

October 2017

foolish**times**

Laugh It Up!



100 Years of Funny Ladies

Event Calendar

» Pg. 26

Chuck Scardina's New 'toons

» Pg. 27



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Laugh It Up!

The Chucklehead Speaks

Over the years there have been many women who made me laugh. In hindsight there were a few, I was able to get a chuckle from. I made my ex-wife laugh all the way to the bank as she cashed in from our divorce. A bartender told me that she thought I had the talent to be anything I wanted to be. I wanted to be an idiot. And I'm quite certain there are a few who missed the punch line and are still waiting for me to come back from the store. The jokes on you sweetheart!

In these pages, we found great lines from very funny women. These gals didn't make the money their male counterparts made and in some ways were held to a higher standard. They were dazzling on the silver screen and roaring funny on television and in comedy clubs. They had guts.

We hope this inspires you to not be afraid to stand up and tell it like it is. When life gets you down, it's time to turn it into a five minute funny rant at an open mike telling a story about the guy who left a year ago to pick up a loaf of bread. Who does he think he is, taking all this time? When he does show up, he's going to have to turn around and go back for something that's not old and moldy.

Stevie P. / publisher@foolishtimes.net

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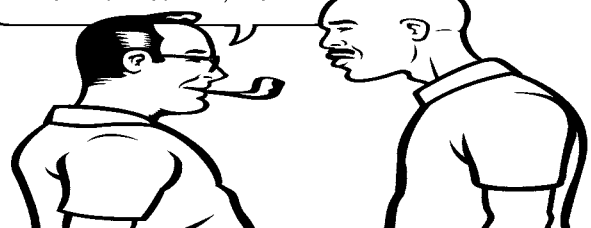
RED MEAT

clip-on hairball extensions

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, man...you can't live by the rules we made way back when we were in college.

But we meant it, Don.

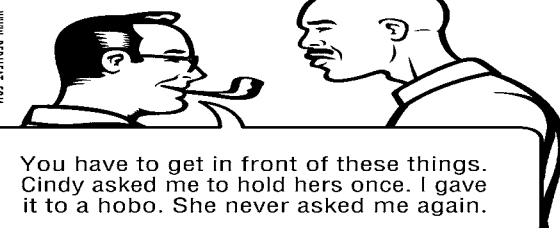


Look at that over there. If you ever see me holdin' some chick's purse for her, kill me.

You got it, my man. Goes double for me.



Then you'll just have to go ahead and kill me. My wife comes out of that dressing room, and I'm not holding this purse...I'm dead anyway.



You have to get in front of these things. Cindy asked me to hold hers once. I gave it to a hobo. She never asked me again.

POORLY PARTNERING

A man inserted an ad in the classifieds: "Wife wanted."

Next day he received a hundred letters.

They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."

"No, no no!" said the man. "I want to know how he got into the house without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for years!"

Jack and his wife lived in Arizona where the summers are very hot. He woke up one day when they were having a heat wave.

As he stepped out of the shower he complained to his wife saying, "It's just too hot to wear any

clothes on a day like this. What would the neighbors think if I mowed the lawn with no clothes."

"That I married you only for your money."

A guy stands over his tee shot for what seems an eternity: looking up, looking down, measuring the distance, figuring the wind direction and speed.

Finally his exasperated partner says, "What's taking so long? Hit the damn ball!"

The guy answers, "My wife is up there watching me from the clubhouse. I want to make this a perfect shot."

"Forget it, man," says his partner. "You'll never hit her from here."

Wife: Do you want dinner?

Husband: Sure, what are my choices?

Wife: Yes and no.

A judge was interviewing a woman regarding her pending divorce, and asked, "What are the grounds for your divorce?"

She replied, "About four acres and a nice little home in the middle of the property with a stream running by."

"No," he said, "I mean what is the foundation of this case?"

"It is made of concrete, brick and mortar," she responded.

"I mean," he continued, "What are your relations like?"

"I have an aunt and uncle living here in town, and so do my husband's parents."

He said, "Do you have a real grudge?"

"No," she replied, "We have a two-car carport and have never really needed one."

"Please," he tried again, "is there any infidelity in your marriage?"

"Yes, both my son and daughter have stereo sets. We don't necessarily like the music, but the answer to your questions is yes."

"Ma'am, does your husband ever beat you up?"

"Yes," she responded, "about twice a week he gets up earlier than I do."

Finally, in frustration, the judge asked, "Lady, why do you want a divorce?"

"Oh, I don't want a divorce," she replied. "I've never wanted a divorce. My husband does. He said he can't communicate with me!"

Two husbands were discussing their married lives. Although happily married, they admitted that there were arguments sometimes.

Then Chad said, "I've made one great discovery. I now know how to always have the last word."

"Wow!" said Sherm, "How did you manage that?"

"It's easy," replied Chad. "My last word is always 'Yes, Dear.'"

foolish Thought

"Guys who talk about their ex-girlfriends are like girls talking about their farts."

Whitney Cummings



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MAKE ME

Deviled Thighs

Ingredients

- 8 chicken thighs
- 1/3 cup Dijon mustard
- 1/3 cup minced onion
- 1/4 tsp cayenne pepper
- Salt & Pepper

Directions

1. Heat the broiler to maximum. Set the rack close to heat
2. Season thighs with salt and pepper
3. Broil skin side up until golden brown
4. Combine mustard, onion and cayenne pepper
5. Remove from oven
6. Spread a teaspoon or so of the mustard mixture on the underside
7. Broil 5 minutes
8. Turn; spread the remaining mixture on the skin side
9. Broil until mustard begins to brown
10. Garnish with fresh parsley and serve

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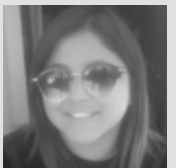
FOOL^{on}the CURB

Our yummy assignment was to visit the wharf and talk with the folks who offer up chowder samples.

- 1) Where do you go for vacation?
- 2) What would surprise folks about your job?
- 3) Where do you go when you're not on the wharf?
- 4) What's the best part of your job?
- 5) What is the dumbest thing you've heard?

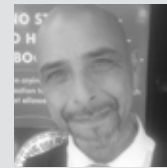
Meeshma ~ Crabby Jim's

- 1) San Francisco. I came from Oakland so Monterey is kind of like vacation right now.
- 2) That I'm really shy and I'm working outside.
- 3) I stay at home or I'm at school.
- 4) I like talking to people a lot. I'm shy but things changed.
- 5) Nothing really on my mind. Nothing bad.



George ~ Fisherman's Grotto

- 1) My house.
- 2) How much I like it. I've been doing this 10 years.
- 3) I go home to my little boy.
- 4) Talking to all the great people out here.
- 5) Does this place belong to you?



Lorena ~ Crab Louie's

- 1) My first big vacation is Boston next summer.
- 2) How flamboyant I am. How crazy I am. How much fun I have.
- 3) I go home, clean the house, cook and take care of the kids.
- 4) The people. I love the people.
- 5) Do you have clam chowder samples?



Jacob ~ Abalonetti's

- 1) To the forest. Where there's pine trees and water.
- 2) A lot of people say they don't like seafood. It surprises me down here on the wharf, on the ocean when they don't like seafood or don't want anything to do with seafood.
- 3) I go to my other job or I'm doing school work. In my free time I like to take pictures.
- 4) Talking to new people.
- 5) Are clams seafood?





fool-o-scope

Comments Welcome: lalaugh6@gmail.com

By Bini

Aries: (Mar 21–Apr 19)

The Ram

Yet, another idea...a farce-book-a-thon! Running for 27 hours in virtually the same cyberspace circuit. You conceded to amateur conversation, concluding with thousands of “Likes,” such pizazz. Then why do you feel like a jittery desert, you wonder. Just think what you could do with a kiss-a-thon. Certainly your lover would prefer.

Taurus: (Apr 20–May 20)

The Bull

Hurry up! You loathe being rushed...move it! This disgusts you especially when you are so dependable and always show up. You are more than your data, more than what your profile claims you to be. Into the deep dark depths of your Bullish ass lies a soul ready for a quantum leap. Shine up your nose ring and show your contacts what real time communication is about.

Gemini: (May 21–Jun 20)

The Twins

Has anyone made you laugh lately? Listen to yourself gossiping. You can only fritter your twitter just so much before your face resembles a snapchat. You may cry salty tears after you hear what “they” have been saying about you, things like toil, boil and hedge-pig whined. Not quite what you had in mind is it?

Cancer: (Jun 21–Jul 22)

The Crab

Can one kiss do all of this? If it's Dracula's, hell yes! Even your ringtone is playing “Bite Me.” Don't rush headlong into anything. First you need a

transfusion before you can trust how you feel. Clear history and Refresh before you count on The Count to tell how many tweets it takes to make you twitch.

Leo: (Jul 23–Aug 22)

The Lion

How long has this world shaking conversation been going on? Small talk is not for you, unless it's all about you. This Hyena co-worker has spritzed its wits all over you for the last time!

You are cool as a cucumber until your tail taps a haunted rap song and there lies a litany of diverse tempestual rhythms. You are a big star, I assure you, it's just that the monitor is small.

Virgo: (Aug 23–Sep 22)

The Virgin

Head of Toad...Keep in mind you are a person who thinks. This is a means to a beginning. Behind the curtain of an exotic neurotic thrives a functional advantage: Being able to refer to your ethics on a daily basis. You wouldn't be caught dead at the end of a camera tentacle that was hoovering your personal data and distributing it to say Farce-Book, Fritter or Welp!

Libra: (Sep 23–Oct 22)

The Scales

You are thinking that the way you feel must be illegal! (Is it?) Since you are the Tiffanys of the Zodiac, extorting advertising dollars for your birthday desires is a synch with all that Libra-L charm. You shall get all your birthday wishes this year because you are so linked in! (But, just n' case have the GodFather on speed-dial).

Scorpio: (Oct 23–Nov 21)

The Scorpion

A passive You doesn't blow. That is exactly what Farce-Book is, a passive view on events occurring willy nilly throughout the day. No wonder you are tooth of wolf after shedding your identity... careful that it doesn't bleed into an unrestrainable behavior that could destroy that eloquent anonymity of yours.

Sagittarius: (Nov 22–Dec 21)

The Archer

There is lot's of itchy, witchy, bitchy in the air! What happened SAG to your joie-de-vivre?! Did you get swiped from the predicts of what “they” think might interest you? Autumn in New York or golf in the Ozarks? You can't decipher where all this spam is coming from-Wool of Bat! What APP really stands for is, Apply Pressure Promptly to injury or end up in the outlands alone!

Capricorn: (Dec 22–Jan 19)

The Goat

Melancholy Baby ~ You desire real conversation and not some pasted post of pictures from a third party posing as a friend. It's been a long time since you've bitten the neck

of a juicy intelligent conversation. Arrgh! It's ok pumpkin, all desires coming from where you least detect it.

Aquarius: (Jan 23–Feb 18)

The Water-Carrier

When Faced with a head-on approach you tend to retreat! Face it and see through the shadow lurking. This could be a case of human trafficking...round about that cauldron of yours, seek the antidote for being sucked in. Whatever it takes, toe of frog or a fenny snake, be the person in private that you reward yourself for in public.

Pisces: (Feb 19–Mar 20)

The Fishes

Whispered in the moon's eclipse... your thousand Faces speak. Still remain unique, elusive, untouchable and mysterious, and no, not a freak. PI you have a modern day quality with a touch of the ethereal. Not too many get you babe. Makes no difference at all because your daydreams are your truest reality. Edge your way to the cliff's crest and dive into the vastness of your imagination and peak!

foolish
Shorts



“I like men with pierced ears. They're better prepared for marriage. They've experienced pain and bought jewelry.”

– Rita Rudner

BEST of the INBOX



A virtual smorgasbord of jokes & otherwise funny stories e-mailed to Foolish Times at editor@foolishtimes.net

Senior - Trying to Set Password

WINDOWS: Please enter your new password.

USER: cabbage

WINDOWS: Sorry, the password must be more than 8 characters. USER: boiled cabbage
WINDOWS: Sorry, the password must contain 1 numerical character.

USER: 1 boiled cabbage

WINDOWS: Sorry, the password cannot have blank spaces.

USER: 50bloodyboiledcabbages

WINDOWS: Sorry, the password must contain at least one upper case character.

USER: 50BLOODYboiledcabbages

WINDOWS: Sorry, the password cannot use more than one upper case character consecutively

USER:50BloodyBoiledCabbages ShovedUpYourAssIf You Don'tGiveMeAccessNow!

WINDOWS: Sorry, the password cannot contain punctuation.

USER:ReallyPissedOff50Bloody BoiledCabbagesShovedUpYourAss If YouDontGiveMeAccessNow

WINDOWS: Sorry, that password is already in use.

Thanks to our Foolish Mary.

Three Wishes

A Government Employee sits in his office and out of boredom, decides to see what's in his old filing cabinet. He pokes through the contents and comes across an old brass lamp. "This will look nice on my mantelpiece," he decides, and takes it home with

him. While polishing the lamp, a genie appears and grants him three wishes.

"I wish for an ice cold diet Pepsi right now!"

POOF! He gets his Pepsi and drinks it.

Now that he can think more clearly, he states his second wish.

"I wish to be on an island where beautiful nymphomaniacs reside."

POOF! Suddenly he is on an island with gorgeous females eyeing him lustfully. He tells the genie his third and last wish:

"I wish I'd never have to work ever again."

POOF! He's back in his government office.

Not Fair

A jock and a geek applying for the same job.

The boss said, "Boys, you need to take a test before you can get this job."

So they took the test and the next day they came back to see who the boss chose. "Well," he said, "Both of you got the same score except I'm going to choose the geek."

The jock complained, "Don't you think that's prejudice or something?"

"Well," the boss said, "Let me tell you what happened. Both of your papers were right all the way through until the last question came up, and the geek answered 'I don't know,' and then when I looked at your paper, you answered, 'Me either'."

Day Of Judgement Exam

One day, a teacher, a garbage collector, and a lawyer all died and went to heaven. St. Peter was there, having a bad day because heaven was getting crowded. When they got to the gate, St. Peter informed them that there would be a test to get into Heaven. They each had to answer a single question.

To the teacher, he said, "What was the name of the ship that crashed into an iceberg and sunk with all its passengers?"

The teacher thought for a second, and then replied: "That would have been the Titanic, right?" St. Peter let him through the gate.

Next, St. Peter turned to the garbage man, and figuring that heaven didn't really need all the stink that this guy would bring in, decided to make the question a little harder.

"How many people died on the ship?"

The garbage man had a great

mind for trivia and said 1228, to which St. Peter said, "That happens to be right. Go ahead."

St. Peter then turned to the lawyer. "What were their names?"

Free Haircuts

A barber gave a haircut to a priest one day. The priest tried to pay for the haircut, but the barber refused, saying, "you do God's work." The next morning the barber found a dozen bibles at the door to his shop.

A policeman came to the barber for a haircut, and again the barber refused payment, saying, "you protect the public." The next morning the barber found a free house alarm system at the door to his shop.

A lawyer came to the barber for a haircut, and again the barber refused payment, saying, "you serve the justice system." The next morning the barber found a dozen lawyers waiting for a free haircut.

foolish
Shorts



"If truth is beauty, how come no one has their hair done in a library?"

— Lily Tomlin

Santa Cruzing

By Zachary Michael Jack

Last month I followed through on my long-procrastinated resolution to dive into the fecund stew of civic and community life in our free-wheeling, hyper-educated, fully self-actualized neighbor to the north: Santa Cruz.

Like anyone else I'd hiked some redwood trails on my prior cruises through Cruzland, sucked down a cocktail or two at The Red, and wandered through the stacks at Logos bookstore until my head spun with Nietzsche and Kant, but really I was nothing more than a plebe among the legions of SC wannabes. Had I really sampled from the incredible potpourri of clubs, organizations, and support groups...hardly!

Quicker than I could say Penny Ice Creamery or Weed Dispensary I found myself overwhelmed by the sea of almost unreal possibilities available to me in this Utopia-by-the-ocean. I eagerly listed the options on my doodle pad until I was left with jumbled sheaves of 20-pound bright white office paper decorated with the names of authentic civic outlets and community events conflated with my own random doodles and neural misfirings.

Days later I surrendered my quest for truth, deciding instead to make a multiple-choice exam of my transcendent confusion, a quiz which I now happily administer to you. So get out your Number Two pencil, put on your thinking cap, stoke up your pipe, and submit for questioning!

Quicker than I could say Penny Ice Creamery or Weed Dispensary I found myself overwhelmed by the sea of almost unreal possibilities available to me in this Utopia-by-the-ocean.

Question Number One: Which of the following is NOT the subject of a real-life lecture the enterprising Santa Cruzian might have attended last month in their everlasting quest for superior health and well-being:

- 1) Intro to Ketosis and Ketogenic Diets
- 2) Six Steps (Ed Note: not to be confused with "Sex Steps") To a Marketing Plan
- 3) B-12 Vitamin Happy Hour
- 4) Overeaters Anonymous
- 5) Partner Yoga

The first one's always the easiest, right...so on to Level Two! Go on... put this one in your bong and smoke it.

Question Two: Which of the following is NOT a class or study group you could join in that transcendent hippieland across the bay:

- Therapeutic Yoga with Kim Bloom of the Present Weekly Drop-in
- A Course in Miracles
- Shake the Square Salsa
- Compassionate Conversations

Question Three: In the mood for a good laugh, a good bite, a good tune, or a good... whatever? Which of the following would NOT be an option on your visit to Surf City?

- Comedy Contest Featuring Monkeyhands
- Fried Chicken, Bubbles & Bourbon
- Sunset Beach Bowls and Bonfire
- Chastity Belt
- Call Curt. Feel good now!
- Happy Gardens Rototilling

In the end I did what any overwrought test-taker would do and threw up my monkeyhands in glorious frustration at the head-swim of a Brave New World that stretched out before me like

a double-jointed guru. If I could dream it, I could do it. If I could need it, I could feed it. And in between I could get help with brain fog, memory problems, unexplained aches, and expanding waistlines. I could get a quickie lymphatic drainage while I left my car at Jiffy Lube for an oil change. I could LIVE UP TO LIFE'S CHALLENGES!, get an herbal foot message, re-educate my unacceptably uneducated movements, improve my flexibility forever, and find out, once and for all, whether my hormones really were making me crazy. If time permitted I could even get a European wax then mix and match authentic South American swimwear...Women's and Men's.

Dude, labels are for losers!

If I wasn't so busy working out the infinite possibilities of a week in Santa Cruz I'd supply the answers to the tricky quiz above in that nifty Cosmopolitan-style upside down type we all dig, but the truth is my typographical movements are badly in need of re-educating, and my karma is so clogged I'd need an affordable plumber to get to the bottom of it, which, come to think of it, is the one thing I couldn't find in my cruise of the legendary Surf City.

Besides, it's all true, every last unbelievable bit of it.

SeasideAutoDealers.com

foolish
Shorts



"I not only knew Houdini, but we had a very lovely relationship ... I really thought we had something going, and then the son of a gun disappeared."

– Betty White

foolish
Thought

"It's better to be looked over than be over looked."
– Mae West



By Debbie Harris

The Clothes That Show You Care

October is Breast Cancer Awareness month which is indicated by wearing pink ribbons and pink clothing. This isn't the only cause assigned a color. Also on the calendar is women's heart awareness day, for which we wear red. More recently we wore red to support women's contributions to society. I missed wear purple for Relay for Life this year, but wore green instead. I was redeemed when I discovered that coincidentally that day happened to be organ donor awareness day, for which we were supposed to wear green or blue. Whew!

There's also wear jeans day to protest a ruling in Italy that exonerated an accused rapist because the (male) judge said that the alleged victim couldn't have been raped because she was wearing jeans that would have been too difficult for the accused to remove. There's wear yellow to fight cancer, or, on a different day, cystic fibrosis and on another day, support immigrants. Wearing orange brings awareness to gun violence, or it could mean you're a rebellious Scottish protestant if you wear it on St. Patrick's Day—or maybe a Giant's fan. Purple can also indicate gay pride or domestic violence awareness or support for epilepsy awareness—it depends on the day.

I work for a school district so we wore pink to support anti-bullying efforts; that cause has also claimed purple and green in other locations. Wearing white is a tip of the hat to suffragettes (or you're in the medical profession) and wearing black is for melanoma awareness (or you're

in mourning). If you wear green on the right day you're helping to support runaway prevention, and blue for colon cancer awareness. This year, wearing a red clown nose was added—for child poverty awareness. Nothing says I care about poor children more than spending money on a foam rubber, red nose piece probably made in China. We care, yes we do! How did they come up with that one?

How about a day for left handers? We can all wear our clothes with the labels in front.

Well, I don't think we have enough days of wearing specific clothes to support or bring awareness to issues and problems. Let's make October 12, baldness support day and everyone can wear hats. We can make October 20, ingrown toenail awareness day, with the wearing of blue socks. How about support for the nearsighted with a day where everyone wears glasses whether they need them or not?

How about a day for left handers? We can all wear our clothes with the labels in front. There could be elder awareness day when we all wear clothes that are way out of style—penny loafers, poodle skirts, leisure suits, bell bottoms, thick polyester pants, stockings with seams in the back, shoulder pads. Find a style from your parents' high school

yearbooks and run with it. If you like it, you can do it again for Halloween.

It's interesting that no one seems to want to use brown for their cause. Let's give brown meaning and make it the caffeine addiction awareness color. We can wear brown--tan if you take your coffee with cream—and march in front of Starbucks, screaming out the pain of caffeine withdrawal.

And let's get some new colors working for us. Teal can be worn for Vein Health Day. People who have had their veins worked on can give testimonials at rallies. Silver can be worn for cavity

prevention day—in honor of the old silver fillings we used to get. We can have a support day for indecisive people. Let's make it gray . . . no, mauve . . . no, aquamarine. Oh, you figure it out!

So get out your calendars and colorize your wardrobe, people. We have causes to support! (And Happy Halloween)

foolish Thought

“Ask any girl what she'd rather be than beautiful and she would say more beautiful.”
— Martha Raye

foolish Sudoku

There is only one rule: Every row, column and box of 3x3 cells must contain the numbers 1 through 9 once.

	3		7		1	2	5	6
		6			5			8
		1		3	6	7		4
	7	5	4				3	
				1		6		
			2	7	9	1		
9	2			5			7	
		7			2		6	
	8	4						

Answers on page 24

Pixy Stix and Nickels

By Robyn Justo

Mom told me that when I was a baby, she would come in my room and find me in my crib on all fours apparently sleep-hopping, saying "I'm a bunny, I'm a bunny."

A few years later, she told me that she would find me sitting alone "in a daze," staring into space.

And when someone asked me what I wanted when I grew up I said, "Peace of mind." Odd for a kid, huh? Maybe dazed, but never confused.

I think I was six years old when the teacher asked our class to write a paragraph about a nickel. I wrote three pages which ended up on the bulletin board. I should have known that I might have had a penchant for the pen way back when or maybe it was the Pixy Stix and PEZ straight-up sugar rush, but I was so inspired!

My nickel was happily inhabiting a cash register and when the clerk was making change, he (mine was a boy nickel) fell on the floor and rolled out the door to an adventurous life, finally realizing what he was missing. He met another nickel (who just happened to be female) and they had five baby pennies. The story ended with them all getting scooped back up again and put in a drawer.

Point being is that we know. We know who we are (and maybe even our higher purpose) quite early in the game. Then something happens. We are told to find a career and support ourselves. Instead of finding our bliss and inspiration, we find a job that pays us money that pays our bills that we incur from buying "the right" groceries and things that we are told will make us prettier, more desirable, happy and blissful.

Hmmm. Was there a shortcut missed in there somewhere? Becoming adulterated is overrated.

I loved the stars when I was little. They inspired me and made me feel bigger. The immeasurable distance between them fascinated me. I could see and feel infinity above.

I wasn't getting any closer to my stars, and the only things getting higher were my cholesterol and sugar levels.

But I grew up and although my height increased so I was a few feet closer to those stars, somehow I began to feel smaller as life closed in around me.

As the years flew by, the care and feeding of this thing called me became more complicated. Foods (the fun ones like Pixie Stix) became taboo. I wasn't getting any closer to my stars, and the only things getting higher were my cholesterol and sugar levels. I found myself revisiting that dazed state of being except now I was confused.

Restrictions were vehemently shared by enthusiastic doctors. One diet called for no sugar (including fruit) and very low carbs (including grains). Another prohibited fats and meat, but encouraged grains and fruit which I couldn't have according to list number one.

Another suggested high protein (meats included) but most meats made cholesterol go up and my spiritual practice diet suggested vegetarianism which was beginning to look like the most reasonable option due to the fact that about the only thing on my "ok" list of foods was looking like lettuce. ("I'm a bunny, I'm a bunny.") I must have known was what coming.

Maybe what I should do is find a place that sells Pixy Stix and go crazy writing about nickels. It worked for me before, like staring at the stars did, along with sitting in a peaceful altered state and freaking out my Mom. We know what we need, or at least we used to.

We need to explore and rediscover what we have been missing before being scooped up and put in a drawer.

That's just my five cents, for what it is worth.

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Living in Skagway, Alaska

By Roger Freed

Living In Skagway, Alaska means:

Having to buy used boots that are too big at the only thrift store in town after your old ones rot from all the rain and no place in town sells new shoes.

Buying lettuce and milk that are already a week old because all the food comes up on a barge from Seattle. And it only comes once a week.

Having the choice to go by either boat or plane to Juneau to get something cheaper or drive 110 miles into Canada to the only big grocery stores in the area.

The only health facility is a clinic staffed by three nurses except on Wednesdays when a doctor flies into town for the day.

Having a veterinarian come to town only twice a year.

Hearing about all the great new movies on television but not being able to see them for a couple years until they come on television (no movie theater).

Having to go out in the middle of a non-cloudy day in winter to get a small window of the five hours of daylight that manage to peek over the mountains surrounding you.

Being able to ride a bike everywhere in town – it is only four blocks wide and 20 some long.

Having the town go from 1,500 people in the summer to less than 800 in the winter because of the drop in tourism.

Living in a state that is famous for fish but because so much glacial silt comes down the river it scares them away.

Having all kindergarten through senior high school classes in one school, and having only one student in the graduating class.

Going up 3,300 feet in elevation over the border to Canada to get out from under the oft overcast skies.

Wearing Extra-Tuff boots as your main footwear.

Having one full cruise ship come into dock and thereby tripling the size of the town. (Imagine what it is like when all

four cruise ships are in town!)

Having the choice to catch a flight to the nearest town south that takes 10 minutes or catch a fast ferry that takes an hour or drive around the mountains separating you that takes FIVE HOURS!!!

Living in a town whose Indian name means “Birthplace of the North Wind” and finding out that it is so windy that even those Indians wouldn’t live here.

Living in a state that is famous for fish but because so much glacial silt comes down the river it scares them away.

Being in a town that exists because of the gold rush and now

survives mostly on the tourism because of that Gold Rush.

Having no stop light, one supermarket, one school, no movie theater, and only one road out, but you have one of the only two railroads in Alaska!

Having an airport with no control tower so that an incoming plane must circle until the plane on the landing strip moves off. Also, radar doesn’t work in the mountains on either side of Skagway so that all planes must rely on vision for landing, which in winter means that you have a six and one-half window of daylight to land in.

Having the most famous town father be a professional con artist and gang leader who was shot dead in the first year of the town’s existence.

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“I should be learning another language and working out more, but I’m just saying. Ah, I could get hit by a bus tomorrow.”
– Melissa McCarthy



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By Ted Gargiulo

In the Zone

For years, this wordsmith has wrestled against inertia, apathy and inattentiveness, searching for a way to jumpstart the creative process. Happily, with the help of a pharmaceutical catalyst, I've been able to enter that land of heart's desire writers call "The Zone." But there's a downside. Having finally entered this elusive Zone, I'm constantly having to wrench myself from its lure whenever people and obligations summon me away. It now takes as much will power to abort the program as it once took to initiate it.

Imagine: You commit yourself to a vision, an assignment you're under no contractual obligation to fulfill. You muster

the discipline to make said vision an all-consuming force in your agenda—a crucial leap of faith that separates passion from humdrum compliance (which is all the world expects of you). However, once you decide that you're beyond mindless dabbling, the moment you step outside the veil of indifference and tell yourself that your calling truly matters, you're no longer a reasonable person.

Herein lies the conundrum:

- The world won't leave you alone long enough to finish what you started;
- The project, once started, won't leave you in peace until you finish it.

Logic dictates that if you can't learn to pop up and switch gears

Sucks to be YOU!



Should have taken the candy dude!

every time life cracks its whip, you'll eventually drive yourself and everyone else crazy. How, then, does a presumably "sane" person resolve this dilemma? By inverting the very rationale used to launch his quest in the first place. He persuades himself that his brainchild really ISN'T so urgent after all. That the world WON'T end if he puts his creation on hold a while longer. Question: If he lets himself off the hook today, what happens tomorrow? How does one rekindle enthusiasm for a project he's stopped believing in? At what point does something that didn't matter yesterday suddenly become important again today?

This much I know:

- Any project that isn't important enough to drive me crazy when I put it down isn't worth starting;
- A project not worth starting isn't worth caring about;
- To willingly labor on a project I don't care about makes no freaking sense;
- Failing to complete a project I DO care about is a horrific waste of talent and emotion;

e) The longer I forego what I love, the more likely I am to lose interest in it altogether;

f) The less I miss something = the less I love it = the less I believe in it = the less anything matters. If there's a middle ground, it lies in one's ability to toggle his convictions on-again / off-again, indefinitely: "What I'm doing matters / DOESN'T matter...is important / ISN'T important." Like clicking a TV remote. This, our behaviorists and pop psychologists would have us believe, is how a "rational" individual in today's society manages his emotions. "Be all that you can be," they say. "But don't go overboard." Or some such convoluted horse poop.

Curious, how many writers and creative artists more dedicated than myself have defied protocol and excelled in their fields—while this conflicted neurotic remains stalled on life's tarmac, poised on the cusp of achievement, waiting for clearance. That, dear reader, describes the whole tragi-comical paradox in a nutshell.

Welcome to my Zone!



Mira, WOW!

By Daria James

You Know Better, Do Better

I am not full of myself, but unlike your glass, I am half-full. Just kidding, I do not even know if you have a glass. Totally picture me putting on my sunglasses after saying that last line.

A friend of mine is learning Spanish; she said another person told her that her accent needed work. I stopped her, first of all, this is not French, accents shouldn't matter as long as you can have a conversation. When I was learning English back in Mexico, some people would make fun of me, the same people who did not speak English or were too

embarrassed to speak up. Well, ha ha ha and look at me now. Actually, maybe not, I blocked half those mofos a long time ago. Because why keep negative energies around if you can block them out of your life? And they say Facebook is bad for you.

Some people lack the ability to focus on the positives and immediately seek the bad in the good.

Like the other day, when I compared myself to Arnold. We both came to America with no money, we learned to speak English (mostly me), we have worked hard, we both enjoy cigars, we found a beautiful spouse to procreate, and we are

now living our own versions of the American dream.

Negative Nancy was quick to point out the whole maid and illegitimate son debacle. I said the man is not perfect and we do not

My husband has agreed to not leave his sweaty gym clothes in the laundry basket to stink up the room and I have agreed to not chop him in the throat.

know what happened between him and his wife. I can speculate what did not happen and led him into another woman's arms, perhaps.

Marriage is not easy, it takes dedication and we are supposed

to give a darn, it is about compromise. My husband has agreed to not leave his sweaty gym clothes in the laundry basket to stink up the room and I have agreed to not chop him in the throat. I am civilized like that.

We will bump into some negative people. Their vision and ambitions are different from yours or if any, and their opinion is not to be taken seriously. Live your life and love without restraint... different story if you are into leather, but be you and be happy nonetheless .

foolish Thought

"An onion can make you cry but show me a vegetable that can make you laugh."

– Tallulah Bankhead



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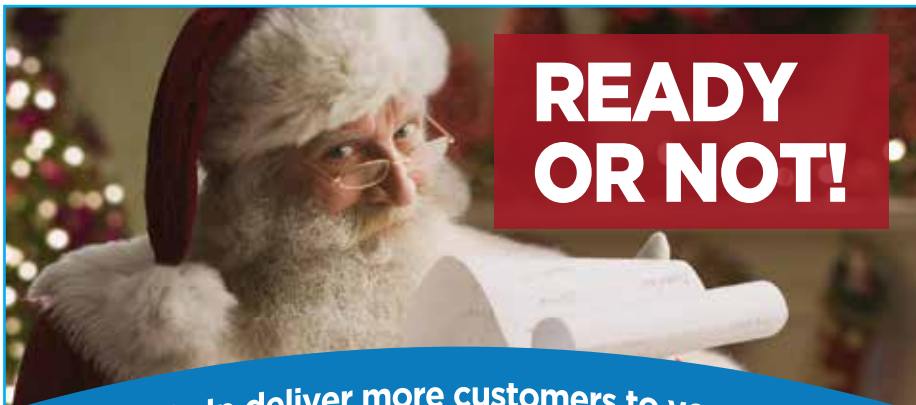
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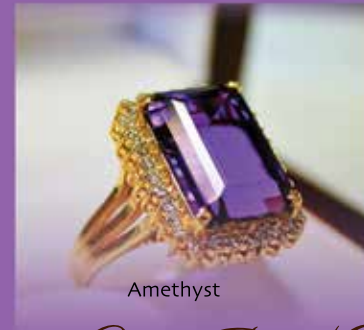
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Summer of Senior Love

By Bill and Nancy Pyzel

Rockers age. Melanie is 70, Roger Daltrey is 73, Graham Nash is 75 and Grace Slick is 77 — senior citizens by any measure. Flower children who once eschewed the system now depend on social security and Medicare. Here are updated versions of Summer of Love classics that reflect the current concerns of their generation:

Medical devices

I've got a brand new pair of hearing aids
You've got a brand new knee.
I think that we should get bifocals
and try them out and see.
—Melanie

Obesity

People want to put us down
(talkin' 'bout my generation)
Just because we're big and round
(talkin' 'bout my generation)
Pizza's tasty both hot and cold
(talkin' 'bout my generation)
An' we're not really all that old
(talkin' 'bout my generation)
—The Who

Mobility challenges

The road is long
With many a winding turn
That leads us to where.
Where the heck we are going?
But I know he will not encumber
me. He ain't heavy,
He's in a wheelchair.
—The Hollies

Dementia/LSD flashbacks

When your C-PAP machine is
found to be telling you lies,
And your smart phone drives your
car and eats your garlic fries,
Don't you want somebody to love
Don't you need somebody to love
Wouldn't you love somebody to
love. You better find somebody to
find your meds. And fast.
—Jefferson Airplane

Have these mature musicians
outlived their relevance or were
they visionaries in becoming the
sort of people they rejected? An
Otis Redding, a Cass Elliot or a
Jimi Hendrix may be the grateful
dead, but they will never know the
inspiration of the septuagenarian
songster.

foolish
Shorts



**"My boyfriend and I
live together which
means we don't
have sex, ever. Now
that the milk is free,
we've both become
lactose intolerant."
— Margaret Cho**

Blondes are the BEST

Q. How do you sink a submarine full of blondes?

A. Knock on the door.

Q. Why does a blonde only change her baby's diapers every month?

A. The instructions stated, "good for up to 20 pounds."

Q. What stops then goes then stops then goes?

A. A blonde at a blinking red light.

Q. What's five miles long and has an IQ of 40?

A. A blonde parade.

Q. What is the blonde's highest ambition in life?

A. They want to be like Vanna White and learn the alphabet.

Q. What are the six worst years in a blonde's life.

A. Third grade.

Q. What do UFOs and smart blondes have in common?

A. You keep hearing about them, but never see any.

Q. How do you keep a blonde in suspense?

A. I'll tell you tomorrow.

Q. Why did the blonde put her finger over the nail when she was hammering?

A. The noise gave her a headache.

Q. How does a blond know if she's on her way home or on her way to work?

A. She opens her lunch box to see if there is anything in it.

Q. What is a cool refreshing drink for a blonde?

A. Perri-air.

Q. When is it legal to shoot a blonde in the head?

A. When you have a tire pump to reinflate it!

Q. Did you here about the blonde who shot an arrow into the air?

A. She missed.

Q. What is it called when a blonde blows in another blond's ear?

A. Data transfer.

Q. Why did the blonde have tire tread marks on her back?

A. From crawling across the street when the sign said "don't walk."

Q. How did the blonde die drinking milk?

A. The cow fell on her.

Q. How did the blonde burn her nose?

A. Bobbing for french fries.

Q. How can you tell if a blonde is a good cook?

A. She gets the pop tarts out of the toaster in one piece.

Q. Why is it good to have a blonde passenger?

A. You can park in the handicap zone.

Q. What is the blonde doing when she holds her hands tightly over her ears?

A. Trying to hold on to a thought.

Q. Have you heard what my blond neighbor wrote on the bottom of her swimming pool?

A. No smoking.

Q. What does a blond do when someone says its chili outside?

A. She grabs a bowl.

Q. How do you drown a blond?

A. Put a mirror at the bottom of the pool.

Q. Why did the blonde call the welfare office?

A. She wanted to know how to cook food stamps!

Q. Where do blondes go to meet their relatives?

A. The vegetable garden.

Q. Why are blondes hurt by peoples words?

A. Because people keep hitting them with dictionaries.

Q. Why can't blondes put in light bulbs?

A. They keep breaking them with the hammers.

Q. What is dumber than a brunette building a fire under the water?

A. A blonde trying to put it out.

Q. Why did the blonde buy a brown cow?

A. To get chocolate milk.

Q. What do you call a blonde with a brand new PC?

A. A dumb terminal.

Q. How did the blonde burn her ear?

A. The phone rang while she was ironing.

Q. There are 17 blonds standing outside a disco but why couldn't they get in?

A. The sign said "must be 18 to enter."

Q. What happens when a blonde gets Alzheimers disease?

A. Her IQ goes up!

Q. What do you call a blonde in an institution of higher learning?

A. A visitor.

Q. What do you call a brunette with a blonde on either side?

A. An interpreter.

Q. What do you call a fly buzzing inside a blonde's head?

A. A Space Invader.

Q. Did you hear about Pepsi's new soda just for blondes?

A. It has "open other end" printed on the bottom.

Q. Why do blondes always rapidly flap their hands towards theirs ears?

A. They're refuelling.

Q. Did you hear about the dead blonde in the closet?

A. She was last year's hide and seek winner.

Q. Why do blondes have little holes all over their faces?

A. From eating with forks.

Q. Why do blondes drive BMWs?

A. Because they can spell it.

Q. How many blondes does it take to change a lightbulb?

A. "What's a lightbulb?"

Q. How do you drive a blonde crazy?

A. Give her a bag of M&Ms and tell her to alphabetize them.

foolish
Shorts



"I finally found out how my neighbor who I call Mrs. Clean gets her laundry so much whiter looking than mine. She washes it."
– Phyllis Diller

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STACY TALKS TO COMICS

Meet Charlie Havaland

By Stacy Lininger

Stacy: *When did you decide you were a comedian?*

Charlie: When I booked for the very first time at Denver's Comedy Works for an HBO special in 1989.

Stacy: *How did you manage that?*

Charlie: It took about four months from my first open mike spot. I showed up and just kept showing up and eventually became a regular. A fellow comic invited me to be part of the special. I was fairly funny but more lucky. And that's not false modesty.

Stacy: *Is tenacity a lost art?*

Charlie: For the charitable, I hope not; for the selfish and self-centered, definitely not.

Stacy: *So why comedy, why not philanthropy?*

Charlie: Why not both, if you have the money.

Stacy: *Why is comedy important?*

Charlie: Comedy matters because laughter brings us home and home is where the heart is.

Stacy: *Does comedy have medicinal powers?*

Charlie: Yes, as long as there is no denial process.

Stacy: *How so?*

Charlie: Sometimes the purveyor of laughter is using it to gaslight another, change the subject, or simply to be passive aggressive. Often you will hear a gas lighter say, "all in good fun" to cover up their real intentions of hurting another. As in you can't take a joke – this is all in good fun, or the old long-standing standby: f**k 'em if they can't take a joke.

Stacy: *So humor can also be a weapon/double-edged sword?*

Charlie: Right. Archie Bunker was a classic gas lighter.

Stacy: *Yep, was that bad?*

Charlie: I would not use the word bad. I would use the words cruel and unhealthy.

Stacy: *I understand your sobriety is important to you. Has comedy helped keep you sober?*

Charlie: No. Comedy helped enrich my life, mostly from

the new friendships I made. Comedians actually make good friends. We endure the struggle together and, even after some make it to the top of the heap, many remain true. The green room is an awesome place to be, in spite of how competitive the business is.

Stacy: *What do you tell comedians who are trying to stay sober on the road?*

Charlie: I would guide a comedian on the road the same way I would guide anybody trying to stay sober. Continue to live by the principles you've learned to get you where you are today. Make them the priority in your life. If you do that the rest will follow. And so sobriety.

Stacy: *You make it sound so simple.*

Charlie: It's an arduous, albeit simple, process to be sure.

Stacy: *What do you want to be when you grow up?*

Charlie: Shortstop for the New York Yankees.

Stacy: *Really, wow, how'd you know?*

Charlie: My only big dream.

Stacy: *From comedy to baseball, from here to eternity. Do we ever fulfill our dreams or just make ends meet?*

Junior JOKES

Q: How do crows stick together in a flock?

A: Velcrow.

Q: What do you call a crate of ducks?

A: A box of quackers.

Q: What robs you while you're in the bathtub?

A: A robber ducky.

Q: Why did Mozart sell his chickens?

A: Because they kept saying "bach bach!"

Q: What do you call a parrot that flew away?

A: A polygon

Q: What do you call a sad bird?

A: A bluebird!

Q: Why did the poultry farmer become a school teacher?

A: So he could grade his eggs.

Q: What kind of math do Snowy Owls like?

A: Owlgebra

Q: Why does a stork stand on one leg?

A: Because it would fall over if it lifted the other one.

Q: Why do hummingbirds hum?

A: Because they don't know the words.

foolish
Shorts



"I had my disappointments with the service.
I found out that a 22 inch
Admiral was only TV set."
– Bella Barth

foolish
Thought

"Betty White is so old
that on her first game
show ever, the grand
prize was fire."
– Lisa Lampanelli

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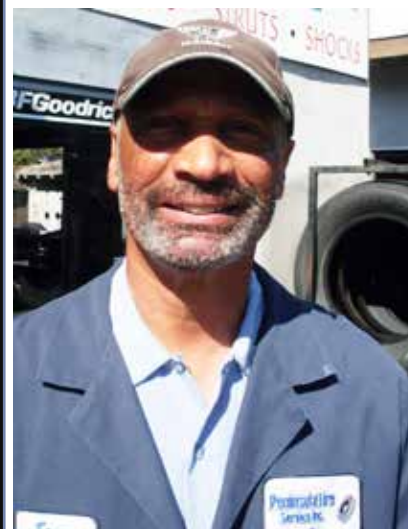
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FUNNY BONES

JOKES SUBMITTED BY THE MEDICAL COMMUNITY

Real Charting:

Patient refused autopsy.

Patient examined, x-rated and sent home.

Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

Patient was found in bed with her power mower.

Patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 2014.

Discharge status: Alive, but without my permission.

NEWS of the WEIRD

By the Editors at Andrews McMeel

The Threatened American Worker

• A local chapter of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees in Battle Creek, Michigan, is butting heads with Western Michigan University this summer after the school brought in a goat crew to clean up an overgrown woodlot on campus, leaving union workers without jobs. The AFSCME's grievance cites a collective bargaining agreement with WMU, but university officials counter that, "the area is rife with poison ivy and other invasive species," which are difficult for humans to remove. The 20-goat crew, rented from Munchers on Hooves in Coldwater, Michigan, is ahead of schedule in clearing a 15-acre area.

With Friends Like These...

• Robert Kanoff, 49, celebrated Independence Day in an unusual way: High on drugs, he was dropped off in his birthday suit at a Tempe, Arizona, Walmart by two people who thought it would be "funny to see him naked," said police. There he walked around the store wearing only shoes and carrying methamphetamines. Maricopa County sheriff's officers caught up with him around 10pm across the street from the store.

The Entrepreneurial Spirit

• First bikes, then cars ... now umbrellas. Maybe. Sharing E Umbrella hit the streets of 11 Chinese cities in April with more than 300,000 umbrellas for rent from subway and bus stations. Unfortunately, the company's founder, Zhao Shuping, didn't provide instructions about returning the rentals after use, and most of the umbrellas have disappeared. Zhao noted his mistake, saying, "Umbrellas are different from bicycles. With an umbrella you need railings or a fence to hang it on." He plans to replenish his stock with 30 million umbrellas nationwide by the end of the year.

Questionable Judgments

• The Do Son Buffalo Fighting Festival, in which water buffalo are pitted against each other, has been a tradition in Hai Phong, Vietnam, since the 18th century. But on July 1, buffalo trainer Dinh Xuan Huong, 46, met his doom when his own bull turned on him. The buffalo first knocked Dinh to the ground, then flipped him over its head, goring Dinh's leg with its horn. Dinh later died at the Vietnam-Czech Friendship Hospital. Buffalo fighting was stopped in the country during the Vietnam War, but the fights resumed in 1990.

Under the Influence

• Police in Slidell, Louisiana, stopped a "car full of drunks" on July 8 and arrested the driver for driving while intoxicated. The car's passengers rode home in a taxi, but one of the women then drove back to the police station to bail out the driver. Slidell officers arrested the woman for DWI, and she joined her friend in jail. "Lesson of the day," Slidell officers posted on their Facebook page: "Don't drive drunk to a police station in order to bail out your drunk friend!"

• Police in Swansea, Illinois, suspect the heir to a brewery fortune has graduated from driving drunk to flying high. August Adolphus Busch IV, 53, landed his helicopter around noon on July 10 in an office complex parking lot outside St. Louis. Police and FAA investigators were still trying to determine why he had landed there and whether any aviation laws had been broken when they were called back to the parking lot around 8 p.m., where Busch, appearing to be intoxicated, was trying unsuccessfully to take off. Swansea police reported that Busch failed field sobriety tests but passed a breath test, and after they secured a warrant, Busch was taken to a local hospital for blood tests. (Also found in the helicopter: four loaded guns, several prescription pill bottles and eight dogs.) At press time, no charges had been filed.

Lacking a Filter

• Baseball fans at the Los Angeles Dodgers-Kansas City Royals game in Dodger Stadium on July 8 were treated to some righteous moves on the dance cam by "Rally Granny," an older fan who capped her performance by flashing her bra at the 40,000-plus spectators. "You don't see THAT much at a baseball stadium," deadpanned

Dodgers first baseman Cody Bellinger (who actually missed the spectacle).

From Bad to Worse

• Two women in Arlington, Texas, called police for help on July 10 as a mentally ill man doused himself with gasoline in preparation to commit suicide. When responding officers began talking with the distraught man, he poured more gasoline on himself and appeared to be holding a lighter in his hand. Hoping to subdue him, one of the officers used his Taser on the man and the gasoline ignited, engulfing him in flames. Officers wrapped him in blankets and removed him from the house. His family reports he was severely burned, and at press time he was in critical condition.

Now You Have Our Attention

• On July 6, IRS workers in Ogden, Utah, received a fake bomb from Normand Lariviere, 68, of Olympia, Washington. The U.S. Navy veteran and former civilian defense contractor has been disgruntled with the Department of Defense since his dismissal in the 1990s and has a history of mailing disturbing objects to the IRS to protest paying taxes. In 2016, Lariviere sent one of his fingers, a bullet and a marijuana joint to tax collectors. "Many things I could do," he threatened. "I'm not going to tip my hand."

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SeasideAutoDealers.com



Roundabouts, AM Radio and Clowns

By Rex Keyes

There are a lot of strange and funny things going on in Monterey County. First of all, everyone is going crazy about roundabouts. There is one on the Highway 1 off ramp by CHOMP. Marina is way ahead of everyone with three roundabouts and more on the way.

Now the State of California is planning on putting roundabouts on Highway 68 between Monterey and Salinas. The present roundabouts have traffic usually going slow, but on Highway 68 the speed limit is 55 mph. So it will be very interesting to see if people navigate a roundabout at 55 mph. And if one has to make a left turn they will have to travel three quarters of the way around

the roundabout before exiting and will they do it at 55 mph? It might be that everyone will go slowly when they approach the roundabout except probably those in sports cars and motorcycles.

Imagine not having to listen to advertising!! It takes some getting used to.

And we have thousands of tourists during holidays and summer time. It will be entertaining to pull up a chair, sit back and get a view of the tourist

traffic at these roundabouts between Monterey and Salinas. Oh, if there is an accident at one of these places, traffic will be backed up for miles and miles as it will probably block all traffic going both ways. Ah yes, a good idea, roundabouts on a highway or as the Russians would say, “nyet.” In other words, “no” in English. But there is no stopping progress; they will be here in the future.

Now how many people listen to AM radio nowadays? Just about everyone has some type of listening device in which music is downloaded. There is a local AM station that plays “old time” music with singers like Sinatra, Dean Martin, Astrud Gilberto, Elvis Presley, Peggy Lee and Barbara Streisand. Baby boomers used to listen to radio and they probably still do. These singers would be familiar to boomers even though they were into heavy 60s and 70s rock-and-roll and that is because their parents listened to these singers on radio.

The station that plays this music is 1240 KNRY in Monterey. The weird thing is that they have absolutely no advertising.

How they operate with no ads is beyond me. Imagine not having to listen to advertising!! It takes some getting used to. This is good soothing music for the older baby boomers to listen to and to go to sleep at night, except for the song about the buzzard taking the monkey for a ride, “Straighten Up and Fly Right.”

Being a fan, I requested them to play songs from a very famous singer called “Sade” (pronounced Shar-day). Well, we will see if this non-advertising station will take requests like other stations that advertise. It will probably take a couple of weeks since everything is pre-recorded ahead of time. Since they can play a song about a buzzard taking a monkey for a ride they should be able to play Sade’s songs.

Finally Halloween is coming up and so are the clowns. “Bring in the Clowns,” a popular song, is making everyone dress up as clowns. There is even a new horror movie about a person dressing up as a clown. So watch out for the clowns and Happy Halloween.

Tony's TICKLERS

Two men were walking home from the Crown & Anchor and decided to take a shortcut through

the cemetery. They were startled by a tap-tap-tapping noise coming from the foggy shadows. Trembling with fear, they found an old man with a hammer and chisel, chipping away at one of the headstones.

“Holy cow, Mister, you scared us half to death. We thought you were a ghost! What are you doing working here so late at night?”

“My family are such fools!” the old man grumbled.

“They misspelled my name and here I have to correct it!”

Tony and Sara are the owners and your friendly hosts at the Crown & Anchor. Don't be afraid! Come in and be delighted by their hospitality and humor.



Can the Full Moon Affect Behavior?

This is a question dating back to the Middle Ages. The influence of a full moon is called a lunar effect. It is commonly thought to bring out bizarre human behavior. Lunacy is derived for the Latin word lunar, meaning “of or relating to the moon.” In the 1800s, a murderer could rely on the defense of lunacy if the crime was committed during a full moon. There have been many studies and way too much time spent on this issue. Let's settle this issue by saying that most modern studies show no evidence of any connection between the moon and human behavior.

It's all in your head along with the voices telling you winning lottery ticket numbers.



GEEK ON THE STREET

By Laura "LA" Soffile

Gots To Have It continued

THERE IS THE OASIS out from the GATED Desert World of false boundaries, a BARLOW FINCHES RESTAURANT! I'm starved! What a bright red door with a sign that says, Suit Yourself, I'll do just that! I am a hearty and adaptable species. But now I must be fed! I am seated and ready. Waiting to take my order, uhmmm Carl? I will look over the menu. WOW, back so quick! Oh, Thank you for the salted bread, I feel the food of today represents the times. Don't you? I think that rock salt is a derivative of a societal representation. Like in the case

of salted caramel where it may be too sweet, so salt is added, and nothing is taken away, only more is added. Consumption levels must stay up, up, up! What do think about that Carl? Carl just walked away without a word to share. Personally, Rock Salt, is a way to tarnish a century old meme of a Little Goes a Long Way.

CRUNCH! OMG! I think the salt crystal just cracked a tooth! Am I bleeding? Not sure...Wow! Hi CARL! I see you are ready to take my order now. I love the homemade Ravioli with lobster filling. A close relative of mine, you know. I have been wanting to chew him for some time now. How many raviolis in this plate?

Two raviolis, I see. LARGE? 1/2 inch round, and the price is \$49 dollars.

I see. Well, I will have mercy on my relative. I need a minute to choose something else. Barlow Finches seems to be creating clinching of certain sphincters which activate squinching and border line Grinching.

I do have some childlike qualities. I can beat the table to death with this spoon if you'd like.

Ah yes Carl, you are speedy crab! I looked over the menu and it all sounds delicious, but I think I will have a quick bite so I will order from the kid's menu. AH! I cannot, I see. I need to be a child or breed one. I do have some childlike qualities. I can beat the table to death with this spoon if you'd like. No, I see. Hmmmmm, may I have a minute to look over the menu again, much obliged. Carl is beginning to perspire through his stoic stance. Could be that nylon glare he persists with.

Hey Carl, I thought I would

find you close by. This is perfect! I would like to order the Brambling Burger. But, not the one off the main menu, the one off the Doggie Menu. It's exactly the same meal as the Burger for \$49 dollars just minus the bread, and a quarter of the price. NO! I see, I must have my Doggie with me. I could show you a pic. NO? I see. AH! LOOK!

I have a DOGGIE HAIR right here on my sleeve as evidence! You'll take it? Need to check with the manager to make sure it is actually dog hair, of course you do. What do they have petri dishes back there?! Wait for it, wait for it, Carl turns the corner and disappears! Now my quick dash out the red door. Whoosh! I was really looking forward to lunching at Barlow Finches. OMG! I still haven't eaten! I am going to faint!

OOOWWWWWW! My shin! That is the largest doggie dish I have ever seen! It looks like a small well! OMG! Doggie TREATS too!! Tempting...

I will make like Doggie and eat and drink right here. Thank Goodness for our loyal canine friends. ARF! ARF! I am so adaptable! Taste like...

*LaLaugh Productions
Performer / Published Author
lalaugh6@gmail.com*

foolish SEARCH

Celebrate National Dessert Day this month with a sweet treat on the 14th!

Answers on pg 24

D	J	S	G	X	Q	Z	G	E	V	N	S	E	F	S
R	A	P	P	L	E	R	T	B	I	C	F	I	R	O
A	U	S	I	M	A	R	I	T	H	N	Y	K	L	R
T	C	P	J	N	I	A	F	E	R	G	W	O	A	B
S	R	X	I	F	B	B	E	I	O	B	X	O	E	E
U	E	N	L	A	G	S	M	K	C	T	R	C	R	T
C	M	E	K	C	E	N	S	W	E	M	A	E	R	B
W	E	E	E	C	E	E	L	U	R	B	G	L	A	D
G	D	B	A	K	L	A	V	A	N	N	U	K	E	D
Q	Z	K	A	P	D	K	P	V	I	D	S	U	P	G
S	E	O	O	O	B	C	N	D	N	A	A	Z	E	C
A	K	B	A	B	H	J	D	N	L	A	K	E	I	R
I	J	B	L	E	X	U	J	A	Y	Q	L	W	P	U
E	W	M	C	Z	P	L	C	Y	U	D	U	F	N	K
R	N	L	E	X	L	B	L	X	F	V	E	W	Y	A

Cheesecake
Brownie
Apple
Pie
Custard
Bread
Pudding
Sundae
Sorbet
Tiramisu
Trifle
Creme
Brulee
Gelato
Cookie
Baked
Alaska
Babka
Baklava
Flan

foolish Shorts



"You know you've reached middle age when you're cautioned to slow down by your doctor, instead of the police."

— Joan Rivers

Foolish Sudoku

Answers

from page 10

8	3	9	7	4	1	2	5	6
7	4	6	9	2	5	3	1	8
2	5	1	8	3	6	7	9	4
1	7	5	4	6	8	9	3	2
4	9	2	5	1	3	6	8	7
3	6	8	2	7	9	1	4	5
9	2	3	6	5	4	8	7	1
5	1	7	3	8	2	4	6	9
6	8	4	1	9	7	5	2	3

foolish Laugh

Last Halloween there was a knock on the door. I looked out of the window and then shouted upstairs to my wife, "Honey there's a witch at the door. What shall I do?" She shouted back, "Just give her some candy and tell her to get lost." My mother-in-law hasn't spoken to me since.

Foolish Search

Answers

from page 23

D	+	+	+	+	+	+	E	+	+	+	E	+	S		
R	A	P	P	L	E	+	T	+	I	C	+	I	+	O	
A	U	S	I	M	A	R	I	T	H	N	+	K	+	R	
T	C	+	+	+	I	+	+	E	+	+	W	O	+	B	
S	R	+	+	F	B	+	E	+	O	B	+	O	+	E	
U	E	+	L	A	+	S	+	+	+	T	R	C	R	T	
C	M	E	K	+	E	+	S	+	+	+	A	E	+	B	
+	E	E	+	C	E	E	L	U	R	B	G	L	A	+	
+	D	B	A	K	L	A	V	A	N	+	K	E	D	+	
+	+	K	+	+	+	+	+	+	I	D	S	+	+	G	
+	E	+	+	+	+	+	D	N	A	A	+	E	+	+	
A	K	B	A	B	+	+	D	+	L	A	+	E	+	+	
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	U	+	A	+	+	L	+	P	+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	P	+	+	+	+	+	+	F	+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+

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Green Thumbs Up!

By Lily Brun

Fat Bodies ... A Good Thing

In the garden world, plants come in all shapes and sizes. There's no judgement or criticism; everyone plays well together in the garden beds.

Some of my favorite playmates are succulents. The word succulent comes from the Latin "sucus" which means juice or sap. Those fat, juicy, sap-filled leaves help them stay alive in hot, austere conditions. So, plumper is better. It's a healthy attitude.

There's no shame. There's no, "If I could just lose those last few ounces of sap I'd feel so much better." There's no Atkins or South Beach or Paleo diet to follow. There's no squeezing into too small spaces with the hope of looking better.

These water storage plants delight in water weight gain. That swollen and fleshy appearance indicates a robustness known

as succulence ... a word that just sounds enticing.

We, gardeners that is, tend to prune, trim, cut and cajole plants to grow the way we want them to, changing their appearance to suit our vision. Not so with succulents. They're best when left to their own brilliant devices. (Maybe every plant is, but that's another story.) These tenacious plants know how to collect and store water. When it rains, they absorb it as quickly as possible. In the hot desert, water evaporates quickly, so their shallow and extensive root system is primed to grab any moisture into their stems and leaves before it disappears. Any snips or nips would mess with this very successful system. It's a lesson in acceptance for things as they should be.

Succulents symbolize enduring and timeless love ... at least, in the language of flowers we've developed. Who knows what they're actually saying behind our

backs. But endurance is certainly key to their make-up.

In the Chinese philosophical system of Feng shui, they symbolize money and gold. Hmm ... I haven't seen that materialize from my plants. Maybe that's where the endurance aspect comes in. I just have to be patient. Or fertilize more.

They do produce, however, mini-versions of themselves, little succulent pups which are like gold

in the garden world. One plant can have hundreds of babies. Hens and chicks is one type. They look nothing like poultry, but it's as fun discovering new babies as it is finding eggs in the hen house. And if you have chickens and sell your eggs you do get money. So in a round-about way, this line of reasoning supports the money and gold theory. Right?

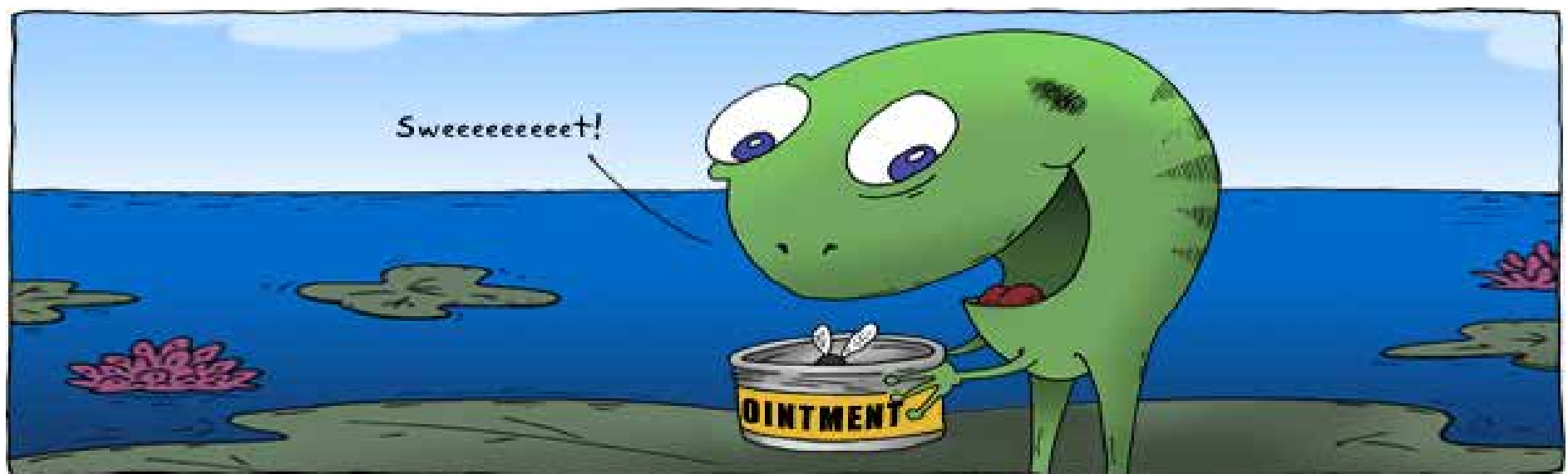
It could be I've just been out in the sun too long. Or been pricked by a cactus thorn. Or haven't drunk enough water.

I clearly need a succulence boost. Gotta find my aloe plant.

foolish
Shorts



"The secret to glowing old gracefully:
Never read advice in Women's
magazines. All that advice will kill you."
- Cloris Leachman



FOOLIN' AROUND TOWN

October 3

Virus Appreciation Day

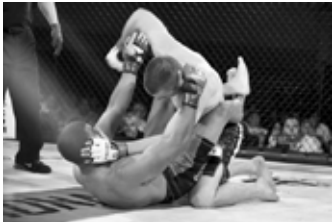
A day to better understand and combat these infectious agents that live inside any living cells of other organisms. Hitting your computer with a baseball bat will not get rid of the virus running in the background.

October 6

First Friday Art Walk

The county's longest ongoing art walk brings out the best artist receptions, poetry, music, dance and magic.

1stfridays.org



October 7

Central Coast Throwdown

MMA comes to Salinas. Our local boys and girls take a whack at the best of the Bay Area.

ccthrowdown.com

October 11

It's My Party Day

No reason or excuses needed to celebrate today. Take the time to honor yourself.

October 12-15

Pirelli World Challenge

The last event of the race year Featuring Grand Touring and Touring cars in a sprint race format.

mazdaraceway.com

October 12

Great Conversations

A cross section of eight of the MIIS's known experts for a gourmet meal and lively discussions on diverse and stimulating current topics.

alumni.miis.edu



October 14

Pawlitzer Prize

The Pulitzer prize celebrates one hundred years while this event is the first in the most dog friendly town in America

carmelchamber.org



October 14-15

Monterey Historyfest

Experience our unique cultural heritage and historic resources.

Bringing the past to life with community wide events.

historicmonterey.org

October 15

Ciclovia

Making the streets safe for bikes, skating and pedestrians.

cicloviasalinas.org

October 15

The Wharf's 172nd Birthday

The event will commemorate the Argentine pirate Hippolyte Bouchard who raided and occupied Monterey in 1818.

Music, special menu treats and cake.

montereywharf.com

October 17

Wear Something Gaudy Day

Bright colors, bad fabrics and intense patterns rule the day.

October 18-22

Carmel International Film Fest

A premier event with awards given in several categories.

carmelfilmfest.com

October 19

Howie Mandel

His versatile career includes participation on an Emmy-Award winning TV show and the children's series, Bobby's World. Howie has become a mainstay of the American comedy scene.

goldenstatetheatre.com



October 21

Pumpkin Plunge

Swim with the pumpkins. A family friendly event at the Pattullo Swim Center.

ci.seaside.ca



October 21-22

ROTA Fair

Just in time to check in on your good fortune for the new year.

Psychics, lectures, product vendors and Healing Arts Expo.

rotapsychicfair.com

October 26

Ron White

Cigar smoking, scotch drinking funnyman from the Blue Collar Comedy Tour. This man is a true story teller.

goldenstatetheatre.com

October 29

Hermit Day

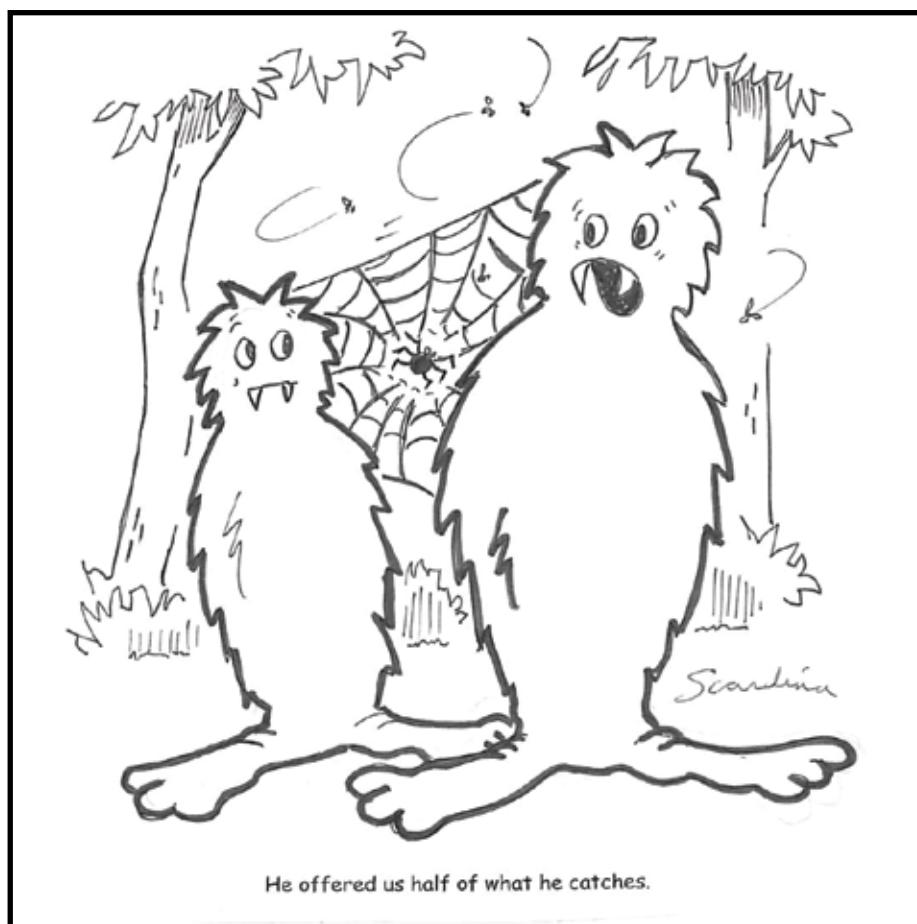
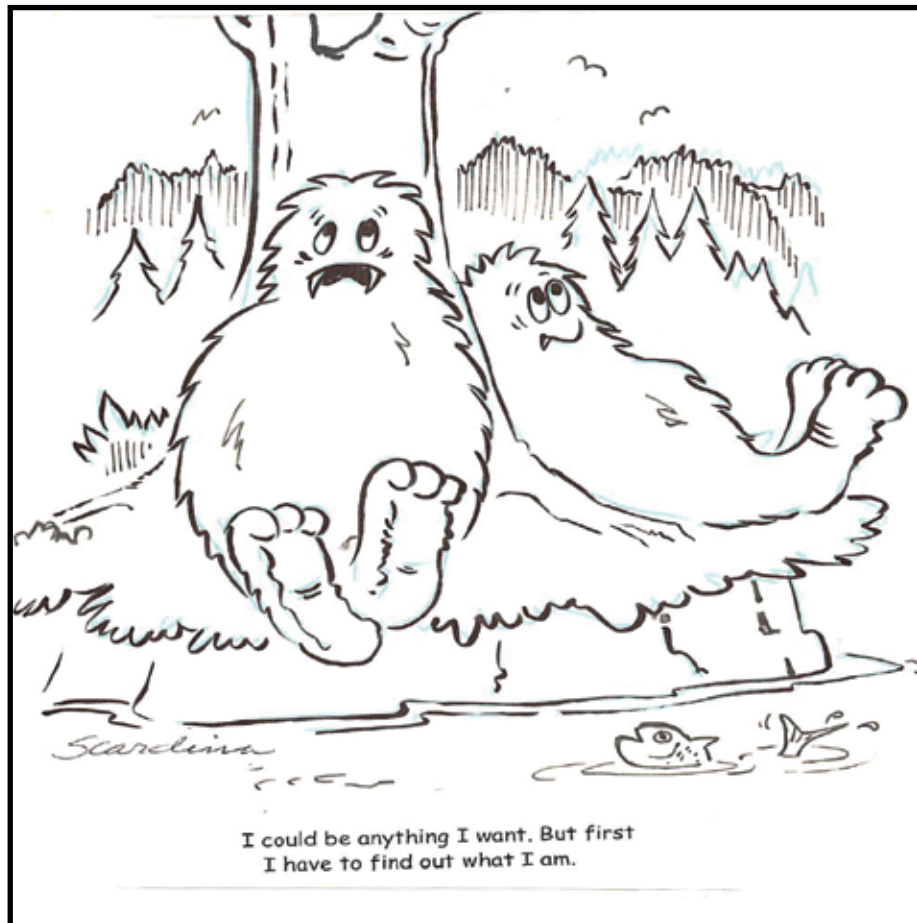
Remove all electronic gadgets, lock the doors, Lower the blinds and be with yourself just for one day.



October 31

Halloween

All Hallows Eve is a day for costumes, candy and carved pumpkins. Celebrate responsibly.



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