From: "G. Max" <[redacted]>
To: "[redacted]" <[redacted]>
Subject: Fwd: Fw: Can you relate?
Date: Sat, 01 Jan 4501 05:00:00 +0000

<html>
<blockquote type=cite class=cite cite>
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<blockquote type=cite class=cite cite><blockquote type=cite class=cite cite><blockquote type=cite class=cite cite>One afternoon a man came home from work to find total mayhem in his house. His three children were outside, still in their pajamas, playing in the mud, with empty food boxes and wrappers strewn all around the front yard. The door of his wife's car was open, as was the front door to the house. Proceeding into the entry, he found an even bigger mess. A lamp had been knocked over, and the throw rug was wadded against one wall. In the front room the TV was loudly blaring a cartoon channel, and the family room was strewn with toys and various items of clothing. In the kitchen, dishes filled the sink, breakfast food was spilled on the counter, dog food was spilled on the floor, a broken glass lay under the table, and a small pile of sand was spread by the back door. He quickly headed up the stairs, stepping over toys and more piles of clothes, looking for his wife. He was worried she may be ill, or that something serious had happened. He found her lounging in the bedroom, still curled in the bed in her pajamas, reading a novel. She looked up at him, smiled, and asked how his day went. He looked at her bewildered and asked,"What happened here today?" She again smiled and answered, "You know every day when you come home from work and ask me what in the world did I do today? "Yes" was his incredulous reply. She answered, "Well, today I didn't do it."
 </blockquote></blockquote></blockquote></blockquote></html>
From ???@??? Sun May 06 15:10:09 2001
To: Tania
From: "G. Max" <[redacted]>
Subject: Fwd: Fw: Can you relate?
Cc:
Bcc:
X-Attachments:
In-Reply-To:
References:
Message-Id: <[redacted]>
X-Eudora-Signature: <Standard>