

Brian Fischler is a blind comedian friend of mine.

Saturday was his birthday and he decided to arrange a roast.

My roast of Brian:

I started out by silently holding up signs saying

**This is how
you roast
a blind comedian**

I then pointed out that everyone is insulting Brian but praising his seeing-eye dog Nash.

“That's wrong. Nash has been trying to kill Brian every day for nine years.

This morning he walked Brian right into the middle of a highway. Alas it was the Long Island Expressway and traffic wasn't moving.”

I also asked if you're supposed to gift-wrap a present for a blind guy. Or whether I should just give him the hooker naked.

Because it's really not fun trying to put clothes back on a dead hooker.