

When Good Gifts Go Bad

By John Farrow

Dearest Jack,

Today the postman delivered a partridge in a pear tree. You are so wonderful and romantic! Let's run soon.

With deepest love and affection, Jill

Dearest Jack,

What a sweet gift, two turtle doves. Their cooing was very soothing throughout my trail run! All my love, Jill

Dear Jack,

Three french hens! You are so extravagant! Let's run the Bordeaux Marathon together next year! Love, Jill

Dear Jack,

Four calling birds? Now really, they are beautiful, but don't you think enough is enough? I'll see you at the race. Regards, Jill

Dearest Jack,

What a surprise. Five gold rings, one for each finger! I have to take them off during weight training, but they are nice. You know, all those birds are starting to get on my nerves. All my love, Jill

Dear Jack,

This morning there were six geese a-laying, right on my front steps. Getting back to birds, I guess. Boy, those suckers are huge! One tried to bite me as I left for a run and the neighbors are starting to complain about the racket. Cordially, Jill

Jack,

What is it with you and those damn birds? Seven swans a-swimming? I'll never be ready for the Ironman at this rate. They take up all the pool. Stop it! It's not funny. Sincerely, Jill

OK buster,

What the hell am I going to do with eight maids a-milking? They had to bring all their damn cows and I'm lactose intolerant. The house is a wreck and my running shoes are slippery with green poop. Lay off, will you? Jill

Hey ____head,

You listening to me? Now it's nine pipers playing, and they won't quit playing with the maids. The cows are sick and so am I. All that training out the window. I'll get you, Jill

You jerk,

Now ten ladies dancing and it ain't ballroom, either. They're after the pipers, the cows and birds have the runs and I had to cancel a race to respond to an eviction notice. Voices are telling me to join a cult. Jill

Listen _____,

Maids milking, ladies dancing with pipers playing and now eleven lords a-leaping all over creation. The cows trampled the birds, except the one I cooked. The house is gone and I was running without any clothes on when they picked me up. I hope you're satisfied. Your sworn enemy, Jill

Dear Sir:

This will acknowledge your latest gift of twelve fiddlers fiddling and which you have seen fit to inflict upon our client, Ms. Jill McDonald.

The destruction, of course, has been total. All further correspondence should be sent in care of this law office.

Should you make any attempt to contact Ms. McDonald at the Happy Dale Sanitarium, the attendants have been instructed to shoot you on sight. Enclosed please find our

Petition for Unfold Damages and Restraining Orders, etc.

I remain,

Perry Pettifogger
Attorney for Petitioner

ARR News, December 1998
Albuquerque Road Runners Club