

Druella Acantha Malvina's Column

Gem for the month: A well-chosen word can speak volumes.

A married couple was in a terrible accident where the woman's face was severely burned. The doctor told her husband they needed a donor for skin grafts.

The husband agreed to donate but the only skin suitable was from his buttocks. Husband, wife and doctor all agreed to tell no one where the skin came from.

After surgery everyone was astounded at how quickly the wife healed and that she was more beautiful than ever.

One day the wife wanted to show how much she appreciated her husband's sacrifice. She said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me. How can I ever repay you?"

"My darling," he replied, "I get all the thanks I need every time I see your mother kiss you on the cheek."

Life on the Farm

"Late again!" the fourth-grade teacher sternly said to little Johnny.

"It ain't my fault this time, Miss Russell. You can blame this 'un on my Daddy. The reason I'm three hours late is my Daddy sleeps naked!"

Now, Miss Russell had taught grammar school for thirty-some odd years. Despite her mounting fears, she asked little Johnny to explain.

Now little Johnny and trouble were old friends but he always told her the truth.

"You see, Miss Russell, out at the farm we got this here low down fox. The last few nights he done ate six hens. Last night when Daddy heard a noise out in the chicken pen, he grabbed his shot gun and said to my ma, 'That fox is back again, I'm gonna git him. Stay back.' Daddy whispered to all us kids.

"My Daddy was naked as a jaybird – no boots, no pants, no shirt. To the hen house he crawled. Then he stuck that double-barreled 12 gauge shot gun through the window of the coop. As he stared into the darkness with a fox on his mind, our old hound dog, Rip, had done gone and woke up and comes sneaking up behind Daddy.

"Then, as we all looked on, plumb helpless, old Rip done went and stuck his cold nose in my Daddy's crack! Miss Russell, we all been chasin' chickens since three o'clock this mornin'!"

How Cats are Like Women

- Cats do what they want.
- They rarely listen to you.
- They're totally unpredictable.
- They whine when they are not happy.
- When you want to play, they want to be left alone.
- When you want to be left alone, they want to play.
- They expect you to cater to their every whim.
- They're moody.
- They leave hair everywhere.
- They drive you nuts and cost an arm and a leg.

Conclusion: *They're tiny little women in cheap fur coats.*

Exit Lines:

I had lunch with a chess champion the other day. It took him 20 minutes to pass the salt.

Q: *What's the hardest part about skydiving?*

A: *The ground*

Consider: *If the enemy is in range, so are you.*

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