

Retirement in the Wilds of Alaska

Tom had been in Police work for 25 years. Finally sick of the stress, he quit his job and bought 50 acres of land in Alaska as far from humanity as possible. He sees the postman once a week and gets groceries once a month. Otherwise it's total peace and quiet.

After six months or so of almost total isolation, someone knocks on his door. He opens it and a huge, bearded man is standing there. "Name's Jess, your neighbor from forty miles up the road. Having a Christmas party Friday night. Thought you might like to come at about 5:00...."

"Great," says Tom, "after six months alone out here I'm ready to meet some local folks. Thank you."

As Jess is leaving, he stops, "Gotta warn you. Be some drinking."

"Not a problem", says Tom. "After 25 years in the business, I can drink with the best of 'em."

Again, the big man starts to leave and stops. "More 'n' likely gonna be some fighting too."

"Well, I get along with people. I'll be all right! I'll be there. Thanks again."

"More 'n' likely be some wild sex, too."

"Now that's really not a problem," says Tom, warming to the idea. "I've been all alone for six months! I'll definitely be there. By the way, should I wear something nicer?"

"Don't much matter. Just gonna be the two of us."