Have you ever done something extremely stupid like, oh, I don’t know, try to make a room filled with total strangers laugh until their sides hurt? Totally dumb, right?
Well, that’s why my humble story is going to start with some pretty yucky tension—plus a little heavy-duty drama (and, hopefully, a few funnies so we don’t all go nuts).

Okay, so how, exactly, did I get into this mess—up onstage at a comedy club, baking like a bag of French fries under a hot spotlight that shows off my sweat stains (including one that sort of looks like Jabba the Hutt), with about a thousand beady eyeballs drilling into me?

A very good question that you ask.

To tell you the truth, it’s one I’m asking, too!

What am I, Jamie Grimm, doing here trying to win something called the Planet’s Funniest Kid Comic Contest?

What was I thinking?

But wait. Hold on. It gets even worse.

While the whole audience stares and waits for me to say something (anything) funny, I’m up here choking.

That’s right—my mind is a total and complete blank.

And I just said, “No, I’m Jamie Grimm.”

That’s the punch line. The end of a joke.
All it needs is whatever comes before the punch line. You know—all the stuff I can’t remember.

So I sweat some more. The audience stares some more.

I don’t think this is how a comedy act is supposed to go. I’m pretty sure jokes are usually involved. And people laughing.

“Um, hi.” I finally squeak out a few words. “The other day at school, we had this substitute teacher.

Very tough. Sort of like Mrs. Darth Vader. Had the heavy breathing, the deep voice. During roll call, she said, ‘Are you chewing gum, young man?’ And I said, ‘No, I’m Jamie Grimm.’”

I wait (for what seems like hours) and, yes, the audience kind of chuckles. It’s not a huge laugh, but it’s a start.

Okay. Phew. I can tell a joke. All is not lost. Yet. But hold on for a sec. We need to talk about something else. A major twist to my tale.

“A major twist?” you say. “Already?”

Yep. And, trust me, you weren’t expecting this one.

To be totally honest, neither was I.
Hi.

Presenting me. Jamie Grimm. The sit-down comic.

So, can you deal with this? Some people can. Some can’t. Sometimes even I can’t deal with it (like just about every morning, when I wake up and look at myself in the mirror).

But you know what they say: “If life gives you lemons, learn how to juggle.”

Or, even better, learn how to make people laugh.

So that’s what I decided to do.

Seriously. I tried to teach myself how to be funny. I did a whole bunch of homework and read every joke book and joke website I could find, just so I could become a comedian and make people laugh.

I guess you could say I’m obsessed with being a stand-up comic—even though I don’t exactly fit the job description.

But unlike a lot of homework (algebra, you know I’m talking about you), this was fun.

I got to study all the greats: Jon Stewart, Jerry Seinfeld, Kevin James, Ellen DeGeneres, Chris Rock, Steven Wright, Joan Rivers, George Carlin.
I also filled dozens of notebooks with jokes I made up myself—like my second one-liner at the comedy contest.

“Wow, what a crowd,” I say, surveying the audience. “Standing room only. Good thing I brought my own chair.”

It takes a second, but they laugh—right after I let them know it’s okay, because I’m smiling, too.

This second laugh? Well, it’s definitely bigger than that first chuckle. Who knows—maybe I actually have a shot at winning this thing.

So now I’m not only nervous, I’m pumped!

I really, really, really (and I mean really) want to take my best shot at becoming the Planet’s Funniest Kid Comic.

Because, in a lot of ways, my whole life has been leading up to this one sweet (if sweaty) moment in the spotlight!
PART ONE
The Road to Ronkonkoma
Chapter 1

WELCOME TO MY WORLD

But, hey, I think we're getting ahead of ourselves. We should probably go back to the beginning—or at least a beginning.

So let's check out a typical day in my ordinary, humdrum life in Long Beach, a suburb of New York City—back before my very strange appearance at the Ronkonkoma Comedy Club.

Here's me, just an average kid on an average day in my average house as I open our average door and head off to an average below-average school.

Zombies are everywhere.

Well, that's what I see. You might call 'em "ordinary people." To me, these scary people stumbling down the sidewalks are the living dead!
A pack of brain-numb freaks who crawl out of the ground every morning and shuffle off to work. They’re waving at me, grunting “Hul-lo, Ja-mie!” I wave and grunt back.

So what streets do my freaky zombie friends like best? The dead ends, of course.

Fortunately, my neighbors move extremely slowly (lots of foot-dragging and Frankenstein-style lurching). So I never really have to worry about them running me down to scoop out my brains like I’m their personal pudding cup.

There’s this one zombie I see almost every morning. He’s usually dribbling his coffee and eating a doughnut.

“Do zombies eat doughnuts with their fingers?” you might ask.

No. They usually eat their fingers separately.

The school crossing guard? She can stop traffic just by holding up her hand. With her other hand.

Are there really zombies on my way to school every morning?

Of course there are! But only inside my head. Only in my wild imagination. I guess you could say I try to see the funny side of any situation. You
should try it sometime. It makes life a lot more interesting.

So how did I end up here in this zombified suburb not too far from New York City?

Well, that, my friends, is a very interesting story....
For instance, if you hit your local bully with a pretty good joke, he or she might be too busy laughing to hit you back. It's true: Punch lines can actually beat punches because it's pretty hard for a bully to give you a triple nipple cripple if he's doubled over, holding his sides, and laughing his head off.

To make my long story a little shorter, Long Beach isn’t my home, and I don’t think it ever will be. Have you ever felt like you don’t fit in? That you don’t belong where you are but you’re sort of stuck there? Well, that’s exactly how I feel each and every day since I moved to Long Beach.

Moving to a brand-new town also means I have to face a brand-new bunch of kids, and bullies, at my brand-new school.

Now, like all the other schools I’ve ever attended, the hallways of Long Beach Middle School are plastered with all sorts of no bullying posters. There’s only one problem: Bullies, it turns out, don’t read too much. I guess reading really isn’t a job requirement in the high-paying fields of name-calling, nose-punching, and atomic-wedgie-yanking.

You want to know the secret to not getting beat up at school?

Well, I don’t really have scientific proof or anything, but, in my experience, comedy works. Most of the time, anyway.

That’s right: Never underestimate the power of a good laugh. It can stop some of the fiercest middle-school monsters.
So every morning, before heading off to school, just make sure you pack some good jokes along with your lunch. For instance, you could distract your bully with a one-liner from one of my all-time favorite stand-up comics, Steven Wright: “Do you think that when they asked George Washington for ID, he just whipped out a quarter?”

If that doesn’t work, go with some surefire Homer Simpson: “Operator! Give me the number for 9-1-1!”

All I’m saying is that laughing is healthy. A lot healthier than getting socked in the stomach. Especially if you had a big breakfast.

Of course, my new school gives me all sorts of terrific opportunities to test my “anti-bullying” theories.

Because once I make it through my Imaginary Zombie Zone, there’s another drooling demon for me to deal with. A real one.

Meet Stevie Kosgrov. Long Beach’s Bully of the Year, three years running. All-Pro. Master of Disaster. Inventor of the Upside-Down Shanghai Shakedown. Kosgrov puts the cruel in Long Beach Middle School.

As I cruise across the playground, he’s busy making change with a sixth grader and gravity. The poor kid’s in serious trouble. I know because I’ve been in his position before: upside down, with loose
The upside-down kid losing all his lunch money laughs at the joke. Stevie does not.

“And how about that karate champion who joined the army?”

“What about him?”

“Oh, I hear it was pretty bad. First time he saluted, he nearly killed himself.”

Kosgrov’s victim is totally cracking up. Kosgrov? Not so much.

Desperate, I try one more time with what I think is some can’t-miss Homer Simpson material: “Yesterday I asked my teacher, ‘How come I have to study English? I’m never going to England!'”

Stevie still isn’t laughing, but he does, finally, loosen his grip on the small kid’s ankles.

The little guy drops to the ground—and takes off like a race car at Talladega Superspeedway.

“Thanks, Jamie! I owe you one!” I think that’s what he says. He’s running away very, very quickly when he says it.

Meanwhile, Kosgrov redirects his rage. At me.

He lurches forward, grabs hold of both my
armrests, and leans down. I’m basically frozen in place. Petrifying fear and locked wheel brakes will do that to you.

From his hot, steamy breath, I can tell that Stevie Kosgrov recently enjoyed a bowl of Fruity Pebbles (with milk that had hit its expiration date, oh, maybe a month ago).

“What?” says Kosgrov. “You think I won’t lay you out just because you’re stuck in a wheelchair, funny boy?”

“Yeah,” I say. “Pretty much.”

Turns out I’m pretty wrong.

This is so awesome!

Kosgrov decks me. I mean, he socks me so hard I end up flat on my back like a tipped-over turtle (minus the kicking legs). I’m down for the count—well, I would be if Kosgrov could count. He’s about as good at math as he is at reading.

Lying on the ground, staring up at the sky with parking-lot gravel in my hair, I feel that I have finally arrived.
Stevie Kosgrov punched me just like I was a regular, normal kid.

He didn’t call me gimp or crip or Wheelie McFeelie. He just slugged me in the gut and laughed hysterically when I toppled backward. He even kicked my wheelchair off to the side so I’d look more like an average loser sprawled out on the black asphalt.

This is progress.

The world just became a little better place.

I’m not the kid in the wheelchair anymore (and not just because Stevie knocked me out of it). I feel normal, and normal feels absolutely amazing.

You see, once you’ve been labeled a “special needs” kid, being “ordinary,” even if it’s being ordinary sprawled out flat on your back, is the most incredible feeling in the world.

So, thank you, Stevie Kosgrov!

I can see why you, sir, are the champ. You bully without regard to race, religion, creed, national origin, or physical abilities. You are an equal-opportunity tormentor.

Fortunately, my two best friends, Pierce and Gaynor, come along and help me back into my chair.

They’re both supercool. Good peeps.

“Hey, guys,” I say. “Did I beat the count? I want a rematch! I was robbed. Where’s Kosgrov? Let me at ’im! Yo, Adrian? We did it! Adrian!!!!”

Yeah, I’m a huge Rocky fan. I liked Real Steel, too. And The Champ.

“Are you okay, Jamie?” asks Pierce.

“Never better. Was that great or what?”

“Seriously. Come on, Jamie. Quit goofing around.”

“I’m fine,” I say. “Nothing is broken—that wasn’t broken before.”
“You’re sure?”
“Positive. I wouldn’t lie to you guys.”

We head into school. Pierce and Gaynor don’t grab hold of the chair’s handles to push me like I’m a baby in a stroller. They just walk beside me—like wingmen.

Like I’m a normal bud.

I think somebody once said that friends are the family we choose.

You don’t know how lucky I am that Pierce and Gaynor chose me. These two guys are awesome. The best.

You look at me, and I know what you’re thinking:
“Zac Efron without the hot legs.”

Okay. Maybe not. But I do have a pretty good set of guns. Check out my bulging biceps. Those mosquito-bite bumps on my arms there.
I don’t think I’ll ever get a tattoo. With my luck, the guy working the ink needle would get the hiccups and I’d end up with a squiggly butterfly instead of a fire-breathing dragon.

Girls look at me and think, “Oooh. Take me to the mall or the movies or Taco Bell!” They probably figure we can park in a handicapped space close to the doors.

Now, I’m guessing you go to school, too. So you know what that’s like. All the bad stuff, like rubbery pizza in the cafeteria and pop quizzes in social studies, and let’s not even get into that sawdusty stuff the janitor sprinkles over the occasional puke puddle.

So let me just tell you the good parts about my school.

There’s cold chocolate milk in the cafeteria. Every day!

And, of course, I’ve got my two best buds. You already met them—Pierce and Gaynor. Pierce is a total brainiac. He can tell you everything you ever wanted to know, like how you mark a baseball scorecard with a backward K for a called third strike and a forward K if the batter strikes out swinging.

Gaynor is a little more edgy. A little more “out there,” if you know what I mean. He actually has tattoos and a nose ring.

My friends are both excellent squatters. When I started using the chair, the whole world seemed to grow three feet taller, and everybody was always looking down on me. Literally. But not Gaynor and Pierce.
If we’re just hanging out, they’ll both hunker down into a deep knee bend or find something to sit on so we’re all talking eye to eye. They’re not just thinking about themselves; they’re thinking about me, too.

Anyway, another good thing about my school? The science lab. If you stare out the third window just the right way, you get an excellent view of the ocean and the beach. Well, it’s only a tiny sliver, but if you squint real hard, you can see the surf and my Uncle Frankie’s diner.

Then there’s this frizzy-haired girl who’s in a couple of my classes. She’s definitely another good thing about school. She laughed once in math class when I cracked a joke about parallel lines: “When all those parallel lines finally meet in infinity, do they throw a party?”

The frizzy-haired girl has a very bubbly laugh. She’s also extremely cute. But who am I kidding? She probably doesn’t even know I exist. I’m just the jokester sitting in the back of the classroom. Other than that, I’m totally invisible to her. Which reminds me of this awful joke (what I call a “groaner”) that I read in one of my giant jokelopedias:

A nurse goes into a doctor’s office and says, “Doctor, there’s a man out here who thinks he’s invisible.”

“I’m busy,” says the doctor. “Tell him I can’t see him right now.”

Pretty corny, huh? But I figure the frizzy-haired girl feels the same way about me.

That I’m invisible.

I guess all the cute girls do.

I also have a feeling they always will.
Chapter 6

MY AFTER-SCHOOL SPECIAL

The final bell rings at school, and I’m off like a shot.

I’m the first one out of the building every afternoon.

I zip down the sidewalk and head to my Uncle Frankie’s diner. I love spending time with Frankie.

He owns the oldest diner in the whole New York metropolitan area. It’s so old, I think when it opened, Burger King was still a prince.

Even the jukebox plays nothing but oldies, mostly doo-wop tunes from the 1950s and ‘60s. Uncle Frankie isn’t just the owner; he’s also the head chef.
“So how was school today, Jamie?” he asks once I’m parked in the kitchen.
“Not bad. I took out a bully today.”
“Really?”
“Yeah. He was picking on this sixth grader, so I pulled a Chuck Norris and did what needed to be done.”
“You stood up for this other kid?”
“Well, I didn’t exactly stand.”
“You know what I mean.”
“Yeah. I do.”
Uncle Frankie puts down his yo-yo and nods proudly. “You did good, Jamie.”
“Well, you know what Kevin James says in Mall Cop: If—”
Frankie holds up a hand. “No joke, kiddo. I’m proud of you. Seriously proud.”
“Thanks.” I’m sort of blushing when I say it.
Neither one of us says anything else for a while. The only sound in the kitchen is grease sputtering on the grill and some plates clanking behind us.
I don’t do so well with long, thoughtful pauses or total quiet. Gives me a little too much time to

And, get this: He’s the former yo-yo champion of all of Brooklyn, a place famous for its yo-yos. Uncle Frankie is always doing yo-yo tricks, even when he’s working the grill. He can Hop the Fence, Walk the Dog, Loop the Loop, and go Around the World with one hand while flipping griddle cakes and two eggs over easy with the other.
think about my situation and how absolutely alone I sometimes feel.

So I rev up my motor mouth.

“Oh, and this morning, on my way to school? I wiped out a whole bunch of zombies. Rolled over them, too. I may never get all the green slime out of my tire treads.”

“Is that so?” says Uncle Frankie, shaking his head and smiling. “Zombies?”

“Yep,” I say. “All in all, it was just your average, ho-hum kind of day.”

“So, Jamie—you ever think about writing down your wacky stories so you can tell them to people in a comedy club or something?”


“You should. You crack me up, kiddo. You’d crack up other people, too. Trust me on this one. I know a little something about show business.”

“Because you were a yo-yo champion?”

“Exactly! I’ve been on the big stage, and it’s very cool.”

So, as they say—maybe in Iowa or Nebraska—the seed was planted.

Chapter 7

There’s No Place Like Home (If There Were, the Authorities Would Shut It Down)

After a healthy after-school snack of French fries and ketchup (they’re both, technically, vegetables), it’s time to leave the diner and head for home, a little place I call “Smileyville.”
I moved to Long Beach when my mother’s sister (we’ll call her Aunt Smiley) adopted me. Yes, I wish my father’s brother, Uncle Frankie, had adopted me, but the judge sent me to Smileyville instead.

I’m not sure my mother’s sister was all that excited about adding me to her family. Have you ever seen one of those ADOPT A HIGHWAY signs on the interstate? I think that would’ve been her first choice.

The Smileys are the most clueless, absentminded people you’ll ever meet. They hardly notice I’m around—which basically works in my favor because I can sneak out pretty easily.

But the most important thing about my adoptive family is that I call them “the Smileys” because they never, ever smile.

You could bring home ice cream and cupcakes, and these people would still pout. You could pop open a crate full of adorable, tail-wagging puppies, and they wouldn’t even crack a grin.

In fact, they already have a dog. I call him “Ol’ Smiler.” Look up “hangdog expression” in the dictionary, and you’ll see his face.

There’s only one good thing about being adopted by a family that never, ever smiles: They’re the perfect test audience for my jokes. If I can make these people laugh, I’m pretty sure I can make anybody laugh.

Oh, there’s one tiny thing that makes living in Smileyville even worse.

Yep. It’s time for another curveball.
Chapter 8

WITH BROTHERS LIKE THIS, WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

Meet my brand-new big brother. And by big, I mean HUGE.

You are correct. It’s Stevie Kosgrov. The same bully who made my day by knocking me out of my wheelchair.

Officially, he is now my adoptive brother because Aunt Smiley is Stevie’s mom.

As you might imagine, living with my new adoptive brother is a lot less Brady Bunch and much more Harry Potter. Stevie Kosgrov is my very own somewhat demented Dudley Dursley—if Dudley had muscles and serious BO issues and knew how to jam people’s heads down toilets to give them a swirly.

Yes, Stevie Kosgrov makes my new home a living hell. Except for the heat.

My new bedroom is so cold, last night I saw a spider in the corner standing on one leg.

Sorry. Those are David Letterman jokes, and David Letterman is one of my idols.
Actually, it used to be the garage, which probably explains why it’s never what you might call warm or toasty.

“That’s where we keep all the crap with wheels,” Stevie said the day I moved in. “The lawn mower, the snowblower, and you!”

In fairness, Uncle Smiley cleaned the place out. He even put rugs over all the oil and antifreeze splotches on the floor.

The cold concrete floor.

On the plus side, I’m the only kid I know with a genuine Weedwacker hanging on his wall.

Every night after dinner—which is usually something like tuna noodle casserole made with cream-of-wallpaper soup—I escape to the privacy of my bedroom.
My bedroom is also where I keep my massive collection of joke books and notebooks. Whenever I have an idea for a comic sketch or bit, I roll in here, grab a notebook and a pen, and go to work.

For instance, last night the Smileys were watching that National Geographic movie *March of the Penguins*. It's their kind of movie. Lots of ice, blizzards, gale-force winds, and those cute little penguins everywhere.

By the way, did you know that penguins mate for life? Then again, they all look the same, so how do they even know if their girlfriend is really their girlfriend?

See, this is what I do.

I brainstorm every silly angle I can think of on a subject, jot it all down (no judgments allowed during brainstorming), and then try to work it into a bit.

Maybe I could do a riff on this penguin stand-up comic I pretend I know. Poor guy, all he can tell are black-and-white jokes. “What's black and white and black and white? A nun in a revolving door. Or me. In a revolving door. Or my mother. In a…”

I'm working away, thinking about what Uncle Frankie said, the seed he planted, when all of a sudden there's this terrible banging on my bedroom door.

“Whatcha doin’ in there, Jamie?”

It’s Stevie Kosgrov, my adoptive brother.

My escape into my imaginary world is cut short by his very *real* pounding and howling.

I don’t feel so funny when Stevie’s knocking on my bedroom door. To be honest, I feel trapped.

Which, I guess, I kind of am.
Chapter 10

IT'S A SMALL BEACH, AFTER ALL

The next day, thank goodness, is Saturday. To once again quote the great Homer Simpson: “Woo-hoo!”

Time to roll up the garage door, say good-bye to Smileyville, and breeze down to the Long Beach boardwalk, which is about a mile shorter than the long beach that Long Beach is named after—two and a quarter miles. Uncle Frankie tells me it was built back in 1914—with the help of elephants.

Yep. It’s already in one of my notebooks. A bit about elephants trying to figure out how to hold a hammer, since they don’t have any thumbs. Then I say, “No one really cared how long it took for the elephants to hammer in a nail. They worked for peanuts.”

Okay. That one still needs a little tweaking. I’ll work on it.

What I like best about the beach and boardwalk is all the different kinds of people I see. Russian grandmas in head scarves. Hispanic families eating rainbow-colored snow cones. Hasidic men with curly side locks and big hats. Koreans and Chinese smiling in the sunshine. Italians with lots of back hair. Irish with lots of freckles every place the Italians have hair.

Maybe they should call this United Nations
Okay. I’m pulling out my notebook to jot this down. It could be a whole new bit for my act.

Sand, sun, and surf—the great equalizers. Proof that people everywhere can get along in peace and harmony, as long as none of them play their music too loud and everybody remembers to use sunblock.

On United Nations Beach, there are no borders. Just blankets.

And everybody looks basically the same in a bathing suit. Especially old guys in Speedos. They all look ridiculous.

But wait—this is bigger than every country in the world.

I see fat people, skinny people, workout freaks, hipsters, bankers (who else would wear a suit to the beach?). I see zombies playing Frisbee with penguins. Penguins wearing black-and-white bikinis.

What if life really were a beach?

What if the sun shone every day, and all you had to do all day was splash in the surf, boogie board, apply sunblock, and spear a couple of sand crabs for dinner?

*Maybe this is the secret to world peace?*

Make everybody everywhere move to the nearest beach.

There would be no more wars—just a few small action-figure skirmishes around sand castles.

Of course, I do have one absolutely horrible fear about the beach.

Turn the page...if you dare.
Chapter 11
SAND TRAPPED

My problem? My great fear? Think about it from my perspective.

The beach is made out of sand. My wheelchair only comes with two-wheel drive, and it sure isn’t a dune buggy. See where I’m going with this? Of course you do.

I wouldn’t be able to budge. I’d sink.

I’d be like Han, Leia, and Luke in *Star Wars: Return of the Jedi*. Stuck on the endless expanse of the Tatooine desert—waiting for some sand creature to come along and suck me down into its sand pit for dinner, or maybe just a snack.

To me, the beach is just a desert surrounded by water you can’t drink!

I’d be stranded in my wheelchair as it slowly sank deeper and deeper.

No water. No sunblock.

I…can’t…go…on…

Ack!

It’d be horrible.

Plus, I’d have sand in my socks. Probably my underpants, too.
Chapter 12

THERE’S NOTHING FINER THAN SATURDAY AT THE DINER

Next stop?
Up the boardwalk a couple of blocks to Frankie’s Good Eats by the Sea. My uncle’s diner is always packed on Saturdays, so sometimes I lend a hand, helping out behind the cash register.
The best part? I get to tell a joke to every single person I ring up.
“Here’s your change, Mrs. P.—and how about a little Rodney Dangerfield for dessert?”
The woman smiles. She’s a real sweetheart. “Okay.”
I tug at my collar, like Rodney would. “I tell you, I come from a stupid family. During the Civil War, my great-uncle fought for the West!”

Mrs. P. cracks up. The next guy steps up to my register and hands me his guest check. He’s one of my regulars, Mr. Emilito. Delivers newspapers house to house.

“What’ve you got for me, Jamie? Make me laugh.”
I make his change first. “Fifty-three cents and some classic George Carlin.”
“Excellent!”
“Can vegetarians eat animal crackers? Hey, how do
they get the deer to cross at that yellow road sign? I put a dollar in a change machine. Nothing changed.”

He’s laughing so hard, he almost swallows his toothpick.

So I work in a little of my own material.

“If number two pencils are so popular, why are they still number two?”

Mr. Emilito is still cracking up. “Who does that one?” he asks. “Carlin?”

“Nope. That one’s mine.”

“Really? Awesome!”

And he tosses his fifty-three cents into the tip cup that Uncle Frankie keeps on the counter.

Wow. I think I just became a professional comedian.

“You know,” says Uncle Frankie, “you’ve got a gift, Jamie.”

“Really? Did it come with a gift receipt? Because I’ve had my eye on an iPod....”

“Jamie? Can you maybe be serious for two seconds?”

“I can try.”

“Good. I saw this in the paper. You should enter this comedy contest. Think about it. I’ve seen you with the customers, kiddo. And with Joey Gaynor and Jimmy Pierce,” says Uncle Frankie. “You’re hysterical. You could win. Seriously.”

I disagree. Seriously.

One, I don’t think I’m funny enough. Not even close.

Two, I’d definitely choke.

Because I’m a choker.

Seriously.
Mr. Burdzecki is drying his eyes with a paper napkin. He’s a really nice man.
“You funny boy,” he says.
“I funny?”
“Da. You funny.”
Okay. If he says so.
I funny!

Later at the diner, I ring up another regular, an old man named Mr. Burdzecki.
He’s Russian. So I dig deep and pull out some classic Yakov Smirnoff from all the way back in the 1980s. Like, another century.
“Did you see the ad in the paper this morning, Mr. Burdzecki? It said ‘Big Sale. Last Week.’ Last week? Why advertise? I already missed it. They’re just rubbing it in.”
He laughs. Like a happy bear.
So I keep going.
“Yakov Smirnoff says that in Russia, there were only two TV channels. Channel One was propaganda. Channel Two was a KGB officer telling you, ‘Turn back to Channel One.’”
Like I Funny?

Order your copy today!

Buy now