

Love is in the Eye of the Beholder

The boys were sitting on the porch at Zeke's house shooting the bull. Clem, Claude, and Zeke had known each other since they were kids. There wasn't much they didn't do or hadn't done together.

As they sat and talked, the subject changed, for whatever reason, to love and Zeke was the first to chime in. "Yeah. I love her a lot."

Claude followed. "Me too."

Clem was the last one. "Me three."

Zeke began to muse on his love. "Yeah. She's about the best thing in my life. She's solid from top to bottom. She's never failed me and, you can beat your ass, I take really good care of her. When I run my hands over her, I feel the smoothness and, when she gets cleaned up, ain't nothing purtier. Just touching her gets my adrenaline pumpin.'" Clem was next to muse on his love.

"I know what you mean Zeke. When I start talking about her, well, I tear up. She's powerful. She's built for comfort, not for speed. When I'm with her, it's like we're one. She's my dream and I can do anything with her. She's what I've needed all my life." Finally, Claude had his chance.

"Yeah boys, just like the love of my life. My goodness. When I put my hand around her, I get chills. She has the perfect figure. She's heaven on earth and the best part, she's as light as a feather. It only takes a moment, from the time I see her, to know I'm gonna feel better soon. She's the best smellin thing this side of heaven. Yes indeedy."

Their wives just happen to be in the kitchen and overheard what the boys were saying. The ladies broke out in tears when they heard the sweet things they were saying about them. Millie, Belle, and Daisy got up and walked out to the porch. Belle, Zeke's wife started off.

"Oh Zeke, that was so pretty. I can barely contain myself." Daisy, Clem's wife, put in her two cents.

"Mercy me Clem. I was blushing like a schoolgirl with all those lovely things you were saying" Finally, Millie, Claude's wife, capped everything off.

"I think some boys might get lucky tonight!" All three of them giggled. Zeke looked at Claude and Clem and then at their wives.

"What in the Hell are you talking about?" Daisy piped up.

"We heard all those things that you said about us!"

"What things?!"

Each wife got behind their husband and smiled.

"Solid from top to bottom."

"She's heaven on earth."

"She's built for comfort, not for speed."

The guys looked at each other and started to laugh.

Their wives face's started to turn red. Zeke looked at the ladies.

"Wait. You think we were talking about Y'all?"

His wife looked at him with a questioning look.

“Well, weren’t you?!”

Claude stopped laughing long enough to answer.

“Hell no!”

The ladies faces began to turn even redder.

“Then what WERE you talking about?!” Zeke was first.

“Why Betsy, my 12 gauge shotgun I’ve had since I was a kid!” Clem followed with his take.

“My Silverado 2500 with all the extras.” Claude finished it up.

“My cold Bud light in a bottle. Nothin better.”

To say the mood changed would have been an understatement.

It was three days later that they finally woke up in their beds. The swelling had gone down enough on their faces to where they could almost make out the sun.

The moral of this love story is:

1. Make sure you know who’s listening.
2. Make sure you don’t talk too loud.
3. Love is in the eye of the beholder, just make sure you can open them.
4. A Woman with a frying pan, or a rolling pin, or a dangerous right hook is not to be fooled with.