

Country Philosopher

Amos Arthur Holmes



The fortune teller

From the large cauldron of life we draw the smoky twists of fate that bring us grief or happiness. The adventure in living is the fact that we can not see into the future. We simply accept those things that chance places in our way and can never really alter or change our own destiny.

Moving forward, day by day, in blind progress is not altogether negative. Who would want to know the exact hour of his death? Who could stand, even for a matter of days, the certainty that cancer was in his future? No, we can only propel ourselves along with the hope that the coming days may hold an above average amount of sunshine.

With this knowledge firmly planted in my mind I do not fully understand why I went to the fortune teller this morning. Maybe I had a little extra time to spare, maybe I was just curious, but I stopped by Madam Goodbar's place and had my fortune told. There was a single candle on the table and the light from that candle cast weird shadows on the face of the gypsy woman. She looked at me intently, took my hand, and said in a voice deep with mystery, "Fork over \$10." I gave her the money and she blew out the candle. I sat there in the darkness for what seemed like hours until a voice said, "Three things will happen to you today. First, you will receive a large amount of money. Second, something ugly will be removed from your life. Third, you will be romantically assaulted by a beautiful woman whose measurements are 98-24-38. This beautiful woman will knock at your door at exactly 6 o'clock."

I chuckled all the way home at my stupidity. I had paid ten whole dollars for these outlandish predictions.

As I was just about to enter my house a tall, well-dressed man grabbed me by the arm.

"Amos, don't you remember me?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"I'm Jeff Walker. Ten years ago you let me borrow \$2,000 so that I could go to Africa in search of diamonds. Well, I found a diamond mine and I want to give you your share of the profits. \$20,000."

The man was gone before I had a chance to thank him. I didn't think about the gypsy woman's prediction. It was just a coincidence.

I went about the usual routine of the day. I washed the cat and hung him out to dry. I drank 46 martinis. I got out the hedge clippers and gave myself a hair cut. It was three o'clock when I went into the bathroom to wash my hands. As I was reaching for the soap I looked into the mirror and damn near fainted. The wart, the huge, ugly wart that had adorned my face for 30 years was gone. Disappeared. Vamoosed. I couldn't believe it. I have hated that wart with a passion for many, many years. It sat right above my nose and made me look like I had three eyes. It was a hideous blotch on an otherwise handsome face and I just couldn't believe it was gone.

The gypsy! She had said, "Something ugly will be removed from your life." And now the wart was gone. Not only that, but her first prediction had come true. I HAD received a large amount of money. Could that gypsy really see into the future?

I still didn't believe it. I knew the gypsy woman was a fake. But at five-thirty I went in and took a shower. I brushed my teeth and combed my hair. I put on deoderant and splashed on my best after-shave. I cleaned my fingernails and took six shots of geritol.

Now it is one minute until six and I am sitting here on the edge of my chair.

Excuse me, I think someone is at the door.