

**Opinion**  
By Frank W. Peterson



For the majority of my years I've been the specimen of healthy living. I've always smoked apple-scented tobacco to get my daily dose of vitamin B, I eat three meals of beef daily, and I always wash my hands before cleaning my teeth. Needless to say, I was flabbergasted when my general practitioner told me I had a bad case of the Ebola virus, and that I needed to stay home from work for a couple of days to recover.

Now back in my day, if somebody was sick, they would sooner vote for a Liberal than stay home in bed. The general consensus was that you if you put your guard down for a second, then the whole country would be taken over by the Reds. "Idle hands will be cut off by Communist China," was a

popular slogan at the time.

As a result, the workplace had special quarantined sections for ill people and their bacteria. We used to call them the "Unholy Departments of the Damned," because scientists had yet to name the various illnesses infecting the workplace. A Roman Catholic priest was on hand to perform exorcisms on account of the lack of medical knowledge at the time. Back then, if someone had carpal tunnel syndrome, we'd chop their cursed hands off and send them back to work after giving them a shot of whiskey.

Nowadays you have "experts" informing us that it's not healthy to work during weekends, that children under fourteen shouldn't be working (Who the heck else will clean my chimney?), and that pregnant women should not carry heavy objects. I say Maple Leaf bologna. If there were conditions unsuitable for work, then God would have invented more mules. The way things are going now, I wouldn't be surprised if someone tried to take my mule away from me for using it to clear

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**FAST**

snow from my driveway.

People are getting lazy, and they keep making excuses so they won't have to do as much work. "I was up late coughing up blood last night," is the excuse my paperboy gave me for delivering my daily newspaper fifteen minutes late the other day. I refused to pay him, and threw a bucket of eels at him for being tardy.

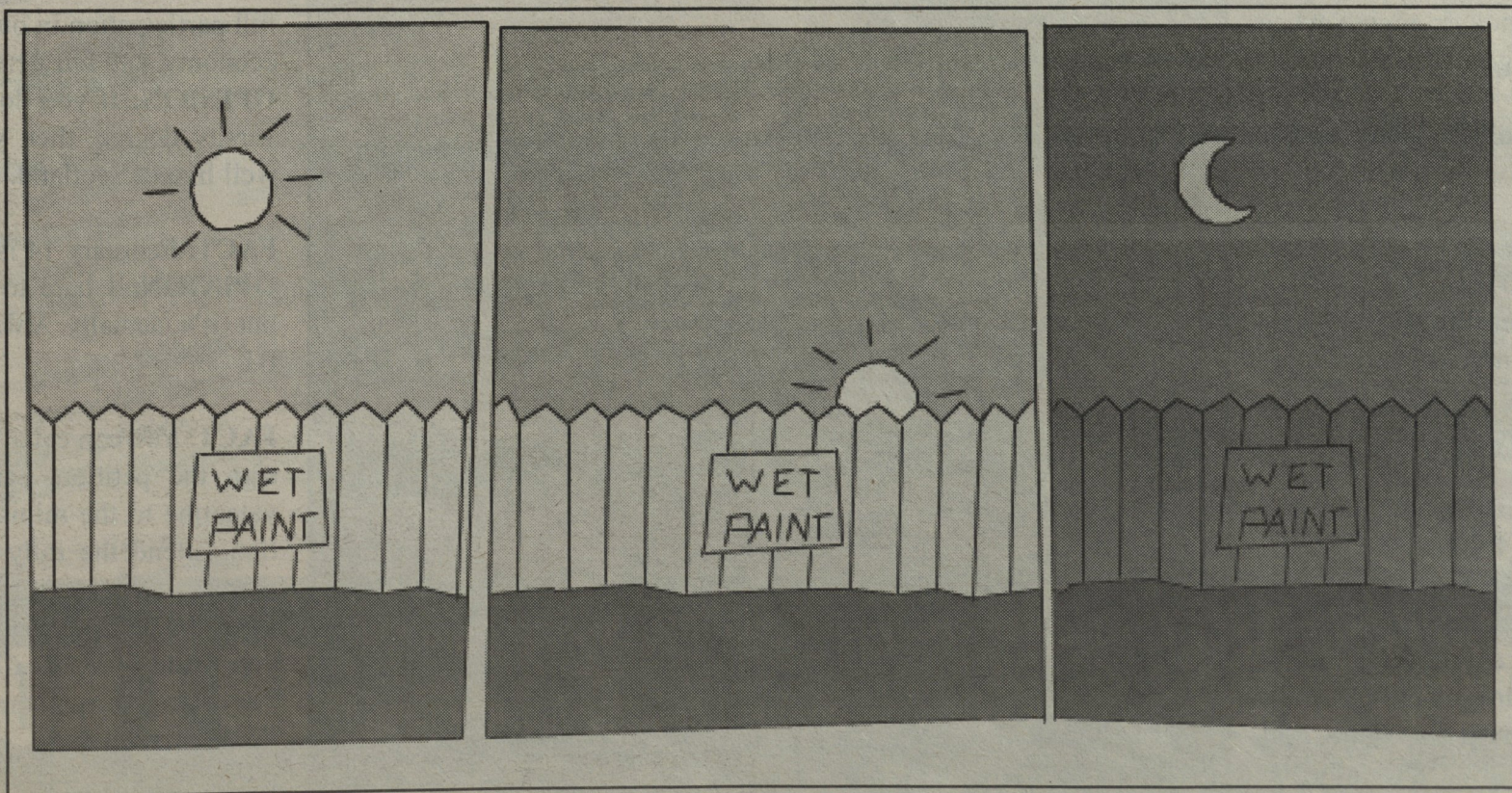
I'm writing this article with all sorts of bile building up in my lungs, but there's nothing stopping me from washing down a few truck driver-strength pep pills with Fishy Pete's Brain Tonic. I tried a few lozenges, but they tasted too much like children's candy. I don't trust a

medicine that doesn't burn your tongue and leaves an aftertaste like the Atlantic Ocean.

So for all of you lazy pink sickbags slowly turning green, get out of your bed and get back to work, or before you know it, the Russians will invade. I wouldn't be surprised if the virus that is currently turning my knuckles red and shrinking my genitals was some sort of communist concoction that somehow found its way in my drinking water. I'll be damned if they catch me lying down on the job.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Elian Gonzalez.

**Fence**  
By Skutch Brown



**FOLD IT, STOOP!**