

**To:** Philip[@]  
**From:** G. Max  
**Sent:** Sat 1/1/4501 5:00:00 AM  
**Subject:** Fwd: Fw: The Fly ~ NOT what you expect!!!!

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<blockquote type=cite class=cite cite><br>  
<blockquote type=cite class=cite cite><blockquote type=cite class=cite  
cite><blockquote type=cite class=cite cite>In the dead of summer a fly was  
resting on a leaf beside a lake. A<br>  
hot, dry&nbsp; fly who said to no one in particular, Gosh... if I go down three  
inches...I&nbsp; will feel the mist from the water and I will be<br>  
refreshed.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
There was a fish in the water thinking, &quot;gosh...if that fly goes down<br>  
three inches I can eat him.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
There was a bear on the shore thinking, &quot;gosh...if that fly goes down<br>  
three inches...that fish will jump for the fly... and I will eat him.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
It also happened that a hunter was farther up the bank of the lake<br>  
preparing&nbsp; to eat a cheese sandwich. &quot;Gosh,&quot; he thought, &quot;If  
that fly<br>  
goes down three&nbsp; inches...and that fish leaps for it...that bear will<br>  
expose himself and&nbsp; grab&nbsp; for the fish. I'll shoot the bear and then  
have a proper lunch.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
You probably think this is enough activity for one bank of a lake, but<br>  
I can tell you there was more.<br>  
<br>  
A wee mouse by the hunter's foot was thinking, &quot;gosh...if that fly<br>  
goes down three inches...and&nbsp; that fish jumps for that&nbsp; fly ..and that  
bear grabs for that fish...the dumb hunter will shoot the bear and drop his  
cheese sandwich.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
A cat lurking in the bushes took in this scene and thought, as was<br>  
fashionable to do on the banks of this particular lake around lunch<br>  
time, gosh...if that fly goes down three inches... and that fish jumps<br>  
for that fly... and that bear grabs for that fish..and that hunter shoots<br>  
that bear...and that mouse makes off with the cheese sandwich....then<br>  
I can have mouse for lunch.&quot;<br>  
<br>  
The poor fly is finally so hot and so dry that he heads down for the<br>  
cooling&nbsp; mist of the water...<br>  
The fish swallows the fly...<br>  
The bear grabs the fish...<br>  
The hunter shoots the bear...<br>  
The mouse grabs the cheese sandwich...<br>  
The&nbsp; cat jumps for the mouse...<br>  
The mouse ducks...<br>  
The cat falls into the water and drowns.<br>  
The moral of the story is....<br>  
<br>  
Whenever a fly goes down three inches... Some pussy is probably<br>  
in danger.</blockquote></blockquote></blockquote></html>