

PEPPER!

For a while, Mum lived in a very fancy retirement home. She referred to it as the “Taj Mahal” of Assisted Living. It had a spa, a theatre, a library and a lounge with plush chairs and a shiny bartop, where residents could enjoy Happy Hour every afternoon.

Once, when I was visiting her there, we were in the elevator and the doors opened to onboard more residents. Two elderly men got on and when they saw Mum their faces lit up.

“PEPPER!” they cried.

I looked at her quizzically and she whispered, “I’ll tell you later.”

It turns out Mum had earned herself a new nickname when, a few days earlier, she’d told these gentlemen a joke at Happy Hour. Of course, I insisted she share the joke with me. This is what my 85-year-old mother said:

“Agnes and Betty, best friends, are having coffee. Agnes says,

‘Betty, I have a bad problem. Every time I sneeze, I have an orgasm.’

‘Oh my, Agnes,’ says the other friend, *‘What do you take for that my Dear?’*

And Agnes replies,

‘PEPPER!’”