

LAUGH LAUGH LAUGH

by Manny Larfs

A confused boy with poor self-image meets an imaginary friend... with hilarious consequences! Find out who has the last laugh when his friend suddenly disappears...

It's Laugh, Laugh, Laugh all the way... from First Laugh to Last Laugh through Original Laugh, Big Laugh, Small Laugh and Holy Laugh... with snippets on wars against terrorism and bio-chemical weapons, and breaking news on SARS!

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A Humorous View Of Life

Manny Larfs

*Laugh
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Manny Larfs



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AUTHOR'S DECLARATION

This is a rather unusual book.

You can choose to laugh at me or laugh with me; either way, it's fine with me. But be warned! Just in case you choose to identify yourself with any of the characters in the book, be prepared to be laughed at.

I used to laugh at others too and only began to really appreciate humour when I was able to laugh at myself over my own ignorance, faults and failures. Now I am more able to muse at misunderstandings I have caused and snigger at silly things I have said or done, for I have learnt to forgive myself for being imperfect.

To err is human; all my life I have been telling myself that. But now, I really want to say this: To err can be humorous too, for we all live in a world that exists in polarities. There are always two sides to a coin, there are advantages and disadvantages, there is right and wrong. In other words, sound decisions are hard to come by.

How then do I choose? For a start, I ask for other people's opinion. I then try looking at events and situations from different points of view. In fact, nowadays, I often look at the opposite. The result is amazingly therapeutic.

I just make a commitment from the well of my heart and I can obtain what I wish for: Direction. I let myself be led and I realise a hidden potential.

I begin to see a side in me I have not known existed. And yet, this is the part that now yearns to tell "*my side*

of the story” — a side, I believe, some just don’t want to see. This hidden self, often seen through the eyes of another, becomes magnified when it is uncovered, when it is revealed.

This book of fiction emerges from among the ruins and remains of such hidden treasures and abandoned masterpieces, where nothing is and everything is not what you think it is. Its publication is to be taken at face value and must be viewed from a different perspective altogether.

Any resemblance to any person (living or dead), place, institution, organisation and event is purely coincidental. If, in the unlikely event, a resemblance is too close to be a mere coincidence, just regard it as a ‘millions-in-one-chance’ hit, then go and buy yourself a *Toto* ticket and thank your lucky star, unless you think the case is nothing exceptional or you think I am talking about you in which case you ought to be laughing at yourself first.

My sole purpose is to induce a few laughs for readers who believe that “Laughter is the best medicine”, and so may need a dose or two of it to get out from the siege of slumber and the plague of solemnity.

I am merely tickling your funny bone by showing you the other side of reality and revealing the reality of your other side.

Have fun.

Manny Larfs