

HOLY MACKEREL, MR. RICE!

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I'm not SHERBET the following story is reported to be true. You don't have to swallow it but it comes from one who knows her ONIONS, and is not prone to FUDGing. Some say she's full of BOLOGNA but the proof is in the PUDDING. At least LETTUCE keep an open mind as we explore her tale!

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The setting takes place in a RITZy neighborhood of KALE city. Mr. HERB RICE, manager of the local EGGPLANT, was one of the leading citizens. He was a real HAM and his life was full of SPICE, but not without controversy.

Before getting to the more spicy parts, it should be noted that HERB was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was no DONUTer; he could cut the MUSTARD. He started out working for PEANUTS, BARLEY making ends meet. You never SAUSAGE a hard-working man. You wouldn't catch him FLOUNDERing around. He spent all his THYME concentrating on bringing home the BACON.

HERB became a CRACKERJACK employee and, although considered a CRUSTY old SALT by many, he became the top BANANA without BUTTERing up management. He was the TOAST of the town and happy as a CLAM. He drove a fancy V8 automobile (although it turned out to be a LEMON) and lived in a big house set upon the highest MOUND in the village. Life was a bowl of CHERRIES. The world was his OYSTER.

This SUGAR-coated existence started downhill after awhile. It didn't make a GRAIN of sense, but it happened very fast. His downfall began after he started to DATE GINGER GREEN, a SAUCY TOMATO who was considered NUTty as a FRUITCAKE by many. My information may not be CURRANT but it is said that this arrangement took place while he was still married to her sister ROSEMARY.

The story goes that MARLIN GOODBAR LEEKed that he overheard HERB tell ROSEMARY "HONEY, OLIVE you, but we CANTALOUPE until the RHU-BARB between ROSEMARY and me is settled." He told her it wasn't his idea, but he was acting on the SAGE advice of his attorney.

In an effort to soften the news, HERB bought GINGER a 14-CARROT ring. He appeared cool as a CUCUMBER when he presented it to her, but aroused her curiosity with a couple of ill-advised SNICKERS. Even with

his SEASONING in tight situations, it was going to be a tough job getting out of this PICKLE.

Instead of being pleased as PUNCH, GINGER interpreted his manner as not giving a FIG. HERB had to spend the rest of the day BEEFing up his approach to avoid stewing in his own JUICE. GINGER didn't RELISH waiting.

The action cooked HERB's GOOSE. He tried to BUTTER her up. "PEASE forgive me, OLIVE you from my head TOMATOES" was his plea. In his mind he had restored HOMINY and was ready to PATÉ.

It was, however, reported through the GRAPEvine that ROSEMARY was calling the shots. She turned out to be the big CHEESE. It was like taking CANDY from a baby. HALIBUT that! That's the way the COOKIE crumbles, HERB.

HERB stayed in a JAM from that point forward. He had EGG on his face and knew it. ROSEMARY GOURD him from all directions. The one who was once the APPLE of his eye was now utterly MILKing him for all she could squeeze out of him. BEETS all you ever saw! It was her way of rubbing SALT in the wound. She made MINCEMEAT of him.

At first, most everyone gave HERB the benefit of the doubt. Some thought he was off his NOODLE, telling lies trying to SQUASH the story. In the end all saw through his WAFFLing; he had BEAN sowing his wild OATS inappropriately and it led to his downfall. He stayed in hot WATER.

The evidence began MUSHROOMing and it was all downhill from there. HERB became very MELONcholy, a real couch POTATO. His face was red as a RADISH; you could tell he was consuming too much ALCOHOL and probably crying in his BEER. Inside he was mad as a wet HEN and it caused him to make bad decisions. He was arrested for PECAN in a girls' dormitory, ticketed for drunk driving, and arrested for appearing on the OKRA show posing as a policeman.

Herb was tired of eating humble PIE; it was getting to him. He decided to get out of town. Running wasn't his cup of TEA, but he had bitten off more than he could chew. He had to eat CROW.

RAISIN early one CHILI morning, he took off, never to TURNIP again.

The moral of the story is too much SPICE is bad for you: you can't have your CAKE and eat it, too. If you try, you will end up DESSERTing everything including yourself.