

Humor Makes Me Laugh

Even When No One Wears a Funny Hat

Warning:

Cover date has EXPIRED -
Proceed giggling at
your own risk.



Peg Murphy

Contact Information

Author, Peg Murphy, is readily available for speaking engagements, interviews, readings and book signings. Please feel free to contact Peg and schedule her for one of your upcoming events.

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Availability

Humor Makes Me Laugh ~ Even When No One is Wearing a Funny Hat is available as an 5.5 x 8.5 172-page paperback, 5.5 x 8.5 hardcover w/dust jacket and an E-book at booksellers world-wide.

Paperback ISBN:	0-9789663-8-4	\$10.95
Hard Cover ISBN:	0-9789663-9-2	\$21.95
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Humor Makes Me Laugh Synopsis

Peg reveals in the introduction of the book how fortune smiled upon her, "like Hollywood choppers", when she was born into the Murphy family. She describes her two convivial parents and a brother who was the ultimate in being creatively clever. The humor that she learned did not necessarily include the telling of knock-knock jokes ~ or wearing lampshades at a party.

The humor Peg was exposed to include the infusion of wry lightheartedness into almost any situation in life. Having been so creatively influenced by her Dad's wit and her brother's comedic bent, she began writing articles about every subject under the environmentally unsafe ozone layer, employing a delightfully exaggerated tone. Included here are 55 of her favorite articles, as well as a select few that have been authored by some of her witty relatives.

Enjoy ~ have a laugh or two ~ it's a great way to keep the gall bladder happy.

Biography of Peg Murphy

Peg Murphy is a published columnist, humorist and former radio talk show host. She is the author of *Humor Makes Me Laugh ~ Even When No One Wears a Funny Hat*, *55 Jobs in 55 Years ~ Stories That Could Make Mona Lisa Smile* and the children's book, *I Can Do Anything*. Peg has spent over 25 years involved in sales and sales training and has traveled nationally entertaining a variety of audiences with her motivational topics and humor. Her proudest accomplishment is training her dog, Bailey, to turn off the television when certain celebrities and politicians are on.

Humor Makes Me Laugh Press Release

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Humor Makes Me Laugh -- Even When No One is Wearing a Funny Hat will bring a chuckle to every age.

Humor Makes Me Laugh Released March 16, 2007, by Dragonpublishing.net

West Chester, OH (PRWeb) March 15, 2007 -- Humor Makes Me Laugh ~ Even When No One is Wearing a Funny Hat, which will be released March 16, is a humorous journey through life's daily joys and tribulations that everyone will surely find a connection with in their own life.

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It falls into the humor genre. Published by Dragonpublishing.net, the 172-page novel will be officially released on 3/16/07 and will be available as a paperback, hard cover and e-book at any major bookstore. You can find out more at <http://www.dragonpublishing.net/pegmurphy/>

Author Bio:

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Title:

Humor Makes Me Laugh -- Even When No One is Wearing a Funny Hat, 2007, Dragonpublishing.net, (paperback) ISBN 0978966384, Price = \$10.95 at Amazon or other bookstores.

Humor Makes Me Laugh -- Even When No One is Wearing a Funny Hat, 2007, Dragonpublishing.net, (hardcover) ISBN 0978966392, Price = \$21.95 at Amazon or other bookstores.

More information:

<http://www.dragonpublishing.net/pegmurphy>

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Sample Chapter Pages

I'm Living on a *Remote* Island

I am **remote** "challenged". Even if the remote has two buttons, I will push the wrong one. I have a *minimum* of fifteen remotes around this house serving seven TV's, many video recorder-type units, numerous ceiling fans, fireplaces and a video camera. My car even has a remote control start to it that I've never learned to use. In fact, I can't work *any* of them effectively. The reality that I have so many electronics around here is scary. I dream that they might all come alive because they have been thrown in frustration so many times. They then all line up and all my electronics start up simultaneously. This is crazy. There should be a "*Remote School*" for us technically challenged idiots.

I tried to return to my childhood days of getting up from the couch to change the TV station at the TV, but I can't find the dial there! The string to the ceiling fan has long-ago been ripped down and well, maybe the 21st century electronic inventions and Margaret Mary just don't mesh well.

Whoops! It's time for dinner. After dinner, I will put the remains in the garbage disposal or trash compacter but first, I have to go microwave it ~ at least I know how to do that!

Sample Chapter Pages

Football Sundays = Health Problems

Hi, my name is Peggy and I am a competition-*aholic*. I happen to be a living-room-screaming, jumping-like-a-pregnant-kangaroo, Bengal fan. I also admit to being a wee bit too obsessed with not only winning, but **dominating** at basement games with a tiny ounce of excessive energy.

Additionally, I enjoy a friendly hand-crunching wager centering on just about anything from:

"I can do the dishes in under 4:15"...to..."I'll bet I can reel off more 1950's TV shows faster than you can" (aimed at a 20 year old victim to tilt the edge in my favor).

Right now I am recuperating from the Cincinnati Bengal's football team losing a ridiculous game by two points... I spent over three hours of my time watching grown men grunting, spitting, falling and flexing, all the while risking my health in a number of ways ~

- Holding my breath until the end of each play and wondering why I am light-headed.
- Eating way too many peanuts with machine-gun-like precision like the more that I shot in my mouth, the more likely Carson Palmer would find Chad Johnson in the end zone.
- My stomach housing more knots than a fisherman's boat rigging.
- My blood pressure creeping towards stroke level.

Why do I care that much about this silly game? If they win or lose, it won't disturb my lovely little life one it'sy bit. But my emotions need to be controlled ~ or my involvement in competition, whether as a desperate participant in some ego-induced bet or as a peanut-gobbling spectator, will be limited to wheelchair races in the hospital corridors.

For Christmas, *someone* needs to buy me an automated heart defibrillator.

Sample Chapter Pages

Timing Issues

It seems as though my life revolves around time.

As soon as I awaken, I look at the alarm clock to see if I should bolt out of bed and start the day in a frenetic state or ~ will the timepiece grant me a “stay of execution and grant me “just five more precious minutes”? It doesn’t seem like there is a happy-medium (unless you count the psychic who gets paid big bucks to bring messages from the dearly departed). I am either rushing to catch up to the clock or wanting time to move more quickly ~ i.e. id I’m stuck watching Dr. Phil in the lobby of an auto repair shop.

I don’t wear a time-piece but I LOVE *timers*. Ecstasy would be to have a timer in every room of the house, guarded by a backscratcher and a nail file. That would give me such security! Of course, in the living room I would need about four timers. I could use one to be set to stop me reading and remind me to turn on “*Dangerous Housewives*” ~ another to nudge me in the direction of taking the garbage out by 9 p.m. ~ one more would allow me to double check the automatic oven-cleaner’s timer ~ and the last one to tell me it’s bedtime. At this very moment, I have a timer set for twelve minutes so I can finish this article and move on to the timer that prevents me from burning the brownies and then one that reminds me not to leave the wet clothes in the washer to mildew.

I remember the time my brother asked me to tape- record a radio show that he was going to be on in Columbus. He said, “please turn your recorder on about 10 p.m. Can you remember that?” I was rather irritated by the memory insult but shrugged it off. I figured the best way to remind myself to complete his request was to employ a method that I had read about where one slides a rubber band around their wrist. The theory is that when you looked at this foreign object, the memory light bulb would burn brightly and shine on the reminder subject. So, there I was, on my comfy couch, totally immersed in this boring book, *Valley of the Dulls*, when I noticed this elastic on my wrist. I searched my brain as to what it was I was supposed to do and when I couldn’t remember, I figured it was there to remind me to get more sleep, so off I went to bed. Two hours later the phone jarred me awake and my brother was asking me if I got the recording. He was so ecstatic about how well his performance on this radio show had gone ~ he felt that he had really been quite funny ~ even if he did say so himself. Then I told him that I had forgotten.

I’m not sure he ever forgave me.

Sample Chapter Pages

Who Invented Ping Pong?

The **Thrill of Victory** and the **Agony of Defeat** have both been felt to my inner-most core by participating in the game of Ping Pong. I started playing PP when I was about nine years old. My parents felt that the basement needed another game besides darts ~ maybe because my older brother Dave, 13, loved using the dart board and ME for some of his Magic Shows. He had seen the many magicians on TV where someone tries to throw an ax or shoot arrows at a target with a woman standing in front of it. He enjoyed me re-enacting these trick substituting the dart board to simulate the other stunts.

Dave seemed mesmerized with magic and attempting any kind of tricks. He bribed me well over one hundred times to dress as his lovely assistant, Wanda, for neighborhood magic shows. I can't tell you how many coins got pulled from my various orifices and how much water I had to drink from a fake water glass. I must say ~ he never tried to saw me in half...at least not in front of anyone.

Well, after neighbors complained, my folks thought that maybe a diversion was in order. So they purchased a ping pong table that eventually saw a minimum of 4,578 games played on it over the next twenty years. My friends, my brother's friends, my parent's friends, people who we didn't even know would wonder down to the basement for a quick game. We were the Ping Pong Palace and I was the reigning queen. By the time I was seventeen, no one could beat me, including my brother and father. (ok, maybe *once* in a while someone would sneak in a victory ~ if I played left-handed) Then my brother got married and had two sons, Brian and Sean. These two kids got addicted early to the game, maybe when they were only five and six years old. They had experienced many years of smelling defeat up close and personal. There were numerous incidents of un-sportsman-like conduct ~ swearing, thrown paddles, scuffed up tables, split balls, injuries due to slamming into the concrete wall ~ and I can never apologize enough for those outbursts.

Now I am fast-forwarding to the present. I am fifty-six years old and haven't played for at least twenty-five years. My nephews are just a little older than when I was in my prime. It seems as though maybe they have been planning to take revenge on me for decades. One nephew has a thirty-three year old wife who will remain nameless because after I trounced her three games in a row...Annie (whoops, her name just slipped out) managed to squeak out a 26-24 win. She enlisted the aid of her two children ~ ages five and 18 months, to distract me by throwing ping-pong balls, teddy bears, and I think a couple of gin & tonics on the table as I was trying to return her weak serve.

Alas, when playing my thirty-seven year old nephew, Sean Michael, revenge occurred. It was a sad moment for me ~ a crushing blow. My crown had fallen and my ego devastated. At the moment of defeat, I wailed a primal yell from the depths of my soul which I haven't done for many, many moons. Maybe some of you heard it about noon today? Anyway, today I curse, albeit lightly, the people who invented that dreaded game.

I am thinking at this point, maybe being sawed in half is a better use of my time.

Sample Chapter Pages

Challenged by the *Not-so-technical* Stuff

I have just returned from a quick trip to Boston, the land of educational institutions. I read once that there are more higher education buildings per person in Bean-town than anywhere else in the world. Maybe because of all this intelligence roaming the “always-under-construction streets”, that is why Boston owns more challenging new-fangled devices and services that I haven't found here in Ohio.

Oh, I do have one side-bar question - with all these well-educated people, how does it happen that the “**Big Dig**” done “*Gone Wrong*”? Rumors have it that not only is the Ted Williams tunnel faulty due to bad bolts that hold 123 billion tons of water out, but it was built too low to the ocean floor so if a big ship comes in, *look out!* ~ But I digress.

OK, so there I was in the Boston Logan airport. I decided to "use the facilities"...and when I stood up from my brief relief, I couldn't find the handle to flush. Of course, I'm not **completely** ignorant. I knew it was an automatic flush so I stood back awaiting the "big flush"...nothing...nada...I must have spent twenty-two minutes looking for the hidden "emergency handle". (ok, maybe it wasn't that long but it sure seemed that way)