

Little Old Lady in court.....

Defence Attorney:

Will you please state your age?

Little Old Lady:

I am 86 years old.

Defence Attorney:

Will you tell us, in your own words, what happened the night of April 1st?

Little Old Lady:

There I was, sitting there in my swing on my front porch on a warm spring evening, when a young man comes creeping up on the porch and sat down beside me.

Defence Attorney:

Did you know him?

Little Old Lady:

No, but he sure was friendly.

Defence Attorney:

What happened after he sat down?

Little Old Lady:

He started to rub my thigh.

Defence Attorney:

Did you stop him?

Little Old Lady:

No, I didn't stop him.

Defence Attorney:

Why not?

Little Old Lady:

It felt good. Nobody had done that since my Albert died some 30 years ago.

Defence Attorney:

What happened next?

Little Old Lady:

He began to rub my breasts.

Defence Attorney:

Did you stop him then?

Little Old Lady:

No, I did not stop him.

Defence Attorney:

Why not?

Little Old Lady:

His rubbing made me feel all alive and excited. I haven't felt that good in years!

Defence Attorney:

What happened next?

Little

Old Lady: Well, by then, I was feeling really "spicy" that I just lay down and told him "Take me, young man. Take me!"

Defence Attorney:

Did he take you?

Little Old Lady:

Hell, no! He just yelled, "April Fool!" And that's when I shot him, the little bastard.