm not living at 68 degrees if I'm going to be blown up.

I'm going to LIVE IT UP!!

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A RAPIST

These days, more and more women are falling victim to these mad rapists, usually clothed ones. They usually walk up to these ladies and ask the time. If they get an answer then they rape her, but if they don't get an answer they rape her anyway.

Haven't we all felt a little uneasy walking down a city alley constantly worrying about whether or not we are going to be raped? Luckily I haven't, but I'm sure that many of you have.

The most important thing to remember about rapists is: **THEY LIKE CABBAGE**. Always be sure to carry a cabbage with you wherever you go. You might get away with passing off an old head of lettuce in a desperate situation, but **NEVER EVER** tempt a rapist with asparagus or brussell sprouts. Everyone knows that the mere sight of these vegetables sends a rapist into a wild rage. He might try something rash, like pulling out a banana and try to stick it in your ear.

Another point: rapists don't wear hats.

THE RUDEST POSTCARD

When I went outside to pick up the mail yesterday, as I always do around 2:00, I found a new type of postcard had been mailed to me. It was not shaped like the traditional rectangular postcard, but instead, it was sort of oval. I had been accustomed to many rude postcards in my time, having worked in a postcard factory a few years back, but I had never seen one quite as rude as this one was. Generally, they consist of a silly picture and a dumb caption. This postcard had no caption. It was just a very detailed photo.

I just stood there on the porch for a few moments in awe at this shocking piece of cardboard. It hadn't even occurred to me to check the back to see who it was from. I could just not believe that anyone would buy a card like this . . . or sell one.

I was taken away from my staring trance by the soft voice of Mrs. Olsen, who lives next door. She too had come to get her letters and we often met to chat over the fence as you see many television housewives do. I was about to begin a gossipy conversation with her, but when I looked up at her I realized that she had also received one of these cards. Immediately I turned mine over to see the signature.

The card was signed 'X' and it was filled with foul invitations. I could tell that poor Mrs. Olsen's was identical by the look on her face.

I knew that the day I had hated to see had finally come. The day of the . . . Prank Postcard.

THE EXTRA SEASON

Recently there has been much talk between some of the world's most intelligent people about the possibility of adding a fifth season to the cycle. These geni, more commonly known as "they", are the very same people that are responsible for all the major sayings and findings that no else knows who is responsible for. They, are the original THEY from the saying, "They say that it's supposed to be bad for you to eat grass.

"It is time we had a new season to add to our cycle for more weather accuracy" says Dr. Ryerson, one of the scientists. "The present day system has remained unchanged for as long as anyone can remember, even us!" Dr. Ryerson thinks it needs revising. It is not accurate for today's weather conditions. He also says that the new system should be standardized so that all the countries of the world have the same five seasons at the same time.

"We have always had Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter, and frankly, it's DULL!" adds Dr. Coles. So along with the new season, all the others will be updated and fitted with four new, more modern names.

Spring will become: DIBDO. Summer will be known as FLAPSOLP. Fall will be: SMONSCA, (or SMONSCEA for Autumn.) Winter will become: VITAR. The name for the new season will be:
MANOL GOSNOW BIDITON ICHACONDOLESMO GARNTFAIRAR ENONCA
MMILLNER STEINER.

At this time we are not sure when the extra season will be added, or between what two it will be placed, but I'm sure it will be in all the papers when that information is released.

THE SHOE BY THE ROAD

Along the side of every long major highway is always seen a single shoe. It is nearly impossible to travel down a desert road without seeing one, usually lying next to an old rotten bag of garbage from some fast food restaurant. The two naturally go together.

Often, I have wondered, "How does that single shoe get there?" Does some person suddenly decide as they are driving along that they hate their shoe, and just toss it out the car window as they pass? If this is the case, why is there always one?

Could it be that there is one single person who gets his kicks traveling the globe and leaving a single shoe or a single boot everywhere he goes, just to confuse people and start writers like myself thinking. I doubt that theory is true.

Personally, I think that somewhere out there in the world there are thousands of limping people who have accidentally misplaced one of their shoes. Perhaps some of them are amputees and only have one leg; all the more reason to limp. I think there are probably hundreds of one legged people who are all terribly upset by the fact that they are forced to buy two shoes and throw one away every time their old one wears out. Naturally, there are a few lucky ones who can share the high costs with a fellow amputee, but I'm sure this is a very low percentage.

These people are being ripped off every day and I feel it is time to do something about it. I've done my part by bringing this problem to your attention, now I hope that one of you will take this story to heart and open a nation-wide chain of "SHOE" stores for these poor soles.

A SIGHTING

I spotted a U.F.O., actually, more than one, about three weeks ago. I haven't reported it to anybody yet because I was afraid they might think I am crazy, but I figured that if you've been reading this book then you already know I am crazy, so I've got nothing to lose by telling you about it.

I was walking down the main street of my town, kicking a full bottle of beer as I went, when suddenly the whole sky above darkened. The store owners who had been displaying their articles on sale started to scream and run around as if they knew what was coming. I looked up in the sky just as a tiny transparent spacecraft landed right on the top of my nose. It began to roll around down the side of my nose towards my ear.

By this time the streets were bare. I was the only one around. The only one to see this tiny craft. As it approached closer to my ear, I panicked! I thought maybe it was going to destroy my hearing system.

I abruptly shook my head and sent the spacecraft flying to the ground where it crashed. Not as second had gone by before another ship hit my face, followed by another and yet another. Had I made them angry?

Within a minute the entire sky was filled with millions of tiny spaceships. It was impossible for me to dodge them. They were attacking me and my dog Stripe. I looked up to see where they were all coming from. There seemed to be several big black puffy things. I assumed they were the mother ships.

The sun had been destroyed and it was getting very cold. My clothes were being ruined by these things. I knew it would be the end.

Suddenly, I heard a voice. It was Mr. Olsen. He was calling from inside the drugstore. I desperately tried to listen as he spoke: "Get out of the rain, you idiot," he called.

Boy, was I embarrassed.

MR. SMITH AND THE SILLY NAMES

I was sitting in the classroom of Mr. Smith.

It was the first day of the second semester. The day I hated most. Being prompt, as usual, I was the first one in class. I was worried. I just knew that Mr. Smith would walk in any minute and utter the words I least wanted to hear.

He would ask the class to stand and state their names. This was my biggest fear in life. Someday, I knew that someone would have to find out my REAL name. I've always felt it was a sin to call your children by a silly name, and my parents really chose a winner, or should I say a loser? I was sure glad when all my friends started calling me "Buck" to hide my true identity.

By now the other kids were filing into the room and it was beginning to look like any other class. There was the red-headed girl, the brainy kid with the taped glasses, the bully in the artificial leather jacket with plaid lining. It was classic typical stereotype; the type of classes you read about.

Following close behind was Mr. Smith. He was a big fat teacher with a funny little goatee-type beard. His first sentence was the one I had dreaded.

"Hello class, I'm Mr. Smith. I'd like you all to stand up and tell us your names."

To my amazement, he didn't pick me first. Usually I have that kind of luck. Instead, he asked a little girl two seats across from me. She stood up reluctantly and shyly muttered her name: "My name is Ellie... Phant."

The class roared out loud and the girl sat down, embarrassed and as red as a fire engine. Next in line to expose himself was a little boy who sat in the seat behind me.

"I'm Phil Harmonic" he stated, expecting the customary burst of laughter from the class. Naturally, his expectations were overly satisfied as once again the class went out of control. Mr. Smith himself was having a difficult time holding back his smiles. Eventually, even I found it hard not to laugh. I realized that I was no longer different. I was now just one of the crowd, so I raised my arm and proudly showed off my name next.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

My roommate took me out to his new store recently. He had just opened it with his cousin. It was a small shop just off the main street in the town, but the business was very good, probably due to the large selection he offered. There were more stereos and televisions in that little store than I have ever seen. They were stacked wall-to-wall.

He showed me this one system which I immediately fell madly in love with, and later bought from him at a reasonable discount. It was a compact AM-FM stereo record player which was all run entirely by solar power.

It was the nicest solar system I had ever seen in my life.

YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT SPORTS?

Kevin Noble (*SPAZ*) was reading the rough draft of my book and he turned to me and said: “Do green people ever eat yellow footballs in the rain?”

When I asked him what he meant by that remark, he stood still and expressionless, similar to a zombie. I snapped my fingers and clapped my hands and then, just as suddenly, he came to life. “Yeah, but what about sports?”

Kevin would often go into these stages where he’d talk total nonsense, not realizing it, and then become totally normal again as though nothing had ever happened. I don’t think he was on drugs or anything. It was just the way he was and everybody accepted it. Again, he turned to me and asked, “Well, what about sports?”

I asked him, “What about sports?”, to which he replied, “You’ve written a story about almost anything from shoes by the side of the road to rubber vomit, but you don’t have anything about sports.”

I said “Oh” and that was that.

ARE STAPLING MACHINES USELESS?

Personally, I feel that there is far too much money spent each year in the development and manufacturing of an item which is easily done manually for about one quarter the price. Of course, I am talking about manure spreaders. However, as the title of this page implies, there is a question as to whether stapling machines are also on the list of useless items. I believe this to be so. A standard stapler connects two or more pieces of paper together and the electric one, costing fifty or sixty times more does exactly-the same thing. It does no better a job. It is just a touch faster. I say, with the money saved by buying a manual stapler, the company could hire a full time stapling manager.

Depending on how much money is saved, they might be able to afford a whole bunch of stapling staff and open a branch for stapling other people's papers together too. Who knows, they 'night start a world wide stapling company. We m~

Editor's Apology

The previous essay entitled: "Are Stapling Machines Useless" has been discontinued due to a poor rating show on the feedback computer. The publishers of this book take great pride in their quick response to the bad showing. Apparently, that particular article was dragging on a bit too long, therefore losing its humorous impact. Unfortunately, the error could not have been discovered in the proofreading stages. We are just lucky that the Computer spotted the trouble half way through the final printing.

We apologize for any inconvenience and sincerely hope that no one was hurt, mentally.

Thank you for understanding,

Your Editor.

DOWN WITH STEREOTYPES!

Today we see stereotypes in every aspect of life. We see it on TV, we see it on radio, in books, and in just about every other type of media. We even talk about it casually between friends without noticing. But you know who talks about, and uses stereotypes the most? The women!

Females have nothing to do all day except sit around at home waiting for their loving husband to walk in their door at 6pm wanting his dinner. What else can she do except sit and watch soap operas. At ten o'clock, she might make a pass at the milkman, all dressed in white, and if she's lucky she might actually have an affair, but it wouldn't last long, then she is back to the soap operas.

Maybe the next day she'll have a fling with the fast talking vacuum cleaner salesman who comes to the back door, but if that doesn't work out, she has still got TV.

These daytime television shows put terrible ideas into their heads. Every one of them. All soap operas have doctors who make money and have girls climbing all over them. It's simply not true. I've got proof. I'm a doctor.

I am totally against any type of stereotyping or categorizing. I think people who live that way should be shot. And it's mostly the women too.

THE DAY THE WORLD WENT ON STRIKE

Striking is becoming a real 'fad' these days as more and more people are holding out for shorter hours and more pay. I was sitting at home one afternoon, pushing oatmeal through my screen door, when suddenly I thought to myself, "What would happen if the entire world went On strike?" Not just North America, but the entire world? If every single human stopped working, demanding better conditions. Nobody could raise the extra money because all the superiors would be off work too. There would be no compromising talks, because the compromisers are also unsatisfied with their jobs. Life as we know it would stop. There would be no manufacturing of anything. We would all have spare time, but no way to spend it. We couldn't buy anything or go anywhere. We couldn't even eat food because there would be nobody to sell it to us. The strike would never end because there would be nobody to order anybody back to work. Humans would become non-existent.

What a waste of an afternoon.

THE SUBSTITUTE TEACHER

I walked into my classroom last Friday and in place of my regular educator was a “subby”, or substitute teacher. This was no ordinary substitute teacher. This lady wore purple socks.

You may think that wearing purple socks is not all that unusual, but in this context, it certainly was. She wore them with pink shoes. With these she wore a bright red dress and green gloves and an orange hat accented by a turquoise feather. On her face she wore yellow-tinted makeup and blue lipstick.

Yes, this was certainly like no other supply teacher I had ever seen. Mr. Boysen, our regular teacher was away quite often, so we had experienced some pretty strange ones, but none could come close to being as odd as this one. On her blouse she had embroidered in green a big Superman “S” sign, and she spoke with a southern accent with just a touch of Russian.

I felt very comfortable learning from her because I knew she was a virgin. This was to be my mother image from that day on, and since I had no real mother, we both fell passionately in love. That evening we flew off to Las Vegas for the weekend. I knew that this was an experience neither one of us would soon forget.

When I arrived back in my classroom the following day, I found my regular teacher situated behind his desk as always, and I knew that the affair was over, but I know that I’ll never meet another person quite like...

MY SUBSTITUTE TEACHER.

THE ADVENT OF DOUBLE SIDED TAPE

I was very surprised when I last visited the local drug store just around the block from where I live. I had recently purchased a gift for my sister and now I needed to wrap it. The gift was a deluxe walk-in dishwasher, but that is irrelevant to my story.

Anyway, when I went to buy some tape to seal the wrapping, I discovered a new product; two sided tape. I thought this to be a great new idea and quickly bought an economical TWO PACK. I was temporarily hypnotized by the thought of never having to loop my tape again. I was sure that this gift would be the best wrapped gift I have ever given.

Unfortunately, when I arrived home, I realized just how wrong I had been. The product was totally useless!! It was impossible to pull out a piece of tape without it sticking to my fingers, and when I tried to get it off my fingers, I became stuck to the other side. As I struggled with this new invention, more and more came out and I became still more entangled. By this time I felt rather silly, standing there helpless, unable to call for help because my head was covered entirely by tape. It worked as an effective gag.

Luckily, after a few minutes, a friend of mine stopped over to pick up his socks and he found me in the middle of my living room, covered head to toes in tape. Unfortunately, in his attempt to untie me, he too became caught beyond escape. The two of us must have looked pretty funny as we attempted to release ourselves for close to twenty minutes. We were failures. The tape was just too sticky.

Then my mother walked in and she dropped all her groceries all over the floor. In a flash she snapped into action and shot into the kitchen. Seconds later, she re-entered the room with a pail of water. She then proceeded to dump the water all over us. The tape immediately dissolved to a slime. We were happy to be free!! As my friend was leaving to go home and wash up he turned to me and said;

FRANK! YOU'VE BEEN ROBBED!

A SURE FIRE WAY TO CHEAT ON A TEST AND NOT GET CAUGHT

Put the test which you have recently written down nicely in a comfortable chair, perhaps in front of a television or by the radio. Then go into your room and get your tennis racket. Put on your tennis shorts and top, making sure they are white. Now is the tough part.

Call out to the test, "Well, I guess I'll go out and play a round of tennis now." Then leave the house casually with your real clothes hidden inside your gym bag.

When you get outside to the car you can change back into your regular clothes and drive off to your girlfriend or boyfriend's house to fool around. The test will think you are playing a normal game of tennis.

I have found this to be the most effective way to cheat on a test, because the outfit usually fools them. Unfortunately, unless there is an indoor court in your area, this system can only be used on a warm summer day.

Don't forget to wet the under arms on the tennis shirt before returning home just to give it that added realism.

THE BAD JOKE

There was a young boy. Lets just say for the sake of explanation that his name was Billy. Billy used to bring his teacher a fresh batch or raisins every second day. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, she would be expecting them and he leave them on her desk. She liked them.

One day, all of a sudden with no warning, Billy stopped bringing in the raisins. When his teacher inquired about them, she seemed truly concerned.

“Why didn’t you bring me any of those delicious raisins today, Billy?”

To which Billy replied, “My rabbit died,”

Editorial:

This is the kind of joke which I strongly protest. A simple joke starts off very nicely about a little boy bringing his teacher a presents, as I’m sure many boys do. The joke has a good structure, but then it goes ahead and ends off with a rude remark that gets a laugh even if it doesn’t have anything to do with the joke. What do raisins have to do with PREGNANCY??

THUMB NAIL CARE

Have you ever taken a serious look at your thumb nails? (Don't do it now, you're reading this - do it later). If you haven't looked at your fingernails lately, chances are they are long and pointy and filled with little bits of black gunk. It is possible that even if you have looked at them recently, they could still be filled with that stuff, because it seems to accumulate so quickly.

Thumbnails are among the ugliest parts on the human body second only to toenails. This fact is usually due to poor thumbnail maintenance and can often be cured. If, when you look at your nails, they have little white splotches all over them, it is a sign that you haven't been taking care of them.

I have devised a method of testing the health of your nails and it should be carried out twice a week to assure good strong fingernails. Push down gently on your nail with another finger. (probably from the other hand unless you are extremely well coordinated). Your nail should turn white, and then return to it's pinkish colour upon release. If the red colour does not return and instead your nail turns blue, you have pushed down too hard.

If, for any reason at all, you find that your nails are not functioning properly, bring them into the shop and we'll give you some loaners while we fix up your nails until they are something you can be proud of.

This has been a public service announcement, paid for by: TONY'S THUMBNAIL EMPORIUM.

THE VACATION

This was the year that our family was to take a couple of weeks off work, so that we could all be together and drive away on our vacation instead of rushing around with airplanes and busy time schedules. All that was left was the decision of where to go. My wife wanted to go to the Bahamas, but I explained to her that it would be very hard for us to drive there. We finally decided to go somewhere that none of us had ever been ... the moon.

Immediately, we Started work on converting our little station wagon with jets and oxygen tanks. After a couple of days, the hard work was completed and we began packing. The next day, we set the car upright and took off, naturally with the permission of N.A.S.S.A.

Unfortunately, the route we took was not too scenic, but it was only for a short time, so we decided not to complain. When we arrived, it was nothing like we had expected. Travel brochures always seem to make even the dullest places look exciting.

Even though the view was devastating, we could not find a vacant hotel anywhere. Actually, we couldn't find any hotels at all. We just went for a quick refreshing swim through the air and then set out for earth again.

We were lucky enough to land safely in the ocean just off the northern coast of Bahamas, so we ended up having a great vacation after all.

USES FOR RUBBER VOMIT

Several novelty shops all across Canada and the United States sell a relatively new fun product known as rubber vomit. I have received literally two letters from consumers demanding literature on how and what to use this for. This is that piece of literature which I'm sure will satisfy the wants of not only those two concerned consumers, but also anyone else who has either purchased or considered purchasing a package of rubber vomit.

Rubber vomit is extremely compactable, making it possible to conceal it in a closed fist. This feature makes it quite simple to make the vomit appear virtually anywhere, after which it can be picked up and re-used over and over. I took a country wide survey to find out the number one use for rubber vomit by the nation's users. It's chief role was in the "But mother, I don't like beets" classic bit.

It goes as follows:

Child: I hate beets!

Mother: Eat them!

Child: But, I hate them!

Mother: Eat them anyway!

Child: (You then take one bit of the beets and produce the rubber vomit accompanied by a grotesque sound.)

Mother: Oh, Elmo! I'm sorry, I'll never make you eat beets again.

Thus, you have become victorious in the food fight. For added effect, you can add red food colouring to the vomit. Naturally, this works with spinach also by just washing out the red and adding green.

This is a must buy for any child or parent who is often invited to bad dinner parties.

Look for it by name: BUYABLE BARF!

THE WASHROOM PATROL

Don't you just hate walking into a public restroom in a restaurant or ball park, and finding out that there is someone else inside too? You feel that they could be a spy or something, so you stall for time by pretending to just use the mirror or the sink until they have left. Then you enter your private stall, only to discover that the person before you was a little forgetful.

You try the next cubicle along, but it is even worse, so finally you decide on the first one again. After your stay, you reach for the paper only to find an empty dispenser, or worse, a single sheet dispenser filled with sandpaper. Quietly you try removing the sheets but with each one there is a loud slosh sound and you become paranoid that people can hear exactly how many you are using.

On your way out, another person enters so you feel obligated to wash your hands so as not to create a disgusting impression. After a quick rinse you discover that your only source of drying your hands is a stupid air blower, so you casually wipe your hands on your pants as you exit.

This type of experience could mean the difference between whether or not you are a repeat customer. For this reason, the Washroom Patrol has been formed. We are looking for a strong stomached individual to volunteer to travel around their neighborhoods checking up on all the public restrooms in their zoned areas. They will check for things that bother them and report them to the patrol.

In general, all stalls will be modified slightly to help please the public. Graffiti will be painted over in all but one stall left untouched for the perverts. The aim of the Washroom Patrol is to make your stay on the John a pleasant one instead of the dreaded one it usually is. We hope that someday people will be able to enter into any washroom, nation wide, with a feeling of confidence that they are not going to be sick when they see the inside. The fear of things like little kids looking up at you from under the door will dissolve.

Your job as a volunteer would be to help convert air blowers to soft paper towel dispensers and make sure that they remain filled. You will also be expected to check new un-patrolled restrooms for irritating features like spring-back faucets which make it impossible to wash more than one hand at a time in anything but very hot or very cold water. You will be asked to install auto flush systems where you feel it necessary and convert the walls to a new soundproof type our lab has developed. These new walls will eliminate those embarrassing PLOP sounds we know so well.

You will be expected to be on call 24 hours a day for paper refills or arrests of rude offenders without correct change.

We sincerely hope that you will see this problem and do your part to help us cut it down. In return, we have decided not to install the closed circuit TV cameras we were thinking about

Thank you.

THE WATCH

I decided it was time I should start my Christmas shopping for the year. I usually tried to shop earlier and avoid the rush, but I almost always found that everyone else had the same idea. This year, I was going to try something new, and shop AFTER Christmas was over, thus really avoiding the rush. This way I can take advantage of all the Boxing Day sales.

I decided to buy my brother a watch. I took the bus over to the BIG CITY DEPARTMENT STORE but found that all they sold were departments. From there, I was directed to SHEARS. Quickly, I located the Watch counter. There I could see virtually thousands of watches of all different makes and styles. I asked for assistance, but the man I asked was from the pencil repair department and said he couldn't help me. He called over a nice lady who he said could tell me anything I wanted to know. I tested her by asking her who the 12th President of the United States was. She knew. I then changed the subject back to watches and asked to see one that had an alarm.

She brought out this big watch and pushed one of the buttons on the side. Immediately, classical music streamed out. She showed me how to work the volume control and tune in different stations. I was going to buy it right away, but she proceeded to show me some of its other features. By the touch of another button, it vacuumed up all the ashes in the ashtray. It also had a temperature and barometer readout and could clock the moving speed of objects when directed at them. I paid for it, wrapped and went home feeling satisfied that I had bought a truly unique gift. My brother would have the only one like it in our town. I presented it, he unwrapped it, looked at it and said; "I've already got one!"

(Bet you thought I was going to say; "But it doesn't tell the time.")

ANOTHER LETTER TO WILBUR

Dear Wilbur:

I am only 15 years old and I respect your opinion. I have accidentally gotten myself into a mess with Billy Hopkins and you are the first one I have told. How should I go about breaking the news to my family?

Sincerely,

Afraid and Fragile.

Dear Afraid and Fragile:

First of all, I would like to congratulate you on your excellent choice of name to sigh. I should have known it would take a younger mind to come up with something good. I like yours: "Afraid and Fragile". It kind of has a ring to it. Unfortunately, you revealed Billy's name and thus, revealing yourself to anyone who knows Billy. If your parents get a chance to read this book they are going to figure out who the 15 year old is. Unless Billy is the type who has several girls in trouble, in which case he should be put away.

Anyway, about your problem. As I have already stated, your parents probably already know, and are looking for you right now to wring your neck. Personally, I would get away from there as fast as possible. You don't want to disgrace your parents and have people talk about them behind their backs do you? They'll be the talk of the town all over how disgusting their daughter is. Take it from me, the best thing to do is scam! Seeing as how you are too young to drive, I can sell you my old farm tractor. I was going to sell it anyway, but I think you need it more than anybody so I'll give you a real good deal on it. If you can buy this I'll be all set. I've already sold my house, livestock and farm, and I'll be all set to move to Beverly Hills and take up this job of writing these letters full time. So you see, you can help me at the same time I help you get out of trouble.

Thanks.

WILBUR

LETTERS TO WILBUR

Dear Wilbur:

My husband is constantly ignoring me. He comes home at night and sits down to watch the television without even saying hello to me. It is as though I don't even exist. I find that hard to believe. All my friends tell me that I do. How can I get my husband to notice me?

signed,

ALICE J.

Dear Alice J:

You have got some nerve signing off with a name like Alice J. Usually people sign names like: Depressed, or Invisible or Non-existent, Nobody ever signs their name.' What are you trying to do? Confuse me???

Anyway, I think the only way to make your husband notice you more is to move. I've got a nice little farmhouse with about two hundred acres of land for sale just out of town and to you, a desperate woman, I'll sell it real cheap. Your husband really needs a change and I think moving is the change to do it, The adjustment from city to country life would be interesting and challenging both. Then, after a few months, ask your husband to move in too. Remember, I can sell you my farm REAL CHEAP!

Sincerely,

WILBUR

LETTERS TO WILBUR:

Dear Wilbur:

I came home last weekend and I found my wife in bed with our milkman. Luckily I ducked out of the way before they spotted me. How should I go about telling my wife that I know she's fooling around. I really love her and I would hate to lose her.

signed, Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous:

Come on guys! Can't we be a little more original with our signing names? What kind of a name is "Anonymous" to sign off with. I'll tell you what kind.... DULL!! BORING!! If I don't get some half decent letters with original signings, I might just quit. Get with it!!

Anyway, your problem is very similar to many other husbands'. You get up in the morning, you go to work and then you come home and go to sleep. It is the same old routine day after day, and to put it bluntly, its boring your wife to death. She needs some excitement in her life.

What you men need to do is surprise your wife with something new and different and maybe she'll take you back. For instance, brand a love message on the side of a cow. I've got a herd of cattle lying around that I'm finished with and I can give you a real good deal on one. You can even send her one a week if you feel really romantic. Bring home a good Holstein and I guarantee that she'll notice you. It couldn't be simpler.

Any of you other men who have the same problem, I've got lots of cows available and I'll give you a great deal. It would be even better if you buy a dozen. Great for liberated working women too.

Signed,

WILBUR

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Signed,

WILBUR

WOODEN SHOES, WHAT NEXT?

The Dutch have always been most famous for their unusual and unique type of footwear; the wooden shoe. People all over the world are just starting to realize that hand carved wooden shoes are not such a bad idea after all. They seldom wear out, and if they are constructed properly, they can be amazingly comfortable. Another terrific advantage is that wooden shoes seldom need repairs and with the cost of leather raising almost as high as its vinyl imitations, that is perhaps the best reason of all for buying them.

Within the century, I would not be surprised if companies started marketing them in addition to their regular lines. It could become the "IN" thing very easily. Possibly the wooden idea could branch out into wooden running shoes. In fact, if the idea catches on, why stop at shoes? Surely there would be advantages in producing other wooden products like socks, or stockings which would certainly put an end to the age-old problem of sagging ankles.

The idea might spread to other totally different clothes. We would soon be able to buy wooden hats, wooden mitts, wooden ear muffs and even wooden dresses. Within the month, factories would be producing wooden bathtubs, wooden cars, wooden fireplaces and wooden basketballs. The use of steel and plastics would be drastically reduced, saving the country lots of money and oil.

So from now on, whenever you see a Dutch person, HIT HIM:

JUST LOOK AT THE MESS HE'S STARTED!

TRANSULCENT COMEDY.
A series of sketch comedy scripts,
originally performed by the opaque players.

The Opening

(A well dressed office man is seated at a desk at the extreme right of the stage. Quickly the lights come up and the man instantly YELLS-)

Man: NEXT!!! *(from the extreme left of the stage BOB enters, walks across the stage and sits in a chair before the desk)* WELL?!?! What's your name?!?

Bob: Bob.

Man: Make it Ray and you've got the job.

Bob: Really?

Man: No. I was kidding. I don't even know which job you're applying for anyway.

Bob: Oh. I'm, a comedy writer.

Man: Yeah? Are you good?

Bob: Well... I have an extensive resume.

Man: SO!?? I'm not interested in a resume. In comedy, experience doesn't mean quality. My brother has done stand up comedy in hundreds of bars but nobody thinks he's funny. The only thing that means comedy IS comedy. You're stuff has to be able to make me fall off my chair laughing. Will it?

Bob: That all depends on the armrests.

Man: WHAT?!?

Bob: The armrests...on your chair. It would be much easier for you to fall off a stool than the chair you're on now.

Man: I'm not laughing.

Bob: Right. Well, how can I prove to you that I am the best for the job? I have a number of scripts here if you'd like to read-

Man: No. Humour on paper is flat. It often looks funnier on paper than it actually is when it's performed LIVE! I'd say you should come back here with some LIVE comedy routines and we'll talk. That is all Ray. Good day.

Bob: Bob

Man: Right. Change that would you?

Bob: *(removing a box from his brief case)* I have a video tape here of some of my work.

Man: Listen. Don't you understand? I want LIVE! Did I mention video tapes once? Video tapes are lousy! You probably got your local cable company to do a demo for you. That is not exactly HIGH QUALITY. It's definitely not going to impress me. It has to be LIVE or nothing. Thank you Bob. I have no more time for you. NEXT!!!

Bob: Wait! I didn't want to do this... but... well... you don't really leave me any choice.

Man: What are you talking about?

Bob: I'm desperate. You want it LIVE. I'll deliver. I have a cast of twenty waiting outside in your hall, ready to perform. Can I let them in?

Man: (*Shocked and confused*) WHAT?!?!

Bob: They all know their lines and are willing to run through my entire script. We've rehearsed all month.

Man: Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You're telling me you have an entire cast-

Bob: And crew.

Man: -and crew outside that door waiting to perform your material LIVE to me, just so you can land this job?

Bob: That sums it up rather well. Can I let them in now?

Man: HERE?!? How many did you say there were?

Bob: About twenty cast, and another 10 crew members, and then there is the audience.

Man: AUDIENCE?!?

Bob: Well of course. What did you expect. It was either that or canned laughter. You want some live response don't you. I'm sure you would not have been satisfied with anything less than a complete studio audience.

Man: Yes but.

Bob: I thought you'd be pleased. It adds to the excitement of LIVE comedy.

Man: I suppose. How many are in the audience?

Bob: About 280. (*or whatever size the theatre is*)

Man: WHAT?!?! What do you think this office is? A STAGE?!?! How am I going to fit two hundred plus people in here?!?!?

Bob: Don't worry. I've arranged for that too. I had a work crew install the chairs last night. I'm quite surprised you didn't notice them yourself. (*Points to the audience*)

Man: (*looks*) OH MY GOD !!!! How long have they been there?

Bob: Only a few minutes. And don't worry about the mess. I wouldn't let them bring any food inside. I'll clean everything up and take out the chairs when I get the job.

Man: And if you don't get the job?

Bob: Then you've got 280 chairs to unscrew and a bunch of programs to clean up.

Man: Programs?!?

Bob: You surprise me. Do you mean to say you didn't expect programs. What kind of a show would it be without that? Here's yours. (*hands it to him*)

Man: Hmmmm. (*reads it briefly*) Any big name stars?

Bob: Hey! These are my friends. They aren't getting paid to do this. It's just doing me a favor.

Man: But have they acted before? I mean, they aren't going to make your stuff look bad are they? That is to say, if it really isn't bad anyway.

Bob: Oh no. You can be assured that I did hold auditions. Many of these people have acted many times previously... and as I said, we have rehearsed considerably.

Man: Well. You've obviously put me on the spot. I hardly want to disappoint 280 people. Let them in.

Bob: Thank you sir. I appreciate it greatly.

Man: I hope it's funny.

Bob: So do I. So do I.

(BLACKOUT)

The Pet Shop

(A young man is working behind a counter at a PET SHOP. On the counter there are a few displays selling gum etc. The man is dusting and whistling)

Eric: *(Another man, quite a bit older enters the shop. His hair is wet and he is wearing a completely wet trench coat. As he enters, he closes his umbrella and shakes the water off it. The door rings DING-A-LING)*

Todd: *(The store clerk)* Oh. Is it raining out?

Eric: *(Flatly)* No.

Todd: *(Slightly puzzled)* ... Can I help you with anything specific?

Eric: I would like to buy a pet.

Todd: That's lucky. This IS a pet shop. People come here to buy pets. All kinds. I mean all kinds of pets: not all kinds of people. In fact, just this morning a woman came in and bought a cat.

Eric: Good for her. I hope she enjoys it.

Todd: I'm sure she will. She spent quite a bit of time selecting it. We have a very large selection of cats. She seemed to be pleased with her decision. It was a cute white one.

Eric: Did you happen to know her name?

Todd: No. We don't usually name our cats. I'm not sure but I think she mentioned she was going to call it Snowflake.

Eric: Rather an unoriginal name for a white cat don't you think; however, I was referring to the lady... do you happen to remember what her name was?

Todd: No.

Eric: Are you quite sure? Did she pay cash?

Todd: No, she paid with a card, but why are you-

Eric: Good. Then you'll be able to read her signature from your copy. I would like to have her name.

Todd: Just wait a second. *(He ducks behind the counter)*

Eric: *(casually browsing around the imaginary store)* You don't have any camels do you?

Todd: *(Comes back up)* Pardon me?

Eric: Ahh. I see you've found the slip. Can you read the name?

Todd: Mrs. B Ashley.

Eric: Any address?

Todd: Yes, but why do you want to know all this?

Eric: I thought I might drop in on her later this afternoon and see how pleased she is with her new cat Snowball- Ha! What a stupid name for a white cat!

Todd: Snowflake actually.

Eric: Snowball. Snowflake. Snowhead... what's the difference. Anyway, give me her address. *(He pulls out a pad and pen ready to write)* Has anybody else bought any pets here?

Todd: Pardon?

Eric: You said this WAS a pet shop! Have any other customers bought any pets here?

Todd: Well of course.

Eric: Would you happen to have the names and addresses of any of them?

Todd: Hey. What is this? Are you putting me on? Did Ron put you up to this? Come on. This is my first day.

Eric: I assure you sir, there is nothing unusual about this. I merely wish to speak to some of the customers who have shopped here. Was Mrs. Ashley the only lady in the store today?

Todd: Well no, not actually. A kid came in here and bought some gum about 11:30.

Eric: Sugarless?

Todd: I don't know. That type there. *(He points)*

Eric: I see. I don't suppose there is any chance you'd know his name?

Todd: Look Mister! I would like to know why you are asking me all these questions about customers. Are you with the police? Is there something wrong. Stop beating around the bush and maybe I can help you out.

Eric: Calm down young man. Nothing is wrong. I'm not with the police. I'm just interested. I thought I'd like to speak to a few customers, that's all. You don't expect me to make a purchase without speaking to a few people first do you? I want some recommendations. I don't buy a pet everyday. I want to check out the establishment. I just want to find out if they had any problems. I don't shop just anywhere!

Todd: I'm sorry. Perhaps I did get a little irate. I apologize. But you must understand that it is against our company policy. I cannot go around giving out the names of all our customers. I am sure that you would not welcome your name and address given out to just anybody.

Eric: Are you saying that I am just anybody?

Todd: Well, that's beside the point. I would not give addresses out to the queen if she asked. It's against policy.

Eric: Okay. I respect your position. I suppose I can live with that. But as far as you are concerned... this is a good pet shop.

Todd: Well obviously sir, I'm not in a position to comment. I work here. I think it's the BEST pet shop.

Eric: Yes but, would you say that if you worked for... say the pet shop down the street.

Todd: I don't think that's a fair question. I DON'T work for that shop. Look sir. We are a pet shop. We sell pets. LOTS of them. We have been selling pets for over fifteen years. The owners of this shop are Mr. and Mrs. Beemish. The business has been owned by the Beemishes since the second year. The Beemishes own three show dogs, and one budgie named Simon. Our pets are all purchased from kennels and all of our dogs are supplied with papers showing their exact ages and breed. We have one of the widest selections of fish in all Ontario. If you tell me what kind of animal you are in the market for, I may be able to assist you in finding what I'm sure you will be convinced is the ultimate home companion. Now ...may I help you SIR?

Eric: One more question...what kind of a SERVICE CONTRACT do you offer?

Todd: Get out.

(BLACKOUT)

Doris

(The set is simple. An easy chair is situated centre stage with a magazine rack beside it. Hubby walks in and throws his coat to the floor. Then he slumps heavily into the chair. His wife enters the room for the unseen kitchen wearing her spoiled apron. She is carrying HUB'S slippers, a newspaper, a pipe and a cup of coffee. She slips the slippers on his feet, pops the pipe into his mouth, places the paper on his lap and puts the coffee on the magazine rack beside him. Then she exits without speaking, picking up his coat as she leaves. Hubby traces her actions with his eyes for a moment)

Hubby: *(he calls)* DORIS!!

Doris: *(Off)* Yes cupcake?

Hubby: Come out her please!

Doris: Just a second sweetums, I'm cooking dinner. I've made your favourite...
LOBSTER... I bought eight on sale today.

Hubby: *(Yells)* DORIS! OUT!

Doris: *(Enters quickly, wiping her hands)* Yes dear.

Hubby: *(Nice)* What did you do today Doris?

Doris: *(Sounding guilty)* Nothing! Why do you ask?

Hubby: Do you have to ask? I can tell you are buttering me up.

Doris: *(Overacting)* Who me?!? Can't I just bring you your slippers without causing suspicion? It's only because I love you so much that I give you little surprises occasionally. *(She hugs him)*

Hubby: STOP IT! Under normal circumstances I wouldn't say anything about you bringing me my slippers. I would normally accept it as a simple act of your never-ending affection for me, but today it's different.

Doris: Is it the lobster? The newspaper? Can't you accept them in the same way? As simple favors I do for you because I love you?

Hubby: Yes, the newspaper and the lobster are fine. You did say they were on sale, and I do love lobster. I think I would have been offended if you had not bought at least one for me. I see nothing peculiar about that. That's what we got that new freezer downstairs for.

Doris: Then what is it? It can't be the coffee. I bring you coffee every night.

Hubby: Right. I didn't even think about the coffee.

Doris: And I have never forgotten your pipe. There is certainly nothing extra special about that today.

Hubby: Quite right. My pipe goes without saying.

Doris: I don't understand. I can't believe you just noticed my picking up your coat because I've been doing that since we got married.

Hubby: No no. I am quite aware that you do that for me every evening. And don't think I don't appreciate that either. I was just thinking the other day, we should buy a coat-rack so you wouldn't have to do that anymore. No, that's not it either.

Doris: (*Going just a bit crazy*) THEN WHAT IS IT?!?! How did you know I've been sleeping with another man?!?

Hubby: Ahh. Then you admit it?

Doris: YES! YES! I admit it! I've been seeing your friend Harold. How did you know? If it wasn't the paper, and it wasn't the lobster, or the pipe, or the coat, or the slippers then-

Hubby: AH HA! I never said it wasn't the slippers!

Doris: Yes you did! You said that you could accept them as an act of simple affection.

Hubby: No I didn't. My exact words were; "Under normal circumstances, I would not say anything about you bringing me my slippers." But...

Doris: (*Crazy*) BUT WHAT?!?!

Hubby: I don't own slippers.

Doris: (*faints*)

(BLACKOUT)

God

(The lights fade in to about 1/3 power and we see the end of a bed with two bare feet sticking out of the end. There is quiet snoring. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder and the lights zip up to the highest level possible, hopefully lighting over the bed)

Voice: *(Very loud and bellowing over a loudspeaker)* ROGER! WAKE UP! It's 10:30. This is God! *(Pause. There is no action from the bed)* ATTENTION! *(Roger's bed starts to shake. God is impatient)* ARISE!!!

Roger: *(Startled, he jumps from his bed. He is wearing pajamas)* What? What? *(He covers his eyes. It is too bright)* What the hell!? Who turned on the spotlight!?!?

God: It's no spotlight Roger. It's me; God. The Supreme Being; the Lord; Him with a capital "H".

Roger: Come on... you're not God.

God: *(A clap of thunder)* Believe me Roger, I'm it.

Roger: Oh no you're not. You can't fool me. I've seen God before. He's more that just a pile of light. There's no way you're God.

God: Listen Roger. You haven't seen God. You've seen movies. That's the main reason I'm here now. I want to prove God isn't like that. I'm God. Not George Burns!

Roger: I don't understand. Couldn't you come down here and discuss this like two human beings over lunch?

God: No!!! That's precisely my point. God doesn't discuss things over lunch. What does it take to get to get through to you. I am the creator of the universe. A true religious figurehead, not just the guy next door. I've been commercialized against my will. My image of thousands of years... shot to hell!

Roger: Hey! Watch your language.

God: Why? HELL! HELL! HELL! What are you going to do about it. No sit down and listen to me.

Roger: *(sits on the edge of the bed, still covering his eyes)* OKAY! OKAY! Don't lose your head.

God: I have no head!!! I'm God!

Roger: Yeah Yeah, right. I know.. Let's hear your story.

God: And don't patronize me!

Roger: I'm sorry. Go on.

God: Good. I want you to stop my reputation as a commoner. People these days refer to me much too casually. I'm no longer the ultimate being; the creator. People regard me as some sort of cartoon character. I certainly don't need that. I command respect. I want things to be like they were; when people went to church every Sunday to pray to me. Now, the only time my name comes up is in swear words.

Roger: Or when they sneeze.

God: What?

Roger: You know; Gesundheit.

God: What does that have to do with me?

Roger: It's "GOD BLESS YOU" in German.

God: Actually it's not. Anyway, you get my point. I want you to change all that.

Roger: But- *(Clap of thunder)*

God: Worried about your job? Aren't you forgetting something? I'm God.
(Money starts to float down from the ceiling around Roger's bed)

Roger: No, I'm not worried about money... it's just that-

God: *(Thunder. God is upset)* What's this?!?! I just gave you \$100,000 dollars tax free and I don't even get a thank you? God doesn't give money away everyday you know!!

Roger: Sorry. I really appreciate everything you're doing for me, but I still have one problem with this. You see, I don't really believe in God. At least not your type.

God: I'm confused. I'm floating here; just a mass of light, talking to you. How can you say you don't believe in me. You're not sleeping you know?

Roger: Well, it's hard to explain. I never really argued that there wasn't a God. I just didn't take a stand. I'm not religious at all. If there is a God, fine. If not, that's fine too.

God: Okay. But you can't very well deny that I exist now can you?

Roger: All I'm trying to say is that I'm not the right candidate.

God: So what am I supposed to do? Get a priest? You think I haven't tried that. It doesn't work. It's their job to tell people they speak to God. Nobody takes extra notice when one of them claims that God actually spoke back.

Roger: And what makes you think they would notice me?

God: You're perfect. You said yourself you never denied the possibility, but you're not religious. They'd listen to you. Show them the faded carpet. Prove that God exists and he's not some old HAS BEEN. I'm very much a STILL IS. Tell them I'm the real GOD, just like the book. Nothing has changed. Tell everybody to worship me again. They'll believe you. You're a nobody.

Roger: Gee, thanks.

God: I'm sorry. I didn't mean that exactly, but it's true. They will notice you. It'll hit the papers.

Roger: No God. You're wrong. Face it. You're ruined. If I tell a reporter I met God in my bedroom and he was just a mass of light that destroyed my carpet, he won't publish that. He'll politely ask to borrow my phone and call the funny farm.

God: So tell them you don't own a phone.

Roger: You don't understand. The messenger concept has been done. You need something original. How about a miracle?

God: AHH! I knew you were going to say that. That's your solution to everything. Let me tell you something Roger; nobody pays me to be God you know. My budget was shot to hell creating mountains. I don't have the money to produce elaborate miracles. Anything I could whip up, could be re-produced in Hollywood for half the price, and they'd probably do it better, with top name stars.

Roger: You're putting me on. You just paid me \$100,000. What was that, your rainy month fund?

God: That was a fluke. I happened to be out hovering around one evening when I caught St. Peter taking a bribe from a sinner. No Roger, I'm afraid the miracle idea is out. It's got to be the messenger. You're it my friend.

Roger: And if I refuse?

God: Then you'll wake up tomorrow as a dwarfed elm tree.

Roger: What if I leave town?

God: Don't make me laugh.

Roger: Oh yea, you're God. Okay, I'll do it, but only on one condition.

God: What is it you want?

Roger: Can we discuss the plan over lunch, my eyes can't take much more of this light?

God: Well...

Roger: My treat.

God: Can I have anything I want?

Roger: ANYTHING! *(Instantly on the word anything, the lights fade right down to normal room light. There is a puff of smoke and in walks an old man with glasses. The two walk off together talking quietly to each other about the arrangements as the lights fade right out to black)*

The Spies

(The set consists of a single lamp post with a dim overhead light shining down from above. If you desire, fog may enhance the mood. A man in a tan overcoat walks up to the post suspiciously looking all around him. He stops at the post, leans against it. He is Mr. "X")

X: *(Silent. He takes out a small crumpled up paper; reads it, and then pops it into his mouth and chews it. He does not swallow. He chews throughout the sketch)*

Man: *(Also exactly dressed, walks by and stops at the post suspiciously)* I say; would you have the EXACT time?

X: *(He speaks distinctly although the paper is still in his mouth)* Ten thirty three.

Man: Thank you so much. *(He passes by)*

Man 2: *(Also dressed alike, passes by and stops at the post)* Excuse me sir. Could you tell me; how do you like your coffee?

X: Black. Why?

Man 2: *(Upset. He snaps his fingers in disappointment. He moves on. X watches in amazement)*

Man 3: *(Dressed similarly)* Hey! Did you know that Australia is a PINK colour when it is shown on an atlas map?

X: No.

Man 3: Are you quite sure? I said "a PINK colour."

X: Yes, I'm sure. I actually would have guessed yellow.

Man 3: NO! PINK!!! Aren't you 57?

X: No, I think you have me confused with the secret agent on the post across the street.

Man 3: Oh. Sorry. Thank you. Sorry about the misunderstanding.

X: Quite all right. No problem. It's a common mistake. Say, who are you working for?

Man 3: Mr Big. Who are you with?

X: Ralph Smedly.

Man 3: Oh yeah? I used to work for Ralph too, but his pension plan was lousy, and Mr Big offered me a great deal.

X: Really?

Man 3: Oh yeah, but the vacation time isn't too good. I guess you have to take the good with the bad. If everything was perfect, everyone would probably be in the spy business.

X: I thought everyone was.

Man 3: Right. (*They laugh*)

X: Hey listen, you see that agent over there? (*Points*)

Man 3: You mean the one by the mailbox?

X: No, the next one. He's one of Tiny's boys. He gets treated like an animal. I'm sure glad I don't work for Tiny. He is REAL mean. I've heard he doesn't even let his spies take a lunch break.

Man 3: My cousin used to work for Tiny. When he tried to leave, they shot his nose off.

X: That stinks! They shouldn't have guys like that around anymore. I thought the spy business was beyond all that.

Man 3: Well, that's one of the risks of being a secret agent. If it was easy, it wouldn't be so much fun.

X: I guess you're right. That's one of the reasons I became a spy: The challenge.

Man 3: Ya. Well, listen, I'll see you later, eh? I'd better get to my contact, or he'll be upset. It's not a great idea to upset a spy.

X: Okay, its been nice talking to you anyway. Maybe I'll meet you again sometime eh? Where is your next contact?

Man 3: In Hawaii. I think it's at Ed's burger palace. Where is yours?

X: Mine's up north.

Man 3: Whereabouts?

X: Santa's Village.

Man 3: Oh yeah? I had a meet there once. It's cold. You'd better dress warm. Say, you're not using the "HO HO HO" password are you?

X: Yeah. How did you know?

Man 3: Are you kidding, EVERYBODY uses that at Santa's Village. It's become more of a cliché than the PINK FLAMINGO or the BLUE MOON. I hope you have a back up system.

X: Of course I do. I'll be wearing a Santa suit, and of course, my SPY CLUB ring.

Man 3: So was I.

X: Oh well, I'll worry about that later. By the way, have you by any chance seen my contact around? He's was supposed to be by about an hour ago. He's a big tall man.

Man 3: What is he wearing.

X: A trench coat and a hat.

Man 3: Right! Hmm. (*Sarcastically*) Let me think, have I seen anyone that fits that description...

X: I guess it was silly of me wasn't it? These suits are so unoriginal aren't they?

Man 3: Yeah, but you know the unions. It sure beats having to buy our own clothes. Anyway, what code are you waiting for?

X: He's going to ask me if I know the way to SAN JOSE.

Man 3: Oh, You're with Bernie. He's used that code ever since I met him about 5 years ago. I met him about twenty lamp posts back. He should be here pretty soon. Unless he got caught talking with '32.

X: I can see how that could happen. Anyway, see you around.

Man 3: For sure. (*Leaves*)

X: (*He waits for a few minutes more and then violently spits out the paper he has been chewing on since the start*)

(Blackout)

The Tie

(The lights come up on a table at centre stage set for one. It has a red checkered tablecloth and one lit candle. Seated at the table there is a nicely dressed man reading a fancy large menu)

Waiter: *(Enters)* May I take your order now sir? Our special today is fresh Surf & Turf. It's quite good.

Man: *(Startled)* Oh! Yes, I'll have that thank you.

Waiter: Would you like a salad with that perhaps?

Man: Yes please.

Waiter: And what type of dressing do you prefer?

Man: Hmm. What is the house dressing?

Waiter: It's a little like French. It's very good.

Man: All right, I'll have that... and can you bring me a Bloody Mary?

Waiter: Another waitress?

Man: Pardon?

Waiter: Nothing. It was in poor taste. I'm sorry sir. I'll be right back with your drink sir.
(He exits)

Host: *(Enters)* Excuse me sir, are you waiting for someone?

Man: No, I'm all alone tonight.

Host: Do you think you would mind terribly if I asked you to leave?

Man: *(Stunned)* WHAT?!? You mean NOW? Before I've eaten?!?

Host: As soon as possible yes. Do you mind?

Man: Well of course I mind! I came here to eat. If I'd wanted to leave I would have gone somewhere else! *(Pause as he realizes the absurdity of that)*

Host: Right. Well, I've arranged to have your dinner wrapped up for you to take out. Perhaps you could eat it in your car. We have a very pretty parking lot; lots of trees and shrubs.

Man: *(Sarcastically)* Yeah, sure. I just love eating Surf & Turf in my Honda. It's the perfect setting for a take out entrée. Of course not! I want to eat my dinner at this table like everybody else!

Host: Excuse me sir, but nobody else IS eating at this table. You said you were alone.

Man: HA! HA! I bet that one went over great at the legion, are you sure you're the host here? You'd make a great straight man for the comic?

Host: I'm sorry sir, I wasn't trying to be funny.

Man: Then you're an idiot! I meant I wanted to eat HERE at the restaurant! Why do you want me to leave?

Host: Well sir, as you know, this is a CLASS restaurant. We try to please our customers in every way possible... and... to be perfectly frank; I don't quite know how to tell you this... but... I've received several complaints about your tie from the other patrons. They find it hard to eat their food while you're here.

Man: You're joking of course.

Host: I wish I was sir, but I am quite serious. Now if you would be so kind as to-

Man: NO! I don't believe you! You said you try to please the customer in every way possible, right?

Host: Yes but-

Man: (*Stands*) I'm a customer! And it may surprise you to realize this, but it does not please me to be asked to leave and eat my meal in my car. What pleases me is to have my meal brought to my table, where I proceed to enjoy it at my own pace!

Host: I can understand that sir. Obviously, given a choice, I knew you would prefer to have your meal here, but you must consider my point as well. You see you are ONE, and they are SEVERAL. In a conflict such as this, we must try to please the most people possible. That's common practice. Majority rules. I'm sure you understand.

Man: How many complaints did you receive?

Host: 26.

Man: (*Falls to his chair*) 26!? They all hated my tie?

Host: With a passion.

Man: Well, let's compromise. I'll move to a different table where it won't bother anyone.. (*Looks around*) Like over there.

Host: I'm sorry sir, we are totally booked up. There aren't any seats in the restaurant where you won't be in someone's view.

Man: Fine. I'll take the tie off. (*He begins to do so*) It's only a gift from my uncle. It's not like it was on my neck permanently. I don't really like the tie that much anyway. There. (*It's off*)

Host: (*Embarrassed*) Well sir, I'm afraid I'm still going to have to ask you to leave.

Man: WHY!?!? My tie is out of sight. I don't- (*notices something*) WAIT A MINUTE! That man is wearing a tie exactly like mine!! Why wasn't he asked to leave?!? I demand and explanation!! What's going on here anyway. (*He grabs the host violently*)

Host: Please let go of me sir, I was about to explain. I only mentioned your tie so as not to hurt your feelings. What really offends people is your...(*scans body*) ... um.. BELT!
Yes, your belt is terribly ugly! Everyone hates it. I actually received 29 complaints, I was trying to be nice by saying 26. I only said your tie because I didn't want to upset you.

Man: (*He rips off his belt almost instantly*) There!

Host: Okay, you caught me. I admit it. It's your shoes really. YEECH! Horrible! They turn my stomach!

Man: (*Flips his shoes off his feet*) Well???

Host: EGAD!!! Those SOCKS!!! Put your shoes back on, QUICK! I'm afraid your just too poorly dressed to eat her sir. You'll have to leave, no doubt about it.

Man: FINE!!! I wouldn't eat here again if you PAID ME! I don't know what is going on here, but I don't need this kind of treatment. (*He leaves storming off the stage, then pops back*) AND YOUR TIE IS UGLY TOO!!!

Host: (*Smiles casually and starts clearing table*)

Waiter: Well? Did you tell him we were out of Surf & Turf?

(*Blackout*)

The Quiz Show

(The stage is black. Over the loudspeaker a high energy announcer blurts out the following introduction)

Announcer: Good afternoon, and welcome to the quiz show that dares to ask the question; When did the gray nuns reach Red River? That's right, it's the most useless knowledge program ever witnessed, but you love it. Welcome to: REACH UP TO THE BOTTOM! *(Theme music, canned applause. The lights rise and we see two panels of three students each)* And now, here is your host; Bud Melnick. *(More canned applause. Bud enters and stands behind the M.C. stand)*

Bud: Thank you Charlie Booter. Let's meet the students first from St. Andrew's Lock School in Manitoba. Sue, Rick and Robert. *(Canned applause)* And, all the way from Vernon District High School in British Columbia, please welcome May, Hugh, and Larry Mathers as, THE BEAVER. *(Canned laughter)* Just kidding Larry. Well, that's our panel. They know all the rules, so let's begin. Here is question one... Oh, by the way, the answer to the question at the opening of the show was 1844. Anyway, on with the game. For twenty points; How far is Cape Breton Island from the coast line. *(Pause)* Anyone? *(Pause)* No? *(Pause)* Okay, The answer is "one mile." Bad luck there, no points for either team, but have no fear, on to question two for 50 points; Name the date of "INDIAN TREATY#1". *(Pause)* Sorry, times up on that one. The answer is 1871. For an 50 extra bonus points can anyone tell me the two Indian tribes involved in the treaty? *(Pause)* Oh well, they were of course the Chipewas and the Swampy Crees. On to question three then. Name the river that is famous as the scene of buffalo hunts. *(Pause)* Apparently not that famous. No guesses? Nobody willing to chance it? It's worth 150 points. Fine. The correct answer is the Pembina River. Question Four; What is the nearest U.S. border town to Winnipeg? *(Pause)* Those buzzers are working aren't they? *(Rob buzzes)* AHHH!!! From St. Andrew's Lock School, Robert Valdol?

Robert: Umm. I don't know the answer. I was just testing my buzzer out... to see if it works.

Bud: Why bother? Anyway question 5...

Mary: Wait! You didn't give the answer to question four!

Bud: Oh. Pembina. Anyway... Question five is-

Rick: *(BUZZZ!)*

Bud: Yes Rick?

Rick: I don't think that is fair! You gave us two questions about Pembina!

Bud: Well tough! It certainly is fair. I can give you question on anything I want. Now shut up and sit down! Question five: Who first introduced writing to the Indians. *(Mary Buzzes)* From Vernon, Mary Roseford?

Mary: The white men?

Bud: Could you be a little more specific?

Mary: Well I don't now which white man if that's what you mean.

Bud: Sorry Mary, that's not quite enough. We need a name. A two year old could guess it was a white man. Anyone else have a name? St. Andrews' Lock? No? I didn't think so. It was James Evens. Here is question six: What area does Manitoba cover? And the answer is 246,512 square miles.

Rick: HEY!!! You didn't even give us a chance!?!?

Bud: So??? The answer to question seven is Kilidonan. That is where the first Presbyterian Church was built. Question eight is-

Producer: (*Enters*) Bud. What in God's name are you doing? You're giving out the answers. Bud, now you know that's not the way to play. Come on Bud.

Bud: Face it Bill; these kids are losers. They are STUPID Bill. They don't know anything! How did they get on the show?

Producer: Well, maybe the questions are too hard.

Bud: WHAT!?!? These questions? They are EASY BILL. Look, what percentage of the world does Canada take up? My grandson knows that! These kids are too DENSE!

Producer: Just the same, these kids deserve a chance. They didn't come all the way from B.C. for nothing. Here, use these questions, Bud. Try to be nice. (*He hands Bud new questions*)

Bud: Okay Bill. I'm sorry I got so worked up. I'll do my best. These questions better be simple though, because if I have to go into a tie breaker, I could be with these do-do's all month.

Producer: Don't worry about it Bud.

Bud: (*Returns to camera*) Question eight: Name the Eskimo footwear. (*Mary Buzzes*) From Vernon, Mary Roseford?

Mary: Moccasins?

Bud: (*Enraged, Bud runs over to Mary and starts strangling her violently*)
MUCK LUCS YOU IDIOT!!!!!!

(*Blackout*)

Announcer: That's all the time we have for today's episode. See you again tomorrow ...maybe. By the way, the world are percentage Canada occupies is obviously 7.18%.

THIEF!

(There is absolutely no set required. The action takes place on a street. Optionally, you may place a mailbox, or a fire hydrant, but nothing is used. The image can be achieved by having extras continually walking across the stage like pedestrians on a street)

Betty: *(Casually walking by. She is wearing a gold necklace)*

Alice: *(Also walking, from the other direction, stops short of Betty, and stares at her)*

Betty: Yes? Can I help you?

Alice: I don't know. I'm wondering, where on Earth did you get that necklace?

Betty: Why? Is it yours?

Alice: Well, that's what I was wondering? I used to have one just like it.

Betty: Oh? What ever happened to it?

Alice: I don't really know. I didn't wear it for about a year and then it vanished. But I always liked it, that's why I was wondering where you got that one.

Betty: What if I don't want to tell you where I got this one?

Alice: *(Confused)* Well, obviously that's your choice and I can't make you tell me where you got the necklace. I can't guess why you would be against telling me, but as I said, that is your option. Thank you. Good-day.

Betty: WAIT! I didn't say I wouldn't. I said, what if I don't?

Alice: Oh. Does that mean you are going to tell me?

Betty: HEY! Are you trying to accuse me of stealing this necklace!?

Alice: *(Shocked)* No! I just asked where you got it, that's all. Take it easy!

Betty: Well I DID you know?!? This probably is your necklace! SO THERE!

Alice: I don't know what to say... Can I have it back?

Betty: WHAT!?!? What are you? Crazy! I stole it. Why would I want to give it back?

Alice: It's mine.

Betty: But I like it. I used to own one many years ago but I lost it. When I saw yours, I stole it! I have no intention of returning it now!

Alice: Yes, but it doesn't belong to you! I can have you arrested. You admitted to stealing it.

Betty: Oh, Yeah, silly of me wasn't it. Well, if I give it to you, will you at least tell me where you bought it so I can get a new one?

Alice: And what if I don't?

Betty: Well that's your choice, but I don't have to give it back to you either.

Alice: Ahhh. But you do, or I'll call a policeman.

Betty: Right. Please tell me where you bought it. I can't live without it. I love it. I haven't taken it off for years!

Alice: How did you lose your original one?

Betty: I don't know, I took it off to shower once, and forgot about it. Later, when I went for it again, it was gone. Now please, I promise I'll give it back if you tell me where you got yours.

Alice: I can't tell you.

Betty: Why not?

Alice: HEY! Are you accusing me of stealing it?

Betty: NO!

Alice: Well, I'll be honest. I did. It is probably yours.

Betty: Damn! We're back to where we started. I still don't know where I can buy one.

Alice: So? You don't have to, it's yours. I'm the one without one now.

Betty: Oh yeah. See ya. (*She leaves*)

Alice: WAIT! You had it originally right?

Betty: Right. So?

Alice: Well, where did you get it originally?

Betty: Gee, I don't remember. It was over ten years ago.

Alice: Don't give me that. You remember. Where did you get it?

Betty: Honestly, I'd love to help you. I just don't remember where I got it. It was so long ago.

Alice: I don't believe you. You love that necklace as much as I do, I know you would remember where you got it.

Betty: I'm sorry. (*She starts leaving again*)

Alice: You stole it didn't you?

Betty: No. No. I just don't remember OKAY!?!? Don't give me a hard time! I didn't steal it!

Alice: HEY! Don't worry, I know you stole it once, why won't you admit you stole it originally?

Betty: I don't have to take this. Good-bye! (*She leaves*)

April: (*Walks on and bumps into Betty*) HEY! Where did you get that necklace? (*Betty runs away*)

(Blackout)

The Guinea Pig

(The set is identical to the one used in THE TIE. It is, in fact the same restaurant. A different man is seated at a table with a bowl of soup. He calls to the waiter)

Man: WAITER!

Waiter: *(The waiter notices him but does not come to the table. Instead he yells from across the restaurant)* YES?

Man: *(Rather afraid to disturb the other customers, but he too yells across the restaurant to the waiter)* Umm. There seems to be an animal in my soup!

Waiter: What kind of animal sir?

Man: Err... a hamster.

Waiter: I think you are mistaken sir. You say there is a hamster in your soup?

Man: Yes. I'd like a new bowl of soup please!

Waiter: I'm sure if you look again, you'll see you've make a mistake.

Man: LOOK! I know I've made no mistake about it! There is a small furry hamster drinking my soup. Now would you please bring me a new bowl of soup!

Waiter: OOOH!! I know what must have happened. That's not a hamster in your soup. It's a Guinea pig. The cook must have forgotten to remove it before I brought your soup out.

Man: WHAT!?

Waiter: Yes, we serve them in all the soups. If the Guinea pig lives, then we know the soup is safe to eat; if it dies, we know someone has poisoned the soup.

Man: Well that's got to be the stupidest thing I've ever heard! This creature is beating me to my soup. He's finished almost all of it. I certainly don't care to share my soup with some Guinea pig!

Waiter: Just be thankful it wasn't poisoned.

Man: And is poison soup a common occurrence at this restaurant?

Waiter: That all depends on what you mean by "common".

Man: Let me put it to you this way; has ANYONE been poisoned here?

Waiter: Not since we've started serving the Guinea pigs in the soup; no.

Man: I see. And how many Guinea pigs have died from drinking poisonous soup?

Waiter: Well... It's very hard to tell. Guinea pigs don't really know how to swim, so some of them may have just plain drown... or died of natural causes.

Man: How many have died IN GENERAL?

Waiter: In the past two months?

Man: Since you started using them.

Waiter: That was two months ago.

Man: FINE. Stop stalling! How many Guinea pigs have died in your soup!

Waiter: 25

Man: Hmmm. Tell me; do you get many customers coming back to this restaurant?

Waiter: Well, we are on a major hi-way here. We see a constant flow of new patrons.

Man: So it doesn't really bother you that you'll never get repeat business from any sane human being?

Waiter: Well. That's the way it goes. Some people have no concern for their own safety. You can eat in other restaurant if you want to. Sure; see if I care. Go somewhere else where they don't taste test the food with sterilized lab animals if you want to. Like I said; we don't need your business. Do you have any idea how many people are killed by food poisoning in restaurants each year? Do you? I do! (He pulls out a huge fanfold report) THOUSANDS! But the name of this restaurant does not appear on this list. We have not had one customer die of food poisoning. NOT ONE!!

Man: I can believe that. It's probably because nobody eats anything here! Who in their right mind is going to eat a bowl of soup that they've just picked a hamster out of? Sterilized or not?

Waiter: It's a Guinea pig.

Man: I don't care if it's a muskrat! I can't believe anyone would share their soup with one. For one thing; they'd have to be quick. This little guy's just finished mine!

Waiter: Then obviously it wasn't poison. You could have eaten it assured of your safety.

Man: A lot of good that does me now.

Waiter: Well...you could lick the Guinea pig.

Man: DON'T BE DISGUSTING!

Waiter: Fine, I'll bring you another bowl of soup. We can skip the Guinea pig. We'll just dip his head in so he can get a little sip of it.

Man: NO! Certainly not!

Waiter: Just a sip?

Man: No. Bring me a new bowl of soup and don't let any furry creatures within a foot of it! Understand?

Waiter: Fine. It's your life. (*Exits*)

Man: *(He starts watching the Guinea pig and baby talking to it. Then he is startled by something)* WAITER!

Waiter: Yes sir?

Man: My Guinea pig just died.

Waiter: Ooooh, too bad. Maybe he had a heart condition.

Man: Like hell! Someone is trying to poison me!

Waiter: No no sir. I'm sure your Guinea pig's untimely death had nothing to do with the soup. He finished the entire bowl. If your soup were poisonous, he would surely have kicked off earlier. Here is your new bowl. Enjoy it.

Man: NO WAY!! There are some slow reacting poisons you know! I'm sure somebody is trying to kill me! Bring me a new Guinea pig right away!

Waiter: As you wish sir.

(BLACKOUT)