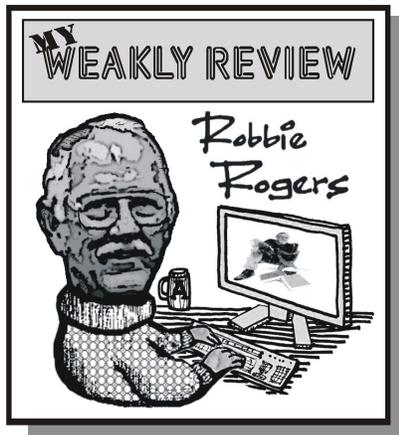


Weakly Review Column (590 Words) Rights Reserved

Title: **Whatever Happened to Chivalry**



Whatever happened to chivalry? I have a rubber replica of a big lizard; he's pretty mean looking especially to the small nature approved little green backyard lizards. This thing I have, traveled all the way from China in a box full of look a likes. He looks pretty real, gives me a start if I don't pay attention.

Anyways, I spied a cute young chameleon couple, consummating their nuptials on my deck. Obviously their mind was on other things; they didn't even see me as I picked up the strangely lifelike Iguana replica. A glint of mischief took over my obvious love for God's creation. Slowly I slid the gargantuan thing to where it would appear to envelope the amorous chameleon couple in its mouth.

What happened next was both hilarious and natural. The male took flight, literally gaining world records in high jumps as he sailed through the air, clean over a bush, landing with a splat, but, in full trot.

The cute little lady, demure and coy in her ways jumped with abandon, wondering what it was she had said or done to cause her suitor to leave without so much as a good-bye; yet, knowing she was better off anyway, he was probably a loser like his brother.

Just goes to show you, when the going gets tough, there's no protection like running like hell. Yeah and then the ladies say behind our backs; or to our face, "We always knew men, snakes, and lizards were related, running around, puffing up their egos, acting like they're tough enough to rule the world, only to show true colors when it comes to the us or them thing."

Some would have stuck around, to slay the dragon. Others though, would have kept on keepin' on, like the mouse what got stepped on by the elephant... what a way to go!!!? But then, that's another story.

Speaking of writers, my favorite subject, since I am one? Did ya know Ireland doesn't collect income tax from writers and artists? Makes you want to move there doesn't it. Oh, Northern Ireland that is. They prescribe to the adage, arts ought to kick... `stead of kissing...

You ever wondered what it sounds like when Obama walks into a room full of tagalong reporters. They pass out paper towels and ear

plugs `cause of all the kissy kiss stuff between them and the in-bed crowd. Still, the guys from the republican hinterlands occasionally keep `em jumping. Wonder where their headquarters actually is? Taos probably, everybody's there... except for the ones who moved to Ireland.

Switzerland has good vibes too, besides their highest per capita income of about \$40K vs \$25K in the U.S.ed. That's what most countries that don't like us call us, "USed up country." And to, the life expectancy in the U.S. lags behind some 18 years.

On my 76th birthday, I'm gonna move to Japan so I can live to be 94. But, stay away from Africa where you'd already be dead at 39. Makes you wonder why African-Americans want to attach themselves to that culture?

Yet living in Ireland wouldn't be too bad, about like here for life expectancy. With no taxes to pay... maybe you could take extended vacations to Japan... that ought to get you a life extension of some sort, that is if you stay away from riding in their taxis.

So what's next?