



Written by bubba



If I was ever asked to testify against Santa Clause, I wouldn't do it because when we're bad, Santa brings us coal. Now that I think about it, the snowman has coal for eyes. I wonder what he did.

It takes a big man to cry. Just look at that man over there, crying his eyes out. He's enormous.

If I was on death row, my last meal would be all-you-can eat ribs. Then, when the time came for me to die, I could say "I'm not done yet." Eventually I'd throw up, which probably wouldn't get much sympathy. But I'd keep eating.

It's important to think outside the box. Its also probably important to think inside the box. Like *"What's in there? Does it need air? How did it fit and will there ever be a time to let it out?"*

Sharks. Is there any word in the English language that elicits more fear, more sheer terror? There's "ratbait," but technically, that's two. Then moosecock...and spider-eyes. But that's it.

I never played baseball because I was afraid of getting hit with the ball. Later in life, I realized I was afraid of bats too, but the other kind...with fangs and bloodlust.

As a little boy, I'd jump around and sometimes fall down on my bum. He got hurt when I was older, because I weighed more and his bones were brittle from not getting proper nutrition on the street.

If there is ever an etiquette class for reindeer, one lesson should be to respect your co-workers. Another could be not to do number two in a chimney. Or maybe when to do number two in a chimney. Not everyone is good you know.

I sat at the table for an hour looking at Tommy's project. I wondered if I'd been too hard on him for not finishing on time. And you know? I was. I smiled, finished my juice and prepared to

teach my son an important lesson - how to admit when you're wrong. I licked my lips and opened the pantry door, looking at him squarely. I told my son, "*It was unrealistic of me to expect you to finish an eight foot wax clown carving in just under a day. That's at least two days. Now go outside and catch us some dinner you little dickens.*"

Carefully, I peeked beneath the lid. Empty. I think Mrs. Taylor could sense my disappointment before I even spoke a word. "*Nothing,*" I said hoarsely. "*There are no Valentines in my box.*" "*That's because you gave other people trash and dead bugs,*" she said. I guess she had a point. But to hell with them all, I thought. The real Batman would never tolerate this kind of treatment!



I wonder if anyone ever told the Tin Man "Hey, have a heart." Because he didn't have one. That was his whole problem. Now that I think about it, he didn't have any ears either. So they probably thought he was just ignoring them by not getting a heart.

My mom had a way of putting things that really cut through the nonsense. I left the kitchen and went to my room thinking about what she'd said, wondering just how she did that. Mark was smaller than the rest of us. He did have a disability. It was wrong to color him in pastel markers. Finally, using South American child labor camps to make the T-shirts of Mark covered in markers when we knew good and well that our quantities were below 100,000 and the distribution plan focused only on the Continental U.S. was, well, just plain bad business.

It seems like a less lethal way of taking care of a mouse problem would be to fill a shoe box with cheese cubes. When the first mouse showed up, he could call the others, let them know what he'd come across and refer to himself as "The Cheesekeeper." After the box got crowded, other mice might notice that there had never been such a great party just for mice with food so rich and so many friends. Soon they'd grow suspicious of The Cheesekeeper, but by then you could have thrown the box in someone else's trash. Now its *their* party.

My teacher used to say "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away." I know now that was just a big-person exaggeration because, really, if you throw it hard enough just *one* time, he won't see you for months.

One night my wife and I crept into our daughter's room to play a trick on her. I was dressed like Dracula and she was dressed like the Tooth Fairy. We play acted that's we'd accidentally shown up on the same night, her to leave a quarter and me to tear out Missy's throat.

I dropped my wallet at the market today. A kind stranger picked it up for me and smiled when she saw the picture I keep of my love.

"Your lovely wife?" she beamed, handing it to me.

I smiled back. "No...not yet."

"Your fiancée? How romantic!" she responded.

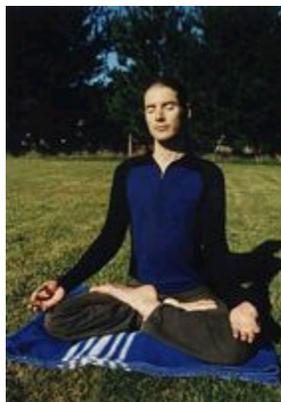
"We're not engaged...yet," said I.

"A long courtship!" she chirped! "I love it!"

"Not really," I said, counting my change.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"No."



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