



**By His Friend,
SAM HYMAN**



"You are a richly amusing experience," he said. "Offhand, I can't remember a single automobile accident I've ever been in that was as funny as you are." He took his hand from his swelling eye and removed his box of cereal from the offending cabinet.

"I hope you don't have to do close-ups today," I offered, knowing that he did. He mumbled something under his breath and poured himself a bowl of cereal, padded over to the icebox, yanked the door open, pulled out a cardboard carton of milk, and dropped it painfully—and wetly—onto his foot.

He stood there, barefoot in the middle of rapidly growing pool of milk, with an expression on his face that could turn the population of a small country to stone.

"It's a sore season," he said. "I've climbed unsuspectingly out of bed and right into the middle of a sore season."

If there's anything in the world that gets my sympathy, it's the sight of someone in the pangs of a full-fledged sore season. I've suffered through enough of them myself to know that they're no laughing matter—and for



WHAT'S THIS? It's only me, during a nice camping trip! Like it?

David, with his luck, they could be almost fatal!

FEARFUL TIME

And so we made a pact, then and there, in the middle of our milk-soaked kitchen, that I would try as hard as I could to protect David from the fearful time that had fallen upon him. I would keep my eyes wide open, I vowed, for any danger that could conceivably threaten him. With the help of his tried and true friend, he would achieve the impossible—he would defeat a sore season!

Anyway, that was the plan. Like most plans, it sounded better than it turned out. Since that time, and despite my vigilant protection, David has:

1) Gotten a papercut off a postage stamp (something which even experts on sore seasons had thought was impossible);

2) Stuck a make-up brush into his eye, leading me to suggest that they change the title of the segment to

"Keith Gets Pink-Eye," but my suggestion was rejected;

3) Gotten several tiny blisters at the ends of his fingertips by pinching them in the hinges of his sunglasses—something he had never—repeat, never—done in his life.

4) Danced around the kitchen with an ice-cube tray, frozen past all necessity, dangling from his fingers, frozen to the moisture on his fingertips; and last . . . but by no means least . . .

5) Getting a second papercut on his tongue while licking an envelope. This makes it a truly major-league sore season, something worth going back and examining your past life to find out if perhaps you've deserved it all!

YOU'LL NEVER HEAR

Oh, and he also went out one morning to feed the birds, and got birdseed in his eye. This and the incident of the makeup brush led him to compose a song (which you'll probably never hear) called "He's Got the Whole World In His Eye." "Everybody will probably think it means something profound," he said when he'd finished it.

But all day yesterday, nothing happened. And so far today (it's now four in the afternoon) David hasn't had a single accident of any kind, so far as I know. So maybe it's over, and he can go back to a life free from the feeling that something perfectly awful is waiting just around the corner. Maybe he's all through with it.

I hope so.

I also hope it wasn't contagious.

If you hear from me next month, you'll know that it wasn't. Till you do, keep your fingers crossed for me . . . and I'll keep mine crossed for you.

Love,

Sam



HERE'S BULLS-EYE at rest, his usual position day or night!