Sent: Sun, 11 Jul 2010 08:46:53 -0400
From: [redacted]
To: [redacted]
Subject: FW: Thanks

P6/b(6)

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As we progress into the year 2010, I want to thank all of you for your educational e-mails over the past year. I am totally screwed up now and have little chance of recovery.
I no longer open a bathroom door without using a paper towel, or have the waitress put lemon slices in my ice water without worrying about the bacteria on the lemon peel.
I can't use the remote in a hotel room because I don't know what the last person was doing while flipping through the adult movie channels.
I can't sit down on the hotel bedspread because I can only imagine what has happened on it since it was last washed.
I now keep my toothbrush in the living room, because I was told by e-mail that water splashes over 6 ft. out of the toilet.
I have trouble shaking hands with someone who has been driving because the number one pastime while driving alone is picking one's nose.
Eating a little snack sends me on a guilt trip because I can only imagine how many gallons of trans fats I have consumed over the years.
I can't touch any woman's purse for fear she has placed it on the floor of a public bathroom.
I MUST SEND MY SPECIAL THANKS to whoever sent me the one about rat poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet sponge with every envelope that needs sealing.
ALSO, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.
I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die for the 1,387,258th time.
I no longer have any money, but that will change once I receive the $15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program.
I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St. Theresa's Novena has granted my every wish.
I can't have a drink in a bar because I'll wake up in a bathtub full of ice with my kidneys gone.
I can't eat at KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes, feet or feathers.
I can't use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

THANKS TO YOU I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.
BECAUSE OF YOUR CONCERN, I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.
I no longer buy gas without taking someone along to watch the car so a serial killer doesn't crawl in my back seat when I'm filling up.
I no longer drink Pepsi or Fanta since the people who make these products are atheists who refuse to put 'Under God' on their cans.
I no longer use Cling Wrap in the microwave because it causes seven different types of cancer.
AND THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW I can't boil a cup of water in the microwave anymore because it will blow up in my face. Disfiguring me for life.
I no longer go to the movies because I could be pricked with a needle infected with AIDS when I sit down.
I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me.
I no longer receive packages from UPS or Fed Ex since they are actually Al Qaeda agents in disguise.
And I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica , Uganda , Singapore , and Uzbekistan .
I no longer buy cookies from Neiman-Marcus since I now have their recipe.
THANKS TO YOU I can't use anyone's toilet but mine because a big black snake could be lurking under the seat and cause me instant death when it bites my butt. AND THANKS TO YOUR GREAT ADVICE I can't ever pick up $2.00 coin dropped in the parking lot because it probably was placed there by a sex molester waiting to grab me as I bend over.
I no longer drive my car because buying gas from some companies supports Al Qaeda, and buying gas from all the others supports South American dictators.
I can't do any gardening because I'm afraid I'll get bitten by the Violin Spider and my hand will fall off.
If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhea will land on your head at 5:00 p.m. tomorrow afternoon, and the fleas from 120 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend of my next door neighbor's ex-mother-in-law's second husband's cousin's best friend's beautician . . .
Oh, by the way.....

A German scientist from Argentina , after a lengthy study, has discovered that people with insufficient brain activity read their e-mail with their hand on the mouse.
Don't bother taking it off now, it's too late.
(http://go.microsoft.com/?linkid=9734383)

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No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG - www.avg.com
Version: 8.5.437 / Virus Database: 271.1.1/2921 - Release Date: 06/06/10 06:25:00