Opening 1 / 7

Hello, everyone. I'm Mitchell, Beatrix's dad, and I want to start with a joke. What do you call a fish wearing a bowtie? Sofishticated. Thank you. I'll be here all night, or until Beatrix takes the microphone.

Part 2 2 / 7

Beatrix has heard approximately four thousand of my jokes. When she was ten, she started keeping score on the kitchen whiteboard. One column said 'Groans.' One column said 'Real Laughs.' The groans column ran off the board, onto the wall, and halfway around the pantry door.

Part 3 3 / 7

The 'Real Laughs' column had eleven marks over eight years. I know, because I counted. I still call each one a victory.

Part 4 4 / 7

Last Christmas, Beatrix came home with a new whiteboard. I thought, here it comes. But across the top she had written, in her careful hand, one new column: 'Harper's Jokes.' Underneath were thirty-one marks, all in the 'Real Laughs' column. I stared at it for a good long while.

Part 5 5 / 7

Harper, I have to ask. Do you know how it feels to be outscored in my own family? Beatrix laughs at your jokes the way the sun comes up. I have been practicing my whole life and I could not do it. I am a little jealous, and a lot grateful.

Part 6 6 / 7

Harper, welcome to the family, and please do not tell me what your best joke is. I have a reputation to protect. Beatrix, my daughter, the groans were always a kind of love, and you always knew it.

Closing 7 / 7

One last joke, and this one is sincere. What do you call two people who laugh at each other's jokes? Married. Everyone, please raise your glasses to Beatrix and Harper: may every groan between you turn into a real laugh.