

Once upon a time long, long ago in the enchanted land of San Diego, there was a young mother who lost some weight after the birth of her second baby. It wasn't easy losing that weight; week after week trudging into the Weight Watcher's meeting after a long day of work. But, boy was it ever worth it! Fellow worker's described her as "pencil thin". Hah! She finally had a waist again. She was beyond elated. Best of all was the trip to Horton Plaza for a few new clothes. Upon seeing the young mother with two children, the Nordstrom's saleswoman exclaimed, "It's so hard to believe you've had two children". Appropriately flattered the young woman purchased not one but two pricey outfits for which she had little use.

Feeling good about one's appearance often is a confidence booster, and though the working Mom professional probably already had her fair share of confidence, she indeed garnished some more. She submitted a proposal to speak at a national conference about a subject she really knew very little about: "Using Humor to Educate". The fact she'd created a video about a health care process using "Flight of the Bumblebee" as music background, hardly qualified her as a humor expert, but confidence overflowed and her proposal was accepted.

The conference was cross country in Boston, and she eagerly accepted the offer of a business acquaintance's miles to upgrade to First Class. Comfort mattered, so she dressed in a new pair of corduroy slacks and a pale pink v-neck spandex top which tucked in neatly at her waist. "Not bad", she thought, "for a mother of two".

The first leg of the trip landed her in Chicago's O'Hare airport for a change of planes. She made her way to the restroom; then proceeded down the lengthy terminal toward the windows allowing a 180 degree view of incoming and outgoing planes. She couldn't help but notice all the people watching her. "Wow", she thought, "I must be looking *really* good". With each step she moved toward the windows with more bounce and swagger. No doubt about it-she was feeling pretty full of herself. So much so that she was not surprised to see the handsome man behind her to her right start walking toward her. "Oh my God I think he's going to hit on me right here in the airport". He gently touched her on her left shoulder, leaned forward toward her right ear and said, "look behind you, you have something hanging from your waist". Sure enough, there it was---about four feet of toilet paper spilling out from her waist, draped down her pants---OH MY GOD! She quietly thanked him, reached behind her, rolled the trail into a little ball, tucked it in her pant pocket and tried to regain some composure and dignity. Had it been there she wondered, since the airplane ride? She had after all, used the plane bathroom several times in flight. How could she been such a freaking fool, she shrieked to herself. How could she *now* walk past all these people to her gate? How indeed. Well---let the bastards have a laugh on her. She silently cursed her mother. It was after all, she who had ingrained in her since childhood, NEVER EVER let her bare butt touch the *dirty, cruddy, who knows what it has on it, germy* toilet seat!

The story was a fitting start to her humor lecture. Sometimes the very best humor is what happens in everyday life. Ha-ha.