

For better or for worse ...



“Honey, I’m home!” said Bob gaily, as he stepped through the front door after a hard day at the office. Gloria turned to greet her husband, and shrieked. “Bob! Your acne! It’s gotten worse! *Much* worse!” Sure, according to her marriage contract, she was to take her spouse “for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, blah blah blah,” but there was nothing in there about inflammatory papules, pustules and nodules. So Gloria divorced Bob on the grounds of “cruel and unusual facial blemishes.” Well, it had been an arranged marriage and was doomed, anyway. But don’t worry about Bob. The Flederer Family Circus welcomed him with open arms!