

# Funny Money



Blanche, Rupert's mother-in-law, was made of money. Really! When she perspired, greenbacks leaked from her pores instead of sweat. She'd pull the sticky bills off her skin, wad them up into a ball, then indifferently pitch them into the rubbish bin. And Rupert was always turning up the thermostat, figuring the more Blanche perspired, the more cash he could skim off of the old bat. Trudy, Rupert's wife, saw what was happening, but she dreaded the consequences of alerting her mum to his greedy machinations. Oh, she was always turning the thermostat back down, but otherwise she suffered her disappointment in her husband in silence. Then one day she got an idea: she introduced Mexican cuisine into her family's diet. Out went the tuna p. wiggle and lime Jello; in came the refried beans and plankton burgers. At first, Rupert complimented Trudy on her culinary skills – until he discovered that Blanche was now secreting pesos! Which, up there in Duluth, couldn't even be exchanged for real money without provoking suspicion. Ooo, he was mad! But what could he do? Plan a Mexican holiday, that's what! And when he didn't even offer to take Trudy or Blanche along, the plucky wife found another way to fight back. She began altering her tacos and enchiladas with ingredients she recalled from her days of watching "The French Chef:" gratin dauphinois, bouillabaisse, tapenade, tomates provencale, pot au feu. Soon her dinners were exhibiting a definite Gallic flavor. Rupert, however, was so busy amassing his pesos that he didn't notice they now featured images of Charles de Gaulle, Paul Cézanne and Miou-Miou. In fact, the first he heard about it was when he was arrested in Cancún for passing the funny money. Four years later, he's still there. And, probably, still mad.