



Lunch at the Chinese buffet around the corner, seated next to two men from India and one from Australia. They are all co-workers, just getting to know each other. One of the Indian men has a much thicker accent and the other one seems to be trying to help him with cultural acclimation.

One thing they have in common, aside from all being Unix geeks to one degree or another, is cricket. The bulk of their table chatter was about the superiority of one or another team or captain or manager.

At the end of the meal the waitress brings fortune cookies. The more seasoned Indian gentleman helpfully clues the other into the old trick, "When you read your fortune cookie you have to add 'in bed' to the end of whatever it says."

The Aussie pipes up, "The Australian National Team will best India in their next test match...in bed!"

After a round of chuckles the younger Indian reads his, "You can make that special someone happy with a gift of flowers...in bed."

They leave, and I read my own fortune, "Your lucky number for this week is the number five...in bed."