

with! What I recommend? Buy a large number of bonnets, place them in the car, begin driving! When one blows off, put on another from your enormous stockpile! And just think of all the happiness you will create in your wake, as people who cannot afford bonnets scurry after your convertible, collecting your discards! Super!

Dear Optimist:

Upon returning from vacation, we found our home totally full of lemons. I mean totally. The cat even had one in its mouth. What do you recommend?

*Sourpuss,
Seattle, Washington*

Dear Sourpuss:

That is a tough one! What I recommend is, when life gives you lemons: (1) Buy a bunch of Hefty bags! (2) Fill the Hefty bags with lemons! (3) Lug the bags to the curb! And (4) Call a certified waste-disposal contractor to haul away the pile of lemons now rotting in the sun! Before long, like magic, your home will be lemon-free—and you can celebrate by going out and having something cold to drink! And don't forget to give Kitty a jaw massage!

Dear Optimist:

My wife is a terrific artist—except when it comes to me! Whenever she paints me, my legs are half the length of my torso, my face looks like the face of a frog, my feet are splayed outward unattractively like the feet of some hideous reptile, and I have a smug, pinched look on my face. Anyone else she paints, they look exactly like them-

selves. I pretend not to notice, but recently, at my wife's one-woman show, I could tell our friends were discussing this, and I felt embarrassed. How might I have handled this in a more optimistic way?

*Hurt But Hopeful,
Topeka, Kansas*

Dear Hurt But:

After receiving your letter, I sent a private investigator to your home with a camera! And guess what! Have you looked in the mirror lately? Your legs *are* squat, your face is the face of a frog, your feet *are* reptilian, your expression is smug and pinched! So not to worry! Your wife is a terrific artist!

Dear Optimist:

When I go to the zoo, I feel so sad. All those imprisoned animals sitting in their own feces. What do you suggest?

*Animal Lover,
Pasadena, California*

Dear Animal:

What I suggest is, stop going to the zoo! But should you find yourself tricked into going to a zoo, think about it as follows: All those animals, coated with their own poop, pacing dry, grassless trenches in their "enclosures," have natural predators, and might very well be dead if still in the wild! So ask yourself: Would I rather be dead, or coated in my own poop, repetitively pacing a dry, grassless trench? I certainly know *my* answer!