

Dear Abby

Dead Kennedys

Dear Abby,
Got a problem.
I'm a decent, underpaid, hardworking county coroner.
It's important that my family eat meat at least three times a week.
But we just can't afford to with the prices the way they are.
So I bring home some choice cuts from my autopsy subjects.
Just mix in the Tuna Helper...and ta-da!
The whole family thinks my new meals are delicious.
They ask me what's my secret.
Abby, I think they're getting suspicious.
My smart-ass 8-year-old keeps asking, "Where's all the meat?
The red dye #2 kind that's kept in the fridge."
If they find out the truth I don't think they'll understand.
Abby, what do I tell my family?

DEAR REAGANOMICS VICTIM:

Consult your clergyman.

Make sure the body's blessed and everything should be just fine

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