

More Jack Handey

by Rev. Joe Dirt - Friday, October 31, 2008

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I can picture in my mind a world without War, a world without Hate. and I can picture us attacking that world, because they'd never expect it.

A child's face says it all. Especially the mouth part.

When I was a kid my favorite relative was Uncle Caveman. After school we'd all go play in his cave, and every once in a while he would eat one of us. It wasn't until later that I found out that Uncle Caveman was a bear.

When a child asks what causes rain, I like to tell em that it's God crying. When they ask why God's crying I like to tell them, "probably because of something you did."

It's sad that a family can be torn apart by something as simple as a pack of wild dogs.

One thing kids like is to be tricked. For instance, I was going to take my little nephew to Disneyland, but instead I drove him to an old burned-out warehouse. "Oh, no," I said. "Disneyland burned down." He cried and cried, but I think that deep down, he thought it was a pretty good joke. I started to drive over to the real Disneyland, but it was getting pretty late.

If trees could scream would we be so cavalier about cutting them down? Maybe. If they screamed all the time, for no good reason.

I hope in the future Americans are thought of as a warlike, vicious people, because I bet a lot of high schools would pick 'Americans' as their mascot.

If you ever crawl inside an old hollow log and go to sleep, and while you're in there some guys come and seal up both ends and then put it on a truck and take it to another city, boy, I don't know what to tell you.

When I was a kid, I heard my parents talking about how they couldn't afford to pay the bills this month. I knew what I had to do. I took my piggy bank and buried in the back yard where they couldn't get their dirty mitts on it.

It takes a big man to cry.

But it takes an even BIGGER man, to point- and laugh at that man.

To me, clowns aren't funny. In fact, they're kind of scary. I've wondered where this started and I think it goes back to the time I went to the circus, and a clown killed my dad.

If you ever drop your keys in lava- forget it, man, they're gone.

If you're in a war, instead of throwing a hand grenade at the enemy, throw one of those small pumpkins. Maybe it'll make everyone think how stupid war is, and while they are thinking, you can throw a real grenade at them.

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