

Looks are Deceiving

A woman sought the advice of a sex therapist, confiding that she found it increasingly difficult to find a man who could satisfy her, and that it was very wearisome getting in and out of all these short-term relationships.

“Isn’t there some way to judge the size of a man’s equipment from the outside?” she asked earnestly.

“The only foolproof way, is by the size of his feet,” counseled the therapist.

So the woman went downtown and proceeded to cruise the streets, until she came across a young fellow standing in an unemployment line with the biggest feet she had ever laid her eyes on. She took him out to dinner, wined and dined him, and then took him back to her apartment for an evening of abandon.

When the man woke up the next morning, the woman had already gone, but by the bedside table was a \$50 bill and a note that read, “With my compliments, take this money and go out and buy a pair of shoes that fit you.”