

This is a story about the difference between truth and fiction. While fiction might be less embarrassing, truth is usually a better story. So here is a story called:

## **Truth of the Matter**

A fellow said that he broke his arm when he tried to put his arm through a car window which he thought was down. What really happened is as follows:

His wife brought some potted plants into the house from the back yard where she had been working on them. A snake had hidden in one of the pots, and later slithered out across the floor. When she saw the snake, she let out scream that rattled the windows.

Hubby admitted he was in the bathtub when he heard her scream, and he said "I thought she was being murdered, so I jumped out of the tub, and ran into the living room without even a towel. She yelled that a snake was under the couch. I got down on all fours to look for it. My dog came up from behind and 'cold-nosed' me. I guess I thought it was the snake, and I fainted dead away.

"My wife thought I had a heart-attack and called 911. I was still groggy when the medics arrived and lifted me onto a stretcher.

"Just as they were carrying me out, the snake came out from under the couch and frightened one of the medics. He dropped his end of the stretcher . . . and that's how I broke my arm."