

The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 01 Oct 2009 18:33

Presenting GYE's official happy pick-me-up thread!!!!

Pictures that will make you smile ;D and laugh :D

www.poster.net/hollist-mike/hollist-mike-hair-raising-experience-8500363.jpg

ihasahotdog.files.wordpress.com/2008/12/funny-dog-pictures-this-dog-wants-three-hotdogs.jpg

www.slackers.co.za/uploads/20070712/hilarious.jpg

www.guy-sports.com/fun_pictures/car_cross_only.jpg

www.guy-sports.com/fun_pictures/road_surprises.jpg

1.bp.blogspot.com/_B7iJN32O15U/SKZxyE-0QGI/AAAAAAAAAQg/V42NDjI7vZU/s400/2261-Cool+Funny+Pictures+-+Photos+-+Hilarious+-+Humor+-+Images+-+.jpg

s-fun.com/wp-content/uploads/2008/10/327.jpg

Some funny quotes

"Why does Sea World have a seafood restaurant?? I'm halfway through my fish burger and I realize, Oh man....I could be eating a slow learner."

"I'm in no condition to drive...wait! I shouldn't listen to myself, I'm drunk!" -Homer J. Simpson

"I do not like broccoli. And I haven't liked it since I was a little kid and my mother made me eat it. And I'm President of the United States and I'm not going to eat any more broccoli." -George Bush.

"You have to stay in shape. My grandmother, she started walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 today and we don't know where the heck she is."

"The pen is mightier than the sword, and considerably easier to write with."

"Sometimes I lie awake at night, and I ask, 'Where have I gone wrong?' Then a voice says to me, 'This is going to take more than one night.' "

"On my first day in New York a guy asked me if I knew where Central Park was. When I told him I didn't he said, 'Do you mind if I mug you here?'."

A joke

1)A young Jewish man was visiting a psychiatrist, hoping to cure his eating and sleeping disorder. "Every thought I have turns to my mother," he told the psychiatrist. "As soon as I fall asleep and begin to dream, everyone in my dream turns into my mother. I wake up so upset that all I can do is go downstairs and eat a piece of toast."

The psychiatrist replied, "What, just one piece of toast for a big boy like you?"

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by Aryeh821 - 20 May 2016 15:19

[markz wrote:](#)

Important News

1. All teenagers should get a high school education-even if they already know everything.
 2. I read recipes the same way I read science fiction. I get to the end and think, "Well, that's not going to happen."
 3. Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals - dying of nothing.
 4. The other night I ate at a real nice family restaurant. Every table had an argument going.
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- 1 you're just saying that because you want to fill our heads with useless information like math,science, history ETC
 - 2 who reads these days
 - 3 nuts don't die
 - 4 they were reading texts out loud?

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by markz - 23 May 2016 01:47

I really like this one...

I'm not 40-something. I'm \$39.95,

plus shipping and handling.

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by markz - 24 May 2016 23:06

ETERNAL TRUTHS

I love cooking with wine. Sometimes I even put it in the food.

If it weren't for STRESS I'd have no energy at all.

Whatever hits the fan will not be evenly distributed.

Everyone has a photographic memory. Some just don't have film.

Once over the hill, you pick up speed.

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)

Posted by markz - 26 May 2016 02:01

THE OTHER ETERNAL TRUTHS

Men are from earth. Women are from earth. Deal with it.

Middle age is when broadness of the mind and narrowness of the waist change places.

Opportunities always look bigger going than coming.

Junk is something you've kept for years and throw away three weeks before you need it.

Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

A balanced diet is a cookie in each hand.

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)

Posted by markz - 10 Jun 2016 00:56

[Quote from: ben durdayah on January 12, 2011, 11:22:37 PM](#)

But No Green Elephants

Once upon a time (*that's how all the corny stories start...No?*) in a shtetl which is bigger than Bardsville and smaller than Bardichev there lived a few hundred simple country folk. Unlike Bardsville, Bardichev, or Brooklyn, this was a *really* boring shtetl; and if not for the occasional Poritz riding through and trampling a few skunks en-route, chances are that the non-enterprising gentile population of this shtetl (*actually it was probably more of a derfel than a shtetl, so says Chaim Yankel the Road-Kill butcher*) would never have fleishigs, period.

One day a stranger came into the derfel's marketplace, and announced that he sells all-natural remedies that can cure any illness...

The stranger even offered to demonstrate his wares free of charge on the first lucky volunteer, in order to establish his credentials among the local populace. Being non-enterprising, as the gentile population of this derfel were, almost noone took up the stranger on his offer ... except for one. Janek the Panhandler (he used to attach the handles to pots and pans... that was his profession, says Chaim Yankel, whose Elter Zaide Chaim Yankel was the Road-Kill butcher in the next shtetl over is the one who told the story to his einikel -Grunem the Road-Kill Butcher of Brownsville...).

Janek the Panhandler stepped forward, and in hushed tones detailed his ailments to the dapper stranger....

"Eeeeh, What's up Doc? (*sorry...I couldn't hold that back*). See, the past couple a days, Ise beed sdeezid' and coughid' a tod...Fever...Stuffed Dose...I duddo what's goid' od ad all!"

The dapper doctor looked Janek straight in the eye, and said, "I see on the whites of your eyes that you have contracted the dreaded commonus coldus respiratorous infectiones!!!"

It was all Janek could do to keep from fainting....

"I have **WHAT!!!**"

"Listen to me sir... You are so lucky that we caught this in time, and to think if I wouldn't have just been passing through town...tsk tsk...."

"Doctor! What are you trying to say!!!"

"Look, I do have a special formula to treat what's ailing you, the regular price is about...a million zloties..."

"A MILLION WHAT!!!" (*See Bard's I did use caps...*)

"Look, today is your lucky day, you're the first customer in this village, and I said that the first case is on me. So here...take two of these white pills every six hours for the next two days, and make sure to drink plenty of fluids and rest... and hopefully it's not too late... and you'll pull through..."

Well, Janek did as told, and by day three the hamlet was buzzing with the news that the dapper doctor had saved Janek from near-Death!

It wasn't long before the dapper doctor had droves of the hapless hamlet inhabitants at his door...

In a small hut at the outskirts of the little village lived a Yid, named Zanzvil Schwartz. Rather appropriately, he was a Shtreimel-Macher, that is until he was struck with rheumatic arthritis. As his age advanced he was forced to cut down shtreimel production to a bare minimum (you all know what kind of hard work shtreimel making entails YUK,YUK,YUK) as he could no longer turn a road-killed possum carcass into a shtreimel that was fit to wear (Chaim-Yankel says that this was even way back then when a shtreimel was reminiscent of a cat's tail on a rainy day with a velvet yarmulke in the middle). So Zanzvil and Devorah -his unbearable, nagging, overbearing, machsheifa of a devoted wife -were left without a source of income.

Zanzvil tried a number of ideas that didn't require a good set of hands, such as Kretschme-Keeping, but since the non-enterprising gentile population of the derfel were non-enterprising even for a group of non-enterprising gentiles, the debts mounted and the gains lost. So Zanzvil was forced to close the Kretschme and sell his house in the center of the derfel, and move out to a hut (Chaim Yankel says that some say that it was more of a shack than a hut) at the outskirts of the derfel. But our hero Zanzvil was not left without a penny, he moved out to his hut accompanied by two precious treasures (In Devorah's opinion-and boy, was Devorah opinionated - Zanzvil possessed three treasures).

The first and most precious of the treasures, the apple of Zanzvil's eye -the only reason he kept waking up in the morning (don't tell Devorah) - his lovely, talented, and pious daughter Ruchi. At fifteen, she would soon be in need of a fitting dowry. For his only daughter, Zanzvil was not willing to compromise, and so he put away over the years what grew into his second treasure -5000 golden coins -a tidy sum by any standard. Penniless as he was, he didn't think of touching this treasure, which he kept buried deep in the forest, where it waited for Ruchi to come of age. Even rendered penniless, Zanzvil and Devorah refused to touch that stash, and preferred to sell their luxurious (by non-enterprising gentile standards) two room hovel in the Derfel and move to a hut on the outskirts of town.

Zanzvil came home after a long day of looking for parnussah, at parnussah, at things that look like parnussah- but no such luck. He didn't come home emptyhanded, for when he saw that his prospects of employment as a day-laborer were bleak (*even Grunem the Road-Kill butcher said that he had no use for him*) he grabbed a hitch with a buggy that was making the trip into the nearby shtetl, where he proceeded to make the rounds of all the shteeblach by Mincha-Ma'ariv. Satisfied with the proceeds, he made his way to the town square, and looked for a hitch back home. But none was forthcoming.

Well, Zanzvil was nobody's fool, it was cold outside -and that sure did no wonders for his rheumatic arthritis -so he made his way back to the Shomrei Shabbos Sheel (*where the Gabbai announces hitches as they become available- just without a microphone, I did say once upon a time -didn't I?*) where he could warm his aching bones with a steaming cup of tea.

As Zanzvil entered the Sheel, a breathtaking sight caught his eyes (*soundtrack=violins galore, angel wings flapping etc. etc.*).

There he sat... in a corner, shuckling over his stender....his high brow furrowed in concentration....his deep blue eyes burning with passion as they swallowed one line of Gemara after another...absentmindedly toying with a golden linke paye... RUCHI'S BASHERTE!!! Zanzvil was sure, there can be no mistake...

"Tell me...", said Zanzvil in hushed tones to the first person his hand could grab ahold of and shuckling him like a leelav (or klopping him like a hoishannna), "W-h-o i-s tha-t Bachur...o-o-o-over there?"

"Well", said the hapless passerby, "I'd be glad to tell you... But would you mind letting go of my arm first? You're KILLING me!!!"

"Oh, Sorry". said Zanzvil.

"Thank you kindly. And for your information, that is Yankel Friedenstein... the pride of Volozhin and his mother, Channa who they call 'the Taddeikes Nisteres' and his father is Hershel the Jeweler who's known as 'The terror of the Diamond Exchange' and alos happens to be the Roish HaKuhel around these parts..."

"Aha, and who's his shver?"

"Shver? He's all of seventeen years old, and he might get to seventy and still be single!"

"Aza zeese bucher'I should become an alter Bucher? I'll bet there are shadchunim who are killing each other trying to get into his father's door!"

"They were, but you know -Hershel isn't really the worlds easiest person you know...and he made it clear that with his expertise in precious gems- he won't sell this ????? (*I tried to write that in English, but it came out something like 'tackichsaa'*) for anything less than 10,000 golden coins. Yankel may be worth it, but noone in the whole province has that kind of money to put down for a *nadan*."

And with that the passerby walked away as quickly as he could, rubbing his sore arm, and leaving our friend Zanzil deep in thought....

"Zanzil! What a nice surprise! You know that I almost had a heart attack worrying about you! Another minute, if you wouldn't have walked through the door -Ich volt gechalisht... and I would have died! Yes, died! And it would have been all your fault! A sheine meise!", this was the greeting Devorah the klavte devoted dedicated to her dear husband, and if she would have continued berating him, I would be here all night and all day and all night and maybe then you'd be reading the half of it.

Now, Zanzil had lots of thoughts running through his mind after such a warm welcome, for instance "*Hmmm, A sheine meise -or missah -indeed, Ah shud az ich hub nisht gevart nuch a puhr minute before I came home...*" but our Zanzil was first and foremost a hen-pecked husband a good soul, and wouldn't wish such an end on a fly. Besides, it would just break Ruchi's heart if her mother was to die. Oy! such a wonderful girl...Oy! Such a wonderful boy... Vus tiht mehn? Through the thoughts and possible plans of action running through his head...Zanzil heard Devorah yapping away at him sharing the day's goings on with him in excruciating detail...And then he heard an item which (after 39 years of marriage) caught his attention...

"Devorah! Did you say miracle healer?"

"What? You weren't listening to me? You never list-"

"Sweetheart, I always listen to you (*Ah breirah hub ich? Do you ever let me get a word in edgewise?*)! But listen, all of our problems are going to be solved...and I might even manage to buy you a white fox fur coat just like the fancy ladies from the next shtetl over!"(*Look, the man's got 39 years experience...he knows how to get her attention...*).

"What? But-"

And Zanzvil starts telling her the whole story...and about the Choson that he found for their precious Ruchi...

"Nice, so you interrupted me just to rub it in...! Di vilst mir hargennen fin grois tzaar? (*Zanzvil in his head....'Hmmm... she's got something there...*) Ah sheine meise you unemployed disabled ex-shtreimel macher! Where do you think you're going to come up with 10,000 gold coins from? And who's going to give a second look at a dalphon like you who lives in a safek-hut safek-shack at the outskirts of town? Hershel the Horrific or whatever his name is?"

"No Devoirah, I've got a plan..."

"We'll take out some of the money that we stashed away for Ruchi's Nadan, and we'll go to the Dapper Doctor. If he can just cure my rheumatism, I'll be able to start working with Chaim Yankel the Road Kill Butcher from the slightly larger shtetl over the mountain, and I'll get his best possum shvenzlach...and before you know it...I'll have clients from Bardichev Biz Boyan waiting on line for the world famous Schwartz Shtreimelach. We'll have so many clients that people will start to say "Az me zeyt a shvantz- miz es zein Zanzvil's Zanzvil!" And I'll have 10,000 times 10,000 golden coins and we'll be able to buy a new house in the center of the derfel near the Shteeble...and then maybe we'll be able to think about a nice fox fur coat for you..."

"A sheine meise...Alle Muhl bin ich de letzte! As far as I'm concerned you can suffer from your rheumatic arthritis until your hands come out of your nose! Sheine Chaloimos Hust Deel!". Now, it has been said that Devoirah is an opinionated poison person, but Zanzvil knows the one way to change even Devoirah's opinion..."

"Devoirah... Just think about Ruchi! And how happy she'll be..."

The next morning found Zanzvil and Devoirah in the dapper dpctor's office.

"Good Morning folks! What can I help you with?", said the 'miracle worker'.

"Well doctor", said Zanvil (*before Devoirah had a chance to open her mouth*), "I've been suffering from rheumatic arthritis which has been crippling me for the past few years..."

"Rheumatic arthritis, rheumatic arthritis... hmmm...." muttered the dapper doctor under his breath, while flipping through a few heavy volumes strategically placed on his desk; while his face expressed utter dismay...

"Doctor," Devoirah found her tongue, though she was rather tame as she was in awe of the learned doctor, "do you have a cure for my husband's ailment?"

"Yes, yes... hmmm....", said the doctor after what seemed like eternity and a half, "I do have a special potion, the ingredients which it contains are very, very, expensive. But, it works wonders, and if you will follow the instructions to a T, it will restore your lost youth, and allow you to return to activities which you haven't participated in in years..."

"Even kickboxing and 'possum tossing?" asked Zanvil with baited breath (*halitosis*).

"Even roadkilling and shtreimelmaching?" asked Devoirah anxiously.

"ANYTHING!", said the dapper doctor, "You will be able to do anything you want".

"So how much are we looking at here?" asked Zanvil, always the practical one.

"Well, like I said, the ingredients of this potion are quite expensive, and preparing the mixture requires much expertise and concentration, but 7500 golden coins aren't too high a price to ask for regaining one's youth are they?"

"Oy!!!!" said Zanvil (*There goes the chosson*).

"Oy!!!!" echoed Devoirah (*Bye bye fox fur coat*).

"What's that supposed to mean?", said the dapper doctor.

"That means that we don't have so much money.", said Zanvil guilelessly.

"Oh," said the dapper doctor, his whole self a portrait of compassion, "I am so sorry to hear that..."

"You know, since you folks make such a wonderful impression, maybe I can give you a little discount. How much can you afford to pay for this new lease on life?"

"1500 golden coins", said Devoirah, ever the keen negotiator.

"5000 golden coins is all we have!!!", cried Zanvil, ever the straight shooter.

"Ah Sheine meise!" shrieked Devoirah, taken aback at her husband's idiocy honesty.

"Dear me...", said the dapper doctor, "I must say... with such prices I might as well close up shop!"

"Doctor...", said Zanvil with tears in his eyes...

"Okay," said the dapper doctor, wiping a (crocodile) tear from the corner of his eye, "I know I'm a bit of a softie, but I can't resist... you're just the most charming couple that I've met in the last five minutes. 5000 golden coins it is".

It was all Zanvil could do to keep seated and not break out in a kadatchke, or whatever kind of dance a middle-aged man suffering from rheumatic arthritis could break out into.

"But you must be prepared to follow the directions to the utmost. If you don't, the preparation won't work -and I can't take responsibility for that".

"Of course doctor!", said Zanvil, "whatever you say".

"First things first... the money please?".

"Here you go doctor", said Zanvil, pulling out a stained handkerchief from his pocket and pouring its glittery contents on the doctor's desk.

The dapper doctor took his time, counting up the coins -biting on them here and there to test their authenticity -and when he finished counting all five thousand coins, he opened one of the drawers in his desk, and removed a small glass jar.

"You see this powder?", said the dapper doctor.

"Of course we see! My man has rheumatic arthritis- not a cataract!", pouted Devoirah.

"That was a rhetorical question Ma'am", said the doctor.

"A what?"

"A rhetorical question, meaning a question which requires no response." *Well, the doctor was obviously unfamiliar with Devoirah, for as far as she's concerned there is nothing which anyone says in her presence which doesn't require an immediate response!*

"This is the special formula for rheumatic arthritis. You must take exactly two tablespoons of the powder, and cook them up with an onion, a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. The mixture must be stirred precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. After the mixture has cooled, add a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter, and pepper to taste. Zanvil must have exactly 1/4 of a cup of the mixture once exactly every 27 minutes for the course of a week. And after that... He will feel like a new man..."

"Oh... one more very important thing -I can't believe that almost forgot to mention -during the entire cooking process, and especially when stirring the preparation, and even more so when it is administered to the patient, you must take great care that noone involved with the preparation nor the patient think about **Green Elephants!**"

"Doctor!", said Devoirah, "There is no such thing as a green elephant!".

"Look, I'm just a dapper doctor- not a zoologist -and these are the instructions, if you want the cure to work properly remember- **NO GREEN ELEPHANTS...**"

So Zanvil, Devoirah, and a small glass jar with some white powder went home to the safek hut safek shack at the outskirts of the village so insignificant and boring, that no one remembers what its name was -if it had a name at all...

Devoirah, ever the klavte devoted and dedicated wife, set about preparing the first batch of the concoction which the quack dapper doctor had concocted. *We will follow her thoughts in italics... one of the few liberties we authors can take in creative writing which might be useful -but impossible -in real life ...; we actually know what's going on in our characters' minds.*

She carefully measured exactly two tablespoons of the powder, *Ah sheine meise! Green elephants zugt ehr, no thinking about green elephants! Everyone knows that there's no such thing as green elephants! Elephants are gray, maybe there are some white ones out there, Meshigge Oifen Gantze Kupp -Azoi vi Zanol...*

and cooked them up with an onion, *nu, s'hut gekost 5000 rendlech... Okay, Devorah... maybe it's k'dai to follow his ridiculous instructions... after all he's the doctor, and if this works -fox fur coat, here I come!!! Okay, no green elephants. You go girl!*

a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. She stirred the mixture precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. *But b'etzem why not? NO NO NO White elephants Pink elephants ELEPHANTS GREEN, NO THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!!! NO MATTER WHAT I KEEP ON WINDING UP WITH, no Devorah don't think that word again it's already been two whole minutes that you managed not to think of green elephants AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!! There they are again -racing through my mind! A VIRTUAL STAMPEDE OF GREEN ELEPHANTS!!!*

After the mixture cooled, she added a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter *Stuff and nonsense... what effect can my thoughts have on mashed potatoes with powder anyways Be'Emes they're just thoughts not actions. There you darned dapper doctor, are you happy now? GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS, GREEN ELEPHANTS GREEN ELEPHANTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!* and pepper to taste. *Gee, this is pretty tasty... maybe I'll fargeen myself another taste.*

And so Zanol had his first taste of the miracle rheumatic arthritis removal remedy as prescribed by the dapper doctor and prepared by his klavte devoted and dedicated wife, and another 1/4 cup every 27 minutes thereafter *Gee, this is much tastier than Devorah's mashed potatoes....must be the white powder....*

And so, Zanol started ingesting exactly 1/4 of a cup of the magical mashed potatoes precisely once every twenty-seven minutes. *What exactly was it that I wasn't supposed to think about...Green Toads? Green Frogs? Green Grass? Oh I know! Green Elephants! Baruch Hashem! I remembered! I was afraid that I wouldn't remember what it was that I'm not supposed to think about and then I would wind up thinking about it. Okay, no thinking about green elephants, no thinking about green elephants, no thinking about green elephants, no thinking about ...OY! I've been thinking about green elephants! Okay Zalman 1-2-3 no thinking about*

green elephants, wait... just think about something else. Oh Shreck, I'm almost finished... And so, Zalman finished off the first batch that Devoirah had prepared.

"Devoirah!", called Zanvil.

"Yes Shvantz'l...", his klavte devoted and dedicated wife, responded.

"You know I hate when you call me that... Look, the magical mashed potatoes are almost finished... we have to cook up another batch!"

"Oy Shv... Zanvil, I was just on my way out to *window shop for a fox-fur coat* collect some money for Hachnussas Kallah, maybe Ruchi will be able to prepare the rheumatic remedy?"

"Oh! That's a great idea!" *If Devoirah's cooking tasted edible because of that white powder, Ruchi's cooking -which is always great -will be out of this world*, said Zalman, "Gei, Gei Gezinterheit, take your time...". *and while you're collecting some hachnussas kallah... maybe get yourself some halvoyas hameis?*

"A sheine meise! You tell me take my time! You hate me! You would be happy if I never ever came back..."

"No! Choolilah!" *I new that she was a machseifa...but I didn't know she could mammesh read my mind! I'd better be careful...*, "I meant don't walk too quickly, so that you don't trip and fall chas veshoolem... Farshtaist?"

"Ruchi!"

"Yes Tatty?"

"Zei Azoi Git, Mommy went out and I need somebody to put up the rheumatic athritis remedy which the dapper doctor gave us. Do you think you could do that?"

"Sure Tatty, you know that I would do anything for you- anytime!"

"Good. here are the instructions, just remember... the most important part is the green elephants!"

"Voos?"

"The green elephants... you're not allowed to think about green elephants when you prepare the remedy."

"Okay Tatty! Will do! No green elephants! Just give me the tzetel and I'll whip you up a batch of remedy!"

"Oy, mein oitzerel- vart nuhr, once the remedy works, I'll get back to work and then we can find you ah passige shidduch. Aza getreiye kindt." *Baruch Hashem she doesn't take after her mother!*

"Oy Tatty, please don't worry. You'll see, Hashem will help us. The main thing is that you should feel good again. Now have a hot cup of tea with a piece of this delicious crab-apple strudle which I managed to salvage from underneath the bushes on the side of the road, and your remedy will be ready k'heref ayin."

And so, Ruchi the truly devoted, dedicated, and loving daughter set about preparing another batch of the concoction which the wonderful dapper doctor had concocted. *Oy, Basheffer... helf mein Tatte Zanvasil ben Zibbenaroif zoll zein gezint ind shtark, ind zohl brengen aza shefa in shteeb, az de Mamme zoll em nisht painigen*

She carefully measured exactly two tablespoons of the powder, *What did Tatty say that I shouldn't think about? Right, green elephants! Kabed es uveechu... No green elephants*

and cooked them up with an onion, *Elephants are so pretty! Huge and clumsy...I wonder what shade of green a green elephant would be (visualising) olive green? emerald green? dollar green? grass green? OY I'm thinking about green elephants, nu nu nu!!!*

a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. She stirred the mixture precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. *L'maaseh that's pretty funny, I remember learning in Tzenah Rennah that elephants are gray or brownish...not green. I wonder what a green elephant would look like? Oish, gotta get that picture out of my head...Der Tatte hut gehaisin....I know! I'll say Perek Shirah biz der veil- shoin bald der shkiah...*

After the mixture cooled, she added a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter "*Pil ma hee oimer..."Ahhh Ma Rabbu Maasecha Hashem...a groie, ah broine, tzi a greene ellephant azoi fill sheine ellephanten tanzen by mir in kupp...YOISH, Vieder de greene ellephanten. I must be a schlechte maidel and pepper to taste.*

And so Zanzvil had his first taste of the miracle rheumatic arthritis removal remedy as prepared by his devoted and dedicated daughter, and another 1/4 cup every 27 minutes thereafter *Gee, this is much tastier than Devoirah's mashed potatoes....even with the white powder...Mammesh ah mechayeh! That Yankel Friedenstien is going to be one happy and well fed man!!!*

And so the seven days passed, with Zanzvil enjoying his souped up mashed potatoes exactly every 27 minutes, with Devoirah and Ruchi alternating in the preparation of the remarkable remedy. All of them followed the instructions to a T *except for one..., but they were too embarrassed to admit this to one another, each one thinking that he or she was the only one who had this meshiggas.... Sound familiar?*

Each day Zanzvil waited to feel to marvelous mashed potato induced return of his youth and flexibility... but, alas- his fingers were still as rigid and inflexible as an IRS auditor... and his back was killing him!

"Zanvil!" screeched Devoirah, "Neee, when are you going to reopen your workshop... Ruchi's not getting any younger, and you know that winter is around the corner, and you promised me a new coat!"

"Devoirah, I have to tell you the truth", that was Zanvil, always the open straight-shooter, "I'm not feeling any better at all!"

"Oy! Di Lo Yitzlach Shlemazel Vus di bist! You can't even take medicine like a mentsch!"

"Devoirah, maybe it starts working on day 8?"

"Fat chance! If you can't start making shtreimels by tomorrow, I'm going to find that doctor, and I'm going to give him a piece of my mind!"

Hmmm... thought Zanvil, that might not be a bad idea... On the other hand, I don't know how many pieces of her mind she can afford to give away without becoming a vegetable... On the other hand, that might not be so bad after all.

But to tell the truth, Zalman was pretty depressed himself... to think that he had given away the remnants of his life's work for a cure that didn't help! And what about Ruchi's shidduch?

And so, on day 8, at 9:25 in the morning, a furious Devoirah and her hen-pecked, harried humbled husband Zanvil made their way to the dapper doctor's lodgings.

"Good morning folks! How are you today?" greeted the doctor effusively.

"Morning, shmorning!" exclaimed Devoirah, "Ah sheine maase! Di Gannev vus di bist! Swindler!..." and as you all know should could have gone on, and on, and on...

"Excuse me Madame, I've never been..."

"Been, Shmin! Ah sheine meise! Our entire savings this humbug takes, to feed my husband mashed potatoes for a whole week, and Nada, Goornisht, Nothing, Zilch, No results whatsoever!!! Di"

Actually, thought Zanvil, the mashed potatoes were pretty good...

"Didn't work? Can't be. All of my preparations are tried and tested for guaranteed satisfaction- or your money back."

"Good, so give us the money di Gannev!"

"No problem, just tell me. Did you follow the directions scrupulously?"

"Ah sheine meise! Me- Devoirah you suspect that I didn't follow the instructions? Listen here you Yingatch and I'll tell you exactly what I did:

I took exactly two tablespoons of the powder, and cooked them up with an onion, a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. Then I stirred the mixture precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. After the mixture cooled, I added a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter, and pepper to taste. Zanvil had exactly 1/4 of a cup of the mixture exactly every 27 minutes for the whole week, whether he wanted to or not (*I wanted to! I wanted to!* thought Zanvil, *Achalti, Va'Oichal Oid!!!*).

"Are you satisfied, di smarkatz voos di bist!!!"

"Wow, you are certainly a remarkable woman", said the dapper doctor.

"If you followed the instructions so carefully and the remedy didn't work", he continued with an evil glint in his eyes,

"You must have been thinking about green elephants, weren't you?"

For the first time since Zanvil could remember, Devoirah was left speechless...

For the first time since Zanvil could remember, Devoirah was left speechless... but not for long.

"Ah sheine meise! You, the no-goodnik, ferd-ganiv, eizel-kopf, quack are accusing me -Devoirah Schwartz -of thinking of green elephants while preparing Zanvil's medicine! Next thing I know, you'll accuse me of trying to put poison in his tea! I'll have you know, you grubbe ying vus di bist- that not only I prepared the remedy... My daughter Ruchi prepared quite a number of batches... Maybe **she's** the one who thought about green elephants!"

"Like I said, Madame", said the dapper doctor who appears not to have been fazed at all by Devoirah's characteristic ranting and raving extraordinary outburst, "if indeed *none* of you thought of green elephants... you will get your money back. Maybe you want to go home and ask your daughter if she didn't think about green elephants..." finished the doctor with a smirk, leaving Devoirah and Zalman gaping at him with open eyes.

"How dare you! Zanvil come on home... this menivval thinks that Ruchi would be the type of girl to think about *gasp*green elephants... Aza teire Yiddish Maidel who wouldn't dream of letting her Tatte or Mamme down! Voos farshteit ah sheygitz in Yiddishe techter, azoi vi a chazzer in brillianten!!!

"Listen you brute, we're going home, and if Ruchi says that she didn't think about green elephants -and she will - you're going to give us our money back- **OR ELSE**".

"One hundred percent, have a nice day!" said the doctor with a sneer on his face.

And so, a foaming at the mouth, muttering to herself furious Devoirah and a thoughtful Zanvil made their way back home.

"Devoirah,"

"What Shv- I mean Zanvil, can't you see that I'm aggravated! Ah sheine meise! Now he wants to talk! And where were you when that raccoon-dropping of a poor excuse for a feldsher insulted me! Eh, the 'possum got your tounge?"

"Tell me the truth Devoirah," said Zanvil with a steely determination in his voice, "and only the truth... **you didn't think of green elephants when you made the mashed potatoes?**"

Devoirah wasn't used to the new tone in Zanvil's voice, and she actually found it a bit intimidating.

"And if I did?"

"So why did you lie to the dapper doctor?"

"Lie? I didn't lie. First of all, maybe I really didn't think of green elephants! Bah! There isn't any such thing as green elephants! Gray elephants-yes; green elephants -a figment of the imagination... I, Devoirah can't control myself not to think about things that don't even exist?

"And even if I did think of green elephants... I'm sure that Ruchi didn't. You know how strong she is in Kibbud av Va'Eim. For her it's an aveirah to think about such things when she's preparing your mashed potatoes... her Yiras Shamayim is so strong- she definitely would never think of green elephants.

"And you heard what I told that evil man....

Zanvil wanted to say that the whole derfl heard what Devoirah told that 'evil man', for that matter the whole derfl hears whatever it is that Devoirah says. But one assertive sentence an hour is about as much he could squeeze out after years of absorbing his spouses verbal abuse...

"If Ruchi says that she didn't think about green elephants -and she will - he's going to give us our money back.

"Now here we are...

"Ruchi!"

"Oh Hi Mommy! Hi Tatty! How are you both!"

"Fine B"h"

"Ruchi darling," said Devoirah, in the special sugar sweet tone reserved just for her, "Mommy wants to ask you a little question."

"Of course Mommy!" Wow! I knew it was suspicious that Tatty and Mommy went out together -at the same time -with each other. I bet that they went to see a boy, and Mommy finally agreed to Tatty that it's a good shidduch... and they want us to meet. Oh boy! Oh Boy! Omigosh, just wait until I tell...

"Ruchi, are you with me?"

"Oh, yes Mommy- of course."

"Good, because Mommy wants to ask you a very, very, important question.... Our family's whole future *my fox fur coat*, and your future happiness really depend on your answer to this question...

"Do you remember when you made Tatty that rheumatic arthritis remedy?"

"Yes, Mommy, you mean that mashed potato stuff with the onion?" *Ugh. what does that have to do with my shidduch? Did he ask about my cooking? Tatty told me that it was very tasty!*

"Yes, sweetie. Can you please tell me how you made it?"

"Of course Mommy!" *Maybe the mechitan heard about it in sheel from Tatty and the machateiniste asked for the recipe!*

"I took exactly two tablespoons of the powder, and cooked them up with an onion, a potato, and three cups of water for one hour. Then I stirred the mixture precisely every two minutes -no more and no less. After the mixture cooled, I added a teaspoon of salt, a pat of butter, and pepper to taste."

"And what else did you do?"

"I davened for Tatty's gezint and I said perek shirah, because it was close to the shkiah."

"Sheiffele, I want you to tell me the truth, **were you thinking about green elephants at all when you were preparing the remedy?**"

"I..Omigosh...No...Ayyyyyyyy (*heaving with sobs*) I didn't (*sniff, sniff*) mean to but...(crying hysterically)....

Arggghh... NOOOOOOOOO.....I can't deal with it.....The shame....AERRRGGGGGGGGGGGHHHH!

And before Zanvil and Devoirah realized what hit them, Ruchi was out the door and running...

For the second time in the same day *truly a record breaker for Devoirah* Devoirah found herself speechless.

She and Zanvil stood as if welded to the floor.

After two minutes of standing like getchkes, Zanvil collected the pieces of his blown mind, and was assertive for the second time in the same day *truly a record breaker for Zanvil*.

"Quickly, Devoirah... we have no time to lose..."

They walked outside of their safek shack safek hut, but Ruchi was nowhere in sight...

From a distance, however, they noticed that in the center of the derfel a crowd was gathered in the market place.

Thinking that this might have to do with Ruchi's dramatic exit, they ran quickly *as quickly as a rheumatic arthritis stricken hen pecked devoted husband and his Sherman tank of a wife his matronly wife could possibly run*.

When they reached the derfl's market place, they were astounded. No, Ruchi was not amongst the crowd -but the derfl-folk from young to old, Yid and non-enterprising peasant alike were crowded around a man astride a mighty steed... And this man was like noone they'd ever seen

before...

His mount was an Arabian purebred, putting him 7 feet off the ground and the rider himself was, well...

The rider was a man of average height and average build... But his face was blackened -as if by coal, or a black stocking-cap stretched over his visage. He was armed with a carbine with a sharp bayonet at the end of its barrel -glinting in the sun as if to add intimidation...

And he seemed to be fuming mad.

"What does youse all meaning to be foolin' around wif me folks.

"I sayed where is that dapper quack stayin' round these parts- Y'all don' be messin' wif me", and as if to emphasize these last words he shot off a round in the air.

One of the derfl-folk finally stepped forward and said, "Sir! Have mercy! We told you already, he was staying in the local guest house until this morning. But he appears to have up and left...

"Which way did that slippery snake go?", asked the stranger.

"He went thataway, sir", said the hapless villager pointing his finger towards the outskirts of town -in the direction of the Schwartz's safek shack safek hut, hoping that the stranger on the huge horse would be satisfied without killing anybody.

"AAAAARRGGGH! He won't to be escapin' from me again no more!".

And without another word, the stranger galloped off without leaving a trace behind... that is

besides a huge cloud of dust, and an empty glass bottle rolling on the floor in his wake...

One of the more enterprising gentiles of the derfl approached the bottle and picked it up, but of course being that he was a peasant he couldn't read the label. He approached Zanvil who stood at the edge of the crowd -riveted to his place for the second time that day -and asked him, "Zhid! What does it say on this label?".

Zanvil as if awakening from a bad dream, glanced at the bottle absentmindedly, and cordially answered the inquisitive peasant,

"It says 'Woodford'".

Ruchi ran as quickly as her feet would carry her, not even thinking about what it was that she was trying to escape, nor where it was that she was trying to escape to.

She just felt miserable.

How! How could it be that I let Tatty and Mommy down so terribly? What will become of me? When this gets out my reputation is going to be shot! Who's going to hear about a shidduch with a girl who killed her father and mother because she couldn't stop thinking about green elephants?

After a few minutes, she ran out of breath, and stopped at the side of the road –forlorn and sad. She cried for another few minutes, until she was startled by a shadow looming over her.

“Hey there Miss! Why is such a lovely young lady looking so distressed?”, said the stranger in a velvety tone.

His words caused her to blush. No one in the derfl ever had spoken to her that way before, and they made her feel both indignant and special all at once. She looked up, and she saw that the

voice belonged to none other than the dapper doctor himself!

“Excuse me sir, but I am not allowed to talk to strangers”, said Ruchi, having half come to her senses.

“Says who?”.

“Says my parents, the Torah, common sense... that’s who!”

“My my my, aren’t we just a bit touchy today. You just looked so sad and lonely, I thought you could use a friend...”

“You see, I’m also lonely, I could use some company. It’s not easy going from town to shtetl to derfl all on your own, setting up shop and then dismantling it and moving on again. I’ve got a *ton* of money, but no one to spend it on. But I keep on working because I just looove helping people *especially myself!!*”

This guy is crazy thought Ruchi or maybe he’s trying to hit on me... either way, I’d better get rid of him.

“I’ve been looking for a companion for the longest time. I’m so lonely myself. I’m also Jewish, you know.”

“Will you be so kind as to leave me alone? I can see where this conversation is leading, and I’m not as naïve as I look. Nice Frum Jewish girls do not hang out with dapper quacksdoctors like you. Period. Finished.”

“Aha! Nice Frum Jewish girls you say. Come on Rivki—”

“That’s Ruchi you dolt!”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” said the doctor with silky sarcasm, “Ruuuchi. So like I was saying, could you please cut the ‘Nice Frum Jewish girls’ C*** out. You look a bit smarter than that. Besides, I saw the way you ran out of your parents house...”

“Look Ruchi, I might not know you that well, but do you want me to believe that you’re a Nice Frum Jewish Girl and that’s why you ran away from home... Or did Tatty and Mommy catch you being not such a Nice and not so Frum Jewish Girl? Ehhh..?”

Now Ruchi was B”h a fine Bais Yaakov Meidel, and she didn’t quite catch the innuendo which the dirty-minded dapper doctor layered on so thickly. Nevertheless, in the heat of the moment, after the day’s turbulent events –especially because she had her own ideas about her Nice Frum Jewish girl status... her mind was blurred. Besides which, there was something mesmerizing in the dapper doctor’s tone...

Omigosh! Even this perfect stranger knows that I couldn’t control myself... I must be the talk of the derfl by now! Omigosh! I am soooo embarrassed! What’s going to be with me!!! Maybe he’s right? Even if I go back home... How will I ever be able look Tatty and Mommy in the face after what I’ve done? I feel so dirty... Am I becoming a ‘bum’? Am I already a ‘bum’? I guess so, look at me here carrying on a conversation with this sheygetz!

“Come Ruchi, check out my fiaker... Model 1910...the derfl can’t offer any such comfort and elegance... and that’s just for starters...

And just as Ruchi, in an almost altered state of mind almost succumbed to the advances of the dapper devil, a cloud of dust began to rise on the horizon down yonder...

The darned doctor was so swept up in his attempts to reel in his prey, that he didn’t even lift his head until his arch nemesis was upon him with a mighty yell...

“YOUZE MESSIN AROUND YOUZE LOOK LIKE A DOCTA

BUT YOUZE A BIG BAD GUY IN A LOTTA TROUBLES.

YOUZE GONNA GET YOUZE HEAD KICKED IN IN DA REBBE’S HOIF WHEN WE GET YOU DERE. HEH HEH.

YOUZE GOTTA GET OUT BEFORE YOUZE GET TO DERFL MAN.

YOUZE BAD!!! SEE IT YOUZE DA WORST YOUZE LOOK GOOD BUT YOUZE REAL BAD.

HEY ONE SMACK ON THE FACE WOULD A SET YOUZE STRAIGHT A WHILE BACK.

YOUZE BEG FO FO-GIVENESS. HEH HEH. YOUZE GOTTA FESS U...”

Ruchi felt woozy, this was a bit too much for her frayed nerves. Besides which... she had never seen **anyone or anything like** the creature who started knocking the dapper doctor from one tree to another. The last thing she remembered before she fainted was that the man got off of his huge horse *or is that an elephant?* and said very softly, “I’m sorry if I shocked you Miss, but you’ll see –everything is going to be just fine from now on...” and went right back to playing bongo drums on the dapper quack’s head...

Ruchi didn’t know how long she had lain there underneath the tree, but when she opened her eyes, the stranger was standing over her –which caused her to almost pass out again. The dapper devil doctor, on the other hand was lying flat on his back, his once dapper face now definitely deformed.

“I.. I... who are you?”, she stuttered in fright.

“I don’t mean you any harm, Miss. I guess you could call me your **guardian** angel.

“Herr ois, your parents are probably worried sick about you...”

My parents... Omigosh! I can’t believe it! They probably are furious at me and never want to see me again!

“You should just go straight back home. I promise, they’ll be waiting for you... but I’m not going to send you home empty-handed. You see, that scoundrel has swindled hundreds of thousands of gold coins out of innocent hard-working people. Five thousand of those are your Tattie’s, the rest belong to people who were meya’esh a long time ago. I’m sort of like Robin Hood,

“Robin who?”

“Oh, I forgot who I’m talking to here. Look, I take from the crooked rich, and I give to the virtuous poor and it’s all in line al-pi-halacha. So you take this pekkele that I prepared for your Tatty, and go back home, and everything is going to be just fine!”

“But Tatty’s never going to want to take money that isn’t his!”

“LISSEN YOUNG LADY, TELL HIM DAT KHALED SAID ‘AYYEIN CHOISHEN MISHPAT SIMAN 387 HILCHOIS GEZEILAH AND THE SHACH DORTIN OIFEN PLATZ!!!”

“You’re scaring me again!”

“Sorry, sometimes I get like that.

“Herr ois, just take it and tell him what I told you to tell him like a nice frum Jewish girl –which you are. If he has any questions he can ask Rabbi Twerski, the Rov and Rebbe in the next shtetl over. But that’s that. Look I saved your life from that slippery swindling sweet-talking Satanic snake...

“Have a little Hakuras Hatoiv and do as your told and stop being Machshil me in Ribbuy Sichah im Halshah –OR DO I HAFF TO START TALKIN’ LIKE DEES AGAIN?”

“No, no anything but that. But how can I ever thank you?”

“Just be ehrlich, honest with yourself and others. And remember that those thoughts that you are anything but good as gold in G-d’s eyes –are from the YH –Farshtaist?”

“Yes, but...”

“No buts, bards.”

“Huh?” *This guy sure likes to talk in riddles.*

“Never Mind. Just KOT! Now get going before that Rusha MeRisha regains his consciousness!”

And before Ruchi could say anything else, he was back on his mighty steed and off, leaving nothing behind but a cloud of dust. Looking after him Ruchi could see a distinct pair of peyos flying in the wind as the masked man freed his face from underneath the black stocking cap or whatever that thing on his face was...

The End?

The End?

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by inastruggle - 14 Jun 2016 16:22

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by inastruggle - 14 Jun 2016 16:26

I wanted a rabbi in that picture but when I googled "thats all folks rabbi" the closest thing I could find was Hezbollas's Hassan Nasrallah.

I also found one with Bernie Sanders.

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by abd297 - 30 Jun 2016 14:07

True story.

i was recently at a dinner. I asked one of the waiters if their were any nuts in the dessert bec I'm allergic. He spoke minimal English and this was obviously not in his vocabulary. After a few times repeating myself he nodded and walked off. Out came another waiter who spoke a little more English. I repeated my question and he said he'd go ask the chef. A minute later the first waiter returns. He comes over and says.....

Sorry sir, no nuts.

(I wanted to use one of those wait for it icons but couldn't find them)

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by stillgoing - 30 Jun 2016 15:51

[stillgoing wrote on 13 Jul 2015 17:27:](#)

SNAPPY'S BOWL

Chapter 1

Once upon a time, far far away, on the top of a mountain, there lived a family of birds. They were a happy little bunch who lived their lives hunting for worms, and keeping away from cats. The Birdy family had many young fledglings. The youngest Birdy was named Flyhigh. He was the baby of the family (so far) and all of the other birds pampered him with extra worms and shiny pieces of ribbon that they would pull off of Mrs. Mc'Odells hat while she was gardening on Sunday mornings.

Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure.

That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

"But you always say that about him!" his wife answered back. "You are too soft on him. A little birdy told me that he's been hanging out by the Mc'Odells's house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!"

"So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!" Mr. Birdy answered back. "You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!"

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety's death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety's father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by mirror - 30 Jun 2016 15:58

Where is chapter 2?

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by peloni almoni - 01 Jul 2016 01:18

[stillgoing wrote on 30 Jun 2016 15:51:](#)

[stillgoing wrote on 13 Jul 2015 17:27:](#)

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this made me more depressed

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by inastruggle - 01 Jul 2016 02:20

SG, you did leave us kinda depressed. You did say you'd read my writing so here goes.

Chapter 2

Meanwhile, flyhigh had been listening in to his parent's conversation over from the other twig (the nest was rather small and round). He realized that sometimes even parents don't know what to do when their child acts up. He also reflected upon the fact that at 37 years old (bird years) he should be taking a bit of responsibility for himself even if he's the youngest in the house.

The more he thought about it the more agitated he became. He flapped his wings in agitation. He realized that if he continues along this path he's going to end up like tweety or worse. Then he realized that death is pretty much rock bottom so he revised that to end up as bad as tweety.

Eventually his agitated movements woke up the family.

"What's going on?" asked his brother Flippy blearily.

"I'm going to change my ways forever" said flyhigh.

"Finally" said skylow, the second to youngest child who'd always been slightly jealous of his younger brother.

"Oh please, it'll never happen, he's just inspired now and after a week he'll go back to old ways again" said winghead disgustedly.

Mrs. Birdy was too busy crying in the background to talk. From joy or sorrow no one could tell.

Mr. Birdy was quiet throughout the tumult. Finally he spoke in a quiet voice "Son, this won't be easy. Just know that whatever happens, I'll always love you and be there for you."

Epilogue

20 (bird) years later:

Flyhigh is now the founder and CEO of the highly successful Bird Safety Awareness initiative. He lives with his wife and three chicks in a rural nest in Montana. His journey wasn't easy but it was well worth it. Though getting advanced in years he shows no sign of slowing down and he's still going.

"Fly high, higher than all the walls

Fly high, like a desert eagle"

-Matisyahu (Tel Aviv'n)

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by Aryeh821 - 01 Jul 2016 02:46

[peloni almoni wrote:](#)

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

[stillgoing wrote:](#)

SNAPPY'S BOWL

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Flyhigh was a small bird, but everyone had high hopes that he would go far. He was smart, and could smell a picnic all the way from the top of the old tree they called home. One day, while Mama bird was bathing in the lake, and Papa bird was out with the older birds gathering sticks to strengthen the nest after a branch fell on it, Flyhigh was flying around aimlessly, and noticed a very good looking piece of fish, sitting on Mrs. Mc'Odells back porch. By rights, the fish belonged to Snappy, the mean black cat who lived in Mrs. Mc'Odells house, but Snappy was snoozing and Flyhigh saw no reason that he shouldn't swing down for a minute and have some fresh tuna. Scanning the area from a birds eye view for potential dangers (or any of his brothers, who might tattle on him), Flyhigh dropped down on the porch, and started pecking away at the fish. It was good, But Flyhigh was a good little bird, and he remembered what his Mama told him about Snappy, so he only stayed for half a minute, and then flew off back home. Feeling guilty, he made sure to help out at home and be an extra good listener for his Mother.

The next day he went off to the porch again to see if there was any more tuna. Sure enough, there it was. This time he couldn't see Snappy but he figured that he was probably inside somewhere with Mrs. Mc'Odells. Today, the fish was better than ever. While Flyhigh was pecking away he suddenly saw a flash of black and felt the rush of air as Snappy came bounding up the stairs at his bowl and the bird intruder! Without a moment to spare, Flyhigh took off into the air, as Snappy stood there making all sorts of scary cat growls. His little heart beating fast, Flyhigh flew up as high as he could go until he began to get dizzy from the heights. After a bit, he flew back home and hardly ate any of his worm supper that Mama gave him. For one thing, he was full, and besides, he was feeling so guilty and upset at himself for doing

something so stupid, just for a few moments of pleasure.

That night Flyhigh slept fitfully, with dreams full of flying cats on brooms that said Mc'Odells on them. After Flyhigh was sleeping, Mrs. Birdy went for a fly with Mr. Birdy.

"I'm worried about Flyhigh," She said. "He's not acting his happy self recently, and tonight he barely ate supper!"

Mr. Birdy listened closely "give him time, "he answered quickly. "He's probably just going through a difficult stage"

"But you always say that about him!" his wife answered back. "You are too soft on him. A little birdy told me that he's been hanging out by the Mc'Odells's house a lot recently. He needs a strong father figure!"

"So you want him to end up like poor Tweety?!" Mr. Birdy answered back. "You know what happened when his father was too hard on him, he ran away and got shot by a hunter! Is that better?!"

Mrs. Birdy was silent. What could she say. Tweety's death was a tragedy in the bird community, and everyone knew that Tweety's father was very strict with him. Perhaps her husband was right. She would give Flyhigh more time. Maybe if she gave him some more responsibilities, he would be too busy to get into trouble.

this made me more depressed

You have to read the whole story

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Re: The Depressed Person's Chill Spot :)
Posted by inastruggle - 01 Jul 2016 03:09

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