

Joan's  
Daughter

# How to be sick, unemployed and insane

BY KATHY SHAILDE

1. Wake Up. Are you in pain? If "yes," roll over (if you can) and go back to sleep. If "no," roll over (since you can) and go back to sleep.

2. Really Wake Up. Drink the first of today's 16 coffees, preferably from a mug emblazoned with an amusing slogan. Mine says "Naturally Blonde: Please speak slowly." This mug assures visiting social workers and concerned family and friends that you are Keeping Your Sense of Humour.

3. Keep Your Sense of Humour

a) Stop Reading or Watching the News. The news, like modern jazz or bridal showers, is something most people only pretend to enjoy. Read supermarket tabloids. Their lies are more entertaining than those in *The Globe and Mail*, and they at least mention God more often, especially when His Face appears in a puddle of diesel fuel located just north of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

While others were reading about the referendum and the World Series, I, through the tabloids, was following The Year's Real Story: country singer

Naomi Judd's miraculous cure from hepatitis-C, which occurred when she touched the face of Billy Graham on her 18-inch Panasonic. An inspiration, if ever there was one, to

b) Watch More TV. Algebra does have real world applications. *Rosanne* is now syndicated five times a day; decipher the viewing schedule so you'll never see the same episode twice. For *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, try logarithms.

Now when someone at a dinner party mentions "the war between Chad and Lybia," you'll think they're referring to two characters on *Street Legal*. Everyone will laugh, further evidence that you're Keeping Your Sense of Humour.

4. Go To Dinner Parties. (Free food.)

5. Do Volunteer Work/Take Up a Hobby. I collect Signs of the Coming Apocalypse. After performing Steps 3a/b, I leave ominous newsbites on my friends' answering machines so they'll be forewarned of the coming conflagration. Real-life Signs of the Coming Apocalypse include the L.A. riots, the Westray mine disaster, and the fact that Leonard Cohen recently quit smoking.

So now you too can recognize The End of the World, which sometimes bears a

striking resemblance to

6. Three In The Afternoon.

"Three in the afternoon is too early to do most things and too late to do anything else." That's the most intelligent, let alone intelligible sentence Jean-Paul Sartre ever uttered, with the possible exception of his last words, which were, reportedly, "Maybe I'll just die now and stop bugging everyone."

You may feel this way at Three In The Afternoon, the only time *Rosanne* isn't on, not to mention *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. But fear not! There's something worth living for, something coming up just one hour from now, and that something is

7. Oprah. Oprahoprahoprah! Oprah for President! Oprah for Secretary General of the UN! "Oprah" spelled backwards is "Harpo," a fact of major mystical significance. Perhaps the Apocalypse has been postponed. You tune in and—yes!—incredibly, Oprah's quest today is... *Rosanne*! You call your friends with the glorious news that they can flush their cyanide pills down the toilet.

Oprah's getting married. You dream of attending the bridal shower, which you will only pretend to enjoy. Although the



Philip Street

food will be free, unlike your

8. Dinner. Kraft. Yum. And don't forget to take your

9. Medication. Contemplate the cortisone-induced black hairs growing in swirling crop-

circle formations across your chest. Call the supermarket tabloids to report this phenomenon. Ask them, when they next see Him, to mention it to God.

You're not really insane. Want proof?

10. Listen to CBC Radio. It's the favourite station of the unemployed because it proves that people *with* jobs (at least, jobs at CBC Radio) are the real crazies. Peter Gzowski recently asked Salmaan Rushdie to "please give him (Gzowski) a hint" as to where he (Rushdie) was hiding. "Just a little one..."

Vicki Gabereau says things like, "Holy Myna, gedda loada *that!* (Snort)" Feel better?

No? Then go down to CBC Radio. Maybe they'll give you a job.

Danna this is my  
Granddaughter she is

A Journalist & works &  
lives in Toronto, that face is not  
her