

HUMOR

Humor

A WARNING

Gentle reader, you are taking your fate, nay, your very existence, in your own hands at this moment, and far be it from us to urge you on. Yet, no matter what we can say here, the end is inevitable—your fate is sealed. You are about to enter the mysterious and sordidly unromantic realm of that relentless ruler, I. M. Funni. Take warning, and look before you leap, remember, there is no come-back. Of course you can hunt us out tomorrow and give us heck, but the thing is here in black and white and may not be eradicated. Therefore, consider our apologies made.

This being the case, it merely remains for us to confess that the following fifty pages (whoa, Nell, don't get scared!) comprise the best little department of original wit to be found south of the river. If in any case you fail to see the point, don't lay the blame on Ye Ed, because without doubt it is due to your own mental incompatibility and the extreme density of your cranium. Having successfully digested the preceding ratiocinating dissertation, you may now proceed with our hearty commiseration.