

Baked Beans

Once upon a time, there lived a man who had a terrible passion for baked beans. He loved them, but they always had an embarrassing and somewhat lively reaction on him. One day he met a girl and fell in love. When it was apparent that they would marry, he thought to himself, she'll never go through with the marriage with me carrying on like this. So, he made the supreme sacrifice and gave up beans. Shortly after that they were married. A few months later, on his way home from work his car broke down and since they lived in the country, he called his wife and told her that he would be late because he had to walk. On his way home, he passed a small café and the wonderful aroma of baked beans overwhelmed him. Since he still had several miles to walk he figured he could walk off any ill affects before he got home. He went in and ordered, and before leaving he had consumed three extra-large helpings of baked beans. All the way home he putt-putted. By the time he arrived home he felt reasonably safe. His wife met him at the door and seemed somewhat excited. She exclaimed, "Darling, I have a most wonderful surprise for you for dinner tonight!" She put a blindfold on him and led him to his chair at the head of the table and made him promise not to peek. At this point he was beginning to feel another one coming on. Just as his wife was about to remove the blindfold, the telephone rang. She again made him promise not to peek until she returned, and she went to answer the phone. While she was gone, he seized the opportunity. He shifted his weight to one leg and let go. It was not only loud, but ripe as a rotten egg. He had a hard time breathing, so he felt for his napkin and fanned, the air about him. He had just started to feel better, when another urge came on. He raised his leg and rriipp! It sounded like a diesel engine revving, and smelled worse. To keep from gagging, he tried fanning his arms awhile hoping the smell would dissipate. He got another urge. This was a real blue-ribbon winner, the windows shook, the dishes on the table rattled and a minute later the flowers on the table were dead. While keeping an ear tuned in on the conversation in the hallway, and keeping his promise of staying blindfolded, he carried on like this for the next ten minutes, farting and then fanning each time with his napkin. When he heard the phone farewells he neatly laid his napkin on his lap and folded his hands onto of it. Smiling contently, he was a picture of innocence when his wife walked in. Apologizing for taking so long, she asked if he had peaked at the dinner table. After assuring her he had not peaked, she removed the blindfold and yelled, Surprise! To his utter shock and horror, seated around the table were twelve dinner guests for his surprise birthday party.