

WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT A SELF-DRIVING CAR? WHO NEEDS A GPS AND A BUNCH OF COMPLICATED COMPUTERS? MY GREAT, GREAT UNCLE ALFIE HAD A MUCH SIMPLER SOLUTION: A SELF-DRIVING MULE!

WHEN OLD ALFIE HAD A BIT TOO MUCH MOONSHINE, THEY WOULD JUST SIT HIM

TIGHT, SLAP HER ON THE RUMP, AND SHE WOULD ALWAYS TAKE HIM HOME. SHE NEVER RAN OVER ANYBODY, GOT INTO A WRECK, OR HAD A PROBLEM.

THAT IS, UNTIL THE FATAL NIGHT WHEN IT WAS RAINING HARD.

THE WET ROPE SLIPPED AND LEFT HIM RIDING UPSIDE DOWN. THE RAIN FELL INTO HIS NOSE AND HE DROWNED.

(STILL, MARY JO KOPEKNE WAS IN A CAR AND SHE DROWNED, TOO)

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