

Under the bed

Written by Cosmic

Friday, 29 April 2011 19:30 - Last Updated Friday, 29 April 2011 19:32

EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A FEAR OF SOMEONE UNDER MY BED AT NIGHT. SO I WENT TO A SHRINK AND TOLD HIM:

'I've got problems. Every time I go to bed I think there's somebody under it.'

'I'm scared. I think I'm going crazy.'

'Just put yourself in my hands for one year,' said the shrink. 'Come talk to

me three times a week and we should be able to get rid of those fears.'

'How much do you charge?'

'Eighty dollars per visit', replied the doctor.

'I'll sleep on it', I said.

Six months later the doctor met me on the street. 'Why didn't you come

to see me about those fears you were having?' he asked.

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'Well, Eighty bucks a visit three times a week for a year is an awful lot

of money! A bartender cured me for \$10. I was so happy to have saved

all that money that I went and bought myself a new pickup!

'Is that so!' With a bit of an attitude he said, 'and how, may I ask, did a

bartender cure you?'

'He told me to cut the legs off the bed! - Ain't nobody under there now!!!'

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