

An Unexpected High School Reunion

Have you ever been guilty of looking at someone your own age and thinking, "Surely I can't look that old?" If so, you'll love this one.

My name is Alice Smith and I was sitting in the waiting room for my first appointment with a new dentist. I noticed his DDS diploma hanging on the wall which showed his full name. Suddenly, I remembered a tall, handsome, dark-haired boy with the same name who had been in my high school class some 40-odd years ago. Could this be the same guy that I had a secret crush on way back then? Upon seeing him however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with a deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate.

After he examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended Morgan Park High School. "Yes, yes I did. I'm a Mustang," he beamed with pride. "When did you graduate?" I asked. He answered, "In 1959, why do you ask?" "You were in my class!" I exclaimed. He looked at me closely. Then, that ugly, old, bald, wrinkled, fat, gray, decrepit, son-of-a-gun asked, "What did you teach?"



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Sometimes, laying out extra cash for a seat upgrade really does pay off!