

**My friend, Mike Buchan, who lives in Russia, sent along these puns for everyone to enjoy. Some of them are sort of old – but all are worth another look-see. Thanks, Mike.**

**1. A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess looks at him and says, "I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger."**

**2. Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says, "Dam!"**

**3. Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.**

**4. Two hydrogen atoms meet. One says, "I've lost my electron." The other says, "Are you sure?" The first replies "Yes, I'm positive."**

**5. Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocain during a root canal? His goal: transcendental medication.**

**6. A group of chess enthusiasts checked into a hotel and were standing in the lobby discussing their recent tournament victories. After about an hour, the manager came out of the office and asked them to disperse. But why?", they asked, as they moved off. "Because," he said, "I can't stand chess-nuts boasting in an open foyer."**

**7. A woman delivers a set of identical twins and decides to give them up for adoption. One of them goes to a family in Egypt and is named "Ahmal." The other goes to a family in Spain; they name him "Juan." Years later, Juan sends a picture of himself to his birth mother. Upon receiving the picture, she tells her husband that she wishes she also had a picture of Ahmal. Her husband responds, "They're twins! If you've seen Juan, you've seen Ahmal."**

**8. There was a group of friars who were behind on their belfry payments, so they opened up a small florist shop to raise funds. Since everyone liked to buy flowers from the men of God, a rival florist across town thought the competition was unfair. He asked the good fathers to close down, but they**

would not. He went back and begged the friars to close. They ignored him. So, the rival florist hired Hugh MacTaggart, the roughest and most vicious thug in town to "persuade" the friars to close. Hugh beat up the friars and trashed their store, saying he'd be back if they didn't close up shop. Terrified, they did so, thereby proving that only Hugh, and only Hugh can prevent florist friars.

**9. Mahatma Gandhi, as you know, walked barefoot most of the time, which produced an impressive set of calluses on his feet. He also ate very little, which made him rather frail and, with his odd diet, he suffered from bad breath. This made him (Oh, dude, this is so bad, it's good.....) a super calloused fragile mystic hexed by halitosis.**

**10. And finally, there was the person who sent ten different puns to friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh. No pun in ten did.**

Do you have favorite puns? You can send them to me at [bethscribble@aol.com](mailto:bethscribble@aol.com) for use here!

Why we are doing a "Best I Can Do" issue – or maybe issues of BNFT.

#### **A letter from what's left of your editor:**

There are myriad reasons for all that has happened since last May. I'll try to put them in more or less order and see if they make any sense at all.

First, I was happily building the June issue of BNFT and had it ready to send in PDF format to Alastair at electricscotland. My files would not change to PDF. I had just purchased another new Adobe Acrobat program which had worked perfectly the month before.

This time, I was told by the computer guy at the computer company that I could no longer use PageMaker 7.2. I was told I had to purchase the InDesign program. I did protest loudly...but, to no avail. I was told the new program would arrive in a week or ten days.

When I went back to work after speaking with the computer guy, my June issue was gone. That's disappeared. That's flat dab gone. I spent hours trying to find it...and did finally find a copy of Section A...but I cannot print it nor can I save it to PDF.

Remember, we had been moving since 13 February. I had produced issues right on time since then...and had one ready to go when this whole mess started. Those sections just disappeared.

Trying to think what to do, I thought, "Well, InDesign is next step up from PageMaker they say. It'll be here in a few days and I'll just start June over again."

We were moving carloads of things from Walhalla to Clarkesville, GA each day...that's me loading the car and Tom drove the 40 miles to our new to us house...When we arrived, mostly I would unload the car and put away the things we had brought. By this time – and we had hired trucks and movers for maybe half a dozen loads like that – I was more than tired. I'd sleep going and coming and then fall into bed, asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I kept looking in the mail for the program...and it did not come.

After much time had passed, it occurred to me that my program was way late. I called the computer program folks...only to learn that Tom's credit card had been turned down because the address did not match our new address.

They had no reason to give me why nobody had called me about this.

“It will be there in another week or ten days,” I was told again.

“Okie Dokey,” I said in a disbelieving voice. I was correct. It took the program two more months to arrive here.

By this time, I was beyond exhausted. We were still moving carloads of things each day from there to the new place.

I lost a bunch of weight during this time as we were eating out 99% of the time and I was too tired to think about eating anyway.

When the program did arrive, my computer parts were carefully on the guest bed...and there were so many other things in that room, I could not get to the bed...and my office was piled to the ceiling with things, so no place to put the computer either.

I'm leaving out many long, drawn out details of our “adventures in moving” such as the day when we paid 2 guys to move four heavy, heavy pieces of furniture...Tom's desk he has used since college, a very heavy Parsons table and two tall cabinets that he had purchased many years ago.

When the guys arrived, they got the things onto the porch (Actually it is a veranda since it goes around three sides of the house)...and I went downstairs to the basement to make a place for the big table. I did so and came back upstairs...only to discover that these two guys had left the things on the porch and had left.

It was about to rain...so, Tom tried to help me at least move things so they would not get wet and be ruined. I think that's the time I pulled a big muscle in my back that hurts to this day. To be honest, I just cried for about 2 hours. What were we going to do?

The guys had asked for their money, too, before they left.

After a sleepless night although I was so tired....I called our realtor the next morning and he sent two really wonderful Mexican gentlemen who worked miracles.

I looked at the new InDesign program...and was simply gobsmacked. “I'll have to go to school again,” I thought. I had been to Moultrie Tech 11-12 years ago to learn PageMaker. The instructions to the new program were in computereeze....

About this time, it was August...and we were still hauling loads of things from Tom's house. I guess I should come clean and confess we planned to make the rather large basement into a library with books from me, Tom, his late brother and his late mother.

I never ever counted those boxes, but it had to be hundreds.

By this time, simply exhausted sounded like a vacation. I was wrung out....but did not feel I could do anything but keep on keepin' on.

There came a night when we had finally started staying at the new house. I woke up when Tom came downstairs from his office and we were laughing and talking. I decided I should tickle him...and with Tom the only tickle place he has is when you blow in his ear.

Up I got and walked around the bed and blew in his sweet ear.

I remember walking to go back to my side of the bed and saying something to him. I thought, "Gee, that didn't work, I'll have to try again."

It's sort of funny now...but Tom thought I was speaking Penguin. We tease and laugh about speaking in Penguin all the time as Tom LOVES penguins...I was NOT doing that. I was trying to say something more or less normal to him and it just did not work.

I began to tremble and shake. I sat there about 3 or four minutes and then managed to say clearly, "Tom, there's something awful wrong. I cannot speak clearly."

Normally, it takes Tom maybe 5 minutes to get out of bed and get back into his wheelchair. This time, he was on my side of the bed in what felt like 2 seconds. He was white as a bleached sheet...

His father had strokes before he passed away, so Tom knew what to ask me...and I could do everything...

We both were crying and scared.

Tom wanted to call 911. I had my stuffborn self on and refused to go anywhere...except just to bed and to sleep. Yes, I got hollered at later by nurses and doctors for this.

I woke up the next morning just fine, just tired – like I had been for months. Tom insisted that I stay in bed – and I slept all day long.

I did call a doctor, who could not see me for almost a month.

When I finally saw him, he said it was just a TIA (little stroke) that would never happen again. He had me go to Gainesville, GA for a carotid artery scan – which was clear.

We were then notified that Tom's house had been bought. We had to finish our moving within two weeks....so, back to the hauling routine every day. We hired some folks who did cart more stuff over. Under that deadline, I could not put things away – and the house became a mess very quickly.

In the back of my mind, I knew I had to get back to work on BNFT asap...but now everything was a real mess and on top of that I was so frightened of something else happening. My head had all it could handle right then.

On a Saturday morning, I was brushing my teeth and noticed that my face looked funnier than usual...and told Tom. He insisted that we go to the hospital to have it checked out...and we did.

I was answering questions from a nurse, and all of a sudden I was speaking gibberish again.

They scooped me up and hauled me to the Intensive Care unit. All of a sudden, I heard them talking about “clot buster” shots...and then I think I passed out.

Fortunately, I woke up again and that was the beginning of a nine day hospital visit. I was tested for everything I can imagine.

During this time, they discovered I am a Type 2 diabetic. This is a very good thing to know. My mother and my brother had diabetes...so, I was not surprised. I was surprised a little since I had – nor have – any of the diabetic symptoms. I heal quicker than anyone. My eyes are fine as I had cataract surgery a couple of years ago and can see the pupil of an eagle's eye. My feet are sort of funny looking with one English foot and one Scottish foot, but a podiatrist said I have completely healthy feet. Etc., etc.

Tom immediately told me not to worry about anything and he would see to my shots and my tests and all the medications. I'm old enough to understand that this is greatest romantic statement of the century!

(I am happy to report that my numbers are now fine. This morning, my blood sugar was 102!) The diet is now easy to follow – 60 carbohydrates per meal. I'll do whatever it takes to remain healthy. How did I get to be so fortunate?

After all of my nine day stay, I finally got to come home the 2<sup>nd</sup> of November.

Lots of rest was prescribed. I have been treated like a Queen by Tom...and my cats. I have learned about being rested.

I thought everything was going to be fine...but Thanksgiving afternoon, I went downstairs to bring Christmas decorations upstairs...and when I got back with them, I was speaking gibberish again.

I was in a real panic this time. Tom called 911 and they hauled me back to the hospital. I was fine by the time we got there, but my new Doctor asked that I stay overnight for “observation.”

Early the next morning, Dr. McDonald, came into my room and said, “I do not think you've been having strokes.” He said, “They do not last long enough. Stokes last at least two hours.”

So, I have an appointment with a neurological doctor in Gainesville, GA in January. I am on the neurological medication and am finally rested some. I still can't work the InDesign...but even if everything is sort of awful looking, I cannot wait another minute to get back into my producing a publication of some kind for you.

My readers have been so kind. Thank you to everyone who has sent cards or called.

This publication can only get better.

I'm going to ask Alastair to put up pages as I produce them.

I will let you know what the official news is regarding what has happened.

With best wishes and much love for you all...and the best Christmas possible.