

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Boy on the Plane

The little boy was already on this plane when we boarded. He has a backpack bigger than he is. And a stuffed animal. He is maybe seven years old.

We passengers can hear him talking to anyone within earshot. He is loud. He is chatty. He does not use an indoor voice. The kid is nothing but friendly.

"Hi," he says to the businessman across his aisle.

"Hello," the man replies without looking away from his device.

The boy is smiling. "How are you?"

"Fine," the guy says. Very annoyed. His tone is communicating that he doesn't want to talk.

"I am good, too," the boy says even though the man didn't ask.



The boy digs into his pocket. "Would you like a Starburst?"

"No." The man doesn't even say thank you.

The boy is unfazed. He has a new package of Starburst and it's too wonderful not to share. He tears it open with his teeth.

"Are you SURE?" the kid says. "I have tropical flavor."

The man just ignores the kid.

"Which color do you want?" the kid asks.

The man acts like the kid is invisible.

So, the boy asks a lady nearby whether she'd like a Starburst.

The woman is put off by the constant chatter. "I wouldn't care for any," she says sharply. But at least she adds, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he replies sunnily.

He turns to the old man in behind him. "Would you like a Starburst, sir?"

The man looks almost offended. He's watching a movie on his phone. His privacy bubble has been violated. Annoyed, he tells the kid to quiet down.

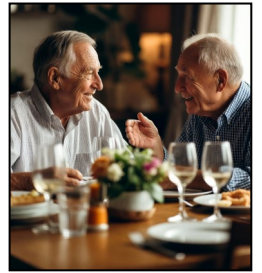
The boy looks hurt, but then a flight attendant saves the day. "Do you have red ones?" the flight attendant asks.

(Continued on page 2)

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

An older couple was having dinner at a friend's house, and after the meal, the ladies headed into the kitchen to clean up.

The two men stayed at the table, chatting about everyday things.



One of them said, "Last night, my wife and I tried a new restaurant, and it was wonderful. I'd highly recommend it."

His friend smiled and asked, "Sounds great! What's it called?"

The man paused, scratched his head, and said, "What's the name of that flower you give someone you love? You know... red, pretty, with thorns."

His friend replied, "You mean a rose?"

"That's it!" the man said happily.

Then he called toward the kitchen, "Rose, honey... what was the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"



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He's on a Short List!

An elderly man decided it was time to move into a retirement home.

On his first day there, as he was unpacking his stuff, he couldn't help but notice the woman in the room across the hall was staring at him. He thought it was odd but decided not to let it bother him.

Later that night, he went to the dining room to get dinner. He sat



down at his table and looked around. The same woman was sitting at the table next to him just staring at him.

The man grew increasingly annoyed, but didn't say anything.

After a scrumptious meal, he went to the lounge to play nightly bingo. He was enjoying the game until he noticed the same woman again, staring at him.

He had had enough at this time, so he went up to her and said, "Ma'am, I couldn't help noticing that you have been staring at me ever since I arrived! Could you please stop! It's a bit bothersome!"

She replied, "I'm sorry, it's just that you look so much like my third husband!"

The man felt bad, "I'm sorry. If you don't mind me asking, but, how many husbands have you had?"

"Two," she replied.

(The Boy on the Plane—Continued from Page 1)

"Yes! I do!"

He gives the attendant more than one.

She thanks him, then engages him in conversation. Many of the passengers surrounding her seem aggravated by the discussion. But she ignores them.

"What's your favorite candy?" the attendant asks.

The boy tells her that his favorite candy is not actually Starburst, but in fact Skittles, especially the green ones, and he wishes they sold whole bags of only green ones because they taste much better than, say, purple ones, which he sometimes saves for his sister because she likes the color purple even though she doesn't even care about the flavor itself; she just likes the color purple because girls are just like that, anything purple is what they eat, and would you like some more candy?

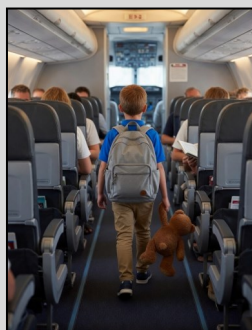
Some of the passengers have had enough by now. They are shooting irate looks at the attendant and, most specifically, the boy's mother.

His mother appears to be sleeping. Although I'm not sure how.

Eventually, the boy quiets down, but not much.

Our flight is uneventful, but the boy has millions of questions. He directs all questions and inquiries toward his mother. Whenever she answers—God bless her—she is met with yet another "why?" "how many," or "what's that mean?"

When our plane finally lands, all passengers start to stand. But we are told we must wait. The first to leave our plane will be the boy.



The crew gives special consideration to the child. The boy rises and limps down the aisle, struggling with each step. The boy almost falls.

His mom stoops and rolls up his little pant legs to reveal prosthetic limbs on both legs.

Mom apologizes for holding up the passengers. She says his legs are brand new, and he's still not used to losing his real legs yet.

She adjusts his prosthetics, then straightens his little trousers, and the child finally leaves the plane, one agonizing step at a time.

And all his fellow passenger are silently staring at the floor.

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He nailed it!

Once there was a young boy with a terrible temper. The smallest things would set him off, and his angry words often hurt those around him.

One day, his father gave him a bag of nails and said: "Every time you lose your temper, hammer a nail into the fence in our backyard."



On the first day, the boy drove 37 nails into the wood. His hands ached... but his heart ached more. As the days passed, he began to notice something — the more he controlled his temper, the fewer nails he had to hammer. He learned to pause. To breathe. To think before reacting. Eventually, he went a whole day without hammering a single nail.

Then two days. Then a week.

Proudly, he told his father, "Dad, I haven't hammered a nail in days!"

His father smiled and said: "Now, for every day you stay calm, pull one nail out of the fence."

The days passed, and one by one, the nails came out — until the boy finally said, "They're all gone!"

His father took him to the fence, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said softly: "You've done well, son... but look at the fence. The nails are gone, but the holes remain."

The boy stared at the scars left behind.

"When you speak in anger," his father continued, "your words leave wounds, just like these holes. You can remove the nails. You can say you're sorry. But some scars never fade."

The boy nodded quietly. And he understood.

Lesson:

Sold!

One day a man went to a pet auction. After looking at all the wide variety of pets available, he decided to bid on a parrot.



He really wanted the unique bird, so he really got caught up in the competitive bidding.

He kept on bidding, but kept getting outbid, so he bid higher and higher and higher.

Finally, after he bid way more than he intended, he won the bid—the parrot was his at last!

As he was paying for the parrot, he told the auctioneer, "I sure hope this parrot can talk. I would hate to pay this much for it only to find out that he can't talk!"

"Don't worry," said the auctioneer. "He can talk. Who do you think kept bidding against you?"



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Fit to be Tied

A young man driving across the desert ran out of gas. He set off for a structure he saw far off in the distance.

Hoping to find water as he was dying of thirst, he hurried toward the object, only to find an old man at a small stand beside the road selling ties.



The young man asked, "Do you have any water?"

The old man replied, "I don't have any water, but would you like to buy a tie? They are only \$50."

The young man was irate, "You're crazy! I don't need an overpriced tie! I need water!"

"OK," said the old man. "It doesn't matter to me that you don't want to buy a tie. But if you continue over that hill for about four miles, you will find a lovely restaurant. It has all the ice cold water you need."

Muttering to himself, the young man staggered away over the hill.

Several hours later, he staggered back to the tie stand.

"Can I buy a tie? Your crazy brother won't let me into his restaurant without a tie!"

We Grew Up Different

We never asked about our parents' income — it just wasn't something you talked about.

Fast food wasn't a lifestyle; it was a treat. Meals were made at home, with meat, potatoes, and vegetables — and yes, if you didn't eat your vegetables, you didn't get dessert.

We earned our own pocket money. Mowing lawns. Pulling weeds. Babysitting. Helping the neighbors with chores. We learned early that nothing worth having was handed to you.

We spent our days outside — riding bikes, playing hide and seek, running with friends, swimming. Inside was for rainy days, not for life.



Bottled water didn't exist. If we had a Coke, it came in a glass bottle — and we returned it for a few cents to buy candy.

After school, it was homework and chores first, then play.

We told our parents where we were going, who we were with, and we were home the moment the streetlights came on.

We learned from our parents — we didn't talk back like they

knew nothing. Their word was law. We watched what we said around elders because if you disrespected any adult, you were punished. It wasn't "abuse" — it was discipline.

We held doors, carried groceries, and gave up our seat for someone older — without being asked.

The radio didn't blare curse words, and TV didn't need a parental warning before every show.

And somehow... we were never bored.

We didn't just grow up — we grew up different. And I wouldn't trade it for the world.



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Just Short of a Miracle

There was a man who worked for the Post Office whose job was to process all the mail that had illegible addresses.

One day, a letter came addressed in a shaky handwriting addressed to God with no actual address.

He thought he should open it to see what it was about.

The letter read.....

Dear God,

I am an 83-year-old widow, living on a very small pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had \$100 in it, which was all the money I had until my next pension payment. Next Sunday is Easter, and I had invited two of my friends over for dinner. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with, have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. Can you please help me?

Sincerely, Edna

The postal worker was touched. He showed the letter to all the other post office workers. Each one dug into his or her wallet and came up with a few dollars.

By the time he made the rounds, he had collected \$96, which they put into an envelope and sent to the woman.

The rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of Edna and the dinner she would be able to share with her friends.

Easter came and went.

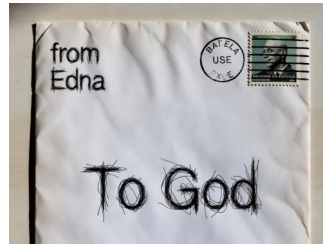
A few days later, another letter came from the same old lady to God. All the workers gathered around while the letter was opened. It read.....

Dear God,

How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your gift of love, I was able to fix a glorious dinner for my friends. We had a very nice day and I told my friends of your wonderful gift.

By the way, there was \$4 missing. I think it might have been those bums down at the post office.

Sincerely, Edna



In the Beginning...

A little girl asked her mother, "Mom, how did the human race begin?"

The mother replied, "God made Adam and Eve, they had children, and that's how all people came to be."

A couple of days later, the girl asked her father the same question.

He said, "Many years ago, humans evolved from monkeys."



The little girl, now completely confused, went back to her mother and said: "Mom, how is it possible that you said

people were created by God...

but Dad says we came from monkeys?"

The mother smiled and said: "Oh honey, that's easy. I told you about my side of the family...and your father told you about his."



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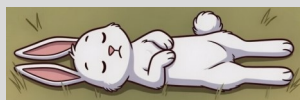
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Poor Bunny!

I woke up and my dog was lying on the back patio covered in dirt with a rabbit in his mouth. The rabbit's not bloody, just dirty.

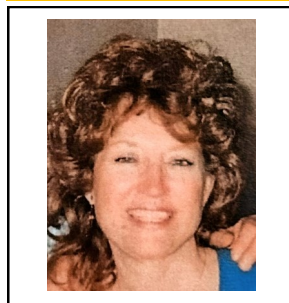


My neighbor's kids raise blue ribbon rabbits. I instantly knew it was one of theirs.

I took the rabbit away from my dog, rushed inside, and washed all the dirt off it before my neighbors could come home. It was stiff but I heard some animals play dead when they are afraid but I couldn't remember which ones. I took it and placed it back in one of the cages in their back yard then I ZOOMED back home. (Don't judge me)

Not 30 minutes later I heard my neighbors screaming so I went out and asked them what's wrong?

They told me their rabbit died three days ago and they buried it, but now it's back in the cage!



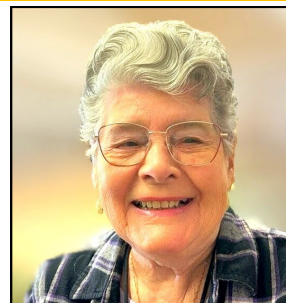
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