

LIGHTEN UP



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CC+D C HAPBOOK

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THE SOCK GREMLIN

I am a scientist and have an inquisitive mind.
I decided to investigate a problem voiced
by my wife.

Often, when she washes clothes, one
of the sock she put in the laundry turns up
missing. She puts in ten socks and only
comes out with nine.

I tried an experiment. I carefully counted
ten socks and put them into the washer.
When the wash was finished, I found only
nine socks.

I searched carefully, but the tenth sock
was gone. I hypothesized it was taken
by a gremlin with a fetish for socks. I
searched everywhere for his trove.

Try as I might, I couldn't find his cache.
There is only one conclusion I can draw.
That cunning little imp eats those socks
for lunch.

WONDERING

I have adjusted so well to my
prosthetic leg that people don't
know it's there.

It's taken some time and some
agony to walk without a limp.

I can run a little but that throws me
off balance so normally I walk.

It isn't a matter of wanting to,
walking is a necessity. To have a
full life you must be able to get
around.

Now with all this success I've had
walking with my prosthetic leg, I am
set to wondering, how would I do with
a prosthetic head?

BEING CAREFUL

I'm getting old, my eyes are
growing dim. I carefully structure
my remaining time. No juvenile
frivolity; I ponder the nature of
the universe and listen to classical
music.

I carefully choose where I go and
with whom I meet. I work it all
out in advance. I choose only skinny
people to be around because I know
it ain't over till the fat lady sings.

FASAA

I purchased one of the new housekeeping robots. I paid an exorbitant price. I have to admit it was worth the money. I called it FASAA (fully automated self actualizing android). It kept the house spotlessly clean.

The only problem was with it's high pitched shrill mechanical voice. The voice came with the package so there was no way to turn it off. The voice programs in the machine were programmed by a perverse genius.

It would see a speck of dust on the coffee table and shout, "Danger, Danger!" In the bathroom it would say, "I hate this dirty job." The ultimate came when it cried out, "Sorry I don't do Windows."

AFTERNOON TEA

The teapot was ornate. It looked a hundred years old. The mistress of the house poured me two thirds of a cup leaving room for sugar and cream. She seemed pleased when I refused both.

I politely complimented her on the tea. She wore a broad smile. She said that she didn't know how Americans drink coffee. It was such vile stuff.

She spoke longingly of the English countryside, but she didn't care much for London. She asked if I would like another cup. I told her, "Yes, very much." She told me it would take several minutes to brew a new pot. The brewing would only take a minute but cutting open those teabags without spilling takes a good deal of time.

BIRTHDAY GIFT

My wife's birthday was fast approaching. I asked her what she wanted. She replied, "All I want is a new Mercedes."

She had been driving that old clunker for nearly five years. She said it was time for a change.

Her birthday came and my friends asked if I had bought her a new Mercedes. "No", I replied. "I bought her a huge sapphire ring."

My friends looked puzzled and asked, "Why did you make the switch." I gave a wry smile and replied, "You can't buy a synthetic Mercedes."

BUBBLE BATH

I wondered whether it was like
to take a bubble bath. Born in
the depression, we were too poor
for such frivolous things.

I was too macho for such wussy
things when I was in my teens.
I wouldn't get caught dead in the bath
with 1 million bubbles while I was going
to college.

I didn't have time after I graduated
to indulge in such a frivolity. It was
a quick shower and off to the grind.

Now I'm retired and my wife works.
At last I have my chance. I started
the water and poured in a bottle
of a bubble bath.

Bubbles fill the tub and overflowed
obscuring the bathroom floor. Soon
the stuff was up to my knees. I
struggled to find the tap to turn the
water off.

As I stand here looking at the mess;
I ask what do you do with 1 million bubbles?
I'll worry about it after my bath.

CANDLE LIGHT AND WINE

Candlelight shone in her eyes enhancing the mystery that lay behind her big brown eyes. A wry smile spoke louder than any words. It said, “I would love some pillow talk.”

I poured another glass of wine; she swished it in her glass and sipped. Her long brown hair sparkled in the candlelight. The soft white flesh of her neck seem to be longing for a kiss.

She was a temptress if ever there was. Unblemished smooth skin highlighted her soft dimples. Her eyes had a come hither look I could feel the passion welling inside.

She stopped then fumbled mechanically through her purse. She pulled her Blackberry out. Her fingers flashed on the keys. She flashed a huge grin and pump her arm. She said, “Boston is leading the Yanks three to one.

CLICHÉS

I love the clichés,
They keep me from taxing my brain.
I can pull my mind into the
parking terrace and let it languish.

“Have a good day,” pops out of my
mouth that is on autopilot.
No need to muse or ponder over
perfunctory departings.

“May the fleas of a thousand camels
nest in your armpits,” takes a little
more effort but pops out easily.

Who wants a scholarly exhortation,
when you ask, “How are you.” In our
MacDonaldized société, clichés are
that cat’s meow.

ECHO

I stared at the massive red rocks.
I shouted, “Hello.” The echo came
thundering back. The stark red rock
returned my greeting.
“How are you today?” I shouted.
“I’m fine, how are you?”
No! No! No!
That echo isn’t supposed to say that.

I searched the rock to see if someone
was playing a joke. It seemed clear that
no one was there. I knew full well that
big red rock was inanimate and couldn’t
answer back.

If the rock can’t talk, what did I hear? I
sat and pondered. One thought became
an inescapable. The echo I heard must
be an auditory hallucination.

I shouted again, “ Bite the wall.” The echo
came back, “ You jerk, I am the wall.”

FRANKENSHINE

Let me relate a tale that people don't know. Long ago when Dr. Frankenstein made his monster, he had a backup plan. After he had created the evil monster he created his twin. The brain for the twin came from a clown. They chose to call him Frankie for short. Frankie was as outgoing as the monster was sullen. He was outgoing and happy and laughed. He was the life of the party with a ready joke. People said he was ugly, but he had a great personality. People enjoyed Frankie until he drank too much. Then his dark side appeared. He didn't become the monster's evil twin; he became a lothario instead. They've tried to cover up Frankie's existence. He had a most repugnant and untimely demise. He entered his bed chambers with a beautiful woman and there was bludgeoned to death by her jealous husband.

GUMMY BEARS

I crave sugar—
a ton more than the average person.
I have a pathological need and become
fixated. My focus narrows so I can
only in vision gummy bears.

In days gone by I would gobble down
a whole package, stuffing my mouth.
I usually got sick after. I learned to
tame that ravenous beast inside me;
that ugly thing that drove me to woof
a ton of gummy bears.

Now, when things get tough and I am
stressed to the max, the ugly beast
raises its head and the cravings begin.
When that happens I eat just one bear
at that time. It takes about seven for
the violent tremors to stop.

IT

Screeching to a halt, I was confronted by this hideous, vile thing. It reeked—putrid like something dead.

It looked like a giant oyster with one giant bloodshot eye. It had scaly flaps on each side.

It ambulated by osmosis, oozing its way by flapping its flaps. I was frozen in my tracks as it approached.

It uttered a low moaning sound. Then it spoke in my language. “Help,” it cried. I assumed it was struggling to breathe in the Earth’s atmosphere.

Moved by its pathetic plea for help I asked, “Are you having trouble breathing?” “No,” the thing replied. “The air is fine. I’ve just arrived; point me at the nearest Starbucks, I haven’t had my morning coffee yet.

MANAGEMENT DECISIONS

I'm applying for a patent. My invention should revolutionize the executive decision making process. It will remove the subjectivity from those difficult decisions. Executives will no longer have to rely on hunches or play the odds. It's simple and easy. All you do is go to your computer and type in your question. You can then leave the rest to the computerized Ouija board.

NEANDERTHALS

Questions swirl around the humanoid neandertals. Were they brutish, more like an ape than a man?

Were they more like you and I building fires and making tools? Did they mate with humans? Why did they seemingly disappear. Theories abound but the enigmas persist.

We can only learn so much from their gravesites and their fossil remains. There is, however, a way to study their behavior directly. With pen and notebook in hand go to a red neck bar Saturday night.

NEW GUINEA JUNGLE

Lost in the steaming jungle of New Guinea,
I wandered looking for a way out. I looked
for freshwater. The stuff I found was putrid.
I thrashed through dense foliage and vines.

The canopy above was so tight I couldn't
see the sun. The rancorous noise of some
monkeys pounded on my ears.

A steamy mist rose from the decaying
foliage and it had a raw smell. I was
beginning to worry; lost without any
direction.

A large snake slither past my face.
It was stalking some kind of shrew.
Moss entangled me like a spider web.

I was sinking into despair when the sun
burst through. The jungle came to a
sudden halt. There was a layer of
asphalt that led to a giant Wal-Mart.

PAR

Four golf widow was decided enough was enough. If you can't tame those over rot husbands, you would have to join them.

They took a few lessons and then went out to play. They met their husbands in the Nineteenth Green.

"How did you do?" The husbands asked. "We all shot par", came the reply. "No way," was the husband's incredulous reply.

Week after week this same scenario was acted out. Each week the ladies claim to have shot par. Exasperated, a brave husband confronted his wife and accused her of lying as golfers often do.

"No, it's true," his wife replied. "We are quite proud of ourselves. We've improved so much. This time we made it to the seventh hole."

PURPLE PARSNIPS

The bag of parsnips should have been
white not purple.

Even my wily old parrot was taken
back; He squawked, “Ugly.”

Had they been in the store too long?

The grocery boy held his nose as
he stuffed them in the bag.

Stinky feet comes to mind.

Now it takes a big man to admit a
mistake.

I should have bought the chartreuse
turnips or the magenta rutabagas
instead.

ROTTEN CHERRIES

WHAP! !
The kitchen window resounded.
I rush to see
what had happened.
Flopping around haplessly a blackbird
lay on the deck.
It was struggling to right itself.

Under the old cherry tree
blackbirds were devouring
fermented black cherries.
They squawk incessantly.

Those blackbirds were getting drunk.
How did I know?
Several were trying doing loop-d- loops
and flying upside down.

SUPER GLUE

It was more than crazy; it was bizarre.
Repairing some china with super glue,
I spilled some on my fingers. There was
no way to pull them apart.

I thought I'd a butcher's knife but was
too timid to try. My wife tried a crowbar,
but it didn't fit between my finger and thumb.

I called a plumber. He said he had some
stuff that would work. Dab it on and in
three days my fingers would fall off.

Now I must eat with my left hand and my
life has come to a screeching halt. With
my digits stuck together like this, I've
become debilitated with permanent wounds
in the my psyche.

THAT SWAMP THING

The stories are told that
the Swamp thing is half man
and half alligator.

It hides in the swamp under
the black mud. It only comes
out when it's hungry.

It hides behind an old tree
waiting for a curious little boy.

It jumps out and snaps the boys
head off and chews. He doesn't
spit out the bones.

He doesn't care for little girls.
They taste far too sweet. Little
boys tickle his tongue.

The monster is weird. He chews
away until he eats all of the boy.
For some strange reason, he doesn't
eat the boy's stinky feet.

I'm telling you, don't go near that
dark swamp. The Swamp thing may
be waiting to have you for lunch.

THE TANGO

Music filled the dimly lit room.
The latin beat invited us to dance.
I took her in my arms and began
to slide. She followed my every
move. Her dark brown eyes were
fixed on mine. We slid sideways
in classical tango steps.
My hand caressed her back as
her body pressed against mine.
She moved with catlike grace
as the music resounded the
tango pace. Her cheeks were
flushed and lips had a subtle
pucker. They were inviting a
kiss. As the music stopped I
held her tight. It's just too bad that
she's just an inflatable woman.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Some friends invited me to a
“You Are What You Eat” seminar.
It proved to be most enlightening.
The presenter made some excellent
points. For example, those who eat
meat tend to be more assertive.
Vegetarians tend to be more docile.
I took his insights to heart.

My wife has always complained that
I am too harsh on the kids. I thought
I would change my diet and see if
that helped. I went on a chocolate
chip cookie diet to help me sweeten
up.

I have to report that my diet only
partially worked. I still yell at the kids.
But with this 75 pounds I’ve gained,
I don’t chase them around the house
any more.

ZOMBIE

Haiti is a dark foreboding place.
Lush jungle is tangled with vines
and snakes. I was invited to a
ceremony of the walking dead
in the middle of the jungle.

Through the thick foliage I could hear
the drums. In a clearing was a bon
fire and dancing people. The drums
pounded bizarre rhythms and the
people did a frenetic dance. Sweaty
body is contorted into bizarre shapes.

The intensity of the drums grew;
dancing became a frenzy. Then nothing!
An eerie silence settled over the place.
The bonfire flared sending dark shadows
everywhere. The people fell to the ground
and began to moan.

A skeletal arm pierced the soil and a
grave was opened out came a hideous
creature; a skeleton with hanging rotten
flesh. It stunk! The people's moans
stopped as it walked by. It stopped three
feet in front of me; it stare from its sunken
eyesockets. I shook to my toes and my
stomach was in my throat.

It spoke with a raspy whispering voice, "I've
been in that hole for a long time. Do you
have a cigarette?"

FUN FUN FUN

It was shiny red-sleek and
begged to be touched. It roared a low
rumbling sound and the body
lightly shook.

I climbed in the passenger seat.
She gave me a broad smile. Then
she laid a patch. Before I knew it,
we were doing eighty.

Any thoughts of romance vanished
as our speed approached a hundred.
She laughs as she takes a corner
shifting down into second.

My knuckles were white as the
tires screeched. The car was amazing.
It laid another patch as she put
a petal to the metal.

When I got out, I knew I'd been on one
hellofa ride. I went into my house and
changed my shorts.

Those adrenaline rushes are now gone.
She wrapped her T- Bird around a tree.

MY SHADOW DANCES

My shadow is a cunning thing.
It seems to read my mind. I am
convinced my shadow can dance;
it always knows when I'm going to
stop and try to catch it dancing.

I decided to test my hunch once and
for all. I convinced a friend to set up
a hidden video camera. I'll put on some
music and sit in my easy chair.

Next day with eager anticipation, I took
the memory card from the camera. I
plugged it into my computer. My shadow
was as clear as can be. It looked around
to see if I was watching; it then snapped
its fingers and did the Macarena.

SUPER SISSY

As a caped crusader, he is a wimp.
He would rather be a librarian, but this
job comes with the turf. He replaced his
late father. His dad, the Man of Steel,
was bludgeoned to death. He offered
to prove he was Man of Steel by
showed a little old lady his big red S.

Super Sissy ain't much for fighting crime.
He'd rather read a good book or play his
clarinet. Besides, he got a broken arm
last time he tried to fly. The gore on CSI
makes him sick.

Raised by his doting mother and seven
sisters, he is the youngest of the lot.
When he hears of a catastrophe, he
runs and hides. His mother refuses to
send him out. Things like that are too
much for her little boy.

CAPTAIN ELEGANT

Captain Elegant was a superhero, but he was no Superman. He had just 20/200 vision; myopic to say the least. As for jumping, he was a box of rocks. He couldn't fly because his pilot's license had been revoked.

For all of that, he was elegant in his snow white uniform. How he hated to get dirty. He had only one flaw—his nose. His girlfriend, Doris Lank, claimed you could use it for a ski jump.

The Captain's favorite thing to do was rescue damsels in distress. He would carefully watch for a rogue trying to seduce a fair young maiden. He would ride in like the cavalry and stop the dastardly deed.

After year of dashing desperados and their dirty deeds, he was force to retire, Fighting heinous villains is dirty work. When prices skyrocketed, he couldn't keep up his staggering dry cleaning..

MUTANT ANTS

Government experts assured us the storage facility would be perfectly safe; the nuclear waste site wants to be impervious to any assault and impossible to leak.. Unfortunately, the designers didn't count on the tenacity of little red ants. A colony burrowed into the site and were exposed to massive doses of radiation. They quickly mutated to the size of a Volkswagen Bug.

They came out of their massive tunnels; gnawing and chewing. They ate everything in sight as they moved relentlessly and with military precision. They devoured anything organic.

Their tough hides and were impervious to bullets; a few were cooked by a napalm drop. Farms and factories succumbed. It appeared that nothing could stop the giant ants.

One bright scientist had an epiphany; he saw images of his younger days. He had a construction company build a giant steel robot. that was immune to the ants' bites.

The robot stood in the sun and with a humongous magnifying glass as he focused the sun rays and he fried them one by one.

LIGHTEN UP

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