

I went to see a fortune teller one stormy night. I waited for quite a while in the parlor for her to announce she was ready to see me. I was surprised when she entered the room as she was a “little person.” She advised me not to be fooled by her size as her abilities were astounding.

I paid her \$250 for her services and we entered the inner sanctum. After a lot of mumbling, singing, shaking, and dancing, she began striking me with a baseball bat! I was shocked! After the third swing, I picked her up, took the bat out of her hands, and called the police. They responded surprisingly fast and charged her with assault and battery. She repeatedly hollered that she would get me for this. What a strange, confusing night.

The next morning, I turned on the television. On local news, there was an alert to the community that a dangerous felon had escaped from jail and the community should be very concerned. Yes, it was the fortune teller I watched being hauled off last night. When I picked up my newspaper, the headline on page one read, “Small Medium at Large.”