From: "G. Max" <[redacted]>
To: philip Levine <[redacted]>
Subject: Fwd:
Date: Sat, 01 Jan 4501 05:00:00 +0000

<html>

<blockquote type=cite class=cite cite> >A lady walks into a shop that sells VERY expensive
> >   >Persian rugs. She browses around, then spots
> >   the perfect rug and walks over to inspect it.
> >
> >   >As she bends to feel the texture of the rug, she farts loudly.
> >   >Very embarrassed, she looks around nervously to see if
> >   >anyone has noticed her little accident and hopes
> >   a sales person doesn't pop up right now.
> >
> >   As she turns back, there, standing next to her is a salesman.
> >   >"Good day, madam. How may we help you today?"
> >   > Very uncomfortably she asks, "Sir, what is the price of
> >   >this lovely rug?"
> >
> >   He answers, "Madam, if you farted just touching it,
> >   you are very likely going to shit when you hear the price!"
> >
> >
> >
></blockquote></html>