

The Un-Divine Comedy

By Enrico Bachardi

© Copyright Enrico Bachardi. All rights reserved.

The Funniest Of Them All

By: Isaiah Feliciano/Enrico Bachardi

Â

â€œDad be ready, Iâ€™m picking you up at 7:30â€•

â€œFor what, just pick me up a small cake.â€•

â€œNo dad this will be a night to remember, out of that god forsaken houseâ€•

â€œWhere in the hell are you taking me, you stubborn....?â€•

â€œWhere is your birthday Spiritâ€•

â€œSpeaking of Spirits, Why was I cursed with you?â€•

â€œWhy did mom marry you, ha-ha Iâ€™ll be there at seven ok byeâ€•

Well it was my birthday, my 70th to be exact and my 30 year old daughter wanted to take me to a comedy club. To tell you the truth I hate new age comedy so much that I still watch â€~All In The Familyâ€™ and â€~Carol Burnett Showâ€™. Iâ€™m so sick of this new age crap that I told the cable man to take â€~BETâ€™ off of my TV set .Any how, after my shower I put on my best tuxedo and used my fragrance from my wedding in 63.Just to tell you a little about my self, I personally believed that children usually take the sides of their mother, being chatty and contrary. I told my daughter when she was younger that if you are going to take me anywhere donâ€™t take me to a comedy club or a strip club, (but now that Louise is dead I really donâ€™t mind strippers) She arrived at 7:30 like she said, or was it 7:00 I donâ€™t recall thanks to â€ Alzheimerâ€™. (GASP)Continuing to the crisis at hand.She finally arrived (which was not 7, but more like 8:30) i wanted to really kill her. I was tired and my dog ran away 10 minutes before she pulled up.When i got in the car, the first thing she said was "Hi dad, guess what? I hit a dog that looked just like Rex! I

don't have a dent do I?" I was fired up and was ready to blow when those words came out of her mouth. "No Lisa, your car doesn't have a dent but your head will if you say another word."

When we got there I could feel that I was no longer in humble cul-de-sac, in my illustrious town of New Mayhem. Instead we were in a far away land in some town that reminded me of when we were in the ghetto next to Auschwitz. Anyway, she parked outside of a beat up building called 'Hardy's Laughing Hole'. It was more like Frank's dying hole though. After we entered and got settled I no longer wanted to die. But that only lasted for a couple hours. I wasn't a heavy drinker so I basically preserved my champagne for the whole night. I had to admit that these people were funny. It was basically their body language that made me giggle.

But soon these laughs were going to turn into sobs. After a few acts I realized they all were the same. After a while my eyes were beginning to get weary. This is an example to all of you youngsters reading this to never take your parents to a standup comedy club or don't let your kids take you to one when you're my age. I was close to doing the family famous Grandpa Horowitz (God bless his soul) freak out. My daughter went to the bar and was getting drunk while I didn't even finish my light champagne that I had since 8:00. It is now 12:30 and everyone from John whatever his name is to Susan B. Ugly was pissing me the heck off. I felt like telling my daughter to take me home but I remembered that she didn't have to take off of work to bring me here, so I had to manage.

I was about to forget about Jane's sacrifices and hijack her car and sacrifice this night so I could go home. Plus it was getting hotter than the summer of love and I was about to get my world famous heat strokes. But just then I suddenly cooled down when I heard audience comedian's freestyle being announced. I waited for three people to go up. They all got taken down by security because they were as drunk as sailors. Finally I got up the strength to walk on stage. When I got up there I said "Good evening youngsters." No one said anything except for this hoodlum who said "Hi Grampuss." And everyone laughed then "well boy, if you laugh at that idiot you'll laugh at anything." Then I got a polite chuckle. "me tell you a story."

"When I was serving in WW2, I was deployed to help the English fight in Germany. Most of you don't know, but my name is Franco Horowitz not grampus ok .yuppity yup I'm a Jew. Smoke on weekdays and drink behind the temple on weekends. Anyway, before we get into ethnic relations lets finish this story. So when Churchill said to fly to Germany and rescue my Jewish brothering I just couldn't say no even if I had to leave my late wife. Anyway as I was in my bomber 'The Lady Annette' I succeeded in demolishing the gates of about 5 concentration camps. Boy those Jews ran like Jamie Lee Curtis in runaway bride, ha .but just then I was unexpectedly shot out of the sky." I was interrupted by a sad gasp from everyone in the audience.

"Yeah." I continued "so I was thinking of the quote 'don't go into the light' as I was falling down. I finally hit the ground there were so many lights I couldn't even decide which one I should go into." And the crowd roared in laughter. "Hey Jane honey could you pass me my champagne." It was getting hot up there

And when she came up she looked like she was surprised to see me enjoying myself. Jane here is very special to me she was the result of my return home party and she is my lifelong returning home gift, if you are still with me. Anyhow, I woke up in this dark room and all I could hear was a constant beep that seemed to follow my pulse. I was lying on this ice cold metal table and I was trapped down on it. I yelled for help and peed my trousers—it was just that there weren't any trousers I was stripped naked. I was scared out of my mind but just then I heard footsteps. Into the room came a guy who looked just like a criminal from 007. He had black hair with grey streaks and a messed up eye. And he had a strong diabolical German accent. He told me that he took my blood and found out I was Jewish. Curse you grandpa, I thought. But just then I saw a paper on his clipboard which read HOROWITZ, FRANCO Death by Gas. How he knew my name, I would never guess but I wasn't dying today I had a baby to make back in the U.S of A.

So since he was a Nazi soldier I sneakily maneuvered his knife off of his belt. I hid it under me. Then I asked him if he was going to kill me. He said it is only right. And he left the room to get the gas. I took the knife and cut through the leather. I was free but didn't have anything but a knife and a penis. So I cut off the lights and waited for him to return. In about 5 minutes he walked in and was surprised I wasn't on the table. He was about to say something but I grabbed him from behind by the neck. "Where is the jet bombers" I said. He managed to say a mile from here. Those were his last words. Ha ha ha ha ha! WTF? Lol! Lmao!! Would be all you heard if you were there. They loved me. I guess people would laugh at anything now days. Maybe I should try mad TV and that black people show again. Or maybe not? Who knows but this was a night to remember and I will remember it as something my daughter did that I liked. I finished this story got a ten Minute standing ovation and joined my daughter at the bar. But one question remained. Who in the hell is driving because I am freaking done. The owner told me that maybe I should be a story teller here but even though it's far from home and in the absolute worse neighborhood I figured that "hey I'm bad and god's going to get me one of these days for all the things I did in Germany that I regret and will never mention." and would be dying very soon if I keep drinking, so I might as well. To this day, every night I drive my 1949 black caddy to Hardy's and tell a story or two and have 7 or 8 shots. Oh and if they think that the war is funny wait until I get started on the civil rights movement.

Franco Horowitz

The End

StoryImp Advertisement

