

Wrongheadedness



Those *ninnies!* fumed Carl. He'd ordered a head of lettuce from Dinklaker's Gourmet Market. Instead, they delivered to him the head of Leticia, his former accountant. Already his guests were beginning to arrive for dinner, and the anticipation of a nice, green salad – his specialty – was undoubtedly on their minds. No question he'd look mighty foolish trying to substitute shredded brainpan! He considered prizing Leticia's mouth open, sticking an apple in it, and turning it into an avant-garde centerpiece. However, he couldn't bring himself to touch the head. Last year she loudly rebuked him in public for fondling one of her shoes, and ever since then he'd kept a wary distance from her. What to do?! He needed to think, so he lugged the head-in-a-basket into the kitchen, set it down beside his Ronco Giant Potato Slice-a-matic, and lit up. (He always thought better enveloped in a nicotine cloud.) The proximity of the head to the slicer sure reminded him of something, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Just then, Norm and Mary barged into the kitchen, looking for salad. They both saw the tableau of Carl, the Slice-a-matic and Leticia's head and jumped to the entirely wrong conclusion. Unfortunately for Carl, a jury later agreed and found him guilty of abuse of both a corpse *and* a salad.