

The morning after

Reginald yawned and sleepily reached for the glass of water on the bedside table. His hand groped about in the semi-darkness, but there was no glass, no water and no bedside table. He opened his eyes a little wider and turned over to kiss his wife, but at that moment he went icy cold with shock, because his beloved wife of 26 years had brown curly hair. The lady sleeping soundly on the other side of the bed was a blonde.