

I got all the camping gear into the car, but we'll have to leave one of the kids behind.

Wayno®
& 6
PIRRO.
10.7.23





Wayno® & 4
PIRRO.
5.5.23

Our parents took
a while to accept
us as a couple, too.



I CAN'T BELIEVE
WE FELL FOR IT
AGAIN!

POOR
DEFENSELESS
PEACE-LOVING
VILLAGE

12-19

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BY BILLY WHITEHEAD

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Billy
Whitehead



THE DOCTOR TOLD ME
TO GIVE THE ALCOHOL A REST



**HAVE YOU EVER TRIED
BLIND-FOLDED ARCHERY?**



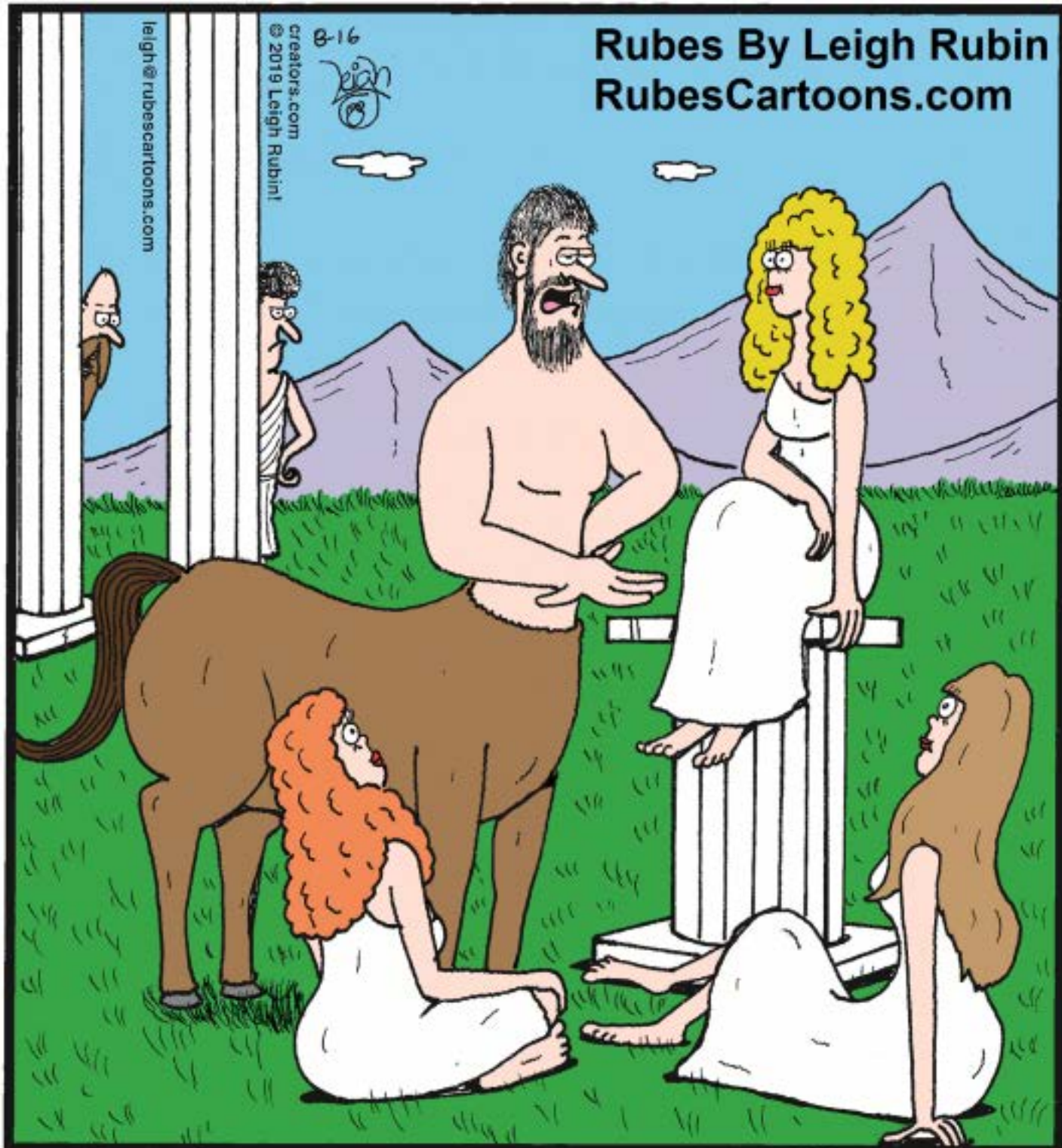
UNKNOWN PUNster ©2018

**YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE MISSING**

74



**Aristarchus of Samothrace,
inventor of the asterisk.**

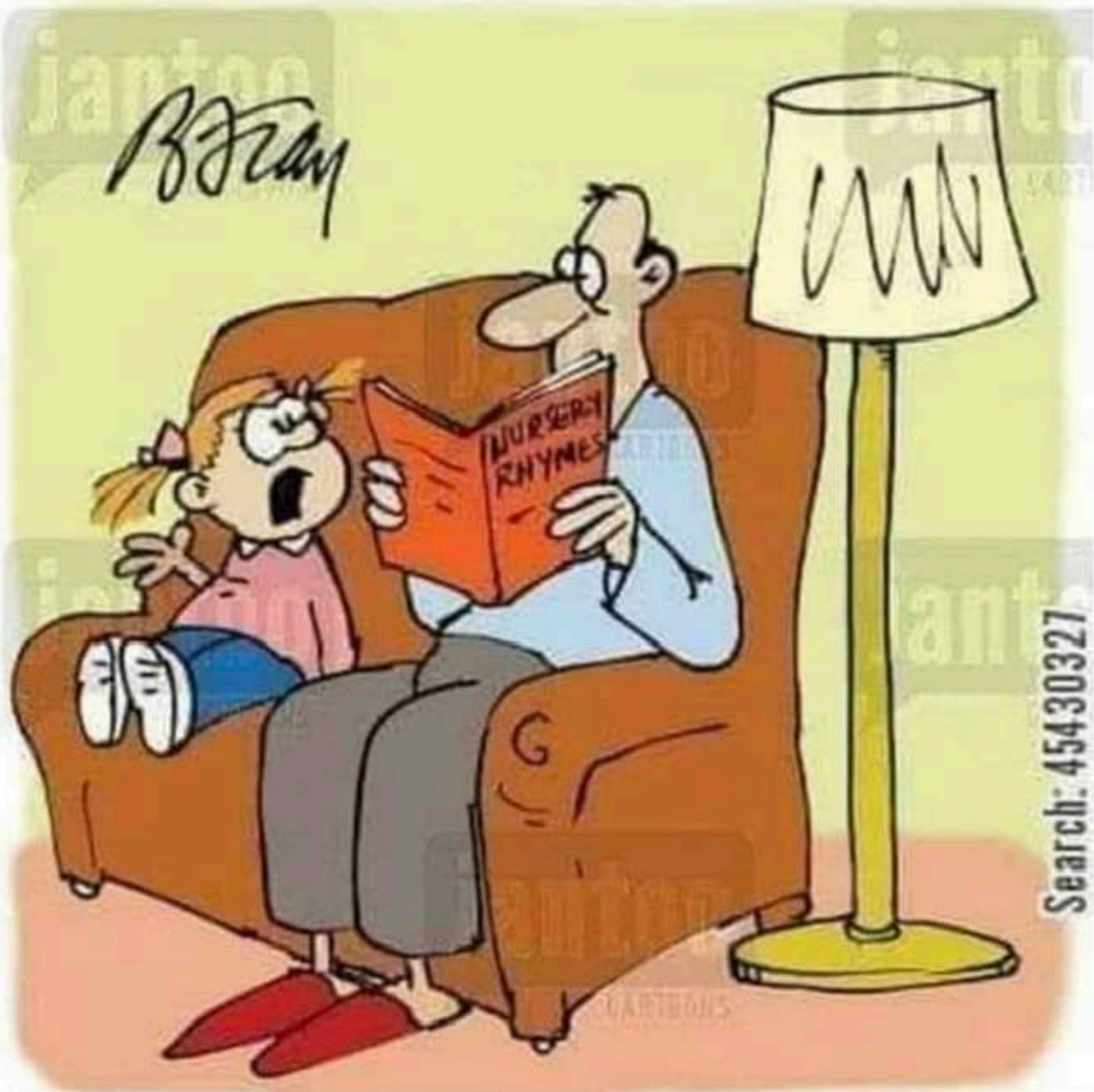


“It’s positively nauseating the way he goes on and on about his mythical exploits, always having to be the centaur of attention.”



My friend Rory went out with Alice on their first and last date. He was talking about the beautiful northern lights but went on about them for five hours. It was a case of a Rory boring Alice.

- M. E. Kabay



Search: 45430327

"SO, THESE THREE LITTLE MICE ARE BLIND AND THE FARMER'S WIFE COMES ALONG AND CUTS OFF THEIR TAILS WITH A CARVING KNIFE!? WHO WRITES THIS STUFF, STEPHEN KING?"

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Golden
Books

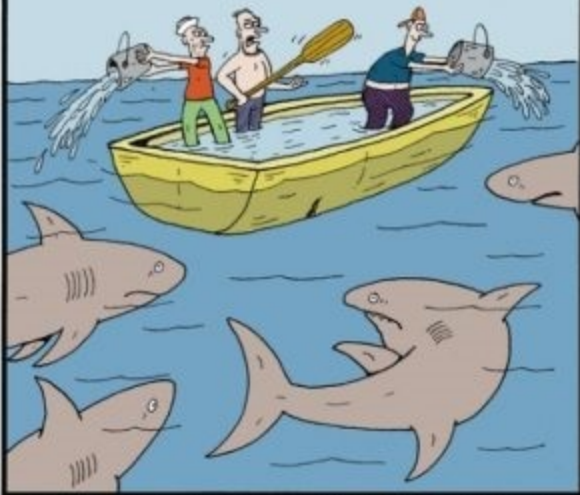
a Little Golden Book[®]

TM

Barbie[™] and Godzilla Destroy the World



GODZILLA PHOTOSHOPS



"I swear, if he says, 'It's better to be busy than bored' just one more time"



A German tourist is driving down the Interstate in Ohio at 140 mph. The Highway Patrol officer pulls him over and says she has to search his car. She finds a piece of raw, bloody meat in the trunk. The tourist says, "Oh ja, das ist mein spare veal."

- *Prairie Home Companion*



"I need to buy some boards there, Sven."

"How long you want 'em, Ole?"

"Long time. I'm building a house, ya know."

- *Prairie Home Companion*

Found an extra pair of boots at the
worksite so I decided to give my boss a
heart attack





A pancake, a fried egg, a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee walk into a bar.

The bartender says, "Sorry, we don't serve breakfast here."



*I needed information about candles and so
I went to Wikipedia.*



Larson

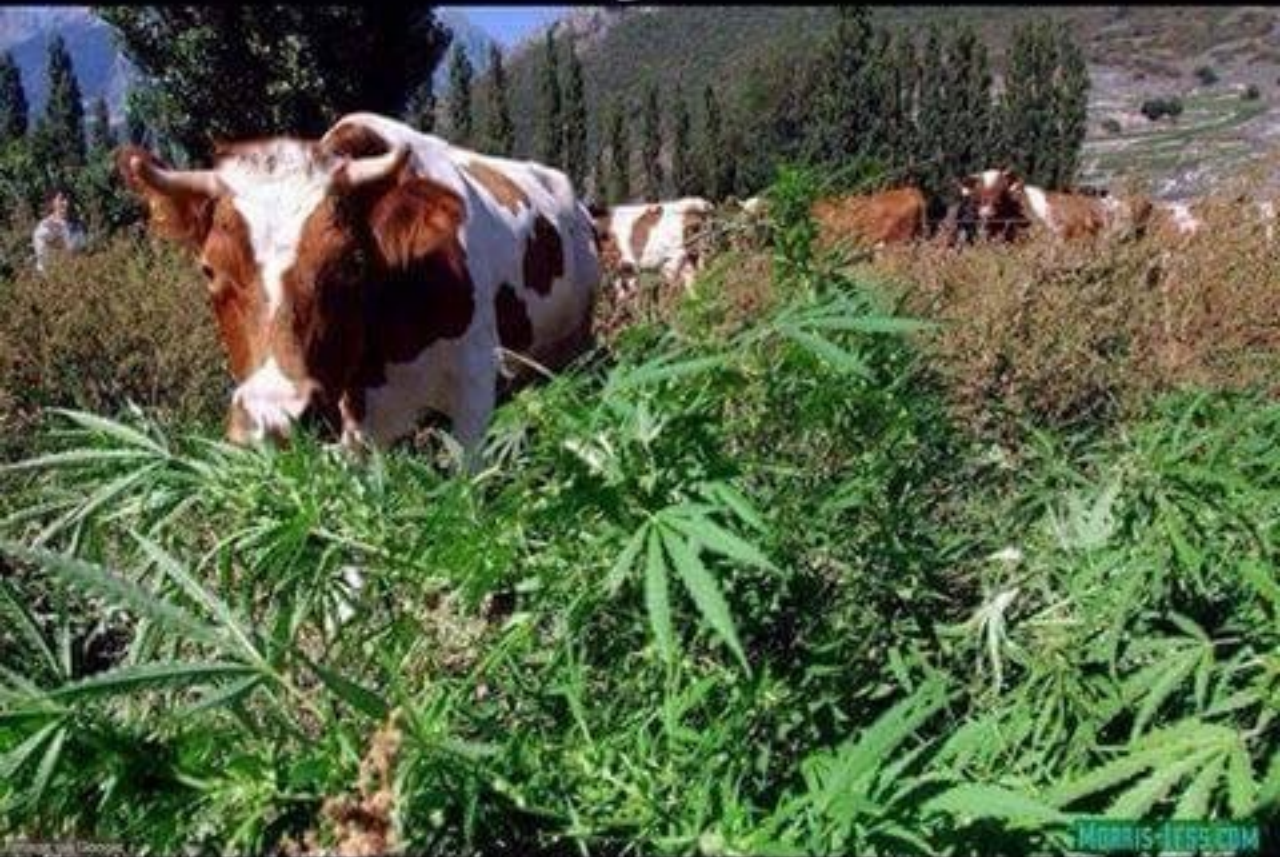
"Okay, Mr. Hook. Seems you're trying to decide between a career in pirating or massage therapy. Well, maybe we can help you narrow it down."



Horse-drawn carriages were popular in the 19th century, but you hardly ever see horses drawing *anything* these days.

Why is that??

**Why did the cows return
to the marijuana field?**



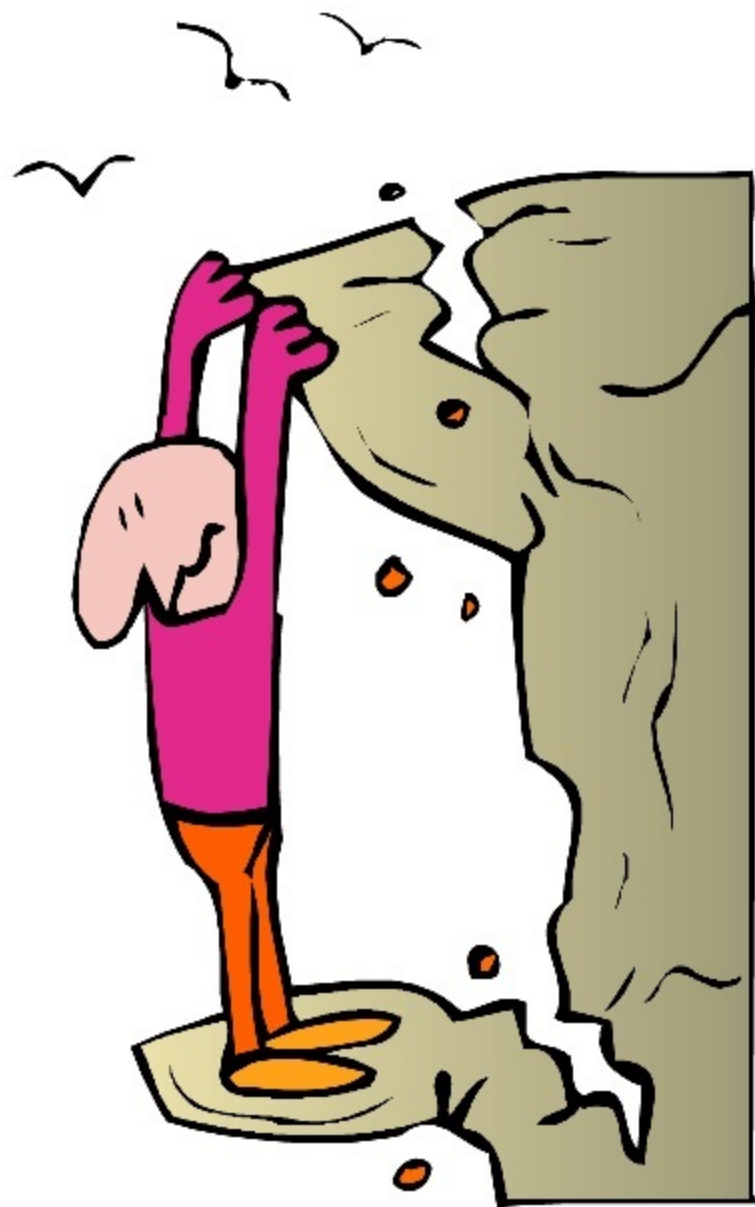
It was the pot calling the cattle back.



Some nut on TV says rubbing coffee grounds on your naked body will get rid of cellulite. Apparently you can't do this in your local coffee shop. And now the cops are here.



I drove my Chevy to the levy while I was drinking whiskey & rye.



Ole is hiking in the mountains when he slips on a wet rock and falls over the edge of a 200 metre cliff. He's hanging onto a ledge looking into the deep fjord below him - certain death - and his hands start to perspire. He yells out, "Is anybody up there?"

He hears a deep voice ringing out over the fjord. "I'm here, Ole. It's the Lord. Have faith. Let go of that ledge and I will save you."

Ole looks down and up and says "Is anyone else up there?"



Ole came home from work one afternoon and found Lena sitting naked on the edge of her bed.

"Lena, why are you sitting there with no clothes on?" he asked.

She answered, "Oh Ole, I have no clothes to wear."

"Don't be silly, you've got lots of clothes to wear!" said Ole, going over to her closet. He flung open the door and said, "See? Here's a blue dress, here's a yellow dress, here's Sven, here's a polk-a-dotted dress...."



“Here’s the last entry in Carlson’s journal:
‘Having won their confidence, tomorrow
I shall test the humor of these giant
but gentle primates with a simple
joy-buzzer handshake.’”



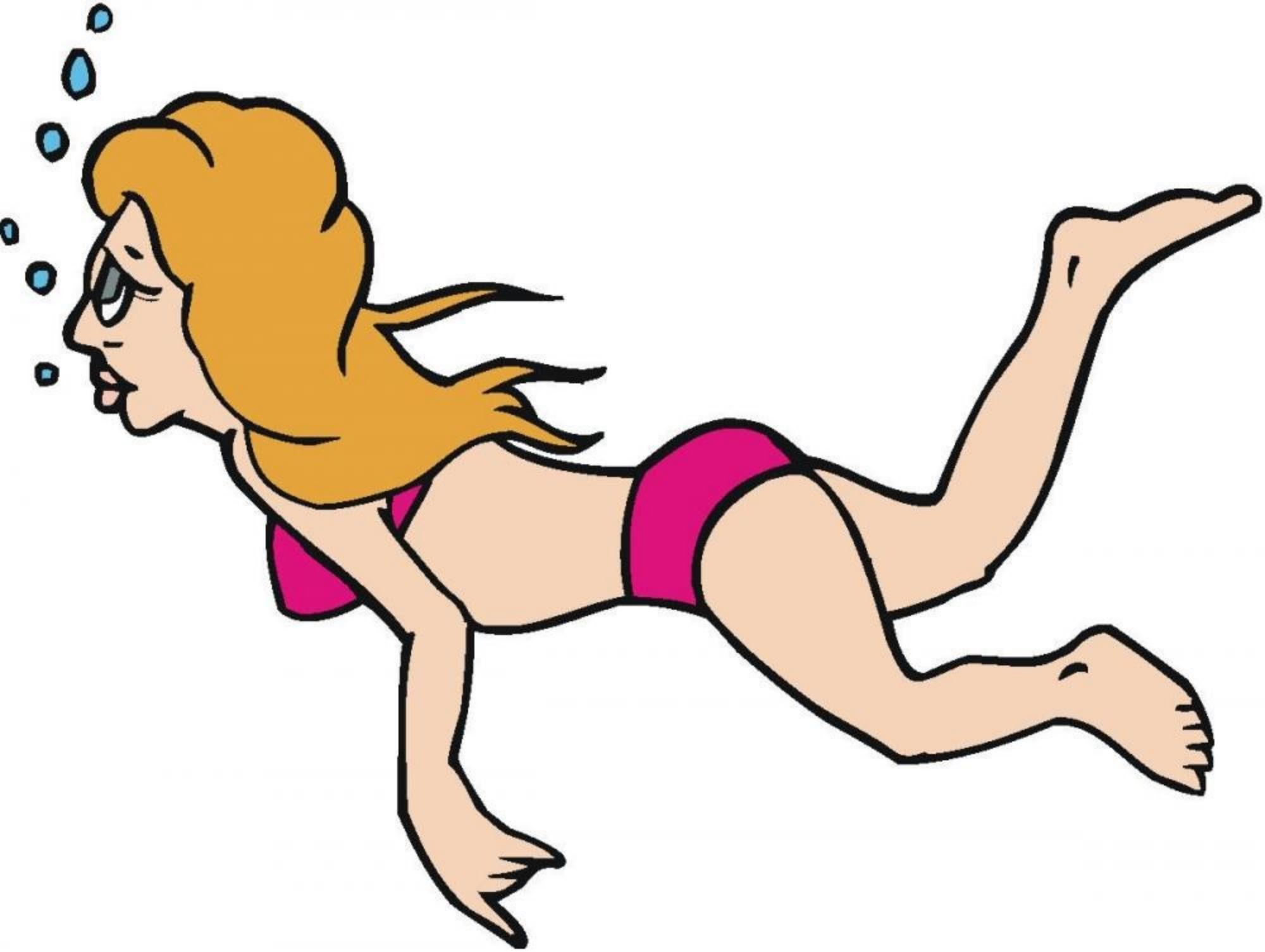
A Priest was being honored at his retirement dinner after 25 years in the parish. A leading local politician and member of the congregation was chosen to make the presentation and to give a little speech at the dinner.

However, he was delayed, so the Priest decided to say his own few words while they waited:

"I got my first impression of the parish from the first confession I heard here. I thought I had been assigned to a terrible place. The very first person who entered my confessional told me he had stolen a television set and, when questioned by the police, was able to lie his way out of it. He had stolen money from his parents, embezzled from his employer, had an affair with his boss's wife, taken illegal drugs, and gave VD to his sister. I was appalled. But as the days went on I learned that my people were not all like that and I had, indeed, come to a fine parish full of good and loving people."...

Just as the Priest finished his talk, the politician arrived full of apologies at being late. He immediately began to make the presentation and gave his talk:

"I'll never forget the first day our parish Priest arrived," said the politician. "In fact, I had the honor of being the first person to go to him for confession."



Lena was competing in the *Sons of Norway Swim Meet*. She came in last in the 100-yard breast stroke and she went to the judges. "Oh say, I don't vant to complain, but I tink those other girls ver using dere arms!"



An insurance-salesman from a big city is visiting a ranch on his holiday and is walking around the corral when he meets one of the older hands feeding the horses. He walks over and strikes up a conversation.

"How long have you worked here?" he asks.

"25 years," the ranch-hand says.

"Ever had any accidents?"

"Nope, none at all."

"Really?" says the visitor. "Not a single problem in 25 years?"

"Well," says the cowboy, "I did get bit on the hand by one of the horses once."

"Doesn't that count as an accident?" asks the insurance man.

"Nope," says the ranch-hand. "He bit me on purpose."



The other night I was invited out for a night with "the girls." I told my husband I'd be home by midnight, "I promise!" Well, the hours passed and the margaritas went down way too easily. Around 3am, a bit loaded, I got home - just as the cuckoo clock in the hallway cuckooed three times. Quickly, realizing that my husband would probably wake up, I cuckooed another three times, and then another six times. I was really proud of myself for coming up with such a quick-witted solution to avoid a possible conflict with him.

The next morning, my husband asked me what time I got in, so I said, "Midnight!" and he didn't seem at all irritated. Whew! I got away with that one!

Then he said, "We need a new cuckoo clock." I asked him why, and he said, "Well, last night our clock cuckooed three times, then said 'Oh shit,' cuckooed four more times, cleared its throat, cuckooed another four times, giggled, cuckooed twice more, and then tripped over the coffee table and farted."

Descartes when he realized that
people who don't think also exist



DAD! HOW DID
YOU SURVIVE?
YOU SAID YOU'D DIE OF
BOREDOM THE NEXT TIME
THE GRUNWALDS
CAME OVER!

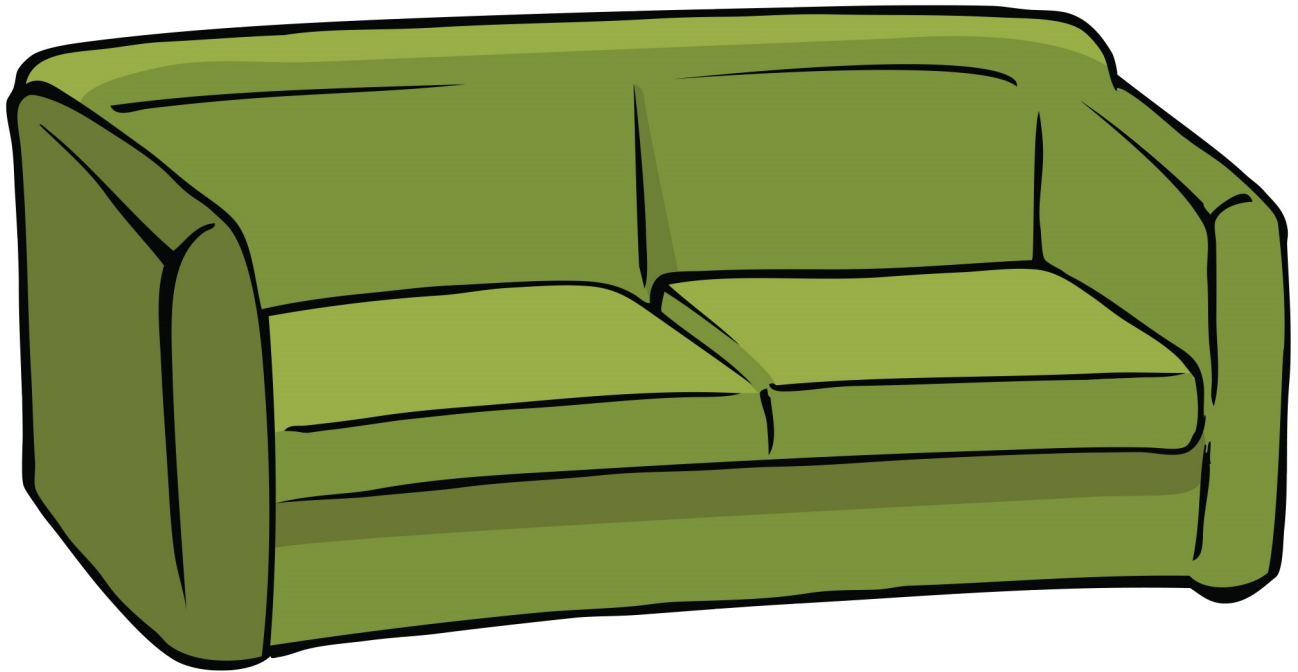




B-16



**Recently discovered in Disney's vault:
Steamboat Willie versus the Quacken.**



WHY I GOT DIVORCED

Last week was my 40th birthday, but my wife didn't wish me a happy birthday that morning. My parents forgot and so did my kids. I went to work and my colleagues didn't wish me a happy birthday. As I entered my office, though, my secretary said, "Happy Birthday, Boss!" Then she invited me out for lunch. We had a lovely snack and to my astonishment, she invited me to her apartment. When we got there, she asked, "Do you mind if I go into the bedroom for a minute?" I said that was fine, and she came out five minutes later with a birthday cake, my wife, my parents, my kids, my friends and my colleagues all yelling, "SURPRISE!!!" while I was waiting on the sofa naked.



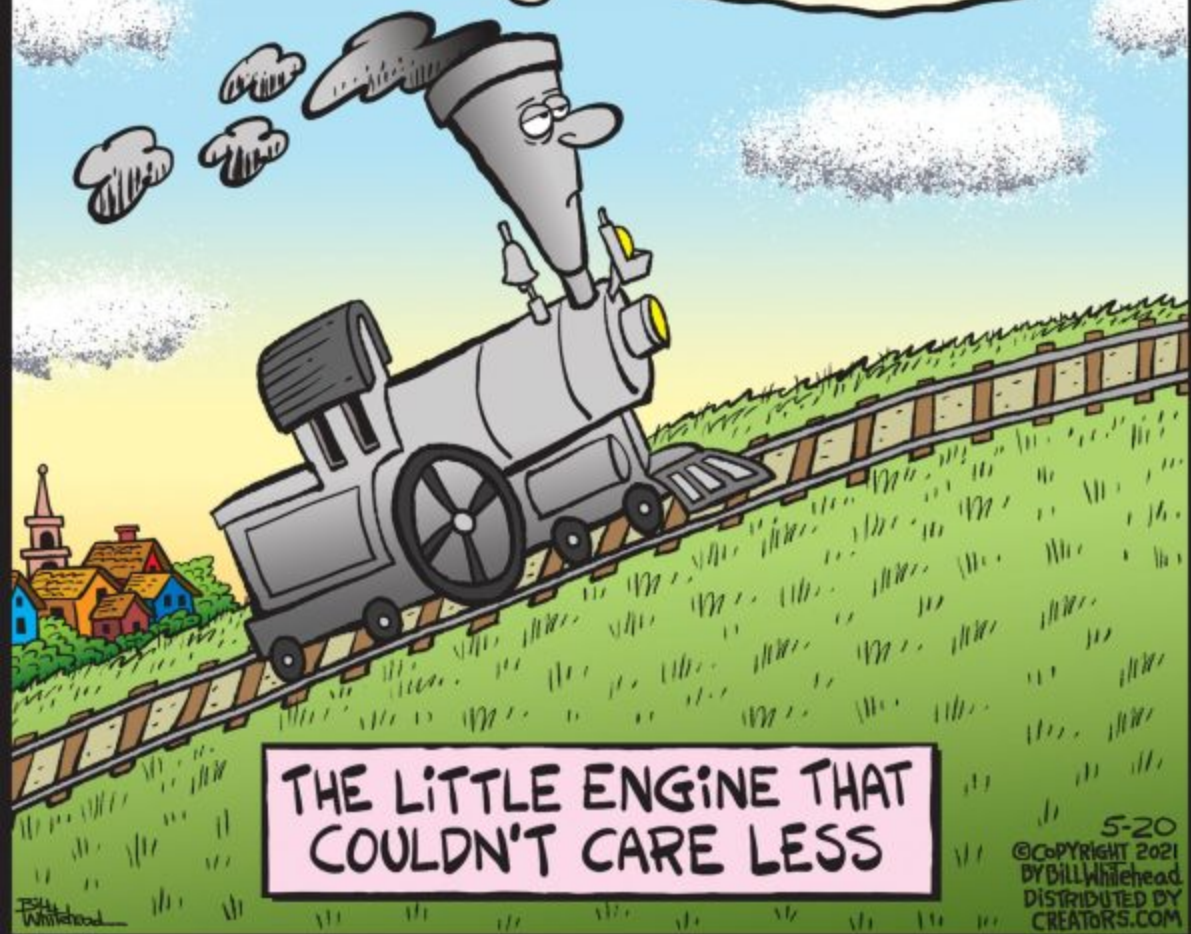
Handelsman

*"I wish you would make up your mind, Mr. Dickens.
Was it the best of times or was it the worst of times?
It could scarcely have been both."*

**There was a Roman
emperor who never
aged after he turned 19.
His name was
Constant Teen.**



HEY...
EITHER I CAN OR
I CAN'T! I'M NOT
GONNA WASTE MY
TIME THINKING
ABOUT IT! GIVE ME
A BREAK!



THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT
COULDN'T CARE LESS

BOOM!
BOOM!

BANG!!

POW,
POW, POW!

SIR, WE HAVE REASON
TO BELIEVE THAT
OUR ADVERSARIES
ACTUALLY HAVE NO
WEAPONS WHATSOEVER.

THE FALL OF THE ONOMATOPOEIAN EMPIRE

OK stranger!

What's the circumference
of the Earth? Who wrote
"The Odyssey" and "The
Iliad?" What's the average
rainfall of the Amazon
Basin?

HOTEL

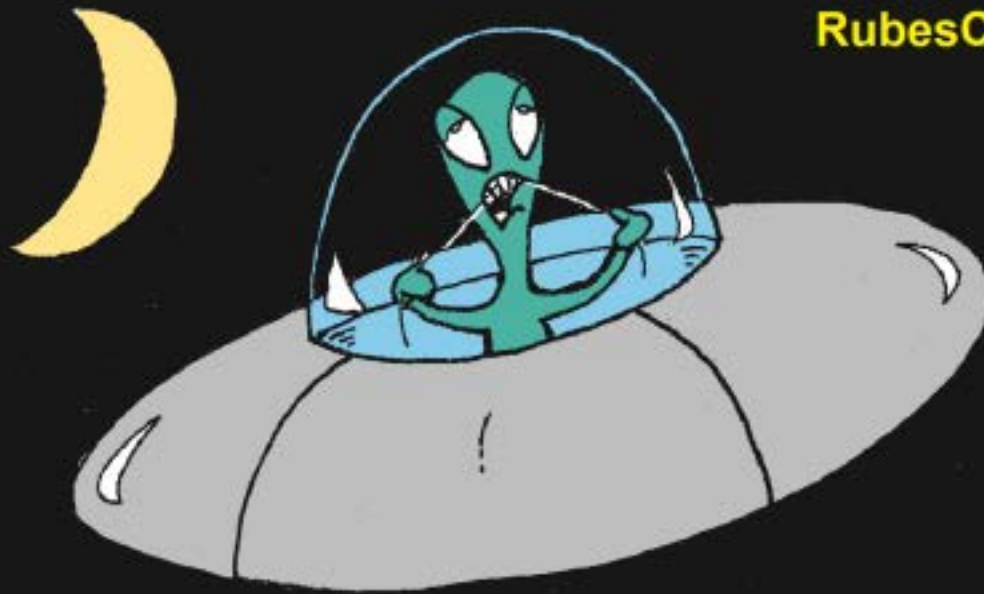
Bart, you
fool! You can't
shoot first & ask
questions later!



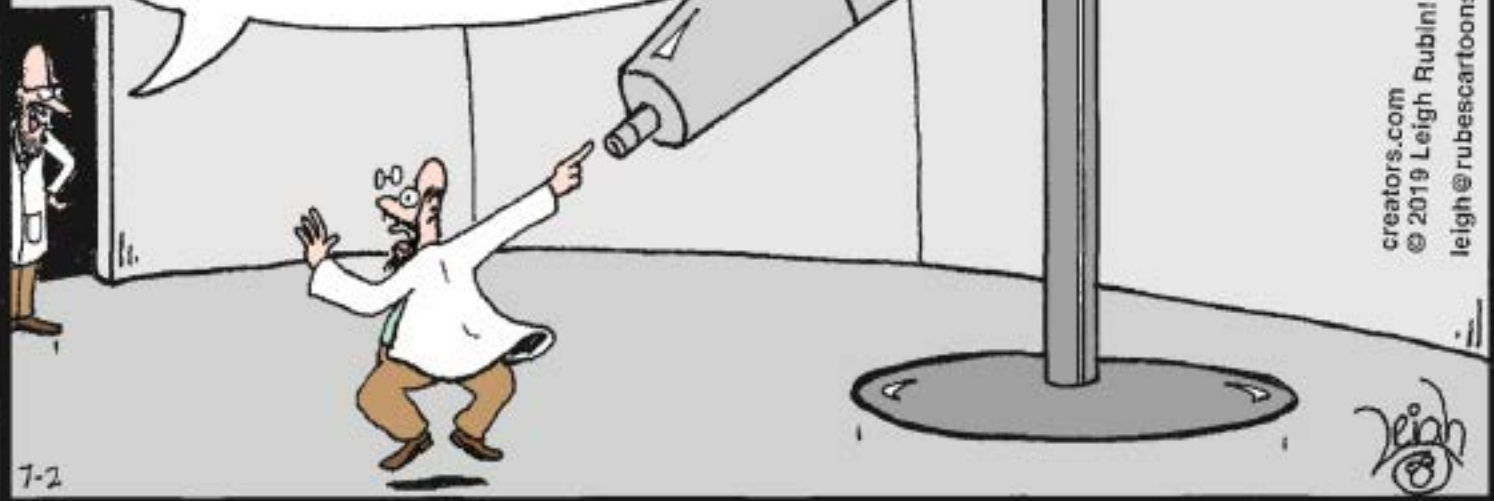


Ole and Sven go on a fishing trip up in Canada and come back with only three fish. Sven says, "The way I figger it, Ole, each of them fish cost us \$400."

Ole says, "Well, at dat price it's a good ting we didn't catch any more of them than we did!"



A SIGHING FLOSSER?!
GOOD HEAVENS, WILKINS!
IT SOUNDS AS IF YOU'VE
BEEN DRINKING AGAIN!



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One night at the SETI Institute



A well-dressed frog enters the bank and goes up to a teller, whose nameplate shows that she is Patty Whack.

"Miss Whack," he says, "I would like a \$300,000 loan for my holiday."

Patty looks at the frog in disbelief and asks his name. He says he is Kermit Jagger that that his dad, Mick Jagger, knows the bank manager.

Patty explains that he will need to secure the loan with some collateral.

"Sure," says the frog. "I have this." He produces a tiny porcelain elephant an inch tall and perfectly formed.

Patty explains that she has to consult the bank manager. She finds her and says, "This frog called Kermit Jagger claims his dad knows you; he wants to borrow \$300,000 with *this* as his collateral!" She holds up the tiny elephant and says, "I mean, what in the world is *this*?"

The bank manager says, "It's a knicknack, Patty Whack. Give the frog a loan. His old man's a Rolling Stone."

My Grandad was a WWII veteran.
In just one day during the Battle
of Britain, he destroyed 8 German
aircraft killing 32 Nazi aviators.

Easily the worst mechanic the
Luftwaffe ever had.



Why, Grandma, what a strange fascination you have for my dog's butt.





GUINNESS®

ST. JAMES'S GATE BREWERY, DUBLIN

"Excuse me, Kate, may I come in? I've something to tell ya."

"Of course you can come in - you're always welcome. But where's my husband?"

"That's what I'm here to be tellin' ya, Kate. There was an accident down at the brewery...."

"Oh lord, no!" cries Kate. "Please don't tell me...."

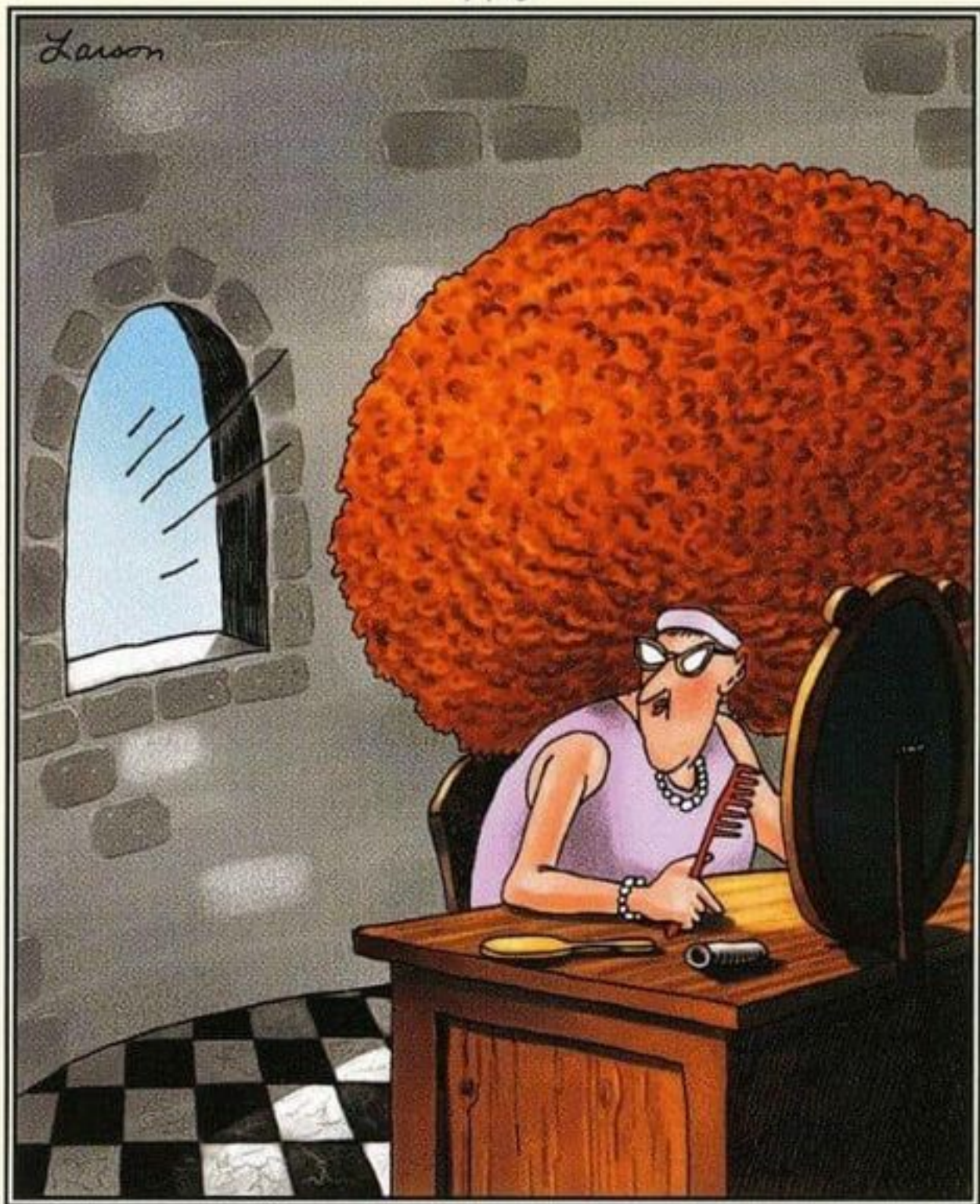
"I'm sorry Kate. Patrick is dead and gone."

"Finally she looked up. "How did it happen?"

"It was terrible, Kate. He fell into a vat of Guinness Stout and drowned."

"Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me true, did he at least go quickly?"

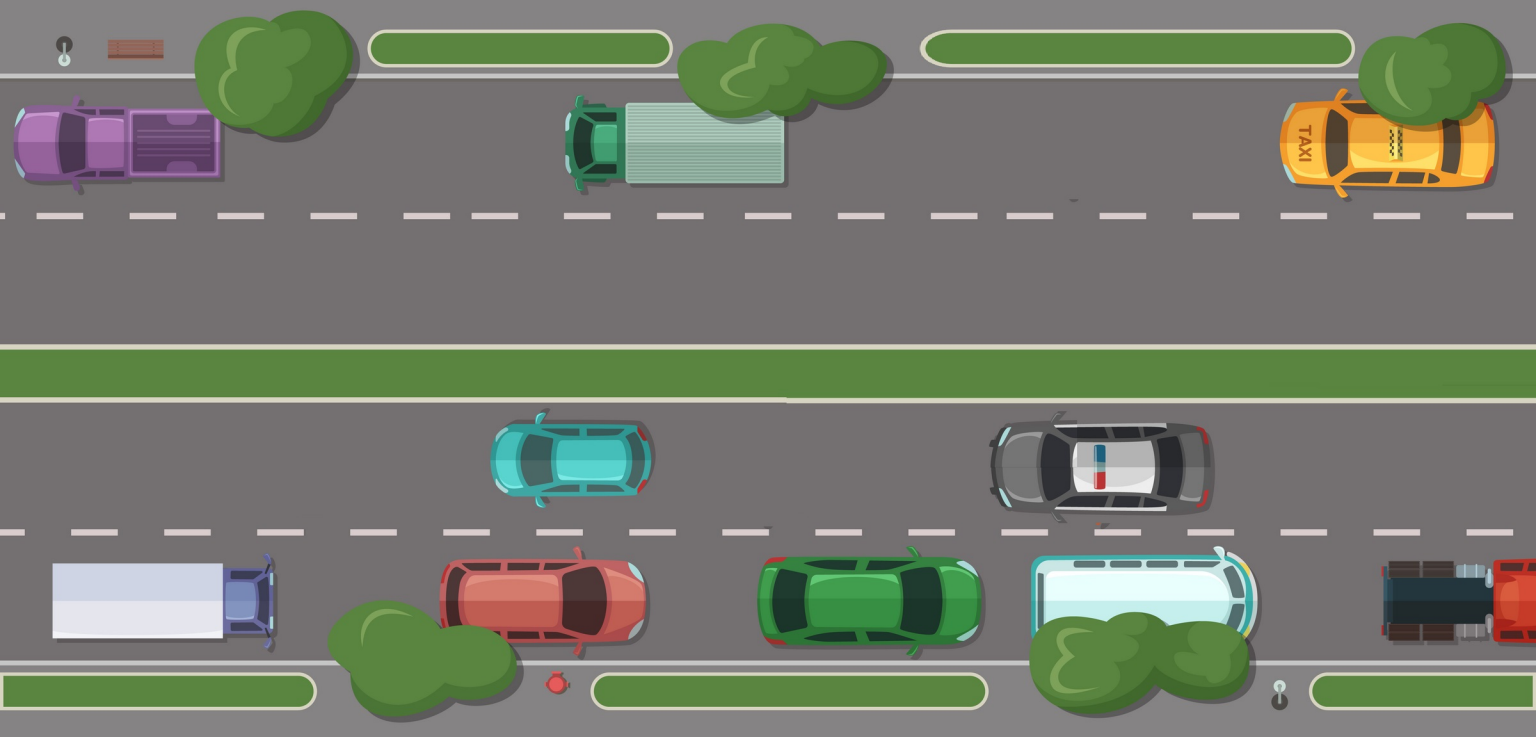
"Well, no, Kate... no. Not really. Fact is, he got out three times to pee."



“RAPUNZEL, RAPUNZEL! ... LET DOWN
YOUR HAIR!”

When it's windy and you're wearing the straw hat you got at a dollar store.






Ole finally gets a cell phone and on his way home on the freeway, he calls up Lena and says, "Oh Lena, I'm calling you from the freeway on my new cell phone."

Lena says, "Be careful, Ole, because on the radio they said some nut is driving the wrong way on the freeway!"

Ole says, "One nut? Heck, there are hundreds of them!"

A bus stop shelter with a dark green frame and a curved, translucent roof. The shelter is situated on a paved sidewalk next to a road. In the background, there are green trees, a grassy area, and a few people walking. The sign inside the shelter is black with white text.

To get the bus to
Hogwarts, please
run directly
at this sign

To get home, we
follow the trail
of croutons.

Wayno®
P & 4
PIRRO.
5.8.23

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TALES FROM LES FRERES GRIMM

IRISH MATH TEST

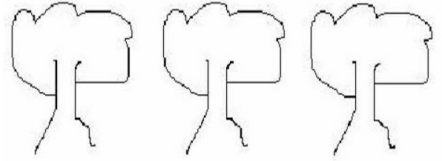
An Irishman wants a job, but the racist foreman won't hire him until he must pass a little math test.

Here is your first question, the foreman said. "Without using numbers, represent the number 9."

"Without numbers?" The Irishman says? "Dat is easy." And proceeds to draw three trees.

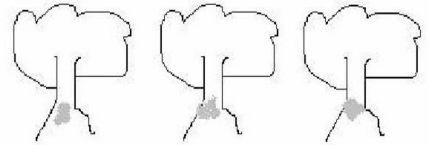
"What's this?" the boss asks.

"Have you ain't got no brain? Tree and tree plus tree makes 9" says the Irishman.



"Fair enough," says the boss. "Here's your second question. Use the same rules, but this time the number is 99."

The Irishman stares into space for a while, then picks up the picture that he has just drawn and makes a smudge on each tree... "Ere you go."



The boss scratches his head and says, "How on earth do you get that to represent 99?"

"Each of da trees is dirty now. So, it's dirty tree, and dirty tree, plus dirty tree. Dat makes 99."

The boss is getting worried that he's going to actually have to hire this Irishman, so he says, "All right, last question. Same rules again, but represent the number 100."



The Irishman stares into space some more, then he picks up the picture again and makes a little mark at the base of each tree and says, "Ere you go. One hundred."

The boss looks at the attempt. "You must be nuts if you think that represents a hundred!"

The Irishman leans forward and points to the marks at the base of each tree and whispers, "A little dog come along and poop by each tree. So now you got dirty tree and a turd, dirty tree and a turd, and dirty tree and a turd, which makes ONE HUNDRED!"



Sigrun didn't know which made her more irritated: Thorfinn stealing her miniskirt, or that it fit him so well...



JANE AUSTEN BOARD GAME

Dist. by Universal Uclick

© John Atkinson, Wrong Hands



YOUR FATHER HAS BLOWN THE FAMILY FORTUNE. GO FIND A HUSBAND.

you're labelled "the smart one" (miss two turns)

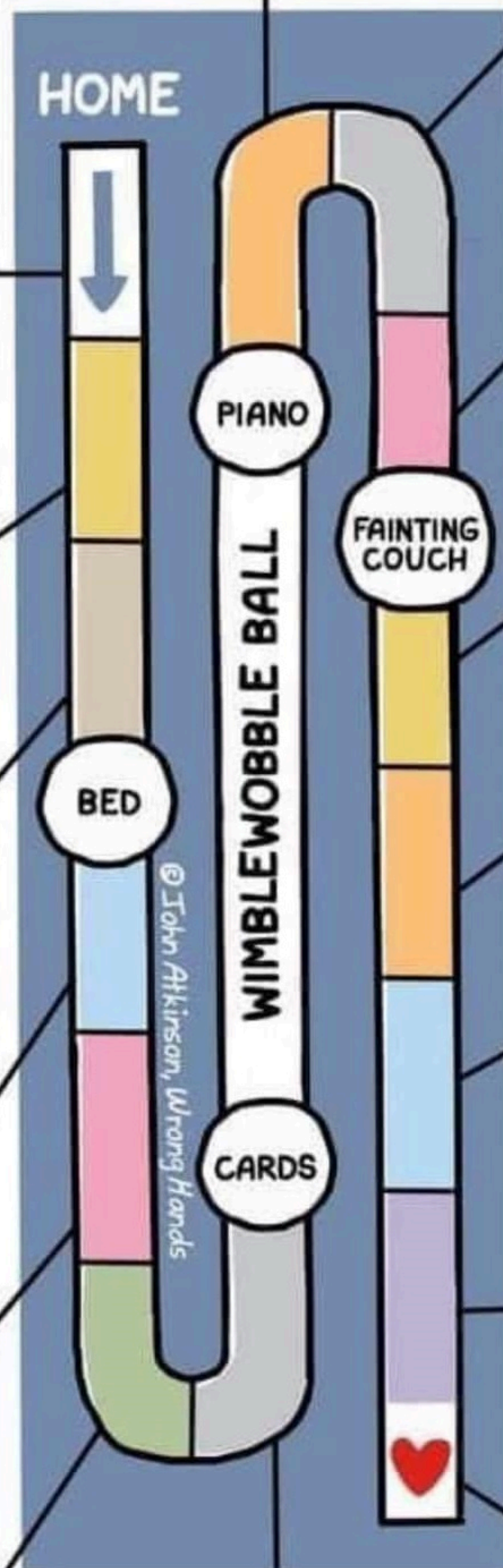
reluctant betrothal to old Mister Badteeth (take to your bed)

excessive moping and sitting (miss a turn)

gossipy Vicar stops by for tea (go to the Ball)

get caught in the rain and fall ill (take to your bed)

nobleman turns out to be a scoundrel (take to your bed)



plucky neighbour shows too much interest (play the piano)

bratty sister gets married (return to the Ball)

sent to live with Aunt at Remberley Pimberley (play cards)

your big hat looks silly (miss a turn)

a letter arrives (go to the fainting couch)

belated love epiphany (advance one social standing)

YOU MARRY RICH MISTER TOFFEEBOTTOM AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

Judith with the Head of Holofernes

Cristofano Allori (Firenze 1577-1621)



*"M^r lady, there's a man at the door who
wishes to speak to the head of the
household."*

"May I borrow it?"



**An Englishman, a Frenchman,
a Spaniard and a German
are all watching a street
performer do some
excellent juggling.**

**The juggler notices that the
four gentlemen are moving
around trying to see him
better, so he stands up on a
large wooden box and calls
out, "Can you all see me
better now?"**

**They answer in unison,
"Yes" "Oui" "Si" "Ja."**



An airline pilot wrote that on this particular flight he had hammered his ship into the runway really hard. The airline had a policy which required the first officer to stand at the door while the passengers exited, smile, and give them a "Thanks for flying our airline." He said that, in light of his bad landing, he had a hard time looking the passengers in the eye, thinking that someone would have a smart comment. Finally, everyone had gotten off except for a little old lady walking with a cane.

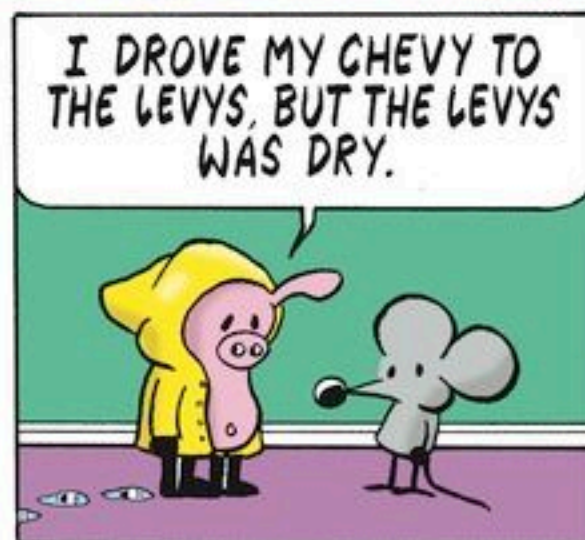
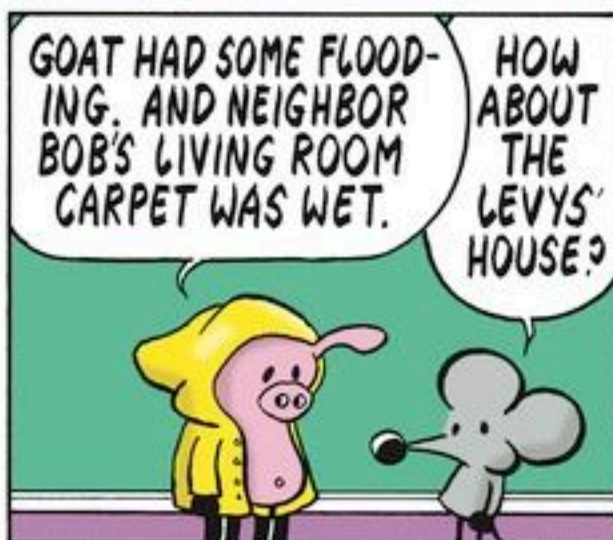
She said, "Sir, do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"Why, no, Ma'am," said the pilot. "What is it?"

The little old lady said, "Did we land, or were we shot down?"

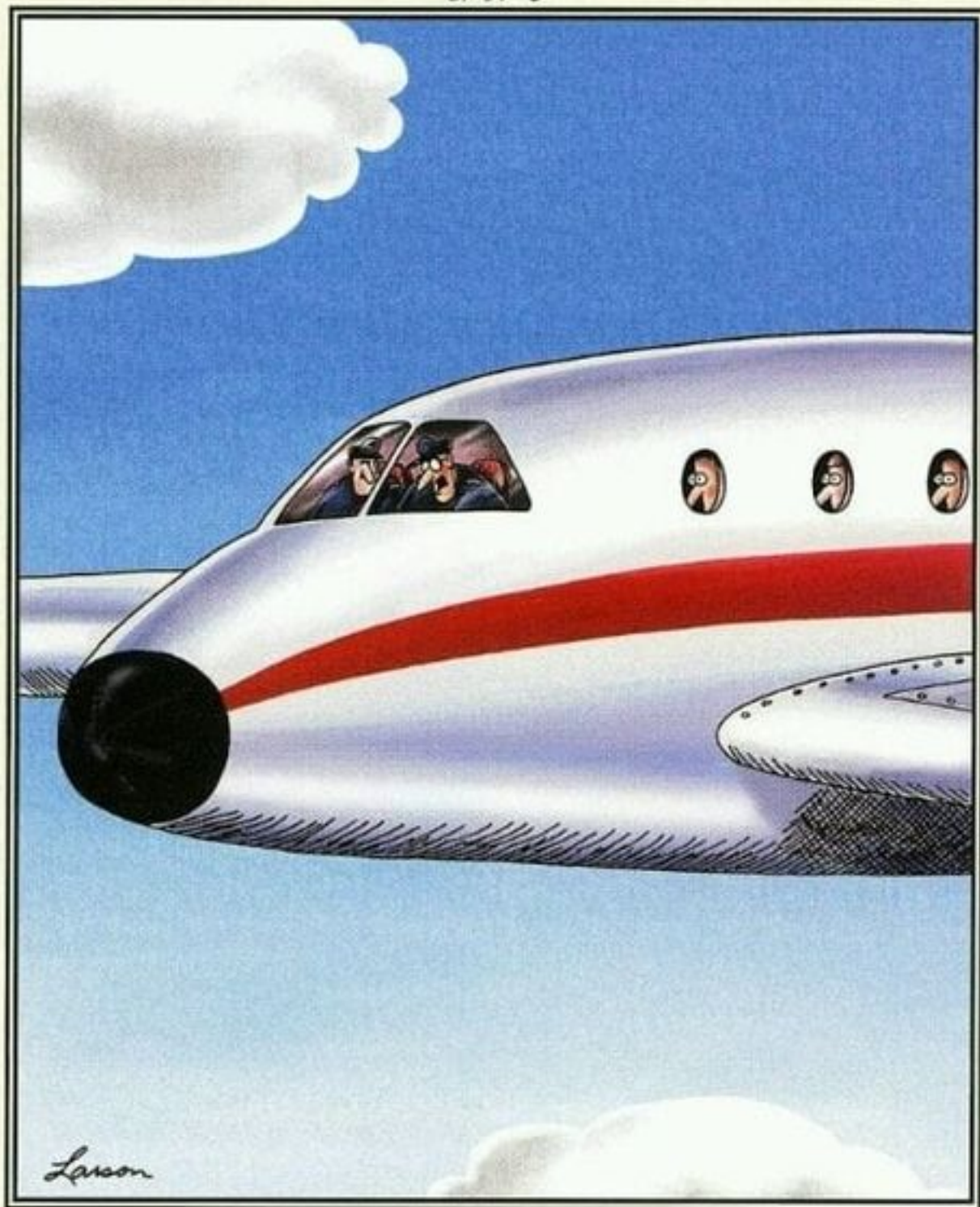


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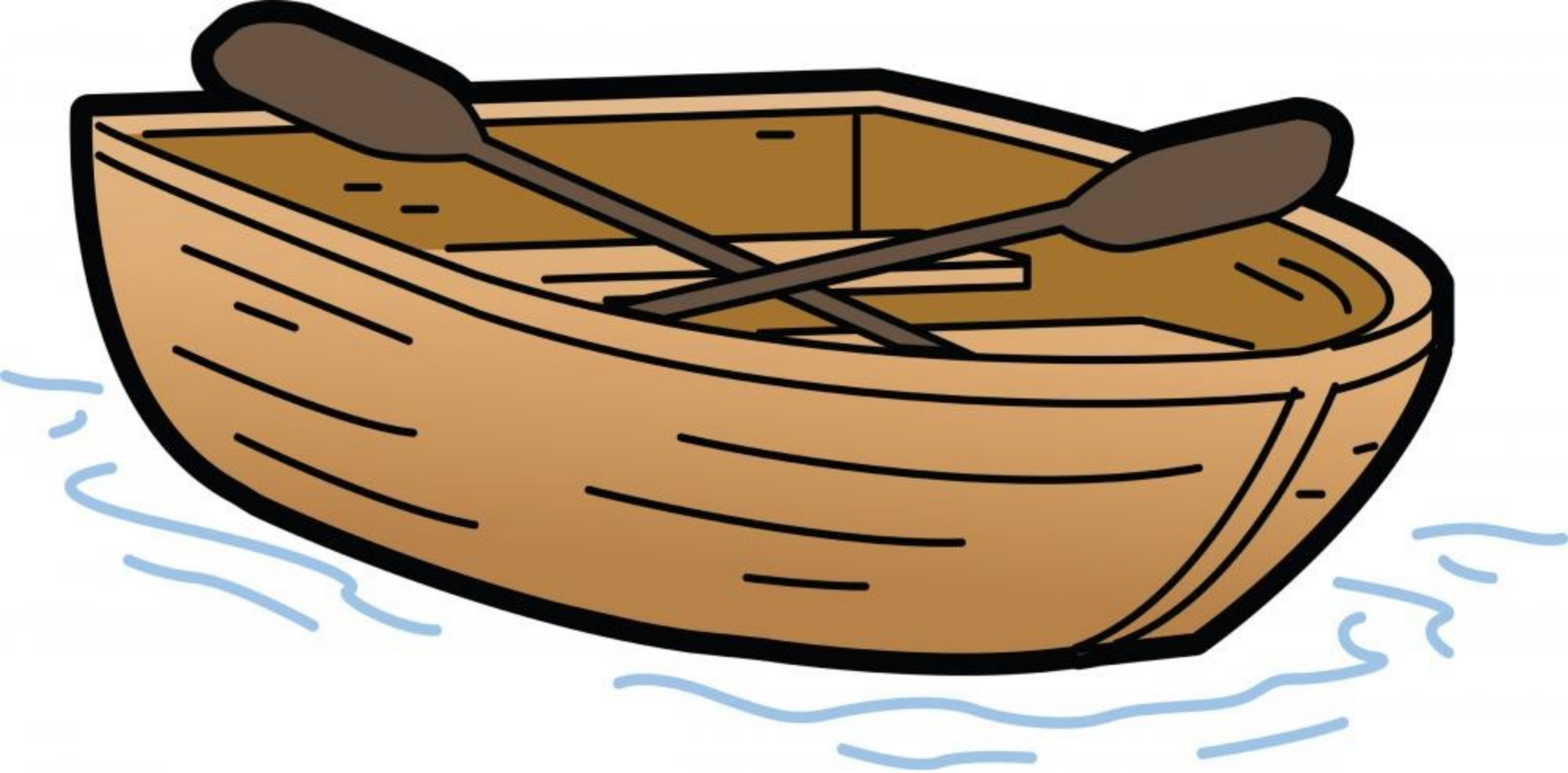


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3/19/85



“The fuel light’s on, Frank! We’re all going to die! ... Wait, wait. ... Oh, my mistake—that’s the intercom light.”



Ole and Sven are fishing in a rented boat but can't catch a thing. Ole says, "Let's try a bit furder downstream." So they do, and they catch their limit right away. On the way home, Sven says, "I marked da spot where we caught dose fish right dere in the middle of da boat, Ole, so we can get back dere right away next time." Sven says, "You stupid - how do you know ve vill get da same boat next time??"

It's more creative than a
phony stomach ache, but you
still have to go to school.

Wayno®
P & 3
Piraro.
4.10.20



YOUNG GREGOR SAMSA

In Las Vegas there are more Catholic Churches than casinos. Not surprisingly, some worshippers at Sunday services will give casino chips rather than cash when the basket is passed. Since they get chips from many different casinos, the churches have devised a method to collect all the offerings, then send all their collected chips to a nearby Franciscan monastery for sorting, and then the chips are taken to the casinos of origin and cashed in. -- This is done by the chip monks.



MURDER OR SUICIDE?

For those of you who were unable to attend the awards dinner during the annual [American Academy of Forensic Sciences] meeting in San Diego, you missed a tall tale on complex forensics presented by AAFS President Don Harper Mills in his opening remarks. The following is a recount of Dr. Mills' story:

On March 23 the medical examiner viewed the body of Ronald Opus and concluded that he died from a gunshot wound of the head caused by a shotgun. Investigation to that point had revealed that the decedent had jumped from the top of a ten-story building with the intent to commit suicide. (He left a note indicating his despondency.) As he passed the 9th floor on the way down, his life was interrupted by a shotgun blast through a window, killing him instantly.



Neither the shooter nor the decedent was aware that a safety net had been erected at the 8th floor level to protect some window washers, and that the decedent would not have been able to complete his intent to commit suicide because of this.



Ordinarily, a person who starts into motion the events with a suicide intent ultimately commits suicide even though the mechanism might be not what he intended. That he was shot on the way to certain death nine stories below probably would not change his mode of death from suicide to homicide, but the fact that his suicide intent would not have been achieved under any circumstance caused the medical examiner to feel that he had homicide on his hands.

Further investigation led to the discovery that the room on the 9th floor from whence the shotgun blast emanated was occupied by an elderly man and his wife.



He was threatening her with the shotgun because of an interspousal spat and became so upset that he could not hold the shotgun straight. Therefore, when he pulled the trigger, he completely missed his wife, and the pellets went through the window, striking the decedent.

When one intends to kill subject A, but kills subject B in the attempt, one is guilty of the murder of subject B. The old man was confronted with this conclusion, but both he and his wife were adamant in stating that neither knew that the shotgun was loaded. It was the longtime habit of the old man to threaten his wife with an unloaded shotgun. He had no intent to murder her; therefore, the killing of the decedent appeared then to be accident. That is, the gun had been accidentally loaded.

But further investigation turned up a witness that their son was seen loading the shotgun approximately six weeks prior to the fatal accident. That investigation showed that the mother (the old lady) had cut off her son's financial support, and her son, knowing the propensity of his father to use the shotgun threateningly, loaded the gun with the expectation that the father would shoot his mother. The case now becomes one of murder on the part of the son for the death of Ronald Opus.

Further investigation revealed that the son became increasingly despondent over the failure of his attempt to get his mother murdered. This led him to jump off the ten-story building on March 23, only to be killed by a shotgun blast through a 9th story window.

The medical examiner closed the case as a suicide.

Here's how Dr Mills explained his involvement with the story in a 1997 interview:

I made up the story in 1987 to present at the meeting, for entertainment and to illustrate how if you alter a few small facts you greatly alter the legal consequences. In 1994 someone copied it on to the Internet. I was told it had already garnered 200,000 enquiries on the Net. In the past two years I've had around 400 telephone calls about it — librarians, journalists, law students, even law professors wanting to incorporate it into text books.



KEEP IT UP, ORVILLE, AND YOU'LL
FIND YOURSELF IN DETENTION
WITH THAT TROUBLEMAKER
BROTHER OF YOURS!

MRS.
SKIDMORE
5TH
GRADE

MATH
blems
'8910

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS'
SCHOOL DAYS

12-15
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BILL
WHITEHEAD



There was a house painter named Smokey MacGregor who was very interested in making a penny however he could, so he often thinned down his paint to make it go a wee bit further. As it happened, he got away with this for some time, but eventually the Baptist Church decided to do a big restoration job on the outside of one of their biggest buildings.

Smokey put in a bid, and, because his price was so low, he got the job. Smokey set about erecting the scaffolding and setting up the planks, and buying the paint and, yes, I am sorry to say, thinning it down with water

Well, Smokey was up on the scaffolding, painting away, the job nearly completed, when suddenly there was a horrendous clap of thunder, the sky opened, and the rain poured down washing the thinned paint from all over the church and knocking Smokey clear off the scaffold to land on the lawn among the gravestones, surrounded by telltale puddles of the thinned and useless paint. Smokey was no fool. He knew this was a judgment from the Almighty, so he got down on his knees and cried: "Oh, G-d, Oh G-d, forgive me; what should I do?"

From amid the thunder, a mighty voice spoke...

"Repaint !! Repaint !! And thin no more !!"

I threw 5 shoes, 3 broom whacks
and half a can of Raid extra power



Turns out it's a hair clip

THE ARGYLE SWEATER

BY SCOTT HILBURN

WELL, THERE GOES THE
THIRD POPE THIS MONTH.

DROP THE HAT,
PONTIFF!

VATICAN CITY IS TERRORIZED, AGAIN,
BY THE ONE-EYED, ONE-HORNED,
FLYING PURPLE PAPAL EATER.

TODAY WE CELEBRATE THE JOINING TOGETHER
OF THIS DISH AND THIS SPOON!



...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU
A PARTIAL PLACE SETTING!



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1-11

DILL
Whitehead

STILL ONLY 10 BASTARD PENCE

SINCE 1755

Daily Dafty

Thursday, 23rd April, 2020

ARCHEOLOGISTS UNCOVER CACHE OF PENCILS BELONGING TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A spokesperson for the dig said: "They're so badly chewed at the ends, we can't tell if they're 2B or not 2B."



BY MAURICE ALLAN
Chief Editor

TURN TO PAGE 7



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OUT
NOW

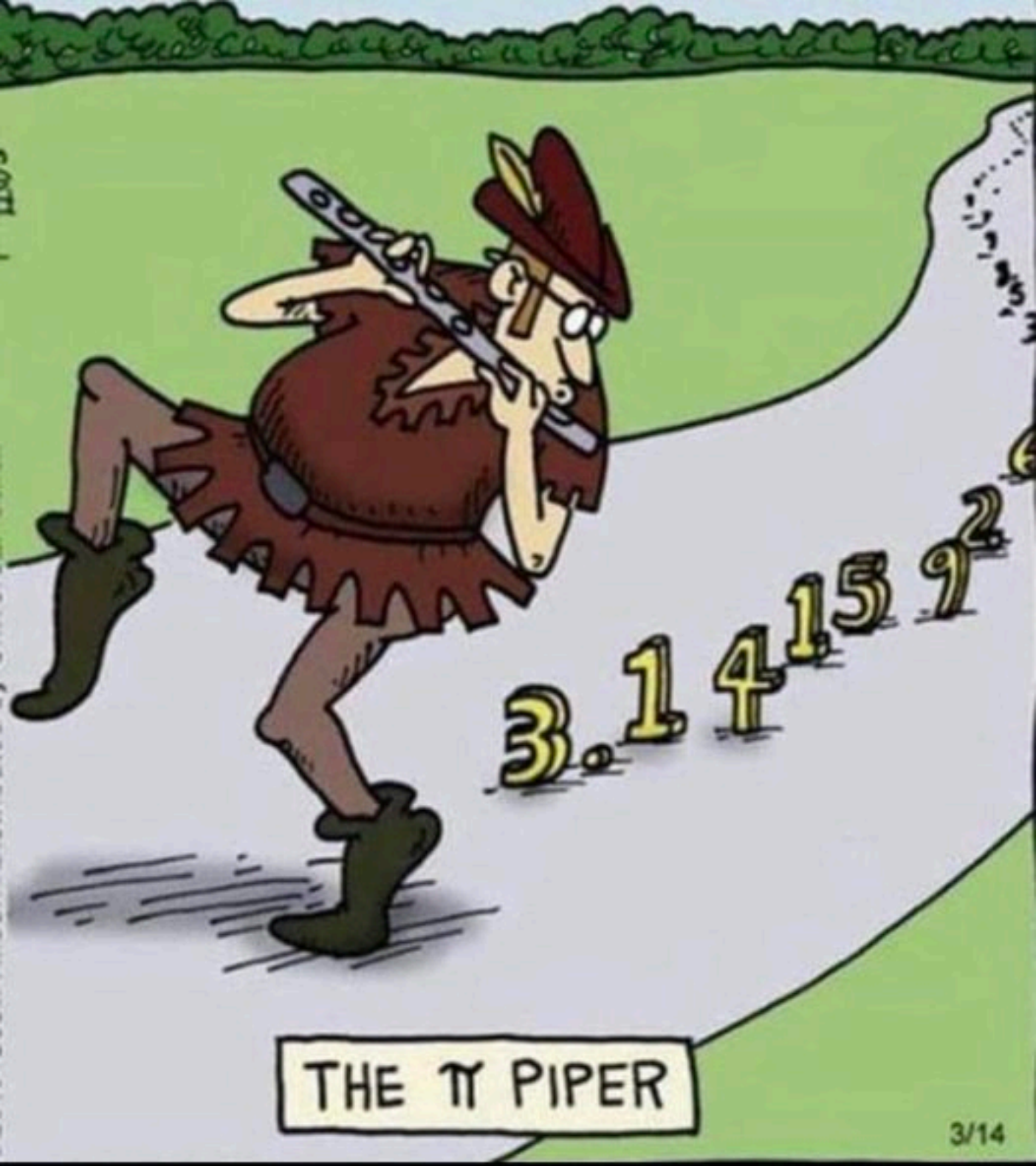


5-24



creators.com
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THE π PIPER



"Mrs Johnson, I need to speak with you about your son. I discovered him playing doctor with my daughter!"

"Well, it's only natural for children that age to explore their sexuality in the form of play."

"Sexuality?! He was trying to remove her appendix!"

1/12/81

Larson



“Well that’s how it happened, Sylvia. ... I kissed this frog, he turns into a prince, we get married, and WHAM! ... I’m stuck at home with a bunch of pollywogs.”

ESTABLISHING PRIORITY



A captain notices a light in the distance, on a collision course with his ship.

He turns on his signal lamp and sends, "Change your course, 10 degrees west."


The light signals back, "Change yours, 10 degrees east."

The captain gets a bit annoyed. He signals, "I'm a U.S. Navy captain. You must change your course, sir."

The light signals back, "I'm a Seaman First Class. You must change your course, sir."

Now the captain is angry. He signals, "I'm an aircraft carrier. I'm not changing my course."

The light signals back a final message: "I'm a lighthouse. Your call."



It's been
3 weeks!

Dude, it was right there in
my dating profile—I like
long walks on the beach.

My very first pure bread dog. He just loafs around the house all day. Maybe he has a yeast infection. I have no dough left to spend on him. At first I thought he was the greatest thing since sliced bread., but he's so kneady. Can't get him to rise in the morning. If he doesn't smarten up, he's toast.



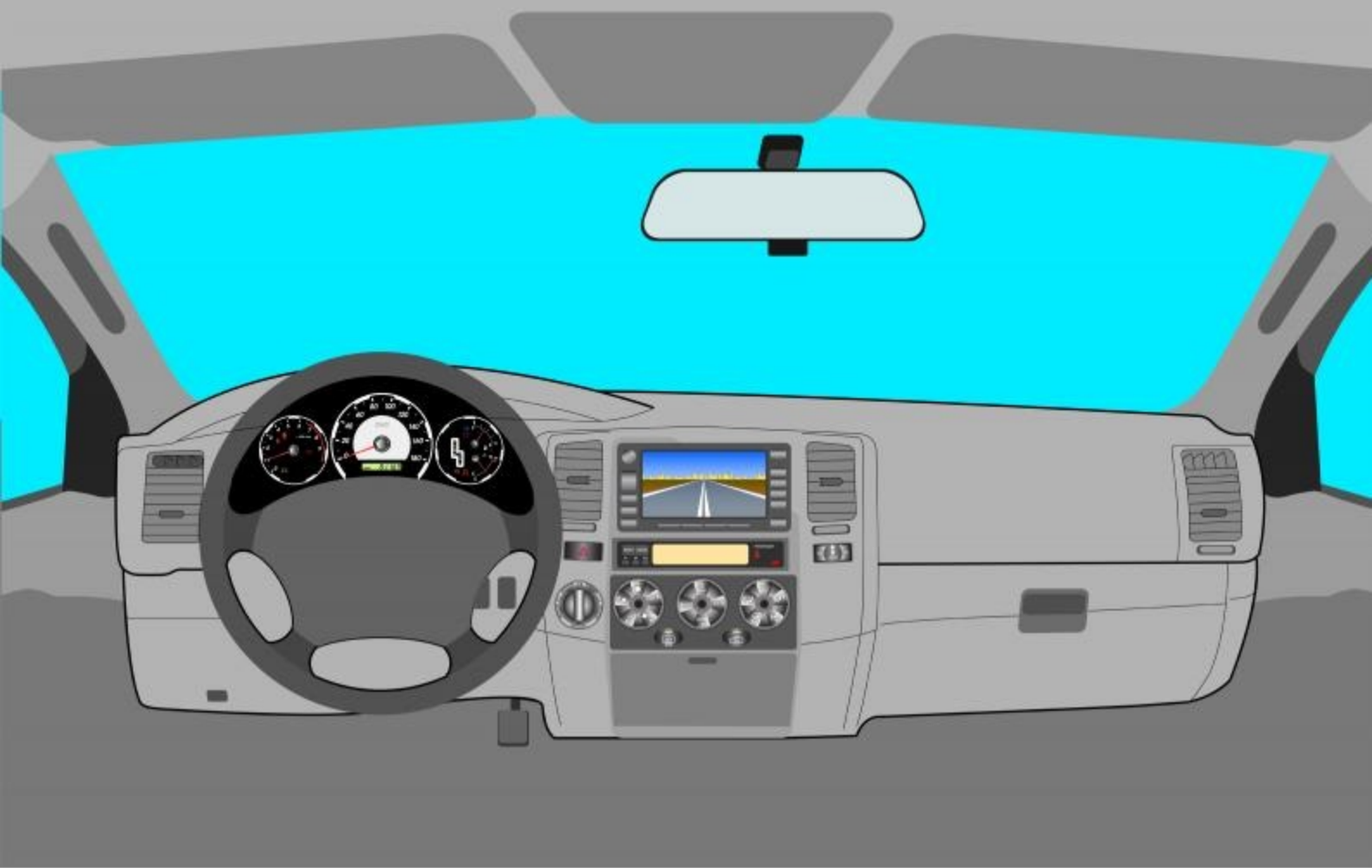


Yesterday I was at Costco buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for my loyal pet, Necco, the Wonder Dog, which weighs 191 lbs. I was in the check-out line when a woman behind me asked if I had a dog. What did she think I had an elephant? So because I'm retired and have little to do, on impulse I told her that no, I didn't have a dog, I was starting the Purina Diet again. I added that I probably shouldn't, because I ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a Perfect Diet and that the way that it works is, to load your jacket pockets with Purina Nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry. The food is nutritionally complete so it works well and I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in line was now enthralled with my story.) Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care, because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no, I stopped to pee on a fire hydrant and a car hit me.

I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack he was laughing so hard.

Costco won't let me shop there anymore. Better watch what you ask retired people. They have all the time in the World to think of crazy things to say. Forward this (especially) to all your retired friends...it will be their laugh for the day!


- Gordon Drysdale
On his Facebook page, 2021-07-07



A man's car radio finally stops working, so he goes into an electronics shop and buys a replacement. The sales clerk says, "This is the latest model; it's voice-activated, so you just tell it what you want to listen to and the station changes. It even accesses the internet if you have something very specific you want."


The man has it installed and starts driving. "Classical," he says, and an NPR station comes on with a Mozart symphony. "Rock," he says and it switches to a station playing AC/DC. Then an idiot driver goes by really fast and cuts in front of him, so he yells, "Stupid!" and the radio starts playing an interview with Tucker Carlson.





Hi, I've forgotten
what room I'm in.

A man with a beard, glasses, and a bun in his hair, wearing a dark suit, stands at a reception desk. He is looking at a woman, the receptionist, who is smiling at him. The background is a wood-paneled wall with the word 'RECEPTION' partially visible on the left.



No problem, Sir.

The receptionist, a woman with long brown hair wearing a light blue button-down shirt, is smiling and looking at the man. The man is still standing at the reception desk, looking back at her. The background remains the same wood-paneled wall.

This is called "The Lobby".

I run every day,
religiously.



Drawn by King Comics

Jeff MacNelly's **Shoe**

By Ben Lansing
& Susie MacNelly

I KNOW IT'S WRONG, BUT I
START DRINKING AS SOON AS
THE KIDS ARE IN SCHOOL...

DOES THAT MAKE ME
A BAD TEACHER?

8/27

Susie MacNelly
Lansing



Sven says, "O Ole, you should be more careful about pulling down your window shades. I saw you and Lena making love last night."

"Ha, the jokes on you, Sven! I wasn't home last night!"

- *Prairie Home Companion*

AFTER SEVERAL
CHAPTERS OF
PUSHING A BOULDER
UP A HILL OVER AND
OVER AGAIN, I THINK
YOUR AVERAGE READER
WILL WANT TO SEE
SOMETHING ELSE HAPPEN,
MR. SISYPHUS!

GREEK
PUBLISHING
INC.

EDITOR

7-8

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Bill
Whitehead



Just got off the phone with a friend who lives in Regina Saskatchewan. She said that since early this morning the snow has been nearly waist-high and is still falling. The temperature is 32 below zero and the north wind is increasing to near gale force. Wind chill is -59. Her husband has done nothing but look through the kitchen window and just stare.

She says that if it gets much worse, she may have to let the drunken bastard in.



For several years, a married man and an Italian woman were having an illicit affair. When she told him that she was pregnant, he tried to avoid ruining his marriage by paying her to have the child in Italy. He promised to support her and the child until their offspring turned 18 years. She agreed, but asked how he would know when the baby was born. He told her to keep it discrete by sending him a postcard with the word "spaghetti" on the back. He would then know to start the payments.

About nine months later, he came home to his very confused wife. "Honey," she said, "you got a very strange postcard today from Italy."

"Really," he said. "Let me see...."
When he read the card, he turned pale and fainted on the spot.

On the card was written, "Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti -- two with meatballs and one without. Send extra sauce."



A retired US marine Corps Sergeant took a new job as a high-school teacher.

Just before the school year started, she injured her back and had to wear a special rubber and leather harness around her chest. Luckily, the harness was form-fitting and wasn't obvious.

On the first day of class, she found out that her class included the toughest students in the school. These toughies had already heard that she was a former Marine and the teacher was pretty sure they'd be testing her discipline in the classroom.

On her first day, the new teacher opened the window and sat down at her desk wearing a skirt, a nice blouse and a neck-scarf. When a strong breeze made her scarf flap, she picked up a stapler and stapled the scarf to her chest.

There was dead silence.

The rest of her career at the school went very smoothly.

HEY, THIS REMINDS
ME OF CAMP WHEN
I WAS A KID! I WON'T
BORE YOU WITH ALL
THE STORIES! WELL, OK...
THERE WAS THIS
ONE TIME...





THE SWEDISH ATTACK WAS LESS SUCCESSFUL



While at an amusement park one very windy day, Scott found himself inside one of the buildings in idle conversation with a park janitor, who was preparing to go outside to pick up the blowing litter. The woman was of small stature (4'10", 90 pounds) and she remarked that she would have to put rocks in her shoes when she went outside to work. Scott looked at her and said, "You mean, now I weigh me down to sweep?"



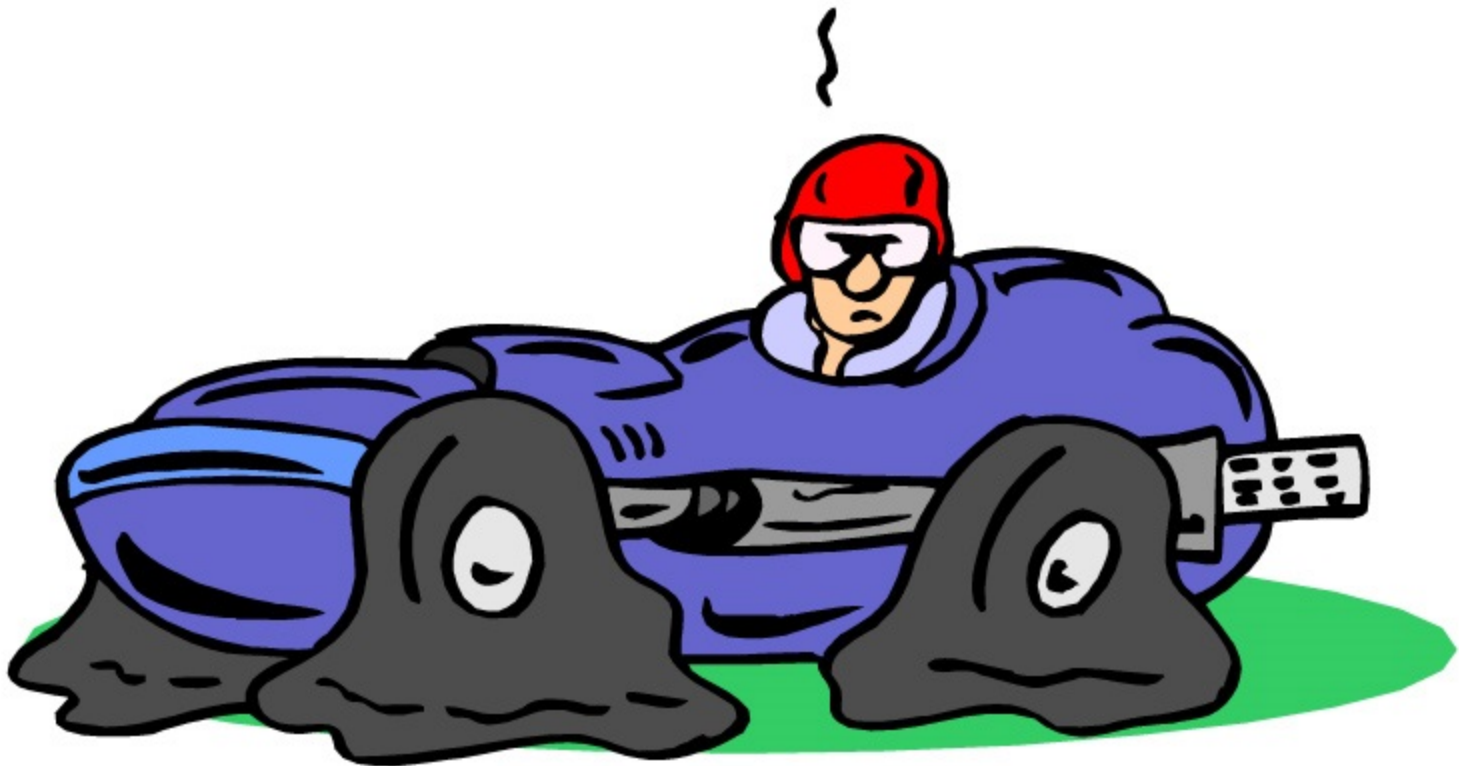
Sven and Ole go to the beach.
After a couple of hours, Sven
says, "This ain't no fun. How come
the girls ain't friendly to me?"

Ole says, "Well, I tell you, Sven,
maybe if you put a potato in your
swim trunks that would help."

So Sven does, but he comes back
to Ole later and says, "I tried
what you told me wit da potato,
but it didn't help."

Ole says, "No Sven - you're
supposed to put da potato in da
front."

-Prairie Home Companion



Two students are pathological liars who happen to be in the same class for accounting. Finals are the next day and their very strict teacher says anyone late to class will fail.

The students decide to go to a party instead of reviewing the course before the exam.

The next morning, both of them oversleep and have to rush to class. When they get to class the teacher tells them that they have both failed for being late.

"But sir, one of them says, "a tire on our car went flat. Please don't punish us for something that's not our fault!"

The professor agrees to give them a test for full credit. He places them in different rooms and gives each one paper with one question on it for 100 points.

The question is, "Which tire went flat?"



The customer in the shoe store was trying on a shoe. They said to the clerk, "It's too tight."

The clerk said, "Try it with the tongue out."

The customer said, "It's th nho ghoo, it's th thtill thoo thight."



A guy on a tractor just drove by screaming about the end of the world. I think he must have been referring to his neighbor, Farmer Geddon.

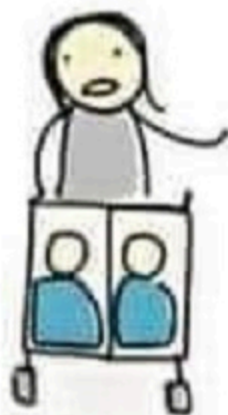


A Texan, a Russian and a New Yorker go to a restaurant. The waiter says, "Excuse me, but if you want steak, we're sorry to tell you we have none because of the shortage." The Texan asks, "What's a 'shortage'?" The Russian asks, "What's a 'steak'?" The New Yorker asks, "What's 'excuse-me'?"

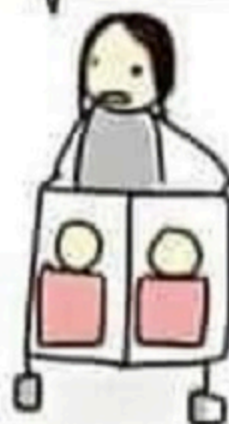
- *Prairie Home Companion*

How to respond to the question "Are they Twins?"

One is a
stunt double



The hospital
had a "have one
get one free"
offer



I dunno
I found them
like this



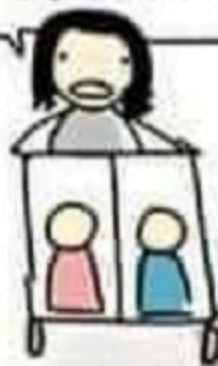
Well they've
two different
dads



One is a
really clever
forgery



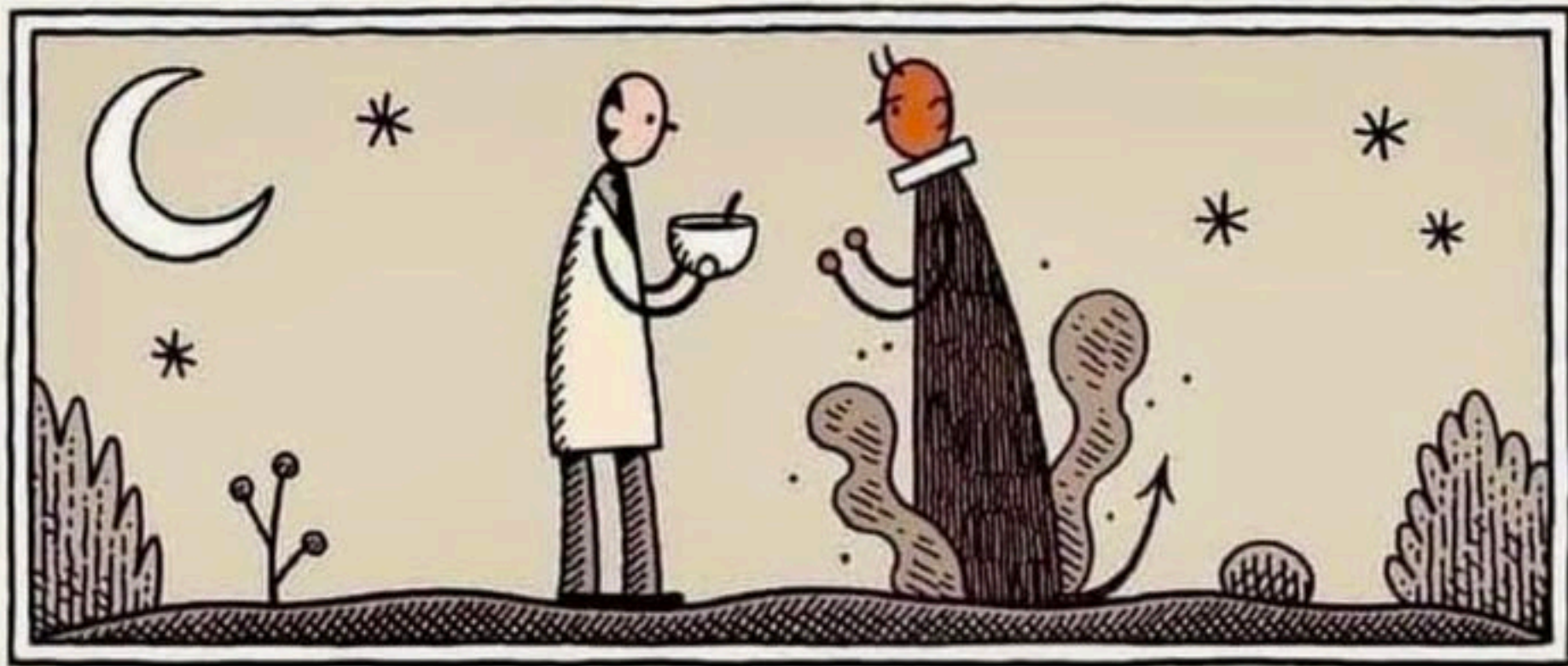
What? There was
only one when I
left the house



How'd you hear
about this place?

Twitter.

POTTON
PIRRO.
10.21.14



THANKS TO A TYPO IN THE CONTRACT, THE PROFESSOR
GAINED COMPLETE MASTERY OF ALL THE KNOWLEDGE IN
THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH, IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUP.

Bono & The Edge walk into a Dublin bar.



The bartender says, "Oh no, not U2 again!"

Wayno[®]
& 3
PIRRO.
9.30.23

No witnesses were
able to place him at
the crime scene.



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"Well, lad, you caught me fair and square. ... But truthfully, as far as leprechauns go, I've never been considered all that lucky."



A urologist was increasingly irritated by an extremely wealthy patient who kept demanding instant service from him for her frequent urinary difficulties.

Seeing how frustrated he was becoming, his assistant said, "Doc, ureter beck and call! You shouldn't prostate yourself before her unless you're completely stoned." But then the nurse said, "No no, I'm just kidney you."



REMEMBER, MEN,
HISTORY IS WRITTEN
BY THE VICTORS!

OH, GREAT,
THERE'S A
WRITING
ASSIGNMENT, TOO.



"Whoa! Mr Lewis! We don't know that that thing is or where it came from, but after what happened to the dog last week, we advise people not to touch it."



“So George says, ‘I’m goin’ over there and tellin’ that guy to shut that equipment off!’ ... So I said: ‘George, that guy’s a mad scientist. Call the cops. Don’t go over there alone.’ ... Well, you know what George did.”



“Now that you mention it, Jill, why would they drill a well at the top of a hill when everyone knows that water flows downhill? ... One thing is crystal clear: This nursery rhyme wasn’t written by a hydrologist.”



While vacationing in Africa, Pinocchio had his longtime wish to be a real boy suddenly and unexpectedly granted.



"OK, so your first wish is for me to turn into Robin Williams; your second is for me to perform hit tunes from *Aladdin*. I think your final wish should be for immense wealth, because Disney will be suing you up the wazoo for copyright infringement."

OOO! A
WOODEN
DOG!

HORSE!

OOPS

THE 2121 DARWIN AWARDS

Eighth Place

In Detroit, a 41-year-old man got stuck and drowned in two feet of water after squeezing, head first, through an 18-inch-wide sewer grate to retrieve his car keys.



Seventh Place



A 49-year-old San Francisco stockbroker, who “totally zoned out when he ran”, accidentally jogged off a 100-foot high cliff on his daily run.

Sixth Place

While at the beach, Daniel Jones, 21, dug an 8 foot hole for protection from the wind and had been sitting in a beach chair at the bottom when it collapsed, burying him beneath 5 feet of sand. People on the beach used their hands and shovels trying to get him out but could not reach him. It took rescue workers using heavy equipment almost an hour to free him. Jones was pronounced dead at a hospital.



Fifth Place



Santiago Alvarado, 24, was killed as he fell through the ceiling of a bicycle shop he was burglarizing. Death was caused when the long flashlight he had placed in his mouth to keep his hands free rammed into the base of his skull as he hit the floor.

Fourth Place

Sylvester Briddell, Jr., 26, was killed as he won a bet with friends who said he would not put a revolver loaded with four bullets into his mouth and pull the trigger.



Third Place

After stepping around a marked police patrol car parked at the front door, a man walked into H&J Leather & Firearms intent on robbing the store. The shop was full of customers and a uniformed officer was standing at the counter. Upon seeing the officer, the would-be robber announced a hold-up and fired a few wild shots from a target pistol. The officer and a clerk promptly returned fire, and several customers also drew their guns and fired. The robber was pronounced dead at the scene by Paramedics. Crime scene investigators located 47 expended cartridge cases in the shop. The subsequent autopsy revealed 23 gunshot wounds.



Ballistics identified rounds from 7 different weapons. No one else was hurt.

HONORABLE MENTION



Paul Stiller, 47, and his wife Bonnie were bored just driving around at 2 A.M. so they lit a quarter stick of dynamite to toss out of the window to see what would happen. Apparently they failed to notice that the window was closed.

RUNNER UP

Kerry Bingham had been drinking with several friends when one of them said they knew a person who had bungee-jumped from a local bridge in the middle of traffic. The conversation grew more excited and at least 10 men trooped along the walkway of the bridge at 4:30 AM. Upon arrival at the midpoint of the bridge, they discovered that no one had brought a bungee rope. Bingham, who had continued drinking, volunteered and pointed out that a coil of lineman's cable lay nearby. They secured one end around Bingham's leg and then tied the other to the bridge. His fall lasted 40 feet before the cable tightened and tore his foot off at the ankle. He miraculously survived his fall into the icy water and was rescued by two nearby fishermen. Bingham's foot was never located.



AND THE WINNER IS....

Zookeeper Friedrich Riesfeldt (Paderborn, Germany) fed his constipated elephant 22 doses of animal laxative and more than a bushel of berries, figs, and prunes before the plugged-up pachyderm finally got relief. Investigators say ill-fated Friedrich, 46, was attempting to give the ailing elephant an olive oil enema when the relieved beast unloaded. The sheer force of the elephant's unexpected defecation knocked



Mr. Riesfeldt to the ground where he struck his head on a rock as the elephant continued to evacuate 200 pounds of dung on top of him. It seems to be just one of those freak accidents that proves ... “Shit happens.”

IT ALWAYS SEEMS IMPORTANT TO THANK THESE PEOPLE FOR REMOVING THEMSELVES FROM THE GENE POOL.

A Psychological Tip



*Whenever you're called on to make up your mind,
and you're hampered by not having any,
the best way to solve the dilemma, you'll find,
is simply by spinning a penny.*

*No - not so that chance shall decide the affair
while you're passively standing there moping;
but the moment the penny is up in the air,
you suddenly know what you're hoping.*

-Piet Hein

Piet Hein (December 16, 1905–April 17, 1996) was a Danish scientist, mathematician, inventor, designer, author, and poet.



Why isn't John at work today?

He's in the hospital

But I saw him dancing with some chick last night

His wife saw him too



Breaking News

Responding to a drop in cookie sales, the Girl Scouts adopt a more aggressive approach to their sales campaign.

TVN
EXCLUSIVE

This is how they get almond milk





My wife beamed at me with pride and said, "WOW! I never thought our son would go that far!"

I said, "This trebuchet is amazing! Go get our daughter!"



DID YOU KNOW?



There is a species of antelope capable of jumping higher than the average house! That's because of its powerful hind legs and the fact that the average house cannot jump at all.



**My grandma
was an
entomologist.
When she died,
I got her ant farm.**

**It was my
inherit ants.**

Please, anything but cheese

Tibor Krausz
Guardian Weekly, April 2004

"Taste like crispy-fried chicken skin," Peng assures me encouragingly. Not really: after a wary tongue-on-guard bite I find they taste more like potato crisps with a piquant Mexican flavour. But not so bad at all, even with their heady rank smell: like burning hair. I nibble some more - if not with relish, no longer with mounting nausea either. Fried grasshoppers may not become a regular staple of my diet, but they'll do as a snack. "Look for the ones pregnant with eggs," Peng advises. "They're super-delicious."

I'm in Khon Kaen, an up-and-coming prairie town in Isaan, as the country's impoverished rural northeast is known to Thais. Judging by the suspenseful attention Peng, Wat and Geo award to my every bite, my newfound buddies have decided to treat our table to a scrumptious insect feast - by way of desserts - solely to gross out a farang (white foreigner) for a lark.

But I'm game. And it's not just to show I'm not a finicky mama's boy; I have my own motives - although my culinary adventure may not become the stuff of legend, it should do fine as a been-there, done-that anecdote. I may be a little tipsy too.

So here we go, ordering 20 bahts' (50 cents') worth of silk and bamboo worms to go with another round of Singha beers. Under a dangling overhead lightbulb, a creasy-skinned vendor is standing at attention expectantly. Apparently he figures he can make a killing with his choice fare of side orders. He can indeed.

Silkworms, cream-coloured and capsule-size, taste like - well, to be perfectly honest, I'm not really sure. I consume a few together with mouthfuls of fried rice to temper my repulsion. They do leave a briny aftertaste, though. Bamboo worms, matchstick-long critters these, are remarkably like salted cornflakes. Beetles' sturdy protective shields set your molars grinding in agony, but ah the reward! They have the exquisite flavour of shrimp crust seasoned with Bakelite. I cop out of the chilli ants and termites platter, although, this being Isaan, probably

it's so hot it would singe any unwelcome tang out of my tastebuds. I also pass up on the giant, alien warship-like waterbugs, fine delicacies though, I'm told, they are.


My buddies' appetite and my curiosity slaked, I said that all things considered, insects have nothing on beef and chicken. "You foreigners eat horrible things," Wat admonishes me. "Like cheese." Mind you, this from a chap who relishes kai kao, a half-boiled egg with a sizeable chick embryo cooked in its own juices inside.

Wat has a point, though. What we stomach is a matter of personal taste conditioned as much by customs and habits as flavours and nutritional values. Jews and Muslims flinch at the thought of pork. Everyone except Scots recoils from haggis. Only Japanese gourmets will touch fugu-sashi, an ultra-poisonous raw blowfish dish. Westerners frown on snake, dog and monkey meat as far too "exotic". After years in southeast Asia, I strive to keep an open mind and palate.

Still, I have to draw the line at live cockroaches. Some chaps here swear by them as a wonderful dietary supplement. Occasionally they like to grab a plummy fat specimen scurrying underfoot and macerate the hapless creepy-crawly in gulps of Mekong Whisky. Ostensibly, cockroaches do wonders to your virility.

So do scorpions. "Try these," Geo urges me, indicating the large jet-black devils occupying pride of place on the vendor's cart. Even fried, they look plenty menacing. "Eat one, and you'll sting like a scorpion, ha ha!" Yeah, right. You go ahead, chief. I'll just have to make do without.

"Haarghh!" Geo grimaces. We're rinsing the buggy aftertaste out of our mouths with iced watermelon. Rather than picking out the black seeds and flicking them onto the Formica tabletop as he does, I am swallowing bite-sized pieces, seeds and all. Geo delivers his verdict on my dietary habits: "Now that's disgusting!"

A black and white photograph of Edna Ferber. She is seated, looking slightly upwards and to the right. She has short, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored blouse with a ruffled collar. A large, light-colored floral corsage is pinned to her left breast. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or curtain. The lighting is soft, coming from the left, casting a slight shadow on her face and the wall behind her.

**PLAYWRIGHT NOEL COWARD: "EDNA, YOU ALMOST LOOK LIKE
A MAN."**

NOVELIST EDNA FERBER: "SO DO YOU."

ARS VINCIT OMNIA

A thief in Paris planned to steal some paintings from the Louvre.



After careful planning, he got past security, stole the paintings and made it safely to his van.

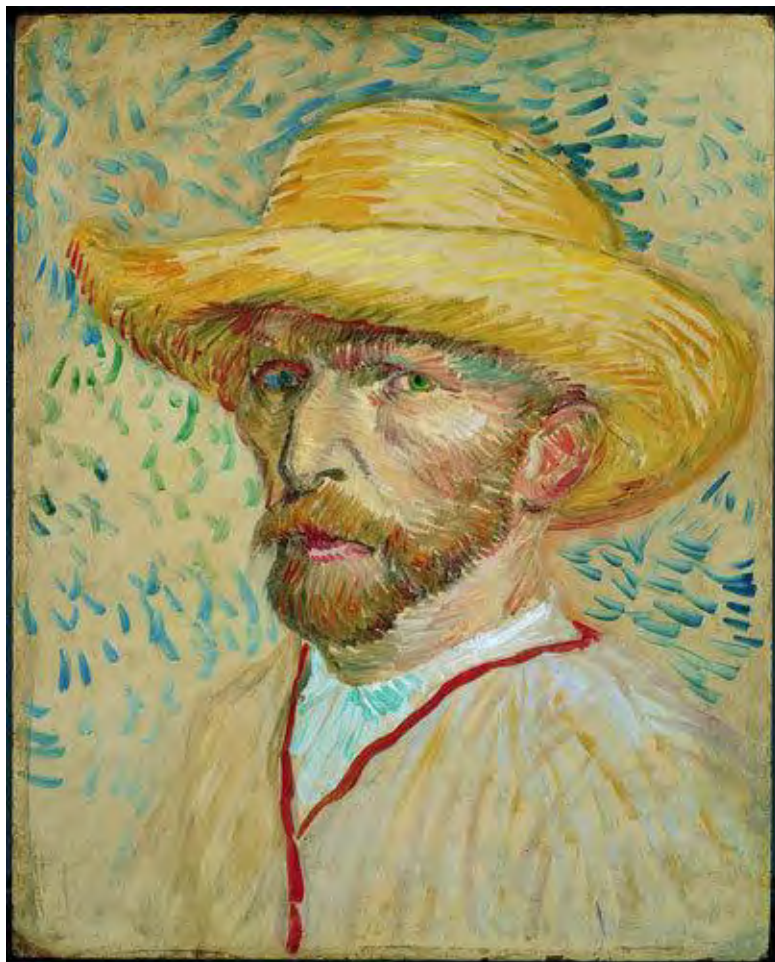
However, he was captured only two blocks away when his van ran out of gas.

When asked how he could mastermind such a crime and still make such an obvious error, he replied, "Monsieur that is the reason I stole the paintings.

I had no Monet



to buy Degas

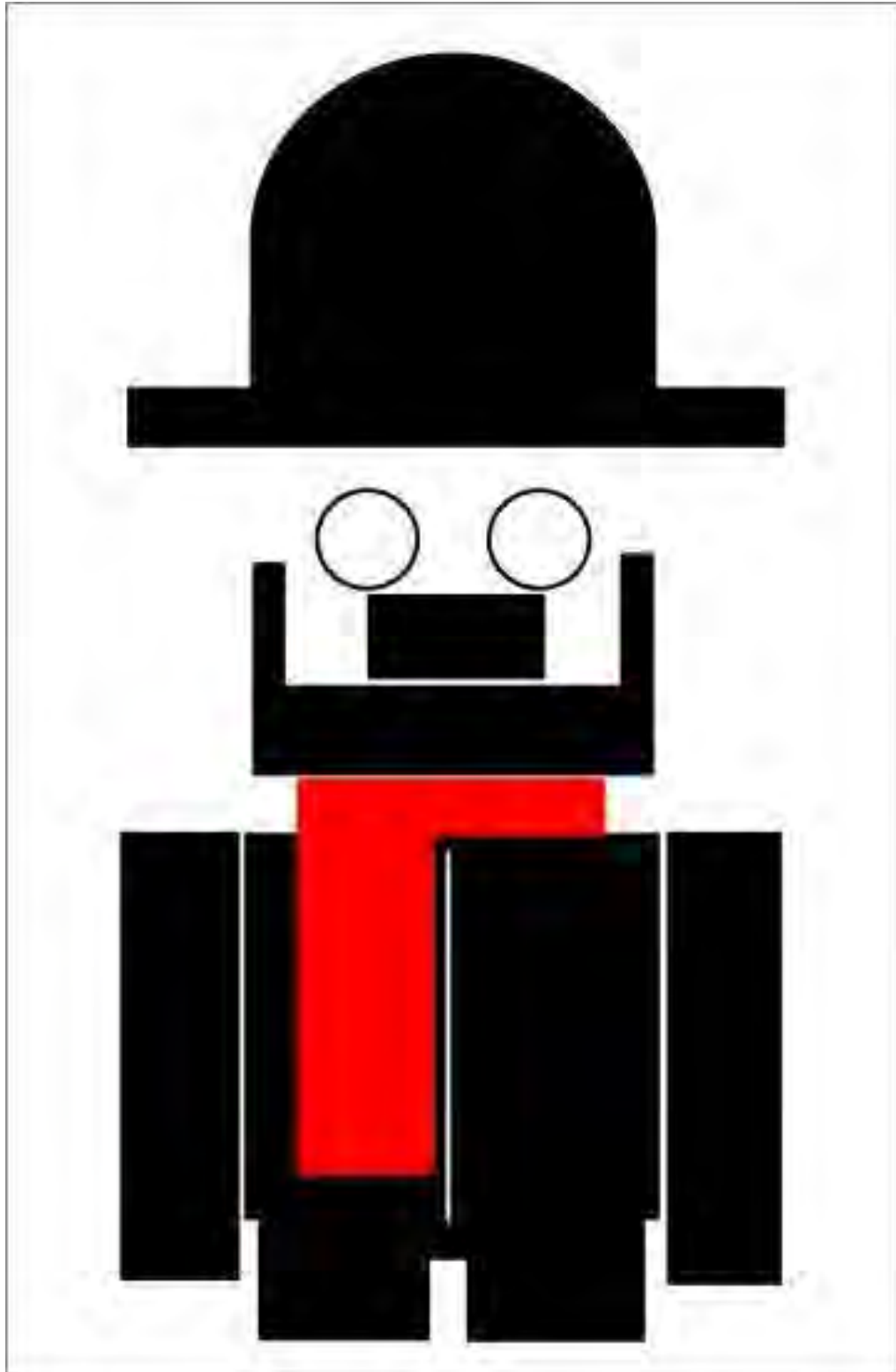


to make the Van
Gogh.”

See if you have De Gaulle to
send this on to someone else.



I sent it to you because I figured I had nothing
Toulouse.



KING ARTHUR SEARCHES FOR HIS ANCESTRY:



THIS ATOM
IS MINE! YOU
STOLE IT FROM
ME!



LIAR! IT IS
YOU WHO STOLE
IT FROM
ME!



WHAT
IS YOUR
JUDGEMENT,
O WISE KING
SOLOMON?





William Penn had two wonderful aunts who were excellent bakers. They decided they wanted to set up a business selling their pies. They asked him to help them set appropriate prices for their delectable products when they moved to Philadelphia.

He suggested that they charge very high prices for the time: \$3.14 per pie.

Those prices became the inspiration for a famous musical by the English composers Gilbert & Sullivan! It was called *The Pi Rates of Penn's Aunts*.



THE BADGE

A DEA officer stopped at a ranch in Texas, and talked with an old rancher. He told the rancher, "I need to inspect your ranch for illegally grown drugs."

The rancher said, "Okay, but don't go in that field over there," as he pointed out the location.

The DEA officer verbally exploded saying, "Mister, I have the authority of the Federal Government with me!" Reaching into his rear pants pocket, the arrogant officer removed his badge and proudly displayed it to the rancher. "See this ****ing badge?! This badge means I am allowed to go wherever I wish – On any land!! No questions asked or answers given!! Have I made myself clear? Do you understand?!!"

The rancher nodded politely, apologized, and went about his chores.

A short time later, the old rancher heard loud screams, looked up, and saw the DEA officer running for his life, being chased by the rancher's big Santa Gertrudis bull. With every step the bull was gaining ground on the officer, and it seemed likely that he'd sure enough get gored before he reached safety. The officer was clearly terrified. The rancher threw down his tools, ran to the fence and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Your badge, show him your ****ing BADGE!!"





A man in a hot air balloon realized he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted a woman below. He descended a bit more and shouted, "Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The woman below replied, "You're in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You're between 59 and 60 degrees north latitude and between 107 and 108 degrees west longitude."

"You must be an engineer," said the balloonist.

"I am," replied the woman, "How did you know?"

"Well," answered the balloonist, "everything you told me is technically correct, but I've no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I'm still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help at all. If anything, you've delayed my trip."

The woman below responded, "You must be in Management."

"I am," replied the balloonist, "but how did you know?"

"Well," said the woman, "you don't know where you are or where you're going. You have risen to where you are due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise, which you've no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it's my fault."

Benny was a beautiful and bouncing baby boy. One day, while walking him in the park, his mom ran into a magician. He said to her, "I can guarantee that your little boy will have the best of everything as he grows up; but if he ever takes a razor to his face, he will turn into a vase."

His mom thought this strange, but passed it on to Benny as he grew older. And his beard, he did grow! He had the loveliest wife, the nicest house, the best job, the fastest car, and on and on. But one day, as he looked at himself in the mirror and saw the tropical rain forest all over his face and hanging on to his chest, he said, "THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I don't even remember what I look like, and neither does anyone else I know."

In an instant of impulse, he lopped off the hair with a trimmer, then lathered up, grabbed a Gillette 4-blade, and finished the task. As he looked into the mirror, taking the last swipe of whiskers, POOF!!! He turned into a huge ornamental (but quite beautiful) vase.

Which once again proved the centuries-old adage,

"A Benny shaved, is a Benny urned."



BLACKMAIL

Dear Mr. Baker:

As a graduate of an institution of higher education, I have a few very basic expectations. Chief among these is that my direct superiors have an intellect that ranges above that of the common ground squirrel.

After your consistent and annoying harassment of my coworkers and me during the commission of our duties, I can only surmise that you are one of the few true genetic wastes of our time.

Asking me, a network administrator, to explain every little nuance of everything I do each time you happen to stroll into my office is not only a waste of time, but also a waste of precious oxygen. I was hired because I know how to network computer systems, and you were apparently hired to provide amusement to myself and other employees, who watch you vainly attempt to understand the concept of “cut and paste” for the hundredth time.

You will never understand computers. Something as incredibly simple as binary still gives you too many options. You will also never understand why people hate you, but I am going to try and explain it to you, even though I am sure this will be just as effective as telling you what an IP is. Your shiny new iMac has more personality than you ever will have.

You walk around the building all day, shiftlessly looking for fault in others. You have a sharply dressed useless look about you that may have worked for your interview, but now that you actually have responsibility, you pawn it off on overworked staff, hoping their talent will cover for your glaring ineptitude. In a world of managerial evolution, you are the blue-green algae that everyone else eats and laughs at. Managers like you are a sad proof of the Dilbert principle.*

Since this situation is unlikely to change without your getting a full frontal lobotomy reversal, I am forced to

tender my resignation; however, I have a few parting thoughts.

1. When someone calls you in reference to employment, it is illegal for you to give me a bad recommendation. The most you can say to hurt me is “I prefer not to comment.” I will have friends randomly call you over the next couple of years to keep you honest, because I know you would be unable to do it on your own.
2. I have all the passwords to every account on the system**, and I know every password you have used for the last five years. If you decide to get cute, I am going to publish your “favorites list,” which I conveniently saved when you made me “back up” your useless files. I do believe that terms like “Lolita” are not usually viewed favorably by the administration.
3. When you borrowed the digital camera to “take pictures of your Mother’s birthday,” you neglected to mention that you were going to take pictures of yourself in the mirror nude. Then you forgot to erase them like the techno-moron you really are. Suffice it to say I have never seen such odd acts with a sauce bottle, but I assure you that those have been copied and kept in safe places pending the authoring of a glowing letter of recommendation. (Try to use a spell check please; I hate having to correct your mistakes.)

Thank you for your time, and I expect the letter of recommendation on my desk by 0800 tomorrow. One word of this to anybody, and all of your little twisted repugnant obsessions will be open to the public.

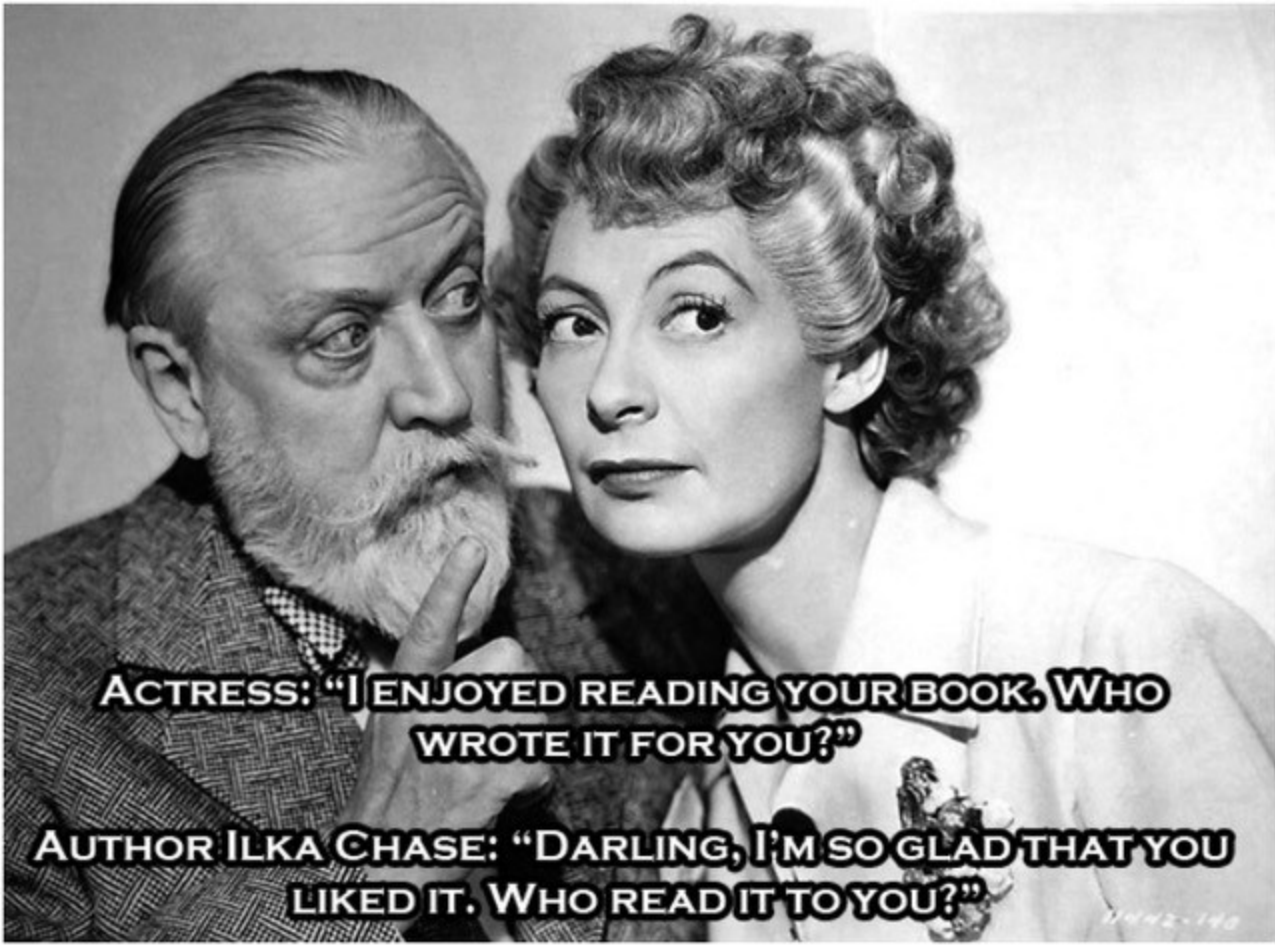
Never f— with your systems administrator. Why? Because they know what you do with all that free time!

Wishing you a grand and glorious day,
Cecelia



* Companies promote incompetents to managerial positions to get them out of operations.

** It is unacceptable to store passwords in unencrypted form on any computer system. Having access to passwords allows breaches of confidentiality, control, integrity, authenticity, availability and utility. — M. E. Kabay, PhD, CISSP-ISSMP (2020)



ACTRESS: "I ENJOYED READING YOUR BOOK. WHO WROTE IT FOR YOU?"

AUTHOR ILKA CHASE: "DARLING, I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU LIKED IT. WHO READ IT TO YOU?"



**The Bermuda Philharmonic Orchestra
had to stop a concert when
the guy on triangle disappeared.**



Two young people are out in the woods on a camping trip just before their graduation from college when they came upon a wonderful trout brook. They enjoyed the excellent fishing all day. At the end of the day, they swore to meet in twenty years at the same place and renew their experience.

Twenty years later, they met and tried to find their fishing spot from decades before. They argued about where they had been when one of them said, "It is the right place! I recognize the clover growing on the bank on the other side."

The friend replied, "You silly! You can't tell a brook by its clover!"



An old lady calls 911 late one night...

The dispatcher answers "911, what is your emergency?"

"There appear to be two men rummaging through my shed."

"A breaking and entering? We'll have an officer over in an hour."

"An hour? But they won't be here in an hour. They're breaking and entering now."

"Ma'am, no officers are available right now. We'll send a squad car by in an hour."

The old lady hangs up, then calls back a few minutes later.

"911, what is your emergency?"

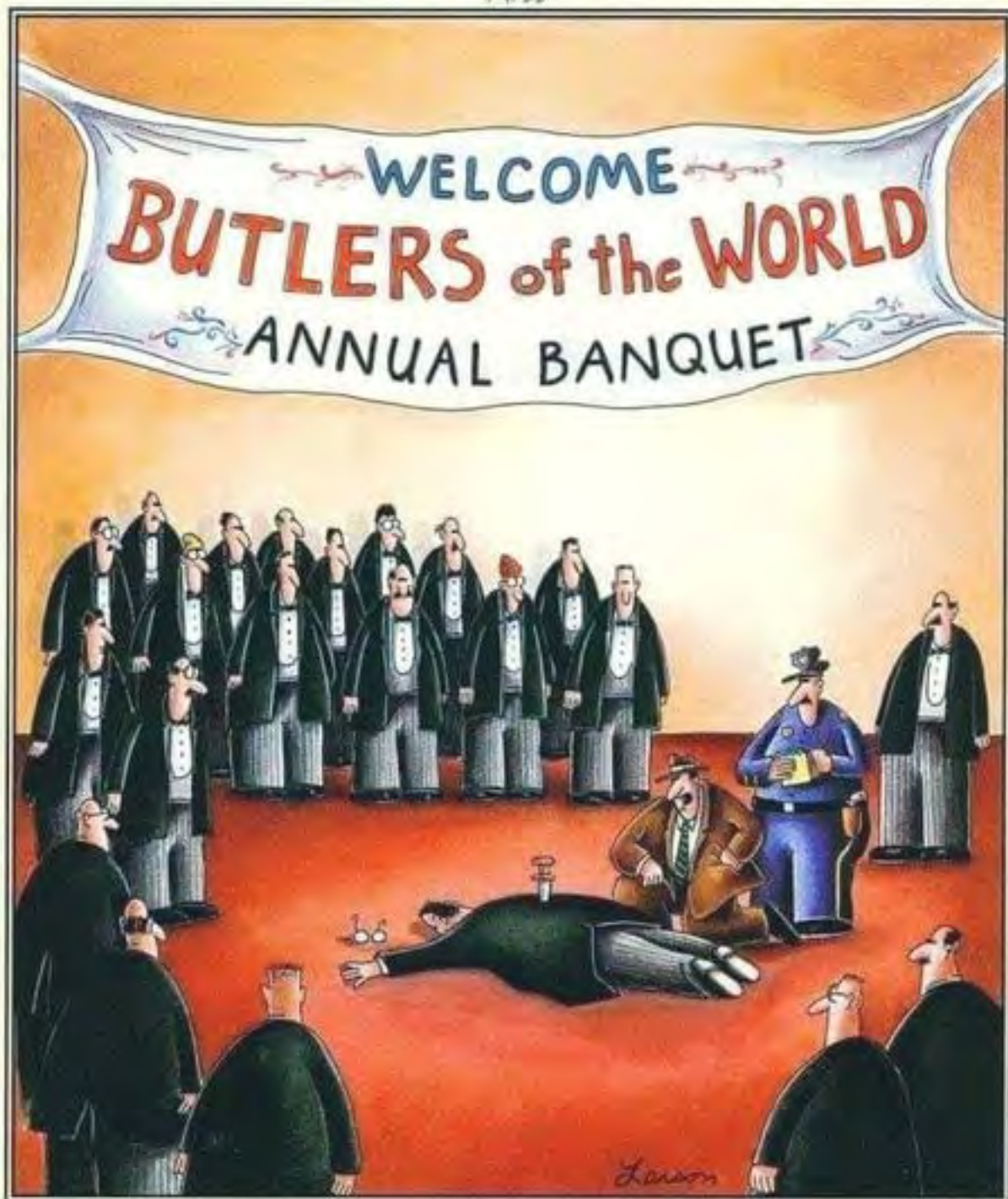
"I'm the lady who called about the two men breaking into my shed. You don't have to send anyone. I shot them."

Within a few minutes, there are police all over her yard. The men are apprehended, and the commanding officer on the scene goes up to take the woman's statement.

"One other thing... I thought you told the 911 dispatcher that you had shot the men?"

"And I thought the 911 dispatcher had told me that there were no officers available."





"God, Collings, I hate to start a Monday with a case like this."

THE EMERGENCY CAKE

A baker is just getting ready to lock his front door when a man rushes up. "I need to have a cake made right now!" he exclaims.

"I'm sorry," replies the baker. "But I was just closing up. I've dismissed my staff; I've shut down my machines; I'm afraid you'll have to come back tomorrow."

"I can't wait until tomorrow!" insists the man. "It's absolutely imperative that this cake be made right now!"

The baker always liked to think of himself as a nice guy, so he says, "All right, I'll see what I can do." He goes inside and turns all his appliances back on. He then approaches the counter and ties on his apron. "Okay, what is it you need?"

The man whips out a sketch from his pocket. It's a very well drawn depiction of a cake. "It has to look just like this," says the man. "Exactly one foot wide, one foot long, and six inches tall. White frosting, blue icing, and a red cursive 'S' in the middle. Just like this."

Somewhat startled, the baker ponders the sketch for a few moments and replies. "I think I can do that. It will be ready in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!?" exclaims the man. "That won't do. I need this in fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" responds the baker. "I'm not sure I can do that. I suppose I might be able to get it done that fast if I used some pre-made dough. It wouldn't taste as good but..."

"I don't care. Just get to it, please," blurts the man, while checking his watch frantically.

So the baker goes back and makes the cake. He works faster than he ever has before, and somehow produces the cake in just under fifteen minutes. He presents it to the man fresh out of the oven. "Will this be sufficient?" he asks.

The man takes a measuring tape from his pocket. He checks the length, width, and height very carefully. He then compares it to the sketch. Suddenly, a look of horror comes across his face. "No no!" he exclaims. "The 's' is the wrong shade of red! It has to be the same shade as the sketch. Oh, what will I do now??"

"Calm down," says the baker. "If the shade really is a problem I think I can re-ice it. It may take a few more minutes..."

"You can?" asks the man anxiously. "Well please, get going!"

So the baker quickly takes the cake back and puts on a new "S". A few minutes later he brings it back to the visibly distraught man. "There you go. Is this what you were looking for?" he asks.

Once again the man scrutinizes the cake, checking every detail. He compares the shades of red, and this time decides they're all right.

"Okay" says the man quickly, "this is good. Can I pay you now?"

"Of course," says the baker, hastily readying the cash register. "Now, the boxes we have available are over here. Do you want to pick one out?"

"Oh no, that won't be necessary," answers the man. "I'll eat it here."



CALLING HOME

RINGGGG – RINGGGG

Maid answers: Hello?

Tough Mafioso: Put my wife on the phone.

Maid: Just a minute.

Maid comes back after a minute: I'm sorry but she's indisposed in the bathroom.

Tough Mafioso: I said put her on the phone. Now!

Maid stutters: She, she can't come to the phone right now.

Tough Mafioso: If you don't get her on the phone in two seconds I'm gonna come over there and pull your jaw from your face.

Maid stutters: You, you don't understand, she's in there with another man.

Tough Mafioso: What!?!

Maid: Y-Y-Yeah.

Tough Mafioso: Listen, this is what I want you to do, I want you to shoot them both dead and then get rid of the gun.

Maid stutters: I, I can't do that, I can't shoot anybody.

Tough Mafioso: You do it Now!

Maid stutters: I, I can't!

Tough Mafioso: If you don't do it right now I'm gonna kill you and your whole family. Go do it now! I wanna hear the shots.

Maid: Ok.

The Tough Mafioso hears two loud shots over the phone.

Maid stutters: I d-did it.

Tough Mafioso: Good. Whad'ya you do with the gun?

Maid stutters: I th-th-threw it in the p-pool.

Tough Mafioso: Pool? What pool? We don't have a pool! ... Is this 734-2264?





Remember how we used to blow out the candles on our birthday cakes and then eat the cake??

Things were wild then!

But one of my Italian friends said that the custom continues. In his heavy accent, he said, "It saliva!"



One day, the Churchill couple walked through a posh neighborhood in London. People greeted and exchanged words with the Prime Minister.

A street sweeper, on the other hand, greeted Ms. Churchill in particular, and the two stayed aside for a while in a familiar conversation. Churchill then asked his wife what she had had to discuss with a street sweeper for so long. "Ah... he was in love with me a long time ago," she said.

Churchill smiled and said, "You see, if you had married him, you would be the wife of a street sweeper today."

Mrs. Churchill looked at her husband in amazement and said the legendary words:

"But no Darling, if I had married him, he would be Prime Minister today."

A fellow was sadly moping at a bar one evening when a friend of his walked in.

"Whassup, bro? Why the long face?"

"Ach, I just lost my girlfriend."

"What happened?"

"I told her that I've been competing for years in a special contest down at the animal shelter where I've been a volunteer since I was a kid."

"So?"

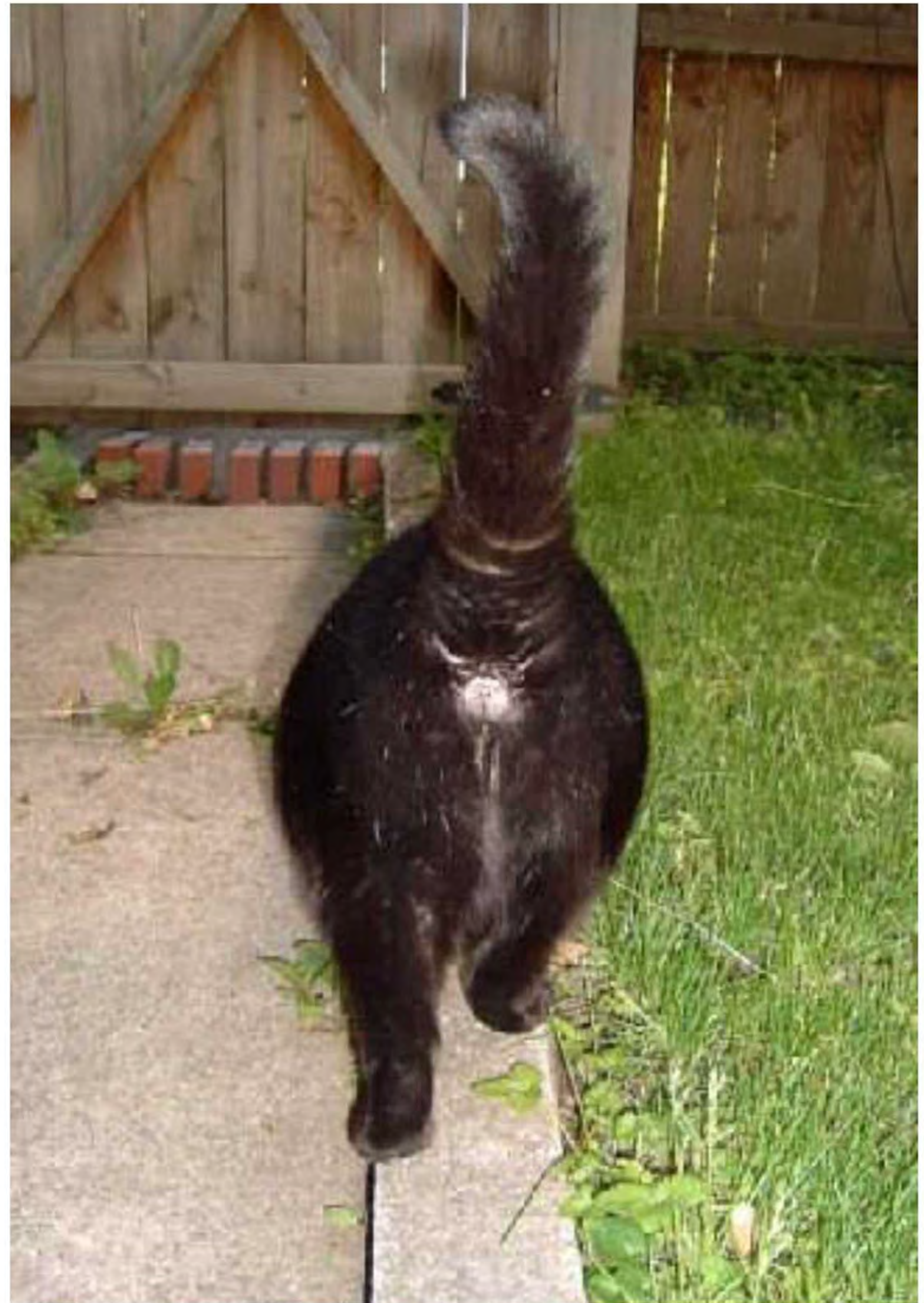
"Well, I happened to show her the prize I won the for recognizing specific cats by photos of their rear end."

"And?"

"She was not impressed. She said I was really weird for competing in that contest and said she never wants to see me again."

"Aw, that's awful."

"Yes, it was a real cat-ass trophy for our relationship."



THE BS ASYMMETRY PRINCIPLE

THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY NEEDED TO REFUTE BS IS AN ORDER OF MAGNITUDE BIGGER THAN TO PRODUCE IT

WAIT! I BET THE
MOON'S MADE OF
CHEESE



EFFORT



WELL, SPECTROGRAPHIC
ANALYSIS AND ORBIT
CALCULATIONS SUGGEST NOT.
PLUS, WE BUILT A ROCKET,
TOOK PEOPLE THERE, AND
THEY COULDN'T EAT IT.



EFFORT



.... HM, YEAH...
I'M STILL THINKING
CHEESE.



AKA BRANDOLINI'S LAW

sketchplanations



One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part where Chicken Little warns the farmer. She read, "...and Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, "The sky is falling!" The teacher then asked the class, "And what do you think that farmer said?" One little girl raised her hand and said, "I think he said: 'Holy Sh't! A talking chicken!'" The teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.

It wasn't comfortable at all. Now my back hurts and I'm craving falafel.



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4.13.22

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THE PRINCESS and the CHICKPEA



A chimp captured from the wild was locked in a cage at a poorly-run zoo. He was not pleased. One day he found a lighter that an attendant had dropped by mistake; naturally, this intelligent primate determined how to use it. He then set fire to his own feces and threw the flaming crap at the unsuspecting zoo goers in revenge for his incarceration.

Many of the victims ended up in the ER, where they were treated for turd-degree burns.

An English landlady was dating 2 of her tenants, both of them playwrights. She could not determine which of them to marry; so she decided to let fate decide. So she baked 5 of her famous round flat wheatcakes and put poison in one of them; deciding to marry the survivor.

However, the two playwrights twisted fate for her when they split the last one, the poisoned one, between them. The police arrested her for... "killing two bards with one scone." 🤔



**REPORTER: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WESTERN
CIVILIZATION?"**

MAHATMA GANDHI: "I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA."

I'LL TAKE A
CRATE OF
MACKEREL.

I'LL TAKE 2 CRATES
OF COD.

PETER'S
FISH
MARKET

WHAT
HAPPENED?

FOOD POISONING.
THE MACKEREL
WAS BAD!

..THERE, BUT FOR THE
CRATES OF COD, GO I.



HE THOUGHT HE WAS SO SMART-THE WAY HE TAUNTED US. HE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER CATCH HIM. BUT LOOK AT HIM NOW...AS SOON AS WE BROKE HIS HALF-BAKED ALIBI HE JUST COMPLETELY WENT TO PIECES.

THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES.

Leigh Rubin

David, there's a Mrs. Goliath here to see you.



HEY, RAT, HAVE YOU SEEN
MY LINE OF CLOTHING THAT
SHOWS MY AWARENESS OF
THE STATE JUST EAST OF
MARYLAND?

I PUT
IT ALL
IN YOUR
CLOSET.



YOU PUT MY
DELAWARE-AWARE
WEAR WHERE?



COMIC STRIPS SHOULDN'T MAKE
PEOPLE ANGRY.



A photograph of a baby in a red onesie being held up by two hands against a clear blue sky. A bird is flying above the baby. The image is framed by a blue border.

**Finally, someone
managed to
photograph the
moment of delivery...**

THE DENTIST

A man went to the dentist to have his new denture plate examined.

The dentist was shocked by the rapid deterioration in the denture plate, which was very badly corroded.

He asked, “How did your new denture plate get so badly damaged so soon?”

The man replied, “My wife served some chicken with Hollandaise sauce for dinner. It was so delicious, I started putting Hollandaise sauce on everything, eating it morning, noon and night.”

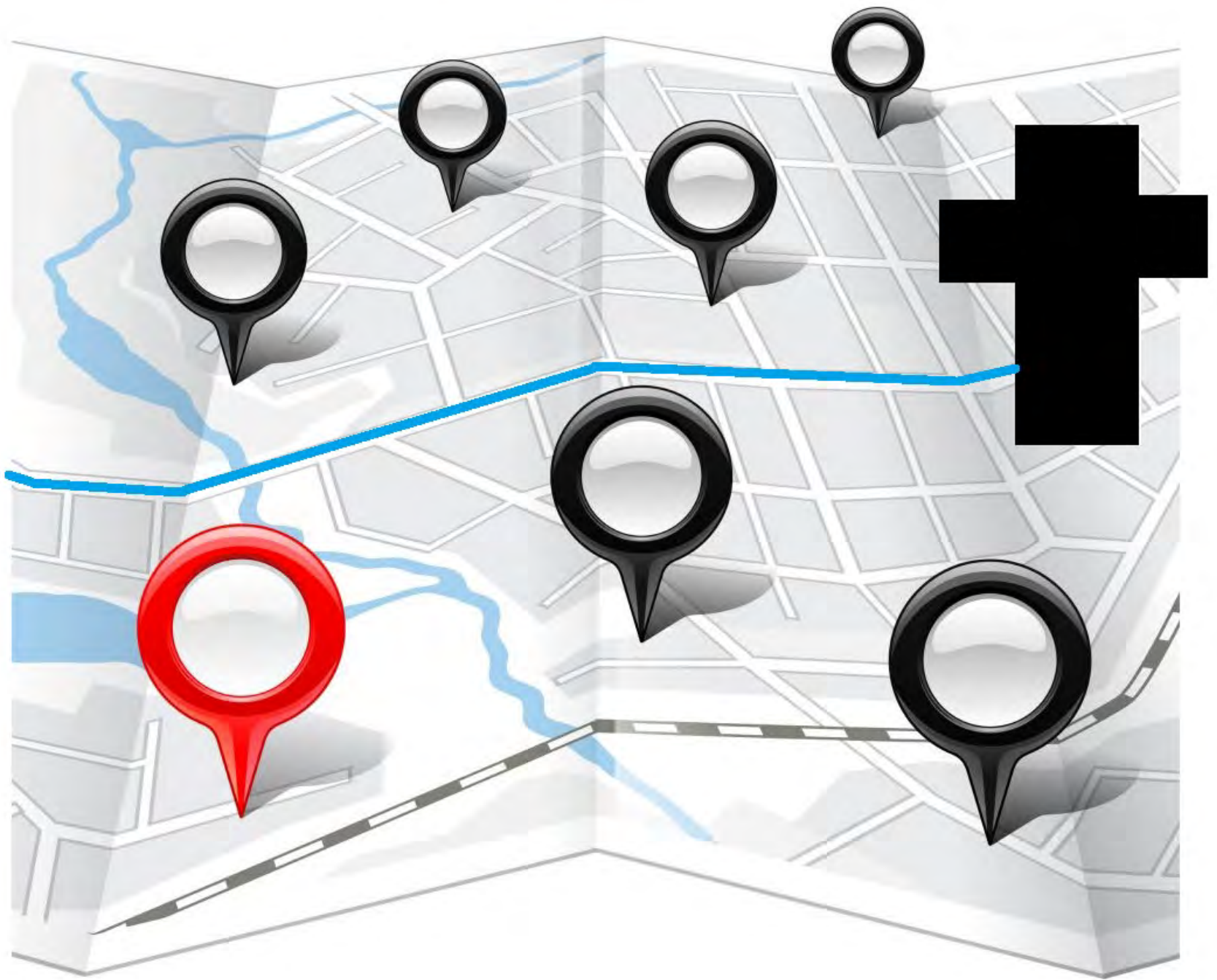
The dentist thought a moment, and then replied, “Well, that probably explains it, because Hollandaise sauce is made with lemon and has a high acid content.”

He continued, “I’ll make you a new plate to replace the corroded one, and just to make sure it doesn’t happen again, this time, I’ll coat the plate with chrome.”

“Why is it so important to cover the plate with chrome?” asked the man.

“Haven’t you heard?” replied the dentist. “There’s no plate like chrome for the Hollandaise.”





I got very worried when I was using **GOOGLE MAPS** to find the way to the cemetery. The GPS announced that I had reached my final destination!



RM

@dorsalstream

I like going to the cemetery early in the morning because, if you're calm and patient, the skeletons will approach and even eat right out of your hand.

3:36 PM · 2018-06-15 · Twitter for iPhone

3,597 Retweets 47 Quote Tweets 10K Likes



chaotic-archaeologist

Hello important information!!!

Bread is NOT part of a skeleton's natural diet and feeding it to them can make them sick. Instead try: coins from countries that no longer exist, dead batteries, ballpoint pens, or brass buckles. These are much closer to what skeletons eat in the wild :)



mctreeleth

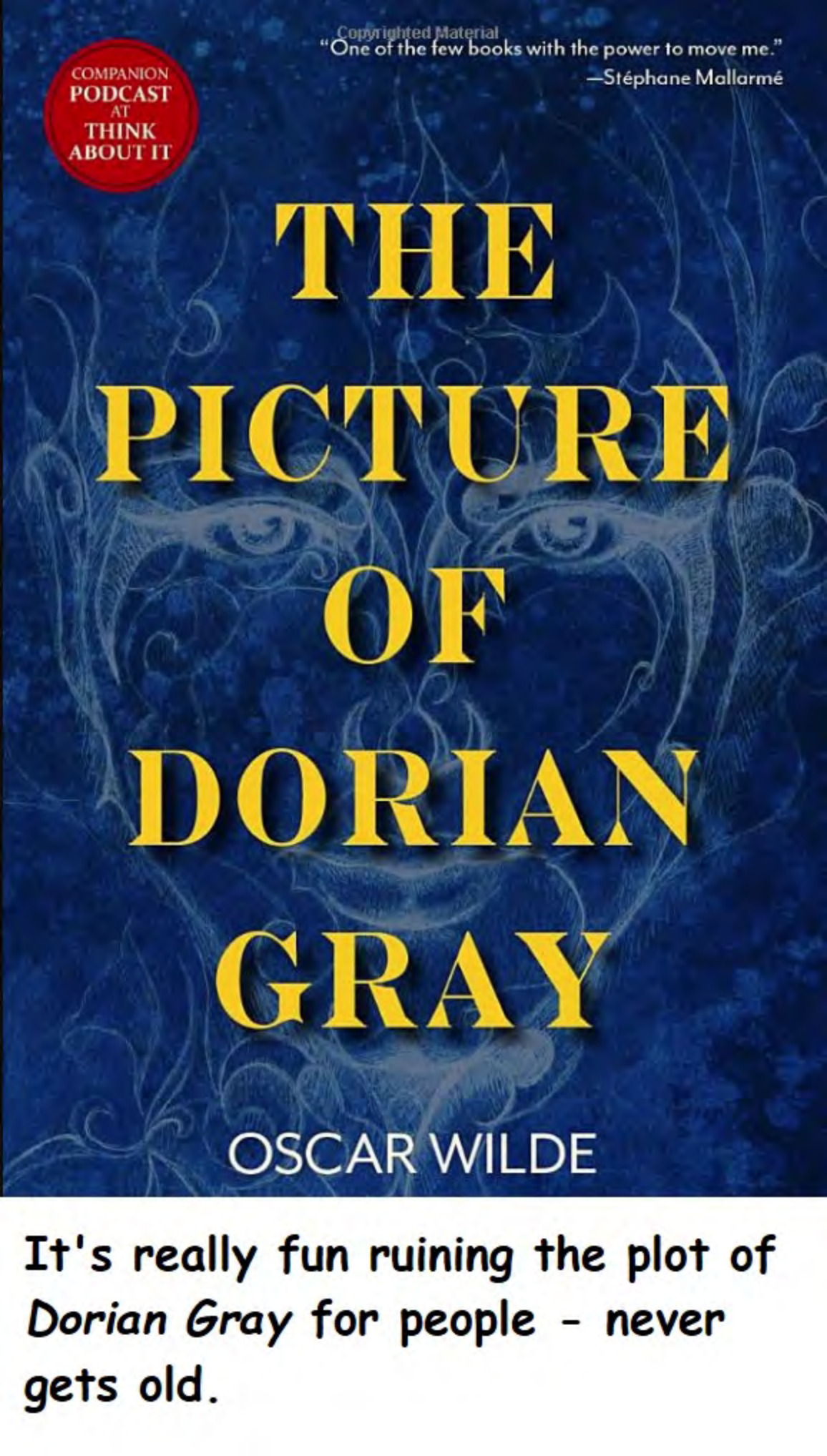
I live in a coastal region and I generally feed the local skeletons with broken seashells collected during low tide, which are high in calcium and other natural minerals. Very occasionally, such as for celebrations such as last night's solstice, a shard of broken ancient pottery makes a great treat, but be careful, as these are sometimes cursed, and may cause issues for some skeletons.

Source:memeclashheroes

Copyrighted Material
"One of the few books with the power to move me."

—Stéphane Mallarmé

COMPANION
PODCAST
AT
THINK
ABOUT IT



THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

OSCAR WILDE

It's really fun ruining the plot of *Dorian Gray* for people - never gets old.



We had an earthquake last night. All the bottles in our spice rack fell out except one.

Thyme stands still.

Thomas Edison discovered electricity while at ohm, encountering little resistance as he plugged along. He tried to stay current on what other inventors were up to and he got a charge out of their efforts. Sometimes he was shocked by the slow pace of discovery but he encouraged them, saying "You conduit!" He wasn't always greeted warmly, some considering him revolting. But generally he was welcomed on the inventors circuit.

Copyrighted Material

THE WOMAN *in the* MIRROR

HOW TO STOP CONFUSING
WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE
WITH WHO YOU ARE



CYNTHIA M. BULIK, PH.D.

Copyrighted Material

A man was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching his wife, who was looking at herself in the mirror. Since her birthday was not far off he asked what she'd like to have for her birthday.

"I'd like to be eight again", she replied, still looking in the mirror.

On the morning of her birthday, he arose early, made her a nice big bowl of Coco Pops, and then took her to Adventure World theme park. What a day! He put her on every ride in the park -- the Death Slide, the Wall of Fear, the Screaming Roller Coaster, everything there was.

Five hours later they staggered out of the theme park. Her head was reeling and her stomach felt upside down. He then took her to a McDonald's where he ordered her a Happy Meal with extra fries and a chocolate shake.

Then it was off to a movie about talking raccoons, popcorn, a soda pop, and her favourite candy, M&Ms. What a fabulous adventure!

Finally, she wobbled home with her husband and collapsed into bed exhausted.

He leaned over his wife with a big smile and lovingly asked, "Well Dear, what was it like being eight again?"

Her eyes slowly opened and she suddenly grinned with understanding.

"I meant my dress size, you silly man!"





I stepped into an elevator today and a very large-breasted woman stepped in with me.

As I was covertly staring at her (I couldn't help it) she said, "Would you press ONE please" and so I did.

I really don't remember much after that until I woke up in the ER.

THE EMERGENCY CAKE

A baker is just getting ready to lock his front door when a man rushes up. "I need to have a cake made right now!" he exclaims.

"I'm sorry," replies the baker. "But I was just closing up. I've dismissed my staff; I've shut down my machines; I'm afraid you'll have to come back tomorrow."

"I can't wait until tomorrow!" insists the man. "It's absolutely imperative that this cake be made right now!"

The baker always liked to think of himself as a nice guy, so he says, "All right, I'll see what I can do." He goes inside and turns all his appliances back on. He then approaches the counter and ties on his apron. "Okay, what is it you need?"

The man whips out a sketch from his pocket. It's a very well drawn depiction of a cake. "It has to look just like this," says the man. "Exactly one foot wide, one foot long, and six inches tall. White frosting, blue icing, and a red cursive 'S' in the middle. Just like this."

Somewhat startled, the baker ponders the sketch for a few moments and replies. "I think I can do that. It will be ready in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!?" exclaims the man. "That won't do. I need this in fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" responds the baker. "I'm not sure I can do that. I suppose I might be able to get it done that fast if I used some pre-made dough. It wouldn't taste as good but..."

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So the baker goes back and makes the cake. He works faster than he ever has before, and somehow produces the cake in just under fifteen minutes. He presents it to the man fresh out of the oven. "Will this be sufficient?" he asks.

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"Calm down," says the baker. "If the shade really is a problem I think I can re-ice it. It may take a few more minutes..."

"You can?" asks the man anxiously. "Well please, get going!"

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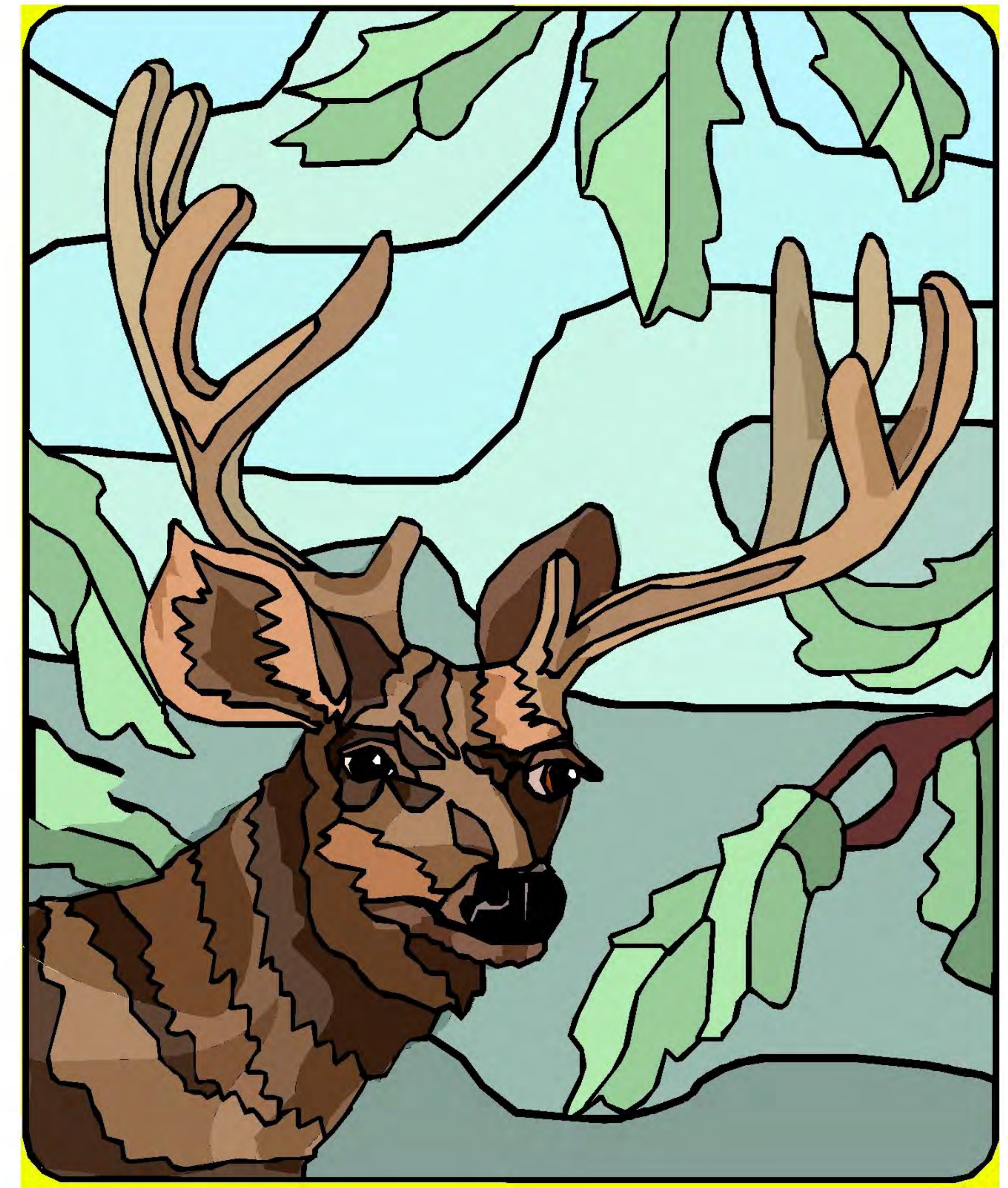
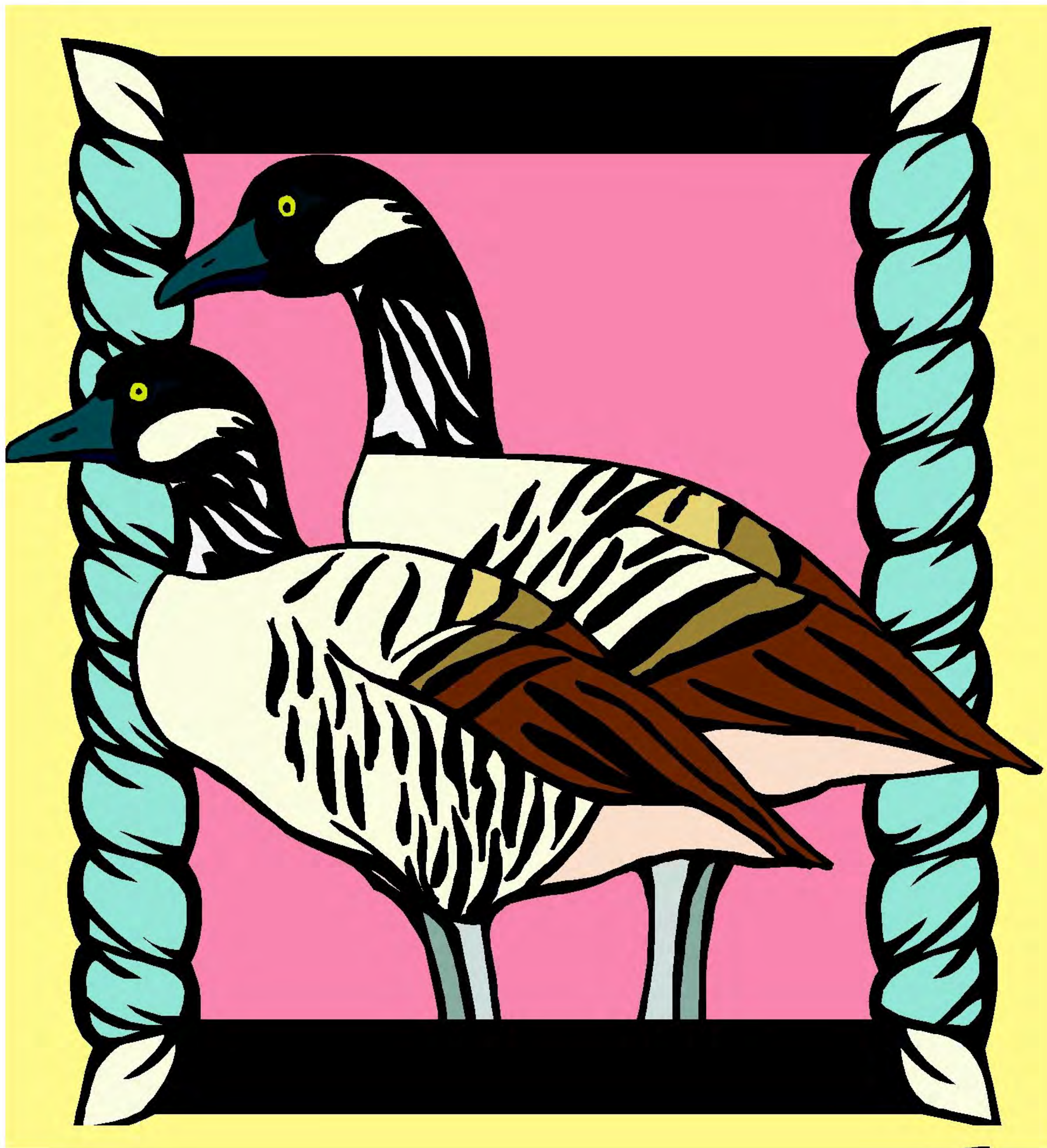
Once again the man scrutinizes the cake, checking every detail. He compares the shades of red, and this time decides they're all right.

"Okay" says the man quickly, "this is good. Can I pay you now?"

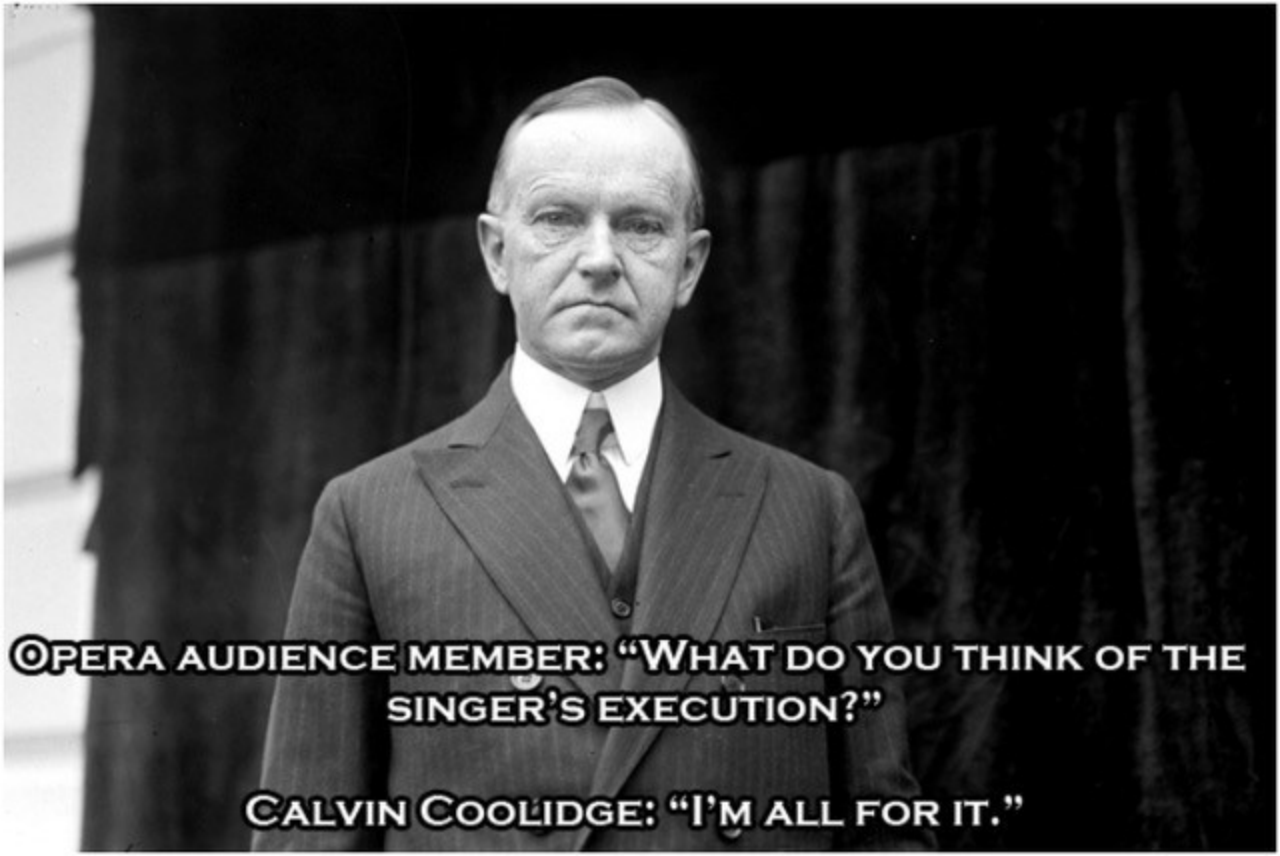
"Of course," says the baker, hastily readying the cash register. "Now, the boxes we have available are over here. Do you want to pick one out?"

"Oh no, that won't be necessary," answers the man. "I'll eat it here."





A duck, a skunk and a deer walk into a bar. At the end of the evening, the skunk didn't have a cent, the deer didn't have a buck, and so they put the meal on the duck's bill.



**OPERA AUDIENCE MEMBER: "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE
SINGER'S EXECUTION?"**

CALVIN COOLIDGE: "I'M ALL FOR IT."



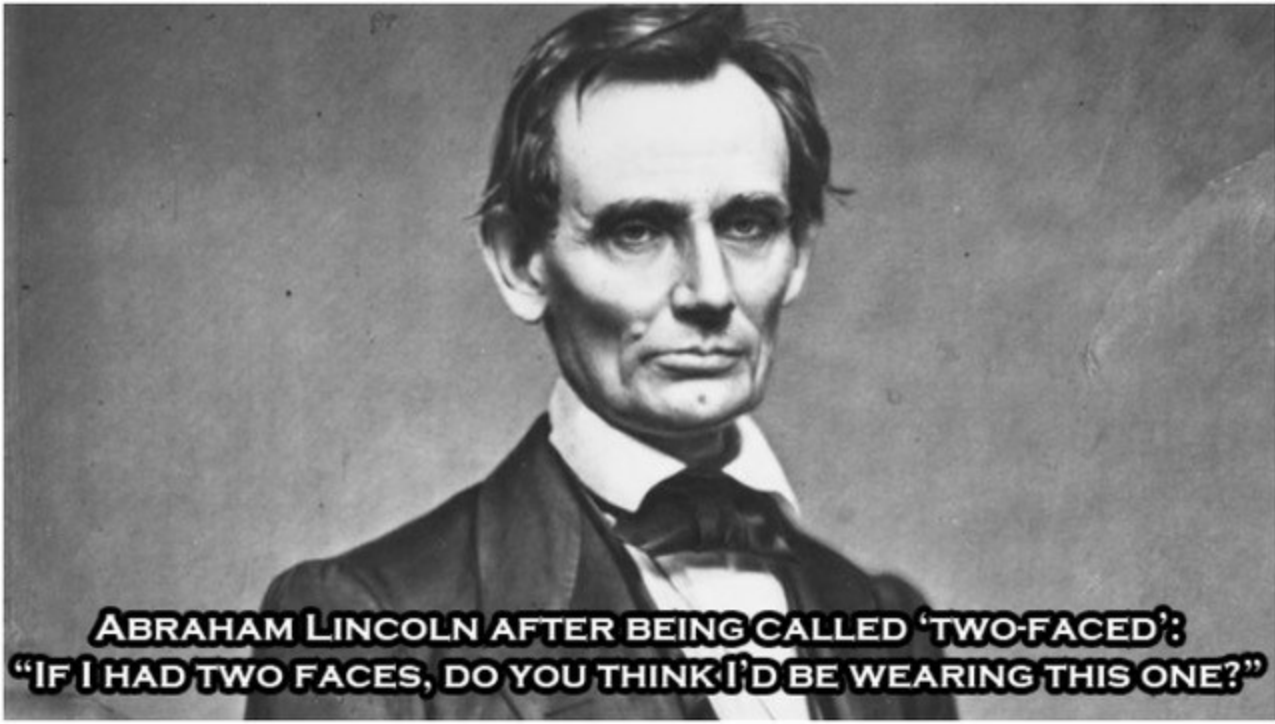
THE EXORCIST

A NOVEL

WILLIAM PETER BLATTY

PERFORMED BY THE AUTHOR WITH ELIANA SHASKAN

My mother in law once started to read the Exorcist, and declared it was the most evil book she'd ever seen, and was so evil that she couldn't finish it. She took it to the beach, walked out on a pier, and threw it in the ocean. I went and bought another copy, soaked in seawater, and left it on her bedside table.



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN AFTER BEING CALLED 'TWO-FACED':
"IF I HAD TWO FACES, DO YOU THINK I'D BE WEARING THIS ONE?"**



I met a magical fairy yesterday who said she would grant me one wish.

"I wish to live forever," I said.

"Sorry," said the fairy, "I'm not allowed to grant that particular wish."

"Fine," I said, "then I want to die the day after Congress is filled with honest, hard-working, bipartisan men and women who act only in the people's best interests!"

"You crafty bastard," replied the fairy.

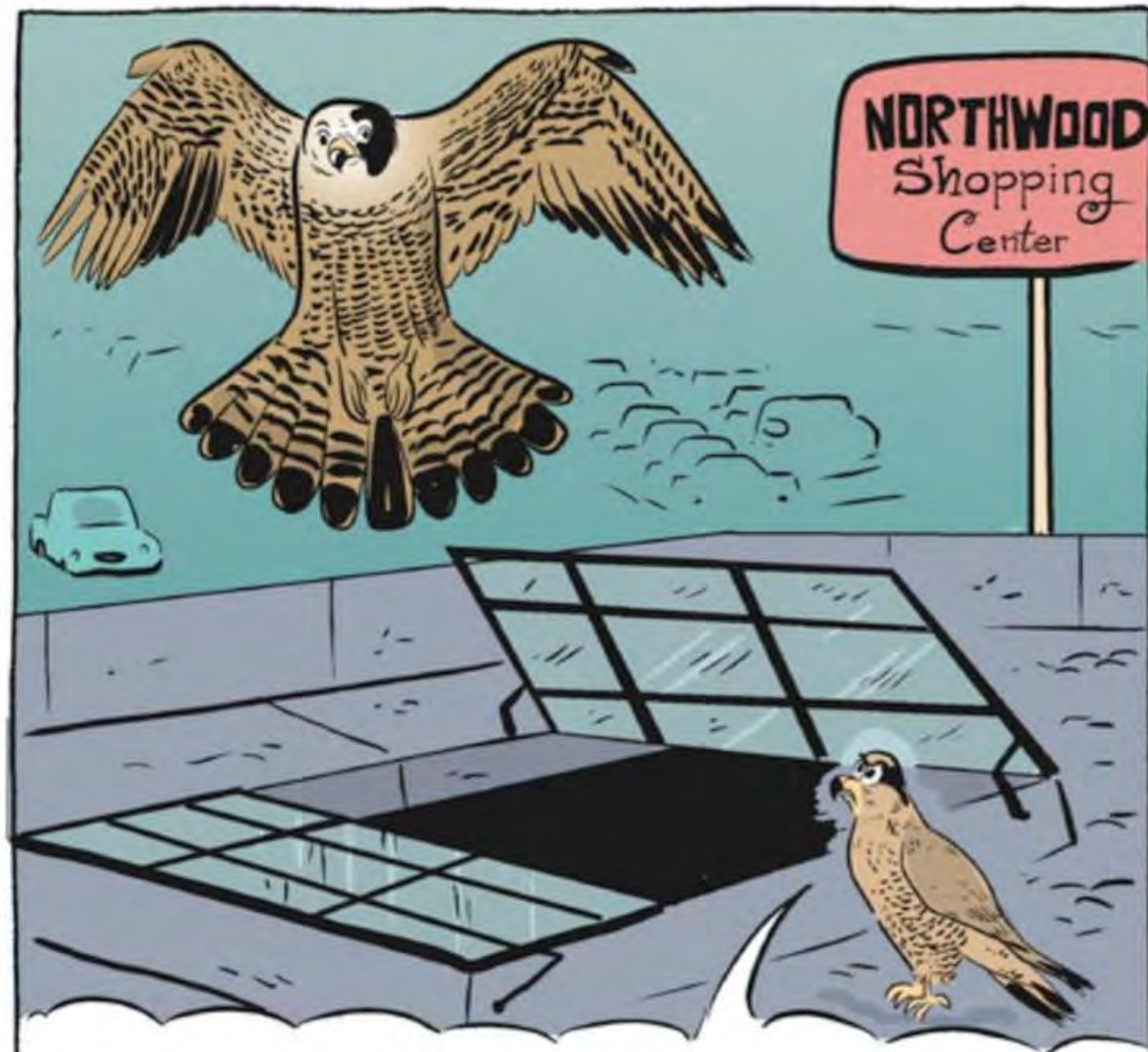


2021-04-01

I have seen many remarkable nature photographs over the years but this photo of a nesting Falcon in an old tree is perhaps the most remarkable nature shot that I've ever seen.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I did. Nature is truly breath-taking!

Please send this to your older friends, since the younger ones probably have never seen a falcon and wouldn't recognize it.



YOU'RE DITCHING ME BEFORE WE EVEN
GET TO CLAIRE'S AND CINNABON? MY
FRIENDS WERE RIGHT: YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT A MALL-TEASE FALCON!



Ralph and Sophie, two invisible friends of mine, were happily married a few years ago, although I confess I never understood what they saw in each other. Their twins were born last year, but they were nothing to look at either.

HOW DARE YOU PULL
ME OVER!! DO YOU
KNOW WHO MY
FATHER IS?



NO I'M JUST LIKE
YOUR MOM I HAVE NO
IDEA.



A skeptical anthropologist was cataloguing South American folk remedies with the assistance of a tribal elder who indicated that the leaves of a particular fern were a sure cure for any case of constipation. When the anthropologist expressed his doubts, the elder looked him in the eye and said, "Let me tell you, with fronds like these, you don't need enemas."



A black and white portrait of Dorothy Parker. She is looking directly at the camera with a weary or exasperated expression. Her hands are pressed against her cheeks, framing her face. She has dark, wavy hair with bangs. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. The background is a plain, light-colored surface.

DRUNK MAN: "I CAN'T BEAR FOOLS."

DOROTHY PARKER: "APPARENTLY YOUR MOTHER COULD."

**Mahatma Gandhi, as you know,
walked barefoot most of the
time, which produced an
impressive set of calluses on
his feet. He also ate very little,
which made him rather frail.
Also, with his odd diet, he
suffered from bad breath. This
made him what?**



**♪A super callused
fragile mystic
cursed with halitosis.♪**



Remember: when you bury the body, cover it with endangered plants so it's illegal to dig it up.

Follow me for more gardening tips.

I'M NOT YOUR
REAL FATHER.

WELL, THEN CAN YOU TELL
ME ABOUT MY ROOTS?

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LOOKS LIKE CEDAR ELM ON
YOUR MOM'S SIDE AND
EASTERN PINE ON
YOUR DAD'S.

The Goldberg Brothers: The Inventors of the Automobile Air Conditioner

Here's a little fact for automotive buffs or just to dazzle your friends. The four Goldberg brothers, Lowell, Norman, Hiram, and Max, invented and developed the first automobile air-conditioner.

On July 17, 1946, the temperature in Detroit was 97 degrees. The four brothers walked into old man Henry Ford's office and sweet-talked his secretary into telling him that four gentlemen were there with the most exciting innovation in the auto industry since the electric starter.

Henry was curious and invited them into his office. They refused and instead asked that he come out to the parking lot to their car. They persuaded him to get into the car, which was about 130 degrees, turned on the air conditioner, and cooled the car off immediately.

The old man got very excited and invited them back to the office, where he offered them \$3 million for the patent. The brothers refused, saying they would settle for \$2 million, but they wanted the recognition by having a label, 'The Goldberg Air-Conditioner,' on the dashboard of each car in which it was installed.

Now old man Ford was more than just a little anti-Semitic, and there was no way he was going to put the Goldbergs' name on two million Fords.

They haggled back and forth for about two hours and finally agreed on \$4 million and that just their first names would be shown.

And so to this day, all Ford air conditioners show *Lo*, *Norm*, *Hi*, and *Max* on the controls.



Humpty Dumpty had a great fall



THE HAIR DRYER

Students are taught that lying is a sin. Instructors are also advised that a bit of imagination is OK to express the truth differently without lying. This is a perfect example of this teaching: Getting a hairdryer through customs.

An attractive young woman on a flight from Ireland asked the priest beside her, "Father, may I ask a favor of you?"

"Of course, my child. What can I do for you?"

"I bought my mother an expensive hair dryer for her birthday. It is unopened, but well over the customs limits and I'm afraid they'll confiscate it. Is there any way you could carry it through customs for me? Could you possibly hide it under your robes for me?"

"I would love to help you my dear; but I must warn you, I will not lie!"

"With your honest face, Father, I'm sure no one will question you!"

When they got to customs, she let the priest go first. The official asked, "Father, do you have anything to declare?"

"From the top of my head down to my waist, I have nothing to declare."

The official thought this answer a little strange, so he asked, "And what do you have to declare from your waist down to the floor?"

"I have a marvelous instrument that has been designed for use on women, but which, to date, remains unused."


Roaring with laughter, the official said, "Go ahead, Father Next, please."





Dave passes on in old age and meets St Peter in Heaven, where he receives his heavenly harp. Dave is sad about dying before saying goodbye to his lifelong friend, Sam Frank. He convinces St Peter to let him visit his friend at his nightclub, which he discover Sam has converted into a retro discotheque. Sam returns to heaven after having a bit too much alcohol and St Peter sees that not only is he tipsy, but he has lost his harp. Dave is horrified, and says, "Oh hell, I left my harp in Sam Frank's Disco!"

St Peter sends Dave to Hell.



Shaw: Have reserved two tickets for opening night. Come and bring a friend, if you have one.

Churchill: Impossible to come to first night. Will come to second night, if you have one.



An Irish private investigator was trying to track down Bridget Doyle, who had been adopted from her birth family at the age of six months. With a great deal of effort, he found out that she had grown up happily and married a farmer called Brendan Doyle. He continued his search but hit a real roadblock because there were so many Doyles in the county where she and her husband had moved. He found that he had so much trouble in the search that he said in frustration that it was like looking for a née-Doyle in a haystack.



Robert asked the televangelist to pray for his hearing.

After 3 minutes of violent shaking and trying to push him over backwards the preacher ask, "how's your hearing"?

Robert replied, " I don't know. It doesn't take place [until Tuesday](#) at the courthouse."

CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S A
FUNERAL PROCESSION? OPEN
THE GATES AND LET 'EM IN!



THE LESS-REMEMBERED
TROJAN HEARSE



Hickory dickory dock,
Three mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And the other two escaped with minor
injuries.

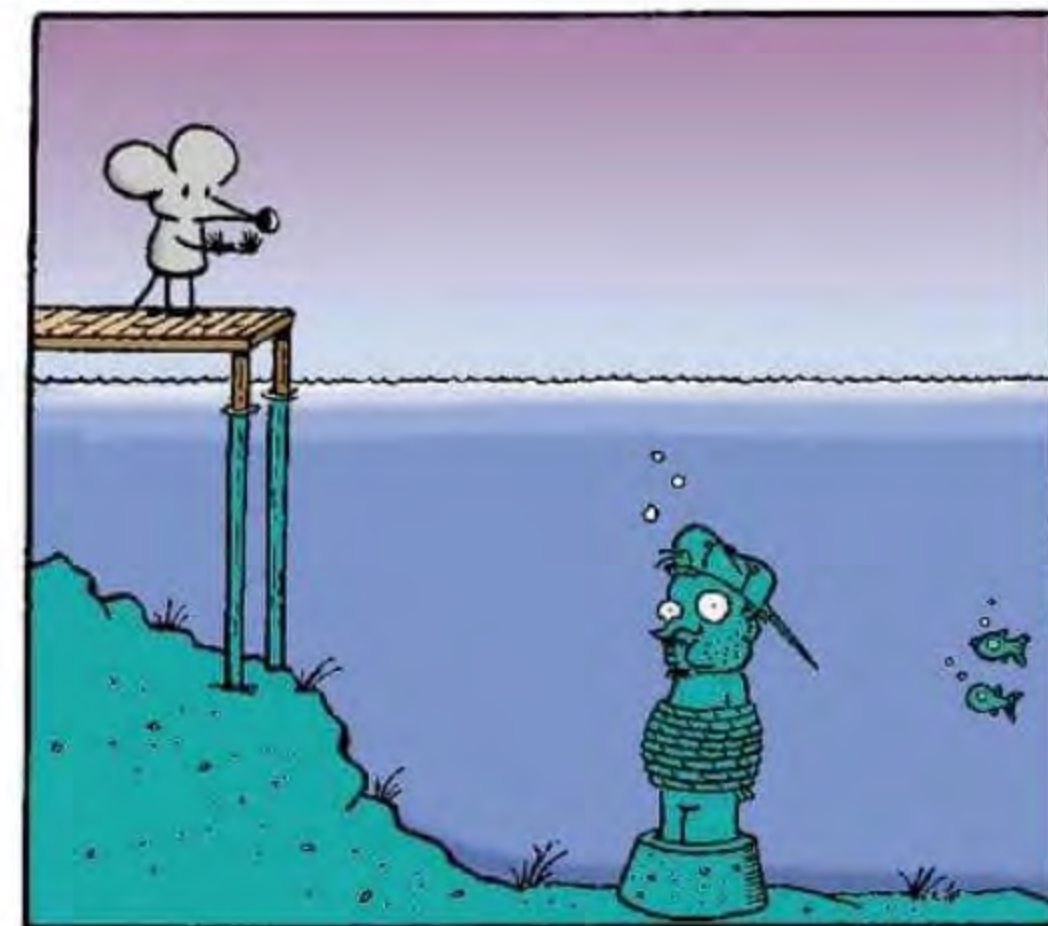
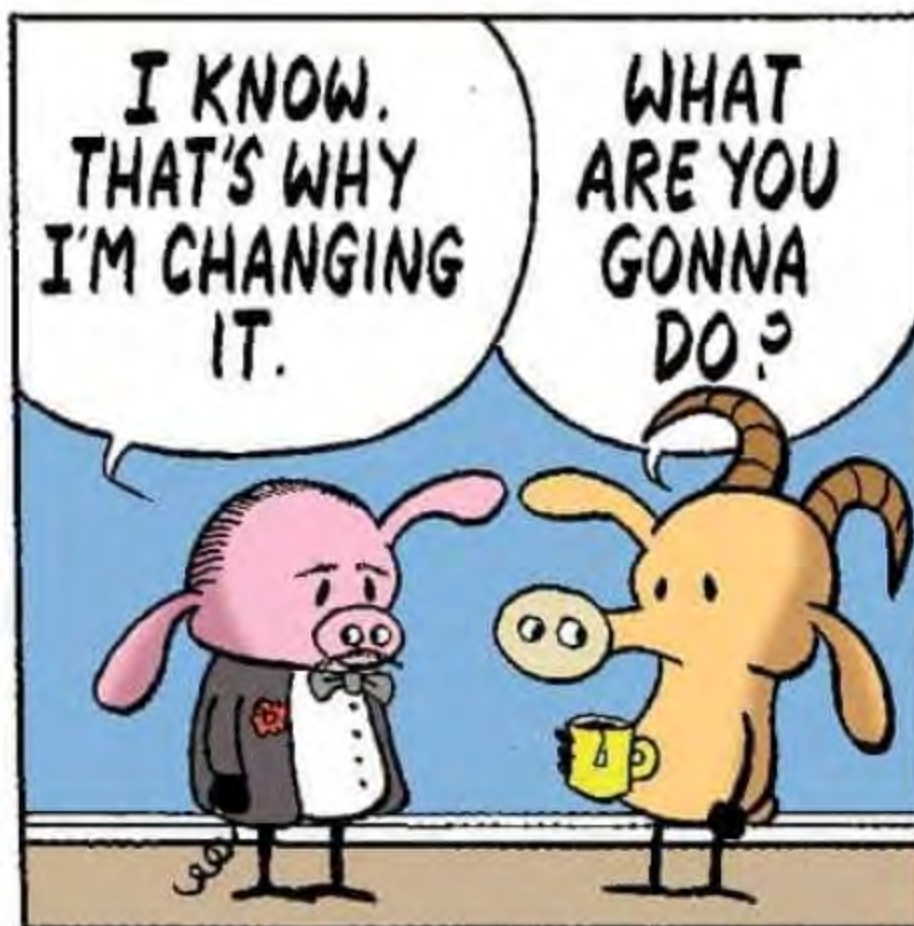
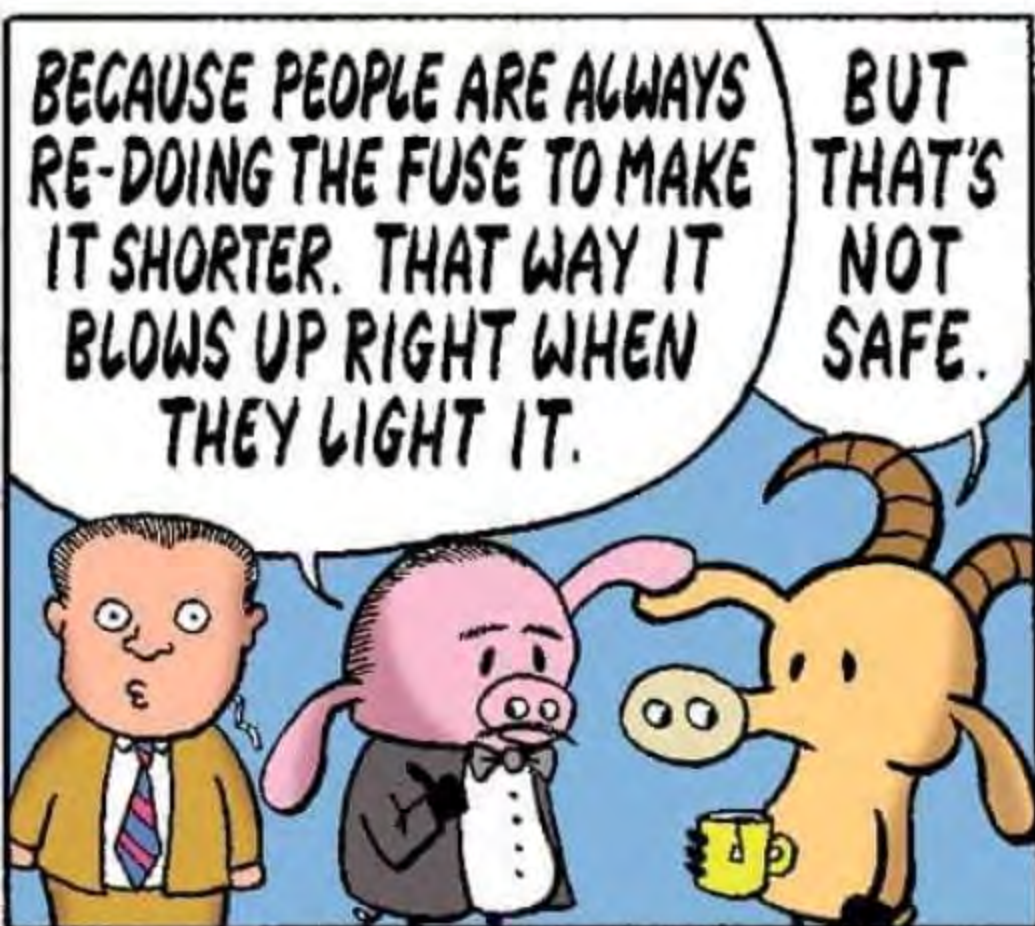
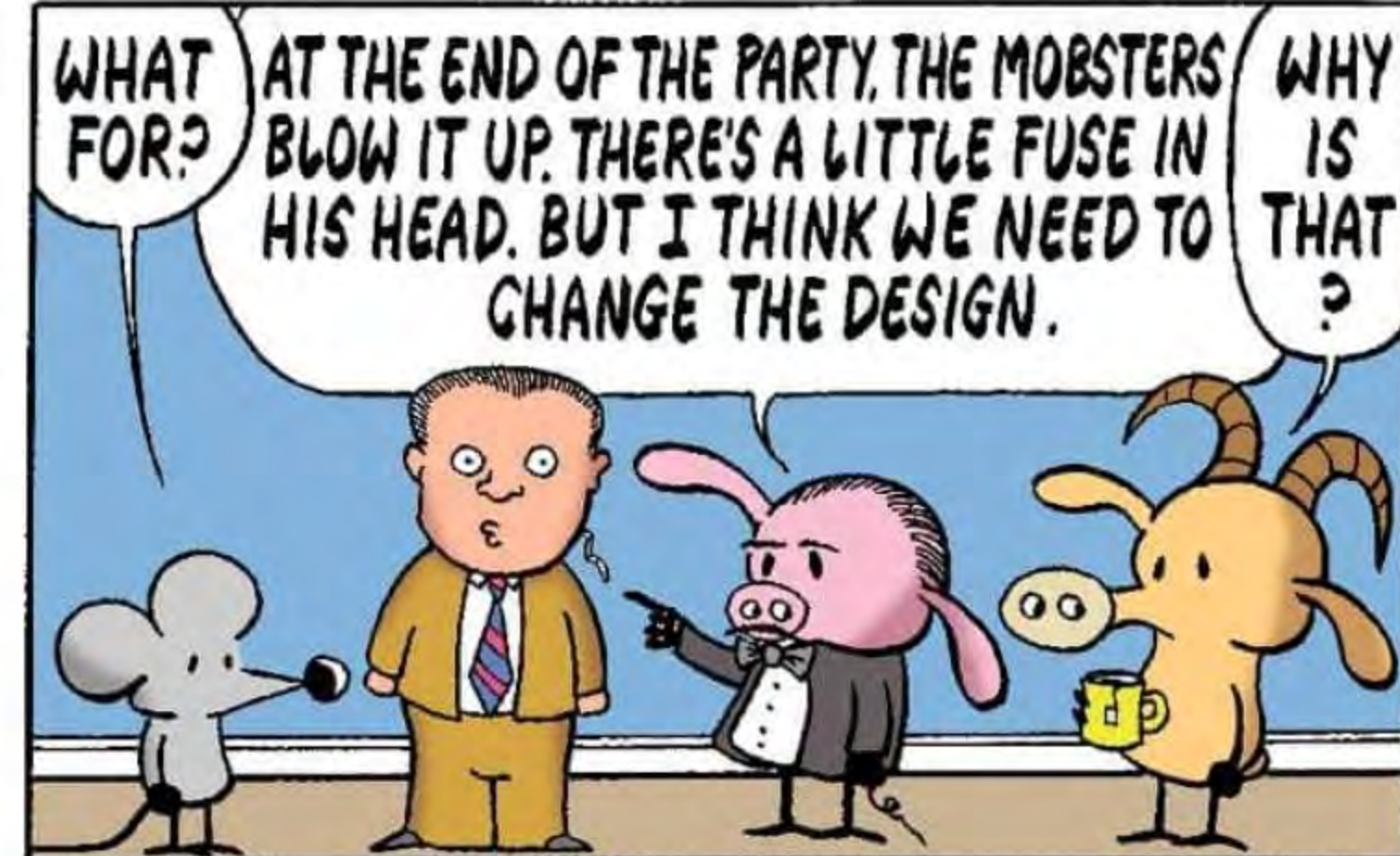
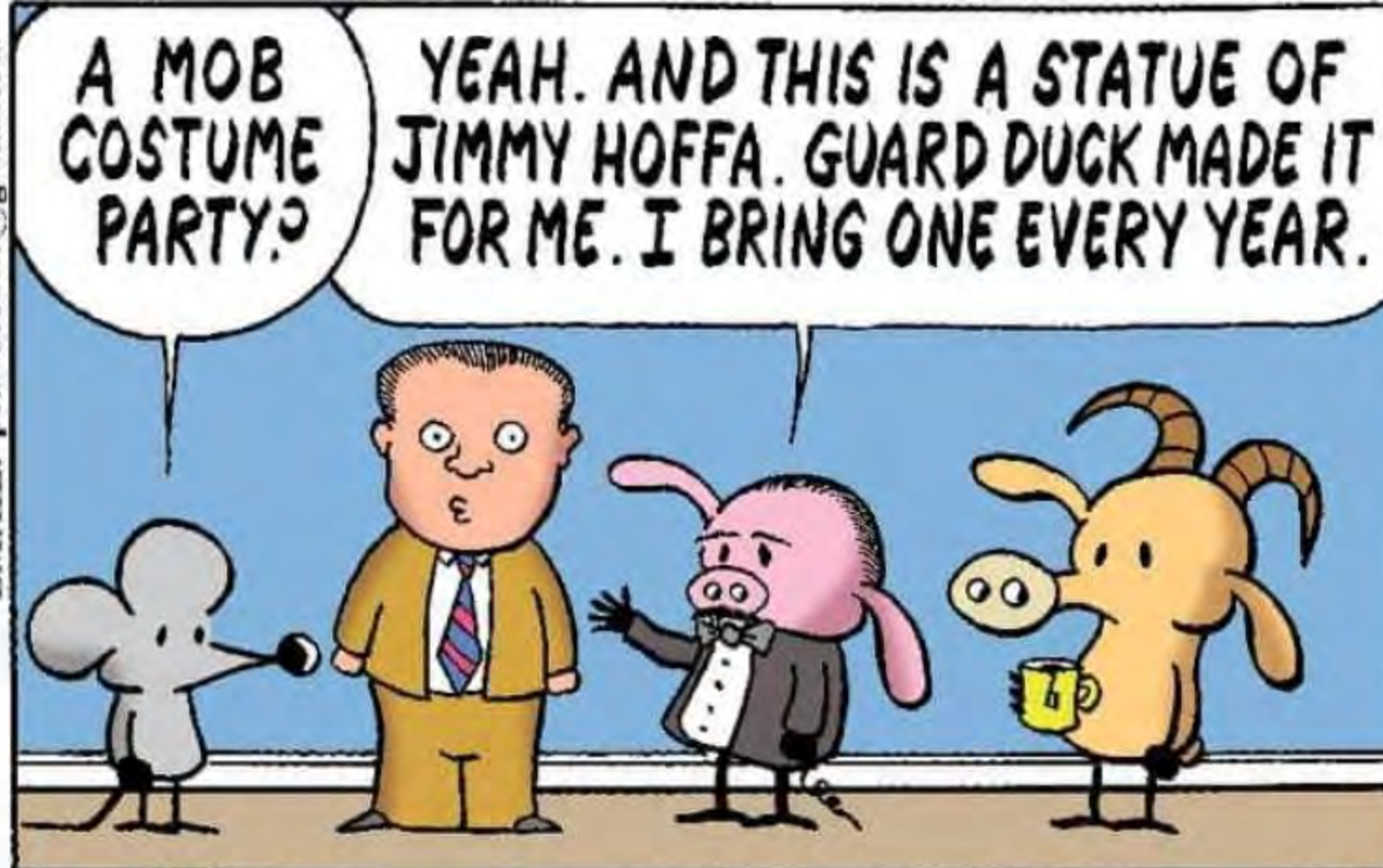


A tired physician went to his favorite
bar after a long day in the Emergency
Room. He sat down in his usual place
and the barman plonked his usual drink
in front of him without even asking.

The doctor took one sip of his drink
and sputtered, "What is THIS??"

The barman looked a bit sheepish and
admitted, "I ran out of lime juice, so I
missed the rum with some hickory
essence. It's a hickory daquiri, Doc."







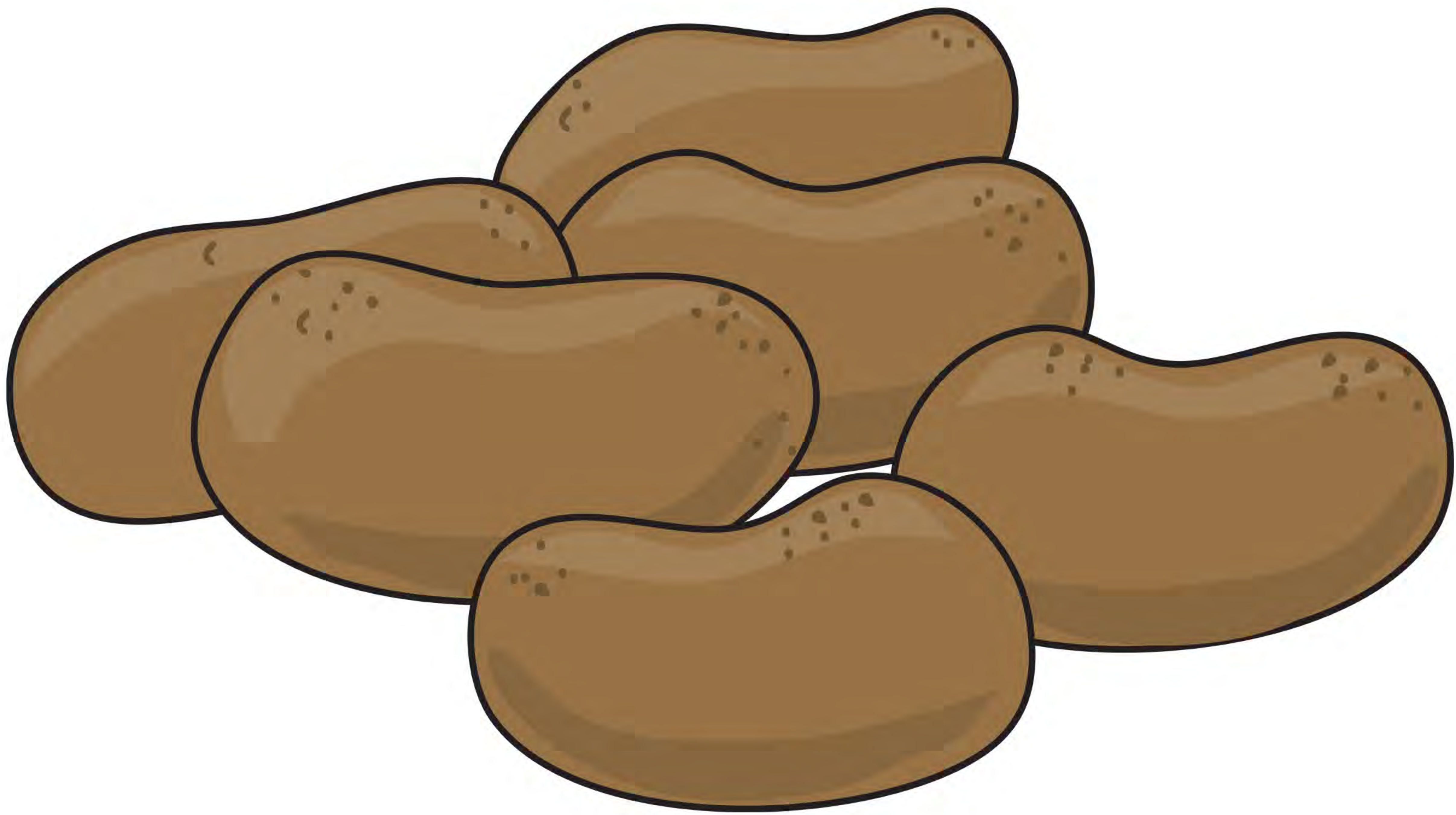
*Why does Humpty
Dumpty like autumns so
much?*

*Because he had a great
fall long ago.*



Me: Sobbing my heart out, "I can't see you anymore ... I'm not going to let you hurt me again."

Trainer: "It was one sit-up."



An old man lived alone in Idaho. He wanted to spade his potato garden, but it was very hard work. His only son, Bubba, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament.

"Dear Bubba:

I am feeling pretty bad because it looks like I won't be able to plant my potato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. If you were here, all my troubles would be over. I know you would dig the plot for me.

Love, Dad"

A few days later, he received a letter from his son.

"Dear Dad:

For heaven's sake, Dad, don't dig up that garden. That's where I buried the BODIES.

Love, Bubba"

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area, without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left.

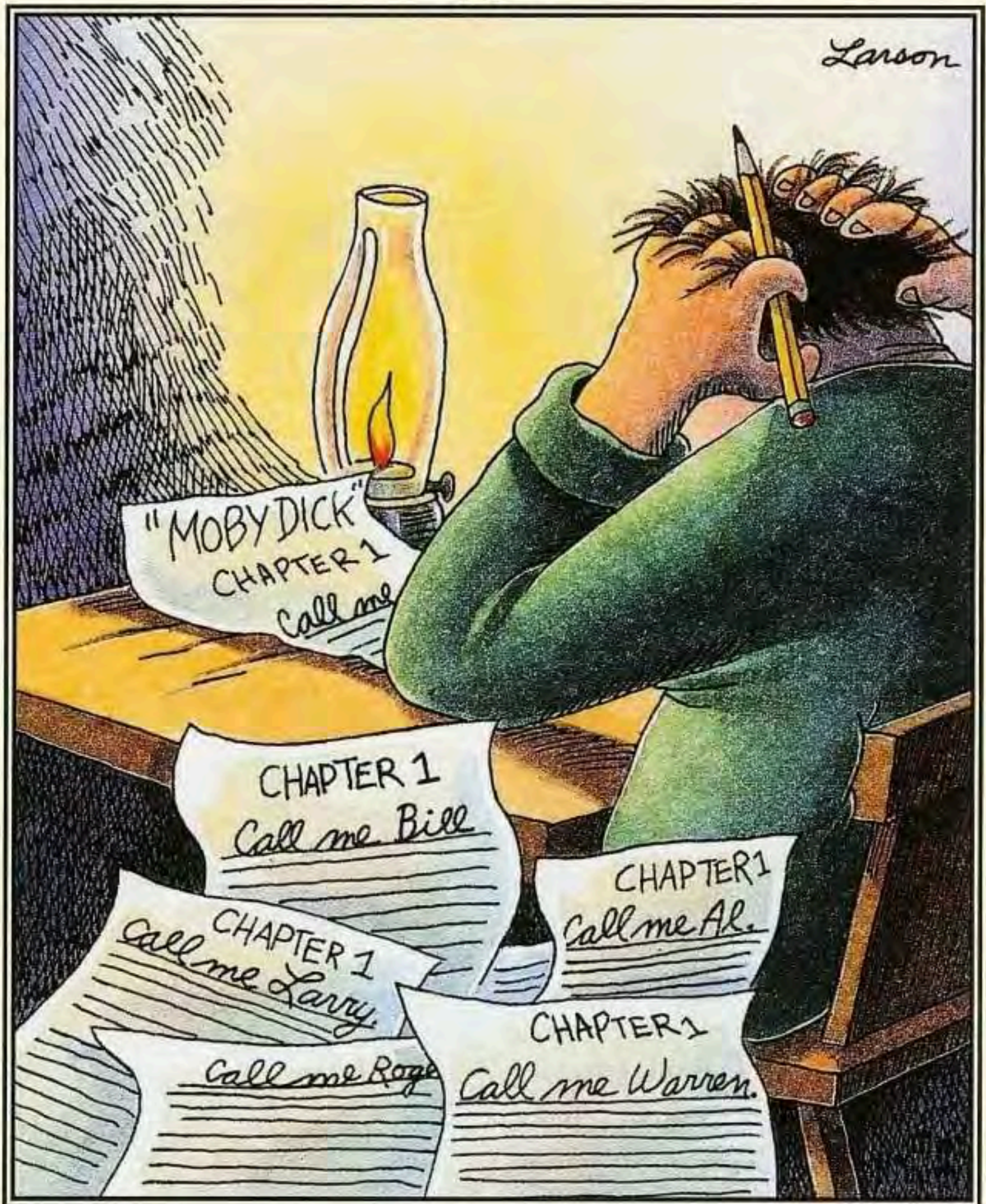
That same day, the old man received another letter from his son:

"Dear Dad:

Go ahead and plant the potatoes now. It's the best I could do under the circumstances."

2/6/82

Larson



LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT

And the Spell-Checker

*Hares assailed furry stinky tailing under warts: warts
watcher alter girldo defecates former warts inner a regional
virgin.*

Wands pawn term, dare Worcester ladle
gull hole lift wetter murder inner ladle
cortege honor itch offer lodge duck
florist. Disk ladle gull orphan worry ladle rat hut
wetter putty ladle rat chuck, infer disk raisin,
pimple colder "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut."

Wan moaning, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut's murder
colder inset, "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, hares a-
basking winsome burden barter hen shirker
cockles. Tack disk basking Tudor cordage off
ever groin murder. Groin murders seeking bet.
Dun lottery laundry rope! End yonder not
sorghum stench stopper torque wet strainers!"

"Hoe cake, murder," sadder ladle gull hen
stuttered oft. Oliver sodden, Ladle Rat Rotten
Hut mitten anomalous wool. "Whale, whale,
whale," saddest wicket wool -- hay furry, furry
wicket wool. "Wares are ladle gull goring wizard
ladle basking!"

Ladle Rat Rotten Hut fur garter murders inch
tractions. "Armor goring tumor groin murders,"
repeal ladle gull. "Armor tacking arson burden
barter handsome shirker cockles. Groin murders
seeking bet."

"Heifer blessing woke," sadist wicket wool,
butter tot tomb shelf, "Oil ketchup widow letter,
end end, AW BORE. . . ."

Soda wicket wool tucker shirt count tutor florist
Tudor cortege offer groin murder en picket
inner windrow. Esau daughter pore oil worming
worst lion inner bet. Inner flesh, disk wicket
wool lip true door windrow hen adder rope.

Zany putt groin murders gnat cup and Pltdown
groin murders gnat gun hen cuddled dope inner
bet. Inner ladle wall, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft
hunter groin murders cordage end rank Dee
dough ball.

"Comb ink, doling," sadder wicket wool,
disgracing is verse. Ladle Rat Rotten Hut cam
ink end snad buyer groin murders bet.

"Oy groin murder," sadder ladle gull, "want bag
icer gut! A nervous sausage bag ice!"

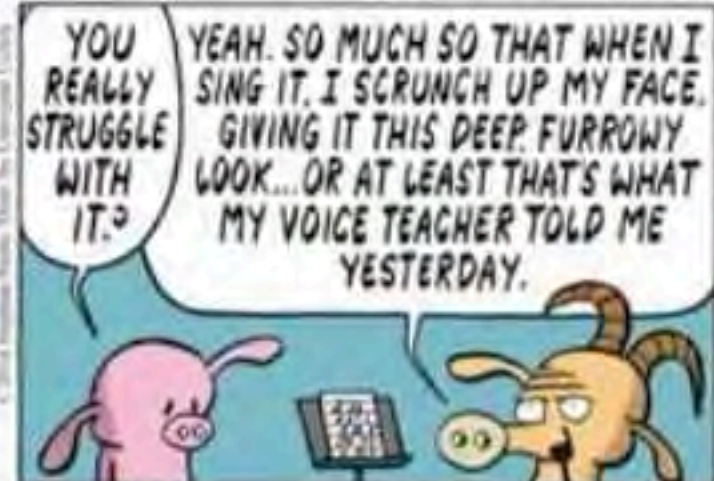
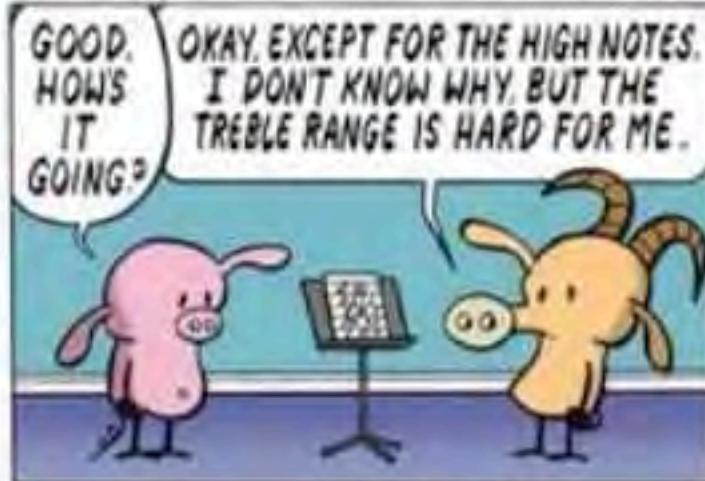
"Buttered lucky chew whiff," sadder wicket
wool widow wicket small.

"Oy groin murder," sadder ladle gull, "water bag
noisy gut! A nervous so suture bag noise."

"Buttered small ewe whiff," insert dirt wicket
wool ants mouse worse waddling.

"Oy groin murder," sadder ladle gull, "water bag
mousy gut! A nervous so suture bag mouse!"
Dose worry on forger nut ladle gulls lest warts.
Trolling offer coffers en sprinkling omer bet,
disk abdominal wool ceased pore Ladle Rat
Rotten Hut end garbled erupt.

MURAL: YONDER NOR SORGHUM
STENCHES SHUDDER LADLE
GULL STOPPER TORQUE WET
STRAINERS!



**News reports say
head lice are now
resistant to the
usual medical
treatments.**

**The problem has scientists
scratching their heads.**



A shy graduate student working on his PhD in botany was very interested in one of his fellow students, an attractive young woman working on her doctorate in invertebrate zoology. One day, he had an idea. He found a nice twig in the forest where we was conducting his research and proudly presented it to his colleague that evening at supper. She was surprised, as anyone can understand, and asked him what it was for? He timidly replied, "Well, um, I've taken a lichen to you."

She replied immediately, "That's the moss inventive pickup line I've ever heard!" and agreed to go out with him the next day. They had a wonderful time in the field where he continued his research on the complex relations between the cyanobacteria and fungi in the lichens and she happily collected predatory rotifers feeding on paramecia.

HOW DO THEY KNOW THE
LOAD LIMIT ON BRIDGES,
DAD?



THEY DRIVE BIGGER AND
BIGGER TRUCKS OVER THE
BRIDGE UNTIL IT BREAKS.



THEN THEY WEIGH THE
LAST TRUCK AND
REBUILD THE BRIDGE.



OH. I
SHOULD'VE
GUESSED.

DEAR, IF YOU
DON'T KNOW
THE ANSWER,
JUST TELL
HIM!





A hungry lion was roaming across the savannah looking for some tasty food.

He came upon two tourists. One was reading a book and the other was typing on his laptop computer.

The lion pounced on the reader and ate him up, but he ignored the other. He knew about Readers' Digest and Writers' Cramp.



An artist was commissioned to draw the face of a big lion on the wall of a downtown store, but the people across the street complained bitterly and he reluctantly agreed to paint it on the store's other side.

That proposal also generated complaints from the neighbors on that side of the building.

Frustrated with them all, he drew lions on both sides of the building.

He was usually more diplomatic, but he had to draw the lion *somewhere!*

Julie Andrews has announced that she will no longer be endorsing Rimmel Vibrant Shades lipstick. She says it breaks too easily and makes her breath smell bad.

In a statement, she sang, "The super-color fragile lipstick gives me halitosis."



LIVER AND CHEESE

Three handsome male dogs are playing in the park when they spot a beautiful, enticing female Poodle. The three guys fall all over themselves in the effort to reach her first but end up arriving, panting wildly, at the same time. The males are slobbering all over themselves as they hope for even a glance from this beauty. Fully aware of her own charms and of her obvious effect on these three suitors, she decides to play with them a bit. She says, “The first one who can use the words ‘liver’ and ‘cheese’ in an imaginative, intelligent sentence will go out with me.



The sturdy, muscular Black Lab speaks up quickly and says, “I love liver and cheese!”



The poodle pouts and says, “Oh how childish. That shows no imagination or intelligence whatsoever.”

The Golden Retriever is next. He blurts out, “Um, I *hate* liver and cheese.”

“Oh my,” says the Poodle in disappointment. “I guess it’s hopeless. That’s as vacuous as the Lab’s sentence.” She then

turns to the last of the three and asks, “How about you, little guy?”



The last of the three is a tiny Chihuahua. He gives her a smile and a sly wink, then turns to the Golden Retriever and the Black Lab and growls, “**LIVER ALONE! CHEESE MINE!!!**”





A modestly wealthy frog went to her bank to borrow some money to improve her home in the pond. The teller, whose name was Patricia Black, said sadly, “I’m sorry, but you’re a frog, and you have no collateral. I’m afraid you can’t borrow any money here.”

The frog went home and came back with a beautiful gold elephant figurine from Thailand and showed it to the teller. The teller still didn’t think it would qualify, but this time the manager overheard the conversation and authorized the teller to give the frog the loan he needed.

The teller was astonished, and asked, “How can that that trinket qualify her for the loan??” The manager replied, “That’s a knickknack Patty Black, give the frog a loan!”

THE LONE RANGER'S LAST REQUEST

The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian War Party.

The Indian Chief proclaims, "So, YOU are the great Lone Ranger ... In honor of the Harvest Festival, you will be executed in three days. But listen, I kill you, I grant you *three* requests. What is your **FIRST** request?"



The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse." The Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger who whispers in Silver's ear, and the horse gallops away. Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.



The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed. "You have a very fine and loyal horse, but I will still kill you in two days. What is your **SECOND** request?"

The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse. Silver is brought to him, and he again whispers in the horse's ear. As before, Silver takes off and disappears over the horizon. Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a suspicious brunette, more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night. The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed. "You are indeed a man of many talents, but I will still kill you tomorrow. What is your **LAST** request?"

The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse ... *also*."

The Chief is curious, but he agrees, and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent. Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, looks him square in the eye and says, "Listen Very Carefully! FOR... THE... LAST... TIME... I SAID ... BRING POSSE!"



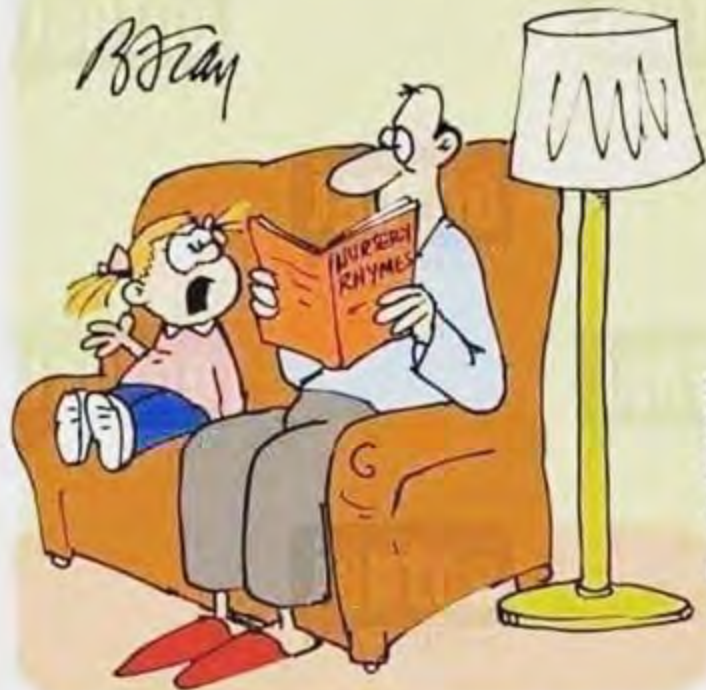


"Thank you for calling Magestico, the world's greatest psychic. Since I already know who you are and why you are calling me, you may hang up without leaving a message."



“You’re in for a treat—Gregor awoke this morning from uneasy dreams to find himself transformed into a killer tapas chef.”

BBFray



Search: 45430327

"SO, THESE THREE LITTLE MICE ARE
BLIND AND THE FARMER'S WIFE COMES
ALONG AND CUTS OFF THEIR TAILS
WITH A CARVING KNIFE!? WHO WRITES
THIS STUFF, STEPHEN KING?"



How can you tell when you're Middle-Aged? Here are ten tell-tale signs:

- 1. You don't understand what young peasants are talking about.*
- 2. You struggle to read Chaucer in weak candlelight.*
- 3. You no longer enjoy rowdy taverns.*
- 4. You constantly worry that you might have the Black Death.*
- 5. You don't know or care whether the earth is round or flat.*
- 6. You tell your wife that the Crusaders seem to look younger every year.*
- 7. You struggle with new technology such as the heavy plough and the longbow.*
- 8. You find Gothic architecture too modern.*
- 9. You keep forgetting who the King is.*
- 10. You dream of buying a second horse in France.*



In 1274, the son of the Duke of Saxony was killed by a peasant's head projected by trebuchet. It was the world's first serf-face-to-heir missile.

Bizarro

BY DAN PIRARO



What does it mean to give MORE than 100%?

Ever wonder about those people who say they are giving more than 100%? We have all been to those meetings where someone wants you to give over 100%. How about achieving 103%? What makes up 100% in life?

Here's a little mathematical formula that might help you answer these questions:

If

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

is represented as:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26.

and if

H-A-R-D-W-O-R-K

$8+1+18+4+23+15+18+11 = 98\%$

then

K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E

$11+14+15+23+12+5+4+7+5 = 96\%$

but

A-T-T-I-T-U-D-E

$1+20+20+9+20+21+4+5 = 100\%$

and alas

B-U-L-L-S-H-I-T

$2+21+12+12+19+8+9+20 = 103\%$

and yet worse,

A-S-S-K-I-S-S-I-N-G

$1+19+19+11+9+19+19+9+14+7 = 118\%$

So, one can conclude that while Hard Work and Knowledge will get you close, and Attitude will get you there, Bullshit and Ass Kissing will put you over the top. Now you know why Politicians are where they are!





A mountain-climber was close friends with a journalist, and they agreed to have the writer join the climber on one of his ascents. Partway through the event, they stopped on a little shelf and they ate some cheese and drank some milk.

After they came back down, the journalist published a three-page article about their trip, with seven photos of their lunch break.

When asked why he had made such a fuss over the lunch, he answered, "Because it was a ledge 'n' dairy event!"

**THIS DEPARTMENT
HAS WORKED**



DAYS

WITHOUT

A

MONTH PROXON

REFERENCE

**BEST PREVIOUS
RECORD WAS**



DAYS

**DO YOUR PART
HELP MAKE A NEW RECORD**

MUSICAL PUN WARS

Here's how it started:

Why did Beethoven get rid of all his chickens?
They kept saying , "Bach, Bach, Bach!"

The next contribution was

How did they feel about Mo's art?

Today's addition was

He brought all the chickens to the Chopin block. There was no use in Haydn.

[OK, here's some retaliation:]

So after the Chopin block, we brought all the meat and put it into a lovely stew with beets and put the whole thing in the Beethoven to bake until crispy.

We tried to prepare some woven spaghetti noodles for the meal, but we dropped the bowl and it all unRaveled.

One of the volunteers accidentally dropped a container of yogurt into his shoe and claimed that made it Schubert. We had to drop the soiled shoe off for repair at the Schumann.

Then an older member got weary and had to start using his Walker.

The cat got rowdy and we had to put it into its Cage for a while.

Finally, the cook got so irritated with us she told us to bugger Orff.

[I have to stop now so I don't make myself sick.]



A New York couple are touring Louisiana when they see on the map that the next place to order lunch is in Natchitoches. While they're driving, they discuss how to pronounce the name. NATCheetoecheese?

NatcheyeTOTTchez? When they stop for a burger and fries, they ask the young woman, "Can you pronounce where we are very slowly for us?"

The girl leans over the counter so they can watch her lips and she says as distinctly as she can, "Brrrrrr grrrrr Kiiiiinnnnngggg."

Never Argue with a Woman Who Reads Books

One morning the husband returns after several hours of fishing and decides to take a nap. Although not familiar with the lake, the wife decides to take the boat out. She motors out a short distance, anchors, and reads her book.

Along comes a Game Warden in his boat. He pulls up alongside the woman and says, "Good morning, Ma'am. What are you doing?"

"Reading a book," she replies (thinking, "Isn't that obvious?").

"You're in a Restricted Fishing Area," he informs her.

"I'm sorry, officer, but I'm not fishing. I'm reading."

"Yes, but you have all the equipment. For all I know you could start at any moment. I'll have to take you in and write you up."

"For reading a book," she replies.

"You're in a Restricted Fishing Area," he informs her again,

"I'm sorry, officer, but I'm not fishing. I'm reading."

"Yes, but you have all the equipment. For all I know you could start at any moment. I'll have to take you in and write you up."

"If you do that, I'll have to charge you with sexual assault," says the woman.

"But I haven't even touched you," says the game warden.

"That's true, but you have all the equipment. For all I know you could start at any moment."

"Have a nice day ma'am," he said, and he left.

MORAL: Never argue with a woman who reads. It's likely she can also think.



New sleep disorder

We would like to bring to the attention of *CMAJ* readers a neurologic disorder that we believe to be a unique clinical entity.

The disorder is characterized by nocturnal somatic hallucinations and abnormal movements. Affected individuals describe lancinating sensations in the legs, flanks or groin, which commence shortly after they retire for the night. These sensations are immediately followed by uncontrolled flinging or kicking of the legs, jactitations, and spontaneous vocalizations, particularly of obscenities.

This sequence of pain and abnormal movements recurs at irregular intervals throughout the night, waking the affected individual and often the spouse as

well. Marital discord may result. It is not uncommon for the spouse to have identical symptoms. We have observed a slight familial tendency.

In view of the apparent contagiousness of the disorder, we initially believed the cause to be infectious. However, epidemiologic observations carried out by one of us (M.K.) suggested a highly significant association ($p = 0.00513$ by Fisher's exact one-tailed, four-legged test) between the symptoms and the presence in the bed of *Felis catus*. We therefore propose that this new sleep disorder be designated "nocturnal myoclawness".

Deborah Black, MD, FRCPC

Michel Kabay, PhD

34-4125 Blueridge Cres.

Montreal, PQ

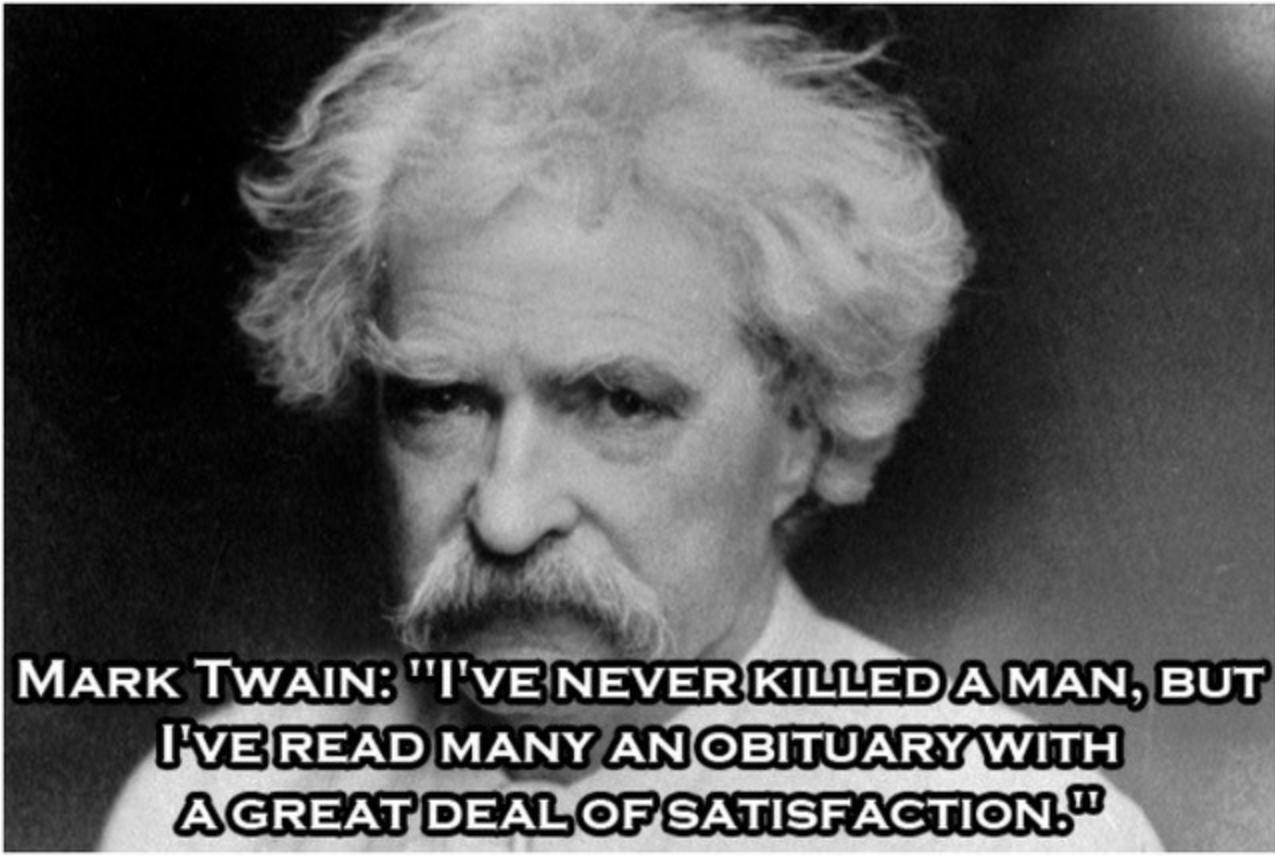
LIST *of* PASTA



I was cleaning my pantry and found some fettucine, penne and vermicelli that had been left out of sight.

Unfortunately all the expiration dates were a couple of years ago, but I didn't think it mattered, so I served them at my next party. The guests really liked the dishes, but alas, they all died.

They just pasta way.



**MARK TWAIN: "I'VE NEVER KILLED A MAN, BUT
I'VE READ MANY AN OBITUARY WITH
A GREAT DEAL OF SATISFACTION."**



Once there was a guy whose parents named him Odd. All through school, Odd was made fun of for his odd name. Eventually, as an grown man, he found a beautiful woman to marry and raise a family with. During a summer day in their 70s, Odd told his wife as they sat in the living room that he had never liked his odd name. He told her that, when he died, she should just put his birthday and date of death on the grave, without his name. Sure enough, several years later, Odd passed away. His wife did as he had requested, and buried him, putting only his birthday and date of death on the gravestone. But it was futile. To this day, people still walk by the grave and say: "Isn't that Odd?"



I was at the local pharmacy this morning when a very rude man refused to put on a mask at the request of the pharmacist. As the argument continued, the customer got so mad he grabbed a bottle of omega-3 capsules and threw it at the pharmacist!

The police came and arrested the assailant. The EMT tech examined the pharmacist and said all was well:

The innocent victim's injuries were only super-fish-oil.

A man in a police uniform, including a peaked cap and a dark jacket over a light blue shirt and dark tie, is looking at a woman. He is holding a clipboard in his left hand and a pen in his right hand. The woman is seen from the back, with blonde hair tied back, wearing a light-colored shirt. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

I'M LOOKING
FOR A MAN
WITH ONE
EYE.

IF YOU USE
BOTH EYES,
YOU'LL FIND HIM
A LOT QUICKER...

RudeCrudeStuff



One day, little Johnny came up to his father and asked, “Dad, where did I come from?”

Dad squirmed a bit but thought it was time his son knew the facts of life.

He told him the expression of love resulted at the beginning of life. How life developed and finally, how a child was born.

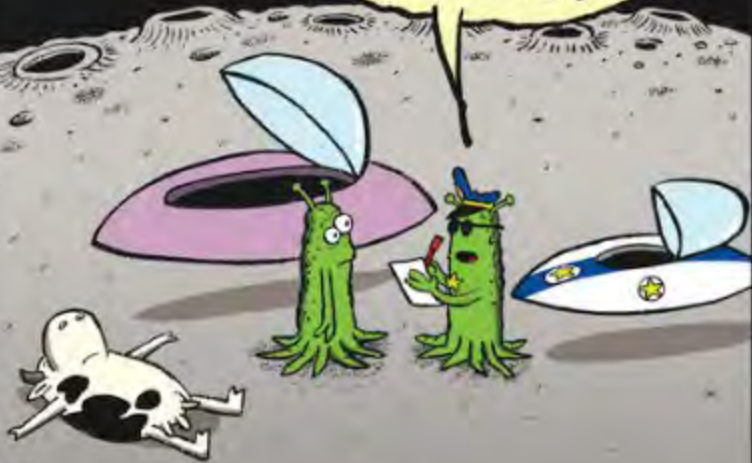
As the story unfolded, Johnny’s eyes got wider and wider.

When his father was finished, Johnny said, “Wow, that is really neat. That sure beats what Billy told me. He said that he came from Cranston.”



In Greek mythology, the first woman was created by Hephaestus following the instructions of Zeus. She was given a jar (usually incorrectly called a box) that contained countless plagues for humanity. And that is the story of Pandora and the origin of the infinite series of puns that have afflicted humanity since speech was given to us by the gods.

LET'S SEE IF I
HAVE THIS STRAIGHT.
YOU WERE CRUISING
PAST THE MOON, MINDING
YOUR OWN BUSINESS, WHEN
THIS COW SUDDENLY
JUMPED OUT OF
NOWHERE?



3-13


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Bill
Wilhelm



Ozymandias

By
Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

King Ozymandias of Assyria was running low on cash after years of war with the Hittites. His last great possession was the Star of the Euphrates, the most valuable diamond in the ancient world. Desperate, he went to Croesus the pawnbroker to ask for a loan.

Croesus said, "I'll give you 100,000 dinars for it."

"But I paid a million dinars for it," protested the King. "Don't you know who I am?? I'm the King!!"

Croesus replied, "When you wish to pawn a Star, makes no difference who you are."



There was a house painter named Smokey who was very interested in making a penny where he could, so he often thinned down his paint to make it go a bit further.

As it happened, he got away with this for some time, but eventually the Anglican Church decided to do a big restoration job on the outside of one of their biggest buildings.

Smokey put in a bid, and, because his price was so low, he got the job.

So he set about erecting the scaffolding and setting up the planks, and buying the paint and, yes, I am sorry to say, thinning it down with water....

Well, Smokey was up on the scaffolding, painting away, the job nearly completed, when suddenly there was a horrendous clap of thunder, the sky opened, and the rain poured down washing the thinned paint from all over the church and knocking Smokey clear off the scaffold to land on the lawn among the gravestones, surrounded by telltale puddles of the thinned and useless paint.

Smokey was no fool. He knew this was a judgment from the Almighty, so he got down on his knees and cried: "Oh, God, Oh God, forgive me; what should I do?"

And from the thunder, a mighty voice spoke: "Repaint! Repaint! And thin no more!"





Tom was working at his job in the kitchen of a pancake restaurant when he slipped on a patch pancake batter that had dripped onto the floor. He fell badly, twisting his right knee. Luckily, he can still pour pancake syrup with either hand into the little serving jugs for the customers.

"I'm ambidextrose," Tom explained, "and I'm battered but happy."

THE PASTOR'S DONKEY

A Pastor entered his donkey in a race and it won. The Pastor was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in the race again and it won again.

The local paper read:

PASTOR'S ASS OUT FRONT.

The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he ordered the Pastor not to enter the donkey in another race.

The next day the local paper headline read: ***BISHOP SCRATCHES PASTOR'S ASS.***



This was too much for the Bishop so he ordered the Pastor to get rid of the donkey. The Pastor decided to give it to a Nun in a nearby convent.

The local paper, hearing of the news, posted the following headline the next day: ***NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN.***

The Bishop fainted. He informed the Nun that she would have to get rid of the donkey so she sold it to a farm for \$10. The next day the paper read: ***NUN SELLS ASS FOR \$10.***

This was too much for the Bishop so he ordered the Nun to buy back the donkey and lead it to the plains where it could run wild. The next day the headlines read: ***NUN ANNOUNCES HER ASS IS WILD AND FREE.***

The Bishop was buried the next day.

The moral of the story is . . . being concerned about public opinion can bring you much grief and misery and even shorten your life.

So be yourself and enjoy life. Stop worrying about everyone else's ass and just cover your own. You'll be a lot happier and live longer!



THE PENGUIN

A cop had a radar speed-trap set up and a guy drives by in a Honda with a penguin in his front seat.

The cop puts on the lights and siren and pulls him over.

"Excuse me, sir," says the cop. "You'll have to take that penguin to the City Zoo."

"Whatever you say," replies the driver.

Next day. Same cop. Same speed trap. Same dude with the penguin in the front seat drives past.

The cop pulls him over again.

"Hey, I thought I told you yesterday that you had to take that penguin to the Zoo?"

"I did, Officer," he replied. "And today I'm taking him to the Art Museum."



On Penguin Funerary Rituals

Did you ever wonder why there are no dead penguins on the ice in Antarctica? Where do they all go?

Wonder no more! It is well-known among ornithologists that the penguin lives a complex life in a sophisticated community and display cultural rituals! Penguins are committed to their family and mate for life; they maintain compassionate contact with their offspring throughout the remainder of their life and develop what can only be described as friendships with other penguins.

When a penguin is found dead on the ice surface, other members of the family and their social circle dig holes in the ice, using only their vestigial wings and beaks, until the hole is deep enough for the dead bird to be rolled into it.

After packing the ice back in the hole, the male penguins then gather in a circle around the fresh grave and sing in four-part harmony:



"Freeze a jolly good fellow, freeze a jolly good fellow, freeze a jolly good fellowwww – that nobody can deny."





My friend Pablo, who has a thriving business in Madrid finding out what's wrong with damaged fountain pens and repairing them, is known as the Pen Doctor. It is always a surprise when he shows up because

No One Expects the Spanish Ink Physician!

PERSONALLY IDENTIFIABLE INFORMATION

A mother is driving a little girl to her friend's house for a play date.

"Mommy," the little girl asks, "how old are you?"

"Honey, you are not supposed to ask a lady her age," the mother replied. "It's not polite."

"Ok", the little girl says, "How much do you weigh?"

"Now really," the mother says, "those are personal questions and are really none of your business."

Undaunted, the little girl asks, "Why did you and Daddy get a divorce?"

"That is enough questions, young lady, honestly!" The exasperated mother walks away as the two friends begin to play.

"My Mom won't tell me anything about herself," the little girl says to her friend.

"Well," says the friend, "all you need to do is look at her driver's license. It is like a report card, it has everything on it."

Later that night the little girl says to her mother, "I know how old you are: you are 32."

The mother is surprised and asks, "How did you find that out?"

"I also know that you weigh 140 pounds."

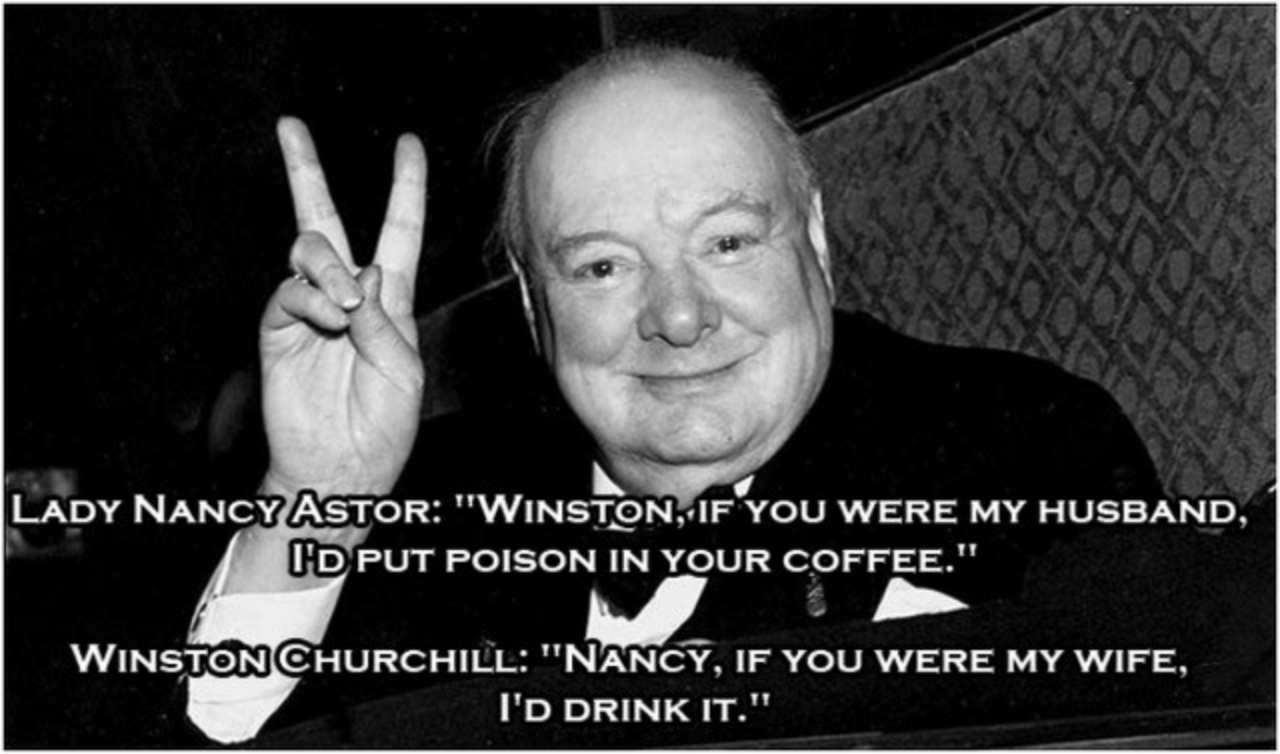
The mother is now shocked. "How in heaven's name did you find that out??"

"And," the little girl says triumphantly, "I know why you and Daddy got a divorce."

"Oh really?" the mother asks. "Why?"

"Because you got an F in sex!"





**LADY NANCY ASTOR: "WINSTON, IF YOU WERE MY HUSBAND,
I'D PUT POISON IN YOUR COFFEE."**

**WINSTON CHURCHILL: "NANCY, IF YOU WERE MY WIFE,
I'D DRINK IT."**

There once was a young cis-gendered female named Little Red Riding-Hood who lived on the edge of a large forest full of endangered owls and rare plants that would probably provide a cure for cancer if only someone took the time to study them.

Red Riding-Hood lived with a nurture giver whom she sometimes referred to as “mother”, although she didn’t mean to imply by this term that she would have thought less of the person if a close biological link did not in fact exist. Nor did she intend to denigrate the equal value of nontraditional households, although she was sorry if this was the impression conveyed.

One day her mother asked her to take a basket of organically grown fruit and mineral water to her grandmother’s house. “But mother, won’t this be stealing work from the unionized people who have struggled for years to earn the right to carry all packages between various people in the woods?” Red Riding-Hood’s mother assured her that she had called the union boss and gotten a special compassionate mission exemption form.

“But mother, aren’t you oppressing me by ordering me to do this?” Red Riding-Hood’s mother pointed out that it was impossible for women to oppress each other, since all women were equally oppressed until all women were free.

“But mother, then shouldn’t you have my brother carry the basket, since he’s an oppressor, and should learn what it’s like to be oppressed?” And Red Riding-Hood’s mother explained that her brother was attending a special rally for animal rights, and besides, this wasn’t stereotypical women’s work, but an empowering deed that would help engender a feeling of community.

“But won’t I be oppressing Grandma, by implying that she’s sick and hence unable to independently further her own selfhood?” But Red Riding-Hood’s mother explained that her grandmother wasn’t actually sick or incapacitated or mentally handicapped in any way, although that was not to imply that any of these conditions were inferior to what some people called “health.”

Thus, Red Riding-Hood felt that she could get behind the idea of delivering the basket to her grandmother, and so she set off.

Many people believed that the forest was a foreboding and dangerous place, but Red Riding-Hood knew that this was an irrational fear based on cultural paradigms instilled by a patriarchal society that regarded the natural world as an exploitable resource, and hence believed that natural predators were in fact intolerable competitors.

Other people avoided the woods for fear of thieves and deviants, but Red Riding-Hood felt that in a truly classless society all marginalized peoples would be able to “come out” of the woods and be accepted as valid lifestyle role models.

On her way to Grandma’s house, Red Riding-Hood passed a wood-cutter, and wandered off the path to examine some flowers as part of her sensitivity to the natural world. She was startled to find herself standing before a Wolf, who asked her what was in her basket. Red Riding-Hood’s teacher had warned her never to talk to strangers, but she was confident in taking control of her own budding sexuality, and chose to dialogue with the Wolf. She replied, “I am taking my Grandmother some healthful snacks in a gesture of solidarity.”

The Wolf said, “You know, my dear, it isn’t safe for a little girl to walk through these woods alone.” Red Riding-Hood said, “I find your sexist remark offensive in the extreme, but I will ignore it because of your traditional status as an outcast from society, the stress of which has caused you to develop an alternative and yet entirely valid world view. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I would prefer to be on my way.” Red Riding-Hood returned to the main path, and proceeded towards her Grandmother’s house.

Because his status outside society had freed him from slavish adherence to linear, Western-style thought, the Wolf knew of a quicker route to Grandma’s house. He burst into the house and ate Grandma, a course of action affirmative of his nature as a predator. Then, unhampered by rigid, traditionalist gender-role notions, he put on Grandma’s nightclothes, crawled under the bedclothes, and awaited developments.

Red Riding-Hood entered the cottage and said, “Grandma, I have brought you some cruelty-free vegan snacks to salute you in your role of wise and nurturing matriarch.” The Wolf said softly “Come closer, child, so that I might see you.” Red Riding-Hood said, “Goodness! Grandma, what big eyes you have!” “You forget that I am optically challenged,” the Wolf replied. “And Grandma, what an enormous and fine nose you have.” The Wolf said, “Naturally, I could have had it fixed to help my acting career, but I didn’t give in to such societal pressures, my child.” “And Grandma, what very big sharp teeth you have!”

The Wolf could not take any more of these speciesist slurs, and, in a reaction appropriate for his accustomed milieu, he leaped out of bed, grabbed Little Red Riding-Hood, and opened his jaws so wide that she could see her poor Grandmother cowering in his belly. “Aren’t you forgetting something?” Red Riding-Hood bravely shouted. “You must request my permission before proceeding to a new level of intimacy!”

The Wolf was so startled by this statement that he loosened his grasp on her. At the same time, the wood-cutter burst into the cottage, brandishing an ax. “Hands off!” cried the wood-cutter. “And what do you think you’re doing?” cried Little Red Riding-Hood. “If I let you help me now, I would be expressing a lack of confidence in my own abilities, which would lead to poor self esteem and lower achievement scores on college entrance exams.”

“Last chance, sister! Get your hands off that endangered species! This is an FBI sting!” screamed the wood-cutter, and when Little Red Riding-Hood nonetheless made a sudden motion, he sliced off her head.

“Thank goodness you got here in time,” said the Wolf. “The brat and her grandmother lured me in here. I thought I was a goner.” “No, I think I’m the real victim, here,” said the wood-cutter. “I’ve been dealing with my anger ever since I saw her picking those protected flowers earlier. And now I’m going to have such a trauma. Do you have any Aspirin?” “Sure,” said the Wolf. “Thanks.” “I feel your pain,” said the Wolf, and he patted the wood-cutter on his firm, well padded back, gave a little belch, and said “Do you have any Maalox?”



“Well that’s how it happened, Sylvia. ... I kissed this frog, he turns into a prince, we get married, and WHAM! ... I’m stuck at home with a bunch of pollywogs.”



A wealthy man is painting the new toolshed in his yard when a passerby who's looking for work asks politely if he could be helpful. "Yes, take this brush and can of paint and paint my porch in the back of the house."

About 30 minutes later the workman comes back and says, "Done! But that's not a Porsche, it's a Mercedes."

- Prairie Home Companion

IS POTATO

In recent weeks (March and April 2022), as the Russian dictator pursues his ill-conceived attacks on the Ukraine, humorist Stephen Colbert has been inserting the phrase "IS POTATO" in various satirical comments about Russia. Here is a contribution.

* * *

A girl potato and a boy potato had eyes for each other, and finally they got married and had a little sweet potato which they called 'Yam.' Of course, they wanted the best for Yam, and when it was time, they told her about the facts of life.

They warned her about going out and getting half-baked, so she wouldn't get accidentally mashed, and get a bad name for herself like 'Hot Potato,' and end up with a bunch of tater tots.



Yam said not to worry, no spud would get her into the sack and make a rotten potato out of her, but on the other hand she wouldn't stay home and become a couch potato either. She would get plenty of exercise so as not to be skinny like her



shoestring cousins.

When she went off to Europe, Mr. And Mrs. Potato told Yam to watch out for the hard-boiled guys from Ireland and the greasy guys from France called the French fries. Yam said she would stay on the straight and narrow and wouldn't associate with those high-class Yukon Golds, or the ones from the other side of the tracks who advertise their trade on all the trucks that say, 'Frito Lay.'

Mr. And Mrs. Potato sent Yam to Idaho P.U. (that's Potato University) so that when she graduated she'd really be in the chips. But in spite of all they did for her, one-day Yam came home and announced she wanted to marry John Oliver.

John Oliver?!?

Mr. And Mrs. Potato were very upset. They told Yam she couldn't possibly marry John Oliver because he's married to a wonderful woman who served as a medic in the United States Army. But even if he weren't married, he's just...

Are you ready for this?

Are you sure?

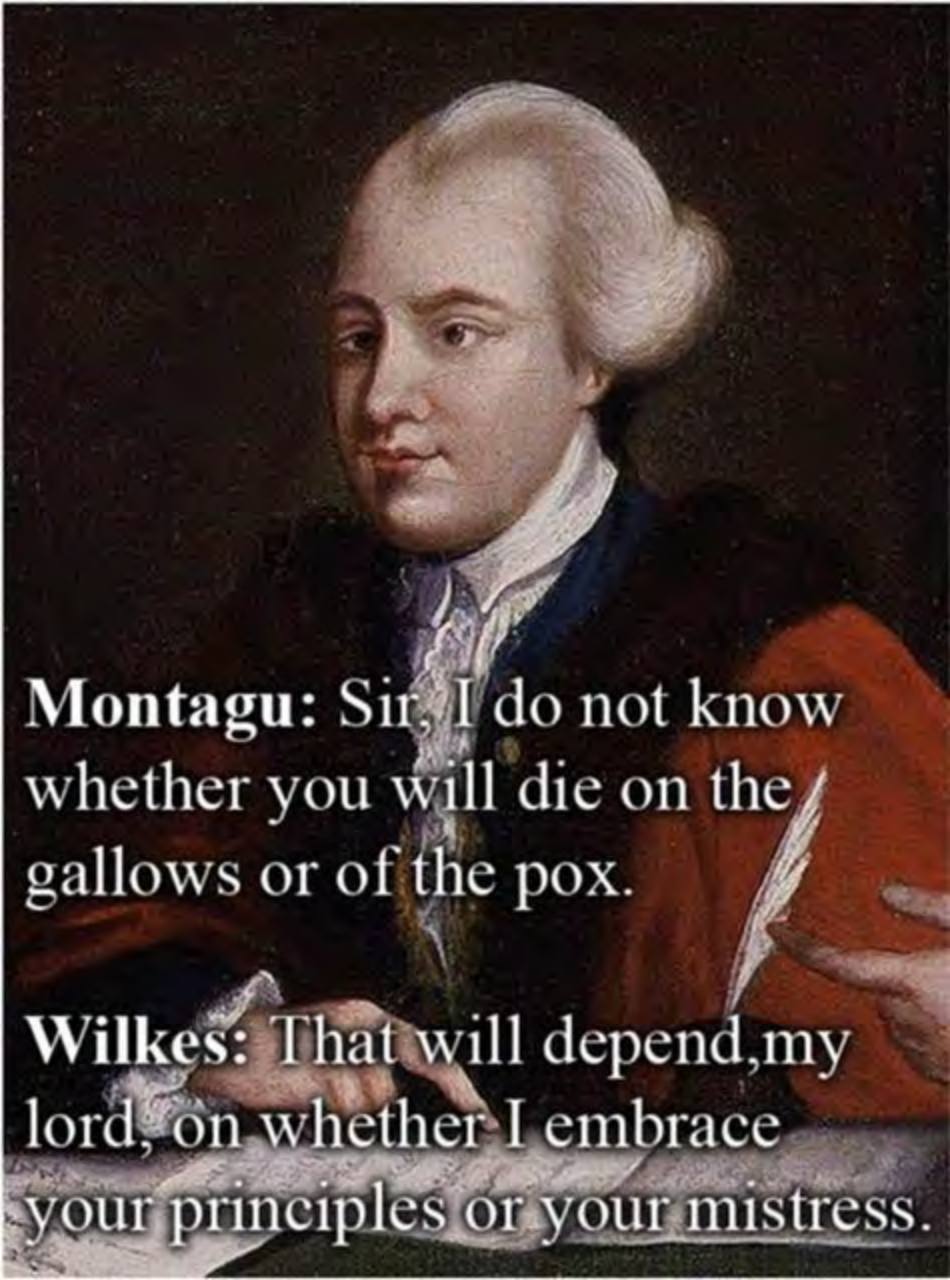
OK!

...a commontater.





I tried to get investors for my baby Dutch Yellow Potatoes in Idaho, but they all thought it was small potatoes.



Montagu: Sir, I do not know whether you will die on the gallows or of the pox.

Wilkes: That will depend, my lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress.



Princess Kittrinos, daughter of King Nephro and Queen Katouro, suffered from a distressing illness: urinary incontinence. Court physicians tried everything they could think of, especially because the King insisted on decapitating the doctors who didn't succeed in curing his beloved daughter's distress.

Eventually the court Jester, Kalampourtis, hit upon a workaround. He arranged to have the Princess sleep on twelve layers of mattresses so that any of the soiled ones could simply be replaced.

**And that, children, is the origin of the story of
The Princess and the Pee.**

PROXY FATHERS AND THE BABY PHOTOGRAPHER

The British Government's policy of socialized medicine has recently been broadened to include a service called "Proxy Fathers". Under the government plan, any married woman who is unable to become pregnant through the first five years of her marriage may request the service of a proxy father - a government employee who attempts to solve the couple's problem by impregnating the wife.

The Smiths, a young couple, have no children and a proxy father is due to arrive. Leaving for work, Mr. Smith says, "I'm off. The government man should be here soon". Moments later, a door-to-door baby photographer rings the bell . . .

Ms. Smith: Good morning.

Salesman: Good morning, madam. You don't know me, but I've come to . . .

Ms. Smith: No need to explain, I've been expecting you.

Salesman: Really? Well, good. I've made a specialty of babies, especially twins.

Ms. Smith: That's what my husband and I had hoped. Please come in and have a seat.

Salesman: (Sitting) Then you don't need to be sold on the idea?

Ms. Smith: Don't concern yourself. My husband and I both agree this is the right thing to do.

Salesman: Well, perhaps we should get down to it.

Ms. Smith: (Blushing) Just where do we start?

Salesman: Leave everything to me. I usually try two in the bath tub, one on the couch and perhaps a couple on the bed. Sometimes the living room floor allows the subject to really spread out.

Ms. Smith: Bath tub, living room floor? No wonder it hasn't worked for Harry and me.

Salesman: Well, madam, none of us can guarantee a good one every time, but if we try several locations and I shoot from six or seven angles, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the result. In fact, my business card says, "I aim to please".

Ms. Smith: Pardon me, but isn't this a little informal?

Salesman: Madam, in my line of work, a man must be at ease and take his time. I'd love to be in and out in five minutes, but you'd be disappointed with that.

Ms. Smith: Don't I know? Have you had much success at this?

Salesman: (Opening his briefcase and finding baby pictures) Just look at this picture. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a bus in downtown London.

Ms. Smith: Oh, my?

Salesman: And here are pictures of the prettiest twins in town. They turned out exceptionally well when you consider their mother was so difficult to work with.

Ms. Smith: She was?

Salesman: Yes, I'm afraid so. I finally had to take her down to Hyde Park to get the job done right. I've never worked under such impossible conditions. People were crowding around four and five deep, pushing to get a good look.

Ms. Smith: Four and five deep?

Salesman: Yes, and for more than three hours, too. The mother got so excited she started bouncing around, squealing and yelling at the crowd. I couldn't concentrate. I'm afraid I had to ask a couple of men to restrain her. By that time, darkness was approaching, and I began to rush my shots. When the squirrels began nibbling on my equipment, I just packed it all in.

Ms. Smith: You mean, they actually chewed on your, uh . . . equipment?

Salesman: That's right, but it's all in a day's work. I consider my work a pleasure. I've spent years perfecting my patented technique. Now take this baby, I shot this one in the front window of a big department store.

Ms. Smith: I just can't believe it.

Salesman: Well, madam, if you're ready, I'll set up my tripod so that we can get to work.

Ms. Smith: TRIPOD???

Salesman: Oh yes, I have to use a tripod to rest my equipment on. It's much too heavy and unwieldy for me to hold while I'm shooting . . . Ms. Smith? . . . Ms. Smith? . . . My word, she's fainted!



Little Melissa comes home from first grade and tells her father that they learned about the history of Valentine's Day. "Since Valentine's Day is for a Christian saint and we're Jewish," she asks, "will G-d get mad at me for giving someone a valentine?"

Melissa's father thinks a bit, then says "No, I don't think God would get mad. Who do you want to give a Valentine to?"

"Vladimir Putin," she says.

"Why Vladimir Putin??" asks her father in shock.

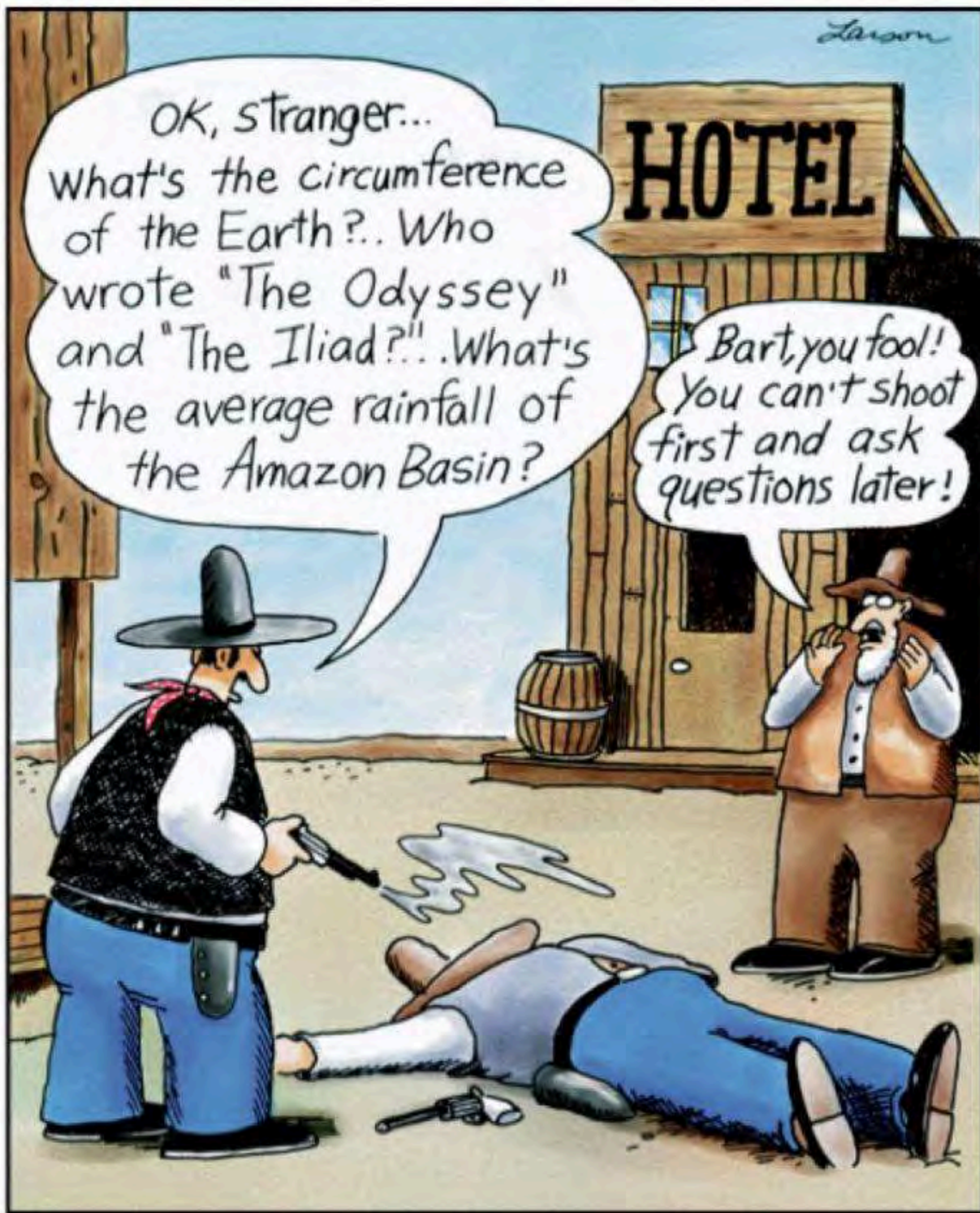
"Well," she says, "I thought that if a little American Jewish girl could have enough love to give him Valentine, he might start to think that maybe we're not all bad, and maybe start loving people a little bit. And if other kids saw what I did and sent Valentines to President Putin, he'd love everyone a lot. And then he'd start going all over the place to tell everyone how much he loved them and how he didn't hate anyone anymore."

Her father's heart swells and he looks at his daughter with newfound pride. "Melissa, that's the most wonderful thing I've ever heard."

"I know, "Melissa says, "and once that gets him out in the open, we could shoot him!"

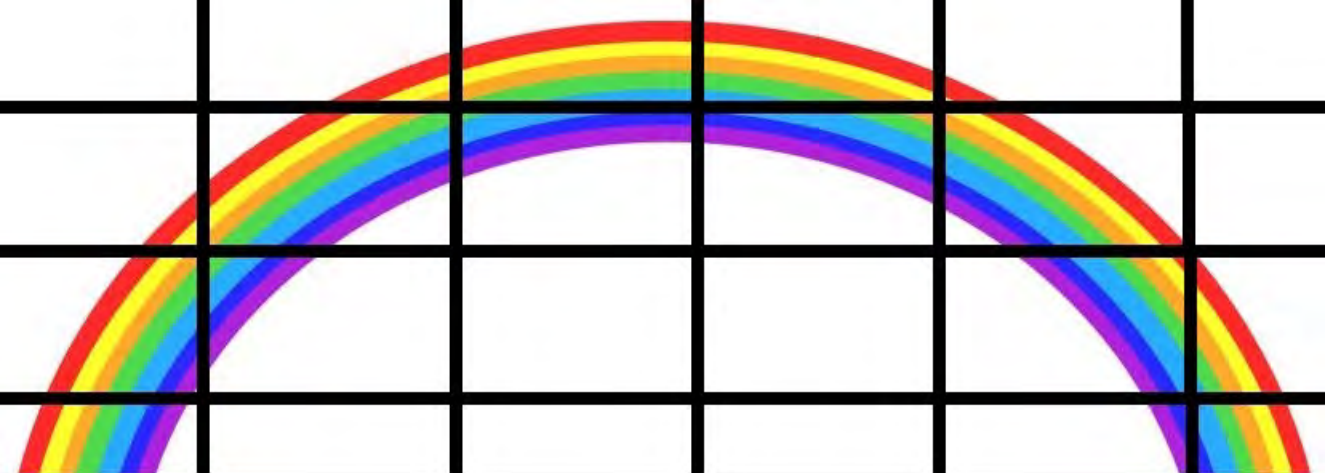
Looks like those big-eyed weirdos
in those flying whatever's left us
another big pointy thing last night.





OK, stranger...
What's the circumference
of the Earth?.. Who
wrote "The Odyssey"
and "The Iliad?".. What's
the average rainfall of
the Amazon Basin?

Bart, you fool!
You can't shoot
first and ask
questions later!



This is where rainbows are sent
if they violate the law:



It's a light sentence.



**"Good news! Turns out
it was just a loose screw!"**



"DON'T THEY USUALLY READ OUT LOUD?"

**WE DON'T EAT EGGS,
MEAT, FISH, DAIRY, OR
GLUTEN. WHAT WOULD
YOU RECOMMEND?**

A TAXI.



Found some old records in the attic. Don't remember this band, but this album's awful and it totally messed up the record player!



I Need A Relationship
THAT MOVES FORWARD, EDWIN!
WITH YOU, IT JUST KEEPS ENDING
UP RIGHT BACK WHERE
IT STARTED!





A computer programmer, bored with his job, decided to start his own business. Wanting to do something totally different from his current occupation, he bought a mating pair of rheas and a large tract of land.

His rhea farm was soon doing a booming business as there appeared to be a great demand for the birds. Not being satisfied with just selling the birds, the rhea farmer started researching how the birds were being used. He found that all parts of the birds were being utilized, except the feathers. Nobody wanted the plainly colored rhea feathers.

The ex-programmer, now rhea farmer, purchased some equipment, technical people, and chemicals, and was soon selling fancy, colored rhea feathers. The resulting sales were amazing and made the new feather merchant very happy. There was one small problem. The workers making the colored feathers were becoming quite ill. The concerned young man called in a number of doctors to determine the nature of the illness.

It was discovered that without exception, the workers had developed a severe case of

"dye a rhea".

**ONE NIGHT A VIKING NAMED RUDOLPH THE
RED WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN
HE SAID, "IT'S GOING TO RAIN."**



CAVEEMAN

HIS WIFE ASKED, "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

**"BECAUSE RUDOLPH THE RED
KNOWS RAIN, DEAR."**

A Safari Story

A tour guide was taking a group of European and American tourists through a game park in Tanzania. The group stopped to watch a pride of lions but unfortunately, one of the visitors, a Czechoslovakian businessman, made the mistake of approaching the animals too closely. With an explosion of roaring and snapping, the entire group of lions leapt upon the unfortunate animal-lover and he disappeared from view under a cloud of flying fur and flashing teeth.

When the lions settled down, the horrified visitors, now huddled in their Land Rover at some distance, observed that several animals were lolling about looking particularly pleased.

One of the shaking tourists asked, "I wonder which one ate our friend?"

The tour guide pointed confidently and said, "That one – the one with the huge mane."

Another tourist asked curiously, "How can you possibly know that?"

The tour guide said, "Why, because the Czech is *always* in the male."





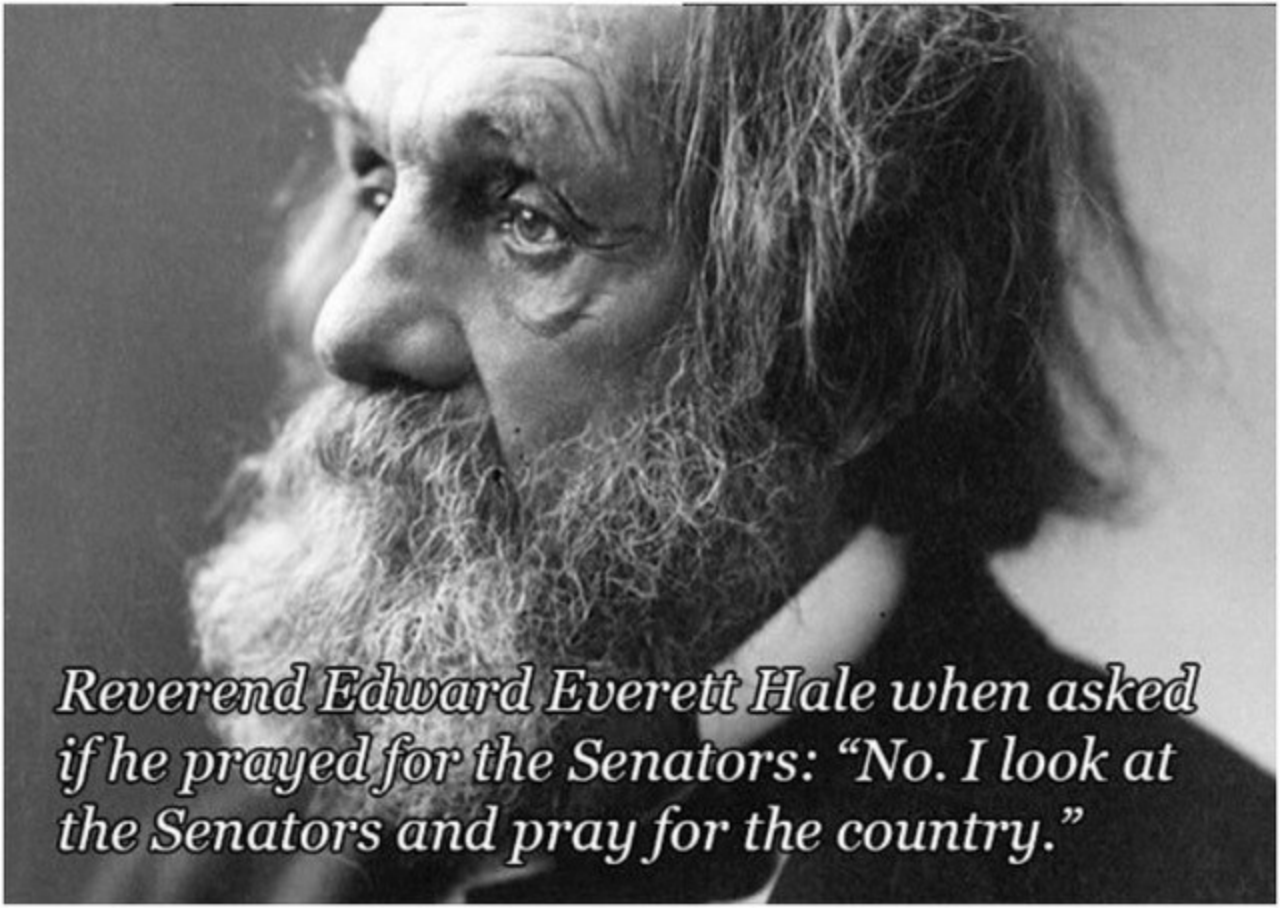
One time at the hoagie shop, Ms O'Hara (the actress) asked me what the tiny pimiento-stuffed green thing was in my cheddar-bread sandwich.

I answered, "Wee olive in a yellow sub, Maureen."

**Fr Jerry Kopacek,
Elma, Indiana, USA**



I'll never forget the look on the cashier's face when they scanned the packet of bird seed and I asked them how long it would take for the birds to grow once I planted the seeds.



Reverend Edward Everett Hale when asked if he prayed for the Senators: "No. I look at the Senators and pray for the country."

Shaggy Dog Stories from Martin Rebas

<http://www.rebas.se/humor/jokes.shtml>

1 Emergency Cake

A baker is just getting ready lock his front door when a man rushes up. "I need to have a cake made right now!" he exclaims.

"I'm sorry," replies the baker. "But I was just closing up. I've dismissed my staff; I've shut down my machines; I'm afraid you'll have to come back tomorrow."

"I can't wait until tomorrow!" insists the man. "It's absolutely imperative that this cake be made right now!"

The baker always liked to think of himself as a nice guy, so he says, "All right, I'll see what I can do." He goes inside and turns all his appliances back on. He then approaches the counter and ties on his apron. "Okay, what is it you need?"

The man whips out a sketch from his pocket. It's a very well drawn depiction of a cake. "It has to look just like this," says the man. "Exactly one foot wide, one foot long, and six inches tall. White frosting, blue icing, and a red cursive 'S' in the middle. Just like this."

Somewhat startled, the baker ponders the sketch for a few moments and replies. "I think I can do that. It will be ready in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!?" exclaims the man. "That won't do. I need this in fifteen minutes."

"Fifteen minutes?" responds the baker. "I'm not sure I can do that. I suppose I might be able to get it done that fast if I used some pre-made dough. It wouldn't taste as good but..."

"I don't care. Just get to it, please," blurts the man, while checking his watch frantically.

So the baker goes back and makes the cake. He works faster than he ever has before, and somehow produces the cake in just under fifteen minutes. He presents it to the man fresh out of the oven. "Will this be sufficient?" he asks.

The man takes a measuring tape from his pocket. He checks the length, width, and height very carefully. He then compares it to the sketch. Suddenly, a look of horror comes across his face. "No no!" he exclaims. "The 's' is the wrong shade of red! It has to be the same shade as the sketch. Oh, what will I do now?"

"Calm down," says the baker. "If the shade really is a problem I think I can re-ice it. It may take a few more minutes..."

"You can?" asks the man anxiously. "Well please, get going!"

So the baker quickly takes the cake back and puts on a new "S". A few minutes later he brings it back to the visibly distraught man. "There you go. Is this what you were looking for?" he asks.

Once again the man scrutinizes the cake, checking every detail. He compares the shades of red, and this time decides they're all right. "Okay" says the man quickly, "this is good. Can I pay you now?"

"Of course," says the baker, hastily readying the cash register. "Now, the boxes we have available are over here. Do you want to pick one out?"

"Oh no, that won't be necessary," answers the man. "I'll eat it here."

2 Three wishes

This chap walks into a pub and to his astonishment, notices that there's a chap stood at the bar who has a huge orange for a head. Despite his curiosity, the chap decides not to pry and sits down quietly.

After a few drinks, curiosity has overcome the chap and he decides to enquire.

"Excuse me, mate, but I couldn't help noticing you have a big orange for a head. What happened?"

"Well," says the man with the big orange for a head, "I moved into a large old house not so long ago. One afternoon, I decided to explore the attic and found an old brass lamp in the corner. I rubbed the lamp and a Genie popped out, explained he had been trapped in there for two hundred years, and would grant me three wishes for releasing him."

"So what did you ask for first?" asks the curious chap.

"I asked for ten million pounds. The Genie clapped his hands, there was a flash of lightning, and he asked me to phone the bank, who confirmed my balance was now ten million pounds!"

"What did you ask for with your second wish?"

"Well, I asked if I could make love to the ten most beautiful women in the world. Again, the Genie clapped his hands, there was a flash of lightning, and the doorbell rang. Ten supermodels ran in, picked me up, carried me to bed, and ravished me all night!"

"Wow," says the curious chap, "What did you ask for with your third wish?"

"Well, I asked for a big orange for a head."

Shaggy Dog Stories from Martin Rebas

<http://www.rebas.se/humor/jokes.shtml>

3 Calling home

Maid answers: Hello?

Tough Mafioso: Put my wife on the phone.

Maid: Just a minute.

Maid comes back after a minute: I'm sorry but she's indisposed in the bathroom.

Tough Mafioso: I said put her on the phone. Now!

Maid stutters: She, she can't come to the phone right now.

Tough Mafioso: If you don't get her on the phone in two seconds I'm gonna come over there and pull your jaw from your face.

Maid stutters: You, you don't understand, she's in there with another man.

Tough Mafioso: What!?!

Maid: Yeah.

Tough Mafioso: Listen, this is what I want you to do, I want you to shoot them both dead and then get rid of the gun.

Maid stutters: I, I can't do that, I can't shoot anybody.

Tough Mafioso: You do it Now!

Maid stutters: I, I can't!

Tough Mafioso: If you don't do it right now I'm gonna kill you and your whole family. Go do it now! I wanna hear the shots.

Maid: Ok.

The tough mafioso hears two loud shots over the phone.

Maid stutters: I did it.

Tough Mafioso: Good. What'd ya you do with the gun?

Maid stutters: I threw it in the pool.

Tough Mafioso: Pool? What pool? We don't have a pool!? ...Is this 734-2264?

4 How To Punish a Rabbi

An orthodox Rabbi went golfing, although it was on the Sabbath. Gabriel saw him, and summoned God.

"YHWH!" said Gabriel, "We have a rabbi golfing on the Sabbath. Strike him down with a lightning bolt." God said, "I've got better plans for him."

Just then, the Rabbi took a swing at the ball, and it drove 420 yards, bounced and rolled up onto the green and fell directly into the cup, a hole-in-one. The Rabbi was ecstatic, whooping it up.

Gabriel says to God, "What gives, I thought you were going to punish him?"

God says, "Who's he going to tell?"

5 CIA job application

Three guys are applying for job with the CIA. They got all the way to the final test.

So the first guy walks into the directors office and sits down. The director reaches in his desk and pulls out a pistol. Lays it on his desk in front of the guy. Tells him, "This test is to test your loyalty. Take this gun and go up the stairs and go into the first room on your right. Your wife will be in there. Put a bullet in her head." The guy looks at him and says, "no way." So the director says, "You fail."

The next guy comes in. The director tells him the same thing. Guy picks up the gun and head for the room. Comes back about 15 minutes later. Tells the director that he just couldn't go through with it. The director says, "you fail."

So now the third guy comes in, same scene. Guy heads up to the room. The director hears 3 shots, followed by a whole lot of ruckus(glass breaking, furniture getting smashed). Guy comes back in all beat up and his clothes tore up. The director goes, "What happened to you?" Guy replies, "After three shots I realized that there were blanks in the gun so I had to choke her to death."

6 Important business

I was in the VIP lounge last week en route to Seattle. Whilst in the lounge, I noticed Bill Gates sitting on the Chesterfield enjoying a cognac.

I was meeting with a very important client who was also flying to Seattle with me but she was running a bit late.

Being a forward type of guy, I approached Mr Gates and introduced myself. I explained to him that I was conducting some very important business and how I would appreciate it if he could throw a quick "Hello, Chris" at me when I was with my client. He agreed.

Ten minutes later while I was conversing with my client, I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Bill Gates. I turned around and looked up at him. He said "Hi Chris, what's happening?"

To which I replied "Fuck off Gates, I'm in a meeting".

Shaggy Dog Stories from Martin Rebas

<http://www.rebas.se/humor/jokes.shtml>

7 Race horse prediction

A geneticist, a physiologist and a physicist were summoned to meet a wealthy racehorse magnate. He told them he would give a million pounds to the one who could accurately identify race-winning horses. After six months of hard work, they returned to present their results to the expectant millionaire.

The geneticist said, "I've looked into all the current genetic research, checked blood-lines going back decades, but there are just too many behavioural and environmental factors. I can't help."

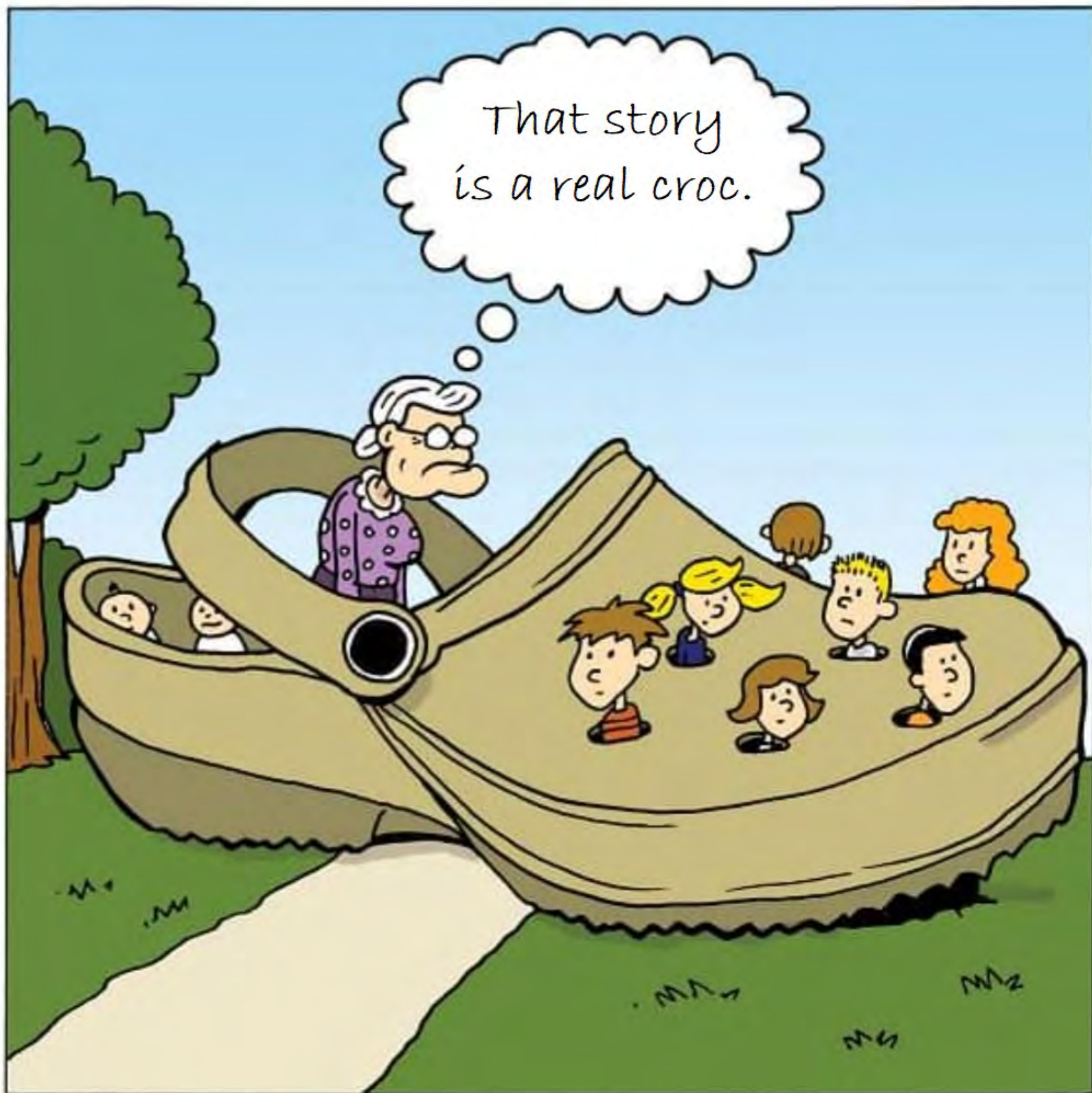
The physiologist said, "I've looked at muscle mass, bone volume and density, and all the other factors I can think of, but the problem's too complex. There's just no guarantee of predicting a winner."

Finally, the physicist calmly walks up to the millionaire and gives him an index card. "Here you go," he says "I've found an equation that solves the problem for you."

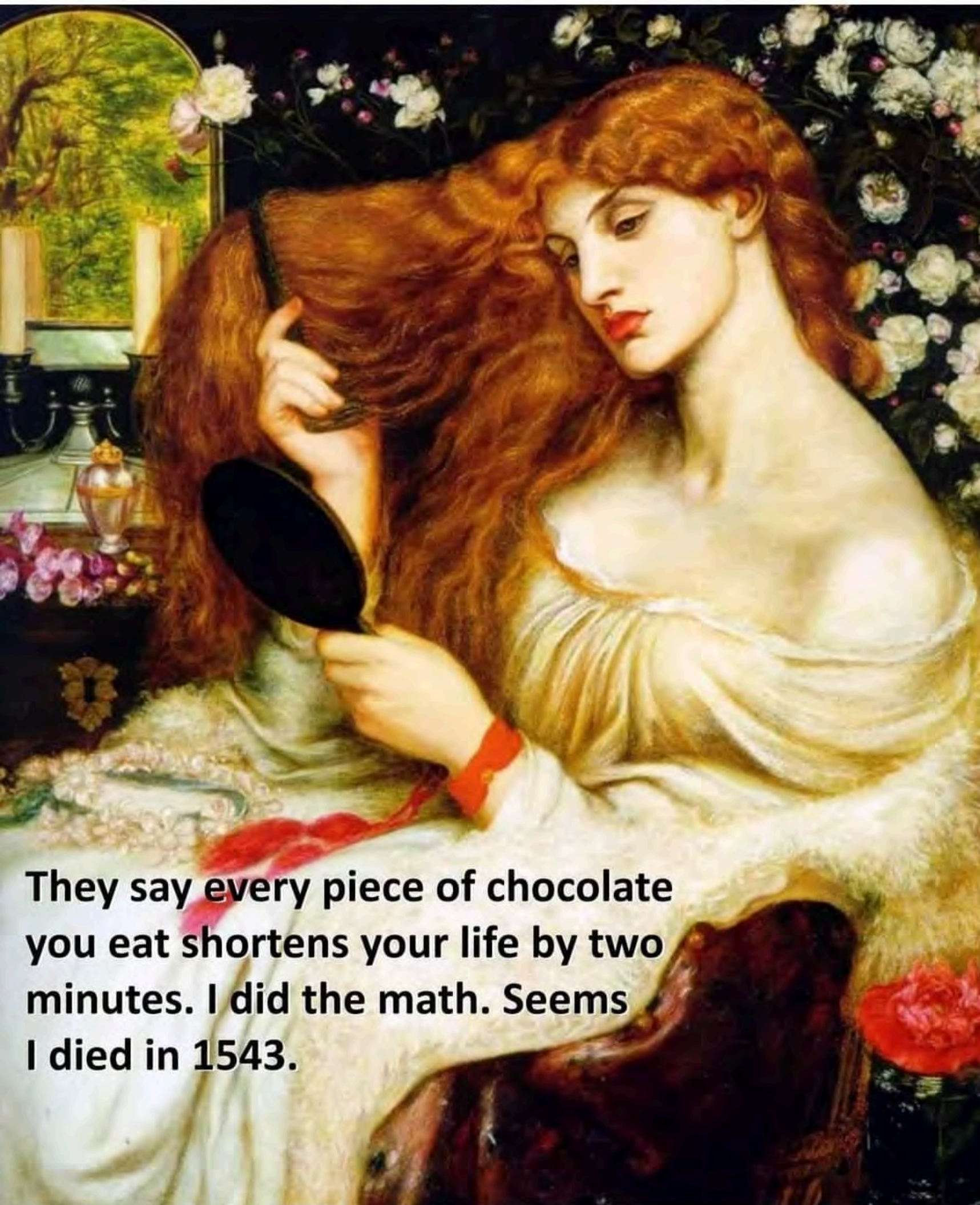
"Wow," said the millionaire, "That's impressive...I'll get my cheque book."

"Great. But there's one thing you should know," said the physicist. "It only works for a spherically symmetric horse travelling in a vacuum."





THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE



Thomas Walker wrote:

I did the math. The OP would have had to consume 125,881,200 pieces of Chocolate. If an average piece of Chocolate is 10 grams, then that is 1,258,812 kilograms of chocolate. If the average human lifespan is 80 years, then you would have had to consume a piece of chocolate every 20 seconds without sleeping or breaks, from birth to death, at a rate of 43.11 kg of chocolate a day. If starting at 5 years old and allowing for 8 hours of sleep a night, then that shrinks to a piece of chocolate every 12.5 seconds and 45.984 kg of chocolate per day.

That's dedication

They say every piece of chocolate you eat shortens your life by two minutes. I did the math. Seems I died in 1543.

SOFT-SOAP ROUTINE

Circulating on the 'Net in November 1999

Something for all of us who travel regularly

*The following letters are taken from an actual incident between a London hotel and one of its guests.
The Hotel ended up submitting the letters to the London Sunday Times.*

Dear Maid,

Please do not leave any more of those little bars of soap in my bathroom since I have brought my own bath sized Dial. Please remove the six unopened little bars from the shelf under the medicine chest and another three in the shower soap dish. They are in my way.

Thank you, S. Berman

* * *

Dear Room 635,

I am not your regular maid. She will be back tomorrow, Thursday, from her day off. I took the 3 hotel soaps out of the shower soap dish as you requested. The 6 bars on your shelf I took out of your way and put on top of your Kleenex dispenser in case you should change your mind. This leaves only the 3 bars I left today which my instruction from the management is to leave 3 soaps daily.

I hope this is satisfactory.

Kathy, Relief Maid

* * *

Dear Maid

I hope you are my regular maid. Apparently Kathy did not tell you about my note to her concerning the little bars of soap. When I got back to my room this evening I found you had added 3 little Camays to the shelf under my medicine cabinet. I am going to be here in the hotel for two weeks and have brought my own bath size Dial so I won't need those 6 little Camays, which are on the shelf. They are in my way when shaving, brushing teeth, etc. Please remove them.

S. Berman

* * *

Dear Mr Berman,

My day off was last Wed. so the relief maid left 3 hotel soaps, which we are instructed by the management. I took the 6 soaps, which were in your way on the shelf and put them in the soap dish where your Dial was. I put the Dial in the medicine cabinet for your convenience. I didn't remove the 3 complimentary soaps, which are always placed inside the medicine cabinet for all new check ins and which you did not object to when you checked in last Monday.

Please let me know if I can of further assistance.

Your regular maid, Dotty

Dear Mr Berman,

The assistant manager, Mr Kensedder, informed me this morning that you called him last evening and said you were unhappy with your maid service.

I have assigned a new girl to your room. I hope you will accept my apologies for any past inconvenience. If you have any future complaints please contact me so I can give it my personal attention. Call extension 1108 between 8AM and 5PM.

Thank you.

Elaine Carmen Housekeeper

* * *

Dear Miss Carmen,

It is impossible to contact you by phone since I leave the hotel for business at 7:45 AM and don't get back before 5:30 or 6PM. That's the reason I called Mr Kensedder last night. You were already off duty. I only asked Mr Kensedder if he could do anything about those little bars of soap. The new maid you assigned me must have thought I was a new check in today, since she left another 3 bars of hotel soap in my medicine cabinet along with her regular delivery of 3 bars on the bathroom shelf. In just 5 days here I have accumulated 24 little bars of soap. Why are you doing this to me?

S. Berman

* * *

Dear Mr Berman,

Your maid, Kathy, has been instructed to stop delivering soap to your room and remove the extra soaps. If I can be of further assistance, please call extension 1108 between 8AM and 5PM.

Thank you,

Elaine Carmen, Housekeeper

* * *

Dear Mr Kensedder,

My bath size Dial is missing.

Every bar of soap was taken from my room including my own bath size Dial. I came in late last night and had to call the bellhop to bring me 4 little Cashmere Bouquets.

S. Berman

* * *

Dear Mr Berman,

I have informed our housekeeper, Elaine Carmen, of your soap problem. I cannot understand why there was no soap in your room since our maids are instructed to leave 3 bars of soap each time they service a room. The situation will be rectified immediately. Please accept my apologies for the inconvenience.

Martin L. Kensedder Assistant Manager

* * *

Dear Mrs Carmen,

Who the hell left 54 little bars of Camay in my room?

I came in last night and found 54 little bars of soap. I don't want 54 little bars of Camay. I want my one damn bar of bath size Dial. Do you realize I have 54 bars of soap in here? All I want is my bath size Dial. Please give me back my bath size Dial.

S. Berman

* * *

Dear Mr Berman,

You complained of too much soap in your room so I had them removed.

Then you complained to Mr Kensedder that all your soap was missing so I personally returned them. The 24 Camays which had been taken and the 3 Camays you are supposed to receive daily. I don't know anything about the 4 Cashmere Bouquets. Obviously your maid, Kathy, did not know I had returned your soaps so she also brought 24 Camays plus the 3 daily Camays.

I don't know where you got the idea this hotel issues bath size Dial. I was able to locate some bath size Ivory which I left in your room.

Elaine Carmen Housekeeper

* * *

Dear Mrs Carmen,

Just a short note to bring you up to date on my latest soap inventory. As of today I possess:

- On the shelf under medicine cabinet 18 Camay in 4 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 2.
- On the Kleenex dispenser 11 Camay in 2 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 3.
- On the bedroom dresser 1 stack of 3 Cashmere Bouquet, 1 stack of 4 hotel size Ivory, and 8 Camay in 2 stacks of 4.
- Inside the medicine cabinet 14 Camay in 3 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 2.
- In the shower soap dish 6 Camay, very moist.
- On the northeast corner of tub 1 Cashmere Bouquet, slightly used.
- The northwest corner of tub 6 Camays in 2 stacks of 3.

Please ask Kathy when she services my room to make sure the stacks are neatly piled and dusted. Also, please advise her that stacks of more than 4 have a tendency to tip. May I suggest that my bedroom window sill is not in use and will make an excellent spot for future soap deliveries. One more item, I have purchased another bar of bath sized Dial which I am keeping in the hotel vault in order to avoid further misunderstandings.

S. Berman



A man was mixing a martini, and a kitten was studying every action intently. She watched him take the ice from the freezer. She followed the ice to the glass. She helped him measure out the liquor and stared at the ritual of the spearing of the olives. Suddenly, a lemon twist slipped from his hands and flew across the kitchen. The kitten couldn't believe her luck. She got there first. She bit into the yellow twist before the man could stop her, certain of a wonderful treat these humans enjoy. The kitten's face screwed up as she spit out the bitter rind. "Aha," said the mixologist, "So you have learned a rind is a terrible thing to taste."



For several years, a married man and an Italian woman were having an illicit affair. When she told him that she was pregnant, he tried to avoid ruining his marriage by paying her to have the child in Italy. He promised to support her and the child until their offspring turned 18 years. She agreed, but asked how he would know when the baby was born. He told her to keep it discrete by sending him a postcard with the word "spaghetti" on the back. He would then know to start the payments.

About nine months later, he came home to his very confused wife. "Honey," she said, "you got a very strange postcard today from Italy."

"Really," he said. "Let me see...." The wife was amazed when he read the card, turned pale, and fainted on the spot.

On the card was written, "Spaghetti, spaghetti, spaghetti -- two with meatbals and one without. Send extra sauce."

Philip of Macedonia in a message to Sparta: "You are advised to submit without further delay, for if I bring my army into your land, I will destroy your farms, slay your people, and raze your city."

Sparta's reply: "If."



HE'S REALLY HIT
THE BIG THYME!





**I got some
spinach**

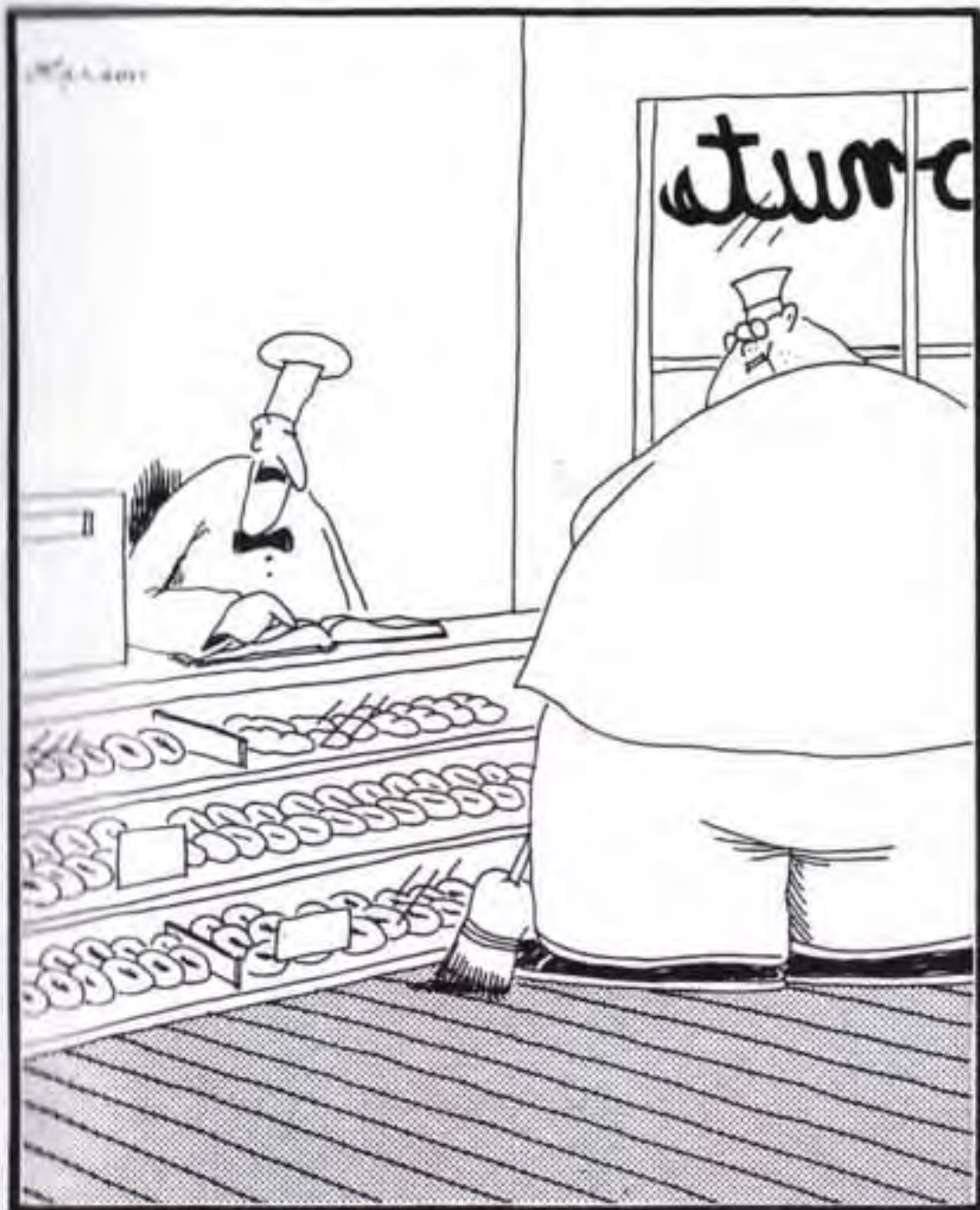
**I didn't
expect that**



**Nobody expects the
spinach acquisition!**



"What did you do to your little brother?"



**"Well, shoot. I just can't figure it out.
I'm movin' over 500 doughnuts a day,
but I'm still just barely squeakin' by."**

BREAKING NEWS: A man was admitted to the hospital today with 25 plastic toy horses inserted in his rectum. Doctors have described his condition as stable.





100 years ago everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars.

Today, everyone has a car and only the rich have horses.

Oh how the stables have turned.



All through dinner, our host's four-year-old daughter kept staring at me as I sat opposite her at the table.

The girl could hardly eat her food for staring, I checked my shirt for spots, felt my face for food, patted my hair in place but she wouldn't stop staring at me.

Finally I asked her, "Why are you watching me, dear?"

She said, "I'm just waiting to watch you drinking like a fish."



My three-year-old daughter asked me, "Where does poo come from?"

To make it simple, I said, "You just had breakfast."

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, the food goes in your mouth and then down into your tummy. Our body takes all the good stuff it needs out of the food and then what's left goes down to your bottom and when you go to the toilet that comes out as poo."

She looked confused and stared at me in stunned silence for a few seconds. "But then where does Piglet come from?" she asked in bewilderment.



A family moved to a new home in Florida near a beautiful swampland full of lovely plants and many birds, including flocks of storks.

As they were getting to know their new neighbors, they found that one family had an unusual number of children: there were six boys and eight girls ranging in age from a few months to 12 years old (there were two sets of twins).

They struck up a friendship with the couple and their children and spent several pleasant days in each other's homes.

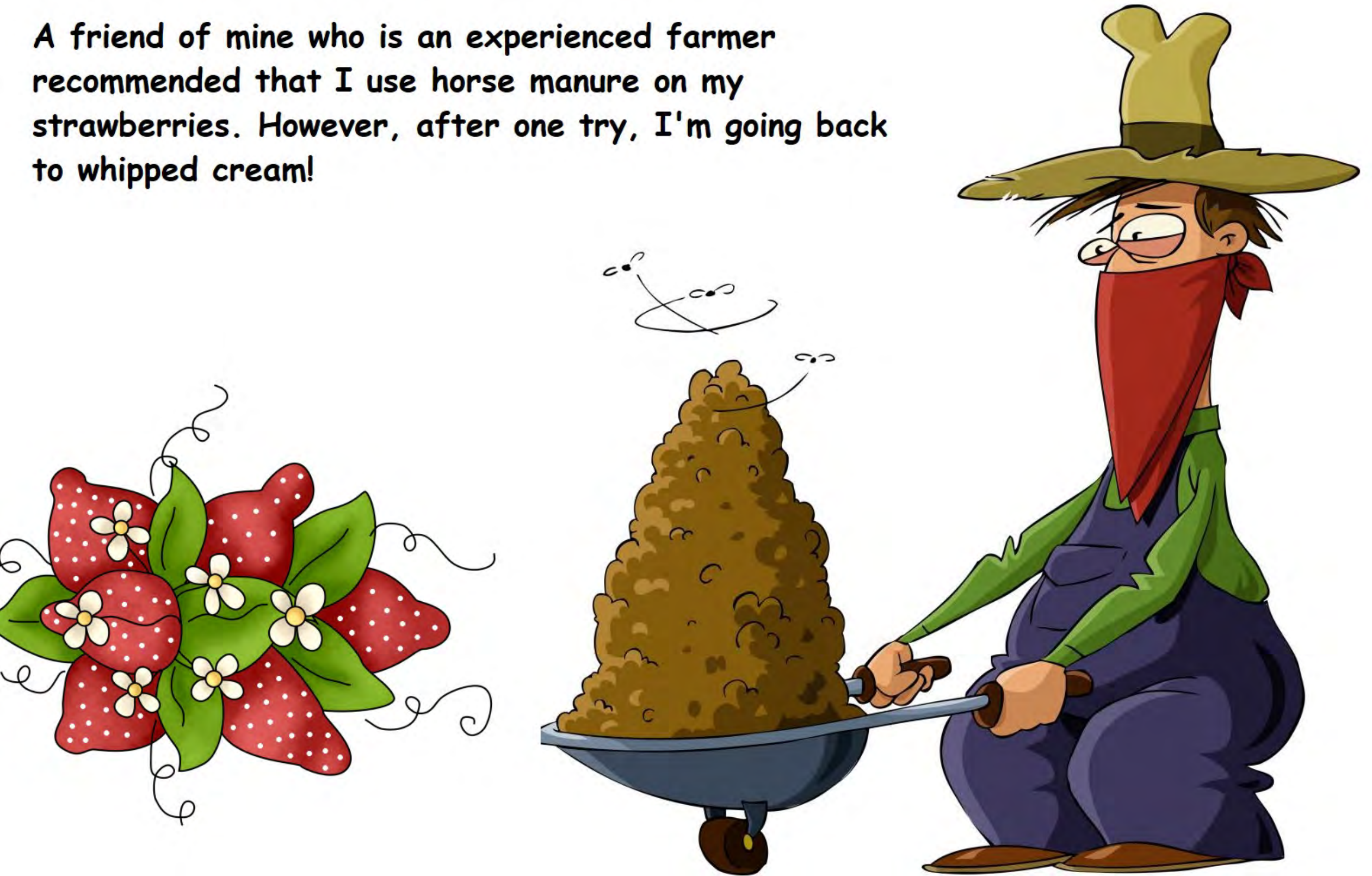
There was one oddity, however. The husband of the large family seemed to have a profound dislike of storks! He never caused any harm to the beautiful birds, but he was known to yell nasty comments at them such as "Go away, you creepy creature."

In discussion with good friend who was a psychiatrist, they described their neighbor's behavior and asked what could account for such hostility to innocent birds. She answered, "Oh, it's clear that he's simply stork-raving mad."



Saint Patrick regrets his decision to drive the snakes out of Ireland.

A friend of mine who is an experienced farmer recommended that I use horse manure on my strawberries. However, after one try, I'm going back to whipped cream!





I got into a bit of trouble at the grocery store today.

When the cashier said, "Strip down facing me," it turned out that she was referring to my credit card.

THE PASTOR ASKED IF ANYONE IN THE CONGREGATION WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS PRAISE FOR AN ANSWERED PRAYER. SUZIE STOOD AND WALKED TO THE PODIUM.

She said, "I have some praise. Two months ago, my husband, Frank, had a terrible bicycle accident and his scrotum was completely crushed. The pain was excruciating and the doctors didn't know if they could help him."

You could hear a muffled gasp from the men in the congregation as they imagined the pain that poor Frank must have experienced.

"Frank was unable to hold me or the children," she went on, "and every move caused him terrible pain."

"We prayed as the doctors performed a delicate operation, and it turned out they were able to piece together the crushed remnants of Frank's scrotum, and wrap wire around it to hold it in place with metal staples." Again, the men in the congregation cringed and squirmed uncomfortably as they imagined the horrible surgery performed on Frank.

"Now," she announced in a quivering voice, "Thank the Lord, Frank is out of the hospital and the doctors say that with time, his scrotum should recover completely."

All the men sighed with unified relief. The pastor rose and tentatively asked if anyone else had something to say.

A man stood up and walked slowly to the podium. He said, "I'm Frank." The entire congregation held its breath.

"I just want to tell my wife that the word is sternum."





At the turn of the century, one of America's biggest makers of compasses was the Tate Compass Co. Their compasses were the world's best; they sold millions. Unfortunately, one day someone discovered that their latest products switched the magnetic poles and were therefore totally wrong: North was shown as South and vice-versa. This sad finding gave rise to the well-known phrase, "He who has a Tates is lost."



I would like to share a personal experience with my friends about drinking and driving. This might save you the cost and embarrassment of being arrested for DUI.

As you know, people have been known to have unexpected brushes with the authorities from time to time, often on the way home after a "social session" with family or friends.

Well, last week, it happened to me. I was out for the evening to a party and had more than several margaritas coupled with a bottle of rather nice red wine. It was held at a great Mexican restaurant.

Although relaxed, I still had the common sense to know I was slightly over the limit. That's when I did something I've never done before....I took a taxi home.

On the way home there was a police roadblock, but since it was a taxi they waved us past and I arrived home safely without incident.

These roadblocks can be anywhere and I realized how lucky I was to have chosen the taxi. The real surprise to me was I had never driven a taxi before. I don't know where I got it, and now that it's in my garage I don't know what to do with it.

If you want to borrow it, give me a call.



A cabbie picks up a nun on a late October day. She gets into the cab, and notices that the very handsome cab driver won't stop staring at her in his rear-view mirror.

She asks him why he is staring.

He replies: "I have a question to ask, but I don't want to offend you."

She answers, "My son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive."

"Well, I've always had a fantasy to have a nun kiss me."

She responds, "Well, let's see what we can do about that: #1, you have to be single and #2, you must be Catholic."

The cab driver is very excited and says, "Yes, I'm single and Catholic!"

"OK," the nun says. "Pull into the next alley."

The nun fulfills his fantasy with a kiss that would make a hooker blush.

But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying.

"My dear child," said the nun, "Why are you crying?"

"Forgive me but I've sinned. I lied and I must confess; I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK. My name is Kevin and I'm going to a Halloween party."



THE POCKET TAZER

Last weekend I saw something at Larry's Pistol & Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15th anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/purse-sized tazer.

The effects of the tazer were supposed to be short lived, with no long term adverse affect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety....??

WAY TOO COOL! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned; however, that if I pushed the button and pressed it against a metal surface at the same time, I'd get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs.

AWESOME!!! Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave.

Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two AAA batteries, right?

There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie the cat looking on intently (trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh & blood moving target.

I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and then thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised.

Am I wrong?

So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tee shirt with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and tazer in another. The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; and a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries.

All the while I'm looking at this little device measuring about 5" long, less than 3/4 inch in circumference (loaded with two itzy, bitsy AAA batteries); pretty cute really, and thinking to myself, 'no possible way!'

What happened next is almost beyond description, but I'll do my best.

I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side so as to say, 'Don't do it stupid,' reasoning that a one second burst from such a tiny lil'ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad. I decided to give myself a one second burst just for heck of it.

I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and.....

HOLY MOTHER OF GOD. WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION. WHAT THE @!#%&*..... !!!

I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed me on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the fetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs! The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a tazer, one note of caution: there is NO such thing as a one second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by violent thrashing about on the floor! A three second burst would be considered conservative! A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was such a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what few I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My bent reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace. The recliner was upset and about eight feet or so from where it originally was. My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. I had no control over the drooling. Apparently, I had crapped in my shorts, but was too numb to know for sure, and my sense of smell was gone. I saw a faint smoke cloud above my head, which I believe came from my hair.

I'm still looking for my testicles and I'm offering a significant reward for their safe return!

PS: My wife can't stop laughing about my experience, loved the gift and now regularly threatens me with it!

If you think education is difficult, try being stupid!!!!



Texas Chili Contest

Note: Judge #3 was an inexperienced Chili taster named Frank, who was visiting from Springfield, IL.

Frank: "Recently, I was honored to be selected as a judge at a chili cook-off. The original person called in sick at the last moment and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table asking for directions to the Coors Light truck, when the call came in. I was assured by the other two judges (Native Texans) that the chili wouldn't be all that spicy and, besides, they told me I could have free beer during the tasting, so I accepted".

Here are the scorecard notes from the event:

CHILI #1 - MIKE'S MANIAC MONSTER CHILI...

Judge #1 - A little too heavy on the tomato. Amusing kick.

Judge #2 - Nice, smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.

Judge #3 - (Frank) -Holy shit, what the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway. Took me two beers to put the flames out. I hope that's the worst one. These Texans are crazy.

* * *

CHILI #2 - AUSTIN'S AFTERBURNER CHILI..

Judge #1 - Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight jalapeno tang.

Judge #2 - Exciting BBQ flavor, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.

Judge #3 - Keep this out of the reach of children. I'm not sure what I'm supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich maneuver. They had to rush in more beer when they saw the look on my face.

* * *

CHILI #3 - FRED'S FAMOUS BURN DOWN THE BARN CHILI...

Judge #1 - Excellent firehouse chili. Great kick.

Judge #2 - A bit salty, good use of peppers.

Judge #3 - Call the EPA. I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Drano. Everyone knows the routine by now. Get me more beer before I ignite. Barmaid pounded me on the back, now my backbone is in the front part of my chest. I'm getting shit-faced from all the beer.

* * *

CHILI #4- BUBBA'S BLACK MAGIC...

Judge #1 - Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing.

Judge #2 - Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a chili.

Judge #3 - I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it. Is it possible to burn out taste buds? Sally the beer maid, was standing behind me with fresh refills. That 300-lb woman is starting to look HOT...just like this nuclear waste I'm eating! Is chili an aphrodisiac?

* * *

CHILI #5- LISA'S LEGAL LIP REMOVER...

Judge #1 - Meaty, strong chili. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.

Judge #2 - Chili using shredded beef, could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.

Judge #3 - My ears are ringing, sweat is pouring off my forehead and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. The contestant seemed offended when I told her that her chili had given me brain damage. Sally saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from the pitcher. I wonder if I'm burning my lips off. It really pisses me off that the other judges asked me to stop screaming. Screw those rednecks.

* * *

CHILI #6- VERA'S VERY VEGETARIAN VARIETY...

Judge #1 - Thin yet bold vegetarian variety chili. Good balance of spices and peppers.

Judge #2 - The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions, and garlic. Superb.

Judge #3 - My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulfuric flames. I shit on myself when I farted and I'm worried it will eat through the chair. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except that Sally. Can't feel my lips anymore. I need to wipe my ass with a snow cone.

* * *

CHILI #7- SUSAN'S SCREAMING SENSATION CHILI...

Judge #1 - A mediocre chili with too much reliance on canned peppers.

Judge #2 - Ho hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of chili peppers at the last moment. **I should take note that I am worried about Judge #3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.

Judge #3 - You could put a grenade in my mouth, pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel a thing. I've lost sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with chili, which slid unnoticed out of my mouth. My pants are full of lava to match my shirt. At least during the autopsy, they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing it's too painful. Screw it; I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I'll just suck it in through the 4-inch hole in my stomach.

* * *

CHILI #8- BIG TOM'S TOENAIL CURLING CHILI...

Judge #1 - The perfect ending, this is a nice blend chili. Not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.

Judge #2 - This final entry is a good, balanced chili. Neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge #3 farted, passed out, fell over and pulled the chili pot down on top of himself. Not sure if he's going to make it. Poor feller, wonder how he'd have reacted to really hot chili?

Judge #3 - No Report

The Cremation of Sam McGee

Robert W. Service (1874 – 1958)

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.
Yet 'taint being dead--it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" . . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.



About the poet

Robert W. Service, a Canadian poet and novelist, was known for his ballads of the Yukon. He wrote this narrative poem which is presented here because it is an outstanding example of how sensory stimuli are emphasized and it has a surprise ending.

Robert William Service was born in Preston, England, on January 16, 1874. He emigrated to Canada at the age of twenty, in 1894, and settled for a short time on Vancouver Island. He was employed by the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Victoria, B.C., and was later transferred to Whitehorse and then to Dawson in the Yukon. In all, he spent eight years in the Yukon and saw and experienced the difficult times of the miners, trappers, and hunters that he has presented to us in verse.

During the Balkan War of 1912-13, Service was a war correspondent to the Toronto Star. He served this paper in the same capacity during World War I, also serving two years as an ambulance driver in the Canadian Army medical corps. He returned to Victoria for a time during World War II, but later lived in retirement on the French Riviera, where he died on September 14, 1958, in Monte Carlo.

Sam McGee was a real person, a customer at the Bank of Commerce where Service worked. The Alice May was a real boat, the Olive May, a derelict on Lake Laberge.

Anyone who has experienced the bitterness of cold weather and what it can do to a man will empathize with Sam McGee's feelings as expressed by Robert Service in this poem.

THE DAM

This is an actual letter sent to a man named Ryan DeVries by the Michigan Department of Environmental Quality, State of Michigan. See < <http://www.snopes.com/humor/letters/dammed.htm> > for corroboration.

* * *

STATE OF MICHIGAN

Reply to: GRAND RAPIDS DISTRICT OFFICE STATE OFFICE BUILDING 6TH FLOOR
350 OTTAWA NW GRAND RAPIDS MI 49503-2341
JOHN ENGLER, Governor
DEPARTMENT OF ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY
HOLLISTER BUILDING, PO BOX 30473, LANSING MI 48909-7973
INTERNET: <http://www.deq.state.mi>
RUSSELL J. HARDING, Director

December 17, 1997

CERTIFIED

Mr. Ryan DeVries 2088 Dagget Pierson, MI 49339

Dear Mr. DeVries:

SUBJECT: DEQ File No. 97-59-0023-1 T11N, R10W, Sec. 20, Montcalm County

It has come to the attention of the Department of Environmental Quality that there has been recent unauthorized activity on the above referenced parcel of property. You have been certified as the legal landowner and/or contractor who did the following unauthorized activity:

Construction and maintenance of two wood debris dams across the outlet stream of Spring Pond. A permit must be issued prior to the start of this type of activity. A review of the Department's files show that no permits have been issued.

Therefore, the Department has determined that this activity is in violation of Part 301, Inland Lakes and Streams, of the Natural Resource and Environmental Protection Act, Act 451 of the Public Acts of 1994, being sections 324.30101 to 324.30113 of the Michigan Compiled Laws annotated. The Department has been informed that one or both of the dams partially failed during a recent rain event, causing debris dams and flooding at downstream locations. We find that dams of this nature are inherently hazardous and cannot be permitted. The Department therefore orders you to cease and desist all unauthorized activities at this location, and to restore the stream to a free-flow condition by removing all wood and brush forming the dams from the strewn channel. All restoration work shall be completed no later than January 31, 1998. Please notify this office when the restoration has been completed so that a follow-up site inspection may be scheduled by our staff. Failure to comply with this request, or any further unauthorized activity on the site, may result in this case being referred for elevated enforcement action. We anticipate and would appreciate your full cooperation in this matter.

Please feel free to contact me at this office if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

David L. Price

District Representative Land and Water Management Division

RESPONSE:

Dear Mr. Price:

Re: DEQ File No. 97-59-0023; T11N, R10W, Sec 20; Montcalm County

Your certified letter dated 12/17/97 has been handed to me to respond to. You sent out a great deal of carbon copies to a lot of people, but you neglected to include their addresses. You will, therefore, have to send them a copy of my response.

First of all, Mr. Ryan DeVries is not the legal landowner and/or contractor at 2088 Dagget, Pierson, Michigan - I am the legal owner and a couple of beavers are in the (State unauthorized) process of constructing and maintaining two wood "debris" dams across the outlet stream of my Spring Pond. While I did not pay for, nor authorize, their dam project, I think they would be highly offended you call their skillful use of natural building materials "debris." I would like to challenge you to attempt to emulate their dam project any dam time and/or any dam place you choose. I believe I can safely state there is no dam way you could ever match their dam skills, their dam resourcefulness, their dam ingenuity, their dam persistence, their dam determination and/or their dam work ethic.

As to your dam request the beavers first must fill out a dam permit prior to the start of this type of dam activity, my first dam question to you is: are you trying to discriminate against my Spring Pond Beavers or do you require all dam beavers throughout this State to conform to said dam request? If you are not discriminating against these particular beavers, please send me completed copies of all those other applicable beaver dam permits. Perhaps we will see if there really is a dam violation of Part 301, Inland Lakes and Streams, of the Natural Resource and Environmental Protection Act, Act 451 of the Public Acts of 1994, being sections 324.30101 to 324.30113 of the Michigan Compiled Laws annotated.

My first concern is - aren't the dam beavers entitled to dam legal representation? The Spring Pond Beavers are financially destitute and are unable to pay for said dam representation - so the State will have to provide them with a dam lawyer. The Department's dam concern that either one or both of the dams failed during a recent rain event causing dam flooding is proof we should leave the dam Spring Pond Beavers alone rather than harassing them and calling them dam names. If you want the dam stream "restored" to a dam free-flow condition - contact the dam beavers - but if you are going to arrest them (they obviously did not pay any dam attention to your dam letter-being unable to read English) - be sure you read them their dam Miranda rights first.

As for me, I am not going to cause more dam flooding or dam debris jams by interfering with these dam builders. If you want to hurt these dam beavers - be aware I am sending a copy of your dam letter and this response to PETA. If your dam Department seriously finds all dams of this nature inherently hazardous and truly will not permit their existence in this dam State - I seriously hope you are not selectively enforcing this dam policy, or once again both I and the Spring Pond Beavers will scream prejudice!

In my humble opinion, the Spring Pond Beavers have a right to build their dam unauthorized dams as long as the sky is blue, the grass is green, and water flows downstream. They have more dam right than I to live and enjoy Spring Pond. So, as far as I and the beavers are concerned, this dam case can be referred for more dam elevated enforcement action now. Why wait until 1/31/98? The Spring Pond Beavers may be under the dam ice then, and there will be no dam way for you or your dam staff to contact/harass them then. In conclusion, I would like to bring to your attention a real environmental quality (health) problem: bears are actually defecating in our woods. I definitely believe you should be persecuting the defecating bears and leave the dam beavers alone. If you are going to investigate the beaver dam, watch your step! (The bears are not careful where they dump!) Being unable to comply with your dam request, and being unable to contact you on your dam answering machine, I am sending this response to your dam office.

Sincerely,

Stephen L. Tvedten

BACKGROUND (From Snopes)

Origins: In

July 1997, one of Stephen Tvedten's neighbors noticed flooding on his property and traced it back to a dam on Tvedten's stream. He complained to the Michigan Department of Environmental Quality (DEQ) on July 28.

Five months later, the agency responded with a letter to the offending land owner. The letter, from David Price, a local Michigan DEQ official, was blunt. The "construction and maintenance of two wood debris dams across the outlet stream of Spring Pond" was "unauthorized" because "a permit must be issued prior to the start of this type of activity." The letter ordered Stephen Tvedten, the land owner, to "cease and desist" under penalty of "elevated enforcement action."

Mr. Tvedten responded to the Michigan DEQ's demand with the now widely-circulated "dam letter," in which he pointed out that the "debris dams" he had been ordered to remove because they were constructed without permission from the state of Michigan were actually built by beavers. The DEQ later claimed they were fully aware the "debris dams" were beaver dams; the issue, they said, was that the beavers who built them had long since abandoned the dams, but Mr. Tvedten had been continuing to maintain and even build up the dams himself:

The letter concerned an enforcement action directed to a tenant on property surrounding Spring Pond, which is located in Pierson Township, Montcalm County, Michigan. The tenant was observed by the downstream complainant, and has since admitted to the complainant, that he artificially built up, and maintained two abandoned beaver dams on the discharge end of the natural pond. Such an activity falls under the jurisdiction of Part 301, Inland Lakes and Streams, of the Natural Resources and Environmental Protection Act, 1194 PA 451, as amended. It is the Department's position that in the absence of any threat to public welfare, beaver dams should be left in their natural state, that being either actively maintained or abandoned by beaver.

The Department conducted an on-site inspection of the dams in August of 1997, accompanied by a Department of Natural Resources fisheries biologist, the Pierson Township Supervisor and the complainant. The tenant's actions, and a threat to the welfare of the downstream complainant prompted our correspondence of December 1997, instructing the tenant to cease and desist all illegal activity and to restore the stream to its prior condition. The owner of the property took issue with our action, and responded with his own version of the situation. It was this correspondence that has been circulating in the internet.

Luis Saldivia
Grand Rapids District Supervisor
Land and Water Management Division
616-356-0208

For his part, Mr. Tvedten claimed that the dams had been "abandoned" because a neighbor had killed the beavers (then filed a complaint with the state because he was concerned that the untended dams would break apart and enter his property) and that no one but the beavers had ever maintained them. And contemporaneous accounts of the brouhaha quoted a Michigan DEQ spokesman as saying the agency hadn't performed an inspection before firing off their December 1997 letter to Mr. Tvedten:

Ken Silfven, public information officer at the state Department of Environmental Quality, said that . . . the account was correct. He hastened to note, however, that the case was prompted by a complaint from a neighbor who was concerned about flooding caused by the dams.

The department dropped its investigation after an inspection by a DEQ employee.

"It probably would have been a good idea to do the inspection before we sent the notice," Silfven said.

After some wrangling the agency ultimately dropped the issue, but not before Stephen Tvedten found an inventive way of quickly pointing out both how ludicrous and humorous the situation was. In a way dusty legal language never could, such a letter serves to drive home the silliness of Michigan DEQ's intractable posturing. The beavers are likely still ignorant of how close they came to being fined \$10,000 a day for dam living expenses.

Barbara "in Michigan, transforming from guardian of the law to giardia of it just took a touch of beaver fever" Mikkelsen

Last updated: 5 August 2002 ; the URL for this page is <http://www.snopes.com/humor/letters/dammed.htm>

The Explorers' Club

The members of the Explorers' Club gathered at their meeting house one evening to find Sir Ferdinand Feghoot sipping a brandy while leaning gingerly against the fireplace mantel.

"Ferdinand, old boy," shouted Sir Roger, "Back so soon from the People's Republic? Sir down and tell us all about it."

Sir Ferdinand grimaced. "I'd rather NOT sit down, Reggie old boy. But, yes, my mission to China was a success. Not to China, rather, but to old Tibet, the roof of the world, shamelessly annexed by the Red Chinese."

"What brought you to such a cold, inhospitable place," asked Sir Thomas. "Searching for ancient Buddhist statues? Or perhaps on the trail of the Abominable Snowman?"

"They're called Yetis, these days, Tommie," replied Ferdinand. "But, no, I was invited to help excavate an abandoned Buddhist temple. My friend Lama Miphum was allowed to restore a long unused temple by the Chinese government. Not for worship, you understand, but as a museum to further extol the glories of the People's Republic. Lama Miphum felt that even for his people merely to have access to the art and architectural treasures stored therein would help prevent the further loss of their traditions."

"But imagine his surprise, as he began clearing the temple, at being physically attacked!"

"By brigands?" asked Sir Rupert. "Temple robbers, prying loose rubies as big as your fist, that were used as third-eye ornaments in enormous idols?"

"Lama Miphum is an expert martial artist," Feghoot explained. "He could deal with common criminals. No, he was attacked by supernatural defenders of the faith, Dakinis."

"Dakinis?" all the club members muttered in disbelief.

"Yes. It means 'skywalker,' you know. Ghostly women, of all sizes, skin colors, some with animal

heads, each armed with a mystical weapon that produces very real physical damage."

"No wonder this monk fellow asked for your assistance," said Sir Edmond. "You're well known as an accomplished exorcist. Do sit down and elaborate."

Once again, Feghoot demurred. "I'll not be sitting down for quite a while, I'm afraid. But I rushed to the temple, armed with holy water, and a rusty three-sided dagger called a 'potha' that can pierce ghostly flesh."

"How exciting," whispered Sir Oscar.

"No sooner did Lama Miphum and I enter the temple, than a huge, lion-headed, dark green Dakini with a head-chopping sword gave an ear-shattering shriek. Lama Miphum splashed holy water on her, and she vanished."

"Then a giantess, at least 12 feet tall, a red-skinned Dakini, huffed an arm-binding noose over us, but as she drew us forward I stabbed her with the 'potha,' and she vanished."

"Next, a hugely obese dakini, blue-black with flames coming out of every pore huffed a shoulder-piercing trident at Lama Miphum, but he dodged, and countered by chanting the weapon mantra, 'THAT!' and she vanished."

"Insulted, I should guess," chuckled Sir Bernard.

"Well, to make a long story shorter," concluded Sir Ferdinand. "There were dozens of dakinis, but Lama Miphum and I vanquished every one of them, although one of diminutive size was bigger than my thumb and sufficed her manager to avoid my attention and wounded me in an embarrassing part of my anatomy."

Sir Harold gasped. "You mean..."

Feghoot nodded. "... She was an itty-bitty, weeny-weeny, yellow, poke-a-bun Dakini."

(By Adam F. Ek based on a character by Reginald Bretnor)



I give you now Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist,
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"
And sent him off to distant jungles.
Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

-- Ogden Nash.

THE BADGE

A DEA officer stopped at a ranch in Texas, and talked with an old rancher. He told the rancher, "I need to inspect your ranch for illegally grown drugs."

The rancher said, "Okay, but don't go in that field over there," as he pointed out the location.

The DEA officer verbally exploded saying, "Mister, I have the authority of the Federal Government with me!" Reaching into his rear pants pocket, the arrogant officer removed his badge and proudly displayed it to the rancher. "See this ****ing badge?! This badge means I am allowed to go wherever I wish – On any land!! No questions asked or answers given!! Have I made myself clear? Do you understand?!!"

The rancher nodded politely, apologized, and went about his chores.

A short time later, the old rancher heard loud screams, looked up, and saw the DEA officer running for his life, being chased by the rancher's big Santa Gertrudis bull. With every step the bull was gaining ground on the officer, and it seemed likely that he'd sure enough get gored before he reached safety. The officer was clearly terrified. The rancher threw down his tools, ran to the fence and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Your badge, show him your ****ing BADGE!!"





Tom and Susie had lived in Manhattan all their lives. They both accepted jobs in Oregon near the Zumwalt Prairie. At first they were happy, but they began to miss the hustle and bustle of the great city they had left, so they consulted a therapist. They were instructed to enter a 12-steppe program to help them adjust.

On the Thermodynamics of Hell

A thermodynamics professor had written a take-home exam for his graduate students. It had one question. "Is Hell exothermic or endothermic? Support your answer with a proof. For non-Science Majors, exothermic is when something releases heat and endothermic is when something absorbs heat."

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law or some variant. One student, however, wrote the following:

"First, we postulate that if souls exist, they must have some mass. If they do, then a mole of souls can also have a mass. So, at what rate are souls moving into Hell and at what rate are they leaving? I think we may safely assume that once a soul gets into Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving. As for souls entering Hell, let's look at the religious differences existing in the world today.

"Some religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there are more than one of these religions and people do not belong to more than one religion, we can safely project that all souls will go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially.

"Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume of souls in Hell. Boyle's Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the ratio of the mass of souls and the volume need to stay constant.

"#1: So, if Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.

"#2: Of course, if Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

"So, which is it? If we accept the postulate given me by Jennifer Smith during freshman year, and take into account the fact that I still have not succeeded in having sexual relations with her, then #2 cannot be true, and Hell is exothermic." The student got an "A". There is hope for the younger generation!!!!

ON THE THERMODYNAMICS OF HELL

The following is supposedly an actual question given on a chemistry midterm variously attributed to University of Arizona, University of Washington, and other sources and supposedly an actual answer turned in by a student. The earliest reference online seems to be 2004 but earlier versions may yet be found.

Bonus Question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)?

First, we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell and the rate at which they are leaving, which is unlikely. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving. As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today.

Most of these religions state that if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there is more than one of these religions and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all souls go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's

Law states that in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.
2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over.

So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Teresa during my Freshman year that, 'It will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you,' and take into account the fact that I slept with her last night, then number two must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over. The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is therefore, extinct... leaving only Heaven, thereby proving the existence of a divine being which explains why, last night, Teresa kept shouting, "Oh- my- God."



THREE WISHES

This chap walks into a pub and to his astonishment, notices that there's another chap standing at the bar who has a huge orange for a head. Despite his curiosity, the chap decides not to pry and sits down quietly.

After a few drinks, curiosity has overcome the chap and he decides to enquire.

"Excuse me, mate, but I couldn't help noticing you have a big orange for a head. What happened?"

"Well," says the man with the big orange for a head, "I moved into a large old house not so long ago. One afternoon, I decided to explore the attic and found an old brass lamp in the corner. I rubbed the lamp and a Genie popped out, explained he had been trapped in there for two hundred years, and would grant me three wishes for releasing him."

"So what did you ask for first?" asks the curious chap.

"I asked for ten million pounds. The Genie clapped his hands, there was a flash of lightning, and he asked me to phone the bank, who confirmed my balance was now ten million pounds!"

"What did you ask for with your second wish?"

"Well, I asked if I could make love to the ten most beautiful women in the world. Again, the Genie clapped his hands, there was a flash of lightning, and the doorbell rang. Ten supermodels ran in, picked me up, carried me to bed, and ravished me all night!"

"Wow," says the curious chap, "What did you ask for with your third wish?"

"Well, I asked for a big orange for a head."



A Psychological Tip



*Whenever you're called on to make up your mind,
and you're hampered by not having any,
the best way to solve the dilemma, you'll find,
is simply by spinning a penny.*

*No - not so that chance shall decide the affair
while you're passively standing there moping;
but the moment the penny is up in the air,
you suddenly know what you're hoping.*

-Piet Hein

Piet Hein (December 16, 1905–April 17, 1996) was a Danish scientist, mathematician, inventor, designer, author, and poet.

I'M TOO TIRED TO DESTROY
CHINA SHOPS WITH YOU.
I'M JUST GONNA STAY IN,
KNOCK OVER A VASE OR
TWO AND THEN CALL
IT A NIGHT!



1-22

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Bill
Whitehead



**When I found out my
toaster wasn't waterproof,
I was shocked.**



Man Accidentally Finds Friend Stripping On A Tractor. Then He Asks Him Why.

Cletus is passing by Billy Bob's hay barn one day when, through a gap in the door, he sees Billy Bob doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of an old green John Deere.

Buttocks clenched, Billy Bob performs a slow pirouette, and gently slides off first the right strap of his overalls, followed by the left. He then hunches his shoulders forward and in a classic striptease move, lets his overalls fall down to his hips, revealing a torn and frayed plaid shirt.

Then, grabbing both sides of his shirt, he rips it apart to reveal his stained T-shirt underneath. With a final flourish, he tears the T-shirt from his body, and hurls his baseball cap onto a pile of hay.

Having seen enough, Cletus rushes in and says, "What the heck're ya doing, Billy Bob?"

"Good Lord, Cletus, ya scared the bejabbers out of me," says an obviously embarrassed Billy Bob.

"But me 'n the Ol' Lady been havin trouble lately in the bedroom d'partment, and the therapist suggested I do something sexy to a tractor."

A priest, a rabbit and a minister walk into a bar. The bartender asks the rabbit, "What'll you have?" The rabbit says, "I dunno -- I'm here only because of Autocorrect."





A truck driver was driving along the freeway and noticed a sign that read: Low Bridge Ahead. Before he knows it, the bridge is right in front of him and his truck gets wedged under it. Cars are backed up for miles.

Finally, a police vehicle comes up. The cop gets out of his car, walks to the truck driver, puts his hands on his hips and says, "Got stuck, huh?"

The truck driver says, "No, I was delivering this bridge and I ran out of gas."

Always Wear Underwear...

Always wear underwear in public, especially when working under your vehicle. From the local paper comes this story of a Brisbane couple who drove their car to the shopping centre, only to have their car break down in the car park. The man told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car.

The wife returned later to see a small group of people near the car. On closer inspection, she saw a pair of hairy legs protruding from under the chassis.

Unfortunately, although the man was in shorts, his lack of underpants turned his private parts into glaringly public ones. Unable to stand the embarrassment, She dutifully stepped forward and quickly put her hand up his shorts, and tucked everything back into place.

On regaining her feet, she looked across the bonnet and found herself staring at her husband who was standing idly by watching.

The R.A.C.Q. mechanic however, had to have three stitches in his forehead.

A portrait of Pope John XXIII, an elderly man with a white zucchetto and a red and gold vestment, smiling slightly. The background is dark and textured.

REPORTER: "HOW MANY PEOPLE WORK AT THE VATICAN?"

POPE JOHN XXIII: "ABOUT HALF."

***What kind of joke do you tell a vegetarian?
One they've never herbivore!***

Response:

I'd as _lief_ you continue exploring the _roots_ of humor this way. You can _turnip_ all sorts of good jokes - but be sure to tell the complete jokes - you shouldn't _trunk-ate_ them. And thoughtful work can lead to a _flowering_ of humor - jokes really _stem_ from persistence. It's the people with _stamen-a_ who succ-_seed_. Of course, if we overdo it, our punning can make our loved ones get out their _pistils_ to _shoot_ us. But excessive punning can cause even loved ones to _bark_ at us for _bush_ whacking them. However, the more _grass_ ious victims of our puns just _leave_ when we get too _corny_. On the other hand, if we exaggerate, we may get _berried_ by abuse and even _peppered_ with insults intended to _squash_ us. Anyway, this is enough to convince you that I'm a real rap_scallion_, _orange_ I?



THE VETERINARIAN

One Sunday, when counting the money in the weekly offering, the Pastor of a small church found a pink envelope containing \$1,000.

It happened again the next week!

The following Sunday, he watched as the offering was collected and saw an elderly woman put the distinctive pink envelope on the plate. This went on for weeks until the pastor, overcome by curiosity, approached her.

“Ma’am, I couldn’t help but notice that you put \$1,000 a week in the collection plate,” he stated.

“Why yes,” she replied, “every week my son sends me money and I give some of it to the church.”

The pastor replied, “That’s wonderful. But \$1,000 is a lot, are you sure you can afford this? How much does he send you?”

The elderly woman answered, “\$10,000 a week.”

The pastor was amazed. “Your son is very successful; what does he do for a living?”

“He is a veterinarian,” she answered.

“That’s an honorable profession, but I had no idea they made that much money,” the pastor said. “Where does he practice?”

The woman answered proudly, “In Nevada. He has two cathouses – one in Las Vegas, and one in Reno.”





A Viking warrior is shopping at a supermarket in Boston when he comes across an elderly lady in a wheelchair. She's in tears.

"What's the matter?" asks the Viking kindly.

"Oh," sniffs the lady, "I want to get some frozen desserts, but they're down those three steps in the chiller cabinets and my husband is on the other side of the store!"

"No problem at all," says the kind Viking. He picks her up gently and lifts her onto his back and takes her cloth bag. "I'll take you there." He strolls through the chiller cabinets with his new friend on his back and she picks out some puddings and a couple of frozen fruit pies which he puts in her bag. When they come out, he puts her back in the wheelchair and hands the bag to the husband, who's just returned.

"Oh my goodness, I'd love to thank you by sending you something, but I don't even know your name!"

The Viking smiles and walks off with a friendly wave.

"I was really worried about you," says the husband. "And what on earth were you doing with that strange man??"

"Well dear, since this is America, I've been through the desserts on a Norse with no name."

I'M SORRY.
WE JUST CAN'T
SEEM TO *FIND* YOUR
CHART.



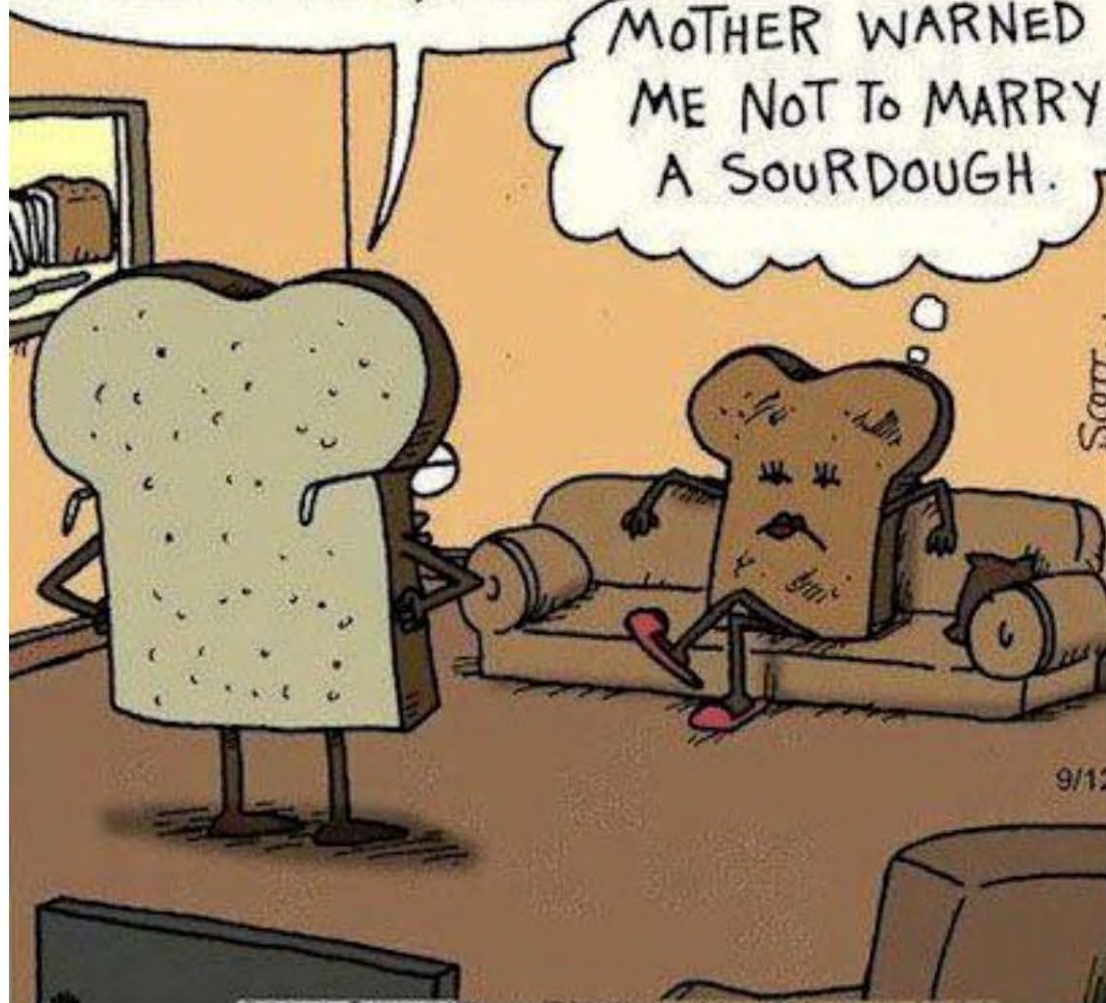


We were renovating our home, and we knocked out one of our walls and made an amazing discovery! We found a secret room that was completely furnished!

That was when we remembered that we live in a duplex.

YOU THINK I'M GONNA BE THE BREAD-WINNER WHILE YOU JUST LOAF ALL DAY? YOU AREN'T THE ONLY SLICE OF TOAST IN THE WORLD, MELBA.

MOTHER WARNED ME NOT TO MARRY A SOURDOUGH.



Warnings

by David Allen Sullivan

A can of self-defense pepper spray says it may *irritate the eyes*, while a bathroom heater says it's *not to be used in bathrooms*. I collect warnings the way I used to collect philosophy quotes.

Wittgenstein's *There's no such thing as clear milk* rubs shoulders with a box of rat poison which *has been found to cause cancer in laboratory mice*.

Levinas' *Language is a battering ram—a sign that says the very fact of saying*, is as inscrutable as the laser pointer's advice: *Do not look into laser with remaining eye*.

Last week I boxed up the solemn row of philosophy tomes and carted them down to the used bookstore. The dolly read: *Not to be used to transport humans*.

Did lawyers insist that the 13-inch wheel on the wheelbarrow proclaim it's *not intended for highway use*? Or that the Curling iron is *for external use only*?

Abram says that realists *render material to give the reader the illusion of the ordinary*. What would he make of *Shin pads cannot protect any part of the body they do not cover*?

I load boxes of books onto the counter. Flip to a yellow-highlighted passage in Aristotle: *Whiteness which lasts for a long time is no whiter than whiteness which lasts only a day*.

A.A.'ers talk about the blinding glare of the obvious: *Objects in the mirror are actually behind you*, Electric cattle prod *only to be used on animals*, Warning: *Knives are sharp*.

What would I have done without: *Remove infant before folding for storage*, *Do not use hair dryer while sleeping*, *Eating pet rocks may lead to broken teeth*, *Do not use deodorant intimately*?

Goodbye to all those sentences that sought to puncture the illusory world—like the warning on the polyester Halloween outfit for my son: *Batman costume will not enable you to fly*.

“Warnings” by David Allen Sullivan from *Strong-Armed Angels*. © Hummingbird Press, 2008. ISBN 0-979-25673-9. AMAZON link: <http://tinyurl.com/3pu5hl>

Read by Garrison Keillor on The Writer's Almanac < <http://writersalmanac.publicradio.org/> > for Monday, Oct 13, 2008.



YEP, THAT'S MY
BOYHOOD SCHOOL, SON!
NOW DO YOU BELIEVE
I WALKED UPHILL
BOTH WAYS?





"Hello, Emily. This is Gladys Murphy up the street. Fine, thanks . . . Say, could you go to your window and describe what's in my front yard?"

When I was a Boy

By Frank Hayes

When I was a boy our Nintendo
Was carved from an old Apple tree
And we used garden hose to connect it
To our steam-powered color tv.

But it still beat that ancient Atari
'Cuz I almost went blind, don'tcha know,
Playing Breakout and Pong on a video game
Hooked up to the radio.

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse
Barefoot, uphill both ways,
Through blizzards in summer and winter
Back in the good old days.
Back when Fortran was not even Three-tran
And the PC was only a toy
And we did our computing by gaslight
When I was a boy.

When I was a boy all our networks
Were for hauling in fish from the sea--
Our bawd rate was eight bits an hour (and she was worth it!),
And our IP address was just 3.

And you kids who complain that the World Wide Web
Is too slow oughtta cut out your bitchin',
'Cuz when I was a boy every packet
Was delivered by carrier pigeon

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse
Barefoot, uphill both ways,
Through blizzards in summer and winter

Back in the good old days.
Back when Fortran was not even Two-tran
And the mainframe was only a toy
And we did our computing by torchlight
When I was a boy.

When I was a boy our IS shop
Built relational tables from wood,
And we wrapped our data in oilcloth
To preserve it the best that we could.

And we carried our bits in a bucket,
And our mainframe weighed 900 tons,
And we programmed in ones and in zeros
And sometimes we ran out of ones.

And we walked twenty miles to the schoolhouse
Barefoot, uphill both ways,
Through blizzards in summer and winter
Back in the good old days.
Back when Fortran was not even One-tran
And the abacus? Only a toy!
And we did our computing in primordial darkness
When I was a boy.

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ABBOTT & COSTELLO

WHO'S ON FIRST?

"Who's on First?" is descended from turn-of-the-century burlesque sketches like "The Baker Scene" (the shop is located on Watt Street) and "Who Died" (the owner is named Who). In England, in the variety halls (Britain's equivalent of vaudeville theatres), comedian Will Hay performed a routine in the early 1930s (and possibly earlier) as a schoolmaster interviewing a schoolboy named Howe who came from Ware but now lives in Wye. By the early 1930s, a "Baseball Routine" had become a standard bit for burlesque comics across the United States of America[citation needed].

Abbott and Costello honed the sketch, using the nicknames of then-contemporary baseball players like Dizzy and Daffy Dean (and their alleged French cousin, "Goofé") to set up the premise. In 1938 burlesque producer John Grant, working with Abbott and Costello, asked Will Glickman, a staff writer on The Kate Smith Hour radio show, to sharpen and amplify the Baseball Routine for performance on the show. This version, with extensive wordplay based on the names of contemporary baseball players, became known as "Who's on First?" By 1944, Abbott and Costello had the routine copyrighted.

Abbott and Costello performed "Who's on First?" numerous times in their careers, rarely performing it the same way twice. Once, they did the routine at President Roosevelt's request. The routine was featured in the team's 1940 film debut, One Night in the Tropics. The duo reprised the bit in their 1945 film The Naughty Nineties, and it is that version which is considered their finest recorded rendition. They also performed the routine numerous times on radio and television (notably in the Abbott and Costello Show episode "The Actor's Home").

In 1956 a gold record of "Who's on First?" was placed in the Baseball Hall of Fame museum in Cooperstown, New York. A video (taken from The Naughty Nineties) now plays continuously on screens at the Hall.

In the 1970s, Selchow and Righter published a Who's on First? board game.

In 1999, Time magazine named the routine Best Comedy Sketch of the 20th Century. (Citation: | "Best of the Century" Time Magazine, Sunday, Dec. 26, 1999).

An early radio recording was placed in the Library of Congress's National Recording Archives in 2003.

In 2005 the line "Who's on First?" was included on the American Film Institute's list of 100 memorable movie quotes.

Wikipedia http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Who's_on_first



Abbott: Well Costello, I'm going to New York with you. You know Bucky Harris, the Yankee's manager, gave me a job as coach for as long as you're on the team.

Costello: Look Abbott, if you're the coach, you must know all the players.

Abbott: I certainly do.

Costello: Well you know I've never met the guys. So you'll have to tell me their names, and then I'll know who's playing on the team.

Abbott: Oh, I'll tell you their names, but you know it seems to me they give these ball players now-a-days very peculiar names.

Costello: You mean funny names?

Abbott: Strange names, pet names...like Dizzy Dean...

Costello: His brother Daffy.

Abbott: Daffy Dean...

Costello: And their French cousin.

Abbott: French?

Costello: Goofè.

Abbott: Goofè Dean. Well, let's see, we have on the bags, Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know is on third...

Costello: That's what I want to find out.

Abbott: I say Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third.

Costello: Are you the manager?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: You gonna be the coach too?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: And you don't know the fellows' names?

Abbott: Well I should.

Costello: Well then who's on first?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: I mean the fellow's name.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy on first.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The first baseman.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy playing...

Abbott: Who is on first!

Costello: I'm asking YOU who's on first.

Abbott: That's the man's name.

Costello: That's who's name?

Abbott: Yes.

Costello: Well go ahead and tell me.

Abbott: That's it.

Costello: That's who?

Abbott: Yes.

PAUSE

Costello: Look, you gotta first baseman?

Abbott: Certainly.

Costello: Who's playing first?

Abbott: That's right.

Costello: When you pay off the first baseman every month, who gets the money?

Abbott: Every dollar of it.

Costello: All I'm trying to find out is the fellow's name on first base.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy that gets...

Abbott: That's it.

Costello: Who gets the money...

Abbott: He does, every dollar. Sometimes his wife comes down and collects it.

Costello: Whose wife?

Abbott: Yes.

PAUSE

Abbott: What's wrong with that?

Costello: Look, all I wanna know is when you sign up the first baseman, how does he sign his name?

Abbott: Who.

Costello: The guy.

Abbott: Who.

Costello: How does he sign...

Abbott: That's how he signs it.

Costello: Who?

Abbott: Yes.

PAUSE

Costello: All I'm trying to find out is what's the guy's name on first base.

Abbott: No. What is on second base.

Costello: I'm not asking you who's on second.

Abbott: Who's on first.

Costello: One base at a time!

Abbott: Well, don't change the players around.

Costello: I'm not changing nobody!

Abbott: Take it easy, buddy.

Costello: I'm only asking you, who's the guy on first base?

Abbott: That's right.

Costello: Ok.

Abbott: All right.

PAUSE

Costello: What's the guy's name on first base?

Abbott: No. What is on second.

Costello: I'm not asking you who's on second.

Abbott: Who's on first.

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott: He's on third, we're not talking about him.

Costello: Now how did I get on third base?

Abbott: Why you mentioned his name.

Costello: If I mentioned the third baseman's name, who did I say is playing third?

Abbott: No. Who's playing first.

Costello: What's on first?

Abbott: What's on second.

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott: He's on third.

Costello: There I go, back on third again!

PAUSE

Costello: Would you just stay on third base and don't go off it.

Abbott: All right, what do you want to know?

Costello: Now who's playing third base?

Abbott: Why do you insist on putting Who on third base?

Costello: What am I putting on third.

Abbott: No. What is on second.

Costello: You don't want who on second?

Abbott: Who is on first.

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott & Costello Together: Third base!

PAUSE

Costello: Look, you gotta outfield?

Abbott: Sure.

Costello: The left fielder's name?

Abbott: Why.

Costello: I just thought I'd ask you.

Abbott: Well, I just thought I'd tell ya.

Costello: Then tell me who's playing left field.

Abbott: Who's playing first.

Costello: I'm not... stay out of the infield! I want to know what's the guy's name in left field?

Abbott: No, What is on second.

Costello: I'm not asking you who's on second.

Abbott: Who's on first!

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott & Costello Together: Third base!

PAUSE

Costello: The left fielder's name?

Abbott: Why.

Costello: Because!

Abbott: Oh, he's centerfield.

PAUSE

Costello: Look, You gotta pitcher on this team?

Abbott: Sure.

Costello: The pitcher's name?

Abbott: Tomorrow.

Costello: You don't want to tell me today?

Abbott: I'm telling you now.

Costello: Then go ahead.

Abbott: Tomorrow!

Costello: What time?

Abbott: What time what?

Costello: What time tomorrow are you gonna tell me who's pitching?

Abbott: Now listen. Who is not pitching.

Costello: I'll break your arm, you say who's on first! I want to know what's the pitcher's name?

Abbott: What's on second.

Costello: I don't know.

Abbott & Costello Together: Third base!

PAUSE

Costello: Gotta a catcher?

Abbott: Certainly.

Costello: The catcher's name?

Abbott: Today.

Costello: Today, and tomorrow's pitching.

Abbott: Now you've got it.

Costello: All we got is a couple of days on the team.

PAUSE

Costello: You know I'm a catcher too.

Abbott: So they tell me.

Costello: I get behind the plate to do some fancy catching, Tomorrow's pitching on my team and a heavy hitter gets up. Now the heavy hitter bunts the ball. When he bunts the ball, me, being a good catcher, I'm gonna throw the guy out at first base. So I pick up the ball and throw it to who?

Abbott: Now that's the first thing you've said right.

Costello: I don't even know what I'm talking about!

PAUSE

Abbott: That's all you have to do.

Costello: Is to throw the ball to first base.

Abbott: Yes!

Costello: Now who's got it?

Abbott: Naturally.

PAUSE

Costello: Look, if I throw the ball to first base, somebody's gotta get it. Now who has it?

Abbott: Naturally.

Costello: Who?

Abbott: Naturally.

Costello: Naturally?

Abbott: Naturally.

Costello: So I pick up the ball and I throw it to Naturally.

Abbott: No you don't, you throw the ball to Who.

Costello: Naturally.

Abbott: That's different.

Costello: That's what I said.

Abbott: You're not saying it...

Costello: I throw the ball to Naturally.

Abbott: You throw it to Who.

Costello: Naturally.

Abbott: That's it.

Costello: That's what I said!

Abbott: You ask me.

Costello: I throw the ball to who?

Abbott: Naturally.

Costello: Now you ask me.

Abbott: You throw the ball to Who?

Costello: Naturally.

Abbott: That's it.

Costello: Same as you! Same as YOU! I throw the ball to who. Whoever it is drops the ball and the guy runs to second. Who picks up the ball and throws it to What. What throws it to I Don't Know. I Don't Know throws it back to Tomorrow, Triple play. Another guy gets up and hits a long fly ball to Because. Why? I don't know! He's on third and I don't give a darn!

Abbott: What?

Costello: I said I don't give a darn!

Abbott: Oh, that's our shortstop.



WIDDLE WABBITS



A precious little girl walks into a pet shop and asks, in the sweetest little lisp, between two missing teeth, "Excuse me, mither, do you keep widdle wabbits?"

As the shopkeeper's heart melts, he gets down on his knees so that he's on her level and asks, "Do you want a widdle white wabbit, or a thoft and fuzzy bwack wabbit, or maybe one like that cute widdle bwown wabbit over there?"

She, in turn, blushes, rocks on her heels, puts her hands on her knees, leans forward and says, in a tiny quiet voice, "I don't think my python weally gives a thit."





A childless couple had a wonderful marriage, but the husband was sometimes surprised by the injured birds that his beloved wife was constantly caring for.

Some days he'd find a raven sitting on the couch with a splint on its leg; another day he'd come home to a hurt eagle eating a mouse on the dining-room table.

One evening he found his wife warming an adorable shivering wren that she had saved from a snow bank. It was bundled up in one of his favorite sweaters.

When he started to protest loudly, she said, "SHHH dear: not in front of the chilled wren."

