

sounded almost like they were laughing. The police worked doggedly and tirelessly on my case. I was questioned for what seemed to be hours about the horrible crime that was committed on my person. One question that seemed to be of particular interest to law enforcement was which liquor store I'd bought the champagne from. I raised myself up from my pillow, and with tremendous effort I whispered, "Bi-lo." I was determined to see the perpetrators of this heinous act brought to justice. About this time, I sank into unconsciousness. When I awoke, there they were, ..in my room, ..my attackers!!!! I shrank back in terror. I looked at my pillow. Were they planning on smothering me? I looked at my IV tubes. Perhaps, it was strangulation day at Grady Memorial. I looked at the financial forms on the table. That's it! They were going to bleed me to death. God, I hate paper cuts. They started coming closer, their eyes gleaming. I shrank back further in my pillow, cause let's face it, I'm a scaredy-cat. I summoned all my courage and glared at them. "This won't be like it was last time. I'm ready for you this time. I have a catheter this time." Well, they all started laughing, and told me not to be so dramatic. They started explaining things to me, and suddenly my horrible ordeal started to make sense. The ladies were in Atlanta for a Weight-Watchers convention. They'd been celebrating their weight loss and had even taken a lesson in strip teasing to give them self-esteem about their bodies. Naturally, when that truck horn blew, and they couldn't hear the d in hordes, they thought I was referring to them. Those silly little whores. And, remember those hungry people in Atlanta that the tv reporter was talking about? Well, she was referring to the folks at the Weight Watchers convention. God, I've never felt so stupid and embarrassed. OK, yes, I have, zillions of times. I told you I was an honest person. Anyway, the Weight Watchers ladies apologized. Did I mention that they were all drunk, too, from that champagne they stole from me? One of them picked up the remote control and put MTV on. They all started dancing and one of them even started swinging from my IV pole. We even ate lunch together. They still had some caviar, cheese, and crackers from my basket. I had fishsticks and jello. Before they left, they handed me a bus ticket for home. So, the lesson here is to think twice before you got to Atlanta to do some hungry horde feeding. Just stay home and eat a pickle instead.

About the Author

Edie Deween has been writing comedy online for years, however it has always been for her family and friends. After much prodding and cowering she has finally started her own site www.ediedeween.com called Edie's Playground. Be sure to subscribe to this [witty, humorous blog](#), you will not want to miss a word.

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