

When you wake up well rested on a great mattress,
everything becomes clear.
I do have a favorite child.
Things you missed when you were tired
finally reveal themselves.
I use memes as a coping mechanism.
It's the early holiday savings event at Mattress Firm.
Save up to \$600 on Sealy,
plus get a free adjustable base with select mattresses
up to a \$499 value and get 3% back,
all with free and fast delivery.
The right mattress matters.
We'll find yours.
Restrictions apply.
Seize to our mattress firm.com for details.

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

No, 97% of the French would have said no, never again.

Yes, it happens in Canada, obviously,

where there are Indians, where there are forests, you see,

and the mushrooms, they cut wood to prepare for winter.

So they have already cut, they have already grown beautiful, beautiful bunch of wood,

and some say maybe it's enough for this year.

Do you think that winter will really be rough?
You say there is a way to know, isn't it?
It's that you will see the Indian, who is up there,
well, up there on the hill, and the Indian, he knows,
they have things that are 3000 years old, he knows if winter will be rigorous or not.
It doesn't matter, they will see the Indian,
and the Indian comes out of his house, he puts his hand like that,
like all the Indians, and looks, and he dominates the whole valley,
and says, oh, this winter will be cold, it will be very, very cold.
Oh, my God, the mushrooms are going down deep.
And he says, guys, we have to continue cutting wood,
this one, we were in India, it never gets cold.
He told us, there will be a very cold winter, very cold,
he told us like that.
And he continues like that.
I'm doing it right here.
He cuts, he cuts, he cuts wood again,
and the wood, it rises, it rises, it rises, it's a very cold moment,
but we have never cut so much wood for winter,
we can't go back a little, see your Indian,
who makes us shit, cut wood, go back to see the Indian,
and the Indian comes out of his house, puts his hand like that, he goes, oh,
I think we're going to live one of the coldest winters that we've ever had.
What? They say the mushrooms, they go back down,
and the Indian tells us, it's exceptional.
Now it's winter, we're going to fall like never before in life,
we have to quickly cut wood.
And we go back, we go, we go.
I don't do it here again because I love it.
And it rises from the wood here, here.
And then he says, oh, it's okay.
He says, we don't even have a place to chill.
And we go down there.
He says, turn around, turn to the Indian.
You have to work like sand.
Turn to the Indian.
And he says to the Indian, well, we are the mushrooms,
twice you told us that he was going to do very, very hard,
like that.
What is it?
What is your secret?
How do you know?
And the Indian raises his hand like that,

and looks in the direction of the valley.
He says, hey, over there, the mushrooms,
the more there is wood,
cut, the more winter will be cold.
We love this story.
It's a guy, it's a circus director
with auditions all day, all day.
He sees numbers and stuff like that.
And then finally, it's 8 o'clock,
and he closes the curtain.
And then he heard him, if I were you, I wouldn't close.
He says, what?
Do you have a number?
He says, yes.
And if you don't look at it, you'll really regret it.
Come on, get in.
And the guy comes in and he has a dog and a cat.
And he says, what is your number?
But he says, my cat, he plays the piano.
And my dog, he sings.
And then he goes on stage.
And the cat puts himself on the piano.
And then he starts playing magnificently
the Sinatra.
And then there's the dog next to him
and he starts singing.
Strangely.
It sounds better than Sinatra.
The guy is fascinated, it's bluffing.
And the guy is in contract.
And then when the thing is signed,
he offers him a cigar, he drinks a glass,
he says, well now that it's signed,
you can tell me, there's something.
And the guy says, yeah, yeah, there's something.
And he says, what is the thing?
But he says, the dog, he doesn't sing.
It's the cat who is in Triloc.
She's pretty.
She's pretty.
You know this story, I told it 18 times,
but I want to tell it 19 times.
Yes.

Come on, let's forget it.

Don't you know it?

No.

Well yes, it's the great times of Ruyo Ecclesias

where all women were crazy about Ruyo Ecclesias.

And there's a woman who goes through a little announcement

and who says, dream of having a child

who would look like Ruyo Ecclesias.

And then there, of course,

she receives candidates and looks at the photos

and then there are a lot of couriers.

There are guys who look more or less like Ruyo Ecclesias,

but never one who really looks like Ruyo Ecclesias.

But among all the couriers,

there is one where there is no photo at all.

And on the other hand, the person says,

I swear to you that if we make love together,

you will have a child who looks like Ruyo Ecclesias.

She says, hey, this one, anyway, I'll make it come.

We'll see.

The guy sounds at his door two days later.

He says, no, we meet, he sounds.

She opens it.

There is a guy, but really not very beautiful, really.

Who doesn't look like Ruyo Ecclesias.

He says, well, it's weird.

Anyway, as you are sure,

you're going to make me a child who will look like Ruyo Ecclesias.

So the guy says, listen, it's not complicated.

I don't like Ruyo Ecclesias.

But my wife, she is like you.

She loves Ruyo Ecclesias.

So for example, I'm going to tell you,

at home when you come in, there is a poster
of Ruyo Ecclesias.

Oh yeah, good.

In the bathroom, there is a poster of Ruyo Ecclesias.

In the bedroom, in front of the bed,

there is a poster of Ruyo Ecclesias.

On television, we only watch videos

of the shows of Ruyo Ecclesias.

When she turns on the radio,

it's to listen to Ruyo Ecclesias.

The guy says, so Ruyo Ecclesias,
there are a lot of balls.
It's not a funny story, Mr. Bigard.
Yes, it happens to the Belgian frontier.
There is a owner,
he stops a quadro of cellos,
he says quadro.
And he opens the door,
and he says,
no, you are five inside.
He says, yes, we are five.
He says, no, it's a quadro.
He says, wait, it's a joke or what,
I know we are in Belgium.
He says, I can talk to your superior.
He says, no, impossible.
He is busy with the two guys in the UNO.
He says, no, impossible.
He says, my dear, I looked for croissants.
And so he says, it's ok Bernard,
I know them all, but...
I think it would be funny
since I know it, Mr. Bigard.
It would be much more funny if you told the same story,
Yes, Julie Gaillet, it's Julie Gaillet.
Yes, it would be much better.
And Julie says to him, François, for so many years, so many times that we have made love.
And he comes to the bakery, François Hollande is very proud.
It's very good.
He comes with the full moon of flops because it was raining.
And he comes to his house.
The baker is very surprised.
She says, hello Mr Hollande.
What am I going to use?
And François Hollande is very proud.
He says, put me six croissants, please.
And then he takes it again and says no.
Put me five croissants and one bread in the oven.