

Rejected
To THIS WEEK, 485 Lexington Ave. N. Y., N. Y. 10017
Sept. 3, 1969

133 words

My friend Marjorie, who lived in a little country town, had been left to take care of her three brothers, twelve, Ten, and eight years old, for the day. In the afternoon they came into the house giggling self-consciously. With some concern she noted that all three had skinned noses.

Anxiously she tried to pry out of them what had happened, and finally the middle one said, "We just got married."

"Married! Whom did you marry?"

"Nobody." More grinning.

"Well, who performed the ceremony?"

A short silence, then, "Nobody."

In some exasperation she finally demanded, "Then how DID you get married?"

More snickers, more knowing looks at each other, then the oldest volunteered: "We got married like Carl Olson. He said when he got married, he put his nose to the grindstone."