

Topic: Where Is It

May 15, 2020

Here We Go Again

By Morri Namasté

The following dialogue really happened. I'm not saying it happened to me or with me or that I was involved in it in any way imaginable. But it did really happen. Perhaps others have experienced similar occurrences. By others I mean men.

It was a day not too unlike other days. There was a rush to get something done and in this rush the following conversation was overheard.

"Honey, do you know where my keys are?"

"What?"

"My keys, have you seen them?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. They're your keys. How would I know where they are?"

"But you know everything? Did you put them somewhere?"

"I'm not the keeper of your keys."

"But you always go around picking up stuff."

"Did you look where you left them?"

"I don't know where I left them. That's why I'm asking you."

"I DON'T KNOW!"

"Could you help me look for them?"

"I'm busy. And what's with you always misplacing your keys?"

"Honey, it's not that I misplace them but I starting to think that my keys are out to get me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it. Just when I need them they tend to disappear. I always put them in exactly the same place and if you're not messing with me then something else is going on."

“Are you telling me that they are magic keys with a peculiar ‘key intelligence’?”

“Well, I don’t have any other explanations. Do you?”

“Check your pants pocket.”

“What?!?”

“I said to check your pants pocket.”

“Oh, there they are. Never mind.”

“Men!”