

My Biggest Secret

Written and Delivered by Alan Gilday

I take great safety in knowing that society today is more accepting of people's shortcomings and I feel comfortable that you'll still accept me when I tell you one of my biggest secrets. I confess to you there's a good chance that I am a bit of a practical joker.

I'm afraid it's even worse. The evidence is overwhelming.

It started on the schoolyard at a very young age. I read about a trick where you get a small jewellery box, cut a hole in the bottom of it and place your finger through the bottom of the box. You sprinkle some fake blood and tell your friends you happened to find a dead finger today, then you move it when they come in for a closer look.

I also had a plastic chocolate bar that squirted water.

In a joke shop in Daytona, Florida, I found this little gem. {Take out prop}

Over the years, the practical jokes came to me and were sprung on many an unsuspecting friend.

By far, the best trick I ever pulled was right here in Welland. I was working as a disc jockey at the Atlas Hotel and I was standing behind the bar before the start of the night. We had an old bouncer named Ben whose nephew played for the Leafs. He liked to park himself underneath one of the many televisions around the bar and watch the game.

One night, he was on a chair, adjusting the TV so he could get the picture perfect. When he was satisfied with the TV reception and got down from the chair. I decided to switch the TV from cable to

satellite, which switched his TV to a very snowy picture. He got the chair out again, climbed up and started adjusting the television again. I then switched the TV back to cable, which brought the picture back to his TV. He put the chair away and was looking at the screen and I switched it back to satellite. With the TV reception back to snowy, Ben got the chair out again and went thru the same procedure all over again.

By the fifth time, the laughter from the crowd of employees that had gathered behind the bar was so loud, Ben turned around and figured out what had been going on.

Now, I have to admit, there has been very few occasions where I have had practical jokes pulled on me.

I worked at General Motors for the summer and one of the rites of passage for students involved having a pail of water thrown at them by one of the full time employees. All of the other students who worked there that summer had already been initiated and I was the only one who had escaped. For a couple weeks, I was constantly looking over my shoulder. There had been several attempts but I had dodged them all.

Then one day, we were sitting in an office which served as our lunch room. One of the foremen came in and told us that they were moving the refrigerator where we kept our lunches and that we had better get them out. A forklift had come in and was ready to remove the fridge. I opened the door of the fridge and as I did, I spotted Marc Arsenault, wearing coveralls and standing there with a pail of water. Fortunately, I was quicker than he was and I shut the door on him but not before he managed to get me all down the left side of my coveralls.

Although I have slowed down over the years and I haven't pulled very many practical jokes, I will say this. You may never know when or where I may strike.