

LEAST SAID...

Sunk into their late sixties, now,  
both pondered how long they'd stay alive...  
If one of them were to suddenly die,  
how on earth would the other survive?

'What will you do, if I die first?'

Jane asked husband, Jack, once more.

'How would you manage on your own?'

This thought shook Jack to the core.

'Don't worry,' he said. 'Your health's better than mine.'

Most women live longer than men.

The odds are, Jane, that I'll go first.

Won't reach three score and ten.

So, the question is, what will *you* do,  
if I dropped dead, having a jog?'

'All things considered,' Jane replied,

'I think I would get a dog.'

Upset at being replaced by a dog,

Jack, brave-faced, simply said,

'Dogs can be very messy, Jane.'

They cost a fortune to be fed...

And knowing *you*, as I do...

you'd never be happy with that...'

'Yes, you're probably right,' sighed Jane.

'Perhaps I'll get a cat...'

Image: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/American\\_Gothic](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/American_Gothic)