

SORRY FOR MY ELF

Worry sores, the result of a recent series of traumas, have appeared on the head of my Elf. Despondent, he sits alone, muttering in his blue grotto.

"My ears have heard too much of the wrong thing," he whimpers, "and too little of the right thing."

"We should put a little salve on those sores, old fellow," I tell him. "We could at least stop the itching."

Carefully, I shave the head of my Elf, taking care not to nick the sores, and I bathe his knobby noggin in witch hazel, and I spread sweet salve over his worry sores.

Biggest of them all, of course, is the woman-trouble sore, bigger even than the ego sore, the career sore, the money sore, the existence sore

Oh, my poor, dear Elf.

HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE

Make your cat smoke some cigarettes. If he won't do it, then feed him leftover mice from cancer research. Mix snuff with his cat chow. Pretty soon he'll be begging for nicotine the way he used to beg for salmon.

Next, get your dog hooked on vodka. When he's drunk, he'll turn nasty and chase the cat who won't be able to run very fast because he's been smoking all those cigarettes.

Pop open a capsule of your wife's favorite tranquilizer. Sprinkle the powder over the fish tank. Watch those fishies grin.

If your bird is nervous, walking sideways on her perch, watching you from the corner of her eye, put little BBs of hashish in her bird seed. She never tastes anything anyway; she gulps her food. And soon she's singing wildly.

As for yourself, take up poetry or the classifieds. Pay your taxes and hang around the house.

-- Joseph Nicholson

Lock Haven PA