

exclaimed.

"Oh, Mom," her daughter wailed, "while I had the car door open, he backed his car down the driveway and demolished my door!"

Her mother heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, thank God," she said.

- Charlotte Guest

WE GET two newspapers delivered to our home in Port Elizabeth, but when we went away on holiday for two weeks I forgot to cancel them. On our return I told my neighbour, Piet, about it. He said, "So what? Who looks after your house when you are away?" He answered his own question by saying, "I do." Then he continued, "I attended to the newspapers."

"Thanks, Piet," I said. "Did you cancel them, then?" To which he replied, "I am not a fool. I cancelled mine!"

- David Barris, Summerstrand, Port Elizabeth

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD son and his cousin tend to cause mayhem when together, so one Saturday I decided to put my foot down. "Right, you two," I said. "No screaming, grabbing, whining, hitting, punching, teasing, tattling, breaking toys, scratching, fighting or else the wooden spoon will talk."

As I turned to go, I heard my son say, "C'mon Steven, let's get dirty!"

- Darryl de Villiers, Gonubie, Cape

ABOUT 30 years ago, the birth of my daughter in Cape Town coincided with that of a zebra foal on Devil's Peak. In half a century, it was the first foal to be born to the herd established by Rhodes for his private zoo.

That evening I was having a celebratory drink with my wife's gynaecologist, Dr Patricia Massey, and I asked her how she accounted for this belated

fecundity. She had heard, she said cautiously, that the paddocks had been regrassed and it was possible that the new grass was richer in vitamin E.

Out of interest, I rang the manager of the Groote Schuur Estates and put this theory to him. "I don't know," he said at last, reluctant to refute a doctor and a lady. "I always thought it had something to do with that new stallion we fetched from Cradock."

- Glynn Croudace, Cape Town

I HAD JUST moved from a flat to a house in the same small town. One day at the supermarket, I used the last of my personalized cheques bearing my old address. The cashier examined the document and asked if everything on it was correct. I assured her that it was, and she started to put the cheque in the cash drawer. But then she inquired again if everything was accurate.

"Why do you ask?" I responded.

"Because," she replied, "my husband and I moved to this address yesterday, and I don't remember seeing you at breakfast."

- Todd Harden

BEING a keen hiker, I try to get my grandchildren involved in this great outdoor activity. On one outing, my grandson, Tommy, aged nine, was in front with the leader of a group of 30 hikers, while I was at the tail end. On arriving at a fence, I saw Tommy holding the wires apart to let everyone through. I was very proud of him and told him how kind and thoughtful he was. "Granny," he replied, "this was the only way I could get a rest."

- Jean Pactzold, Honeydew, Johannesburg

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