

# Help, help!



“Help, help! Me head’s come off,” squealed Regan, barely able to keep a straight face – for she *could* reattach her noggin any time she wanted. But the effect was always so dramatic. People who heard her cries invariably came running. And when they saw her predicament, they’d try to help, either by offering to call a craniumologist or attempting to reattach the head themselves – which is when they’d discover Regan’s prank and, as a rule, storm off in a huff. But one day, after she’d made her bogus plea for help for the umpteenth time, she suddenly discovered to her dismay that she *couldn’t* put her head back on! It just stayed an arm’s length away, *mocking* her. Well, this really *was* a predicament, and she cried even louder. But this time, the only people who heard her were those she’d already hoodwinked. And they ignored her. So Regan stayed miserably headless all night and part of the next day, too, till finally her head relented and reconnected itself to the rest of her body. Regan immediately swore off all practical jokes – at least until she thought up an even better one. But that’s another story.