

WOOL

I love wool, and D. H. Evans in Knightsbridge is the best place in the world to buy a woolen sweater or skirt.

However, I hate sheep, and especially people who act like sheep, running and bleating through Knightsbridge unseeingly past the front window of D. H. Evans where I'm trying on purple, orange and especially gray sweaters and skirts.

When I can afford to buy these woolens I will carry them home in a large white bag with D. H. Evans printed on in black, walking down the middle of Knightsbridge High Street instead of the sidewalk, then riding on the roof of the train to Sutton, so everyone can see I'm not a sheep.

MY SISTER

Marilyn lives with a Man. Surely she has enough trouble with two adult sons. I go there to eat and there's so little food I nearly starve, yet Marilyn has enough energy to giggle and run up and down the stairs with Jack.

And to think one son is a policeman, the other sang in St. Paul's Choir and now has an Italian girlfriend and a three-wheeled car and climbs in the window at 3 A.M.

My sister does all the things I would never do, and has a porcelain bath in the back garden and a chi hua hua. To think I live in Sutton and she lives in Lewisham! To think she works as a kindergarten teacher, or doesn't work at all. And she's Church of England.

Well this all goes to prove the only intelligent people are Catholics.

GREAT POETESS

After the fat woman had read about a thousand great poems about food the audience started throwing great tomatoes, great lettuces and great thousand island dressing at her.