

Esther's Inheritance



Esther was a bit strapped for cash. The handsome young man who had convinced her to invest fifty thousand dollars in his motorcycle airbag company had disappeared without a trace, taking her investment with him. And then there was the nice young man she had met at the hospital where she worked as a candy striper. Bruno? Bosco? Blammo? What *was* his name?! Anyway, he claimed that when the Fliederer Family Circus' Human Cannonball accidentally landed on him during a show, he wound up with flagellating brain contusions, which his insurance policy didn't cover. So she footed the bill – a rather large bill, too, counting the Ferrari Oblongato that his therapist insisted was an important part of his rehabilitative process. Soon thereafter, he, too, vanished. Then there was that nasty Mr. Finney who claimed her ferret, Bob, had soiled his fancy sofa! It was entirely ludicrous, of course. Bob's little colostomy bag was *guaranteed* not to leak. Still, she wrote Mr. Finney a sizable check, just so he'd leave her the heck alone! And today the Bank of Smindt had called to warn her that her savings account was now *empty*, how frightfully embarrassing! Her only recourse was to raid the safety deposit box that Uncle Waldo had left her in his will. She'd never touched it, vowing to use it only in an emergency. Well, that emergency had apparently arrived. However, the bank manager steered her not to the safety deposit vault but rather to a lot behind the bank. Seems that Waldo, King of the Retreads, had never converted his assets into cash. Gloomily, Esther climbed up the pile of old rubber to survey her pathetic inheritance. Suddenly, a flock of chickens flew by overhead and she had one of those "light bulb moments." Within a year, the Smindt Rubber Chicken Company was listed on the New York Stock Exchange and raking in the dough, and Esther was living the glamorous life of its well-paid Chief Operating Officer!