

# Humor Page

By Dolores Cullen, SFO

*Give me a sense of humor, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
to get some humor out of life,  
and pass it on to other folk.*

## STORY TIME

Man walks out and catches passing taxi. Cabbie says, "Perfect timing, like Frank."

**Passenger:** 'Who?'

**Cabbie:** "Frank Feldman. He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab; things happened like that to Frank Feldman every single time."

**Passenger:** "There are always a few clouds over everybody."

**Cabbie:** "Not Frank Feldman. He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand-Slam at tennis - golfed with the pros - sung like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star. And how he played the piano! An amazing guy."

**Passenger:** "Sounds like he was something really special."

**Cabbie:** "There's more. Remembered everybody's birthday - knew all about wine, which foods to order, which fork to use. He could repair anything. Not like me. I change a fuse - the whole street blacks out. But Frank did things right."

**Passenger:** "Wow, some guy then."

**Cabbie:** "He avoided traffic jams. I always get stuck in them. Frank, never made a mistake. And he knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He'd never answer back even if she was wrong; and his clothing - immaculate; shoes polished. He was the perfect man! No one measured up to Frank Feldman."

**Passenger:** "An amazing fellow. How did you meet him?"

**Cabbie:** "Well, I never actually met Frank, he died. I married his widow."

He pulled the trigger while pointing the gun at the charging lion, only to hear a disappointing "click."  
"Harriet? Harri-ET!"

"I'm right here, Harold."

"What do you mean, you're right here?"

"I mean, I'm right here. Is something wrong?"

"Did you unplug the blaster gun cord again?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean, yes?"

"I mean, I unplugged it again."

"You spoiled my fun. Why do you want to do that?"

"I did that so you would stop playing that silly game and do your chores."

"Harriet, you have no appreciation of a man developing his skills. When I take that trip to Africa, I need to be ready for anything - even a charging lion."  
"That'll be the day, Harold."

"What do you mean, that'll be the day?"

"I mean, that'll be the day when you take that trip. If I could be so rude as to remind you that until you're actively planning to leave for the Dark Continent, you better actively take out the trash, mow the lawn, and trim the bushes before our house becomes overgrown and overcome with the odor of trash."

"Harriet, you're exaggerating. I'll make you a deal. You plug in the blaster and let me take aim one more time and then I'll do the chores."

"One more time?"

"One more time. I promise."

"OK, Harold."

She finds the plug and inserts it into the wall outlet behind the big TV screen. He presses the button to start the video of the lion sauntering through tall grass. Suddenly the lion "catches sight" of the player and begins its charge from behind the video screen. Harriet covers her ears in anticipation. Just as the cat leaps, Harold pulls the trigger. A resounding *BANG* from his blaster is heard.

The screen shows the words **RIGHT TO THE HEART** in bold, blood red letters. Harold is ecstatic. He has lost all sense of time and place. He presses the start button again.

"You promised 'one more time,' Harold!"

Oblivious to Harriet's words, he has already "sighted" the animal coming through the grass again.

Harriet leaves the room and returns with a hunting rifle. The video lion is about to spring. Harold - and Harriet positioned just to the left behind him - each take careful aim. There is a thunderous *B-BANG* and the smell of gunpowder,

"Aw, Harriet, why'd ya blast the TV?"

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