



Anonymous

The Foo Bird

by Susan E. Cowan

Once upon a time, there was a bird called the foo bird. The foo bird was just like any other bird, except for one thing; this bird's shit was deadly. If a foo bird shit on a person, that person would have to wear it for the rest of his or her life. If that person wiped the shit off, that person would die. Needless to say, the foo bird was avoided.

One beautiful morning, Jim Shito was walking to work when disaster struck. While strolling under an oak tree, a foo bird shit on him. "Oh damn," he said. "A foo bird shit on me. If I wipe this off, I will die. Now I have to walk around with foo shit on my shoulder for the rest of my life."

This day was the downfall of Jim Shito. When he got to work, his fellow employees were not pleased. Everyone avoided him because the smell was unbearable. He lost many important clients. When he was just about to leave work, his boss, Mr. Smithers, called him into his office. He said, "Jim, we have a very serious problem. It has come to my attention that you have had an unfortunate incident with a foo bird. I'm sorry, but if you do not remove the, uh, substance from your shoulder, I will have to fire you."

Jim replied, "But Mr. Smithers, I will die if I wipe this off my shoulder!"

"I'm sorry Jim, but I am losing important clients. If you don't wipe that mess off your shoulder, don't bother coming into work tomorrow."

Jim left his office very depressed. When he got home, things just got worse. His wife was very upset to see the foo shit on Jim's shoulder. She did her best to ignore the smell, but by the end of the evening, she couldn't stand it any longer. Just as he was going to go to bed, his wife came into the bedroom and gave him a very serious ultimatum. She said, "I'm sorry honey, but I cannot stand that foo shit any longer. You are going to have to wipe that off or I am going to leave you."

"But sweetheart, I'll die if I wipe this off!"

"I'm sorry, but you have to choose between the foo shit and me."

Jim left the house to think about his situation. As he walked, he tried to decide whether to wipe the foo shit off or not. He didn't want to lose his wife and job, but he certainly didn't want to die. After many hours of contemplation, he decided to leave the shit on his shoulder and face the consequences.

Unfortunately, Jim found out that his boss and his wife were not kidding. When he got to work the next morning, Mr. Smithers told him to turn around and walk right back out the door. Knowing that he had lost his job, he went home. When his wife saw the shit still on his shoulder, she picked up her suitcases and left him. Jim sat in his living room and thought, "What have I got to live for? I have lost my job and my wife. I might as well kill myself."

Therefore, with nothing else to live for, Jim wiped the foo shit off his shoulder and died.

The Moral of the Story: If the foo shits, wear it.