

A Collection of Crap From the Internet

By

Ed Dumas

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INTRODUCTION

This collection represents a variety of stuff I've collected over the years from the Internet. Nothing comes directly from web sites that I know of. It is all chain letters that get incessantly passed from one person to another via e-mail. As evidenced by the multitude of address headers I had to remove to format these jewels, there is no telling where most of this stuff has come from and who the original author(s) might have been. In the rare cases where someone has left their name or claimed a copyright for the story, I have included this acknowledgement along with the text. Like everything else that gets passed around the Internet, any claims of "This is absolutely, positively true" or "Actually taken from real events" should be taken with a grain of salt. I personally cannot vouch for the validity of anything in this collection, but I'm not too concerned, anyway. This material should be taken for what it is: humor.

I have chosen to include a few pieces that are not humorous, but rather might strive to improve and help preserve a person's quality of life. For example, I am an avid pilot and I take very seriously issues relating to safety of flight. I have included in this collection an article titled "VFR into IFR" (Page 81) which deals (in a frightening way) with the consequences of flying into clouds and bad weather when the pilot and/or the airplane is not equipped to fly in such conditions. If this helps save someone's bacon, I will consider its inclusion into my collection worthwhile.

The material is organized loosely into twenty-five chapters, ranging from political jokes, religious jokes, lawyer jokes, blonde jokes, workplace jokes, and a multitude of others (see the table of contents for a complete list!). Be warned that there is plenty of bad language, insulting remarks for every ethnic and religious group on the planet (Yes! Even the Amish!), and some very non-politically correct commentary. My goal is to censor nothing. If you feel that you or your beliefs may be insulted (rest assured, they eventually will!) and think you might want to gripe to me about it, do me a favor and please stop reading here!

If, however, you have an open mind and wish to partake in some truly great (and some not so great) humor, read on! Here are my personal favorites:

How to Annoy the IRS without Getting into Trouble – Page 19
Life in Hell – Page 27
The Entire Chapter on Blondes
Instead of Astrological Signs, How About These... What's Your Business Sign? – Page 68
Help Feed American Airlines Pilots – Page 77
Roger and Elaine – Page 92
Armageddon – Page 123
Bartenders Guide for Picking up Women – Page 141
MIR – A Study in Fear and Fixing the Ring – Page 157
He Stapled the Wound Shut and Continued to Work... Page 172
Cartoon Laws of Physics – Page 184
The FBI Orders Pizza – Page 212
The Entire Chapter on the Darwin Awards
Rudy the Cat – Page 240
Penguin Bowling – Page 280
Fifty-Five Fiction – Page 298

And finally....

The Thermodynamics of Hell – Page 232

Ed Dumas
Knoxville, TN
March 2, 2002

CHAPTER 1: Politics and Government

Election Humor Bumper Stickers

"Those who cast the votes decide nothing. Those who count the votes decide everything." -Joseph Stalin

Don't Blame Me - I voted for Gore... I Think

UNPRESIDENTED!

If God Meant Us to Vote, He Would Have Given Us Candidates

Jews for Buchanan

What popular vote?

I voted - Didn't matter

My parents retired to Florida and all I got was this lousy President

Disney gave us Mickey, Florida gave us Dumbo

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR VOTE... LET KATHERINE HARRIS DO IT FOR YOU

Who is this Chad guy and why is he pregnant.

Bush trusts the people, but not if it involves counting.

Now do you understand the importance of user testing?

To you I'm a drunk driver; to my friends, I'm presidential material!

One person, one vote (may not apply in certain states)

I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIS DADDY EITHER

IT AIN'T OVER 'TIL YOUR BROTHER COUNTS THE VOTES

The election can't be broken. We just fixed it.

The skies (wheeze) of Texas (cough) are upon you! (choke)

Banana Republicans

The last time somebody listened to a Bush, folks wandered in the desert for 40 years

Campaign spending: \$184,000,000.

Having your little brother rig the election for you: Priceless.

George W. Bush: The President Quayle We Never Had

Democrat

A little old lady called 911. When the operator answered she yelled, "Help, send the police to my house right away! There's a damn Democrat on my front porch and he's playing with himself."

"What?" the operator exclaimed.

"I said there is a damn Democrat on my front porch playing with himself and he's weird; I don't know him and I'm afraid! Please send the police!" the little old lady said.

"Well, now, how do you know he's a Democrat?"

"Because, you damn fool, if he were a Republican, he'd be screwing somebody!"

Range Rover

The Queen and Di were out for a drive in one of the Queen's Range Rovers. Suddenly some armed robbers leapt out of the bushes and stopped the car.

"Give us your money," they shouted at the Queen.

"But I'm the Queen of England; I have no need for money."

"Oh, sh*t," said the leader of the armed band, and turned to Di. "Give us yer jewels."

"But I don't wear my jewels all the time, only on state occasions."

The armed robbers looked fed up, when suddenly they heard the sound of wailing sirens approaching. "Quick, out of the car. We'll have the Range Rover at least!" And with that the robbers drove off.

As the Queen and Di waited for the police to get there, Di turned to the Queen.

"What did you do with all the cash you had? You're always loaded."

"Ah," said the Queen, "I saw the robbers and in the few seconds before they got to the car I rolled up my notes and tucked them into that little private place that women have."

Reaching under her skirt, she produced several thousand pounds in notes.

"And what did you do with your jewels? You always wear lots of jewelry, my dear," the Queen said to Di.

"Well, like you, in those few seconds before the robbers got to the car, I slipped off my rings, necklaces and tiara, and like you, slipped them into that little place that only women have." Reaching down, she plucked out her jewelry.

They both sat quietly for a few minutes, before the Queen turned to Di. "You know, if Fergie had been with us, we could still have that Range Rover."

White House Intern Application

Subject: White House Intern Application
Date: Wednesday, January 28, 1998 2:53 PM

Greetings prospective White House Interns!

This year, our program is heading into its 69th year of bringing America's best and brightest to the Nation's Capitol to help the "Head Man" do his job. We expect that 1998 will be the most exciting one yet! Why, you might be asking yourself, do I want to be a part of this demanding, yet rewarding program? Check this out:

- Be part of the action in the pulsing, throbbing, political scene of the hottest city in the world!
- Get up close and personal with some of America's movers and shakers!
- See rooms in the White House that even a VIP tour won't show you!
- Get total access to plenty of sensitive Presidential activities!

Sound like it's for you? Just listen to this testimonial from a former intern: " I couldn't believe it! After only a few months on the job answering the phones and fetching coffee, there I was, debriefing the president... Getting involved in executive branch affairs is just fantastic.

...M. Lewinsky, Beverly Hills, Calif.

As you can see, being a White House intern is more than long hours, hot debates and touchy national issues.

Still interested? Fill out this information form and send it back to the White House at president@whitehouse.gov

Name: _____

Hometown: _____

Sex: F Age:

Measurements: (required for medical purposes)

How many beers it takes to get you...

___ Giggly:

___ Drunk:

___ Hot:

___ To lie to a federal prosecutor:

QUICK QUIZ:

1. You've always considered the White House:
 - a) a monument to democracy
 - b) the place where great leaders meet
 - c) vaguely erotic
 - d) extremely erotic
2. Hillary Clinton is a(n):
 - a) model wife and mother
 - b) icon of late 20th century femininity
 - c) an obstacle
 - d) inappropriate companion for the leader of the free world
3. You've always wanted to know more about the President's
 - a) Israeli policies
 - b) Childhood in Hope, Ark.
 - c) Romper Room
 - d) "monument to democracy"
4. My social life as and intern would likely consist of:
 - a) hitting Georgetown bars with the other interns
 - b) reading, study
 - c) late nights working at the White House
 - d) late nights working the White House

Score 1 point for each a, 2 for each b, 3 for each c, 4 for each d.

Score of 16 can start tomorrow. Scores of 12 and above, please call soon.

Uncle Sam wants you!

*Please feel free to forward this form to anyone who might be interested in this program. The White House is an equal opportunity employer.

The Bill of No Rights

The following was written by State Representative Mitchell Kaye from Cobb County, GA:

We, the sensible people of the United States, in an attempt to help everyone get along, restore some semblance of justice, avoid any more riots, keep our nation safe, promote positive behavior, and secure the blessings of debt-free liberty to ourselves and our great-great-great-grandchildren, hereby try one more time to ordain and establish some common sense guidelines for the terminally whiny, guilt-ridden delusional and other liberal bed-wetters.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That a whole lot of people were confused by the Bill of Rights and are so dim that they require a Bill of No Rights.

ARTICLE I: You do not have the right to a new car, big screen TV, or any other form of wealth. More power to you if you can legally acquire them, but no one is guaranteeing anything.

ARTICLE II: You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone-not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc., but the world is full of idiots, and probably always will be.

ARTICLE III: You do not have the right to be free from harm. If you stick a screwdriver in your eye, learn to be more careful, do not expect the tool manufacturer to make you and all your relatives independently wealthy.

ARTICLE IV: You do not have the right to free food and housing. Americans are the most charitable people to be found, and will gladly help anyone in need, but we are quickly growing weary of subsidizing generation after generation of professional couch potatoes who achieve nothing more than the creation of another generation of professional couch potatoes.

ARTICLE V: You do not have the right to free health care. That would be nice, but from the looks of public housing, we're just not interested in health care.

ARTICLE VI: You do not have the right to physically harm other people. If you kidnap, rape, intentionally maim or kill someone, don't be surprised if the rest of us want to see you fry in the electric chair.

ARTICLE VII: You do not have the right to the possessions of others. If you rob, cheat or coerce away the goods or services of other citizens, don't be surprised if the rest of us get together and lock you away in a place where you still won't have the right to a big-screen color TV or a life of leisure.

ARTICLE VIII: You don't have the right to demand that our children risk their lives in foreign wars to soothe your aching conscience. We hate oppressive governments and won't lift a finger to stop you from going to fight if you'd like. However, we do not enjoy parenting the entire world and do not want to spend so much of our time battling each and every little tyrant with a military uniform and a funny hat.

ARTICLE IX: You don't have the right to a job. All of us sure want all of you to have one, and will gladly help you along in hard times, but we expect you to take advantage of the opportunities of education and vocational training laid before you to make yourself useful.

ARTICLE X: You do not have the right to happiness. Being an American means that you have the right to pursue happiness-which, by the way, is a lot easier if you are unencumbered by an overabundance of idiotic laws created by those of you who were confused by the Bill of Rights.

New Language for the EU

Having chosen English as the preferred language in the EEC, the European Parliament has commissioned a feasibility study in ways of improving efficiency in communications between Government departments. European officials have often pointed out that English spelling is unnecessarily difficult... For example, cough, plough, rough, through and thorough. What is clearly needed is a phased programme of changes to iron out these anomalies. The programme would, of course, be administered by a committee staff at top level by participating nations.

In the first year, for example, the committee would suggest using 's' instead of the soft 'c'. Certainly, sivil servants in all sities would resieve this news with joy. Then the hard 'c' could be replaced by 'k' sinse both letters are pronounsed alike. Not only would this klear up konfusion in the minds of klerikal workers, but typewriters could be made with one less letter.

There would be growing enthusiasm when in the sekond year, it was announsed that the troublesome 'ph' would henseforth be written 'f'. This would make words like 'fotograf' twenty per sent shorter in print.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reash the stage where more komplikated shanges are possible. Governments would enkourage the removal of double letters which have always been a deterrent to akurate speling.

We would al agre that the horrible mes of silent 'e's in the languag is disgrasful. Therefor we kould drop thes and kontinu to read and writ as though nothing had hapend. By this tim it would be four years sins the skem began and peopl would be reseptive to steps sutsh as replasing 'th' by 'z'. Perhaps zen ze funktion of 'w' kould be taken on by 'v', vitsh is, after al, half a 'w'. Shortly after zis, ze unesesary 'o' kould be dropt from words kontaining 'ou'. Similar arguments vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

Kontinuing zis proses yer after yer, ve vud eventuli hav a reli sensibl riten styl. After venti yers zer vud be no mor trubls, difikultis and evrivun vud fin it ezi tu understand ech ozer. Ze drem of ze Guvermnt vud finali hav kum tru.

Dan Quayle-isms

"I was recently on a tour of Latin America, and the only regret I have was that I didn't study Latin harder in school so I could converse with those people."

"If we don't succeed, we run the risk of failure."

"Republicans understand the importance of bondage between a mother and child."

"Welcome to President Bush, Mrs. Bush, and my fellow astronauts."

"Mars is essentially in the same orbit... Mars is somewhat the same distance from the Sun, which is very important. We have seen pictures where there are canals, we

believe, and water. If there is water that means there is oxygen. If oxygen, that means we can breathe."

"What a waste it is to lose one's mind. Or not to have a mind is being very wasteful. How true that is."

"The Holocaust was an obscene period in our nation's history. I mean in this century's history. But we all lived in this century. I didn't live in this century."

"I believe we are on an irreversible trend toward more freedom and democracy - but that could change."

"One word sums up probably the responsibility of any vice president, and that one word is 'to be prepared'."

"May our nation continue to be the beakon of hope to the world." -- The Quayles' 1989 Christmas card.

"Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things."

"We don't want to go back to tomorrow, we want to go forward."

"I have made good judgements in the Past. I have made good judgements in the Future."

"The future will be better tomorrow."

"We're going to have the best-educated American people in the world."

"People that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have a tremendous impact on history."

"I stand by all the misstatements that I've made."

"We have a firm commitment to NATO, we are a *part* of NATO. We have a firm commitment to Europe. We are a *part* of Europe."

"Public speaking is very easy."

"I am not part of the problem. I am a Republican."

"I love California, I practically grew up in Phoenix."

"A low voter turnout is an indication of fewer people going to the polls."

"When I have been asked during these last weeks who caused the riots and the killing in L.A., my answer has been direct and simple: Who is to blame for the riots? The rioters are to blame. Who is to blame for the killings? The killers are to blame."

"Illegitimacy is something we should talk about in terms of not having it."

"Murphy Brown is doing better than I am. At least she knows she still has a job next year."

"We are ready for any unforeseen event that may or may not occur."

"For NASA, space is still a high priority."

"Quite frankly, teachers are the only profession that teach our children."

"The American people would not want to know of any misquotes that Dan Quayle may or may not make."

"We're all capable of mistakes, but I do not care to enlighten you on the mistakes we may or may not have made."

"It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it."

"[It's] time for the human race to enter the solar system."

Rush Limbaugh

Rush Limbaugh and his chauffeur were out driving in the country and accidentally hit and killed a pig that had wandered out on a country road. Limbaugh told the chauffeur to drive up to the farm and apologize to the farmer. They drove up to the farm, the chauffeur got out and knocked on the front door and was let in. He was in there for what seemed hours. When he came out, Limbaugh was confused about why his driver had been there so long. "Well, first the farmer shook my hand, then he offered me a beer, then his wife brought me some cookies, and his daughter showered me with kisses," explained the driver. "What did you tell the farmer?" Limbaugh asked. The chauffeur replied, "I told him that I was Rush Limbaugh's driver and I'd just killed the pig."

President Clinton and the Pope

President Clinton and the Pope died on the same day, and due to an administrative foul up, Clinton was sent to heaven and the Pope was sent to hell.

The Pope explained the situation to the devil, he checked out all of the paperwork, and the error was acknowledged. The Pope was told, however, that it would take about 24 hours to fix the problem and correct the error

The next day, the Pope was called in and the devil said his good-bye as he went off to heaven.

On his way up, he met Clinton who was on his way down, and they stop to chat.

Pope: Sorry about the mix up.

President Clinton: No problem.

Pope: Well, I'm really excited about going to heaven.

President Clinton: Why's that?

Pope: All my life I've wanted to meet the Virgin Mary.

President Clinton: You're a day late.

The State of the Union Address... That President Clinton Should Have Given

"Members of Congress... people of America... I banged her. I banged her like a cheap gong. Which is not news, folks, because if you think Monica Lewinsky was the only skin flute player in my orchestra, you haven't been paying attention. The only babes in DC I haven't tried to do are the First Lady, Reno, Albright, and Shalala, mostly because they're a little older than I like and they have legs that former Houston Oiler Earl Campbell would envy. Which isn't to say I don't appreciate Hillary... I do. If not for the ice- water coursing through her veins, I'd be pumping gas into farm equipment in Hope, Arkansas, and she'd be married to the President.

So, let me set the record straight. I dodged the draft, hid FBI files, smoked dope, flipped Whitewater property, set up a new Korean wing in the White House, fired the travel staff, paid hush money to Hubbell, sold the Lincoln bedroom like an upscale Motel 6, and grabbed every ass that entered the Oval Office.

Got it? Good. Six years ago, there's not a man, woman, or child who didn't know I was as horny as Woody Allen. But, you elected me anyway, which turned out to be a good move on your part.

Your other choice was Bush, an aging baseball player and part-time resident of some place called "Kennebunkport" who thought he could bomb his way into the White House. Before him, it was Reagan, who left the office with the same Alzheimer's he came in with. There was Carter before him who brought you a 17% prime interest rate, smiling the whole time like his lithium drip had just kicked in. Nixon before that coined, but never really understood, the concept of 'plausible deniability,' and almost got a one-way ticket to San Clemente for his crackerjack style of governing. Johnson was an inbred, power-mad war criminal whose major contribution to American society was Agent Orange. And John Kennedy, who was a little naughty himself, didn't hang around long enough for America to spot that curious atavistic tic for "beaver-wrestling" shared by at least a dozen former residents of the White House. Which brings me back to my point.

Since I have been strumming the banjo here at the White House, government is doing more for less.

The budget is balanced for the first time since JFK did a one-gun salute to Marilyn, a fact the press didn't seem to care about, evidently. Unemployment is so low today a blind felon can get a job as a night watchman. And the stock market is higher than a D-student on a full gram of dumb-dust, and anyone with a degree from a junior

college who can spell 'internet' has enough money to ponder the annual maintenance cost of his boat, instead of where his or her next meal is coming from.

Bottom line: I'm running a country here and I'm doing it with my pecker showing. What I'm asking for is your support, not a date with your daughter...unless, of course, she's a hotty with thin ankles, and then I'd like to discuss it. In the meantime, think about where you are today and what kind of life you're living before you get too interested in where I'm parking the Presidential limousine.

Thank you, good night and God bless America.

All in the Family

One Sunday morning Chelsea burst into the living quarters at the White House and said, Dad! Mom! I have some great news for you! I am getting married to the greatest hunk in Washington. He lives in Georgetown and his name is Matt. After dinner, the President took Chelsea aside. "Honey, I have to talk with you. Your mother and I have been married a long time. She's a wonderful wife but she's never offered much excitement in the bedroom, so I used to fool around with women a lot. Matt is actually your half-brother, and I'm afraid you can't marry him." Chelsea was heart-broken. But after eight months she eventually started dating again.

A year later she came home and very proudly announced, "Robert asked me to marry him! We're getting married in June." Again her father insisted on another private conversation and broke the sad news. "Robert is your half-brother too, honey. I'm awfully sorry about this." Chelsea was furious! She finally decided to go to her mother with the news. "Dad has done so much harm... I guess I'm never going to get married," she complained. "Every time I fall in love, Dad tells me the guy is my half-brother."

Hillary just shook her head. "Don't pay any attention to what he says, dear. He's not really your father."

New Congressional Legislation

WASHINGTON, DC - On Tuesday, Congress approved the Americans With No Abilities Act, sweeping new legislation that provides benefits and protection for more than 135 million talent-less Americans. The act, signed into law by President Clinton shortly after its passage, is being hailed as a major victory for the millions upon millions of U.S. citizens who lack any real skills or uses. "Roughly 50 percent of Americans-through no fault of their own-do not possess the talent necessary to carve out a meaningful role for themselves in society," said Clinton, a longtime ANA supporter. "Their lives are futile hamster-wheel existences of unrewarding, dead-end busywork: Xeroxing documents written by others, fulfilling mail-in rebates for Black & Decker toaster ovens, and processing bureaucratic forms that nobody will ever see. Sadly, for these millions of non-abled Americans, the American dream of working hard and moving up through the ranks is simply not a reality."

Under the Americans with No Abilities Act, more than 25 million important-sounding "middle man" positions will be created in the white-collar sector for non-abled

persons, providing them with an illusory sense of purpose and ability. Mandatory, non-performance-based raises and promotions will also be offered to create a sense of upward mobility for even the most unremarkable, utterly replaceable employees. The legislation also provides corporations with incentives to hire non-abled workers, including tax breaks for those who hire one non-germane worker for every two talented hirees. Finally, the Americans With No Abilities Act also contains tough new measures to prevent discrimination against the non-abled by banning prospective employers from asking such job-interview questions as, "What can you bring to this organization?" and "Do you have any special skills that would make you an asset to this company?"

"As a non-abled person, I frequently find myself unable to keep up with co-workers who have something going for them," said Mary Lou Gertz, who lost her position as an unessential filing clerk at a Minneapolis tile wholesaler last month because of her lack of notable skills. "This new law should really help people like me." With the passage of the Americans with No Abilities Act, Gertz and millions of other untalented, inessential citizens can finally see a light at the end of the tunnel. Said Clinton: "It is our duty, both as lawmakers and as human beings, to provide each and every American citizen, regardless of his or her lack of value to society, some sort of space to take up in this great nation."

Clinton Joke

A Marine colonel on his way home from work at the Pentagon came to a dead halt in traffic and thought to himself, "Wow, this traffic seems worse than usual. Nothing's even moving."

He notices a police officer walking back and forth between the lines of cars so he rolls down his window and asks, "Excuse me, Officer, what's the holdup?"

The Officer replies, "The President is just so depressed about the impeachment thing he stopped his motorcade in the middle of the Beltway and he's threatening to douse himself in gasoline and set himself on fire. He says his family hates him and he doesn't have the \$33.5 million he owes his lawyers.

I'm walking round taking up a collection for him."

"Oh really? How much have you collected so far?" "So far only about three hundred gallons but I've got a lot of folks still siphoning."

A Letter from Bill

Mr. John Hinckley
St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Washington, DC

Dear John,

Hillary and I wanted to drop you a short note to tell you how pleased we are with the great strides you are making in your recovery. In our Country's new spirit of understanding and forgiveness we want you to know there is a bilateral consensus of compassion and forgiveness abroad throughout the land. Hillary and I want you to know that no grudge is born against you for shooting President Reagan. We, above all, are aware of how the mental stress and pain could have driven you to such an act of desperation. Hillary and I are confident that you will soon make a complete recovery and return to your family to join the world again as a healthy and productive young man.

Best wishes,

Bill Clinton

P.S. Ken Starr is screwing Jodie Foster.

Scam Alert!

WARNING! PLEASE READ IMMEDIATELY! THIS IS SERIOUS!

If you get an envelope from a company called the "Internal Revenue Service," DO NOT OPEN IT! This group operates a scam around this time every year.

Their letter claims that you owe them money, which they will take and use to pay for the operation of essential functions of the United States government. This is untrue! The money the IRS collects is used to fund various inefficient and pointless social engineering projects.

This organization has ties to another shady outfit called the Social Security Administration, who claim to take money from your regular paychecks and save it for your retirement. In truth, the SSA uses the money to pay for the same misguided make-work projects the IRS helps mastermind.

These scam artists have bilked honest, hard working Americans out of hundreds of billions of dollars. Don't fall for this scam!

Kind Of Scary when you think About It!

It is time to elect the world leader, and your vote counts. Here are the facts about the three leading candidates.

--Candidate A Associates with crooked politicians, and consults with astrologists. He's had two mistresses. He also chain smokes and drinks 8 to 10 martinis a day.

--Candidate B He was kicked out of office twice, sleeps until noon, used opium in college and drinks a quart of whiskey every evening.

--Candidate C He is a decorated war hero. He's a vegetarian, doesn't smoke, drinks an occasional beer and hasn't had any extra-marital affairs.

Which of these candidates would be your choice?

Candidate A is Franklin D. Roosevelt (FDR)

Candidate B is Winston Churchill

Candidate C is Adolph Hitler

Presidential Oz

The last four U.S. Presidents are caught in a tornado, and off they spin to OZ. After threatening trials and tribulations, they finally make it to the Emerald City and come before the Great Wizard.

"WHAT BRINGS YOU BEFORE THE GREAT WIZARD? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Jimmy Carter steps forward timidly: "I had a terrible time with Iran, so I've come for some courage."

"No problem" says the Wizard, "WHO IS NEXT?"

Ronald Reagan steps forward, "Well, Well, Well, I need a brain."

"Done," says the Wizard. "Who comes next before the Great Wizard?"

Up steps George Bush sadly, "I'm told by the American people that I need a heart."

"I've heard it's true," says the Wizard. "Consider it done."

Then there is a great silence.

Bill Clinton is just standing there looking around, but doesn't say a word.

Irritated, the Wizard finally asks, "WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE EMERALD CITY?"

"Is Dorothy around?"

Just Take A Moment

Have you ever wondered what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors, and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Two lost their sons serving in the Revolutionary Army; another had two sons captured. Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the Revolutionary War. They signed and they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

What kind of men were they?

Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners; men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured. Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts, and died in rags. Thomas McKeam was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward. Vandals or soldiers looted the properties of Dillery, Hall, Clymer, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge, and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson, Jr., noted that the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. He quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt. Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife, and she died within a few months. John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a year he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children vanished. A few weeks later he died from exhaustion and a broken heart. Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates. Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution. These were not wild eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education. They had security, but they valued liberty more. Standing tall, straight, and unwavering, they pledged: "For the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of the divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

They gave you and me a free and independent America. The history books never told you a lot of what happened in Revolutionary War. We didn't just fight the British. We were British subjects at that time and we fought our own government! Some of us take these liberties so much for granted... We shouldn't.

So, take a couple of minutes while enjoying your 4th of July holiday and silently thank these patriots. It's not much to ask for the price they paid.

Bill Clinton and the Pig

Bill Clinton and his driver were cruising along a country road one evening when a pig ran in front of the car.

The driver tried to avoid it but couldn't. The pig was killed. The President told his driver to go up to the farmhouse and explain to the owners what happened.

About an hour later the driver staggers back to the car with his clothes in total disarray. He was holding a bottle of wine in one hand, a cigar in the other and smiling happily.

"What happened?" asked the President.

"Well," the driver replied "the Farmer gave me the wine, his wife gave me the cigar, and their beautiful daughter made mad passionate love to me."

"My God, what did you tell them?" asked the President.

The driver replied: "I'm Bill Clinton's driver, and I just killed the pig."

Apology to the People's Republic of China

It is with deep regret, hesitation, and contrition that I, The President of the United States of America, offer apology to the Chinese nation and its peoples. I apologize for the heinous act performed by our large, sluggish, propeller driven, airplane when it got in the way of your highly maneuverable, supersonic, technologically superior, jet aircraft.

Furthermore, I sincerely regret the fact that by flying in international airspace, we afforded your "highly competent" pilot the opportunity to fly his aircraft into our own, causing him to spiral to his death into the ocean. We regret the choice made by said pilot when he used deficient judgment in electing to attempt aerial intimidation upon our slower moving, unarmed, surveillance vehicle.

This situation brings to mind a similar episode when I was in grade school and my face got in the way of the schoolyard bully's fist. He broke a bone in his hand and I felt as compelled to apologize for that incident as I do for this one.

Let me summarize by stating that it is our sincere hope that you accept this "heart felt" and "sincere" apology for the actions committed by your pilot. We are sorry that we got in the way. We are sorry that we were forced to leave international airspace and land in Chinese territory. We are sorry that you were forced to provide food and housing for our military personnel.

Most of all, we are sorry that you have, in your possession, some of our most technologically advanced surveillance equipment on the planet. I hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive us. I hope that soon you will be compelled to release our men and our property.

Because I really don't want to have to apologize again when we have to kick your ass.

Sincerely,
George W. Bush

President of the United States

Presidential Intelligence!

Bush and Cheney are having lunch at a diner near the White House. Cheney orders the "Heart-Healthy" salad.

Bush leans over to the waitress and says, "Honey, could I have a quickie?"

She's horrified! She says, "Mr. President, I thought your administration would bring a new era of moral rectitude to the White House. Now I see I was wrong and I'm sorry I voted for you," and she marches off.

Cheney leans over and says "George, I think it's pronounced 'QUICHE'."

Name That Song

Is this the real life?
Is this a fantasy?
Caught in a tie now
Just a boost towards reality
Open your eyes, look at those two guys and see
No one is worthy to be our President
Cause their easy come, easy go
One's a drunk, one's real slow
Anyway the ballot goes
Doesn't really matter to me, to me

(Florida Elder:)

Clinton, just voted then
Don't know who I voted for
Was it Buchanan or Gore?
Clinton, life's about to end
Don't know if I'm Democrat or Republican
Clinton, ooh
Didn't mean to make you cry
I'll vote the way you want me to next time
So carry on, carry on
Cause its only four more years now

Too late, my time is up
Send shivers down my spine
Al Gore was so hard to find
Don't cry everybody, I feel your pain
We should've got the chance to vote McCain
Clinton, ooh
Why'd you have to go?
I sometimes wish I'd never voted at all

(Florida:)

I see a little silhouette of a man
W, W, Bush is really upset now

(Republicans:)

Thunderbolts and lightning
Florida is frightening me

(Florida:)

(Need a recount) Need a recount
(Need a recount) Need a recount
Need a recount don't you know
Let us revo-o-o-ote

(Alien:)

I'm just an alien, nobody loves me

(Democrats:)

He's just an alien, from a poor country
Please let him vote, vote democratically

(Alien:)

I'll vote for Hillary, will you let me vote

(Government:)

H. Clinton, NO! We will not let you vote

(Democrats:)

Let him vote!

(Government:)

H. Clinton, We will not let you vote

(Democrats:)

Let him vote!

(Government:)

H. Clinton, We will not let you vote

(Democrats:)

Let him vote!

(Government:)

We'll not let you vote

(Democrats:)

Let him vote!

(Government:)

We'll not let you vote

(Democrats:)

Let him vo-o-o-ote

(Government:)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no

(Democrats:)

Oh mamamia, mamamia,
Mamamia let him vote

(Alien:)

Gore/Leiberman has a ballot put aside
For me, for me, for me

(Republicans:)

So we win and you call just to let us know
Then you retract when you call in an hour or so
Oh, Gore, can't do this to us, Gore
Just got to win, just got to win Florida

(Independents:)

Oooh, yeah
Oooh, yeah
No one really wants them
Anyone can see
None are really winners
None are really winners
To me
(Any way the ballot goes)

Clinton versus Titanic

TITANIC VIDEO: \$9.99 on Internet.

CLINTON VIDEO: \$9.99 on Internet.

TITANIC VIDEO: Over 3 hours long.

CLINTON VIDEO: Over 3 hours long.

TITANIC VIDEO: The story of Jack and Rose, their forbidden love, and subsequent catastrophe.

CLINTON VIDEO: The story of Bill and Monica, their forbidden love, and subsequent catastrophe.

TITANIC VIDEO: Jack is a starving artist.

CLINTON VIDEO: Bill is a bullshit artist.

TITANIC VIDEO: In one part, Jack enjoys a good cigar.

CLINTON VIDEO: Ditto for Bill.

TITANIC VIDEO: During ordeal, Rose's dress gets ruined.

CLINTON VIDEO: Ditto for Monica.

TITANIC VIDEO: Jack teaches Rose to spit.

CLINTON VIDEO: Let's not go there.

TITANIC VIDEO: Rose gets to keep her jewelry.

CLINTON VIDEO: Monica's forced to return her gifts.

TITANIC VIDEO: Rose remembers Jack for the rest of her life.

CLINTON VIDEO: Monica doesn't remember Jack.

TITANIC VIDEO: Rose goes down on a vessel full of seamen.

CLINTON VIDEO: Monica...uh, never mind.

TITANIC VIDEO: Jack surrenders to an icy death.

CLINTON VIDEO: Bill goes home to Hillary

Presidential Jokes

A father noticed that his son was spending way too much time playing computer games. In an effort to motivate the boy into focusing more attention on his schoolwork, the father said to his son, "When Abe Lincoln was your age, he was studying books by the light of the fireplace." The son replied, "When Lincoln was your age, he was The President of the United States."

Bumper Sticker Seen in Palm Beach... HONK IF YOU VOTED FOR GORE...IT'S THE BIG BUTTON IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR STEERING WHEEL

Another Clinton Joke

Clinton is in the supermarket picking up some things for the house when a stock boy accidentally knocks into him.

"Pardon me," the stock boy says.

"Sure," Clinton replies, "but it'll cost you."

More Bush Jokes

While suturing a laceration on the hand of a 90-year-old man, the doctor and the old man talked about how they thought George W. Bush was doing as President.

The old man said, "Ya know, Bush is a post turtle."

Not knowing what the old man meant, the doctor asked him what a "post turtle" was.

He said, "Did you ever drive down a country road and come across a fence post with a turtle balanced on top? You know he didn't get there by himself, he doesn't belong there, he can't get anything done while he's up there, and you just want to help the poor thing down. That's a post turtle."

George W. Bush was out jogging one morning along the parkway when he tripped, fell over the bridge railing and landed in the creek below.

Before the Secret Service guys could get to him 3 kids who were fishing pulled him out of the water. He was so grateful he offered the kids whatever they wanted.

The first kid says, "I want to go to Disneyland." George says, "No problem. I'll take you there on Air Force One."

The second kid says, "I want a new pair of Nike Air Jordan's." George says, "I'll get them for you and even have Michael sign them!"

The third kid says, "I want a motorized wheelchair with a built in TV and stereo headset!"

Bush is a little perplexed by this and says, "But you don't look like you are handicapped."

The kid says, "I will be, after my dad finds out I saved your ass from drowning!"

Doctor Seuss Goes to Florida

Can we count them with our nose?

Can we count them with our toes?

Should we count them with a band?

Should we count them all by hand?

If I do not like the count,

I will simply throw them out!

I will not let this vote count stand

I do not like them, AL GORE I am!

Can we change these numbers here?

Can we change them, calm my fears?

What do you mean, Dubya has won?

This is not fair, this is not fun

Let's count them upside down this time

Let's count until the state is mine!

I will not let this VOTE count stand!
 I do not like it, AL GORE I am!
 I'm really ticked, I'm in a snit!
 You have not heard the last of it!
 I'll count the ballots one by one
 And hold each one up to the sun!
 I'll count, recount, and count some more!
 You'll grow to hate this little chore
 But I will not, cannot let this vote count stand!
 I do not like it, AL GORE I am!
 I won't leave office, I'm stayin' here!
 I've glued my desk chair to my rear!
 Tipper, Hillary, and Bubba too,
 All telling me that I should sue!
 We find the Electoral College vile!
 RECOUNT the votes until I smile!
 We do not want this vote to stand!
 We do not like it, AL GORE I am!
 How shall we count this ballot box?
 Let's count it standing in our socks!
 Shall we count this one in a tree?
 And who shall count it, you or me?
 We cannot, cannot count enough!
 We must not stop, we must be tough!
 I do not want this vote to stand!
 I do not like it, AL GORE I am!
 What's that? What? What are you trying to say?
 You think the current count should stay?
 You do not like my counting scheme?
 It makes you tense, gives you bad dreams?
 Foolish people, you're wrong you'll see!
 Your only care should be for me!
 I will not let this vote count stand!
 I do not like it, and AL GORE I am!

Word of the Day

AlGoreithm (n: al-gor-ith-m): Any method of calculation performed repeatedly until a desired result is produced.

Notice of Revocation of Independence

To the citizens of the United States of America, In the light of your failure to elect a President of the USA and thus to govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective today. Her Sovereign Majesty Queen Elizabeth II will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths and other territories. Except Utah, which she does not fancy. Your new Prime Minister (The rt. hon. Tony Blair, MP, for the 97.85% of you who have until now been unaware that there is a world outside your borders) will appoint a minister for America without the

need for further elections. Congress and the Senate will be disbanded. A questionnaire will be circulated next year to determine whether any of you noticed.

To aid in the transition to a British Crown Dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

1. You should look up "revocation" in the Oxford English Dictionary. Then look up "aluminium." Check the pronunciation guide. You will be amazed at just how wrongly you have been pronouncing it. Generally, you should raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels. Look up "vocabulary." Using the same twenty-seven words interspersed with filler noises such as "like" and "you know" is an unacceptable and inefficient form of communication. Look up "interspersed."
2. There is no such thing as "US English." We will let Microsoft know on your behalf.
3. You should learn to distinguish the English and Australian accents. It really isn't that hard.
4. Hollywood will be required occasionally to cast English actors as the good guys.
5. You should relearn your original national anthem, "God Save the Queen", but only after fully carrying out task 1. We would not want you to get confused and give up half way through.
6. You should stop playing American "football." There is only one kind of football. What you refer to as American "football" is not a very good game. The 2.15% of you who are aware that there is a world outside your borders may have noticed that no one else plays "American" football. You will no longer be allowed to play it, and should instead play proper football. Initially, it would be best if you played with the girls. It is a difficult game. Those of you brave enough will, in time, be allowed to play rugby (which is similar to American "football", but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full kevlar body armour like nancies). We are hoping to get together at least a US rugby sevens side by 2005.
7. You should declare war on Quebec and France, using nuclear weapons if they give you any merde. The 98.85% of you who were not aware that there is a world outside your borders should count yourselves lucky. The Russians have never been the bad guys. "Merde" is French for "shit."
8. July 4th is no longer a public holiday. November 8th will be a new national holiday, but only in England. It will be called "Indecisive Day."
9. All American cars are hereby banned. They are crap and it is for your own good. When we show you German cars, you will understand what we mean.
10. Please tell us who killed JFK. It's been driving us crazy.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Ten Things to Ponder in the Wake of "Election" 2000

1. Imagine that we read of an election occurring somewhere in the third world in which the self-declared winner was the son of a former president, and that former president was himself the former head of that nation's secret police (e.g. the CIA).
 2. Imagine that the self-declared winner lost the popular vote but "won" the election count nevertheless, based on some old colonial holdover (e.g. the Electoral College) from the nation's pre-democratic past.
 3. Imagine that the self-declared winner's victory turned on disputed votes cast in a province governed by his brother.
 4. Imagine that the poorly designed ballots of one district, a district heavily favoring the self-declared winner's opponent, led thousands of voters to choose the wrong candidate (e.g. Holocaust survivors who mistakenly cast ballots for a minor party standard bearer notorious for his anti-Semitic sentiments).
 5. Imagine that that members of that nation's most despised caste turned out in record numbers to vote in near-universal opposition to the self-declared winner's candidacy.
 6. Imagine that hundreds of members of that most-despised caste were intercepted on their way to the polls by police officers operating under the authority of the self-declared winner's brother.
 7. Imagine that nearly 6,000,000 people voted in the disputed province and that the self-declared winner's "lead" was some 500 votes--a substantially smaller number than the mechanized voting system's known margin of error.
 8. Imagine that the self-declared winner and his political party opposed a more careful hand inspection and re-counting of the ballots in the disputed province, especially in that province's most hotly disputed district.
 9. Imagine that the self-declared winner, himself a governor of a major province, had the worst human rights record of any province in his nation, and actually led the nation in the number of prisoner executions--including the instance of a condemned man suffering profound mental retardation and a history of unspeakable physical abuse and degradation by his parents, a man whose defense lawyers were pleading for life imprisonment in lieu of death...even as the election was underway, in which the self-declared winner proclaimed himself a "compassionate" individual.
 10. Imagine that a major campaign promise of the self-declared winner was to appoint like-minded men and women, namely those favoring state-sanctioned murder, to lifetime positions on the nation's highest court.
-

The Kennebunkport Hillbilly

(sung to the tune of The Beverly Hillbillies Theme Song)

Come and listen to my story 'bout a boy name Bush.
His IQ was zero and his head was up his tush.
He drank like a fish while he drove all about.
But that didn't matter 'cuz his daddy bailed him out.
DUI, that is. Criminal record. Cover-up.

Well, the first thing you know little Georgie goes to Yale.
He can't spell his name but they never let him fail.
He spends all his time hangin' out with student folk.
And that's when he learns how to snort a line of coke.
Blow, that is. White gold. Nose candy.

The next thing you know there's a war in Vietnam.
Kin folks say, "George, stay at home with Mom."
Let the common people get maimed and scarred.
We'll buy you a spot in the Texas Air Guard.
Cushy, that is. Country clubs. Nose candy.

Twenty years later George gets a little bored.
He trades in the booze, says that Jesus is his Lord.
He said, "Now the White House is the place I wanna be."
So he called his daddy's friends and they called the GOP.
Gun owners, that is. Falwell. Jesse Helms.

Come November 7, the election ran late.
Kin folks said "Jeb, give the boy your state!"
"Don't let those colored folks get into the polls."
So they put up barricades so they couldn't punch their holes.
Chads, that is. Duval County. Miami-Dade.

Before the votes were counted five Supremes stepped in.
Told all the voters "Hey, we want George to win."
"Stop counting votes!" was their solemn invocation.
And that's how George finally got his coronation.
Rigged, that is. Illegitimate. No moral authority.

Y'all come vote now. Ya hear?

Bush and Blair

George W. Bush and Tony Blair are at a White House dinner. One of the important guests walks over to them and asks what they are talking about.

We are making up the plans for WW III, says Bush.

Wow, says the guest. And what are the plans? We are gonna kill 14 million Muslims and one dentist, answers Bush. The guest looks to be a bit confused.

One...dentist? He says. Why? Why will you kill one dentist?

Blair pats Bush on the shoulder and says, "What did I tell you? Nobody is gonna ask about the Muslims."

Points and Thoughts to Ponder

1. After the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, which killed six and injured 1,000, President Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished. After the 1995 bombing in Saudi Arabia, which killed five U.S. military personnel, Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished. After the 1996 Khobar Towers bombing in Saudi Arabia, which killed 19 and injured 200 U.S. military personnel, Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished. After the 1998 bombing of U.S. embassies in Africa, which killed 224 and injured 5,000, Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished. After the 2000 bombing of the USS Cole, which killed 17 and injured 3 U.S. sailors, Clinton promised that those responsible would be hunted down and punished. Maybe if Clinton had kept his promise, an estimated 7,000 people would be alive today.
 2. An interesting question: This question was raised on a Philly radio call-in show. Without casting stones, it is a legitimate question. There are two men, both extremely wealthy. One develops relatively cheap software and gives hundreds of millions of dollars to charity. The other sponsors terrorism. That being the case, why is it that the US government has spent more money chasing down Bill Gates over the past ten years than Osama bin Laden?
 3. Here is a strange turn of events. Hillary gets \$8 Million for her forthcoming memoir. Bill gets about \$12 Million for his memoir. This from two people who have spent the past 8 years being unable to recall anything about past events! Incredible!!
-

Possible Threat on October 28

Don't go to the bathroom on October 28th. CIA intelligence reports that a major plot is planned for that day. Anyone who takes a poop on the 28th will be bitten on the ass by an alligator. Reports indicate that organized groups of alligators are planning to rise up into unsuspecting American's toilet bowls and bite them when they are doing their dirty business.

I usually don't send emails like this, but I got this information from a reliable source. It came from a friend of a friend whose cousin is dating this girl whose brother knows this guy whose wife knows this lady whose husband buys hotdogs from this guy who knows a shoeshine guy who shines the shoes of a mailroom worker who has a friend who's drug dealer sells drugs to another mailroom worker who works in the CIA building. He apparently overheard two guys talking in the bathroom about alligators and came to the conclusion that we are going to be attacked. So it must be true.

New Car and The Radio...

A business woman who wants to show the world how successful she is orders a gold Lexus.

On the day of delivery, proud as she can be, she turns into traffic and begins travelling home. She reaches for the radio but finds none. She immediately turns back to the showroom.

"You did not put a radio in this car", she shouts in annoyance. "No, you don't understand," this car has the latest electronics in it. The radio is voice-controlled. Look, I'll show you. In a well-modulated voice the salesman says, "Radio-on." The radio responds, "What would you like to hear today?"

"Songs by Nelson," the man responds "By Ricky or Willie? The radio asks. "Willie", and immediately the car is filled with the voice of Willie Nelson.

Pleased as the woman leaves the dealership and heads home, she commands, "Radio-on." The radio immediately responds "What would you like to hear?" "Beethoven", she replies and immediately the car is filled with the music of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

With a broad smile she leans back and enjoys the music. Suddenly at an intersection she is cut off by another car. "Asshole", she shouts and the radio responds with a speech by George W. Bush.

Politics

Nominated for quote of the year is the statement made by Representative Dick Arney, who when asked if he were in the President's place, would he resign, responded:

If I were in the President's place I would not get a chance to resign. I would be lying in a pool of my own blood hearing Mrs. Arney standing over me saying, "How do I reload this damned thing?"

Crapper Flap

Faculty/Staff Toilet Policy (Pursuant to Performance Funding Policies in the State of Tennessee)

With immediate effect a "toilet policy" will be established to provide a more consistent method of accounting for each faculty/staff member's time, thereby ensuring effective time management and equal treatment of all faculty/staff members. On the first day of every month all faculty/staff members will be issued with 20 toilet trip credits. These credits may be accumulated. Within two weeks the entrance doors to all toilets will be equipped with "personal identification stations" and will have computer linked voice recognition devices. Before the end of the month each faculty/staff member must provide two copies of the voice prints (1 normal and 1 under stress) to Human Resources. The voice print recognition stations will be operative, but not restrictive for the rest of the month. Faculty/staff should acquaint themselves with the operations

of the stations during this period. Once a faculty/staff member's toilet trip bank reaches zero, the doors of the toilet will not unlock for the faculty/staff member's voice until the 1st of the following month. In addition, all cubicles are to be equipped with time paper roll retractors. If the toilet is occupied for more than 3 minutes, an alarm will sound. 30 Seconds after the alarm sounds, the roll of toilet paper will retract into the dispenser, the toilet will flush and the door will open automatically.

If the toilet remains occupied, your photograph will be taken by a security camera. The picture will be posted on the "Toilet Offenders Board." Anyone whose photograph appears three times will immediately forfeit 3 month's toilet trips credits. Anyone caught smiling when their photograph is taken will be required to undergo counseling by a clinical psychologist. If you have any questions about this policy, confer with Human Resources. All faculty/staff should be advised that the Workman's Compensation Insurance does not cover any injuries incurred whilst trying to stop the toilet paper retracting into the dispenser.

Letter from College

Dear Mom and Dad:

It has been eight months since I left for college. I have been remiss in writing and am very sorry for my thoughtlessness. I will bring you up to date now, but before you read on, please sit down. Don't read any further unless you are sitting down... OK?

Good, I am getting along pretty well now. The skull fracture and the concussion I got from jumping out of the window of my dormitory when it caught fire, shortly after my arrival, are pretty well healed now. I only spent two weeks in the hospital and now I can see almost normally and only get three headaches a day.

Fortunately, the fire in the dormitory and my jump were witnessed by an attendant at a nearby gas station, and he was able to call the Fire Department and the ambulance. He also visited me at the hospital, and since I had nowhere to live because of the burnt-out dorm, he was kind enough to invite me to share his apartment with him. It's really a basement room, but it is kind of cute. He is a very fine boy and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married. We haven't set the exact date yet, but I'm sure it will be before I start to show.

Yes, Mom and Dad, I am pregnant. I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents, and I know you will give the baby the same love, devotion and tender care you gave me when I was a child.

The reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boyfriend has some minor infection that prevents us from passing our premarital blood tests, and I carelessly caught it from him. This will soon clear up, thanks to my daily penicillin injections. I know you will welcome him into our family with open arms. He is kind, and although not well educated, he is ambitious. Also, he is of a different race and religion than ours, but I know, after all your years of teaching me tolerance, that you won't mind the fact that he is somewhat darker than we are.

I am sure you will love him as I do. His family background is good too; I am told that his father is an important gun bearer in his native African village. I guess that's it. Now that I have brought you up to date, I want you to know...

There was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or skull fracture, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant, I am not engaged, I do not have syphilis and there is no man of another race in my life.

However, I am getting a "D" in History and an "F" in Science, and I wanted you to see these marks in their proper perspective.

Your loving daughter,
Chelsea

P.S. Stanford is great... I love it, though I miss you both terribly, and Socks, too!
P.P.S. Dad, please give my best to Monica & the others.

Flynt Offers Starr Job as Porno Aide

LOS ANGELES (Reuters) - If independent counsel Kenneth Starr ever wants a new job after investigating President Clinton, Hustler magazine publisher Larry Flynt has just the position for him adviser on pornography.

"After a reading of the Starr report I am impressed by the salacious and voyeuristic nature of your work," Flynt wrote to Starr Wednesday offering him a job with his group that publishes magazines specializing in sexual subjects.

"The quality and quantity of material you have assembled in the Starr report contains more pornographic references than those provided by Hustler Online services this month," his letter said.

Flynt, who in the past has fought legal battles over pornography and freedom of speech, went on to praise Starr's report on Clinton that graphically describes the president's affair with his former White House intern Monica Lewinsky.

"I congratulate you for having opened the doors of libraries and schools to pornographic literature," the publisher wrote. "Those of us at Hustler need your assistance in extending the parameters of pornography to a wider community of adults. You have opened a new era in promoting explicit sexual materials."

By including such explicit references in his report to Congress that could form the basis for impeachment proceedings against Clinton, Flynt said Starr has helped alter community standards in accepting pornography.

In his letter, Flynt compared the Starr report with his own Hustler Online Magazine for its content. This month's magazine, for example, had 44 graphic references to genitalia, while the Starr report had 50, Flynt wrote.

George W. Bush in Heaven

Einstein dies and goes to heaven. At the Pearly Gates, Saint Peter tells him, "You look like Einstein, but you have NO idea what some people will do to sneak into Heaven. Can you prove who you really are?"

Einstein ponders for a few seconds and asks, "Could I have a blackboard and some chalk?"

Saint Peter snaps his fingers and a blackboard and chalk instantly appear. Einstein proceeds to describe with arcane mathematics and symbols his theory of relativity.

Saint Peter is suitably impressed. "You really ARE Einstein!" he says. "Welcome to heaven!"

The next to arrive is Picasso. Once again, Saint Peter asks for credentials.

Picasso asks, "Mind if I use that blackboard and chalk?"

Saint Peter says, "Go ahead."

Picasso erases Einstein's equations and sketches a truly stunning mural with just a few strokes of chalk.

Saint Peter claps. "Surely you are the great artist you claim to be!" he says. "Come on in!"

Then Saint Peter looks up and sees George W. Bush. Saint Peter scratches his head and says, "Einstein and Picasso both managed to prove their identity. How can you prove yours?"

George W. looks bewildered and says, "Who are Einstein and Picasso?"

Saint Peter sighs and says, "Come on in, George."

Jesse's Explanation

My dearest congregation:

During an NAACP celebration
for a victory over discrimination -
where I felt righteous indignation -
for my brothers in this troubled nation.
in the heat of my elation
(after several strong libations)
due to my intoxication
I started to feel a sensation
with my unit in full salutation
and in need of some fraternization

So I partook in some fornication

which resulted in the impregnation
of a member of my delegation
(shoulda used spermicidal lubrication
or indulged in self-masturbation)
I didn't consider the ramification
and accidentally added to the population

Adding to the speculation
that I should tender my resignation
(not to mention my wife's infuriation
and subsequent threat of castration).
Suddenly I had a great revelation,
as her pregnancy reached maturation,
that with the NAACP's coordination
and some financial compensation
I could keep this situation
deeply secreted in isolation
and avoid a legal investigation.

There you have my explanation
of this unfortunate situation.

How to Annoy the IRS (Without Getting in Trouble!)

Well it's tax-time again boys and girls. So cough it up if you haven't already! But no one says you have to go gentle into that dark night. Here are some hints on how to annoy the IRS if you owe them money...

1. Always put staples in the right hand corner. Go ahead and put them down the whole right side. The extractors who remove the mail from the envelopes have to take out any staples on the right side.
2. Never arrange paperwork in the right order, or even facing the right way. Put a few upside down and backwards. That way they have to remove all your staples, rearrange your paperwork and re-staple it (on the left side).
3. Line the bottom of your envelope with Elmer's glue and let it dry before you put in you forms, so that the automated opener doesn't open it and the extractor has to open it by hand.
4. If you're very unfortunate and have to pay taxes, use a two or three party check. On top of paying with a three party check, pay one of the dollars you owe in cash. When an extractor receives cash, no matter how small an amount, he has to take it to a special desk and fill out of few nasty forms.
5. Write a little letter of appreciation. Any letter received has to be read and stamped regardless of what it is or what it's on.
6. Write your letter on something misshapen and unconventional. Like on the back of a Kroger sack.
7. When you mail it, mail it in a big envelope (even if it's just a single EZ form). Big envelopes have to be torn and sorted differently than regular business size ones. An added bonus to the big envelope is that they take priority over other mail, so the workers can hurry up and deal with your mess.

8. If you send two checks, they'll have to staple your unsightly envelope to your half-destroyed form.
9. Always put extra paper clips on your forms. Any foreign fasteners or the like have to be removed and put away.
10. Sign your name in ink on every page. Any signature has to be verified and then date stamped.

These are just a few of the fun and exciting things you can do with the IRS. These methods are only recommended when you owe money.

A Shady Firm!

Can you imagine working at the following Company? It has a little over 500 employees with the following statistics:

- 29 have been accused of spousal abuse
- 7 have been arrested for fraud
- 19 have been accused of writing bad checks
- 117 have bankrupted at least two businesses
- 3 have been arrested for assault
- 71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit
- 14 have been arrested on drug-related charges
- 8 have been arrested for shoplifting
- 21 are current defendants in lawsuits
- In 1998 alone, 84 were stopped for drunk driving

It's the 535 members of your United States Congress. The same group that perpetually cranks out hundreds upon hundreds of new laws designed to keep the rest of us in line.

CHAPTER 2: Religion

Have You Found Jesus Yet?

A drunk stumbles upon a baptismal service on a Sunday afternoon down by the river. He proceeds to stumble down into the water and stands next to the Minister. The Minister turns, notices the old drunk and says, "Mister, are you ready to find Jesus?"

The drunk looks back and says, "Yes sir, I am."

The Minister then dunks the fellow under the water and pulls him right back up.

"Have you found Jesus?" the Minister asked.

"No, I haven't!" says the drunk.

The Minister then dunks him under for a quite a bit longer, brings him up and says, "Now brother, have you found Jesus?"

"No, I have not!" says the drunk again.

Disgusted, the Minister holds the man under for at least 30 seconds this time, brings him up and demands, "For the grace of God, have you found Jesus yet?!?!?!"

The old drunk wipes his eyes and pleads, "Are you sure this is where he fell in?"

And God Created Woman...

And God created woman and she had 3 breasts. He then asked the woman, "Is there anything you'd like to have changed?"

She replied, "Yes, could get rid of this middle breast?"

And so it was done, and it was good.

Then the woman exclaimed as she was holding that third breast in her hand, "What can be done with this useless boob?"

And God created man.

And God Created the South!

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of Heaven, God was missing for six days. Eventually, Michael the archangel found him, resting on the seventh day. He inquired of God, "Where have you been? God sighed a deep sigh of satisfaction and proudly pointed downwards through the clouds, "Look, Michael, look what I've made."

Archangel Michael looked puzzled and said, "What is it?"

"It's a planet," replied God, "and I've put LIFE on it. I'm going to call it Earth and it's going to be a great place of balance."

"Balance?" inquired Michael, still confused.

God explained, pointing to different parts of Earth, "For example, Northern Europe will be a place of great opportunity and wealth while Southern Europe is going to be poor; the Middle East over there will be a hot spot and the Antarctica in the South will be very cold. Over there I've placed a continent of white people and over there is a continent of black people.

God continued, pointing to different countries. "This one will be extremely hot and arid while this one will be very cold and covered in ice."

The Archangel impressed by God's work, then pointed to a large area and asked, "What's that one?"

"Ah," said God. That's the SOUTH, the most glorious place on Earth. There are beautiful mountains, lakes, rivers, streams and an exquisite coastline. The people from there are going to be modest, intelligent and humorous and they're going to be found traveling the world. They'll be extremely sociable, hardworking and high achieving, and they will be known throughout the world as diplomats and carriers of peace. A truly great people."

Michael gasped in wonder and admiration but then proclaimed, "What about balance, God? You said there will be BALANCE."

God replied wisely. "Wait until you see the loudmouth obnoxious people I'm putting north of them."

Howard

The day finally arrived: Forest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. St. Peter himself meets him at the Pearly Gates. The gates are closed, however, and Forest approaches the gatekeeper.

Saint Peter says, "Well, Forest, it's certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. I must inform you that the place is filling up fast, and we've been administering an entrance examination for everyone. The tests are fairly short, but you need to pass before you can get into Heaven."

Forest responds, "It shore is good to be here St. Peter. I was looking forward to this. Nobody ever told me about any entrance exams. Sure hope the test ain't too hard; life was a big enough test as it was."

St. Peter goes on, "Yes, I know Forest. But, the test I have for you is only three questions. Here is the first: What days of the week begin with the letter 'T'? Second, how many seconds are there in a year? Third, what is God's first name?"

Forest goes away to think the questions over. He returns the next day and goes up to St. Peter to try to answer the exam questions.

St. Peter waves him up and asks, "Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers."

Forest says, "Well, the first one, -how many days of the week begin with the letter 'T'? Shucks, that one's easy; that'd be Today and Tomorrow!"

The saint's eyes open wide and he exclaims, "Forest! That's not what I was thinking, but... you do have a point though, and I guess I didn't specify, so I give you credit for that answer."

"How about the next one" says St. Peter, "how many seconds in a year?"

"Now that one's harder," says Forest. "But, I think and think about that, and I guess the only answer can be twelve."

Astounded, St. Peter says, "Twelve! Twelve! Forest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?"

Forest says, "Shucks, there's gotta be twelve: January second, February second, March second..."

"Hold it," interrupts St., Peter. "I see where you're going with it. And I guess I see your point, though that wasn't quite what I had in mind, but I'll give you credit for that one too."

"Let's go on with the next and final question," says St. Peter, "Can you tell me God's first name?"

Forest says, "Well shore, I know God's first name. Everbody probly knows it. It's Howard."

"Howard?" asks St. Peter. "What makes you think its 'Howard'?" Forest answers, "It's in the prayer."

"The prayer?" asks St. Peter, "Which prayer?"

"The Lord's Prayer," responds Forest: "Our Father, who art in heaven, Howard be thy name..."

Two Miracles and One Dud

The bartender was washing his glasses, when an elderly Irishman came in.

With great difficulty, the Irishman hoisted his bad leg over the barstool, pulled himself up painfully, and asked for a sip of Irish whiskey. The Irishman looked down the bar and said, "Is that Jesus down there?" The bartender nodded, so the Irishman told him to give Jesus an Irish whiskey, too.

The next patron to come in was an ailing Italian with a hunched back, who moved very slowly. He shuffled up to the barstool and asked for a glass of Chianti. He also looked down the bar and asked if that was Jesus sitting at the end of the bar. The bartender nodded, so the Italian said to give Him a glass of Chianti, too.

The third patron to enter the bar was a redneck, who swaggered into the bar and hollered, "Barkeep, set me up a cold one! Hey, is that God's Boy down there?" The barkeep nodded, so the redneck told him to give Jesus a cold one, too.

As Jesus got up to leave, He walked over to the Irishman and touched him and said, "For your kindness, you are healed!" The Irishman felt the strength come back to his leg, so he got up and danced a jig out the door.

Jesus touched the Italian and said, "For your kindness, you are healed!"

The Italian felt his back straighten, so he raised his hands above his head and did a flip out the door.

Jesus walked toward the redneck, but the redneck jumped back and exclaimed, "Don't touch me! I'm drawing disability!"

Church Chat

Over the massive front doors of a church, these words were inscribed, "The Gate of Heaven." Below that was a small cardboard sign that read, "Please use other entrance."

Rev. Warren J. Keating, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Yuma, AZ, says that the best prayer he ever heard was, "Lord, please make me the kind of person my dog thinks I am."

A woman went to the post office to buy stamps for her Christmas cards. "What denomination?" asked the postal clerk. "Oh, good heavens! Has it come to this?" said the woman. "Well, give me 50 Baptist and 50 Catholic ones."

A student was asked to list the 10 Commandments in any order. His answer: 3, 6, 1, 8, 4, 5, 9, 2, 10, 7.

I was at the beach with my children when my four-year-old son ran up to me, grabbed my hand, and led me to the shore, where a sea gull lay dead in the sand. "Mommy,

what happened to him?" my son asked. "He died and went to heaven," I replied. My son thought a moment and then said, "And God threw him back down?"

After the church service a little boy told the pastor, "When I grow up, I'm going to give you some money." "Well, thank you," the pastor replied, "but why?" "Because my daddy says you're one of the poorest preachers we've ever had."

"My wife invited some people to dinner. At the table, she turned to our six-year-old daughter and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?" "I wouldn't know what to say," the girl replied. "Just say what you hear Mommy say," my wife answered. Our daughter bowed her head and said, "Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?"

The Housekeeper

An elderly priest invited a young priest over for dinner. During the meal, the young priest couldn't help noticing how attractive and shapely the housekeeper was. Over the course of the evening he started to wonder if there was more than met the eye between the elderly priest and his housekeeper...

As if reading the young priest's thoughts, the elderly priest volunteered "I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you that my relationship with my housekeeper is purely professional." About a week later, the housekeeper came to the elderly priest and said, "Father, ever since the young Father came to dinner I've been unable to find the beautiful silver gravy ladle. You don't suppose he took it do you?"

The priest said "Well, I doubt it, but I'll write him a letter just to be sure." So he sat down and wrote to the young priest: "Dear Father, I'm not saying that you 'did' take a gravy ladle from my house, and I'm not saying you 'did not' take a gravy ladle. But the fact remains that one has been missing ever since you were here."

Several days later the elderly priest received a letter from the young priest which read: "Dear Father, I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with your housekeeper, and I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with your housekeeper. But the fact remains that if you were sleeping in your own bed, you would have found the gravy ladle by now."

Two Priests

Two priests died at the same time and met Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates. St. Peter said, "I'd like to get you guys in now, but our computer's down. You'll have to go back to Earth for about a week, but you can't go back as humans. What'll it be?"

The first priest says, "I've always wanted to be an eagle, soaring above the Rocky Mountains."

"So be it," says St. Peter, and off flies the first priest.

The second priest mulls this over for a moment and asks, "Will any of this week 'count', St. Peter?"

"No, I told you the computer's down. There's no way we can keep track of what you're doing. The week's a freebie."

"In that case," says the second priest, "I've always wanted to be a stud."

"So be it," says St. Peter, and the second priest disappears.

A week goes by, the computer is fixed, and the Lord tells St. Peter to recall the two priests.

"Will you have any trouble locating them?" He asks.

"The first one should be easy," says St. Peter. "He's somewhere over the Rockies, flying with the eagles. But the second one could prove to be more difficult."

"Why?" asks the Lord.

St. Peter answered, "He's on a snow tire, somewhere in North Dakota."

Jesus and the Elves

And Joseph went up from Galilee to Bethlehem with Mary, his espoused wife, who was great with child. And she brought forth a son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn. And the angel of the Lord spoke to the shepherds and said, "I bring you tidings of great joy. Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

"There's a problem with the angel," said a Pharisee who happened to be strolling by. As he explained to Joseph, angels are widely regarded as religious symbols, and the stable was on public property where such symbols were not allowed to land or even hover.

"And I have to tell you, this whole thing looks to me very much like a Nativity scene," he said sadly. "That's a no-no, too." Joseph had a bright idea. "What if I put a couple of reindeer over there near the ox and ass?" he said, eager to avoid sectarian strife.

"That would definitely help," said the Pharisee, who knew as well as anyone that whenever a savior appeared, judges usually liked to be on the safe side and surround it with deer or woodland creatures of some sort. "Just to clinch it, throw in a candy cane and a couple of elves and snowmen, too," he said. "No court can resist that."

Mary asked, "What does my son's birth have to do with snowmen?"

"Snowpersons," cried a young woman, changing the subject before it veered dangerously toward religion. Off to the side of the crowd, a Philistine was painting the Nativity scene. Mary complained that she and Joseph looked too tattered and worn in the picture. "Artistic license," he said. "I've got to show the plight of the haggard homeless in a greedy, uncaring society in winter," he quipped. "We're not haggard or homeless. The inn was just full," said Mary. "Whatever," said the painter.

Two women began to argue fiercely. One said she objected to Jesus' birth "because it privileged motherhood." The other scoffed at virgin births, but said that if they encouraged more attention to diversity in family forms and the rights of single mothers, well, then, she was all for them. "I'm not a single mother," Mary started to say, but she was cut off by a third woman who insisted that swaddling clothes are a form of child abuse, since they restrict the natural movement of babies.

With the arrival of 10 child advocates, all trained to spot infant abuse and manger rash, Mary and Joseph were pushed to the edge of the crowd, where arguments were breaking out over how many reindeer (or what mix of reindeer and seasonal sprites) had to be installed to compensate for the infant's unfortunate religious character.

An older man bustled up, bowling over two merchants, who had been busy debating whether an elf is the same as a fairy and whether the elf/fairy should be shaking hands with Jesus in the crib or merely standing to the side, jumping around like a sports mascot.

"I'd hold off on the reindeer," the man said, explaining that the use of asses and oxen as picturesque backdrops for Nativity scenes carries the subliminal message of human dominance. He passed out two leaflets, one denouncing manger births as invasions of animal space, the other arguing that stables are "penned environments" where animals are incarcerated against their will. He had no opinion about elves or candy canes.

Signs declaring "Free the Bethlehem 2" began to appear, referring to the obviously exploited ass and ox. Someone said the halo on Jesus' head was elitist. Mary was exasperated. "And what about you, old mother?" she said sharply to an elderly woman. "Are you here to attack the shepherds as prison guards for excluded species, maybe to complain that singing in Latin identifies us with our Roman oppressors, or just to say that I should have skipped patriarchal religiosity and joined some dumb new-age goddess religion?"

"None of the above," said the woman, "I just wanted to tell you that the Magi are here." Sure enough, the three wise men rode up. The crowd gasped, "They're all male!" And "Not very multicultural!"

"Balthasar here is black," said one of the Magi. "Yes, but how many of you are gay or disabled?" someone shouted. A committee was quickly formed to find an impoverished lesbian wise-person among the halt and lame of Bethlehem.

A calm voice said, "Be of good cheer, Mary, you have done well and your son will change the world." At last, a sane person, Mary thought. She turned to see a radiant and confident female face. The woman spoke again: "There is one thing, though. Religious holidays are important, but can't we learn to celebrate them in ways that unite, not divide? For instance, instead of all this business about 'Gloria in excelsis Deo,' why not just 'Season's Greetings'?"

Mary said, "You mean my son has entered human history to deliver the message, 'Hello, it's winter'?" "That's harsh, Mary," said the woman.

"Remember, your son could make it big in midwinter festivals, if he doesn't push the religion thing too far. Centuries from now, in nations yet unborn, people will give each other pricey gifts and have big office parties on his birthday. That's not chopped liver."

"Let me get back to you," Mary said.

Tire Iron

A guy is at the pearly gates, waiting to be admitted, while St. Pete is leafin' through this Big Book to see if the guy is worthy of entering. Saint Peter goes through the books several times, furrows his brow, and says to the guy, "You know, I can't see that you did anything really good in your life but, you never did anything bad either. Tell you what, if you can tell me of one REALLY good deed that you did in your life, you're in."

The guy thinks for a moment and says, "Yeah, there was this one time when I was drivin' down the highway and I saw a giant group of KKK Biker Gang Rapists assaulting this poor girl. I slowed down my car to see what was going on, and sure enough, there they were, about 50 of 'em torturing this chick. Infuriated, I get out my car, grabbed a tire iron out of my trunk, and walked straight up to the leader of the gang, a huge guy with a studded leather jacket and a chain running from his nose to his ear. As I walked up to the leader, the KKK Biker Gang Rapists formed a circle around me.

So, I rip the leader's chain off his face and smash him over the head with the tire iron. Then I turn around and yell to the rest of them, 'Leave this poor, innocent girl alone! You're all a bunch of sick, deranged animals! Go home before I teach you all a lesson in pain!'"

St. Peter, impressed, says "Really? When did this happen?"

"Oh, about two minutes ago."

Reincarnation

Two lovers interested in spiritualism and reincarnation vowed that if either died, the other one remaining would try to contact the partner in the other world exactly 30 days after their dying.

As luck would have it, a few weeks later the young man died in a car wreck. True to her word, his sweetheart tried to contact him in the spirit world exactly 30 days later.

At the seance, she called out, "John, Dear John; this is Martha. Do you hear me?"

A ghostly voice answered her, "Yes Martha, this is John; I can hear you."

Martha tearfully asked, "Oh John, what is it like where you are?"

"It's beautiful. There are azure skies, a soft breeze, sunshine most of the time."

"Well, what do you do all day," asked Martha.

"Well Martha, we get up before sunrise, eat some good breakfast, and there's nothing but sex until noon. After lunch, we nap until two and then have more sex until about five. After dinner, we go at it again until we fall asleep about 11pm."

Martha was somewhat taken aback. "Is that what heaven is really like?"

"Heaven? I'm not in heaven Martha."

"Well then where are you?"

"I'm a jackrabbit in Arizona."

The Book of Creation

Chapter 1

1. In the beginning God created Dates.
2. And the date was Monday, July 4, 4004 BC.
3. And God said, let there be light; and there was light. And when there was Light, God saw the Date, that it was Monday, and he got down to work; for verily, he had a Big Job to do.
4. And God made pottery shards and Silurian mollusks and pre-Cambrian limestone strata; and flints and Jurassic Mastodon tusks and Pithecanthropus erectus skulls and Cretaceous placentals made he; and those cave paintings at Lascaux. And that was that, for the first Work Day.
5. And God saw that he had made many wondrous things, but that he had not wherein to put it all. And God said, Let the heavens be divided from the earth; and let us bury all of these Things which we have made in the earth; but not too deep.
6. And God buried all the Things which he had made, and that was that.

7. And the morning and the evening and the overtime were Tuesday.
8. And God said, Let there be water; and let the dry land appear; and that was that.
9. And God called the dry land Real Estate; and the water called he the Sea. And in the land and beneath it put he crude oil, grades one through six; and natural gas put he thereunder, and prehistoric carboniferous forests yielding anthracite and other ligneous matter; and all these called he Resources; and he made them Abundant.
10. And likewise all that was in the sea, even unto two hundred miles from the dry land, called he resources; all that was therein, like manganese nodules, for instance.
11. And the morning unto the evening had been a long day; which he called Wednesday.
12. And God said, Let the earth bring forth abundantly every moving creature I can think of, with or without backbones, with or without wings or feet, or fins or claws, vestigial limbs and all, right now; and let each one be of a separate species. For lo, I can make whatsoever I like, whensoever I like.
13. And the earth brought forth abundantly all creatures, great and small, with and without backbones, with and without wings and feet and fins and claws, vestigial limbs and all, from bugs to brontosaurus.
14. But God blessed them all, saying, Be fruitful and multiply and Evolve Not.
15. And God looked upon the species he hath made, and saw that the earth was exceedingly crowded, and he said unto them, Let each species compete for what it needeth; for Healthy Competition is My Law. And the species competeth amongst themselves, the cattle and the creeping things; and some madeth it and some didn't; and the dogs ate the dinosaurs and God was pleased.
16. And God took the bones from the dinosaurs, and caused them to appear mighty old; and cast he them about the land and the sea. And he took every tiny creature that had not madeth it, and caused them to become fossils; and cast he them about likewise.
17. And just to put matters beyond the valley of the shadow of a doubt God created carbon dating. And this is the origin of species.
18. And in the Evening of the day which was Thursday, God saw that he had put in another good day's work.
19. And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, which is tall and well-formed and pale of hue: and let us also make monkeys, which resembleth us not in any wise, but are short and ill-formed and hairy. And God added, Let man have dominion over the monkeys and the fowl of the air and every species, endangered or otherwise.
20. So God created Man in His own image; tall and well-formed and pale of hue created He him, and nothing at all like the monkeys.
21. And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth. But ye shalt not smoketh it, lest it giveth you ideas.
22. And to every beast of the earth and every fowl of the air I have given also every green herb, and to them it shall be for meat. But they shall be for you. And the Lord God your Host suggesteth that the flesh of cattle goeth well with that of the fin and the claw; thus shall Surf be wedded unto Turf.

23. And God saw everything he had made, and he saw that it was very good; and God said, It just goes to show Me what the private sector can accomplish. With a lot of fool regulations this could have taken billions of years.
24. And the evening of the fifth day, which had been the roughest day yet, God said, Thank me it's Friday. And God made the weekend.
25. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain without the express written consent of the Lord thy God. The name "the Lord thy God" is the sole property of the Lord thy God. Any use of the name of the Lord thy God without the express written consent of the Lord thy God is unauthorised and illegal and shall be punished by the Lord thy God.

Two Nuns in America

Two Irish nuns have just arrived to USA by boat and one says to the other "I hear that the occupants of this country actually eat dogs."

"Odd," her companion replies, "but if we shall live in America, we might as well do as the Americans do."

Nodding emphatically, the mother superior points to a hot dog vendor and they both walk towards it.

"Two dogs, please," says one. The vendor is only too pleased to oblige and he wraps both hot dogs in foil. Excited, the nuns hurry over to a bench and begin to unwrap their 'dogs.'

The mother superior is first to open hers, then, staring at it for a moment, leans over to the other nun and whispers cautiously, "What part did you get?"

Al, Rush, and Bill at the Pearly Gates

Al Gore, Rush Limbaugh and Bill Gates are on an airplane together and crash. They've just gone through the gates of Heaven, and God is sitting on a great white throne. God addresses Al Gore first.

"Al, what do you believe in?"

Al replies, "Well, I believe that the combustion engine is evil and that we need to save the world from CFC's and that if any more freon is used, the whole earth will become a greenhouse and we'll all die." God thinks for a second and says, "Okay, I can live with that. Come and sit at my left."

God then addresses Rush Limbaugh. "Rush, what do you believe in?"

Rush Limbaugh replies, "Well, I believe in the free enterprise system, I believe that our leaders should be people of high moral character, and I believe that any

philanderer who raises our taxes should rot and burn in hell." God thinks for a second and says, "Okay, fine. Come and sit at my right."

God then addresses Bill Gates. "Bill, what do you believe?"

Bill Gates says, "I believe you're in my chair."

Two Nuns

Two nuns are ordered to paint a room in the convent, and the last instruction of the Mother Superior is that they must not get even a drop of paint on their habits. After conferring about this for a while, the two nuns decide to lock the door of the room, strip off their habits, and paint in the nude.

In the middle of the project, there comes a knock at the door. "Who is it?" calls one of the nuns. "Blind man," replies a voice from the other side of the door.

The two nuns look at each other and shrug, and, deciding that no harm can come from letting a blind man into the room, they open the door.

"Nice hooters, says the man, "Where do you want these blinds?"

Where Is God?

A desperate young mother had two incorrigible boys. Having exhausted all suggestions for controlling the little hellions, she tried one last approach: she took them to the meanest preacher in town for a lecture.

First the older boy was admitted into the stern minister's study.

Glaring at the boy from behind the desk, the preacher waited a few moments, then challenged the boy: "Young man, where is God?"

The boy was stunned to silence.

The preacher rose part way out of his chair and repeated the question:

"I asked you, Where Is God?"

The boy began to quake with dread... This was no ordinary lecture for being bad!

Stepping around from behind the desk, the impassioned preacher now shouted his question, "WHERE IS GOD!?"

At this, the boy leaped from his chair and bolted out the door, running headlong into his little brother.

"What's wrong? What's the matter?" his brother asked... "It's awful!

The church has LOST GOD and they're BLAMING US!

Sisters of Mercy

A man is driving down a deserted stretch of highway, when he notices a sign out of the corner of his eye. It reads: SISTERS OF MERCY HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION--10 MILES. He thinks it was just a figment of his imagination and drives on without a second thought.

Soon, he sees another sign which says: SISTERS OF MERCY HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION--5 MILES, and realizes these signs are for real. When he drives past a third sign saying SISTERS OF MERCY HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION NEXT RIGHT, his curiosity gets the best of him, and he pulls into the drive. On the far side of the parking lot is a somber stone building with a small sign next to the door reading SISTERS OF MERCY. He climbs the steps and rings the bell. The door is answered by a nun in a long black habit who asks, "What may we do for you, my son?" He answers, "I saw your signs along the highway, and was interested in possibly doing business."

"Very well, my son. Please follow me"

He is led through many winding passages and is soon quite disoriented. The nun stops at a closed door, and tells the man, "Please knock on this door." He does as he is told and this door is answered by another nun in a long habit holding a tin cup.

This nun instructs, "Please place \$50 in the cup, then go through the large wooden door at the end of the hallway." He gets \$50 out of his wallet and places it in the second nun's cup. He trots eagerly down the hall and slips through the door, pulling it shut behind him.

As the door locks behind him, he finds himself back in the parking lot, facing another small sign:

Go In Peace, You Have Just Been Screwed By The Sisters Of Mercy.

Life in Hell

One day, a guy dies and finds himself in hell. As he is wallowing in despair, he has his first meeting with a demon:

Demon: Hell's not so bad. We actually have a lot of fun down here. You a drinkin' man?

Guy: Sure, I love to drink.

Demon: Well, you're gonna love Mondays then. On Mondays, that's all we do is drink. Whiskey, Tequila, Guinness, wine coolers, microbrews, diet Tab... We drink till we throw up and then we drink some more.

Guy: Gee, that sounds great.

Demon: You a smoker?

Guy: You better believe it.

Demon: All right, you're gonna love Tuesdays. We get the finest cigars from around the world and smoke our friggin' lungs out. If you get cancer, it's okay... You're already dead.

Guy: Golly!

Demon: I bet you like to gamble.

Guy: Yes, as a matter of fact, I do.

Demon: Good because Wednesday is gambling day. Craps, blackjack, horse races, you name it.

Guy: Wow, that sounds awesome!!

Demon: You like to do drugs?

Guy: Yes, I love to do drugs. You don't mean...

Demon: That's right, Thursday is drug day. Help yourself to a great big bowl of crack. Smoke a doobie the size of a submarine. You can do all the drugs you want, and if you overdose, it's okay... You're already dead.

Guy: Neat!! I never realized that hell was such a swingin' place!!

Demon: You gay?

Guy: Uh, no...

Demon: Ooooooh, you're gonna hate Fridays.

Divine Press Release

Turmoil rocked Heaven this morning as allegations arose that God had had an affair with a former worshipper. The scandal was begun when a 21 year old woman, known only as Mary, claimed that she had given birth to God's "only son" last week in a barn in the hamlet of Bethlehem.

Sources close to Mary claim that she "had loved God for a long time", that she was constantly talking about her relationship with God, and that she was "thrilled to have had his child." In a press conference this morning, God issued a vehement denial, saying that, "No sexual relationship existed", and that "the facts of this story will come out in time, verily."

Independent counsel Kenneth Beelzebub immediately filed a brief with the Justice department to expand his investigation to cover questions of whether any commandments may have been broken, and whether God had illegally funneled laundered money to his illegitimate child through three foreign operatives known only as the "Wise Men." Beelzebub has issued subpoenas to several angels who are rumored to have acted as go-betweens in the affair.

Critics have pointed out that these allegations have little to do with the charges that Beelzebub was originally appointed to investigate, that God had created large-scale flooding in order to cover up evidence of a failed land deal.

In recent months, Beelzebub's investigation has already been expanded to cover questions surrounding the large number of locusts that plagued God's political opponents in the last election, as well as to claims that the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah was to divert attention away from a scandal involving whether the giveaway of a parcel of public land in Promised County to a Jewish special interest group was quid pro quo for political contributions.

If these allegations prove to be true, then this could be a huge blow to God's career, much of which has been spent crusading for stricter moral standards and harsher punishments for wrongdoers. Indeed, God recently outlined a "tough-on-crime" plan consisting of a series of 10 "Commandments", which has been introduced in Congress in a bill by Rep. Moses. Critics of the bill have pointed out that it lacks any provisions for the rehabilitation of criminals, and lawyers for the ACLU are planning to fight the "Name in Vain" Commandment as being an unconstitutional restriction on free speech.

Classic Church Bulletin Bloopers

1. Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles, and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.
2. The outreach committee has enlisted 25 visitors to make calls on people who are not afflicted with any church.
3. The Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B.S. is done.
4. Evening massage - 6 p.m.
5. The Pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday morning.
6. The audience is asked to remain seated until the end of the recession.
7. Low Self-Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 to 8:30 p.m. Please use the back door.
8. Ushers will eat latecomers.

9. The third verse of Blessed Assurance will be sung without musical accomplishment.
10. For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
11. The Rev. Merriwether spoke briefly, much to the delight of the audience.
12. The pastor will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing, "Break Forth Into Joy."
13. During the absence of our pastor, we enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing a good sermon when J.F. Stubbs supplied our pulpit.
14. Next Sunday Mrs. Vinson will be soloist for the morning service. The pastor will then speak on "It's a Terrible Experience."
15. Due to the Rector's illness, Wednesday's healing services will be discontinued until further notice.
16. Stewardship Offertory: "Jesus Paid It All"
17. The music for today's service was all composed by George Friedrich Handel in celebration of the 300th anniversary of his birth.
18. Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.
19. The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the church basement on Friday at 7 p.m. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.
20. The concert held in Fellowship Hall was a great success. Special thanks are due to the minister's daughter, who labored the whole evening at the piano, which as usual fell upon her.
21. 22 members were present at the church meeting held at the home of Mrs. Marsha Crutchfield last evening. Mrs. Crutchfield and Mrs. Rankin sang a duet, The Lord Knows Why.
22. A song fest was held at the Methodist church Wednesday.
23. Today's Sermon: HOW MUCH CAN A MAN DRINK? with hymns from a full choir.
24. Hymn 43: "Great God, what do I see here?" Preacher: The Rev. Horace Blodgett
25. Hymn 47: "Hark! an awful voice is sounding"
25. On a church bulletin during the minister's illness: GOD IS GOOD Dr. Hargreaves is better.
26. Potluck supper: prayer and medication to follow.
27. Don't let worry kill you off - let the church help.
28. The 1997 Spring Council Retreat will be held May 10 and 11.
29. Pastor is on vacation. Messages can be given to church secretary.
30. 8 new choir robes are currently needed, due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.
31. The choir invites any member of the congregation who enjoys sinning to join the choir.
32. Please join us as we show our support for Amy and Alan in preparing for the girth of their first child.
33. Weight Watchers will meet at 7 p.m. Please use large double door at the side entrance.

The New Priest

A new priest at his first mass was so nervous he could hardly speak. After mass he asked the monsignor how he had done. The monsignor replied, "When I am worried

about getting nervous on the pulpit, I put a glass of vodka next to the water glass. If I start to get nervous, I take a sip." So the next Sunday he took the monsignor's advice.

At the beginning of the sermon, he got nervous and took a drink. He proceeded to talk up a storm. Upon return to his office after mass, he found the following note on his door:

1. Sip the Vodka, don't gulp.
2. There are 10 commandments, not 12.
3. There are 12 disciples, not 10.
4. Jesus was consecrated, not constipated.
5. Jacob wagered his donkey, he did not bet his ass.
6. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the late J.C.
7. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not referred to as Daddy, Junior, and Spook.
8. David slew Goliath, he did not kick the shit out of him.
9. When David was hit by a rock and knocked off his donkey, don't say he was stoned off his ass.
10. We do not refer to the cross as the Big T!
11. When Jesus broke the bread at the Last Supper He said, "Take this and eat it, for it is my body", he did not say, "Eat me."
12. The Virgin Mary is not referred to as "Mary with the Cherry."
13. The recommended grace before a meal is not: "Rub-A-dub-dub, thanks for the grub, yeah God"
14. Next Sunday there will be a taffy-pulling contest at St. Peter's, not a peter-pulling contest at St. Taffy's.

Theological Engineering Exam

5 Questions, 60 Minutes.

You may use a calculator, the Bible, the Koran, the Torah, and the Book of Mormon. The speed of light is c . Show all work. For all problems, assume a perfectly spherical Jesus of constant density D . No praying during the exam.

1. (20 pts.) Bob and Joe are standing on a street corner. God loves each an equal amount L . Bob then accelerates to $.9c$. In Joe's rest frame, how much does God now love Bob?
2. Sven, a Catholic, is in a state of grace. He then has sex with sheep S .
 - A. (8 pts.) What is Sven's atonement coefficient following the act if the sheep was not willing?
 - B. (12 pts.) What if the sheep, while not technically being willing, could not be said to mind either?
3. (20 pts.) Let the eternal, all abiding love of the Holy Spirit be the xy plane. Let Sue's soul be at $(0,0,5)$ at $t = 0$ sec., traveling at 5 m/s in the direction of the positive z axis. Everything is in Cartesian coordinates bespeaking subscription to

a perfectly rational Enlightenment attitude towards the Universe. At what time t will Sue be saved? (Hint: Assume a point soul)

4. (20 pts.) Assume the Rapture occurs at time t . Cornelia, a saved human weighing 90 kg, in a state of grace, has her head in the closing jaws of an alligator at time t . What mass of meat will remain to the alligator at time $t + 10$ sec.?
5. Stan is a frictionless, massless Mormon in a rest state. His sin level for his faith is currently 11 McBeals. He eats $.3$ kg of pork, and enjoys it very much. Assume that the Jews are right about, well, pretty much, everything.
 - A. (10 pts.) What is Stan's sin level now?
 - B. (10 pts.) Stan is one of them Salt Lake City Mormons. He ain't so damn smug now, is he?

Extra Credit (10 pts): 25 grams of wafers and 20 ml of cheap wine undergo transubstantiation and become the flesh and blood of our Lord. How many Joules of heat are released by the transformation?

Hand in exam when done, and may God have mercy on your work.

Noah's Lost Diaries

At least according to South Africa's "People" magazine dated April 11 to May 1. According to the article the diaries were "found in an ancient ship-like wreck about 32 kilometers from Mount Ararat immediately below the mountain of Al Judi, named by the Koran as the final resting place of the Ark" by Professor Horace Ventor (no origin or organization given) and Dr Vito Fontes "a leading Italian archaeologist and linguistic expert."

425 b.c. Day One

Dear Diary,

First day at sea. Whew! Just made it under the wire. The animals seem happy, but the lions and tigers are beginning to become restless, and it was a bad idea to put the rhinos, hippos and elephants on the starboard side, and the birds, insects, gerbils and hamsters port. Took some work to 'straighten' that one out, har har. Too tired to talk to God tonight. (Get Him started about the furies of His judgement, and He just goes on and on...) So, off to bed...

425 b.c. Day Three

Dear Diary,

Rain has stopped, finally, and there's not a whole lot of land left to see. Saw a whole village's worth of people, all tied together in a pitiful attempt to save their own lives through common struggle. Sure glad I read those books about building my own shelter and surviving the Apocalypse; now if I can figure out what "canned rations" and "ferroconcrete bunkers" mean, I'll be in business. Shem lost his left hand to one of the lions yesterday. God provided food, all right: a thick, mealy white powder that

you could almost eat if you added a little salt water. The budgies didn't like it, though, and the koala bears kept yelping for fresh eucalyptus leaves.

425 b.c. Day Seven

Dear Diary,
Time to sweep the decks. No time to write.

425 b.c. Day Seventeen

Dear Diary,
God decided to "help" by giving me the power to understand the animals' speech. Imagine over fifteen thousand married couples, forced to live in cramped and confined conditions, squabbling over how much yummy white powder mixed with sea water they get to have. They also whine about how good they used to have it, on the green earth, eating trees and nuts and berries and each other. Can't sleep at night.

425 b.c. Day Twenty-Two

Dear Diary,
Got so sick of white powder that we skinned and ate the unicorns. This caused quite a ruckus in the equestrian section, and morale among the cows and chickens has sunk to a new low. God has helped the situation somewhat by confusing the thoughts of the higher primates, thus keeping them from undoing the knots on their cages. Only problem is that they know they're being kept from thinking, and all I hear are anguished cries of "What are they doing to us?" Meat was stringy anyway, and tasted like sandal thongs.

425 b.c., Day Thirty

Dear Diary
Can't sleep. Can't eat. Quelled mutiny by executing the centaurs as an example. Oldest son has developed strange religious beliefs based upon the frustrated mating cycles of our hyenas. Sight of humpbacked whale off port bow excited animals into thinking that God had sent it to destroy me and my family. Daughters are tempting me with their wicked ways. The night has a thousand phantoms that torment my soul.

425 b.c., Day Thirty-Eight

Dear Diary,
I can't be-LEEVE what happened today. You know Bobby Forester, that rilly cute guy in chemistry class? Get this: he walkd over to where Sondra and I were talking, and he asked me out to the new James Dean movie with him! God, can you be-LEEVE it? Sondra was mortified! (And I know she digs guys with motorcycles, like, you know she went to see "Wild One" something like twenty jillion times? She's gonna grow up to be a skag, doncha know...) So now she's mad a me, but I gotta get some new crinolines because my old ones got chocolate syrup poured on them last week at the drive-in, so...

425 b.c. Day Thirty-Nine

Dear Diary,
Becoming steadily less connected with day-to-day matters. Read yesterday's entry: thought someone else had written it. Had vision of strange birds. Have forgotten what land looks like. See no hope: God has forsaken me. Tomorrow I shall go into the hold and begin putting the animals out of their misery, and ending this charade once and for all. I shall begin with the gryphons and dragons.

A Last Request

A man was dying. He called in a local Baptist Minister, Catholic Priest and a Rabbi.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I am going to give you each one million dollars. I want you to keep it and when I die, I want you to bury the money with me. That way I'll be sure to have money in the after life."

Several weeks later the Minister, Priest and a Rabbi met at the man's grave and were discussing the man's last request.

"I feel really bad." said the Minister, "Our church needed a new roof and I spent some of the money. I only put \$750,000 in the coffin."

"I feel bad too." said the Priest. "Our church needed a new parking lot. I only put \$800,000 in the coffin."

"You two should be ashamed of yourselves." scowled the Rabbi. " I put the whole amount in the coffin."

"You did?" asked the Priest and Minister in surprise.

"Yes I did." said the Rabbi proudly. "I slipped the check in this morning."

Jesus & Satan - Programmer's Contest

Jesus and Satan have an argument as to who is the better programmer. This goes on for a few hours until they agree to hold a contest with God as the judge.

They set themselves before their computers and begin. They type furiously for several hours, lines of code streaming up the screen.

Seconds before the end of the competition, a bolt of lightning strikes, taking out the electricity. Moments later, the power is restored, and God announces that the contest is over. He asks Satan to show what he has come up with.

Satan is visibly upset, and cries, "I have nothing! I lost it all when the power went out."

"Very well, then," says God, "let us see if Jesus fared any better."

Jesus enters a command, and the screen comes to life in vivid display, the voices of an angelic choir pour forth from the speakers.

Satan is astonished. He stutters, "But how?! I lost everything, yet Jesus' program is intact! How did he do it?"

God chuckles, "Jesus saves."

The Two Sisters

Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Mary Elizabeth are walking through the park when they are jumped by two thugs. Their habits are ripped from them and the men begin to sexually assault them.

Sister Mary Catherine casts her eyes heavenward and cries, "Forgive him Lord, for he knows not what he is doing!"

Mary Elizabeth turns and says, "Mine does..."

Confession

An old man goes to a church, and is making a confession:

Man: Father, I am 75 years old. I have been married for 50 years. All these years I had been faithful to my wife, but yesterday I was intimate with an 18 year old.

Father: When was the last time you made a confession?

Man: I never have, I am Jewish.

Father: Then why are telling me all this?

Man: I am telling everybody...

Biblical Pets

A newly discovered chapter in the Book of Genesis has provided the answer to "Where do pets come from?"

Adam said, "Lord, when I was in the garden, you walked with me every day. Now I do not see you anymore. I am lonesome here and it is difficult for me to remember how much you love me."

And God said, "No problem! I will create a companion for you that will be with you forever and who will be a reflection of my love for you, so that you will love me even

when you cannot see me. Regardless of how selfish or childish or unlovable you may be, this new companion will accept you as you are and will love you as I do, in spite of yourself."

And God created a new animal to be a companion for Adam. And it was good animal. And God was pleased. And the new animal was pleased to be with Adam and he wagged his tail.

And Adam said, "Because You have created this new animal to be a reflection of Your love for me, his name will be a reflection of Your own name, and we will call him DOG."

And Dog lived with Adam and was a companion to him and loved him. And Adam was comforted. And God was pleased. And Dog was content and wagged his tail.

After a while, it came to pass that Adam's guardian angel came to the Lord and said, "Lord, Adam has become filled with pride. He struts and preens like a peacock and he believes he is worthy of adoration. Dog has indeed taught him that he is loved, but perhaps too well."

And the Lord said, "No problem! I will create for him a companion who will be with him forever and who will see him as he is. The companion will remind him of his limitations, so he will know that he is not always worthy of adoration."

And God created CAT to be a companion to Adam. And Cat would not obey Adam. And when Adam gazed into Cat's eyes, he was reminded that he was not the supreme being. And Adam learned humility.

And God was pleased. And Adam was greatly improved. And Dog was happy. And the Cat didn't give a damn one way or the other.

The Three Couples...

Three couples, an elderly couple, a middle-aged couple and a young newlywed couple wanted to join a church.

The pastor said, "We have special requirements for new parishioners. You must abstain from having sex for two weeks."

The couples agreed and came back at the end of two weeks.

The pastor went to the elderly couple and asked, "Were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?"

The old man replied, "No problem at all, Pastor."

"Congratulations! Welcome to the church!" said the pastor.

The pastor went to the middle-aged couple and asked, "Well, were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?"

The man replied, "The first week was not too bad. The second week I had to sleep on the couch for a couple of nights but, yes, we made it."

"Congratulations! Welcome to the church!" said the pastor.

The pastor then went to the newlywed couple and asked, "Well, were you able to abstain from sex for two weeks?"

"No Pastor, we were not able to go without sex for the two weeks," the young man replied sadly.

"What Happened?" inquired the pastor.

"My wife was reaching for a can of paint on the top shelf and dropped it.

When she bent over to pick it up I was overcome with lust and took advantage of her right there."

"You understand, of course, this means you will not be welcome in our church," stated the pastor.

"We know." said the young man, "We're not welcome at Lowe's anymore either."

The Nun and the Cabbie

A cabbie picks up a nun. She gets into the cab, and the cab driver won't stop staring at her. She asks him why is he staring and he replies, "I have a question to ask you but I don't want to offend you." She answers, "My dear son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun a 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 could 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 am single and I'm Catholic too!" The nun says, "OK, pull into the next alley." He does and the nun fulfills his fantasy. 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 sister, but I have sinned. I lied, I must confess, I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK, my name is Kevin and I'm on my way to a Halloween party."

Computers and Religion

And it came to pass after these things that G-d did test Avraham.

And G-d said to him "Avraham." And Avraham replied "Hineni here I am." And G-d said, "take your computer, your old computer, your 286 and install upon it an operating system, a new operating system, Windows 95, which I will show to you." And Avraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass.

He loaded his computer, his old computer, his 286, on the ass. And he took two of his young men with him and Yitzchak his son. And he rose up and went to the place where G-d had told him, where to find Windows 95 from afar. And Avraham said to his young men, "stay here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and load Windows 95 on our 286, and come again for you."

And Avraham took his computer, his old computer, his 286, and laid it on Yitzchak his son. And they went, both of them together.

And Yitzchak spoke to Avraham his father and said, "my father."

And he replied, "Hineni - here I am my son." And Yitzchak said, "Windows 95 requires far more memory than a 286 has. How will it possibly run on your machine?"

And Avraham looked at his son, his only son, whom he loved, and he shook his head slowly. And in perfect faith, and with unswerving trust and belief in the Almighty, he said, "fear not Yitzchak my son..."

G-d will provide the RAM."

Two Evil Brothers

There were two evil brothers. They were rich and used their money to keep their ways from the public eye. They even attended the same church and looked to be perfect Christians. Then, their pastor retired and a new one was hired. Not only could he see right through the brothers' deception, but he also spoke well and true, and the church started to swell in numbers. A fund-raising campaign was started to build a new assembly.

All of a sudden, one of the brothers died. The remaining brother sought out the new pastor the day before the funeral and handed him a check for the amount needed to finish paying for the new building. "I have only one condition," he said. "At his funeral, you must say my brother was a saint." The pastor gave his word and deposited the check. The next day at the funeral, the pastor did not hold back. "He was an evil man," he said. "He cheated on his wife and abused his family." After

going on in this vein for a small time, he concluded with: "But, compared to his brother, he was a saint."

Confession

The new priest is nervous about hearing confessions, so he asks the older priest to sit in on his sessions. The new priest hears a couple confessions, then the old priest asks him to step out of the confessional for a few suggestions.

The old priest suggests, "Cross your arms over your chest, and rub your chin with one hand."

The new priest tries this. The old priest suggests, "Try saying things like, 'I see, yes, go on,' and, 'I understand. How did you feel about that?' The new priest says those things.

The old priest says, "Now, don't you think that's a little better than slapping your knee and saying 'No shit!?! What happened next?'"

The Pope and the Queen

The Pope and the Queen of England are standing on a stage in front of a crowd when the Queen says, "Your Holiness, did you know that with one wave of my hand, I can make every English person in the crowd go wild?"

The Pope doesn't believe her, so she waves her hand across the horizon. Sure enough, every English person begins to scream with joy.

When the cheering subsides the pope says, "Your Majesty, Did you know that with one wave of MY hand, I can make every Irish and Scottish person experience an everlasting rapture?"

"An everlasting rapture with one wave of your hand?" says the Queen. "I've got to see this." So he slaps her.

Scientists and God

One day a group of scientists got together and decided that man had come a long way and no longer needed God.

So they picked one scientist to go and tell Him that they were done with Him.

The scientist walked up to God and said, "God, we've decided that we no longer need you. We're to the point that we can clone people and do many miraculous things, so why don't you just go on and get lost."

God listened very patiently and kindly to the man.

After the scientist was done talking, God said, "Very well, how about this?"

Let's say we have a man-making contest." To which the scientist replied, "Okay, great!"

But God added, "Now, we're going to do this just like I did back in the old days with Adam."

The scientist said, "Sure, no problem" and bent down and grabbed himself a handful of dirt.

God looked at him and said, "No, no, no. You go get your own dirt!"

Three Nuns

Three Italian nuns die and go to heaven, where they are met at the Pearly Gates by St. Peter.

He says, "Ladies, you all led such wonderful lives, that I'm granting you six months to go back to earth and be anyone you want to be."

The first nun says, "I want to be Sophia Loren," and *poof* she's gone.

The second says, "I want to be Madonna," and *poof* she's gone.

The third says, "I want to be Sara Pipalini."

St. Peter looks perplexed. "Who?" he says.

"Sara Pipalini," replies the nun.

St. Peter shakes his head and says, "I'm sorry, but that name just doesn't ring a bell."

The nun then takes a newspaper out of her habit and hands it to St. Peter.

He reads the paper and starts laughing. He hands it back to her and says...

"No sister, this says 'Sahara Pipeline' was laid by 1,900 men in 6 months."

Symbolic Meaning

A team of archaeologists were excavating in Israel when they came upon a cave. Written on the wall of the cave were the following symbols in order of appearance.

1. A dog
2. A donkey
3. A shovel

4. A fish
5. A Star of David

They decided that this was a unique find and the writings were at least more than three thousand years old. They chopped out the piece of stone and had it brought to the museum where archaeologists from all over the world came to study the ancient symbols.

They held a huge meeting after months of conferences to discuss what they could agree was the meaning of the markings.

The President of their Society stood up and pointed at the first drawing and said, "This looks like a dog. We can judge that this was a highly intelligent race as they knew how to have animals for companionship. To prove this statement you can see that the next symbol resembles a donkey, so, they were even smart enough to have animals help them till the soil.

The next drawing looks like a shovel of some sort, which means they even had tools to help them. Even further proof of their high intelligence is the fish that means that that they had a famine that hit the earth whereby the food didn't grow, they would take to the sea for food.

The last symbol appears to be the Star of David which means they were evidently Hebrews." The audience applauded enthusiastically and the President smiled and said, "I'm glad to see that you are all in full agreement with our interpretations."

Suddenly a little old Jewish man stood up in the back of the room and said, "I object to every word. The explanation of what the writings say is quite simple. First of all, everyone knows that Hebrews don't read from left to right, but from right to left..."

Now, look again... It now says:

"HOLY MACKEREL, DIG THE ASS ON THAT BITCH!"

Kids...

Ever notice how a 4-year-old's voice is louder than 200 adult voices? Several years ago, I returned home from a trip just when a storm hit, with crashing thunder and severe lightning. As I came into my bedroom about 2am, I found my two children in bed with my wife, Karey, apparently scared by the loud storm. I resigned myself to sleep in the guest bedroom that night. The next day, I talked to the children, and explained that it was O.K. to sleep with Mom when the storm was bad, but when I was expected home, please don't sleep with Mom that night. They said OK.

After my next trip several weeks later, Karen and the children picked me up in the terminal at the appointed time. Since the plane was late, everyone had come into the terminal to wait for my plane's arrival, along with hundreds of other folks waiting for their arriving passengers. As I entered the waiting area, my son saw me, and came

running shouting, "Hi, Dad! I've got some good news!" As I waved back, I said loudly, "What's the good news?" "Nobody slept with Mommy while you were away this time!" Alex shouted. The airport became very quiet, as everyone in the waiting area looked at Alex, then turned to me, and then searched the rest of the area to see if they could figure out exactly who his Mom was.

An acquaintance of mine who is a physician told this story about her then 4-year-old daughter. On the way to preschool, the doctor had left her stethoscope on the car seat, and her little girl picked it up and began playing with it. "Be still, my heart," thought my friend, "my daughter wants to follow in my footsteps!" Then the child spoke into the instrument: "Welcome to McDonald's. May I take your order?"

A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr.Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Jane Sugarbrown." The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter?" She replied, "I thought I was, but mother says I'm not."

A little girl asked her mother, "Can I go outside and play with the boys?" Her mother replied, "No, you can't play with the boys, they're too rough." The little girl thought about it for a few moments and asked, "If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?"

A mother was teaching her 3-year-old the Lord's prayer. For several evenings at bedtime she repeated it after her mother. One night she said she was ready to solo. The mother listened with pride as she carefully enunciated each word, right up to the end of the prayer. "Lead us not into temptation," she prayed, "but deliver us some E-mail, Amen."

A Sunday school teacher asked her little children, as they were on the way to church service, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?" One bright little girl replied, "Because people are sleeping."

A little boy opened the big and old family Bible with fascination, he looked at the old pages as he turned them. Then something fell out of the Bible and he picked up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that has been pressed in between pages. "Momma, look what I found," the boy called out. "What have you got there, dear?" his mother asked. With astonishment in the young boy's voice he answered: "It's Adam's suit!!!"

At the beginning of a children's sermon, one girl came up to the altar' wearing a beautiful dress. As the children were sitting down around the pastor, he leaned over and said to the girl, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter dress?" The girl replied almost directly into the pastor's clip-on mike, "Yes, and my mom says it's a bitch to iron."

Why God Never Received Tenure

1. He had only one major publication.

2. It was in Hebrew.
3. It had no references.
4. It wasn't published in a refereed journal.
5. Some even doubt he wrote it by himself.
6. It may be true that he created the world, but what has he done since then?
7. His cooperative efforts have been quite limited.
8. The scientific community has had a hard time replicating his results.
9. He never applied to the ethics board for permission to use human subjects.
10. When one experiment went awry he tried to cover it by drowning his subjects.
11. When subjects didn't behave as predicted, he deleted them from the sample.
12. He rarely came to class, just told students to read the book.
13. Some say he had his son teach the class.
14. He expelled his first two students for learning.
15. Although there were only 10 requirements, most of his students failed his tests.
16. His office hours were infrequent and usually held on a mountain top.

Sex on the Sabbath

A man wonders if having sex on the Sabbath is a sin because he is not sure if sex is work or play. He asks a priest for his opinion on this question. The priest says after consulting the Bible, "My son, after an exhaustive search I am positive sex is work and is not permitted on Sundays."

The man thinks: "What does a priest know of sex?" He goes to minister... an experienced married man, for the answer. He queries the minister and receives the same reply... Sex is work and not for the Sabbath!

Not pleased with the reply, he seeks out the ultimate authority: A man of thousands of years' tradition and knowledge, a Rabbi. The Rabbi ponders the question and states, "My son, sex is definitely play." The man replies, "Rabbi, how can you be so sure when so many others tell me sex is work?!"

The Rabbi softly speaks, "If sex were work... My wife would have the maid do it!"

Leroy's Bike

Leroy really wanted a bicycle, but his family was too poor. So he went out in the back yard, and knelt down and began praying.

"Dear God, I have been a good boy, and I really want a bike, but my mother can't afford it. I can get a used bike for \$20.00. Could you please help me?"

Just then a preacher happened by and heard Leroy praying. Hearing the boy pray touched his heart. He reached in his pocket for some money, but all he had was a ten dollar bill.

"Here Leroy," he said, "God has heard your prayers and sent you this money through me"

The next day the preacher was walking by Leroy's house again, and he heard the boy praying again. He stopped to listen.

"Dear God," Leroy said, "Thank you so much for sending me some money for a bike. Do me a favor, next time, don't give it to the preacher, 'cause he kept half of it."

Barney is Satan

Given: Barney is a CUTE PURPLE DINOSAUR

Prove: Barney is Satanic

The Romans had no letter 'U' and used 'V' instead for printing, meaning the Roman representation for Barney would be:

CVTE PVRPLE DINOSAVR

Extracting the Roman numerals, we have:

C V V L D I V

Decimal Equivalents are:

100 5 5 50 500 1 5

Adding those numbers produces: 666

666 is the number of the beast.

Therefore, Barney is Satan.

Speaking of Funerals

A funeral service is being held for a woman who has just passed away. At the end of the service the pallbearers are carrying the casket out when they accidentally bump into a wall, jarring the casket. They hear a faint moan.

They open the casket and find that the woman is actually alive. She lives for ten more years, and then dies. A ceremony is again held at the same place, and at the end of the ceremony the pallbearers are again carrying out the casket. As they are walking, the husband cries out, "watch out for the dang wall!"

CHAPTER 3: Laws and Lawyers

Lawyers

In a murder trial, the defense attorney was cross-examining a pathologist. Here's what happened:

Attorney: Before you signed the death certificate, had you taken the pulse?
Coroner: No.

Attorney: Did you listen to the heart?
Coroner: No.

Attorney: Did you check for breathing?
Coroner: No.

Attorney: So, when you signed the death certificate, you weren't sure the man was dead, were you?
Coroner: Well, let me put it this way. The man's brain was sitting in a jar on my desk. But I guess it's possible he could be out there practicing law somewhere.

Duck Hunting

Johnny Cochran decided to go duck hunting in Texas. He is having a great time when suddenly a duck flies overhead. Johnny fires a shot and drops the bird but it falls into a field on the other side of a fence.

Johnny is climbing over the fence when an old farmer on tractor drives up and asks him what he thinks he is doing. Johnny says "I shot a duck and it fell into this field and now I'm going to get it."

The old farmer replies, "This is my property and you are not coming over here."

Johnny Cochran is indignant and says "Apparently you don't know who I am. I'm Johnny Cochran, the attorney who got OJ off in that murder trial. If you don't let me get that duck I will sue you and take everything you own."

The old farmer smiles and says "Apparently you don't know how we do things around here in Texas. We settle small disagreements like this with the Texas Three Kick Rule."

Johnny is surprised and says, "What is the Texas Three Kick Rule?" The Farmer says, "Well, first I kick you three times and then you kick me three times and so on back and forth until someone gives up." Johnny quickly thinks about this and decides that since he is much younger and in far better condition and that he can easily win against this old codger.

Johnny agrees.

The old farmer slowly climbs down off the tractor and walks up to Johnny. His first kick plants the toe of his heavy work boot in Johnny's crotch and drops him to his knees. His second kick nearly wipes Johnny's nose off his face and blood goes everywhere. Johnny is flat on his belly. The farmer's third kick relocates Johnny's left kidney and Johnny writhing in pain for several minutes before he can stand.

Summoning every bit of his will, Cochran manages to get to his feet and says, "OK you old coot, now it's my turn!"

The old farmer smiles and says "No, I give up... you can have the duck!"

Lawyer Jokes

Q: What do you call 5000 dead lawyers at the bottom of the ocean?
A: A good start!

Q: How can you tell when a lawyer is lying?
A: His lips are moving.

Q: What's the difference between a dead dog in the road and a dead lawyer in the road?
A: There are skid marks in front of the dog.

Q: Why won't sharks attack lawyers?
A: Professional courtesy.

Q: What do have when a lawyer is buried up to his neck in sand?
A: Not enough sand.

Q: How do you get a lawyer out of a tree?
A: Cut the rope.

Q: Do you know how to save a drowning lawyer?
A1: Take your foot off his head.
A2: No.

Q: What's the difference between a lawyer and a bucket of shit?
A: The bucket.

Q: What is the definition of a shame (as in "that's a shame")?
A: When a busload of lawyers goes off a cliff.

Q: What is the definition of a "crying shame?"
A: There was an empty seat.

Q: What can a goose do, a duck can't, and a lawyer should?

A: Stick his bill up his ass.

Q: What do you get when you cross the Godfather with a lawyer?

A: An offer you can't understand

Q. Why is it that many lawyers have broken noses?

A. From chasing parked ambulances.

Q. Where can you find a good lawyer?

A. In the cemetery

Q. What's the difference between a lawyer and a gigolo?

A. A gigolo only screws one person at a time.

Q. What's the difference between a lawyer and a vampire?

A. A vampire only sucks blood at night.

Q. How many law professors does it take to change a light bulb?

A. Hell, you need 250 just to lobby for the research grant.

Q: If you see a lawyer on a bicycle, why don't you swerve to hit him?

A: It might be your bicycle.

A housewife, an accountant and a lawyer were asked, "How much is 2+2?" The housewife replies: "Four!" The accountant says: "I think it's either 3 or 4. Let me run those figures through my spreadsheet one more time." The lawyer pulls the drapes, dims the lights and asks in a hushed voice, "How much do you want it to be?"

A man went to a brain store to get some brain for dinner. He sees a sign remarking on the quality of professional brain offered at this particular brain store. So he asks the butcher:

"How much for Engineer brain?"

"3 dollars an ounce."

"How much for the other generic professional brain?"

"4 dollars an ounce."

"How much for lawyer brain?"

"100 dollars an ounce."

"Why is lawyer brain so much more?"

"Do you know how many lawyers you need to kill to get one ounce of brain?"

A grade school teacher was asking students what their parents did for a living. "Tim, you be first," she said. "What does your mother do all day?" Tim stood up and proudly said, "She's a doctor." "That's wonderful. How about you, Amie?" Amie

shyly stood up, scuffed her feet and said, "My father is a mailman." "Thank you, Amie," said the teacher. "What about your father, Billy?" Billy proudly stood up and announced, "My daddy plays piano in a whorehouse." The teacher was aghast and promptly changed the subject to geography.

Later that day she went to Billy's house and rang the bell. Billy's father answered the door. The teacher explained what his son had said and demanded an explanation.

Billy's father said, "I'm actually an attorney. How can I explain a thing like that to a seven-year-old?"

A lawyer died and arrived at the pearly gates. To his dismay, there were thousands of people ahead of him in line to see St. Peter. To his surprise, St. Peter left his desk at the gate and came down the long line to where the lawyer was, and greeted him warmly. Then St. Peter and one of his assistants took the lawyer by the hands and guided him up to the front of the line, and into a comfortable chair by his desk. The lawyer said, "I don't mind all this attention, but what makes me so special?"

St. Peter replied, "Well, I've added up all the hours for which you billed your clients, and by my calculation you must be about 193 years old!"

A Dublin lawyer died in poverty and many barristers of the city subscribed to a fund for his funeral. The Lord Chief Justice of Orbury was asked to donate a shilling. "Only a shilling?" said the Justice, "Only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here's a guinea; go and bury 20 more of them."

"How can I ever thank you?" gushed a woman to Clarence Darrow, after he had solved her legal troubles. "My dear woman," Darrow replied, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question."

The Pope and a lawyer find themselves together before the Pearly Gates. After a small quantum of time which was spent discussing their respective professions, ol' St. Peter shows up to usher them to their new Heavenly station. After passing out wings, harps, halos and such, St. Pete decides to show them to their new lodgings. Only a brief flight from the welcome, Pete brings them down on the front lawn (cloud-encrusted, natch) of a huge palatial estate with all sorts of lavish trappings. This, Pete announces, is where the lawyer will be spending eternity, (at least until the end of time..) "Hot Dang", the Pope says to His-self, "If he's getting a place like this, I can hardly wait to see my digs!"

They take flight once again, and as Pete leads on, the landscape below begins to appear more and more mundane until they finally land on a street lined with Brownstone houses. Pete indicates the third walkup on the left as the Popes new

domicile and turns to leave, wishing the pontiff his best. The Pope, in a mild state of astonishment, cries out "Hey Pete! What's the deal here? You put that lawyer feller in a beautiful estate home and I, spiritual leader of terra-firma, end up with this dive?"

Pete looks at the pontiff amusedly and replies: "Look here old fellow, this street is practically encrusted with spiritual leaders from many times and religions. We're putting you here with them so you guys can get your dogma together. That other guy gets an estate, because he's the first (non-) damned lawyer to make it up here!!"

Carlson was charged with stealing a Mercedes Benz, and after a long trial, the jury acquitted him. Later that day Carlson came back to the judge who had presided at the hearing.

"Your honor," he said, "I wanna get out a warrant for that dirty lawyer of mine."

"Why?" asked the judge. "He won your acquittal. What do you want to have him arrested for?"

"Well, your honor," replied Carlson, "I didn't have the money to pay his fee, so he went and took the car I stole."

"You seem to have more than the average share of intelligence for a man of your background," sneered the lawyer at a witness on the stand. "If I wasn't under oath, I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

Diogenes went to look for an honest lawyer. "How's it going?" someone asked. "Not too bad", said Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."

A woman and her little girl were visiting the grave of the little girl's grandmother. On their way through the cemetery back to the car, the little girl asked, "Mommy, do they ever bury two people in the same grave?"

"Of course not, dear." replied the mother, "Why would you think that?"

"The tombstone back there said 'Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.'"

These two guys, George and Harry, set out in a Hot Air balloon to cross the Atlantic Ocean. After 37 hours in the air, George says, "Harry, we better lose some altitude so we can see where we are."

Harry lets out some of the hot air in the balloon, and the balloon descends to below the cloud cover. George says, "I still can't tell where we are, lets ask that guy on the

ground." So Harry yells down to the man, "Hey, could you tell us where we are?" And the man on the ground yells back, "You're in a balloon, 100 feet up in the air."

George turns to Harry and says, "That man must be a lawyer." And Harry says, "How can you tell?" George says, "Because the advice he gave us is 100% accurate, and totally useless."

For three years, the young attorney had been taking his brief vacations at this country inn. The last time he'd finally managed an affair with the innkeeper's daughter. Looking forward to an exciting few days, he dragged his suitcase up the stairs of the inn, then stopped short. There sat his lover with an infant on her lap!

"Helen, why didn't you write when you learned you were pregnant?" he cried. "I would have rushed up here, we could have gotten married, and the baby would have my name!"

"Well," she said, "when my folks found out about my condition, we sat up all night talkin' and talkin' and decided it would be better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer."

God decided to take the devil to court and settle their differences once and for all.

When Satan heard this, he laughed and said, "And where do you think you're going to find a lawyer?"

Santa Claus, the tooth fairy, an honest lawyer and an old drunk are walking down the street together when they simultaneously spot a hundred dollar bill. Who gets it? The old drunk, of course, the other three are mythological creatures.

A lawyer named Strange was shopping for a tombstone. After he had made his selection, the stonecutter asked him what inscription he would like on it.

"Here lies an honest man and a lawyer," responded the lawyer.

"Sorry, but I can't do that," replied the stonecutter. "In this state, it's against the law to bury two people in the same grave. However, I could put 'Here lies an honest lawyer'."

"But that won't let people know who it is" protested the lawyer.

"Certainly will," retorted the stonecutter. "People will read it and exclaim, "That's Strange!"

An anxious woman goes to her doctor. "Doctor," she asks nervously, "Can you get pregnant from anal intercourse?"

"Certainly," replies the doctor, "Where do you think lawyers come from?"

At a convention of biological scientists, one researcher remarks to another, "Did you know that in our lab we have switched from mice to lawyers for our experiments?"

"Really?" the other replied, "Why did you switch?"

"Well, for three reasons. First we found that lawyers are far more plentiful, second, the lab assistants don't get so attached to them, and thirdly there are some things even a rat won't do. However, sometimes it very hard to extrapolate our test results to human beings."

A certain lawyer was quite wealthy and had a summer house in the country, to which he retreated for several weeks of the year. Each summer, the lawyer would invite a different friend of his (no, that's not the punch line) to spend a week or two up at this place, which happened to be in a backwoods section of Maine. On one particular occasion, he invited a Czechoslovakian friend to stay with him. The friend, eager to get a freebee off a lawyer, agreed.

Well, they had a splendid time in the country - rising early and living in the great outdoors. Early one morning, the lawyer and his Czechoslovakian companion went out to pick berries for their morning breakfast. As they went around the berry patch, gathering blueberries and raspberries in tremendous quantities, along came two huge Bears - a male and a female. Well, the lawyer, seeing the two bears, immediately dashed for cover. His friend, though, wasn't so lucky, and the male bear reached him and swallowed him whole.

The lawyer ran back to his Mercedes, tore into town as fast as he could, and got the local backwoods sheriff. The sheriff grabbed his shotgun and dashed back to the berry patch with the lawyer. Sure enough, the two bears were still there. "He's in THAT one!" cried the lawyer, pointing to the male, while visions of lawsuits from his friend's family danced in his head. He just had to save his friend. The sheriff looked at the bears, and without batting an eye, leveled his gun, took careful aim, and SHOT THE FEMALE.

"Whatdya do that for!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I said he was in the other!" "Exactly," replied the sheriff, "and would YOU believe a lawyer who told you that the Czech was in the Male?"

A Russian, a Cuban, an American and a Lawyer are on a train.

The Russian takes a bottle of the Best Vodka out of his pack; pours some into a glass, drinks it, and says: "In USSR, we have the best vodka of the world, nowhere in the world you can find Vodka as good as the one we produce in Ukraine. And we have so much of it, that we can just throw it away..." Saying that, he open the window and throw the rest of the bottle through it. All the others are quite impressed.

The Cuban takes a pack of Havanas, takes one of them, lights it and begins to smoke it saying: "In Cuba, we have the best cigars of the world: Havanas." "Nowhere in the world there is so many and so good cigar and we have so much of them, that we can just throw them away." Saying that, he throws the pack of Havanas through the window. One more time, everybody is quite impressed.

At this time, the American just stands up, opens the window, and throws the Lawyer through it...

A lawyer's dog, running about unleashed, beelines for a butcher shop and steals a roast. Butcher goes to lawyer's office and asks, "If a dog running unleashed steals a piece of meat from my store, do I have a right to demand payment for the meat from the dog's owner?" The lawyer answers, "Absolutely."

"Then you owe me \$8.50. Your dog was loose and stole a roast from me today."

The lawyer, without a word, writes the butcher a check for \$8.50 [attorneys don't carry cash -- it's too plebeian -- and the butcher hadn't brought the shop's credit card imprinter to the lawyer's office].

Several periods of time later -- it could be the next day but that would be unrealistic -- the butcher opens the mail and finds an envelope from the lawyer: \$20 due for a consultation.

Q: How many lawyers does it take to change a light bulb?

A1: It only takes one lawyer to change your light bulb to his light bulb.

A2: You won't find a lawyer who can change a light bulb. Now, if you're looking for a lawyer to screw a light bulb...

A3: Whereas the party of the first part, also known as "Lawyer", and the party of the second part, also known as "Light Bulb", do hereby and forthwith agree to a transaction wherein the party of the second part (Light Bulb) shall be removed from the current position as a result of failure to perform previously agreed upon duties, i.e., the lighting, elucidation, and otherwise illumination of the area ranging from the front (north) door, through the entryway, terminating at an area just inside the primary living area, demarcated by the beginning of the carpet, any spillover illumination being at the option of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and not required by

the aforementioned agreement between the parties. The aforementioned removal transaction shall include, but not be limited to, the following steps:

1.) The party of the first part (Lawyer) shall, with or without elevation at his option, by means of a chair, stepstool, ladder or any other means of elevation, grasp the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and rotate the party of the second part (Light Bulb) in a counter-clockwise direction, this point being non-negotiable.

2.) Upon reaching a point where the party of the second part (Light Bulb) becomes separated from the party of the third part ("Receptacle"), the party of the first part (Lawyer) shall have the option of disposing of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) in a manner consistent with all applicable state, local and federal statutes.

3.) Once separation and disposal have been achieved, the party of the first part (Lawyer) shall have the option of beginning installation of the party of the fourth part ("New Light Bulb"). This installation shall occur in a manner consistent with the reverse of the procedures described in step one of this self-same document, being careful to note that the rotation should occur in a clockwise direction, this point also being non-negotiable.

NOTE: The above described steps may be performed, at the option of the party of the first part (Lawyer), by any or all persons authorized by him, the objective being to produce the most possible revenue for the party of the fifth part, also known as "Partnership."

Ben Dover and C. Howlett Fields
Attorneys At Law

The lawyer is standing at the gate to Heaven and St. Peter is listing his sins: 1) Defending a large corporation in a pollution suit where he knew they were guilty. 2) Defending an obviously guilty murderer because the fee was high. 3) Overcharging fees to many clients. 4) Prosecuting an innocent woman because a scapegoat was needed in a controversial case. And the list goes on for quite awhile.

The lawyer objects and begins to argue his case. He admits all these things, but argues, "Wait, I've done some charity in my life also."

St. Peter looks in his book and says, "Yes, I see. Once you gave a dime to a panhandler and once you gave an extra nickel to the shoeshine boy, correct?" The lawyer gets a smug look on his face and replies, "Yes." St. Peter turns to the angel next to him and says, "Give this guy 15 cents and tell him to go to hell."

When a lawyer tells his clients he has a sliding fee schedule what he means is that after he bills you it's financially hard to get back on your feet.

It was so cold last winter that I saw a lawyer with his hands in his own pockets.

A man walked into a bar with his alligator and asked the bartender, "Do you serve lawyers here?" "Sure do," replied the bartender. "Good," said the man. "Give me a beer, and I'll have a lawyer for my 'gator."

There was the cartoon showing two people fighting over a cow. One was pulling the cow by the tail; the other was pulling on the horns. Underneath was a lawyer milking the cow.

If you laid all of the lawyers in the world, end to end, on the equator...
It would be a good idea to just leave them there.

Dewey, Cheatham, & Howe
Attorneys at Law

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.

...Benjamin Franklin.

What is the difference between a tick and a lawyer? A tick falls off of you when you die.

Why does the law society prohibit sex between lawyers and their clients? To prevent clients from being billed twice for essentially the same service.

What can a goose do, a duck can't, and a lawyer should? Stick his bill up his ass.

What do you have when 100 lawyers are buried up to their neck in sand? Not enough sand.

What's the difference between a dead dog in the road and a dead lawyer in the road? There are skid marks in front of the dog.

What is black and brown and looks good on a lawyer? A Doberman.

Why are lawyers like nuclear weapons? If one side has one, the other side has to get one. Once launched, they cannot be recalled. When they land, they screw up everything forever.

What do lawyers and sperm have in common? One in 3,000,000 has a chance of becoming a human being.

Did you hear that the Post Office just recalled their latest stamps? They had pictures of lawyers on them ... and people couldn't figure out which side to spit on.

Lawyer's creed: A man is innocent until proven broke.

A Rabbi, a Hindu, and a lawyer are in a car. They run out of gas, and are forced to stop at a farmer's house. The farmer says that there are only 2 extra beds, and one person will have to sleep in the barn.

The Hindu says, "I'm humble, I'll sleep in the barn," so he goes out to the barn. In a few minutes, the farmer hears a knock on the door. It's the Hindu and he says, "There is a cow in the barn. It's against my beliefs to sleep with a cow."

So the rabbi says, "I'm humble, I'll sleep in the barn." A few minutes later, the farmer hears another knock on the door and it's the rabbi. He says that it is against his beliefs to sleep where there is a pig and there is a pig in the barn.

So the lawyer is forced to sleep in the barn. A few minutes later, there is a knock on the door. It's the pig and the cow.

A young couple was called to heaven before they could be married. The disappointed groom took St. Peter aside and asked him if it was still possible for them to be married.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait," St. Peter replied. "Check back after five years, and if you still want to be married we will talk about it." Five years passed and the couple came back, repeating their request.

"Sorry, you must wait another five years," St. Peter told them. Fortunately after the wait St. Peter said they could be married. The wedding was beautiful and at first the couple was happy, but then they realized they had made a mistake. They went to see St. Peter, this time to ask for a divorce.

"What?" St. Peter asked. "It took us ten years to find a minister in heaven, and now you want a lawyer?"

Four surgeons were taking a coffee break and were discussing their work. The first said, "I think accountants are the easiest to operate on. You open them up and everything inside is numbered."

The second said, "I think librarians are the easiest to operate on. You open them up and everything inside is in alphabetical order."

The third said, "I like to operate on electricians. You open them up and everything inside is color-coded."

The fourth one said, "I like to operate on lawyers. They're heartless spineless, gutless, and their heads and their ass are interchangeable."

Lawyer Quotes

These are from the Massachusetts Bar Association Lawyers Journal. They are a set of questions asked of witnesses during trials and the author says they are true.

1. "Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?"
2. "The youngest son, the twenty-year old, how old is he?"
3. "Were you alone, or by yourself?"
4. "Were you present when your picture was taken?"
5. "Was it you or your younger brother who was killed in the war?"
6. "Did he kill you?"
7. "How far apart were the vehicles at the time of the collision?"
8. "You were there until the time you left, is that true?"
9. "How many times have you committed suicide?"
10. Q: "So the date of conception (of the baby), was August 8?"
A: "Yes."
Q: "And what were you doing at that time?"
11. Q: "She had three children, right?"
A: "Yes."
Q: "How many were boys?"
A: "None."
Q: "Were there any girls?"
12. Q: "You say the stairs went down to the basement?"
A: "Yes."
Q: "And these stairs, did they go up also?"
13. Q: "Mr. Slatery, you went on a rather elaborate honeymoon, didn't you?"
A: "I went to Europe, sir."
Q: "And you took your new wife?"

14. Q: "How was your first marriage terminated?"
A: "By death."
Q: "And by who's death was it terminated?"
15. Q: "Can you describe the individual?"
A: "He was about medium height and had a beard."
Q: "Was this a male, or a female?"
16. Q: "Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?"
A: "No, this is how I dress when I go to work."
17. Q: "Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?"
A: "All my autopsies are performed on dead people."
18. Q: "All your responses must be oral, OK? What school did you go to?"
A: "Oral."
19. Q: "Do you recall the time that you examined the body?"
A: "The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m."
Q: "And Mr. Dennington was dead at the time?"
A: "No, you dummy, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy."
20. Q: "You were not shot in the fracas?"
A: "No, I was shot midway between the fracas and the navel."
21. Q: "Are you qualified to give a urine sample?"
A: "I have been since early childhood."
22. Q: What is your date of birth?
A: July fifteenth.
Q: What year?
A: Every year.
23. Q: What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?
A: Gucci sweats and Reeboks.
24. Q: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?
A: Yes.
Q: And in what ways does it affect your memory?
A: I forget.
Q: You forget. Can you give us an example of something that you've forgotten?
25. Q: How old is your son, the one living with you?
A: Thirty-eight or thirty-five, I can't remember which.
Q: How long has he lived with you?
A: Forty-five years.

26. Q: What was the first thing your husband said to you when he woke up that morning?
A: He said, 'Where am I, Cathy?'
Q: And why did that upset you?
A: My name is Susan.
27. Q: Do you know if your daughter has ever been involved in voodoo or the occult?
A: We both do.
Q: Voodoo?
A: We do.
Q: You do?
A: Yes, voodoo.

United Way

The local United Way office realized that it had never received a donation from the town's most successful lawyer.

The volunteer in charge of contributions called him to persuade him to contribute. "Our research shows that out of a yearly income of more than \$600,000 you give not a penny to charity. Wouldn't you like to give back to the community in some way?"

The lawyer mulled this over for a moment and replied, "First, did you research also show that my mother is dying after a long illness, and has medical bills that are several times her annual income?"

Embarrassed, the United Way rep mumbled, "Um... No."

"Second, that my brother, a disabled veteran, is blind and confined to a wheelchair?"

The stricken United Way rep began to stammer out an apology but was cut off.

"Third, that my sister's husband died in a traffic accident," the lawyer's voice rising in indignation, "leaving her penniless with three children?!"

The humiliated United Way rep, completely beaten, said simply, "I had no idea..."

On a roll, the lawyer cut him off once again, "And I don't give any money to them, so why should I give any to you?"

Laws of Love

In Ventura County, California, cats and dogs are not allowed to have sex without a permit.

If a police officer in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, suspects a couple is having sex inside a vehicle they must honk their horn three times, and wait two minutes before being allowed to approach the scene.

A law in Oblong, Illinois makes it a crime to make love while fishing or hunting on your wedding day.

In Ames Iowa a husband may not take more than three gulps of beer while lying in bed with his wife.

A law in Alexandria, Minnesota makes it illegal for a husband to make love to his wife if his breath smells like garlic, onions, or sardines.

A Helena, Montana law states that a woman cannot dance on a saloon table unless her clothing weights more than three pounds, two ounces.

Hotel owners in Hastings, Nebraska are required by law to provide a clean, white cotton nightshirt to each guest. According to the law, no couple may have sex unless they are wearing the nightshirts.

Any couple making out inside a vehicle, and accidentally sounding the horn during their lustful act, may be taken to jail according to a Liberty Corner, New Jersey law.

During lunch breaks in Carlsbad, New Mexico, no couple should engage in a sexual act while parked in their vehicle, unless their car has curtains.

In Nevada sex without a condom is considered illegal.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania it is illegal to have sex with a truck driver inside a tollbooth.

Hotels in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, are required by law to furnish their rooms with twin beds only. There should be a minimum of two feet between the beds, and it is illegal for a couple to make love on the floor between the beds.

In Kingsville, Texas, there is a law against two pigs having sex on the city's airport property.

A Tremonton, Utah law states that no woman is allowed to have sex with a man while riding in an ambulance. In addition to normal charges, the woman's name will be published in the local newspaper. The man does not receive any punishment.

In the state of Washington there is a law against having sex with a virgin under any circumstances (including the wedding night).

In Connorsville, Wisconsin no man shall shoot off a gun while his female partner is having a sexual orgasm.

The only acceptable sexual position in Washington DC is the missionary-style position. Any other sexual position is considered illegal (so this is how they plan on getting Clinton).

Still a Virgin

A lawyer got married to a woman who had previously been married 12 times. On their wedding night, they settled into the bridal suite at their hotel and the bride said to her new groom, "Please, promise to be gentle. I am still a virgin." This puzzled the groom, since after 12 marriages, he thought that at least one of her husbands would have been able to perform.

He asked his new bride to explain the phenomenon. She responded: "My first husband was a Sales Representative who spent our entire marriage telling me, in grandiose terms, It's gonna be great!"

My second husband was from Software Services; he was never quite sure how it was supposed to function, but he said he would send me documentation.

My third husband was from Field Services and constantly said that everything was diagnostically OK, but he just couldn't get the system up.

My fourth husband was from Educational Services, and he simply said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

My fifth husband was from the Telemarketing Department and said that he had the orders, but he wasn't quite sure when he was going to be able to deliver.

My sixth husband was an Engineer. He told me that he understood the basic process but needed three years to research, implement, and design a new state-of-the-art method.

My seventh husband was from Finance and Administration. His comments were that he knew how, but he just wasn't sure whether it was his job.

My eighth husband was from Standards and Regulations and told me that he was up to the standards but that regulations said nothing about how to do it.

My ninth husband was a Marketing Manager. He said, I know I have the product. I'm just not sure how to position it.'

My tenth husband was a psychiatrist, and all he ever wanted to do was talk about it.

My eleventh husband was a gynecologist, and all he ever wanted to do was look at it.

My twelfth husband was a stamp collector, and all he wanted to do was... God I miss him!

So now I have married a lawyer, so I know I'm going to get screwed."

Judges

Judge: I know you, don't I?

Defendant: Uh, yes.

Judge: All right, tell me, how do I know you?

Defendant: Judge, do I have to tell you?

Judge: Of course, you might be obstructing justice not to tell me.

Defendant: Okay. I was your bookie.

From a defendant representing himself...

Defendant: Did you get a good look at me when I stole your purse?

Victim: Yes, I saw you clearly. You are the one who stole my purse.

Defendant: I should have shot you while I had the chance.

Judge: The charge here is theft of frozen chickens. Are you the defendant?

Defendant: No, sir, I'm the guy who stole the chickens.

Lawyer: How do you feel about defense attorneys?

Juror: I think they should all be drowned at birth.

Lawyer: Well, then, you are obviously biased for the prosecution.

Juror: That's not true. I think prosecutors should be drowned at birth too.

Lawyer questioning his client on the witness stand...

Plaintiff's Lawyer: What doctor treated you for the injuries you sustained while at work?

Plaintiff: Dr. J.

Plaintiff's Lawyer: And what kind of physician is Dr. J?

Plaintiff: Well, I'm not sure, but I remember that you said he was a good plaintiff's doctor.

Judge: Is there any reason you could not serve as a juror in this case?

Juror: I don't want to be away from my job that long.

Judge: Can't they do without you at work?

Juror: Yes, but I don't want them to know it.

Lawyer: Tell us about the fight.

Witness: I didn't see no fight.

Lawyer: Well, tell us what you did see.

Witness: I went to a dance at the Turner house, and as the men swung around and changed partners, they would slap each other, and one fellow hit harder than the other one liked, and so the other one hit back and somebody pulled a knife and someone else drew a six-shooter and another guy came up with a rifle that had been hidden under a bed, and the air was filled with yelling and smoke and bullets.

Lawyer: You, too were shot in the fracas?

Witness: No sir, I was shot midway between the fracas and the navel.

Defendant: Judge, I want you to appoint me another lawyer.

Judge: And why is that?

Defendant: Because the Public Defender isn't interested in my case.

Judge (to Public Defender): Do you have any comments on the defendant's motion?

Public Defender: I'm sorry, Your Honor. I wasn't listening.

Judge: Please identify yourself for the record.

Defendant: Colonel Ebenezer Jackson.

Judge: What does the "Colonel" stand for?

Defendant: Well, it's kinda like the "Honorable" in front of your name. Not a damn thing.

Judge: You are charged with habitual drunkenness. Have you anything to say in your defense?

Defendant: Habitual thirstiness?

For All of Us Who Love Attorneys and Doctors...

Two attorneys boarded a flight out of Seattle. One sat in the window seat, the other sat in the middle seat. Just before take-off, a physician got on and took the aisle seat next to the two attorneys. The physician kicked off his shoes, wiggled his toes and was settling in when the attorney in the window seat said, "I think I'll get up and get a coke."

"No problem," said the physician, "I'll get it for you." While he was gone, one of the attorneys picked up the physician's shoe and spat in it.

When he returned with the coke, the other attorney said, "That looks good, I think I'll have one too." Again, the physician obligingly went to fetch it and while he was gone, the other attorney picked up the other shoe and spat in it. The Physician returned and they all sat back and enjoyed the flight.

As the plane was landing, the Physician slipped his feet into his shoes and knew immediately what had happened. "How long must this go on?" he asked.

"This fighting between our professions? This hatred? This animosity? This spitting in shoes and pissing in cokes?"

Still More Lawyer Jokes

A group of Arab Terrorists burst into the conference room at the Ramada Hotel where the American Bar Association was holding its Annual Convention. More than a hundred lawyers were taken as hostages. The terrorist leader announced that, unless their demands were met, they would release one lawyer every hour.

If it weren't for my lawyer, I'd still be in prison. It went a lot faster with two people digging.

A surgeon, an architect and a lawyer are having a heated barroom discussion concerning which of their professions is actually the oldest profession. The surgeon says: "Surgery IS the oldest profession. God took a rib from Adam to create Eve and you can't go back further than that." The architect says: "Hold on! In fact, God was the first architect when he created the world out of chaos in 7 days, and you can't go back any further than THAT!" The lawyer puffs his cigar and says: "Gentlemen, Gentlemen...who do you think created the CHAOS??!!!"

A doctor and a lawyer in two cars collided on a country road. The lawyer, since the doctor was a little shaken up, helped him from the car and offered him a drink from his hip flask. The doctor accepted and handed the flask back to the lawyer, who closed it and put it away. "Aren't you going to have a drink yourself?" asked the doctor. "Sure; after the police leave," replied the lawyer.

The Rat

A tourist wanders into a back-alley antique shop in San Francisco's Chinatown. Picking through the objects on display he discovers a detailed, life-sized bronze sculpture of a rat. The sculpture is so interesting and unique that he picks it up and asks the shop owner what it costs.

"Twelve dollars for the rat, sir," says the shop owner, "and a thousand dollars more for the story behind it."

"You can keep the story, old man," he replies, "but I'll take the rat."

The transaction complete, the tourist leaves the store with the bronze rat under his arm. As he crosses the street in front of the store, two live rats emerge from a sewer drain and fall into step behind him. Nervously looking over his shoulder, he begins to walk faster, but every time he passes another sewer drain, more rats come out and follow him. By the time he's walked two blocks, at least a hundred rats are at his heels, and people begin to point and shout. He walks even faster, and soon breaks into a trot as multitudes of rats swarm from sewers, basements, vacant lots, and abandoned cars. Rats by the thousands are at his heels, and as he sees the waterfront at the bottom of the hill, he panics and starts to run full tilt.

No matter how fast he runs, the rats keep up, squealing hideously, now not just thousands but millions, so that by the time he comes rushing up to the water's edge a trail of rats twelve city blocks long is behind him. Making a mighty leap, he jumps up onto a light post, grasping it with one arm while he hurls the bronze rat into San Francisco Bay with the other, as far as he can heave it. Pulling his legs up and clinging to the light post, he watches in amazement as the seething tide of rats surges over the breakwater into the sea, where they drown.

Shaken and mumbling, he makes his way back to the antique shop.

"Ah, so you've come back for the rest of the story," says the owner.

"No," says the tourist, "I was wondering if you have a bronze lawyer."

Valentine

A guy walks into a post office one day to see a middle-aged, balding man standing at the counter methodically placing "Love" stamps on bright pink envelopes with hearts all over them. He then takes out a perfume bottle and starts spraying scent all over them.

His curiosity getting the better of him, he goes up to the balding man and asks him what he is doing. The man says "I'm sending out 1,000 Valentine cards signed, 'Guess who?'"

"But why?" asks the man.

"I'm a divorce lawyer," the man replies.

Washington State Attorney Season and Bag Limits

1300.01 GENERAL

1. Any person with a valid Washington State hunting license may harvest attorneys.
2. Taking of attorneys with traps or deadfalls is permitted. The use of currency as bait is prohibited.
3. Killing of attorneys with a vehicle is prohibited. If accidentally struck, remove dead attorney to roadside and proceed to nearest car wash.
4. It is unlawful to chase, herd, or harvest attorneys from a snow machine, helicopter, or aircraft.
5. It shall be unlawful to shout "whiplash", "ambulance", or "free Perrier" for the purpose of trapping attorneys.
6. It shall be unlawful to hunt attorneys within 100 yards of BMW dealerships.
7. If an attorney is elected to government office, it shall be a felony to hunt, trap, or possess it.
8. Stuffed or mounted attorneys must have a state health department inspection for AIDS, rabies, and vermin.
9. It shall be illegal for a hunter to disguise himself as a reporter, drug dealer, pimp, female legal clerk, sheep, accident victim, bookie, or tax accountant for the purpose of hunting attorneys.

BAG LIMITS

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. Yellow Bellied Sidewinder | 2 |
| 2. Two-faced Tort Feasor | 1 |
| 3. Back-stabbing Divorce Litigator | 4 |
| 4. Small-breasted Ball Buster (Female only) | 3 |
| 5. Big-mouthed Pub Gut | 2 |
| 6. Honest Attorney | EXTINCT |
| 7. Cut-throat | 2 |
| 8. Back-stabbing Whiner | 2 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| 9. Brown-nosed Judge Kissler | 2 |
| 10. Silver-tongued Drug Defender | \$100 BOUNTY |
| 11. Hairy-assed Civil Libertarian | 7 |

Louisiana Lawyers

A New Orleans lawyer sought an FHA (Federal Housing Administration) loan for a client. He was told that the loan would be granted if he could prove satisfactory title to property offered as collateral. The title dated back to 1803, and he had to spend three months running it down. After sending the information to FHA, he got this reply: "We received your letter today enclosing application for loan for your client, supported by abstract of title. Let us compliment you on the able manner in which you prepared and presented the application."

However, you have not cleared the title before the year 1802, and therefore, before final approval can be accorded the application, it will be necessary that the title be cleared back to that year."

Annoyed, the lawyer replied: "Your letter regarding titles in Case No. 189156 received. I note that you wish titles extended further back than I have presented them. I was unaware that any educated man in the world failed to know that Louisiana was purchased from France in 1803."

The title to the land was acquired by France by right of conquest from Spain. The land came into possession of Spain by right of discovery made in 1492 by a sailor named Christopher Columbus, who had been granted the privilege of seeking a new route to India by the then reigning monarch, Isabella. The good queen, being a pious woman and careful about titles, almost as much I might say, as the FHA, took the precaution of securing the blessing of the Pope for the voyage before she sold her jewels to help Columbus. Now the Pope, as you know, is the emissary of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and God, it is commonly accepted, made the world.

Therefore, I believe it is safe to presume that He also made that part of the world called Louisiana, and I hope to hell you are satisfied."

CHAPTER 4: Blondes

Jigsaw Quandary

A blonde calls her husband at work one day and asks him, "Can you help me when you get home?"

"Sure," he replies. "What's the problem?"

"Well, I started a really hard puzzle and I can't even find the edge pieces."

"Look on the box," he said. "There's always a picture of what the puzzle is."

"It's a big rooster," she said.

The husband arrives home and tells his blonde wife, "Okay, put the corn flakes back in the box."

She Was So Blonde That...

She sent me a fax with a stamp on it.

She thought a quarterback was a refund.

She tripped over the cordless phone.

At the bottom of the application where it says "sign here," she put Sagittarius.

If she spoke her mind, she'd be speechless.

When she heard that 90% of all crimes were committed around the home, she moved.

It took her months to figure out she could use her AM radio at night.

She was staring at the frozen orange juice because it said concentrate.

She thinks Taco Bell is a Mexican Phone Company.

She told me to meet her at the corner of WALK & DON'T WALK.

When she was on the highway going to the airport and saw a sign that said "Airport Left", she turned around and went home.

She put lipstick on her forehead because she wanted to make up her mind.

Under education on her job application, she put "Hooked on Phonics."

She studied for a blood test and failed.

She thought Boyz II Men was a daycare center.

It takes her two hours to watch 60 Minutes.

She sold her car so she would have gas money.

She looked into a box of Cheerio's and said, "OH, LOOK!! Donut seeds!!"

She had to leave her job at the pharmacy because she couldn't fit the prescription bottle into the typewriter.

What's the definition of "eternity?" -- 4 blondes at a 4-way stop.

What do you call five blondes at the bottom of the ocean? -- An air pocket.

What do you call a basement full of blondes? -- A whine cellar.

Why do blondes have TGIF on their shirts? -- "This goes in front."

Diary

Dear Diary,

Monday: Now home from honeymoon and settled in our new home, it's fun to cook for Bob. Today I made an angel food cake and the recipe said, "Beat 12 eggs separately." Well, I didn't have enough bowls to do that, so I had to borrow enough bowls to beat the eggs in. The cake turned out fine.

Tuesday: We wanted a fruit salad for supper. The recipe said, serve without dressing." So I didn't dress. But, Bob happened to bring a friend home for supper that night. Did they ever look startled when I served the salad.

Wednesday: I decided to serve rice and found a recipe which said, "Wash thoroughly before steaming the rice." So I heated some water and took a bath before steaming the rice. Sounded kinda silly in the middle of the week. I can't say it improved the rice any.

Thursday: Today Bob asked for salad again. I tried a new recipe. It said, "Prepare ingredients, then toss on a bed of lettuce one hour before serving." I hunted all over the garden by my mom's. So I tossed my salad into the bed of lettuce and stood over there one hour so the dog would not take it. Bob came over and asked if I felt all right. I wonder why?

Friday: Today I found an easy recipe for cookies. It said, "Put all ingredients in a bowl and beat it." Beat it I did, right over to my mom's house. There must have been something wrong with the recipe, because when I came back home again it looked the same as when I left it.

Saturday: Bob went shopping today and brought home a chicken. He asked me to dress it for Sunday. I'm sure I don't know how hens dress for Sunday. I never noticed back on the farm, but I found a doll dress and some little shoes. I thought the hen looked real cute. When Bob saw it, I wondered why he counted to 10.

Sunday: Today Bob's folks came to dinner. I wanted to serve roast, but all we had in the icebox, was hamburger. So I put it in the oven and set the controls for roast. Must be the oven, because it still came out hamburger.

Good night, Dear Diary. This has been an exciting week. I am eager for tomorrow to come, so I can try a new recipe on Bob.

Best Blonde Story of All Time

Here's a blonde story to end all blonde stories! A True Story... If she had killed herself-God forbid-she'd be a shoe-in for the Darwin Award.

Last summer, down on Lake Isabella, located in the high desert, an hour east of Bakersfield, California, a blonde (of course!!), new to boating was having a problem. No matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't get her brand new 22-ft. Bayliner to perform. It wouldn't plane at all, and it was very sluggish in almost every maneuver, no matter how much power she applied.

After about an hour of trying to make it go, she putted over to a nearby marina. Maybe they could tell her what was wrong. A thorough topside check revealed everything was in perfect working order. The engine ran fine, the outdrive went up and down, the prop was the correct size and pitch. So, one of the marina guys jumped in the water to check underneath only to come up choking on water, he was laughing so hard. REMEMBER, this is TRUE...Under the boat, still strapped securely in place, was the trailer.

The Soda Machine

There was a beautiful young blonde who was going to a soda machine and she arrived there just before a businessman coming to quench his thirst.

She opened her purse and put in 50 cents, studied the machine a little, pushed a Diet Coke selection, and out came a Diet Coke, which she placed on a counter by the machine.

Then she reached in her purse again and pulled out a dollar and inserted it in the machine. Studying the machine carefully, she pushed the button for Coke Classic and out came a Coke Classic and 50 cents change.

She immediately took the 50 cents and put it in the machine, studied it for a moment and pushed the Mountain Dew button. Out came a Mountain Dew.

As she was reaching into her purse again, the businessman, who had been waiting patiently for several minutes, spoke up. "Excuse me Ms., but are you done yet?"

She looked at him and indignantly replied, "Well Duhhh! I'm still winning."

More Blonde Jokes

Two blondes were walking through the woods and they came to some tracks. The first blonde said "These look like deer tracks," and the other one said, "No, they look like moose tracks." They argued and argued for a while and they were still arguing when the train hit them.

Two blondes were in a parking lot trying to unlock the door of their Mercedes with a coat hanger. They tried and tried to get the door open, but they couldn't. The girl with the coat hanger stopped for a moment to catch her breath and her friend said anxiously, "Hurry up! It's starting to rain and the top is down."

A young blonde woman is distraught because she fears her husband is having an affair, so she goes to a gun shop and buys a handgun. The next day she comes home to find her husband in bed with a beautiful redhead. She grabs the gun and holds it to her own head. The husband jumps out of bed, begging and pleading with her not to shoot herself.

Hysterically the blonde responds to the husband, "Shut up...you're next!"

Hear about the blonde that got an AM radio?
It took her a month to realize she could play it at night.

What happened to the blonde ice hockey team?
They drowned in Spring training.

What did the blonde say when she saw the sign in front of the YMCA?
"Look! They spelled MACYS wrong.

Why do blondes like lightning?
They think someone is taking their picture.

Why did the blonde scale the chain-link fence?
To see what was on the other side.

How do you make a blonde laugh on Saturday?
Tell her a joke on Wednesday.

Why did the blonde stare at frozen orange juice?
Because it said 'concentrate'.

Swimming

A blonde woman competed with a brunette woman and a redheaded woman in the Breast Stroke division of an English Channel swim competition. The brunette came in first, the redhead second. The blonde woman finally reached shore completely exhausted. After being revived with blankets and coffee she remarked, "I don't want to complain, but I think those other two girls used their arms."

Cars

A blonde tried to sell her old car. She was having a lot of problems selling it, because the car had 250,000 miles on it. One day, she told her problem to a brunette she worked with at a salon.

The brunette told her, "There is a possibility you can make the car easier to sell, but it's not legal."

"That doesn't matter," replied the blonde, "if I only can sell the car."

"Okay," said the brunette. "Here is the address of a friend of mine. He owns a car repair shop. Tell him I sent you and he will turn the counter in your car back to 50,000 miles. Then it should not be a problem to sell your car anymore."

The following weekend, the blonde made the trip to the mechanic. About one month after that, the brunette asked the blonde, "Did you sell your car?"

"No," replied the blonde, "why should I? It only has 50,000 miles on it."

The Blonde and the Contractor

A woman wants the inside of her house painted and she calls a contractor in to help her. They wander around the house, and she points out the colors she wants. She says, "Now, in the living room, I'd like to have a neutral beige, very soft and warm."

The contractor nods, pulls out his pad of paper and writes on it. Then he goes to the window, leans out and yells, "Green side up!"

The woman is most perplexed but she lets it slide. They wander into the next room. She says, "In the dining room I'd like a light white, not stark, but very bright and airy." The contractor nods, pulls out his pad of paper and writes on it. Then he goes to the window, leans out, and yells "Green side up!" The woman is even more perplexed but still lets it slide. They wander further into the next room. She says, "In the bedroom, I'd like blue. Restful, peaceful, cool blue."

The contractor nods, pulls out his pad of paper and writes on it. Then once more he goes to the window, leans out and yells "Green side up!" This is too much. The woman has to ask. So she says, "Every time I tell you a color, you write it down, but then you yell out the window 'Green side up.' What on earth does that mean?"

The contractor shakes his head and says, "I have four blondes laying sod across the street."

The Blonde Farmer

A blonde bought two horses, and could never remember which was which. A neighbor suggested that she cut the tail of one horse and that worked great until the other horse got his tail caught in a bush. It tore just right and looked exactly like the other horse's tail and our friend was stuck again. The neighbor suggested she notch the ear off one horse.

That worked fine until the other horse caught his ear on a barbed wire fence.

Once again our friend couldn't tell them apart. The neighbor suggested she measure the horses for height. When she did, she was very pleased to find that the white horse was 2" taller than the black.

The Blonde Kidnapper

A Blonde was down on her luck. In order to raise some money, she decided to kidnap a kid and hold him for ransom. She went to the playground, grabbed a kid, took him behind a tree, and told him, "I've kidnapped you."

She then wrote a note saying, "I've kidnapped your kid. Tomorrow morning, put \$10,000 in a paper bag and put it under the pecan tree next to the slide on the north side of the playground. Signed, A Blonde." The Blonde then pinned the note to the kid's shirt and sent him home to show it to his parents. The next morning the blonde checked, and sure enough, a paper bag was sitting beneath the pecan tree. The Blonde opened the bag and found the \$10,000 with a note that said, "How could you do this to a fellow Blonde?"

The Busted Blonde

Three women, a Brunette, a Redhead, and a Blonde worked together at an office. Every day they noticed that their boss, Ms. Taylor, left work a little early. So one day they met together and decided that when their boss left, they would all leave early too.

The next day, when their boss left, they did too. The Brunette went home and straight to bed so could get an early start the next morning. The Redhead went home to get in a quick workout before her dinner date. The Blonde went home, walked into her bedroom, and saw her husband in bed with her boss. So she shut the door and left. The next day, the Brunette and the Redhead talked about going home early again. They ask the Blonde if she wants to leave early again. "No," she says, "yesterday I nearly got caught!"

Three Blondes On The Island

There are three blondes stranded on an island. Suddenly a fairy appears and offers to grant each one of them a wish.

The first blonde asks to be intelligent. Instantly, she is turned into a brown haired woman and swims off the island.

The next one asks to be even more intelligent than the previous one, so instantly she is turned into a black haired woman. The black haired woman builds a boat and sails off the island.

The third blonde asks to become even more intelligent than the previous two.

The fairy turns her into a man, and he walks across the bridge.

Final Exam

The blonde reported for her University final examination that consists of Y/N type questions. She takes her seat in the examination hall, stares at the question paper for five minutes, and then in a fit of inspiration takes her purse out, removes a coin and starts tossing the coin and marking the answer sheet, Y for Heads and N for Tails.

Within half an hour she is all done whereas the rest of the class is sweating it out. During the last few minutes, she is seen desperately throwing the coin, swearing and sweating.

The moderator, alarmed, approaches her and asks what is going on.

"I finished the exam in half an hour. But," she says, "I'm rechecking my answers."

Blonde Bank Robbers

Two blondes decided to rob a bank together. The first blonde, Judy plans the robbery and goes over the plan with the second blonde, Buffie, in great detail.

The robbery begins. Judy drives up in front of the bank, stops the car and says to Buffie, "I want to make absolutely sure you understand the plan. You are supposed to be in and out of the bank in no more than three minutes with the cash. Do you understand the plan?"

"Perfectly," said Buffie.

Buffie goes in the bank while Judy waits in the getaway car. One minute passes... Two minutes pass... Seven minutes pass... and Judy is really stressing out.

Finally, the bank doors burst open! And here comes Buffie. She's got a safe wrapped up in rope and is dragging it to the car. About the time she gets the safe in the trunk of the car, the bank doors burst open again with the security guard coming out. The guard's pants and underwear are down around his ankles while he is firing his weapon. As the gals are getting away, Judy says, "You are such a blonde! I thought you understood the plan!"

Buffie said, "I did... I did exactly what you said!"

"No, you idiot," said Judy. "You got it all mixed up. I said tie up the GUARD and blow the SAFE!"

Blonde Secretary's Memo To Her Boss:

TO: My Boss

FROM: Blondie

RE: Changing calendars from Y to K

I hope that I haven't misunderstood your instructions, because to be honest, none of this Y to K problem made much sense to me. At any rate, I have finished the conversion. The calendars have returned from the printer and are ready to be distributed with the following new months:

Januark
Februark
Mak
Julk

I also changed all the days of each week to:

Sundak
Mondak
Tuesdak
Wednesdak
Thursdak
Fridak
Saturdak

We are now Y to K compliant.

The Blonde In The Snowstorm

It was snowing heavily and blowing to the point that visibility was almost zero when the little blonde got off work. She made her way to her car and wondered how she was going to make it home. She sat in her car while it warmed up and thought about her situation. She finally remembered her daddy's advice that if she got caught in a blizzard she should wait for a snowplow to come by and follow it. That way she would not get stuck in a snow drift. This made her feel much better and sure enough in a little while a snowplow went by and she started to follow it. As she followed the snowplow, she was feeling very smug as they continued and she was not having any problem with the blizzard conditions.

After quite some time had passed, she was somewhat surprised when the snowplow stopped and the driver got out and came back to her car and signaled for her to roll down her window. The snow plow driver wanted to know if she was all right as she had been following him for a long time. She said that she was fine and told him of her daddy's advice to follow a snowplow when caught in a blizzard.

The driver replied that it was OK with him and she could continue if she wanted but he was done with the Wal-Mart parking lot and was going over to K-Mart next.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

A young blonde girl goes to the doctor for a physical. The doctor puts his stethoscope up to the girl's chest and says, "Big breaths."

The girl replies, "Yeth and I'm not even thixteen."

Blondes On Mount Everest

11 women were clinging precariously to a wildly swinging rope suspended from a crumbling outcropping on Mount Everest.

Ten were blonde while only one was a brunette.

As a group they decided that one of the party should let go. If that didn't happen the rope would break and everyone would perish.

For an agonizing few moments no one volunteered. Finally the brunette gave a truly touching speech saying she would sacrifice herself to save the lives of the others.

The blondes applauded.

Casino

Two bored casino dealers are waiting at the craps table. A very attractive blonde lady comes in and wants to bet \$10,000 on a single roll of the dice. And she adds, "I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude." With that she takes off everything but her necklace and rolls the dice while yelling, "Mama needs new clothes." Then she yells, "YES, YES, YES!! I WON, I WON, I WON." She begins jumping up and down and hugging both of the dealers. Then she picks up her money and her clothes and quickly leaves.

The dealers just stare at each other dumbfounded. Finally one of them asks, "What did she roll, anyway?" The other answers, "I don't know. I thought YOU were watching."

Moral: Not all blondes are dumb.

Revenge

Well, folks, it has finally happened. The blondes of the world got together and have decided to take revenge on the brunettes:

WHAT'S BLACK AND BLUE AND BROWN AND LAYING IN A DITCH?
A brunette who's told too many blonde jokes.

WHAT DO YOU CALL GOING ON A BLIND DATE WITH A BRUNETTE?
Brown-bagging it.

WHAT'S THE REAL REASON A BRUNETTE KEEPS HER FIGURE?
No one else wants it.

WHY ARE SO MANY BLONDE JOKES ONE-LINERS?
So brunettes can remember them.

WHAT DO YOU CALL A BRUNETTE IN A ROOM FULL OF BLONDES?
Invisible.

WHAT'S A BRUNETTE'S MATING CALL?
"Has the blonde left yet? "

WHY DIDN'T INDIANS SCALP BRUNETTES?
The hair from a buffalo's butt was more manageable.

WHY IS THE BRUNETTE CONSIDERED AN EVIL COLOR?
When was the last time you saw a blonde witch?

WHAT DO BRUNETTES MISS MOST ABOUT A GREAT PARTY?
The invitation

WHAT DO YOU CALL A GOOD LOOKING MAN WITH A BRUNETTE?
A hostage

WHO MAKES BRAS FOR BRUNETTES?
Fisher-Price

WHY ARE BRUNETTES SO PROUD OF THEIR HAIR?
It matches their mustache

Smart Blonde

A blonde walks into a bank in New York City and asks for the loan officer.

She says she is going to Europe on business for two weeks and needs to borrow \$5,000. The bank officer says the bank will need some kind of security for such a loan, so the Blonde hands over the keys to a new Rolls Royce parked on the street in front of the bank. Everything checks out, and the bank agrees to accept the car as collateral for the loan. An employee drives the Rolls into the bank's underground garage and parks it there.

Two weeks later, the Blonde returns, repays the \$5,000 and the interest, which comes to \$15.41. The loan officer says, "We are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled.

While you were away, we checked you out and found that you are a multi-millionaire.

What puzzles us is why would you bother to borrow \$5,000?"

The Blonde replied, "Where else in New York can I park my car for two weeks for 15 bucks?"

Blonde Joke

A blonde woman was driving her car home one night when she suddenly found herself in the middle of a really bad hailstorm. The hailstones were as big as golf balls and her car gets dented up really bad. The next day she takes it in to a repair shop to have the dents looked at.

The repair guy noticing that she is blonde and quite dingy when she speaks, decides to have some fun and tells her to blow into the tail pipe of the car really hard when she gets home, and that doing this will cause all of the dents to pop out.

When she gets home she starts blowing into the tail pipe as hard as she can, over and over. Just then, her best friend who also is blonde shows up. Her friend sees her blowing into the tail pipe and is quite startled by the action. She blurts out all flippantly, "What are you doing!?"

She tells her the repair guy told her to blow into the tail pipe real hard and the dents would pop out.

Her girlfriend says "Duh! You need to roll up the windows first!"

Blonde Joke

There was this blonde woman who was tired of all the blonde jokes and decided that to change all that, she would have to become a brunette.

So she did. She went to the hairdresser, had everything done (even her eyebrows). When she looked in the mirror, she became a new woman, with a new boldness for life.

So, she hops into her convertible and decides to take a drive and think about what her new life would be like...while driving, getting excited about being treated like she was intelligent, she sees a flock of sheep with the farmer working on the fence near them. Overtaken by their cuteness and her new sense of self, she boldly asks the farmer, "If I can guess how many sheep are in your flock, would you give me one of them?"

Thinking she would never get the right answer, he says, "Sure!"

She looks over the field and says, "458."

Shocked, he replied, "Yup, go get the one you want."

So she goes into the field and brings one back to the car. Before she leaves, the farmer says, "If I can guess your natural hair color, would you give me my dog back?"

More Blonde One-Liners

She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde:

- ...she took a ruler to bed to see how long she slept.
- ...she sent me a fax with a stamp on it.
- ...she thought a quarterback was a refund.
- ...she tried to put M&M's in alphabetical order.
- ...she thought Boyz II Men was a day care center.

She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde:

- ...she thought Eartha Kitt was a set of garden tools.
- ...she thought General Motors was in the army.
- ...she thought Meow Mix was a CD for cats.
- ...she thought TuPac Shakur was a Jewish holiday.
- ...under "education" on her job application, she put "Hooked On Phonics."

She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde:

- ...she tripped over a cordless phone.
- ...she spent 20 minutes looking at the orange juice can because it said "concentrate."
- ...she told me to meet her at the corner of "WALK" and "DON'T WALK."
- ...at the bottom of the application where it says "sign here," she put "Sagittarius."
- ...she asked for a price check at the Dollar Store.

She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde:

- ...she studied for a blood test.
- ...she thought she needed a token to get on "Soul Train."
- ...she sold the car for gas money!
- ...when she missed the 44 bus, she took the 22 bus twice instead.
- ...when she went to the airport and saw a sign that said "Airport Left," she turned around and went home.

She Was Sooooooooooooo Blonde:

- ...when she heard that 90% of all crimes occur around the home, so she moved.
 - ...she thinks Taco Bell is the Mexican phone company.
 - ...if she spoke her mind, she'd be speechless.
 - ...she thought that she could not use her AM radio in the evening.
 - ...she had a shirt that said "TGIF," which she thought stood for "This Goes In Front"
-

The Blonde and the Hailstorm

A blonde was driving home after a game, and got caught in a really bad hailstorm. Her car was covered with dents, so the next day she took it to a repair shop. The shop owner saw that she was a blonde, so he decided to have some fun. He told her just to go home and blow into the tail pipe really hard, and all the dents would pop out.

So, the blonde went home, got down on her hands and knees and started blowing into her tailpipe.

Nothing happened. She blew a little harder, and still nothing happened.

Her roommate, another blonde, came home and said, "What are you doing?"

The first blonde told her how the repairman had instructed her to blow into the tailpipe in order to get all the dents to pop out. Her blonde roommate rolled her eyes and said, "Uh, like hello! You need to roll up the windows first!"

Another Blonde Joke

A beautiful young blonde woman boards a plane to New York with a ticket for the coach section. She looks at the seats in the coach and then looks into the forward cabin at the first class seats. Seeing that the first class seats appear to be much larger and more comfortable, she moves forward to the last empty one.

The flight attendant checks her ticket and tells the woman that her seat is in coach. The blonde replies, "I'm young, beautiful and I'm going to sit here all the way to New York."

Flustered, the flight attendant goes to the cockpit and informs the captain of the problem with the blonde. The captain goes back and tells the woman that her assigned seat is in the coach section. Again, the blonde replies, "I'm young, beautiful and I'm going to sit here all the way to New York."

The captain doesn't want to cause a commotion, and so returns to the cockpit to discuss the blonde with the co-pilot. The co-pilot says that he has a blonde girlfriend, and that he can take care of the problem. He then goes back and briefly whispers something into the blonde's ear. She immediately gets up and says, "Thank you so much", hugs the co-pilot and rushes back to her seat in the coach section.

The pilot and flight attendant, who were watching with attention ask the co-pilot what he had said to the woman. He replies, "I just told her that the first class section isn't going to New York."

Blonde Detective Training

A policeman was interrogating 3 blondes who were training to become detectives. To test their skills in recognizing a suspect, he shows the first blonde a picture for 5 seconds and then hides it. "This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?"

The first blonde answers, "That's easy, we'll catch him fast because he only has one eye!"

The policeman says, "Well... uh... that's because the picture shows his profile."

Slightly flustered by this ridiculous response, he flashes the picture for 5 seconds at the second blonde and asks her, "This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?"

The second blonde laughs, flips her hair and says, "Ha! He'd be too easy to catch because he only has one ear!"

The policeman angrily responds, "What's the matter with you two?!? Of course only one eye and one ear are SHOWING because it's a picture of his profile! Is that the best answer you can come up with?"

Extremely frustrated at this point, he shows the picture to the third blonde and in a very testy voice asks, "This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?" He quickly adds, "...think hard before giving me a stupid answer."

The blonde looks at the picture intently for a moment and says, "Hmmm... the suspect wears contact lenses." The policeman is surprised and speechless because he really doesn't know himself if the suspect wears contacts or not. "Well, that's an interesting answer... wait here for a few minutes while I check his file and I'll get back to you on that."

He leaves the room and goes to his office, checks the suspect's file in his computer, and comes back with a beaming smile on his face. "Wow! I can't believe it... it's TRUE! The suspect does in fact wear contact lenses. Good work! How were you able to make such an astute observation?"

"That's easy," the blonde replied. "He can't wear regular glasses because he only has one eye and one ear."

Julie The Blonde

Julie, the blonde, was getting pretty desperate for money. She decided to go to the nicer, richer neighborhoods around town and look for odd jobs as a handy woman.

The first house she came to, a man answered the door and told Julie, "Yeah, I have a job for you. How would you like to paint the porch?"

"Sure that sounds great!" said Julie.

"Well, how much do you want me to pay you?" asked the man.

"Is fifty bucks all right?" Julie asked.

"Yeah, great. You'll find the paint and ladders you'll need in the garage."

The man went back into his house to his wife who had been listening.

"Fifty bucks! Does she know the porch goes all the way around the house?" asked the wife.

"Well, she must, she was standing right on it!" her husband replied.

About 45 minutes later, Julie knocked on the door. "I'm all finished," she told the surprised homeowner. The man was amazed.

"You painted the whole porch?"

"Yeah," Julie replied, "I even had some paint left, so I put on two coats!"

The man reached into his wallet to pay Julie.

"Oh, and by the way," said Julie, "That's not a Porch, it's a Ferrari."

Blonde Joke

A blonde had just gotten a new sports car and was out for a drive when she cut off a truck driver. He motioned for her to pull over.

When she did, he got out of his truck and pulled a piece of chalk from his pocket. He drew a circle on the road and told the blonde "Stand in the circle and DON'T MOVE!"

He then went to her car and cut up her leather seats. When he turned around she had a slight grin on her face, so he said, "Oh, you think that's funny? Watch this."

He got a baseball bat out of his truck and broke every window in her car. When he turned and looked at her, she had a smile on her face. He is getting really mad. He got his knife back out and sliced all her tires. Now she's laughing. The truck driver is really starting to lose it. He went back to his truck and got a can of gas, poured it on her car and set it on fire. He turned around and she was laughing so hard she was about to fall down.

"What's so funny?" the truck driver asked the blonde.

She replied, "When you weren't looking I stepped outside the circle 4 times."

CHAPTER 5: The Modern Workplace

Hot Air

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 are in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You are between 40 and 41 degrees north latitude and between 59 and 60 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 correct, but I have no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I am still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help so far."

The woman below responded, "You must be a manager."

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

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

What's My Name?

The manager of a large office noticed a new man and told him to come into his office. "What's your name?" he asked the new guy.

"John," the new guy replied.

The manager scowled, "Look... I don't know what kind of a namby-pamby places you worked before, but I don't call anyone by their first name. It breeds familiarity and that leads to a breakdown in authority. I refer to my employees by their last name only... Smith, Jones, Baker... That's all. I am to be referred to only as Mr. Robertson. Now that we got that straight, what is your last name?"

The new guy sighed, "Darling. My name is John Darling."

"Okay John, the next thing I want to tell you is..."

"Common Sense" Is An Oxymoron

AT&T fired President John Walter after nine months, saying he lacked "intellectual leadership." He received a \$26 million severance package. Perhaps it's not Walter who's lacking intelligence...

Idiots & Geography

After interviewing a particularly short-spoken job candidate, I described the person to my boss as rather monosyllabic. My boss said, "Really? Where is Monosyllabia?" Thinking that he was just kidding, I played along and said that it was just south of Elbonia. He replied, "Oh, you mean over by Croatia?"

Advice for Idiots

An actual tip from page 16 of the HP Environmental Health & Safety Handbook for Employees: "Blink your eyelids periodically to lubricate your eyes."

Ad Campaign Fiascos

These are the nominees for the Chevy Nova Award. This is given out in honor of the GM's fiasco in trying to market this car in Central and South America. "no va" means, of course, in Spanish, "it doesn't go."

1. The Dairy Association's huge success with the campaign "Got Milk?" prompted them to expand advertising to Mexico. It was soon brought to their attention the Spanish translation read "Are you lactating?"
2. Coors put its slogan, "Turn It Loose," into Spanish, where it was read as "Suffer From Diarrhea."
3. Scandinavian vacuum manufacturer Electrolux used the following in an American campaign: "Nothing sucks like an Electrolux."
4. Clairol introduced the "Mist Stick," a curling iron, into Germany only to find out that "mist" is slang for manure. Not too many people had use for the "Manure Stick."
5. When Gerber started selling baby food in Africa, they used the same packaging as in the US, with the smiling baby on the label. Later they learned that in Africa, companies routinely put pictures on the labels of what's inside, since many people can't read.
6. Colgate introduced a toothpaste in France called Cue, the name of a notorious porno magazine.

7. An American T-shirt maker in Miami printed shirts for the Spanish market which promoted the Pope's visit. Instead of "I Saw the Pope" (el Papa), the shirts read "I Saw the Potato" (la papa).
8. Pepsi's "Come Alive With the Pepsi Generation" translated into "Pepsi Brings Your Ancestors Back From the Grave" in Chinese.
9. The Coca-Cola name in China was first read as "Kekoukela", meaning "Bite the wax tadpole" or "female horse stuffed with wax", depending on the dialect. Coke then researched 40,000 characters to find a phonetic equivalent "kokou kole", translating into "happiness in the mouth."
10. Frank Perdue's chicken slogan, "It takes a strong man to make a tender chicken" was translated into Spanish as "it takes an aroused man to make a chicken affectionate."
11. When Parker Pen marketed a ballpoint pen in Mexico, its ads were supposed to have read, "It won't leak in your pocket and embarrass you." The company thought that the word "embarazar" (to impregnate) meant to embarrass, so the ad read: "It won't leak in your pocket and make you pregnant!"
12. When American Airlines wanted to advertise its new leather first class seats in the Mexican market, it translated its "Fly In Leather" campaign literally, which meant "Fly Naked" (vuela en cuero) in Spanish.
13. Also in Chinese, the Kentucky Fried Chicken slogan "finger-lickin' good" came out as "eat your fingers off."
14. The American slogan for Salem cigarettes, "Salem – Feeling Free," got translated in the Japanese market into "When smoking Salem, you feel so refreshed that your mind seems to be free and empty."
15. Ford had a similar problem in Brazil when the Pinto flopped. The company found out that Pinto was Brazilian slang for "tiny male genitals." Ford pried all the nameplates off and substituted Corcel, which means horse.
16. Hunt-Wesson introduced its Big John products in French Canada as Gros Jos before finding out that the phrase, in slang, means "big breasts." In this case, however, the name problem did not have a noticeable effect on sales.
17. In Italy, a campaign for Schweppes Tonic Water translated the name into Schweppes Toilet Water.
18. Japan's second-largest tourist agency was mystified when it entered English-speaking markets and began receiving requests for unusual sex tours. Upon finding out why, the owners of Kinki Nippon Tourist Company changed its name.

Why Paddy's Not at Work Today (Mitch's Masonry Theme Song)

Dear Sir, I write this note to you, to tell you of my plight.
For at the time of writing it, I'm not a pretty sight,
Me body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray,
And I write this note to say why I am not at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,
But throwing them down from such a height, was not a good idear.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he is an awkward sort,
And he made me cart them down the bloody ladders bend me heart.

Now clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel, and secured the rope below,
But in me haste, to do the job, I was to blind to see,
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

As soon as I'd untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead.
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found,
That halfway up I met that bloody barrel coming down.

It severed me left shoulder, as toward the ground it sped,
And as I reached the top, I banged the pulley with me head.
But I clung on tightly not with shock, from this almighty blow,
As the barrel spilled out half its bricks, some fourteen floors below.

I now outweighed the barrel and fell towards the floor,
And the barrel having spilled its bricks, started up once more,
As I sped toward the ground, me body wracked with pain,
And halfway down I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision, halfway down the office block,
Caused multiple abrasions, and a nasty case of shock,
But I clung on tightly to the rope, as I fell towards the ground,
And there I landed on the broken bricks the barrel'd scattered round.

As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I thought I'd past the worst,
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst.
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I did not have a hope,
And as I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go of the bloody rope.

The barrel now being heavier, started down once more,
And landed right across me, as I lay there on the floor,
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I write this note to say,
I hope you'll understand why I'm not at work today.

Big Business

A guy is going on a tour of a factory that produces various latex products. At the first stop, he is shown the machine that manufactures baby-bottle nipples. The machine makes a loud "hiss-pop" noise. "The hiss is the rubber being injected into the mold," explains the guide. "The popping sound is the needle poking a hole in the end of the nipple."

Later, the tour reaches the part of the factory where condoms are manufactured. The machine makes a "Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. Hiss-pop" noise. "Wait a minute!" says the man taking the tour. "I understand what the 'hiss, hiss,' is, but what's that 'pop' every so often?"

"Oh, it's just the same as in the baby-bottle nipple machine," says the guide. It pokes a hole in every fourth condom."

"Well, that can't be good for the condom business!"

"No, but it's great for the baby-bottle business!"

Golden Arches Diplomacy

From: Toronto Globe and Mail 18 Dec 96

U.S. research has discovered that no two nations with McDonald's restaurants have ever gone to war. "This is no small achievement," adds The Sunday Telegraph. Last week, Belarus and Tahiti saw McDonald's restaurants open, bringing the tally to 101 countries. The so-called Golden Arches Theory of Conflict Prevention, conceived by Thomas Friedman in *The New York Times*, holds that countries can only support a McDonald's when they have reached a sufficient level of economic prosperity and political stability to make war unattractive to its people.

Recruiting Letter:

Here is an excerpt from a letter recently received by the Investment Banking department of a major bracket securities firm. The writer is applying for the position of Corporate Finance Analyst and has an unusual way of asserting his capabilities.

Dear Recruiting Director,

Fourth and goal from the four. Down by six with time running out. Coach calls for the slant. Pressure rivaled only by the closing minutes in the commodities pits. I want the ball and I want a shot at the corporate finance analyst position.

I will be graduating from Texas A&M this coming May. This past summer I had the opportunity to go to New York and meet with professionals at several of Wall Street's leading investment banks. Since I thrive on competition, it did not take me long to

decide that investment banking is where I want to start my career. I realize that the competition is stiff and the job can be difficult.

I am excited about the opportunity to work as an analyst and bring some Texas flavor to your firm. Success breeds success, and I have come to expect nothing short of success from myself. In short, I will catch the slant pass for the win, but I will also make the block that allows the quarterback to throw the pass.

My resume is enclosed. Thank you for your time and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

The Firm's Response:

Dear Candidate,

12:30 a.m. on a lonely Tuesday night. Managing Director left at 5:30 p.m. Critical client presentation at 10:00 a.m. tomorrow morning in Denver. Haven't had any sleep in 36 hours. Continue to wait while insignificant rushes are done ahead of my book in word processing. Only surviving on No-Doz, Snickers and warm Cokes since the caterer screwed up my dinner order... Got to get six books out to the airport for a 7:30 a.m. flight, it's a blizzard out and my gas gauge reads "E" for empty.

These are the pressures a corporate finance analyst goes through in order to be successful. We seek individuals who are team players, willing to toil doing the mundane (to use your misplaced football analogy) "blocking and tackling", not someone who seeks the spotlight and the ball, only to keep the glory for himself.

You are correct in that the competition is stiff and the job difficult. Unfortunately, we don't need any Texas flavor (we just get by on Tabasco and Cajun pepper), and the slant pattern you apparently ran was the wrong call.

Best of luck in your continued job search (try a baseball analogy next time).

Sincerely,

Recruiting Director

N.B. We are still trying to determine how you could both block for the quarterback to throw a pass and catch that same pass at the same time. Apparently, you have Deion Sanders type of skills. Consequently, we have taken the liberty to forward your resume to the Dallas Cowboys.

Speaking the Same Language

As director of communications I was asked to prepare a memo reviewing our company's training programs and materials. In the body of the memo one of the sentences mentioned the "pedagogical approach" used by one of the training manuals.

The day after I routed the memo to the executive committee, I was called into the HR director's office, and told that the executive vice president wanted me out of the building by lunch.

When I asked why, I was told that she wouldn't stand for "perverts" working in her company. Finally he showed me her copy of the memo, with her demand that I be fired -- and the word "pedagogical" circled in red.

The HR manager was fairly reasonable, and once he looked the word up in his dictionary, and made a copy of the definition to send back to her, he told me not to worry. He would take care of it.

Two days later a memo to the entire staff came out -- directing us that no words which could not be found in the local Sunday newspaper could be used in company memos.

A month later I resigned. In accordance with company policy, I created my resignation memo by pasting words together from the Sunday paper.

McDonald's Employment Application

NAME: Greg Bulmash

DESIRED POSITION: Reclining. Ha ha. But seriously, whatever's available. If I was in a position to be picky, I wouldn't be applying here in the first place.

DESIRED SALARY: \$185,000 a year plus stock options and a Michael Ovitz style severance package. If that's not possible, make an offer and we can haggle.

EDUCATION: Yes.

LAST POSITION HELD: Target for middle-management hostility.

SALARY: Less than I'm worth.

MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT: My incredible collection of stolen pens and post-it notes.

REASON FOR LEAVING: It sucked.

HOURS AVAILABLE TO WORK: Any.

PREFERRED HOURS: 1:30-3:30 p.m., Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS? Yes, but they're better suited to a more intimate environment.

MAY WE CONTACT YOUR CURRENT EMPLOYER? If I had one, would I be here?

DO YOU HAVE ANY PHYSICAL CONDITIONS THAT WOULD PROHIBIT YOU FROM LIFTING UP TO 50 LBS? Of what?

DO YOU HAVE A CAR? I think the more appropriate question here would be "Do you have a car that runs?"

HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY SPECIAL AWARDS OR RECOGNITION? I may already be a winner of the Publishers Clearinghouse Sweepstakes.

DO YOU SMOKE? Only when set on fire.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DOING IN FIVE YEARS? Living in Bimini with a fabulously wealthy supermodel who thinks I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread. Actually, I'd like to be doing that now.

DO YOU CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS TRUE AND COMPLETE TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE? No, but I dare you to prove otherwise.

SIGN HERE: Scorpio with Libra rising.

Reasons to Drink at Work

While most companies refrain from allowing consumption of alcohol on the premises, there are some arguments for changing that policy.

Reasons for allowing drinking at work include:

1. It's an incentive to show up.
2. It reduces stress.
3. It leads to more honest communications.
4. It reduces complaints about low pay.
5. It cuts down on time off because you can work with a hangover.
6. Employees tell management what they think, not what management wants to hear.
7. It helps save on heating costs in the winter.
8. It encourages carpooling.
9. Increases job satisfaction because if you have a bad job you don't care.
10. It eliminates vacations because people would rather come to work.
11. It makes fellow employees look better.
12. It makes the cafeteria food taste better.
13. Bosses are more likely to hand out raises when they are wasted.
14. Salary negotiations are a lot more profitable.
15. Suddenly, farting during a meeting isn't so embarrassing.
16. No one will remember your strip act at the Christmas Party.

Hiding Out

The boss of a big company needed to call one of his employees about an urgent problem with one of the main computers. He dialed the employees home phone number and was greeted with a child's whispered, "Hello?"

Feeling put out at the inconvenience of having to talk to a youngster the boss asked, "Is your Daddy home?"

"Yes." whispered the small voice.

"May I talk with him?" the man asked.

To the surprise of the boss, the small voice whispered, "No."

Wanting to talk with an adult, the boss asked, "Is your Mommy there?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"May I talk with her?"

Again the small voice whispered, "No."

Knowing that it was not likely that a young child would be left home alone, the boss decided he would just leave a message with the person who should be there watching over the child.

"Is there any one there besides you?" the boss asked the child.

"Yes", whispered the child, "A policeman."

Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home, the boss asked, "May I speak with the policeman?"

"No, he is busy" whispered the child.

"Busy doing what?" asked the boss.

"Talking to Daddy and Mommy and the Fireman," came the whispered answer.

Growing concerned and even worried as he heard what sounded like a helicopter through the ear piece on the phone the boss asked, "What is that noise?"

"A hello-copper", answered the whispering voice. "What is going on there?" asked the boss, now alarmed.

In an awed whispering voice the child answered, "The search team just landed the hello-copper!"

Alarmed, concerned and more than just a little frustrated the boss asked, "Why are they there?"

Still whispering, the young voice replied along with a muffled giggle, "They are looking for me!"

Revised Corporate Cursing Policy

It has been brought to Management's attention that some individuals have been using foul language in the course of normal conversation between employees.

Due to complaints from some of the more easily offended employees, this conduct will no longer be tolerated! Management does however realize the importance of each person being able to express their feelings when communicating with their fellow workers.

Therefore, Human Resources has compiled the following coded list.

It is imperative that all employees understand and memorize the coded phrase so the proper exchange of ideas and information can continue.

New Phrase: I'm not certain that's feasible.

Old Phrase: No f*&%\$#@ way.

New Phrase: Really?

Old Phrase: You've got to be shi*&%\$# me.

New Phrase: Perhaps you should check with... [Insert name here]

Old Phrase: Tell someone who gives a rat's as*.

New Phrase: Of course I'm concerned.

Old Phrase: Ask me if I give a shi%.

New Phrase: I was not involved with that project.

Old Phrase: It's not my f&*%\$#g problem.

New Phrase: Interesting behavior...

Old Phrase: What the hell?

New Phrase: Perhaps I can work late.

Old Phrase: When the f&*\$ do they expect me to do this?

New Phrase: He's not familiar with this problem.

Old Phrase: He's got his head up his *ss.

New Phrase: You don't say.

Old Phrase: Eat s&%t.

New Phrase: Excuse me?
Old Phrase: Eat shit and d&%.

New Phrase: Excuse me, sir?
Old Phrase: Eat shit and die, mo*&%\$ f!#\$%&.

New Phrase: They weren't happy with it?
Old Phrase: What the *&%k do they want from me?

New Phrase: So would you like some help?
Old Phrase: Ki*% my ass.

New Phrase: I love a challenge.
Old Phrase: This job sucks.

New Phrase: You want me to take care of this?
Old Phrase: Who died and left you boss?

New Phrase: I see...
Old Phrase: Bl*& me.

Letter of Recommendation

Bob Smith, my assistant programmer, can always be found hard at work in his cubicle. Bob works independently, without wasting company time talking to colleagues. Bob never thinks twice about assisting fellow employees, and he always finishes given assignments on time. Often Bob takes extended measures to complete his work, sometimes skipping coffee breaks. Bob is a dedicated individual who has absolutely no vanity in spite of his high accomplishments and profound knowledge in his field. I firmly believe that Bob can be classed as a high-caliber employee, the type which cannot be dispensed with. Consequently, I duly recommend that Bob be promoted to executive management, and a proposal will be sent away as soon as possible.

Project Leader

A MEMO WAS SOON SENT FOLLOWING THE LETTER:

That stupid idiot was reading over my shoulder when I wrote the report sent to you earlier today. Kindly read every second line (i.e. 1, 3, 5, 7,9, ...) for my true assessment of him.

Regards,
Project Leader

You Think You've Got A Bad Job

The San Francisco Zoo has an elephant named Calle who has a chronic illness, requiring medication. The zoo people couldn't get Calle to take her dose orally, so a California pharmacologist developed a suppository. The 10" long, four-pound, cocoa butter bullets are crafted by the good folks at Guittard Chocolates in Burlingame. Administering the DAILY medication takes five zoo workers (FIVE people have jobs worse than yours!), including one person to distract Calle with treats and one person who wears a full-arm glove. Now stop bitching and get back to work.

Prison Versus Work

IN PRISON: you spend the majority of your time in an 8x10 cell
WORK: you spend the majority of your time in a 6x8 cubicle

IN PRISON: you get three meals a day
AT WORK: you only get a break for 1 meal and you have to pay for it

IN PRISON: a guard locks and unlocks all the doors for you
AT WORK: you must carry around a security card and unlock and open all the doors yourself

IN PRISON: you can watch TV and play games
AT WORK: you get fired for watching TV and playing games

IN PRISON: you get your own toilet
AT WORK: you have to share

IN PRISON: they allow your family and friends to visit
AT WORK: you cannot even speak to your family and friends

IN PRISON: all expenses are paid by the taxpayers with no work required
AT WORK: you get to pay all the expenses to go to work and then they deduct taxes from your salary to pay for prisoners

IN PRISON: you spend most of your life looking through the bars from the inside wanting to get out
AT WORK: you spend most of your time wanting to get out and go inside bars

IN PRISON: there are wardens who are often sadistic
AT WORK: they are called MANAGERS.

Perspective

An interoffice softball game was held between the marketing department and sales department of one company. The sales department whipped the marketing department soundly.

The marketing department posted this memo on the bulletin board after the game:

"The Marketing Department is pleased to announce that for the 1997 Softball Season, we came in 2nd place, having lost but one game all year. The Sales Department, however, had a rather dismal season, as they won only one game."

Employer Lingo...

"COMPETITIVE SALARY"

We remain competitive by paying less than our competitors.

"JOIN OUR FAST-PACED TEAM"

We have no time to train you.

"CASUAL WORK ATMOSPHERE"

We don't pay enough to expect that you'll dress up; well, a couple of the real daring guys wear earrings.

"MUST BE DEADLINE ORIENTED"

You'll be six months behind schedule on your first day.

"SOME OVERTIME REQUIRED"

Some time each night and some time each weekend.

"DUTIES WILL VARY"

Anyone in the office can boss you around.

"MUST HAVE AN EYE FOR DETAIL"

We have no quality control.

"CAREER-MINDED"

Female Applicants must be childless (and remain that way).

"APPLY IN PERSON"

If you're old, fat or ugly you'll be told the position has been filled.

"NO PHONE CALLS PLEASE"

We've filled the job; our call for resumes is just a legal formality.

"SEEKING CANDIDATES WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF EXPERIENCE"

You'll need it to replace three people who just left.

"PROBLEM-SOLVING SKILLS A MUST"

You're walking into a company in perpetual chaos.

"REQUIRES TEAM LEADERSHIP SKILLS"

You'll have the responsibilities of a manager, without the pay or respect.

"GOOD COMMUNICATION SKILLS"

Management communicates, you listen, figure out what they want and do it.

"I'M EXTREMELY ADEPT AT ALL MANNER OF OFFICE ORGANIZATION:"

I can make my own coffee.

"I'M HONEST, HARD-WORKING AND DEPENDABLE"

I only pilfer office supplies.

"MY PERTINENT WORK EXPERIENCE INCLUDES"

I hope you don't ask me about all the McJobs I've had.

"I TAKE PRIDE IN MY WORK"

I blame others for my mistakes.

"I'M PERSONABLE"

I give lots of unsolicited personal advice to co-workers.

"I'M EXTREMELY PROFESSIONAL"

I carry a Day-Timer.

"I AM ADAPTABLE"

I've changed jobs a lot.

"I AM ON THE GO"

I'm never at my desk.

"I'M HIGHLY MOTIVATED TO SUCCEED"

The minute I find a better job, I'm outta there.

New Atomic Element...

The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered. The element, tentatively named Administratium, has no protons or electrons and thus has an atomic number of 0.

However, it does have 1 Neutron, 128 Assistant Neutrons, 75 Vice-Neutrons and 111 Assistant Vice-Neutrons. This gives it an atomic weight of 315. These 315 particles are held together in a nucleus by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called Morons.

Since it has no electrons, Administratium is inert. However, it can be detected chemically as it impedes every other reaction with which it comes into contact. According to the discoverers, a minute amount of Administratium caused one reaction to take over four days to complete, when it would normally occur in less than one second.

Administratium has a normal life of approximately 3 years, at which time it does not decay, but instead undergoes a reorganization in which Assistant Neutrons, Vice-Neutrons and Assistant Vice-Neutrons exchange places. Some studies have shown that the atomic weight actually increases after each reorganization.

Research at other laboratories indicates that Administratium occurs naturally in the atmosphere. It tends to concentrate at certain points such as governments, large companies, health facilities and universities; and will often be found in the newest, best maintained buildings.

Scientists point out that Administratium is known to be toxic at any level of concentration and can easily destroy any productive reactions where it is allowed to accumulate. Attempts are being made to determine how Administratium can be controlled to prevent irreversible damage, but results to date are not promising.

Revisions

Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change,
The courage to change the things I cannot accept,
And the wisdom to hide the bodies of those people I had to kill today because they pissed me off.

Also, help me to be careful of the toes I step on today, as they may be connected to the ass that I may have to kiss tomorrow.

Useful Work Phrases

1. Thank you. We're all refreshed and challenged by your unique point of view.
2. The fact that no one understands you doesn't mean you're an artist.
3. I don't know what your problem is, but I'll bet it's hard to pronounce.
4. Any connection between your reality and mine is purely coincidental.
5. I have plenty of talent and vision. I just don't give a damn.
6. I like you. You remind me of when I was young and stupid.
7. What am I? Flypaper for freaks!?
8. I'm not being rude. You're just insignificant.
9. I'm already visualizing the duct tape over your mouth.
10. Ahhh... I see the fuck-up fairy has visited us again...
11. I will always cherish the initial misconceptions I had about you.
12. It's a thankless job, but I've got a lot of Karma to burn off.
13. Yes, I am an agent of Satan, but my duties are largely ceremonial.
14. No, my powers can only be used for good.
15. How about never? Is never good for you?
16. I'm really easy to get along with once you people learn to worship me.
17. You sound reasonable... Time to up my medication.
18. I'll try being nicer if you'll try being smarter.
19. I'm out of my mind, but feel free to leave a message...
20. I don't work here. I'm a consultant.
21. Who me? I just wander from room to room.

22. My toys! My toys! I can't do this job without my toys!
23. It might look like I'm doing nothing, but at the cellular level I'm really quite busy.
24. At least I have a positive attitude about my destructive habits.
25. You are validating my inherent mistrust of strangers.
26. I see you've set aside this special time to humiliate yourself in public.
27. Someday, we'll look back on this, laugh nervously and change the subject.

Warning Labels

On Sears hairdryer:
Do not use while sleeping.
(Gee, that's the only time I have to work on my hair!)

On a bag of Fritos:
You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside.
(The shoplifter special!)

On a bar of Dial soap:
Directions: Use like regular soap.
(and that would be how?)

On some Swanson frozen dinners:
Serving suggestion: Defrost.
(But it's *just* a suggestion!)

On a hotel provided shower cap in a box:
Fits one head.

On Tesac's Tiramisu dessert:
(printed on bottom of the box) Do not turn upside down.
(Too late! You lose! I love it: food to tick you off.)

On Marks & Spencer Bread Pudding:
Product will be hot after heating.
(Are you sure??? Let's experiment.)

On packaging for a Rowenta iron:
Do not iron clothes on body.
(But wouldn't that save more time? Whose body?)

On Boot's Children's cough medicine:
Do not drive car or operate machinery.
(We could do a lot to reduce the rate of construction accidents if we just kept those 5 year olds off those fork lifts.)

On Nytol sleep aid:
Warning: may cause drowsiness.
(One would hope!)

On a Korean kitchen knife:
Warning keep out of children.
(Or pets! What's for dinner?)

On a string of Chinese-made Christmas lights:
For indoor or outdoor use only.
(As opposed to use in outer space. Or underground)

On a Japanese food processor:
Not to be used for the other use.
(Now I'm curious.)

On Sainsbury's peanuts:
Warning: contains nuts.

On an American Airlines packet of nuts:
Instructions: open packet, eat nuts.

On a Swedish chainsaw:
Do not attempt to stop chain with your hands or genitals.
(Duh! What is this, a home castration kit?)

On a child's superman costume:
Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly.
(That's right, destroy a universal childhood fantasy!)

Why I Fired My Secretary

Two weeks ago, was my forty-fifth birthday, and I wasn't feeling too hot that morning anyway. I went into breakfast, knowing my wife would be pleasant and say "Happy Birthday," and probably have a present for me. She didn't even say "Good Morning," let alone any "Happy Birthday." I thought, "Well, that's wives for you. The children will remember." The children came in to breakfast and didn't say a word.

When I started to the office I was feeling pretty low and despondent. As I walked into my office, my secretary, Janet said, "Good Morning, Boss, Happy Birthday." And I felt a little better; someone had remembered. I worked until noon. About noon, Janet knocked on my door and said, "You know, it's such a beautiful day outside and it's your birthday, let's go to lunch, just you and me."

I said, "By George, that's the greatest thing I've heard all day. Let's go." We went to lunch. We didn't go where we normally go; we went out into the country to a little private place. We had two martinis and enjoyed lunch tremendously. On the way back to the office, she said, "You know, it's such a beautiful day. We don't need to go back to the office, do we?" I said, "No, I guess not." She said, "Let's go to my apartment."

After arriving at her apartment, we had another martini and smoked a cigarette and she said, "Boss, if you don't mind, I think I'll go into the bedroom and slip into something more comfortable." "Sure," I excitedly replied. She went into the bedroom and, in about six minutes, she came out... carrying a big birthday cake, followed by my wife, children, and dozens of our friends. All were singing Happy Birthday. ... and there on the couch I sat... with nothing on but my socks.

Ten Best Things To Say If You Are Caught Sleeping At Your Desk

10) "THEY TOLD ME AT THE BLOOD BANK THIS MIGHT HAPPEN."

9) "THIS IS JUST A 15 MINUTE POWER-NAP LIKE THEY RAVED ABOUT IN THAT TIME MANAGEMENT COURSE YOU SENT ME TO."

8) "WHEW! GUESS I LEFT THE TOP OFF THE WHITE-OUT. YOU PROBABLY GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!"

7) "I WASN'T SLEEPING! I WAS MEDITATING ON THE MISSION STATEMENT AND ENVISIONING A NEW PARADIGM."

6) "I WAS TESTING MY KEYBOARD FOR DROOL RESISTANCE."

5) "I WAS DOING A HIGHLY SPECIFIC YOGA EXERCISE TO RELIEVE WORK-RELATED STRESS. ARE YOU DISCRIMINATORY TOWARD PEOPLE WHO PRACTICE YOGA?"

4) "WHY DID YOU INTERRUPT ME? I HAD ALMOST FIGURED OUT A SOLUTION TO OUR BIGGEST PROBLEM."

3) "THE COFFEE MACHINE IS BROKEN..."

2) "SOMEONE MUST'VE PUT DECAF IN THE WRONG POT..."

AND THE #1 BEST THING TO SAY IF YOU GET CAUGHT SLEEPING AT YOUR DESK

1) "...IN JESUS' NAME, AMEN."

How To Cope With Team Players Who Don't Carry Their Load

By Barbra Lewis

Remember your first team experience? Whether it was the Junior Olympics or church league shuffleboard, the principles you learned then still apply now: Groups can accomplish much more success than individuals. It feels great to work together and accomplish a goal. And there always seem to be people who drag their feet and make reaching the goal difficult.

Unfortunately, it's usually the last one--the non-team players--that most of us think of first when we're called upon to work on a group project. But since we inevitably have to bear down and stick it out, we may as well learn how to deal with the non-team players.

There are two types of non-team players. The first kind are those who seem to intentionally sabotage a group project. They're constantly late; they criticize ideas and people; they can't handle criticism well, no matter how constructive. When all is said and done, they seem to hinder progress more than foster it.

With the first type, all group agendas are pushed aside, due to immaturity or laziness, for personal reasons. They want to commit as little time and effort as possible to the group because they're simply not interested and cannot find the strength to rise above their own wants for the good of the group.

The other types of non-team players are more subtle and, perhaps, more difficult to detect. They're quiet, removed. They stay at their desks and tend not to socialize. They seem apathetic, distracted. They don't reach out. In short, they don't contribute.

- So what should you do about these two kinds of non-team players? Nothing. Literally. It's what you don't do that counts. Do not make excuses for them. If they're late, they're late. Don't let them off the hook; in fact, make them own up to it.
- Do not talk about them behind their backs. If you have something to say, say it to them directly or the appropriate manager.
- Do not let meetings focus on or become stalled as a result of their negative comments. Table further discussions for later.
- Try to give them the benefit of the doubt. Try to remember the positive things that person has accomplished. He or she may be a more behind-the-scenes type than a lead actor. Besides, another quality of a good team is how the team members support one another.
- Do not assume silence means inaction. Some people are shy and prefer working alone and quietly.
- Do not assume that what is important to you is as important to them. They may just have a different approach to a project than you do.
- **If you're in a managerial position:** Take action if you suspect the person's behavior is due to an interoffice spat. Defuse these conflicts quickly and privately.
- Do not ignore a conflict between an employee and yourself. According to *Barron's* guide, "Winning with Difficult People," a recent study of exit interviews

showed that employees tend to quit because of interpersonal conflicts rather than low salary or advancement opportunities.

- Don't let employees be silent. Have every employee give his or her thoughts and ideas in a meeting. Or organize an outing--an informal dinner or happy hour might loosen people up. Also, for some workers, silence is a coping mechanism and can signal stress or conflict. Make an effort to let your workers know they can come to you with problems.
- Try not to make anyone angry. Angry people tend to hold back good ideas, or even quit, when there could be a simple, correctable reason for their behavior.
- Do not deal with them publicly. Hold a private discussion with them and tell them exactly what they're doing that's hurting the group.
- Do not fire them without extremely good--and documented--cause and warnings. Without those, you could be facing a legal battle.

Bottom line, everyone is different and has different methods of working. True, some people are just jerks. But since you can't always be sure, it's best to give people the benefit of the doubt. In time, you'll come to see who deserves a little extra encouragement and who deserves the boot.

Letter to the Bank Manager

Dear Bank Manager,

I am writing to thank you for bouncing the check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations some three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check, and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire salary, an arrangement which, I admit, has only been in place for eight years.

You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account with \$50 by way of penalty for the inconvenience I caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to re-think my errant financial ways. You have set me on the path of fiscal righteousness.

No more will our relationship be blighted by these unpleasant incidents, for I am restructuring my affairs in 1999, taking as my model the procedures, attitudes and conduct of your very bank. I can think of no greater compliment, and I know you will be excited and proud to hear it.

To this end, please be advised about the following changes:

First, I have noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you I am confronted by the impersonal, ever-changing, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh and blood person.

My mortgage and loan repayments will, therefore and hereafter, no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee of your branch, whom you must nominate. You will be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require our chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Justice of the Peace, and that the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in all dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further by introducing you to my new telephone system, which you will notice, is very much like yours. My authorized contact at your bank, the only person with whom I will have any dealings, may call me at any time and will be answered by an automated voice. By pressing Buttons on the phone, he/she will be guided thorough an extensive set of menus:

1. To make an appointment to see me.
2. To query a missing repayment.
3. To make a general complaint or inquiry.
4. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there; Extension of living room to be communicated at the time the call is received.
5. To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am still sleeping. Extension of bedroom to be communicated at the time the call is received.
6. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature. Extension of toilet to be communicated at the time the call is received.
7. To transfer the call to my mobile phone in case I am not at home.
8. To leave a message on my computer. To leave a message a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated at a later date to the contact.
9. To return to the main menu and listen carefully to options 1 through 8.

The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service. While this may on occasion involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music

will play for the duration. This month I've chosen a refrain from The Best Of Woody Guthrie:

"Oh, the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are filled with silver
That the miners sweated for"

After twenty minutes of that, our mutual contact will probably know it by heart. On a more serious note, we come to the matter of cost.

As your bank has often pointed out, the ongoing drive for greater efficiency comes at a cost. A cost which you have always been quick to pass on to me. Let me repay your kindness by passing some costs back.

First, there is the matter of advertising material you send me. This I will read for a fee of \$20 per page. Inquiries from your nominated contact will be billed at \$5 per minute of my time spent in response. Any debits to my account, as, for example, in the matter of the penalty for the dishonored check, will be passed back to you.

My new phone service runs at 75 cents a minute (even Woody Guthrie doesn't come for free), so you would be well advised to keep your inquiries brief and to the point. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

Best Wishes,

Your humble client

Job Stress

Last week a friend went to a seminar called "Stress and Disease" by Dr. Nickolas Hall, an expert in psychobiology. He gave an example of a coping skill for job stress which I would like to share with you. When you have had one of those TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT days, try this:

On your way home after work, stop at your pharmacy and go to the section where they have thermometers. You will need to purchase a rectal thermometer made by *Q-Tip. Be very sure that you get this brand.

When you get home, lock your doors, draw the drapes, and disconnect the phone so you will not be disturbed during your therapy. Change to very comfortable clothing, such as a sweat suit and lie down on your bed. Open the package containing the thermometer and remove the thermometer and carefully place it on the bedside table so that it will not become chipped or broken. Take the written material that accompanies the thermometer and as you read it you will notice in small print the statement that "every rectal thermometer made by Q-Tip is PERSONALLY tested."

Now close your eyes and say out loud five times, "I am so glad that I do not work in quality control at the Q-Tip Company."

Quiz

This quiz consists of four questions that tell you whether or not you are qualified to be a professional. THE ANSWERS ARE SHORTLY AFTER THE QUESTIONS. There is no need to cheat. The questions are not that difficult. You just need to think like a professional.

1. How do you put a giraffe into a refrigerator?

The correct answer is: Open the refrigerator, put in the giraffe and close the door.

This question tests whether or not you are doing simple things in a complicated way.

2. How do you put an elephant into a refrigerator?

Incorrect answer: Open the refrigerator, put in the elephant and close the door.

Correct Answer: Open the refrigerator remove the giraffe and put in the elephant and close the door.

This question tests your foresight.

3. The Lion King is hosting an animal conference. All the animals attend except one. Which animal does not attend?

Correct answer: The elephant. The elephant is in the refrigerator!

This tests if you are capable of comprehensive thinking.

OK, if you did not have the last three questions correct, this one may be your last chance to test your qualifications to be a professional.

4. There is a river known to be filled with crocodiles. How do you cross?

Correct answer: Simply swim through it. All the crocodiles are attending the animal meeting! This question tests your reasoning.

So...

If you answered four out of four questions correctly, you are a true professional. Wealth and success await you.

If you answered three out of four, you have some catching up to do but there's hope for you.

If you answered two out of four, consider a career as a hamburger flipper in a fast food joint.

If you answered one out of four, try selling some of your organs. It's the only way you will ever make any money.

If you answered none correctly, consider a career that does not require any higher mental functions at all, such as law or politics.

Another Quiz...

Take your best shot and let me know how you do!! This is a real test given by the Human Relations Dept at many of the major corporations today.

It helps them get a better insight concerning their employees and potential employees. It's only 10 simple questions, so...Grab a pencil and paper, keeping track of your letter answers.

1. When do you feel your best?

- (a) in the morning
- (b) during the afternoon & early evening
- (c) late at night

2. You usually walk

- (a) fairly fast, with long steps
- (b) fairly fast, with short, quick steps
- (c) less fast head up, looking the world in the face
- (d) less fast, head down
- (e) very slowly

3. When talking to people you

- (a) stand with your arms folded
- (b) have your hands clasped
- (c) have one or both your hands on your hips
- (d) touch or push the person to whom you are talking
- (e) play with your ear, touch your chin, or smooth your hair

4. When relaxing, you sit with

- (a) your knees bent with your legs neatly side by side
- (b) your legs crossed
- (c) your legs stretched out or straight
- (d) one leg curled under you

5. When something really amuses you, you react with

- (a) a big, appreciative laugh
- (b) a laugh, but not a loud one
- (c) a quiet chuckle

- (d) a sheepish smile
6. When you go to a party or social gathering you..
 (a) make a loud entrance so everyone notices you
 (b) make a quiet entrance, looking around for someone you know
 (c) make the quietest entrance, trying to stay unnoticed
7. You're working very hard, concentrating hard, and you're interrupted. Do you...
 (a) welcome the break
 (b) feel extremely irritated
 (c) vary between these two extremes
8. Which of the following colors do you like most?
 (a) red or orange
 (b) black
 (c) yellow or light blue
 (d) green
 (e) dark blue or purple
 (f) white
 (g) brown or gray
9. When you are in bed at night, in these last few moments before going to sleep, you lie
 (a) stretched out on your back
 (b) stretched out face down on your stomach
 (c) on your side, slightly curled
 (d) with your head on one arm
 (e) with your head under the covers
10. You often dream that you are
 (a) falling
 (b) fighting or struggling
 (c) searching for something or somebody
 (d) flying or floating
 (e) you usually have dreamless sleep
 (f) your dreams are always pleasant

POINTS:

1. (a) 2
 (b) 4
 (c) 6
2. (a) 6
 (b) 4
 (c) 7
 (d) 2
 (e) 1

3. (a) 4
 (b) 2
 (c) 5
 (d) 7
 (e) 6
4. (a) 4
 (b) 6
 (c) 2
 (d) 1
5. (a) 6
 (b) 4
 (c) 3
 (d) 5
 (e) 2
6. (a) 6
 (b) 4
 (c) 2
7. (a) 6
 (b) 2
 (c) 4
8. (a) 6
 (b) 7
 (c) 5
 (d) 4
 (e) 3
 (f) 2
 (g) 1
9. (a) 7
 (b) 6
 (c) 4
 (d) 2
 (e) 1
10. (a) 4
 (b) 2
 (c) 3
 (d) 5
 (e) 6
 (f) 1

Now add up the total number of points.

OVER 60 POINTS:

Others see you as someone they should "handle with care" You're seen as vain, self-centered, and who is extremely dominant. Others may admire you, wishing they could be more like you, but don't always trust you, hesitating to become too deeply involved with you.

51 TO 60 POINTS:

Others see you as an exciting, highly volatile, rather impulsive personality; a natural leader, who's quick to make decisions, though not always the right ones. They see you as bold and adventuresome, someone who will try anything once; someone who takes chances and enjoys an adventure. They enjoy being in your company because of the excitement you radiate.

41 TO 50 POINTS:

Others see you as fresh, lively, charming, amusing, practical, and always interesting; someone who's constantly in the center of attention, but sufficiently well-balanced not to let it go to their head. They also see you as kind, considerate, and understanding; someone who'll always cheer them up and help them out.

31 TO 40 POINTS:

Others see you as sensible, cautious, careful & practical. They see you as clever, gifted, or talented, but modest... Not a person who makes friends too quickly or easily, but someone who's extremely loyal to friends you do make and who expect the same loyalty in return. Those who really get to know you realize it takes a lot to shake your trust in your friends, but equally that it takes you a long time to get over it if that trust is ever broken.

21 TO 30 POINTS:

Your friends see you as painstaking and fussy. They see you as very cautious, extremely careful, a slow and steady plodder. It'd really surprise them if you ever did something impulsively or on the spur of the moment, expecting you to examine everything carefully from every angle and then, usually decide against it. They think this reaction is caused partly by your careful nature.

UNDER 21 POINTS:

People think you are shy, nervous, and indecisive, someone who needs looking after, who always wants someone else to make the decisions and who doesn't want to get involved with anyone or anything. They see you as a worrier who always sees problems that don't exist. Some people think you're boring. Only those who know you well know that you aren't.

Worker Dead At Desk for 5 Days

In the Birmingham Sunday Mercury (7th Jan 2001)

Bosses of a publishing firm are trying to work out why no one noticed that one of their employees had been sitting dead at his desk for FIVE DAYS before anyone asked if he was feeling okay.

George Turklebaum, 51, who had been employed as a proof-reader at a New York firm for 30 years, had a heart attack in the open-plan office he shared with 23 other workers. He quietly passed away on Monday, but nobody noticed until Saturday morning when an office cleaner asked why he was still working during the weekend.

His boss Elliot Wachinski said "George was always the first guy in each morning and the last to leave at night, so no one found it unusual that he was in the same position all that time and didn't say anything. He was always absorbed in his work and kept much to himself." A post mortem examination revealed that he had been dead for five days after suffering a coronary. Ironically, George was proofreading manuscripts of medical textbooks when he died. You may want to give your co-workers a nudge occasionally.

Read The Following Statements and the Amazing Conclusion They Lead To:

1. The sport of choice for the urban poor is BASKETBALL.
2. The sport of choice for maintenance level employees is BOWLING.
3. The sport of choice for front-line workers is FOOTBALL.
4. The sport of choice for supervisors is BASEBALL.
5. The sport of choice for middle management is TENNIS.
6. The sport of choice for corporate officers is GOLF.

AMAZING CONCLUSION:

The higher you are in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.

Instead of Astrological Signs, How About These... What's Your Business Sign?

1. MARKETING

You are ambitious yet stupid. You chose a marketing degree to avoid having to study in college, concentrating instead on drinking and socializing which is pretty much what your job responsibilities are now. Least compatible with Sales.

2. SALES

Laziest of all signs, often referred to as "marketing without a degree." You are also self-centered and paranoid. Unless someone calls you and begs you to take their money, you like to avoid contact with customers so you can "concentrate on the big picture." You seek admiration for your golf game throughout your life.

3. TECHNOLOGY

Unable to control anything in your personal life, you are instead content to completely control everything that happens at your workplace. Often even YOU don't understand

what you are saying but who the hell can tell. It is written that Geeks shall inherit the Earth.

4. ENGINEERING

One of only two signs that actually studied in school. It is said that engineers place ninety percent of all Personal Ads. You can be happy with yourself; your office is full of all the latest "ergodynamic" gadgets. However, we all know what is really causing your "carpal tunnel syndrome."

5. ACCOUNTING

The only other sign that studied in school. You are mostly immune from office politics. You are the most feared person in the organization; combined with your extreme organizational traits, the majority of rumors concerning you say that you are completely insane.

6. HUMAN RESOURCES

Ironically, given your access to confidential information, you tend to be the biggest gossip within the organization. Possibly the only other person that does less work than marketing, you are unable to return any calls today because you have to get a haircut, have lunch AND THEN mail a letter.

7. MANAGEMENT/MIDDLE MANAGEMENT

Catty, cutthroat, yet completely spineless, you are destined to remain at your current job for the rest of your life. Unable to make a single decision you tend to measure your worth by the number of meetings you can schedule for yourself. Best suited to marry other "Middle Managers" as everyone in your social circle is a "Middle Manager."

8. SENIOR MANAGEMENT

(See above - Same sign, different title)

9. CUSTOMER SERVICE

Bright, cheery, positive, you are a fifty-cent cab ride from taking your own life. As children very few of you asked your parents for a little cubicle for your room and a headset so you could pretend to play "Customer Service." Continually passed over for promotions, your best bet is to sleep with your manager.

10. CONSULTANT

Lacking any specific knowledge, you use acronyms to avoid revealing your utter lack of experience. You have convinced yourself that your "skills" are in demand and that you could get a higher paying job with any other organization in a heartbeat. You will spend an eternity contemplating these career opportunities without ever taking direct action.

11. RECRUITER, "HEADHUNTER"

As a "person" that profits from the success of others, most people who actually work for a living disdain you. Paid on commission and susceptible to alcoholism, your

ulcers and frequent heart attacks correspond directly with fluctuations in the stock market.

12. PARTNER, PRESIDENT, CEO

You are brilliant or lucky. Your inability to figure out complex systems such as the fax machine suggest the latter.

13. GOVERNMENT WORKER

Paid to take days off. Government workers are genius inventors, like the invention of new Holidays. They usually suffer from deep depression or anxiety and usually commit serious crimes while on the job...Thus the term "GO POSTAL"

New Employee

Several weeks after a young man had been hired, he was called into the personnel director's office. "What is the meaning of this?" the director asked. "When you applied for this job, you told us you had five years experience. Now we discovered this is the first job you've ever held."

"Well," the young man replied, "in your advertisement you said you wanted somebody with imagination."

What's My Name?

The manager of a large office noticed a new man one day and told him to come into his office. "What's your name?" he asked the new guy.

"John," the new guy replied.

The manager scowled, "Look... I don't know what kind of a namby-pamby place you worked before, but I don't call anyone by their first name. It breeds familiarity and that leads to a breakdown in authority. I refer to my employees by their last name only... Smith, Jones, Baker... That's all. I am to be referred to only as Mr. Robertson.

Now that we got that straight, what is your last name?"

The new guy sighed, "Darling. My name is John Darling."

"Okay John, the next thing I want to tell you is..."

The Secretary

An attorney was having an affair with his secretary. Shortly afterward, she told him she was pregnant. Not wanting his wife to know, he gave the secretary a sum of money and asked her to go to Italy and have the baby there.

"But how will I let you know the baby is born?" she asked. He replied, "Just send me a postcard and write spaghetti" on the back. I'll take care of the child's expenses." Not knowing what else to do, the secretary took the money and flew to Italy.

Six months went by and then one day the attorney's wife called him at the office and explained, "Dear, you received a very strange postcard in the mail today from Europe, and I don't understand what it means." The attorney said, "Just wait until I get home, and I will explain it to you."

Later that evening the attorney came home, read the postcard, fell to the floor with a heart attack. Paramedics rushed him to the ER. The lead medic stayed back to comfort the wife. He asked what trauma had precipitated the cardiac arrest.

So the wife picked up the card and read:
"Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti -- Two with sausage and meatballs, two without!"

Job Interview

Sadly, Dave was born without ears, and though he proved to be successful in business, this problem annoyed him greatly.

One day he needed to hire a new manager for the company, so he set up three interviews.

The first guy was great. He knew everything he needed to know and was very interesting. At the end of the interview, Dave asked him, "Do you notice anything different about me?"

"Why, yes, I couldn't help but notice that you have no ears," came the reply.

Dave did not appreciate his candor and threw him out of the office.

The second interview was with a woman, and she was even better than the first guy. Again Dave asked her the same question, "Do you notice anything different about me?" "Well," she said stammering, "you, you have no ears."

Dave again got upset and chucked her out in a rage.

The third and final interviewee was the best of the bunch. He was a young man who had recently earned his MBA. He was smart. He was handsome, and he seemed to be a better businessman than the first two put together.

Dave was anxious, but went ahead and asked the young man the same question. "Do you notice anything different about me?"

Much to his surprise the young man answered, " Yes, you wear contact lenses, don't you?"

Dave was shocked and realized this was an incredibly observant person.

"How in the world did you know that?" he asked.

The young man fell off his chair laughing hysterically and replied, "Well, it's pretty hard to wear glasses with no fucking ears!"

Bad Jobs

Brian is a commercial saturation diver for Global Divers out of Louisiana and performs underwater repairs on offshore drilling rigs.

Below is an email he sent to his sister. She sent it to Laughline and won a contest (He was not thrilled with her for that).

Hi Sue,

Just another note from your bottom dwelling brother. Last week I had a bad day at the office. I know you've been feeling down lately at work, so I thought I would share my dilemma with you to make you realize it's not so bad.

As you know my office lies at the bottom of the sea. I wear a suit to the office. It's a wetsuit. This time of year the water is quite cool, so what we do to keep warm is this: We have a diesel powered industrial water heater. This \$20,000 piece of shit sucks the water out of the sea. It heats it to a delightful temperature. It then pumps it down to the diver through a garden hose which is taped to the air hose.

Now this sounds like a damn good plan, and I've used it several times with no complaints. What I do, when I get to the bottom and start working, is I take the hose and stuff it down the back of my neck. This floods my whole suit with warm water. It's like working in a jacuzzi.

Everything was going well until all of a sudden, my ass started to itch, so, of course, I scratched it. This only made things worse. Within a few seconds my ass started to burn. I pulled the hose out from my back, but the damage was done. In agony I realized what had happened. The hot water machine had sucked up a jellyfish and pumped it into my suit. This is even worse than the poison ivy you once had under a cast.

Now I had that hose down my back. I don't have any hair on my back, so the jellyfish couldn't get stuck to my back. My ass crack was not as fortunate. When I scratched what I thought was an itch, I was actually grinding the jellyfish into my ass.

I informed the dive supervisor of my dilemma over the communicator. His instructions were unclear due to the fact that he along with 5 other divers were laughing hysterically. Needless to say I aborted the dive.

I was instructed to make three agonizing in-water decompression stops totaling thirty-five minutes before I could come to the surface for my chamber dry decompression. I got to the surface wearing nothing but my brass helmet. My suit and gear were tied to the bell.

When I got on board the medic, with tears of laughter running down his face, handed me a tube of cream and told me to shove it "up my ass" when I get into the chamber. The cream put the fire out, but I couldn't shit for two days because my asshole was swollen shut. I later found out that this could easily have been prevented if the suction hose was placed on the leeward side of the ship.

Anyway, the next time you have a bad day at the office, think of me. Think about how much worse your day would be if you were to shove a jellyfish up your ass. I hope you have no bad days at the office, but if you do, I hope this will make things more tolerable.

Take care, and I hope to hear from you soon.

Love, Brian

Big Chocolate

HERSHEY, PA-In one of the largest product-liability rulings in U.S. history, the Hershey Foods Corporation was ordered by a Pennsylvania jury Monday to pay \$135 billion in restitution fees to 900,000 obese Americans who for years consumed the company's fattening snack foods.

"Let this verdict send a clear message to Big Chocolate," said Pennsylvania Attorney General Andrew Garsten, addressing reporters following the historic ruling. "If you knowingly sell products that cause obesity, you will pay."

The five-state class-action suit accused Hershey's of "knowingly and willfully marketing rich, fatty candy bars containing chocolate and other ingredients of negligible nutritional value." The company was also charged with publishing nutritional information only under pressure from the government, marketing products to children, and artificially "spiking" their products with such substances as peanuts, crisped rice, and caramel to increase consumer appeal.

Jurors took less than five hours to reach the decision following a two-year trial covering nearly one million snackers in Pennsylvania, Florida, New Hampshire, Arizona, and Texas. A majority of the unprecedented punitive damages will go toward obesity victims and their immediate families. The remainder will be funneled into weight-loss and youth-snacking prevention programs.

"This is a vindication for myself and all chocolate victims," said Beaumont, TX, resident Earl Hoffer, holding a picture of his wife Emily, who in 1998 succumbed to obesity after nearly 40 years of chocoholism. "This award cannot bring Emily back,

but I take some comfort knowing that her tragic, unnecessary death did not go unpunished."

Hoffer's teary-eyed account of his wife's brave battle against chocolate was widely regarded as the emotional high point of the trial. First introduced to Hershey's chocolate as a young trick-or-treater, Emily quickly developed a four-bar-a-day habit, turning in adulthood to Hershey's Special Dark, a stronger, unfiltered form of the product. By age 47, she had ballooned to 352 pounds and was a full-blown chocoholic. What little savings the family had was drained by Weight Watchers memberships, Richard Simmons videotapes, and Fat Trapper pills, all of which proved futile and only prolonged the Tofflers' agonizing ordeal.

Equally pleased by the ruling was Mel Brewer of Phoenix, whose father received free chocolate as a soldier during World War II.

"Dad came back from Europe hooked," Brewer said. "Before long, he was going through a case of Mounds and Mr. Goodbars a week. He wouldn't eat ice cream without Hershey's chocolate syrup and crushed Heath bars on it. He died of heart attack at age 54 weighing 415 pounds."

With litigation pending against the nation's top five chocolate makers, including a \$102 billion Mississippi suit against Nestle, the entire industry is on alert. Big Chocolate has already suffered numerous major setbacks in recent years. In 1997, a California judge ordered chocolate manufacturers to fund \$27 billion in education programs to prevent youth chocolate consumption. In 1999, a federal judge prohibited chocolate advertising on TV and billboards and banned the use of cartoon imagery in advertising.

In addition, the judge ruled that a warning label must be placed on all chocolate products reading, "The Surgeon General Has Determined That Eating Chocolate May Lead To Being Really Fat."

Lawyers for the Hershey Corporation said the company intends to appeal the decision, which could drive the price of a 1.4-ounce pack of Rolos as high as \$1.29.

"Adult consumers know the risks involved in using our products," Hershey's chief counsel Marvin Black said. "They know that if not used in a responsible manner, there can be some negative consequences. But this is true of anything in life. Further, the decision to use our products is one that has always been left up to the individual. The Hershey Corporation has never forced anyone to use its products, nor has it ever intentionally added substances to its candies to increase addictiveness. If consumers are hooked, it is only because of said candy's overwhelmingly delicious chocolate goodness."

Whatever the outcome of the Hershey's appeal, the chocolate industry has irrevocably changed as a result of Monday's verdict. "For over a century, Hershey's has lived off the fat of the land," Erie, PA, claimant Pamela Schiff said. "Now it's time to pay us back."

Never Assume

A young executive was leaving the office at 6 p.m. when he found the CEO standing in front of a shredder with a piece of paper in his hand. "Listen," said the CEO, "This is a very sensitive and important document, and my secretary has left. Can you make this thing work?"

"Certainly," said the young executive. He turned the machine on, inserted the paper, and pressed the start button.

"Excellent, excellent!" said the CEO as his paper disappeared inside the machine. "I just need one copy."

Lesson learned: Never, never assume that your BOSS knows everything.

Five Cannibals

Five cannibals get appointed as engineers in a defense company.

During the welcoming ceremony the boss says, "You're all part of our team now. You can earn good money here, and you can go to the cafeteria for something to eat. So please don't trouble any of the other employees."

The cannibals promised.

Four weeks later the boss returns and says, "You're all working very hard, and I'm very satisfied with all of you.

However, one of our janitors has disappeared. Do any of you know what happened to him?"

The cannibals all shake their heads no.

After the boss has left, the leader of the cannibals says to the others, "Which of you idiots ate the janitor?"

A hand raises hesitantly, to which the leader of the cannibals replies, "You fool! For four weeks we've been eating Team Leaders, Supervisors and Project Managers and no one noticed anything, and YOU had to go and eat the janitor!"

It's Monday...Time to Call In Sick

I can't come in to work today because I'll be stalking my previous boss, who fired me for not showing up for work. OK?

When I got up this morning, I took two Ex-lax in addition to my Prozac. I can't get off the john, but I feel good about it.

My mother-in-law has come back as one of the Undead and we must track her to her coffin to drive a stake through her heart and give her eternal peace. One day should do it.

I can't come to work today because the EPA has determined that my house is completely surrounded by wetlands and I have to arrange for helicopter transportation.

If it is all the same to you I won't be coming in to work. The voices told me to clean all the guns today.

I have a rare case of 48-hour projectile leprosy, but I know we have that deadline to meet...

I am stuck in the blood pressure machine down at Tom Thumb.

Yes, I seem to have contracted some attention-deficit disorder and, hey, how about them Skins, huh? So, I won't be able to, yes, could I help you? No, no, I'll be sticking with Sprint, but thank you for calling.

Constipation has made me a walking time bomb.

I just found out that I was switched at birth. Legally, I shouldn't come to work knowing my employee records may now contain false information.

The psychiatrist said it was an excellent session. He even gave me this jaw restraint so I won't bite things when I am startled.

The dog ate my car keys. We're going to hitchhike to the vet.

Strange Sights

Sighting #1: I was at the airport, checking in at the gate, when the airport employee asked, "Has anyone put anything in your baggage without your knowledge?" I said, "If it was without my knowledge, how would I know?" He smiled and nodded knowingly, "That's why we ask."

Sighting #2: The stoplight on the corner buzzes when it is safe to cross the street. I was crossing with an intellectually challenged co-worker of mine, when she asked if I knew what the buzzer was for. I explained that it signals to blind people when the light is red. She responded, appalled, "What on earth are blind people doing driving?"

Sighting #3: At a good-bye lunch for an old and dear co-worker who is leaving the company due to "rightsizing," our manager spoke up and said, "This is fun. We

should have lunch like this more often." Not another word was spoken. We just looked at each other like deer staring into the headlights of an approaching truck.

Sighting #4: I worked with an Individual who plugged his power strip back into itself and for the life of him could not understand why his system would not turn on.

Sighting #5: (a rare "double sighting"): A friend had a brilliant idea for saving disk space. He thought if he put all his Microsoft Word documents into a tiny font they'd take up less room. When he told me, I was with another friend. She thought it was a good idea too.

Sighting #6: (from Tech Support):

Tech Support: "How much free space do you have on your hard drive?"

Individual: "Well, my wife likes to get up there on that Internet, and she downloaded ten hours of free space. Is that enough?"

Sighting #7: (from Tech Support):

Individual: "Now what do I do?"

Tech Support: "What is the prompt on the screen?"

Individual: "It's asking for 'Enter Your Last Name.'"

Tech Support: "Okay, so type in your last name."

Individual: "How do you spell that?"

Sighting # 8: When my husband and I arrived at an automobile dealership to pick up our car, we were told that the keys had been accidentally locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door. As I watched from the passenger's side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered it was open. "Hey," I announced to the technician, "It's open!" "I know," answered the young man. "I already got that side."

Felix The Flying Frog

Once upon a time, there lived a man named Clarence who had a pet frog named Felix. Clarence lived a modestly comfortable existence on what he earned working at the Wal-Mart, but he always dreamed of being rich.

"Felix!" he exclaimed one day, "We're going to be rich! I'm going to teach you how to fly!"

Felix, of course, was terrified at the prospect: "I can't fly, you idiot... I'm a frog, not a canary!"

Clarence, disappointed at the initial reaction, told Felix: "That negative attitude of yours could be a real problem. I'm sending you to class."

So Felix went to a three-day class and learned about problem solving, time management, and effective communication... But nothing about flying.

On the first day of "flying lessons", Clarence could barely control his excitement (and Felix could barely control his bladder). Clarence explained that their apartment had 15 floors, and each day Felix would jump out of a window starting with the first floor eventually getting to the top floor.

After each jump, Felix would analyze how well he flew, isolate on the most effective flying techniques, and implement the improved process for the next flight. By the time they reached the top floor, Felix would surely be able to fly.

Felix pleaded for his life, but it fell on deaf ears. "He just doesn't understand how important this is..." thought Clarence, "but I won't let nay-sayers get in my way."

So, with that, Clarence opened the window and threw Felix out (who landed with a thud).

Next day (poised for his second flying lesson) Felix again begged not to be thrown out of the window. With that, Clarence opened his pocket guide to *Managing More Effectively* and showed Felix the part about how one must always expect resistance when implementing new programs.

And with that, he threw Felix out the window. (THUD)

On the third day (at the third floor) Felix tried a different ploy: Stalling, he asked for a delay in the "project" until better weather would make flying conditions more favorable.

But Clarence was ready for him: He produced a timeline and pointed to the third milestone and asked, "You don't want to slip the schedule do you?"

From his training, Felix knew that not jumping today would mean that he would have to jump TWICE tomorrow... So he just said: "OK. Let's go."

And out the window he went.

Now this is not to say that Felix wasn't trying his best. On the fifth day he flapped his feet madly in a vain attempt to fly. On the sixth day he tied a small red cape around his neck and tried to think "Superman" thoughts.

But try as he might, he couldn't fly.

By the seventh day, Felix (accepting his fate) no longer begged for mercy... He simply looked at Clarence and said: "You know you're killing me, don't you?"

Clarence pointed out that Felix's performance so far had been less than exemplary, failing to meet any of the milestone goals he had set for him.

With that, Felix said quietly: "Shut up and open the window," and he leaped out, taking careful aim on the large jagged rock by the corner of the building.

And Felix went to that great lily pad in the sky.

Clarence was extremely upset, as his project had failed to meet a single goal that he set out to accomplish. Felix had not only failed to fly, he didn't even learn how to steer his flight as he fell like a sack of cement... Nor did he improve his productivity when Clarence had told him to "Fall smarter, not harder."

The only thing left for Clarence to do was to analyze the process and try to determine where it had gone wrong.

After much thought, Clarence smiled and said:

"Next time... I'm getting a smarter frog!"

The Unfinished Symphony

The president of a large managed health care facility also served on the board of his community's symphony orchestra. Finding that he could not go to one of the concerts, he gave his tickets to the company's director of health care cost containment. The next morning, he asked the director how he enjoyed the performance. Instead of the usual polite remarks, the director handed him a memo that read as follows:

The undersigned submits the following comments and recommendations relative to the performance of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" by this city's symphony orchestra as observed under actual working conditions:

- A. The attendance of the conductor is unnecessary for the public performances. The orchestra has obviously practiced and has the prior authorization from the conductor to play the symphony at a predetermined level of quality. Considerable money could be saved merely by having the conductor critique the orchestra's performance during a retrospective peer review meeting.
- B. For considerable periods, the four oboe players had nothing to do. Their numbers should be reduced and their work spread over the whole orchestra, thus eliminating peaks and valleys of activity.
- C. All 12 violins were playing identical notes with identical motions. This is unnecessary duplication: the staff of this section should be cut drastically with consequent savings. If a large volume of sound is required, this could be obtained through electronic amplification, which has reached high levels of reproductive quality.
- D. Much effort was expended playing 16th notes or semi-quavers. This seems an excessive refinement, as most listeners are unable to distinguish such rapid playing. It is recommended that all notes be rounded up to eighth. If this is done, it would also be possible to use trainees and lower grade musicians with no loss of quality.
- E. No useful purpose would be served by repeating with horns the same passage that has already been handled by the strings. If all such redundant passages were eliminated, as a determined by the utilization review committee,

the concert would have been reduced from two hours to about 20 minutes, resulting in substantial savings in salaries and overhead. In fact, if Schubert had addressed these concerns on a cost containment basis, he probably would have been able to finish this symphony!

How Shit Happens

In the beginning was the plan
And then came the assumptions
And the assumptions were without form
And the plan was completely without substance
And the darkness was upon the face of the workers
And they spoke among themselves, saying "It is a crock of shit, and it stinketh."

And the workers went unto their supervisors and sayeth, "It is a pail of Dung and none may abide the odor thereof."

And the supervisors went unto their managers and sayeth unto them, "It is a container of Excrement and it is very strong, such that none may abide by it."

And the managers went unto their directors and sayeth, "It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide its strength."

And the directors spoke among themselves saying one to another, "It contains that which aids plant growth, and it is very strong." And the directors went unto the vice presidents and sayeth unto them, "It promotes growth and it is very powerful."

And the vice presidents went unto the president and sayeth unto him, "This new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency of this company, and in these areas in particular."

And the president looked upon the plan, and saw that it was good, and the plan became policy. This is how shit happens.

The Definitive List of Corporate Jargon

Blamestorming: Sitting around in a group discussing why a deadline was missed or a project failed, and who was responsible.

Chainsaw Consultant: An outside expert brought in to reduce the employee headcount, leaving the top brass with clean hands.

Cube Farm: An office filled with cubicles.

Ego Surfing: Scanning the Net, databases, print media, and so on, looking for references to one's own name.

Elvis Year: The peak year of something's or someone's popularity. "Barney the Dinosaur's Elvis year was 1993."

404: Someone who's clueless. "Don't bother asking him; he's 404." From the WWW error message "404 Not Found", meaning the requested document couldn't be located.

Idea Hamsters: People who always seem to have their idea generators running.

Keyboard Plaque: The disgusting buildup of dirt and crud found on computer keyboards.

Mouse Potato: The online, wired generation's answer to the couch potato.

Ohnosecond: That minuscule fraction of time in which you realize that you've just made a big mistake.

Perot: To quit unexpectedly, as in "My cellular phone just perot'ed."

Prairie Dogging: When someone yells or drops something loudly in a cube farm, and people's heads pop up over the walls to see what's going on.

SITCOMs: What yuppies turn into when they have children and one of them stops working to stay home with the kids. Stands for Single Income, Two Children, Oppressive Mortgage.

Squirt the Bird: To transmit a signal to a satellite.

Starter Marriage: A short-lived first marriage that ends in divorce with no kids, no property, and no regrets.

Stress Puppy: A person who seems to thrive on being stressed out and whiny.

Swiped Out: An ATM or credit card that has been rendered useless because the magnetic strip is worn away from extensive use.

Tourists: People who take training classes just to get a vacation from their jobs. "We had three serious students in the class; the rest were just tourists."

Treeware: Hacker slang for documentation or other printed material.

Xerox Subsidy: Euphemism for swiping free photocopies from one's workplace.

Going Postal: Euphemism for being totally stressed out, for losing it. (Makes reference to the unfortunate track record of postal employees who have snapped and gone on shooting rampages.)

Alpha Geek: The most knowledgeable, technically proficient person in an office or work group. "Ask Larry, he's the alpha geek around here."

Assmosis: The process by which some people seem to absorb success and advancement by kissing up to the boss rather than working hard.

Beepilepsy: The brief seizure people sometimes have when their beeper goes off (especially in vibrator mode). Characterized by physical spasms, goofy facial expressions, and interruption of speech in mid-sentence.

Chips and Salsa: Chips =3D hardware, salsa =3D software. "Well, first we gotta figure out if the problem's in your chips or your salsa."

Crapplet: A badly written or profoundly useless Java applet. "I just wasted 30 minutes downloading this stinkin' crapplet!"

Dancing Baloney: Little animated GIFs and other Web F/X that are useless and serve simply to impress clients. "This page is kinda dull. Maybe a little dancing baloney will help."

Depotphobia: Fear associated with entering a Home Depot because of how much money one might spend. Electronics geeks experience Shackophobia.

Flight Risk: Used to describe employees who are suspected of planning to leave a company or department soon.

Generica : Features of the American landscape that are exactly the same no matter where one is. "We were so lost in generica, I actually forgot what city we were in."

A "Get-Out-Of-Debt" job: A well-paying job people take in order to pay off their debts, one that they will quit as soon as they are solvent again.

Irritainment; Entertainment and media spectacles that are annoying, but you find yourself unable to stop watching them. The O.J. trials were a prime example.

Midair Passenger Exchange: Grim air-traffic-controller-speak for a head-on collision. Midair passenger exchanges are quickly followed by "aluminum rain."

Nyetscape: Nickname for AOL's less-than-full-featured Web browser.

PEBCAK: Tech support shorthand for "Problem Exists Between Chair and Keyboard." (Techies are a frustrated, often arrogant lot. They've submitted numerous acronyms and terms that poke fun at the clueless users who call them up with frighteningly stupid questions. Another variation on the above is ID10T: "This guy has an ID-Ten-T on his system.")

Percussive Maintenance: The fine art of whacking the crap out of an electronic device to get it to work again.

Seagull Manager: A manager who flies in, makes a lot of noise, shits over everything, and then leaves.

Square-headed Girlfriend: Another word for a computer. The victim of a square-headed girlfriend is a "computer widow."

Telephone Number Salary: A salary (or project budget) that has seven digits.

Umfriend: A sexual relation of dubious standing. "This is uh..Dale, my...um...friend..."

Uninstalled: Euphemism for being fired. Heard on the voicemail of a vice president at a downsizing computer firm: "You have reached the number of an uninstalled vice president. Please dial our main number and ask the operator for assistance." See also Decruitment.

Vulcan Nerve Pinch: The taxing hand position required to reach all of the appropriate keys for certain commands. For instance, the warm re-boot for a Mac II computer involves simultaneously pressing the Control key, the Command key, the Return key and the Power On key.

Yuppie Food Stamps: The ubiquitous \$20 bills spewed out of ATMs everywhere. Often used when trying to split the bill after a meal: "We all owe \$8 each, but all anybody's got is yuppie food stamps."

Body Nazis: Hard-core exercise and weight-lifting fanatics who look down on anyone who doesn't work out obsessively.

(Mostly) True Stories

Some Boeing employees recently "liberated" a life raft from one of the 747s on the company's production line. Later, they took it for a float on the Stilliguamish River. Imagine their surprise when a Coast Guard helicopter "rescued" them after homing in on the emergency locator beacon that activated when the raft was inflated. Not surprisingly, they no longer work at Boeing.

Top Ten Things That Sound Dirty At The Office But Aren't:

10. I need to whip it out by 5.
9. Mind if I use your laptop?
8. Just stick it in my box.
7. If I have to lick one more, I'll gag!
6. I want it on my desk, NOW!
5. HMMMMMMMM... I think it's out of fluid!
4. My equipment is so old it takes forever to finish.
3. It's an entry-level position.
2. When do you think you'll be getting off today?

And the number 1 thing that sounds dirty in the office but isn't:

1. It's not fair...I do all the work while he just sits there!
-

Beach Chair Advice

A Jewish businessman was in a great deal of trouble. His business was failing, he had put everything he had into the business, he owed everybody-- it was so bad he was even contemplating suicide. As a last resort he went to a Rabbi and poured out his story of tears and woe.

When he had finished, the Rabbi said, "Here's what I want you to do: put a beach chair and your Bible in your car and drive down to the beach. Take the beach chair and the Bible to the water's edge, sit down in the beach chair, and put the Bible in your lap. Open the Bible; the wind will rifle the pages, but finally the open Bible will come to rest on a page. Look down at the page and read the first thing you see. That will be your answer, that will tell you what to do."

A year later the businessman went back to the Rabbi and brought his wife and children with him. The man was in a new custom-tailored suit, his wife in a mink coat, the children shining. The businessman pulled an envelope stuffed with money out of his pocket, gave it to the Rabbi as a donation in thanks for his advice.

The Rabbi recognized the benefactor, and was curious. "You did as I suggested?" he asked.

"Absolutely," replied the businessman.

"You went to the beach?"

"Absolutely."

"You sat in a beach chair with the Bible in your lap?"

"Absolutely."

"You let the pages rifle until they stopped?"

"Absolutely."

"And what were the first words you saw?"

"Chapter 11."

Ways to Annoy Your Public Bathroom Stallmate

1. Stick your palm open under the stall wall and ask your neighbor, "May I borrow a highlighter?"
2. Say "Uh oh, I knew I shouldn't put my lips on that."
3. Cheer and clap loudly every time somebody breaks the silence with a bodily function noise.
4. Say, "Hmmm, I've never seen that color before."
5. Drop a marble and say, "Oh shit!! My glass eye!!"

6. Say, "Damn, this water is cold."
7. Grunt and strain real loud for 30 seconds and then drop a cantaloupe into the toilet bowl from a high place. Sigh relaxingly.
8. Say "Now how did that get there?"
9. Say "Humus. Reminds me of humus."
10. Fill up a large flask with Mountain Dew. Squirt it erratically under the stall walls of your neighbors while yelling, "Whoa! Easy boy!!"
11. Say "Interesting...more sinkers than floaters"
12. Using a small squeeze tube, spread peanut butter on a wad of toilet paper and drop under the stall wall of your neighbor. Then say, "Whoops, could you kick that back over here, please?"
13. Say "C'mon Mr. Happy! Don't fall asleep on me!!"
14. Say "Boy, that sure looks like a maggot"
15. Say "Damn, I knew that drain hole was a little too small. Now what am I gonna do?"
16. Play a well known drum cadence over and over again on your butt cheeks
17. Before you unroll toilet paper, conspicuously lay down your "Cross-Dressers Anonymous" newsletter on the floor visible to the adjacent stall.
18. Lower a small mirror underneath the stall wall and adjust it so you can see your neighbor and say, "Peek-a-boo!"
19. Drop a D-cup bra on the floor under the stall wall and sing "Born Free"

Riding A Dead Horse

Ancient wisdom says that when you discover you are riding a dead horse, the best strategy is to dismount. However, in organizations we often try many other strategies, including the following:

1. Changing riders
 2. Buying a stronger whip
 3. Falling back on: "This is the way we've always ridden"
 4. Appointing a committee to study the horse
 5. Arranging a visit to other sites to see how they ride dead horses
 6. Increasing the standards for riding dead horses
 7. Appointing a group to revive the dead horse
 8. Creating a training session to improve riding skills
 9. Comparing the state of dead horses in today's environment
 10. Changing the requirements so that the horse no longer meets the standard of dead
 11. Hiring an external consultant to show how a dead horse can be ridden
 12. Harnessing several dead horses together to increase speed
 13. Increasing funding to improve the horse's performance
 14. Declaring that no horse is too dead to beat
 15. Doing a study to see if outsourcing will reduce the cost of riding a dead horse
 16. Buying a computer program to enhance dead horse performance
 17. Declaring a dead horse less costly than a live one
 18. Forming a workgroup to find uses for dead horses
 19. Changing performance requirements for the horse
 20. Promoting the dead horse to a supervisory position
-

CHAPTER 6: Planes, Trains, and Automobiles

Engineers and Accountants

Three engineers and three accountants are traveling by train to a conference. At the station, the three accountants each buy tickets and watch as the three engineers buy only a single ticket. "How are three people going to travel on only one ticket?" asks an accountant. "Watch and you'll see," answers an engineer.

They all board the train. The accountants take their respective seats but all Three engineers cram into a restroom and close the door behind them. Shortly after the train has departed, the conductor comes around collecting tickets.

He knocks on the restroom door and says, "Ticket, please." The door opens just a crack and a single arm emerges with a ticket in hand. The conductor takes it and moves on.

The accountants saw this and agreed it was quite a clever idea. So after the conference, the accountants decide to copy the engineers on the return trip and save some money.

When they get to the station, they buy a single ticket for the return trip. To their astonishment, the engineers buy no ticket at all.

"How are you going to travel without a ticket?" says one perplexed accountant. "Watch and you'll see," answers an engineer.

When they board the train the three accountants cram into a restroom and the three engineers cram into another one nearby. The train departs. Shortly afterward, one of the engineers leaves his restroom and walks over to the restroom where the accountants are hiding. He knocks on the door and says, "ticket please."

Help Feed American Airlines Pilots

It's just not right. Thousands of pilots in our very own country are living at or just below the six-figure salary line. And if that wasn't bad enough, many of them may go several weeks or months without a paycheck if they are forced by American Airlines management to strike.

But now you can help. For about three hundred dollars a day -- that's less than the price of a 25" television set -- you can help keep a pilot economically viable during their time of need.

Three hundred dollars a day may not seem like a lot of money to you, but to a pilot, it could mean the difference between a vacation fishing in Florida or a Mediterranean cruise.

For you, three hundred dollars is nothing more than half a month's rent or mortgage payment. But to a pilot, three hundred dollars a day will almost replace his or her salary.

Three hundred dollars a day will enable a pilot to upgrade his or her home computer, buy that new 100" television set, trade in the 6 month-old Lexus for a Ferrari, or enjoy a dinner (with champagne) at The Mansion.

"HOW WILL I KNOW I'M HELPING?"

Each month, you will receive a complete financial report on the crewmember that you sponsor. Detailed information about his or her stocks, bonds, 401(k) plan, and real-estate holdings will be mailed to your home. You will be able to watch your pilot's net worth grow. You'll also get information on how they chose to invest their \$1.2 million lump sum they get upon their retirement.

"HOW WILL THEY KNOW I'M HELPING?"

Your pilot will be told that he or she has a SPECIAL FRIEND that just wants to help. Although the pilot won't know your name, he or she will be able to make collect calls to your home via a special operator in case they need more funds.

I want to help! In the event of a strike by the APA, I would like to sponsor the crewmember listed below. I would like to sponsor (circle your selection/s):

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CAPTAIN | <input type="checkbox"/> F-100 CREWMEMBER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AN ENTIRE FLIGHT CREW | <input type="checkbox"/> A300 CREWMEMBER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIRST OFFICER | <input type="checkbox"/> SUPER-80 CREWMEMBER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NAVIGATOR | <input type="checkbox"/> 727 CREWMEMBER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 767 CREW MEMBER | <input type="checkbox"/> MD-11 CREWMEMBER |

Please apply my donation to the crewmember most in need.

Please charge the account listed below \$326.25 per day (or \$350.29 for MD-11 crewmembers) for the duration of the strike. Please send me a picture of the crew member I have sponsored, along with a set of "wings" and my very own "new" red S.C.O.P.E. badge (while supplies last)

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> MasterCard | <input type="checkbox"/> Visa | <input type="checkbox"/> American Express |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AAsset Card | <input type="checkbox"/> Discover Card | <input type="checkbox"/> Diner's Club |

Account Number: _____ Expiration: _____

Date: _____

Signature: _____

Send completed forms to the ALPA. Or, enroll by phone: (97X)-988-3188

Note: Sponsors agree not to contact the crew member sponsored or their families in person or by other means including, but not limited to, phone calls, letters, email, or third parties. Contributions made are not tax deductible. In the event of no strike action taken, sponsors agree to a one-time administration charge of \$500.00 to cover administration costs of this program.

Tech Support

Reservations of an Airline Agent (After Surviving 130,000 Calls from the Traveling Public) by Jonathan Lee -- The Washington Post

I work in a central reservation office of an airline. After more than 130,000 conversations -- all ending with "Have a nice day and thanks for calling" -- I think it's fair to say that I'm a survivor.

I've made it through all the calls from adults who didn't know the difference between a.m. and p.m., from mothers of military recruits who didn't trust their little soldiers to get it right, from the woman who called to get advice on how to handle her teenage daughter, from the man who wanted to ride inside the kennel with his dog so he wouldn't have to pay for a seat, from the woman who wanted to know why she had to change clothes on our flight between Chicago and Washington (she was told she'd have to make a change between the two cities) and from the man who asked if I'd like to discuss the existential humanism that emanates from the soul of Habeeb.

In five years, I've received more than a boot camp education regarding the astonishing lack of awareness of our American citizenry. This lack of awareness encompasses every region of the country, economic status, ethnic background, and level of education. My battles have included everything from a man not knowing how to spell the name of the town he was from, to another not recognizing the name "Iowa" as being a state, to another who thought he had to apply for a foreign passport to fly to West Virginia.

They are the enemy, and they are everywhere.

In the history of the world there has never been as much communication and new things to learn as today. Yet, after I asked a woman from New York what city she wanted to go to in Arizona, she asked, "Oh... is it a big place?"

I talked to a woman in Denver who had never heard of Cincinnati, a man in Minneapolis who didn't know there was more than one city in the South ("wherever the South is?"), a woman in Nashville who asked, "Instead of paying for the ticket, can I just donate the money to the National Cancer Society?" and a man in Dallas who tried to pay for his ticket by sticking quarters in the pay phone he was calling from.

I knew a full invasion was on the way when, shortly after signing on, a man asked if we flew to exit 35 on the New Jersey Turnpike. Then a woman asked if we flew to

area code 304. And I knew I had been shipped off to the front when I was asked, "When an airplane comes in, does that mean it's arriving or departing?"

I remembered the strict training we had received -- four weeks of regimented classes on airline codes, computer technology, and telephone behavior -- and it allowed for no means of retaliation. "Troops," we were told, "it's real hell out there and ya got no defense. You're going to hear things so silly you can't even make 'em up. You'll try to explain things to your friends that you don't even believe yourself, and just when you think you've heard it all, someone will ask if they can get a free round-trip ticket to Europe by reciting 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'"

Well, Sarge was right. It wasn't long before I suffered a direct hit from a woman who wanted to fly to Hippopotamus, NY. After I assured her that there was no such city, she became irate and said it was a big city with a big airport. I asked if Hippopotamus was near Albany or Syracuse. It wasn't. Then I asked if it was near Buffalo. "Buffalo!" she said. "I knew it was a big animal!"

Then I crawled out of my bunker long enough to be confronted by a man who tried to catch our flight in Maconga. I told him I'd never heard of Maconga and we certainly didn't fly to it. But he insisted we did and to prove it he showed me his ticket: Macon, GA.

I've done nothing during my conversational confrontations to indicate that I couldn't understand English. But, after quoting the round-trip fare the passenger just asked for, he'll always ask: "...Is that round trip?" After quoting the one-way fare the passenger just asked for, he'll always, always ask: "...Is that one-way?" I never understood why they always question if what I just gave them is what they just asked for. Then I realized it was part of the hell Sarge told us about.

But I've survived to direct the lost, correct the wrong, comfort the wary, teach U.S. geography and give tutoring in the spelling and pronunciation of American cities. I have been told things like: "I can't go stand-by for your flight because I'm in a wheelchair." I've been asked such questions as: "I have a connecting flight to Knoxville. Does that mean the plane sticks to something?" And once a man wanted to go to Illinois. When I asked what city he wanted to go to in Illinois, he said, "Cleveland, Ohio."

After 130,000 little wars of varying degrees, I'm a wise old veteran of the communication conflict and can anticipate with accuracy what the next move by "them" will be.

You Might Be A Redneck Pilot If...

- Your Stall Warning Plays Dixie
- Your cross-country Flight Plan Uses Flea Markets as Check Points
- You Think Sectional Charts should Show Trailer Parks
- You Have Mud Flaps on Your Wheel Pants

- You Think "GPS" Stands for Going Perfectly Straight
- You've Ever Used Moonshine as AvGas
- Your Toothpick Keeps Poking Your Mike
- Just Before Impact You are Heard Saying "Hey Y'all, Watch This"
- You Constantly Confuse Beechcraft with Beechnut
- You Wouldn't be Caught Dead Driving a "Grumman Yankee"
- You Have a Black Airplane With a Big # 3 on the Side
- You use a Purina Bag as a Windsock
- You Refer to Flying in Formation as "We Got Ourselves a Convoy Here"
- If you have a "Powered by Coors" decal on the cowl
- If you have sports team gimme caps lined up on the glare shield
- If you stick a tennis ball on your transponder antenna
- If you put the little Playboy bunny emblems on your wheel pants
- If you call wheel pants "fender skirts."
- You think three bags from Piggly Wiggly is a matched set of luggage
- You have ever used sheetrock as part of an aircraft repair or modification
- If you have your N number tattooed across your arm
- If you have a gun rack mounted on the aft bulkhead
- You have a spittoon in place of an ashtray
- Fuzzy dice hanging from the compass
- Fur lined instrument overlay
- Confederate flag as a headliner
- You buy a Grumman because it is the only means of out running the infernal revenuers
- You think sectional charts should show trailer parks
- You keep getting your toothpick caught in the microphone
- You have mud flaps and curb feelers on your wheel pants
- You constantly confuse Beechcraft with Beechnut
- You've just taxied around the airport drinking a beer
- There's a sign on the side of your aircraft advertising a septic tank service
- You call the tower by saying "Hey tawer, ya'll got yer ears on?"
- If your annuyal consists of "Heck, flew it last week!"
- If you have a beer can crusher on the dash (with 337)
- If your seriously trying to figure out how to attach a satellite dish to your plane
- If you spare parts are treated as lawn sculptures
- If you can land in your front/back/side yard by avoiding the cars
- If you plane is endorsed by your paint company (Krylon)
- It takes an entire dumpster to clean out your plane
- You throw a party in your hangar and the punch bowl flushes
- You have ever committed a crime with a rivet gun
- You in flight movie is "Walking Tall"
- If you keep Vienna Sausage in your plane for emergency rations
- If you have ever used a beer can for aircraft repair
- If your canopy cover is a feed sack
- If your flight suit consists of bell-bottomed pants

- If there are Lycoming parts on your coffee table
- If there is more Aeroshell in your baseball cap than in your plane
- If when paying for beer, spare plane parts fall out of your pockets
- If you ever made love on top of your hangar
- If you've ever wished Aircraft Spruce made teeth
- You refer to any female ATC controller on the air as "LIL' DARLIN"
- You answer any radio communication with: "That's a big 10-4!"
- You have exhaust stains on the right side of your plane and chaw tobacco stains on the left
- There are parts on your plane with the name John Deere on them
- You haven't landed on an airport in many years
- You think 100 feet AGL is high altitude flying
- You figure in the weight of a case of Bud on your permanent weight and balance records
- You always carry extra Redman or Skoal for your cross country flying
- Part of your walk-around inspection is taking the wheat out of the landing gear
- You figure the mud and manure on your plane as part of its empty weight
- You have at least 1 and 1/2 rolls of duct tape holding your plane together
- You siphon gas out of your tractor for your plane
- You use your parachute to cover your plane
- You've had a horse eat part of your plane
- You've ground looped to avoid hitting a cow
- You carry 20 years old Rand-McNally maps for your X-countries
- You make at least two low passes over every field to clear the sheep prior to landing
- You make regular low passes over your girlfriend's trailer
- You've landed on the main street of your town for coffee
- You think FAA means Federal Agriculture Association
- When you call the tower, you begin "breaker, breaker, c'mon!"

To All Men Traveling the Airways

The Gentleman had a serious problem. He had made several attempts to get into the men's restroom, but found it to be occupied. The stewardess noticed that he was walking funny, taking small steps, and with a look of pain and anxiety on his face.

"Sir", she said; "The ladies restroom is unoccupied. You may use it if you promise not to touch any of the buttons on the wall."

He was about to pop, and would have promised anything, so he agreed to her terms.

The relief was pure joy, and as he sat there, savoring the feeling, he noticed the buttons he had promised not to touch. Three white buttons were identified by the letters:

"WW", "WA", and "PP", and there was one red button labeled "ATR."

Who would really know if he touched them? He couldn't just sit there and resist a challenge like this, so he pushed the "WW" button.

Warm Water was sprayed gently upon his bottom. Such a nice feeling came over him. The Men's restroom didn't have nice things like this.

Anticipating even greater pleasure, he pressed the "WA" button.

Warm Air replaced the warm water, wafted and swirled about, gently drying his underside. He knew what he was going to do when the warm air stopped, and without hesitation, he pressed the "PP" button.

A large Powder Puff caressed his bottom, adding a fragrant scent of spring flowers to his unbelievable pleasure. The ladies room was far more than a restroom; it was a place of tender loving pleasure!

He could hardly wait for the powder puff to quit. When it did, he pushed what he knew was going to be the ultimate joy!

He knew he was in the hospital as soon as he opened his eyes. A nurse was staring down at him with a smirk on her face...

"What happened?! How did I get here?! The last thing I remember, I was in the ladies restroom on a flight to Atlanta!!!"

"You pushed one too many buttons", replied the nurse, as her smirk expanded to a grin. "That last button marked 'ATR' is an Automatic Tampax Remover. Your penis is under your pillow."

Airplane Anecdotes

Upon landing hard, the pilot gets on the PA system, "Sorry folks for the hard landing. It wasn't the pilot's fault, and it wasn't the plane's fault. It was the asphalt."

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, give a smile, and a "Thanks for flying XYZ 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 this little old lady walking with a cane. She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?" "Why no Ma'am, what is it?" "Did we land or were we shot down?"

"Welcome aboard Southwest Flight XXX, to YYY. To operate your seatbelt, insert the metal tab into the buckle, and pull tight. It works just like every other seatbelt, and if you don't know how to operate one, you probably shouldn't be out in public unsupervised. In the event of a sudden loss of

cabin pressure, oxygen masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child travelling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are travelling with two small children, decide now which you love more. Weather at our destination is 50 degrees with some broken clouds, but they'll try to have them fixed before we arrive. Thank you, and remember, nobody loves you, or your money, more than Southwest Airlines."

United Airlines PA: "Ladies and Gentlemen, as you are all now painfully aware, our Captain has landed in Seattle. From all of us at United Airlines we'd like to thank you for flying with us today and please be very careful as you open the overhead bins as you may be killed by falling luggage that shifted during our so called "touch down."

About 5 or 6 years ago I was on an American Airlines flight into Amarillo, Texas on a particularly windy and bumpy day. I could tell during final that the Captain was really having to fight it, and after an extremely hard landing, the Flight Attendant came on the PA and announces, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Amarillo. Please remain in your seats with your seatbelt fastened while the Captain taxis what's left of our airplane to the gate!"

Southwest's Timely Schedules

A mother and her son were flying "Southwest Airlines" from Kansas to Chicago.

The son (who had been looking out the window) turned to his mother and said, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?"

The mother (who couldn't think of an answer) told her son to ask the stewardess.

So the boy asked the stewardess, "If big dogs have baby dogs and big cats have baby cats, why don't big planes have baby planes?"

The stewardess asked the boy: "Did your mother tell you to ask me?"

The boy replied that she had.

So the stewardess said: "Tell your mother that Southwest always pulls out on time."

More Airline Stories

"As we prepare for takeoff, please make sure your tray tables and seat backs are fully upright in their most uncomfortable position."

"There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only 4 ways out of this airplane..."

"Your seat cushions can be used for floatation, and in the event of an emergency water landing, please take them with our compliments."

"We do feature a smoking section on this flight. If you wish to smoke, contact a member of the flight crew and we will escort you to the wing of the airplane."

"Smoking in the lavatories is prohibited. Any person caught smoking in the lavatories will be asked to leave the plane immediately."

(Southwest Airlines): "Good morning. As we leave Dallas, it's warm, the sun is shining, and the birds are singing. We are going to Charlotte, where it's dark, windy and raining. Why in the world y'all wanna go there I really don't know."

Pilot - "Folks, we have reached our cruising altitude now, so I am going to switch the seat belt sign off. Feel free to move about as you wish, but please stay inside the plane till we land... it's a bit cold outside, and if you walk on the wings, it affects the flight pattern."

And, after landing: "Thank you for flying Delta Business Express. We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."

As we waited just off the runway for another airliner to cross in front of us, some of the passengers were beginning to retrieve luggage from the overhead bins. The head steward announced on the intercom, "This aircraft is equipped with a video surveillance system that monitors the cabin during taxiing. Any passengers not remaining in their seats until the aircraft comes to a full and complete stop at the gate will be strip-searched as they leave the aircraft."

As the plane landed and was coming to a stop at Washington National, a lone voice comes over the loudspeaker: "Whoa, big fella... WHOA..."

Here are a few heard from Northwest:

"Should the cabin lose pressure, oxygen masks will drop from the overhead area. Please place the bag over your own mouth and nose before assisting children or adults acting like children."

"As you exit the plane, please make sure to gather all of your belongings. Anything left behind will be distributed evenly among the flight attendants. Please do not leave children or spouses."

And from the pilot during his welcome message: "We are pleased to have some of the best flight attendants in the industry... Unfortunately, none of them are on this flight!"

VFR into IFR...

In case you are wondering how JFK Jr. could have crashed, here's the article FAA distributed many years ago about what happens when a non-instrument rated pilot

gets spatial disorientation (vertigo) once visual contact with the horizon is lost and then allows the aircraft to enter a graveyard spiral.

178 Seconds to Live

How long can a pilot who has little or no instrument training expect to live after he flies into bad weather and loses visual contact? Researchers at the University of Illinois did some tests and came up with some very interesting data. Twenty student "guinea pigs" flew into simulated instrument weather, and all went into graveyard spirals or rollercoasters. The outcome differed in only one respect - the time required until control was lost. The interval ranged from 480 seconds to 20 seconds. The average time was 178 seconds -- two seconds short of three minutes.

Here's the fatal scenario...

The sky is overcast and the visibility is poor. That reported five-mile visibility looks more like two miles, and you can't judge the height of the overcast. Your altimeter tells you that you are at 1500 feet but your map tells you that there's local terrain as high as 1200 feet. There might be a tower nearby because you're not sure how far off course you are. But you've flown into worse weather than this, so press on.

You find yourself unconsciously easing back just a bit on the controls to clear those towers. With no warning, you're in the soup. You peer so hard into the milky white mist that your eyes hurt. You fight the feeling in your stomach. You try to swallow, only to find your mouth dry. Now you realize you should have waited for better weather. The appointment was important, but not all that important. Somewhere a voice is saying, "You've had it -- it's all over!"

You now have 178 seconds to live.

Your aircraft feels on even keel but your compass turns slowly. You push a little rudder and add a little pressure on the controls to stop the turn but this feels unnatural and you return the controls to their original position. This feels better but now your compass is turning a little faster and your airspeed is increasing slightly. You scan your instruments for help but what you see looks somewhat unfamiliar. You're sure that this is just a bad spot.

You'll break out in a few minutes. (But you don't have a few minutes left...)

You now have 100 seconds to live.

You glance at your altimeter and you are shocked to see it unwinding. You're already down to 1200 feet. Instinctively, you pull back on the controls but the altimeter still unwinds. The engine is into the red and the airspeed, nearly so.

You have 45 seconds to live.

Now you're sweating and shaking. There must be something wrong with the controls; pulling back only moves the airspeed indicator further into the red. You can hear the wind tearing at the aircraft.

You are about to meet your Maker; you have 10 seconds to live.

Suddenly you see the ground. The trees rush up at you. You can see the horizon if you turn your head far enough but it's at a weird angle -- you're almost inverted. You open your mouth to scream but...

...You just ran out of seconds.

Think about it before you press on into marginal weather.

More Airline Stories

An employee of an Australian airline, whose name was Charles Gaye, decided to fly from Sydney to Perth using the concession which airline employees for so many free flights a year with their own airline. When he went to his seat, he found another man sitting in it. Being almost the last on, he could see several other empty seats nearby and went and sat in one of them rather than make a fuss.

Before takeoff the pilot announced that another flight had been cancelled so a number of additional passengers would be joining the flight. When this happens and the total number of seats is less than the total number of passengers, the employees getting free flights are 'bumped', that is told they must get off the plane and catch a later one.

A stewardess came along the aisle with a clipboard and went to the man who had taken Mr. Gaye's seat and said to him "Are you Gaye?" The man blushed and looked uncomfortable and after some hesitation said "Well yes I am actually." The stewardess said, "Well, I must ask you to leave the plane."

Realizing that the man had thought the question was "Are you homosexual?" Mr. Gaye intervened but was told abruptly to mind his own business and that what she was doing was strictly in accordance with company policy. "But I'm Gaye," he protested. By now all the passengers were listening and of course were under impression that both Mr. Gaye and the hapless man in his seat were homosexual. Suddenly another man leapt up shouting "I'm gay too, and I'm not budging, so you'll have to throw the three of us off the plane forcibly, and afterwards we'll take it all the way to the highest court in the land."

The plane eventually left a little late.

Controller Funnies..

During taxi to the runway, the crew of a US Air departure flight to Ft. Lauderdale, made a wrong turn and came nose to nose with a United 727.

The irate ground controller (a female) lashed out at the US Air crew screaming, "US Air 2771, where are you going? I told you to turn right on "Charlie" taxi way; you

turned right on "Delta." Stop right there. I know it's difficult to tell the difference between C's and D's but get it right."

Continuing her lashing to the embarrassed crew, she was now shouting hysterically, "God, you've screwed everything up; it'll take forever to sort this out. You stay right there and don't move until I tell you to. You can expect progressive taxi instructions in about a half-hour and I want you to go exactly where I tell you, when I tell you, and how I tell you. You got that, US Air 2771??"

The humbled crew responded: "Yes Ma'am."

Naturally, the "ground control" frequency went terribly silent after the verbal bashing of US Air Flight 2771. No one wanted to engage the irate ground controller in her current state. Tension in every cockpit was running high.

Shortly after the controller finished her admonishment of the U.S. Air crew, an unknown male pilot broke the silence and asked, "Wasn't I married to you once?"

The controller who was working a busy pattern told the 727 on the downwind approach leg to make a three-sixty turn for spacing.

The pilot of the 727 complained, "Do you know it costs us two thousand dollars to make a three-sixty in this airplane?"

Without missing a beat the controller replied, "Roger, give me four thousand dollars worth!"

A DC-10 had a very long roll out after landing because his approach speed was just a little too high.

San Jose Tower: "If able, American 751 heavy, turn right at runway end. If not able, take the Guadeloupe exit off of Highway 101 and make a right at the lights to return to the airport."

It was a really nice day, right about dusk and a small Piper Malibu was being vectored (turned or positioned) into a long line of large airliners in order to land at Kansas City International Airport.

KC Approach: "Malibu three-two-Charlie, you're following a 727, one o'clock and three miles."

Three-two-Charlie: "We've got him. We'll follow him."

KC Approach: "Delta 105, your traffic to follow is a Malibu, eleven o'clock and three miles. Do you have that traffic?"

Delta 105 (long pause and then in a thick southern drawl): "Well... I've got something down there. Can't quite tell if it's a Malibu or a Chevelle, though."

Unknown Aircraft: "I'm f...ing bored!"

Air Traffic Control: "Last aircraft transmitting, identify yourself immediately!!"

Unknown Aircraft: "I said I was f...ing bored, not f...ing stupid!"

Tower: "Eastern 702, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7."
Eastern 702: "Tower, Eastern 702 switching to Departure ... by the way, after we lifted off, we saw some kind of dead animal on the far end of the runway."

Tower: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff, contact Departure on 124.7; did you copy the report from Eastern?"

Continental 635: "Continental 635, cleared for takeoff roger; and yes, we copied Eastern and we've already notified our caterers."

O'Hare Approach Control: "United 329 Heavy, your traffic is a Fokker, one o'clock, 3 miles, eastbound."

United 329: "Approach, I've always wanted to say this... I've got that Fokker in sight."

The German air controllers at Frankfurt Airport are a short-tempered lot. They not only expect one to know one's gate parking location but how to get there without any assistance from them. So it was with some amusement that we (a Pan Am 747) listened to the following exchange between Frankfurt ground control and a British Airways 747 (call sign "Speedbird 206") after landing:

Speedbird 206: "Top of the morning Frankfurt, Speedbird 206 clear of the active runway."

Ground Control: "Guten morgen! You will taxi to your gate!"

The big British Airways 747 pulled onto the main taxiway and slowed to a stop.

Ground Control: "Speedbird, do you not know where you are going?"

Speedbird 206: "Stand by a moment ground, I'm looking up our gate location now."

Ground Control (with some arrogant impatience): "Speedbird 206, have you never flown to Frankfurt before!?"

Speedbird 206 (cooly): "Yes, I have, in 1944. In another type of Boeing. I didn't stop."

Pan Am 727 Flight Engineer waiting for start clearance in Munich, Germany. He was listening to the radio and overheard this conversation:

Lufthansa pilot: (In German) "Ground, what is our start clearance time?"

Ground Controller: (In English) "If you want an answer you must speak English."

Lufthansa pilot: (In English) "I am a German, flying a German airplane, in Germany. Why must I speak English?"

From another pilot listening in on the frequency with a beautiful English accent before the ground controller could answer: "Because you lost the bloody war!"

Rules Of The Air

1. Every takeoff is optional. Every landing is mandatory.
2. If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger. If you pull the stick back, they get smaller. That is, unless you keep pulling the stick all the way back, then they get bigger again.
3. Flying isn't dangerous. Crashing is what's dangerous.
4. It's always better to be down here wishing you were up there than up there wishing you were down here.
5. The ONLY time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire.
6. The propeller is just a big fan in front of the plane used to keep the pilot cool. When it stops, you can actually watch the pilot start sweating.
7. When in doubt, hold on to your altitude. No one has ever collided with the sky.
8. A 'good' landing is one from which you can walk away. A 'great' landing is one after which they can use the plane again.
9. Learn from the mistakes of others. You won't live long enough to make all of them yourself.
10. You know you've landed with the wheels up if it takes full power to taxi to the ramp.

11. The probability of survival is inversely proportional to the angle of arrival. Large angle of arrival, small probability of survival and vice versa.
12. Never let an aircraft take you somewhere your brain didn't get to five minutes earlier.
13. Stay out of clouds. The silver lining everyone keeps talking about might be another airplane going in the opposite direction. Reliable sources also report that mountains have been known to hide out in clouds.
14. Always try to keep the number of landings you make equal to the number of takeoffs you've made.
15. There are three simple rules for making a smooth landing. Unfortunately no one knows what they are.
16. You start with a bag full of luck and an empty bag of experience. The trick is to fill the bag of experience before you empty the bag of luck.
17. Helicopters can't fly; they're just so ugly the earth repels them.
18. If all you can see out of the window is ground that's going round and round and all you can hear is commotion coming from the passenger compartment, things are not at all as they should be.
19. In the ongoing battle between objects made of aluminum going hundreds of miles per hour and the ground going zero miles per hour, the ground has yet to lose.
20. Good judgment comes from experience. Unfortunately, the experience usually comes from bad judgment.
21. It's always a good idea to keep the pointy end going forward as much as possible.
22. Keep looking around. There's always something you've missed.
23. Remember, gravity is not just a good idea. It's the law. And it's not subject to repeal.
24. The three most useless things to a pilot are the altitude above you, runway behind you, and a tenth of a second ago.

Airplanes Versus Women

Airplanes can kill you quickly; a woman takes her time.
 Airplanes can be turned on by a flick of a switch.
 Airplanes don't get mad if you 'touch and go.'

Airplanes don't object to a preflight inspection.
 Airplanes operate inverted.

Airplanes come with manuals to explain their operation.
 Airplanes have strict weight and balance limits.
 Airplanes can be flown any time of the month.
 Airplanes don't come with in-laws.
 Airplanes don't care about how many other airplanes you have flown before.

Airplanes and pilots both arrive at the same time.
 Airplanes don't complain if you hose them down.
 Airplanes don't mind if you like to look at other airplanes.
 Airplanes can get high without throwing up.
 Airplanes expect to be tied down.

Airplanes don't comment on your piloting skills.
 Airplanes don't whine unless something is really wrong.

However, when airplanes go quiet, just like a woman, it's a bad thing.

Airline Classic

An award should go to the United Airlines gate agent in Denver for being smart and funny, and making her point, when confronted with a passenger who probably deserved to fly as cargo. This is a TRUE story...

A crowded United flight was canceled. A single agent was rebooking a line of inconvenienced travelers. Suddenly an angry passenger pushed his way up to the desk. He slapped his ticket down on the counter and said, "I have to be on this flight, and it has to be FIRST CLASS!" The agent replied, "I'm sorry sir. I'll be happy to try to help you, but I've got to help these folks first, and I'm sure we'll be able to work something out."

The passenger was unimpressed. He asked loudly, so that the passengers behind him could hear, "Do you have any idea who I am?" Without even hesitating, the gate agent smiled and grabbed her public address microphone.

"May I have your attention please?" she began saying, her voice bellowing throughout the terminal. "We have a passenger here at the gate, WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHO HE IS. If anyone can help him find his identity, please come to the gate, it would be most helpful...!"

With the folks behind him in line laughing hysterically, the man glared at the United Airlines agent, gritted his teeth and said, "F**K YOU!"

Without flinching, she smiled and said sweetly, "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have stand in line for that, too!"

Cruise Questions

The folks at Celebrity Cruises insist that passengers actually have asked all of these questions:

- Does the elevator go to the front of the ship?
 - Why does the ship rock only when we are at sea?
 - Does the ship generate it's own electricity?
 - Will I get wet if I go snorkeling?
 - What do you do with the ice carvings after they melt?
 - Does the crew sleep on board?
 - Is there water all around the island?
 - What time is the midnight buffet?
 - Will trapshooting be held outside?
 - How will we know which photos are ours?
-

Air Disaster In Poland!

DATELINE: DECEMBER 10, 1998

Poland's Worst Air Disaster occurred today when a small two-seater Cessna 152 plane crashed into a cemetery early this afternoon in central Poland. Polish search and rescue workers have recovered 326 bodies so far and expect that number to climb as digging continues into the evening.

Airplane Mechanics

Bud and Jim were a couple of drinking buddies who worked as airplane mechanics in Atlanta. One day the airport was fogged in and they were stuck in the hangar with nothing to do.

Bud said, "Man, I wish we had something to drink!"

Jim says, "Me too. Y'know, I've heard you can drink jet fuel and get a buzz. You wanna try it?"

So they pour themselves a couple of glasses of high-octane hooch and get completely smashed. The next morning Bud wakes up and is surprised at how good he feels. In fact he feels GREAT! NO hangover! NO bad side effects. Nothing! Then the phone rings. It's Jim.

Jim says, "Hey, how do you feel this morning?"

Bud says, "I feel great. How about you?"

Jim says, "I feel great, too. You don't have a hangover?"

Bud says, "No, that jet fuel is great stuff - no hangover, nothing. We ought to do this more often."

"Yeah, well there's just one thing..."

"What's that?"

"Have you farted yet?"

"No..."

"Well, DON'T, 'cause I'm in PHOENIX!"

Dumb and Dumber...

Two guys fly to Alaska to go hunting. Their bush pilot lands on a remote lake and ferries them to shore. The pilot lays out the schedule for the return flight and adds it will be necessary to keep trophies to a minimum due to weight restrictions.

The hunters have a fabulous time. Game is plentiful. A caribou herd migrates within a hundred yards of their camp. Kodiak brown bears prowls for salmon in the creeks feeding the lake. Bald eagles and osprey put on aerial displays while fishing for the trout and grayling that abound in the lake.

But these guys are selective. Except for some small game and a few fish taken for food they leave most of the wildlife alone. They have come to hunt the elusive moose.

Two weeks pass and the bush pilot returns. He finds his sports exhausted, bearded, smelly and brimming with pride. Next to their neatly packed gear lie two male moose with spectacular racks. The pilot quickly sizes up the situation and immediately objects to taking the moose on board... The racks, OK... Two whole moose heads with racks, maybe. Depends on the weight. But two full grown moose? NO WAY! Not in a million years!

A bitter argument ensues. The hunters question the manhood of the pilot then threaten not to pay the balance of their fee. They threaten to sue. The pilot doesn't budge. Then one of the guys asks "Hey, isn't that a Cessna 606 Bush Master?" Yes, replies the pilot. "Well, that's the same plane our pilot had last year and he loaded up two moose without question." The thought of being out maneuvered by a colleague struck a competitive chord in the reluctant pilot and he instructed the guys to give him a hand while he made room for the moose.

Ten minutes later the plane is skimming across the lake. The engine emits a high pitched groan as it struggles to take off. The plane manages to clear the tree line but just barely. Within seconds the pilot is fighting to maintain minimum air speed and is losing altitude. There is a horrible crashing through pines. Pieces of plane, people and luggage are scattered all over the great north woods.

One of the hunters comes to the sound of his name being called. "Frreaank! Are you OK?" He cautiously checks himself out, noting blood from numerous scrapes and painful bruises. He musters himself bravely, "Yeah, I'm Alright."

"How 'bout you?"

"A little banged up", came the strained reply. Then silence for a moment, broken by the question:

"Do you know where we are?"

"Yeah... I'd say not more 'an a half mile from where we crashed last year."

Craters

A Delta Airlines jet was traversing Arizona on a clear day. The copilot was bombarding passengers with remarks about landmarks over the PA system.

"Coming up on the right side of our cabin, you can see Meteor Crater. A major tourist attraction in northern Arizona, it was formed when a lump of nickel and iron weighing 300,000 tons, 150 feet across, struck the earth at 40,000 miles an hour, scattering white-hot debris for miles in every direction. The hole measures nearly a mile across and is 570 feet deep."

From the cabin, a passenger was heard to exclaim: "Wow! It just missed the highway!"

Don't Lose Your Passport

In 1988, Iranian Merhan Nasser, then 46, landed at Charles de Gaulle Airport near Paris after being denied entry into England because his passport, and United Nations refugee certificate, had been stolen. French authorities would not let him leave the airport, and there he has been ever since, in Terminal One, luggage at his side, reading, writing in his diary, studying economics, receiving food and newspapers from airport employees. Charles de Gaulle spokeswoman Danielle Yzerman said, of Nasser, "An airport is kind of a place between heaven and earth; he has found a home here."

CHAPTER 7: Men and Women

Thirty Cruel Things to Say to A Naked Man

1. I've smoked fatter joints than that!
2. Ahhhh, it's cute.
3. Why don't we just cuddle?
4. You know they have surgery to fix that.
5. Make it dance.
6. Can I paint a smiley face on it?
7. Wow... And your feet are so big.
8. It's OK, we'll work around it.
9. Will it squeak if I squeeze it?
10. Oh no! A flash headache.
11. (giggle and point)
12. Can I be honest with you?
13. How sweet, you brought incense.
14. This explains your car.
15. Maybe if we water it, it'll grow.
16. Why is God punishing me?
17. At least this won't take long.
18. I never saw one like that before.
19. But it still works, right?
20. It looks so unused.
21. Maybe it looks better in natural light.
22. Why don't we skip right to the cigarettes?
23. Are you cold?
24. If you get me real drunk first.
25. Is that an optical illusion?
26. What is that?
27. It's a good thing you have so many other talents.
28. Does it come with an air pump?
29. So this is why you're supposed to judge people on personality.
30. I guess this makes me the early bird.

Genie in a Bottle

A man is walking down a beach, and accidentally kicks a bottle out of the sand. He opens the bottle, and a genie appears. The genie said, "I am so grateful to get out of that bottle that I will grant you one wish. I can only grant one." The man thought for a while and finally said, "I have always wanted to go to Hawaii. I've never been able to go because airplanes are much too frightening for me and boats make me seasick. So I wish for a road to be built from here to Hawaii." The genie thought for a few minutes and said, "No, I can't do it. Imagine all the work involved all the piling to hold up the highway and all the pavement. Ask for something else." "Well," the man said. "I would like to be able to understand women. What makes them laugh and cry, why are they temperamental, why are they so difficult to get along with. Basically, what

makes them tick." The genie considered this for a couple of minutes and said, "So, do you want two lanes or four?"

The Frog

Once upon a time, in a land far away, a beautiful, independent, self-assured princess happened upon a frog as she sat contemplating ecological issues on the shores of an unpolluted pond in a verdant meadow near her castle.

The frog hopped into the Princess' lap and said: "Elegant Lady, I was once a handsome Prince, until an evil witch cast a spell upon me. One kiss from you, however, and I will turn back into the dapper, young Prince that I am and then, my sweet, we can marry and setup housekeeping in yon castle with my Mother, where you can prepare my meals, clean my clothes, bear my children, and forever feel grateful and happy doing so."

That night, on a repast of lightly sautéed frogs legs seasoned in a white wine and onion cream sauce, she chuckled to herself and thought: I don't f**ing think so!

Cinderella

Cinderella is now 75 years old. After a fulfilling life with the now dead Prince, she happily sits upon her rocking chair, watching the world go by from her front porch, with a cat named Bob for companionship.

One sunny afternoon, out of nowhere, appeared the Fairy Godmother. Cinderella said "Fairy Godmother, what are you doing here after all these years?"

The Fairy godmother replied, "Cinderella, you have lived an exemplary life since I last saw you. Is there anything for which your heart still yearns?"

You may have three wishes."

Cinderella was taken aback, overjoyed, and after some thoughtful consideration, and almost under her breath she uttered her first wish:

"I wish I were wealthy beyond comprehension."

Instantly, her rocking chair was turned into solid gold. Cinderella was stunned. Bob, her old, faithful cat, jumped off her lap and scampered to the edge of the porch, quivering with fear.

Cinderella said, "Oh thank you, Fairy Godmother."

The Fairy Godmother replied "It is the least I can do. What does your heart want for your second wish?"

Cinderella looked down at her frail body and said: "I wish I were young and full of the beauty of youth again." At once, her wishes became reality and her beautiful youthful visage returned.

Cinderella felt stirrings inside her that had been dormant for years. A long forgotten vigor and vitality began to course through her.

Then the Fairy Godmother again spoke "You have one more wish, what shall you have?"

Cinderella looks over to the frightened cat in the corner and says, "I wish for you to transform Bob, my old cat, into a kind and handsome young man."

Magically, Bob suddenly underwent so fundamental a change in his biological make-up, that when complete he stood before her, a man, so beautiful the likes of which neither she nor the world had ever seen, so fair indeed that birds began to fall from the sky at his feet.

The Fairy Godmother again spoke, "Congratulations, Cinderella. Enjoy your new life. And, with a blazing shock of bright blue electricity, she was gone.

For a few eerie moments, Bob and Cinderella looked into each other's eyes. Cinderella sat, breathless, gazing at the most stunningly perfect man she had ever seen. Then Bob walked over to Cinderella, who sat transfixed in her rocking chair, and held her close in his young muscular arms. He leaned in close blowing her golden hair with his warm breath as he whispered,

"Bet you're sorry you neutered me now."

Bitter Men Say the Cutest Things

I married Miss Right. I just didn't know her first name was "Always."

It's not true that married men live longer than single men do. It only seems longer.

Losing a wife can be hard. In my case, it was nearly impossible.

A man complaining to a friend: "I had it all - money, a beautiful house, a big car, the love of a beautiful woman ... then ... Pow! ... It was all gone!" "What happened?" asked the friend. "Awww, my wife found out."

Wife: Let's go out and have some fun tonight. Husband: Okay, but if you get home before I do, leave the hallway light on.

How many men does it take to open a beer? None. It should be opened by the time she brings it to the couch.

Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street bald and still think they are beautiful.

Bitter Women Say the Cutest Things

Men are like coolers - Load them up with beer and you can take them anywhere.

Men are like plungers - They spend most of their lives in a hardware store or in the bathroom.

Men are like chocolate bars - sweet, smooth, and they usually head straight for your hips.

Men are like coffee - The best ones are rich, warm and can keep you going all night long.

Men are like computers - Hard to figure out and never enough memory.

Men are like horoscopes - They always tell you what to do and usually they are wrong.

Why is it hard for women to find men who are sensitive, caring, and good looking? Because those men already have boyfriends.

Why can't men get mad cow disease? Because they are all pigs.

Stupid Questions

Here are answers to five of the toughest questions women ask men. There are five things that women should ever, ever ask a guy, according to an article in last April's issue of Sassy magazine.

The five questions are:

1. "What are you thinking?"
2. "Do you love me?"
3. "Do I look fat?"
4. "Do you think she is prettier than me?"
5. "What would you do if I died?"

What makes these questions so bad is that every one is guaranteed to explode into a major argument and/or divorce if the man does not answer properly, which is to say dishonestly.

For example:

1. "What are you thinking?" The proper answer to this question, of course, is "I'm sorry if I've been pensive, dear. I was just reflecting on what a warm, wonderful,

caring, thoughtful, intelligent, beautiful woman you are and what a lucky guy I am to have met you." Obviously, this statement bears no resemblance whatsoever to what the guy was really thinking at the time, which was most likely one of five things:

1. "Baseball."
2. "Football."
3. "How fat you are."
4. "How much prettier she is than you."
5. "How I would spend the insurance money if you died."

According to the Sassy article, the best answer to this stupid question came from Al Bundy, of Married With Children, who was asked it by his wife, Peg. "If I wanted you to know," Al said, "I'd be talking instead of thinking."

The other questions also have only one right answer but many wrong answers.

2. "Do you love me?" The correct answer to this question is, "Yes." For those guys who feel the need to be more elaborate, you may answer, "Yes, dear." Wrong answers include:

1. "I suppose so."
2. "Would it make you feel better if I said yes?"
3. "That depends on what you mean by 'love'."
4. "Does it matter?"
5. "Who, me?"

3. "Do I look fat?" The correct male response to this question is to state confidently and emphatically, "No, of course not," and then quickly leave the room. Wrong answers include:

1. "I wouldn't call you fat, but I wouldn't call you thin either."
2. "Compared to what?"
3. "A little extra weight looks good on you."
4. "I've seen fatter."
5. "Could you repeat the question? I was thinking about your insurance policy."

4. "Do you think she's prettier than me?" The "she" in the question could be an ex-girlfriend, a passer-by you were staring at so hard that you almost caused a traffic accident, or an actress in a movie you just saw. In any case, the correct response is "No, you are much prettier." Wrong answers include:

1. "Not prettier, just pretty in a different way."
2. "I don't know how one goes about rating such things."
3. "Yes, but I bet you have a better personality."
4. "Only in the sense that she's younger and thinner."
5. "Could you repeat the question? I was thinking about your insurance policy."

5. "What would you do if I died?" Correct answer: "Dearest love, in the event of your untimely demise, life would cease to have meaning for me and I would perforce hurl myself under the front tires of the first Domino's Pizza truck that came my way." This

might be the stupidest question of the lot, as is illustrated by the following stupid exchange:

"Dear," said the wife, "what would you do if I died?"

"Why, dear, I would be extremely upset," said the husband. "Why do you ask such a question?"

"Would you remarry?" persevered the wife.

"No, of course not, dear," said the husband.

"Don't you like being married?" said the wife.

"Of course I do, dear," he said.

"Then why wouldn't you remarry?"

"All right," said the husband, "I'd remarry."

"You would?" said the wife, looking vaguely hurt.

"Yes," said the husband.

"Would you sleep with her in our bed?" said the wife after a long pause.

"Well, yes, I suppose I would," replied the husband.

"I see," said the wife indignantly. "And would you let her wear my old clothes?"

"I suppose, if she wanted to," said the husband.

"Really," said the wife icily. "And would you take down the pictures of me and replace them with pictures of her?"

"Yes. I think that would be the correct thing to do."

"Is that so?" said the wife, leaping to her feet. "And I suppose you'd let her play with my golf clubs, too."

"Of course not, dear," said the husband. "She's left-handed..."

The Vacation

This married business executive had to make a trip to Palm Beach alone for his corporation. After a few days he was enjoying himself so much that he decided to stay another week as part of his vacation.

Wanting to share this newly discovered paradise, he wired his bachelor friend: "Take next plane for fun week on me. Bring my wife and your mistress."

His friend was quick to wire back:

YOUR WIFE AND I ARRIVE 11:30 AM TOMORROW. HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN ABOUT US?

Philosophy

One of the great philosophical questions of the ages has been raised again in a new format for our time:

If a man were walking deep in a forest, where no woman could hear him and he made a statement, would he still be wrong?

100 Reasons It Rules To Be A Guy!

1. Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat.
2. Movie nudity is virtually all female.
3. You know stuff about tanks.
4. A five-day vacation only requires 1 suitcase.
5. Monday Night Football.
6. You don't have to monitor your friends sex lives.
7. Your bathroom lines are 80 percent shorter.
8. You can open all you own jars.
9. Old friends don't give a crap whether you've lost or gained weight.
10. Dry cleaners and hair cutters don't rob you blind.
11. When clicking through the channels, you don't have to stall at every shot of somebody crying.
12. Your ass is never a factor in job interviews.
13. All your orgasms are real.
14. A beer gut doesn't make you invisible to the opposite sex.
15. Guys in hockey masks don't attack you (unless you smash 'em into the boards).
16. You don't have to lug a bag full of useful stuff everywhere you go.
17. You understand why Stripes is funny.
18. You can go to the bathroom without a support group.
19. Your last name stays put.
20. You can leave the hotel bed unmade.
21. When your work is criticized, you don't have to panic that everyone secretly hates you.
22. You can kill your own food.
23. The garage is all yours.
24. You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness.
25. You see the humor in Terms of Endearment.
26. Nobody secretly wonders if you swallow.
27. You never have to clean a toilet.
28. You can be showered and ready to go in 10 minutes.

29. Sex means never worrying about your reputation.
30. Wedding plans take care of themselves.
31. If someone forgets to invite you to something, he or she can still be your friend.
32. Your underwear is \$10 for a three-pack.
33. The National College Cheerleading Championship.
34. You don't have to shave below your neck.
35. None of your coworkers has the power to make you cry.
36. You don't have to curl up next to a hairy ass every night.
37. If you're 34 and single, nobody even notices.
38. You can write your name in the snow.
39. You can get into a non-trivial pissing contest.
40. Everything on your face gets to stay its original color.
41. Chocolate is just another snack.
42. You can be President. (In this lifetime.)
43. You can quietly enjoy a car ride from the passenger's seat.
44. Flowers fix damn near everything.
45. You never have to worry about other people's feelings.
46. You get to think about sex 90 percent of your waking hours.
47. You can wear a white shirt to a water park.
48. Three pairs of shoes is more than enough.
49. You can eat a banana in a hardware store.
50. You can say anything ("Wow, do my balls hurt!") and not worry about what people will think.
51. Foreplay is optional.
52. Michael Bolton doesn't live in your universe.
53. Nobody stops telling a good dirty joke when you walk into the room.
54. You can whip your shirt off on a hot day.
55. You don't have to clean your house if the meter reader's coming by.
56. You never feel compelled to stop a pal from getting laid.
57. Car mechanics tell you the truth.
58. You don't give a rat's ass if anyone notices your new haircut.
59. You can quietly watch a game with your buddy for hours without ever thinking, 'He must be mad at me'.
60. The world is your urinal.
61. You never misconstrue innocuous statements to mean your lover's about to leave you.
62. You get to jump up and slap stuff.
63. Hot wax never comes near your pubic area.
64. One mood, all the time!
65. You can admire Clint Eastwood without starving yourself to look like him.
66. You never have to drive on to another service station because this ones 'just too yucky'.
67. You know at least 20 ways to open a beer bottle.
68. You can sit with your knees apart no matter what you're wearing.
69. Same work... More pay!
70. Gray hair and wrinkles only add character.
71. You don't have to leave the room to make an emergency crotch adjustment.
72. Wedding dress: \$2,000, tuxedo rental: \$75.

73. You don't care if someone's talking about you behind your back.
74. With 400 million sperm per shot, you could double the Earth's population in 15 tries, at least in theory.
75. You don't mooch off others' desserts.
76. If you retain water, it's in a canteen.
77. The remote control is yours and yours alone.
78. People never glance at your chest when you're talking to them.
79. ESPN's SportsCenter
80. You can drop by to see a friend without bringing a little gift.
81. Bachelor parties whoop ass over bridal showers.
82. You have a normal and healthy relationship with your mother.
83. You can buy condoms without the shopkeeper imagining you naked.
84. You needn't pretend you're "freshening up" to go to the bathroom.
85. If you don't call your buddy when you say you will, he won't tell your other friend you've changed.
86. Someday you'll be a dirty old man.
87. You can rationalize any behavior with the handy phrase, "Fuck it."
88. If another guy shows up at the party in the same outfit, you just might become lifelong buddies.
89. Princess Di's death was just another obituary.
90. The occasional well-rendered belch is practically expected.
91. You never have to miss a sexual opportunity because you're not in the mood.
92. You think the idea of punting a small dog (or any cat) is funny.
93. If something mechanical doesn't work, you can bash it with a hammer or throw it across the room.
94. New shoes don't blister, cut or mangle your feet.
95. Porn movies are designed with your mind in mind.
96. You don't have to remember everyone's birthdays and anniversaries.
97. Not liking a person doesn't preclude having great sex with them.
98. Your pals can be trusted never to trap you with: "So... notice anything different?"
99. Baywatch
100. There's always a game on somewhere.

And now the down side:

1. You have to take out the garbage.
 2. The Ferrari 550 Maranello lists for over \$200,000.
 3. No sofas in your restrooms.
 4. External genitalia are vulnerable to knees and fastballs.
 5. Even if you get your head caught in an industrial wood chipper, you're not allowed to cry.
 6. James Bond movies only come out every two years.
 7. Ribbed for her pleasure, not yours.
 8. You have to wear ties.
 9. You can't flirt your way out of a jam.
 10. "Women and children first"
-

I'm Glad I'm A Man

I'm glad I'm a man, you better believe.
 I don't live off of yogurt, diet coke, or cottage cheese.
 I don't bitch to my girlfriends about the size of my breasts.
 I can get where I want to - north, south, east or west.
 I don't get wasted after only 2 beers,
 And when I do drink I don't end up in tears.
 I won't spend hours deciding what to wear.
 I spend 5 minutes max fixing my hair.
 And I don't go around checking my reflection
 In everything shiny from every direction.
 I don't whine in public and make us leave early,
 And when you ask why get all bitter and surly.
 I'm glad I'm a man, I'm so glad I could sing.
 I don't have to sit around waiting for that ring.
 I don't gossip about friends or stab them in the back.
 I don't carry our differences into the sack.
 I'll never go psycho and threaten to kill you
 Or think every guy out there's trying to steal you.
 I'm rational, reasonable, and logical too.
 I know what the time is and I know what to do.
 And I honestly think it's a privilege for me
 To have these two balls and stand when I pee.
 I live to watch sports and play all sorts of ball.
 It's more fun than dealing with women after all.
 I won't cry if you say it's not going to work.
 I won't remain bitter and call you a jerk.
 Feel free to use me for immediate pleasure.
 I won't assume it's permanent by any measure.
 Yes, I'm so very glad I'm a man, you see.
 I'm glad I'm not capable of child delivery.
 I don't get all bitchy every 28 days.
 I'm glad that my gender gets me a much bigger raise.
 I'm a man by chance and I'm thankful it's true.
 I'm so glad I'm a man and not a woman like you!
 And now it's time for a rebuttal

I'm Glad I'm A Woman

I'm glad I'm a woman, yes I am, yes I am.
 I don't live off of Budweiser, Beer Nuts and Spam.
 I don't brag to my buddies about my erections.
 I won't drive to Hell before I ask for directions.
 I don't get wasted at parties, and act like a clown.
 And I know how to put that damned toilet seat down!
 I won't grab your hooters. I won't pinch your butt.
 My belt buckle's not hidden beneath my beer gut.
 And I don't go around "re-adjusting" my crotch,
 Or yell like Tarzan when my headboard gets a notch.

I don't belch in public, I don't scratch my behind.
I'm a woman you see-I'm just not that kind!
I'm glad I'm a woman, I'm so glad I could sing.
I don't have body hair like shag carpeting.
It doesn't grow from my ears or cover my back.
When I lean over you can't see 3" of crack.
And what's on my head doesn't leave with my comb.
I'll never buy a toupee to cover my dome.
Or have a few hairs pulled from over the side.
I'm a woman, you know-I've got far too much pride!
And I honestly think it's a privilege for me,
To have these two boobs and squat when I pee.
I don't live to play golf and shoot basketball.
I don't swagger and spit like a Neanderthal.
Or stick my hand in my pocket to hide that gold band.
Or tell you a story to make you sigh and weep,
Then screw you, roll over and fall sound asleep!
Yes, I'm so very glad I'm a woman, you see.
Forget all about that old penis envy.
I don't long for male bonding, I don't cruise for chicks.
Join the Hair Club for Men, or think with my dick.
I'm a woman by chance and I'm thankful, it's true.
I'm so glad I'm a woman and not a man like you!

Roger and Elaine

CONTRARY to what many women believe, it's fairly easy to develop a long-term, stable, intimate, and mutually fulfilling relationship with a guy. Of course this guy has to be a Labrador retriever. With human guys, it's extremely difficult. This is because guys don't really grasp what women mean by the term relationship.

Let's say a guy named Roger is attracted to a woman named Elaine. He asks her out to a movie; she accepts; they have a pretty good time. A few nights later he asks her out to dinner, and again they enjoy themselves. They continue to see each other regularly, and after a while neither one of them is seeing anybody else.

And then, one evening when they're driving home, a thought occurs to Elaine, and, without really thinking, she says it aloud: "Do you realize that, as of tonight, we've been seeing each other for exactly six months?"

And then there is silence in the car. To Elaine, it seems like a very loud silence. She thinks to herself: Geez, I wonder if it bothers him that I said that. Maybe he's been feeling confined by our relationship; maybe he thinks I'm trying to push him into some kind of obligation that he doesn't want, or isn't sure of.

And Roger is thinking: Gosh. Six months.

And Elaine is thinking: But, hey, I'm not so sure I want this kind of relationship, either. Sometimes I wish I had a little more space, so I'd have time to think about whether I really want us to keep going the way we are, moving steadily toward... I mean, where are we going? Are we just going to keep seeing each other at this level of intimacy? Are we heading toward marriage? Toward children? Toward a lifetime together? Am I ready for that level of commitment? Do I really even know this person?

And Roger is thinking: ... so that means it was... let's see... February when we started going out, which was right after I had the car at the dealer's, which means... lemme check the odometer... Whoa! I am way overdue for an oil change here.

And Elaine is thinking: He's upset. I can see it on his face. Maybe I'm reading this completely wrong. Maybe he wants more from our relationship, more intimacy, more commitment; maybe he has sensed -- even before I sensed it -- that I was feeling some reservations. Yes, I bet that's it. That's why he's so reluctant to say anything about his own feelings. He's afraid of being rejected.

And Roger is thinking: And I'm gonna have them look at the transmission again. I don't care what those morons say, it's still not shifting right. And they better not try to blame it on the cold weather this time. What cold weather? It's 87 degrees out, and this thing is shifting like a #@!&* garbage truck, and I paid those incompetent thieves \$600.

And Elaine is thinking: He's angry. And I don't blame him. I'd be angry, too. Wow, I feel so guilty, putting him through this, but I can't help the way I feel. I'm just not sure.

And Roger is thinking: They'll probably say it's only a 90-day warranty. That's exactly what they're gonna say, the scumballs.

And Elaine is thinking: Maybe I'm just too idealistic, waiting for a knight to come riding up on his white horse, when I'm sitting right next to a perfectly good person, a person I enjoy being with, a person I truly do care about, a person who seems to truly care about me. A person who is in pain because of my self-centered, schoolgirl romantic fantasy.

And Roger is thinking: Warranty? They want a warranty? I'll give them a %^&* warranty. I'll take their warranty and stick it...

"Roger," Elaine says aloud.

"What?" says Roger, startled.

"Please don't torture yourself like this," she says, her eyes beginning to brim with tears. "Maybe I should never have ... Oh God, I feel so..."

(She breaks down, sobbing.)

"What?" says Roger.

"I'm such a fool," Elaine sobs. "I mean, I know there's no knight. I really know that. It's silly. There's no knight, and there's no horse."

"There's no horse?" says Roger.

"You think I'm a fool, don't you?" Elaine says.

"No!" says Roger, glad to finally know the correct answer.

"It's just that ... It's that I ... I need some time," Elaine says.

(There is a 15-second pause while Roger, thinking as fast as he can, tries to come up with a safe response. Finally he comes up with one that he thinks might work.)

"Yes," he says.

(Elaine, deeply moved, touches his hand.) "Oh, Roger, do you really feel that way?" she says.

"What way?" says Roger.

"That way about time," says Elaine.

"Oh," says Roger. "Yes."

(Elaine turns to face him and gazes deeply into his eyes, causing him to become very nervous about what she might say next, especially if it involves a horse. At last she speaks.)

"Thank you, Roger," she says.

"Thank you," says Roger.

Then he takes her home, and she lies on her bed, a conflicted, tortured soul, and weeps until dawn, whereas when Roger gets back to his place, he opens a bag of Doritos, turns on the TV, and immediately becomes deeply involved in a re-run of a tennis match between two Czechoslovakians he never heard of. A tiny voice in the far recesses of his mind tells him that something major was going on back there in the car, but he is pretty sure there is no way he would ever understand what, and so he figures it's better if he doesn't think about it. (This is also Roger's policy regarding world hunger.)

The next day Elaine will call her closest friend, or perhaps two of them, and they will talk about this situation for six straight hours. In painstaking detail, they will analyze everything she said and everything he said, going over it time and time again, exploring every word, expression, and gesture for nuances of meaning, considering every possible ramification. They will continue to discuss this subject, off and on, for

weeks, maybe months, never reaching any definite conclusions, but never getting bored with it, either.

Meanwhile, Roger, while playing racquetball one day with a mutual friend of his and Elaine's, will pause just before serving, frown, and say: "Brad, did Elaine ever own a horse?"

Top Ten Things Men **SHOULDN'T** Say Out Loud in Victoria's Secret

- 10 Does this come in children's sizes?
- 9 No thanks. Just sniffing.
- 8 I'll be in the dressing room going blind.
- 7 Mom will love this.
- 6 Oh the size won't matter. She's inflatable.
- 5 No need to wrap it up. I'll eat it here.
- 4 Will you model this for me?
- 3 The Miracle What? This is better than world peace!
- 2 45 bucks? You're just gonna end up NAKED anyway!

And the number one thing that a man should never, ever say out loud in Victoria's Secret:

1. Oh, honey, you'll never squeeze your fat ass into that.

Pants

A young newlywed couple was in their honeymoon suite on their wedding night. As they undressed for bed, the husband (who was a big, burly bruiser) tossed his pants to his bride and said "Here, put these on." She put them on and the waist was twice the size of her body. "I can't wear your pants," she said. "That's right," said her new husband, "and don't you forget it. I'm the one who wears the pants in this family."

With that she flipped him her panties and said, "Try these on." He tried them on and found he could only get them as far as his knees. "Hell, I can't get into your panties."

"That's right, and that's the way it's going to be until your damn attitude changes."

The Female Stages of Life

- | AGE | DRINK |
|-----|------------------------------------|
| 17 | Wine Coolers |
| 25 | White wine |
| 35 | Red wine |
| 48 | Dom Perignon |
| 66 | Shot of Jack with an Ensure chaser |

EXCUSES FOR REFUSING DATES

17 Need to wash my hair
25 Need to wash and condition my hair
35 Need to color my hair
48 Need to have Francois color my hair
66 Need to have Francois color my wig

FAVORITE SPORT

17 Shopping
25 Shopping
35 Shopping
48 Shopping
66 Shopping

DEFINITION OF A SUCCESSFUL DATE

17 "Burger King"
25 "Free meal"
35 "A diamond"
48 "A bigger diamond"
66 "Home Alone"

FAVORITE FANTASY

17 Tall, dark and handsome
25 Tall, dark and handsome with money
35 Tall, dark and handsome with money and a brain
48 A man with hair
66 A man

HOUSE PET

17 Muffy the cat
25 Unemployed boyfriend and Muffy the Cat
35 Irish setter and Muffy the Cat
48 Children from his first marriage and Muffy the Cat
66 Retired husband dabbles in taxidermy, stuffs Muffy the Cat

WHAT'S THE IDEAL AGE TO GET MARRIED?

17 17
25 25
35 35
48 48
66 66

IDEAL DATE

17 He offers to pay
25 He pays
35 He cooks breakfast the next morning
48 He cooks breakfast the next morning for the kids
66 He can chew breakfast

The Male Stages of Life

AGE DRINK

17 Beer
25 Vodka
35 Scotch
48 Double scotch
66 Maalox

SEDUCTION LINE

17 My parents are away for the weekend.
25 My girlfriend is away for the weekend.
35 My fiancée is away for the weekend.
48 My wife is away for the weekend.
66 My second wife is dead.

FAVORITE SPORT

17 Sex
25 Sex
35 Sex
48 Sex
66 Napping

DEFINITION OF A SUCCESSFUL DATE

17 "Tongue"
25 "Breakfast"
35 "She didn't set back my therapy."
48 "I didn't have to meet her kids."
66 "Got home alive."

FAVORITE FANTASY

17 Getting to third
25 Airplane sex
35 Menage a trios
48 Taking the company public
66 Swiss maid/love slave

HOUSE PET

17 Roaches
25 Stoned-out college roommate
35 Irish setter
48 Children from his first marriage
66 Barbie

WHAT'S THE IDEAL AGE TO GET MARRIED?

17 25
25 35

| | |
|----|----|
| 35 | 48 |
| 48 | 66 |
| 66 | 17 |

Why Dogs Are Better Than Women

- Dogs don't shop.
- Dogs don't cry.
- Dogs love it when your friends come over.
- Dogs think you sing great.
- A dog's time in the bathroom is confined to a quick drink.
- Dogs don't expect you to call when you are running late. The later you are, the more excited dogs are to see you.
- Dogs will forgive you for playing with other dogs.
- Dogs don't notice if you call them by another dog's name.
- Dogs understand that farts are funny.
- Dogs can appreciate luxuriant body hair. If a dog is gorgeous, other dogs don't hate it.
- Dogs like it when you leave lots of things on the floor.
- A dog's disposition stays the same all month long.
- Dogs never need to examine the relationship.
- A dog's parents never visit.
- Dogs understand that instinct is better than asking for directions.
- Dogs understand that all animals smaller than dogs were made to be hunted.
- Dogs like beer.
- Dogs don't hate their bodies.
- Dogs never expect gifts.
- It's legal to keep a dog chained up at your house.
- Dogs don't worry about germs.
- Dogs don't want to know about every other dog you ever had.
- Dogs like to do their snooping outside as opposed to in your wallet, desk, and the back of your sock drawer.
- Dogs don't let magazine articles guide their lives.
- Dogs would rather have you buy them a hamburger dinner than a lobster one.
- You never have to wait for a dog. They're ready to go 24 hours a day.
- Dogs have no use for flowers, cards, or jewelry.
- Dogs don't borrow your shirts.
- Dogs never lobby for foot-rubs.
- Dogs enjoy heavy petting in public.
- Dogs find you amusing when you're drunk.
- Dogs aren't catty.
- Dogs seldom outlive you.

How Dogs and Women Are Alike

- Both usually look stupid in hats.

- Both can eat 5 pounds of chocolate in one sitting.
- Both tend to have problems with their hips.
- Neither understand football.
- Both look good in fur.
- Both are good at pretending that they're listening to every word you say.
- Neither realizes that silence is golden.
- Both constantly want back rubs.
- Neither can balance a chequebook.
- You can never tell what either of them is thinking.
- They both overvalue kissing

How Women are Better Than Dogs

- It is socially acceptable to have sexual relations with a woman.
- Women look good in sweaters.
- Women leave the room to fart.

Help From Your Beloved

A man who is driving a car is stopped by a police officer. The following exchange takes place...

The man says: "What's the problem officer?"

Officer: "You were going at least 75 in a 55 zone."

Man: "No sir, I was going 65."

Wife: "Oh, Harry. You were going 80." [Man gives his wife a dirty look.]

Officer: "I'm also going to give you a ticket for your broken tail light."

Man: "Broken tail light? I didn't know about a broken tail light!"

Wife: "Oh Harry, you've known about that tail light for weeks." [Man gives his wife a dirty look.]

Officer: "I'm also going to give you a citation for not wearing your seat belt."

Man: "Oh, I just took it off when you were walking up to the car."

Wife: "Oh, Harry, you never wear your seat belt."

Man turns to his wife and yells: "Shut your mouth woman!"

Officer turns to the woman and asks, "Ma'am, does your husband talk to you this way all the time?"

Wife says: "No, only when he's drunk."

A Man's Guide To What A Woman Is Thinking

I need = I want

We need = I want

It's your decision = The correct decision should be obvious by now.

Do whatever you want = You are going to pay for this later.

We need to talk = I need to complain

Sure... go ahead = I don't want you to.

I'm not upset = Of course I'm upset, you moron!

You're so manly = You need a shave and you sweat a lot.

You're certainly attentive tonight. = Is sex all you ever think about?

I'm not emotional! And I'm not overreacting! = I have a severe case of PMS

Be romantic, turn out the lights. = I have flabby thighs.

This kitchen is so inconvenient = I want a new house.

I want new curtains = I want new curtains, new carpeting, new furniture, new wallpaper...

I need new shoes = the other 40 pairs are simply the wrong shade.

I heard a noise = I noticed you were almost asleep.

Do you love me? = I'm going to ask for something expensive.

How much do you love me? = I did something today you're really going to hate.

I'll be ready in a minute. = Kick off your shoes and find a good game on TV

Is my butt fat? = Tell me I'm beautiful.

You have to learn to communicate. = Just agree with me.

Are you listening to me!? = Too late, you're dead.

Yes = No

No = No

Maybe = No

I'm sorry. = You'll be sorry.

Do you like this recipe? = It's easy to fix, so you'd better get used to it.

Was that the baby? = Why don't you get out of bed and walk him until he goes to sleep.

I'm not yelling! = Of course I'm yelling this is important!

All we're going to buy is a soap dish = It goes without saying that we're stopping at the Cosmetics Department, the shoe department, I need to look at a few new pocket books, and OMIGOD those pink sheets would look great in the bedroom. You did bring your checkbook - Didn't you???

Strange Accident

There was a married couple who were in a terrible accident. The woman's face was burned severely. The doctor told the husband they couldn't graft any skin from her body because she was so thin. The husband then donated some of his skin...

However, the only place suitable to the doctor was from his buttocks. The husband requested that no one be told of this, because after all this was a very delicate matter!

After the surgery was completed, everyone was astounded at the woman's new beauty. She looked more beautiful than she ever did before! All her friends and relatives just ranted and raved at her youthful beauty!

She was alone with her husband one day & she wanted to thank him for what he did. She said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me! There is no way I could ever repay you!!!"

He replied, "Oh don't worry, Honey, I get plenty thanks enough every time your mother comes over and kisses you on your cheek!!!"

Men's Greeting Cards

A survey has found that about 90% of all greeting cards are purchased by women. It makes one wonder why cards aren't more male orientated and reflect real life. If they were, it seems to me more men would buy and exchange greeting cards. Towards

that end, the following are some greeting card suggestions that would probably attract more male buyers:

Cover picture: Dim, misty, moody picture of a vase of roses
Cover caption: Condolences
Inside caption: on your team's failure to make the Super Bowl

Cover picture: Nostalgic picture of a young couple in a field holding hands
Cover caption: Darling, as we go into our 5th year together
Inside caption: I swear I'll leave my wife soon!

Cover picture: Gold-leafed picture of a vase of red roses
Cover caption: Get well soon darling!
Inside caption: This house don't clean itself!

Cover picture: Two men standing on lush golf course, one of them ready to putt
Cover caption: To my golf partner
Inside caption: Just to let you know, I'm sleeping with your secretary

Cover picture: Dark moody picture of a vase of roses
Cover caption: In sympathy, I'm sorry to hear the news
Inside caption: That you've been beaten senseless in yet another bar fight

Cover picture: Norman Rockwell painting of a young girl picking daisies
Cover caption: To the daughter that I love
Inside caption: Please study this card's cover and dress accordingly

Cover picture: Misty photo of a couple embracing and kissing
Cover caption: To my wonderful wife. I know we've had a little disagreement
Inside caption: And given enough time, I'm sure you'll see where you were wrong

Cover picture: Photo of two men shaking hands
Cover caption: Congratulations and the best of luck!
Inside caption: On the successful completion of your hair transplant

Cover picture: Winter Wonderland
Cover caption: While it's true winter's upon us
Inside caption: You can always watch basketball or hockey 'til baseball season

Cover picture: Team of Clydesdales pulling a loaded wagon in snow scene
Cover caption: Better plan ahead
Inside caption: Stock-up on beer now, advance forecast is for heavy snow

Cover picture: Christmas Tree w/gifts beneath, fireplace with wreath
Cover caption: It's that time of year again
Inside caption: The Super Bowl is only a month away

Cover picture: Map of US with lines connecting a star in each state

Cover caption: The Information Highway
Inside caption: Check out www.SuperSex.net for latest in hot babes

Cover picture: Photo of Bride and Groom
Cover caption: On your Wedding
Inside caption: We'll miss you at the poker game -- see ya next week

Cover picture: Photo of satellite orbiting Earth
Cover caption: Technology for the next century
Inside caption: 712 Channels sex & sports, auto surf, call 1-800-ALL-MALE

How To Satisfy A Woman Every Time:

Caress, praise, pamper, relish, savor, massage, make plans, fix, empathize, serenade, compliment, support, feed, tantalize, bathe, humor, placate, stimulate, jiffylube, stroke, console, purr, hug, cuddle, excite, pacify, protect, phone, correspond, anticipate, nuzzle, smooch, toast, minister to, forgive, sacrifice, ply, accessorize, leave, return, beseech, sublimate, entertain, charm, lug, drag, crawl, show equality for, spackle, oblige, fascinate, attend, implore, bawl, shower, shave, trust, grovel, ignore, defend, coax, clothe, brag about, acquiesce, aromate, fuse, fizz, rationalize, detoxify, sanctify, help, acknowledge, polish, upgrade, spoil, embrace, accept, butter-up, hear, understand, jitterbug, locomote, beg, plead, borrow, steal, climb, swim, nurse, resuscitate, repair, patch, crazy-glue, respect, entertain, calm, allay, kill for, die for, dream of, promise, deliver, tease, flirt, commit, enlist, pine, cajole, angelicize, murmur, snuggle, snoozle, snurfl, elevate, enervate, alleviate, spotweld, serve, rub, rib, salve, bite, taste, nibble, gratify, take her places, scuttle like a crab on the ocean floor of her existence, diddle, doodle, hokey-pokey, hanky-panky, crystal blue persuade, flip, flop, fly, don't care if I die, swing, slip, slide, slather, mollycoddle, squeeze, moisturize, humidify, lather, tingle, slam-dunk, keep on rockin' in the free world, wet, slicken, undulate, gelatinize, brush, tingle, dribble, drip, dry, knead, fluff, fold, blue-coral wax, ingratiate, indulge, wow, dazzle, amaze, flabbergast, enchant, idolize, worship, and then go back, Jack, and do it again.

How To Satisfy A Man Every Time:

Show up naked.

Men and Women

A husband and wife are getting all snugly in bed. The passion is heating up, when the wife stops and says, "I don't feel like it, I just want you to hold me." The husband says "WHAT?" The wife explains that he must not be in tune with her emotional needs as a Woman...

The husband realizes that nothing is going to happen tonight and he might as well deal with it.

The next day the husband takes her shopping at Nordstrom. He walk around and has her try on three very expensive outfits and then tells his wife to take all three of them. Next they go over and get matching shoes worth \$200 a pair.

Finally they go to the Jewelry Dept. The wife is so excited, she goes for the tennis bracelet. The husband says, "You don't even play tennis, but OK, if you like it then lets get it." The wife is jumping up and down so excited she cannot even believe what is going on. She says "I am ready, lets go to the cash register." The husband says, "No - no - no, honey we're not going to BUY all this stuff." The wife's face goes blank.

"No honey, I just want you to HOLD this stuff for a while." Her face gets really red and she is about to explode. Then the husband says, "You must not be in tune with my financial needs as a man..."

Marrying For Money

NEW YORK (Reuters) - Don't waste your time looking for love. Go ahead and marry for money.

This is the advice dispensed at a class entitled, simply, "How to Marry the Rich," one of the most popular adult education courses in New York City. "Don't feel guilty. The rich will marry somebody. Why not you?" teacher Ginie Sayles tells the standing-room-only crowd in the seminar she teaches every few weeks. Her students, most of them women, nod in assent and jot down notes.

The four-hour class is brimming with tips on finding a rich mate an "RM" as the teacher puts it -- and, most important, getting that "RM" down the aisle to the altar. Approaching the topic with the fervor of a revival preacher and the calculation of a business planner, she suggests setting your sights with care. Try rich heiresses, often found at charity events or art classes, risk-taking entrepreneurs who are known to propose by the second date or rich guys who feel guilty about their money and are most likely to marry women with children, she advises.

And that is only a taste of what Sayles delivers in just the first 15 minutes of the class. Still to come are tips on crashing posh parties (scope out posted signs in exclusive hotels), dressing the part (natural fibers beat synthetics every time) and practicing good manners (getting out of a limousine gracefully is an essential skill).

As in buying real estate, the three most important factors in finding an RM are location, location and location. Find a rich mate through a job (try a Wall Street broker), religion (Jewish synagogues and Episcopal churches are best bets), a newspaper (read the obituaries), a neighborhood (move within 16 blocks of an affluent part of town) and even a parking lot (always park next to the most expensive car).

Keep at it, she says. "Date anybody who is sane and breathing." But demand top-drawer treatment. "If someone says they love you and they don't spend money on you, it's a lie."

And timing is everything. If a marriage proposal does not come in the first seven months or so of a relationship, the odds drop abysmally, Sayles says. Not only does she veto long engagements, she advocates eloping so no one can interfere. As the energetic Sayles spews out suggestions in her honey-coated Texas drawl, her diamond-laden left hand gesturing with a long-stemmed rose painted gold, the class pays rapt attention. After all, these women, and a few men, want her advice and they have shelled out \$35 apiece to hear it.

Most of the women dress like office workers, with carefully shellacked fingernails and comfortable running shoes replacing their work day pumps. Many have traveled to the midtown Manhattan class from New York's outlying boroughs and suburbs.

"Let's face it," said one, a graduate nursing student. "If he's rich and he's a jerk he's easier to love than if he's poor and he's a jerk."

"At least with a rich one you get compensated," added her friend, a computer software designer in her late 20s. The class is among the best-attended and longest-running at The Learning Annex, which sponsors adult-education classes in New York and California, spokeswoman Jennifer Keltz said. Sayles' husband Reed attends her class, sitting contentedly in a corner like a classroom visual aid, counting and folding the money students have shelled out. He is rich, of course, says Sayles, who describes him as a successful oil-industry executive. They met and married 14 years ago.

While he utters not a word, Sayles laughs at his wife's jokes and seems entirely unperturbed as she describes in blunt terms how she plotted to win his hand. "He's amused by it," she said. "He's the kind of gentleman who sort of feels that women have their own clever, cute entrapments." The Houston-based couple she a twice-divorced single mother and he with three trips to divorce court married after a courtship of less than three months. Their wedding was just two days after his last divorce became final.

"I like her straightforwardness about money," he wrote in a foreword to her book, also called "How to Marry the Rich."

"As Ginie has said, a gold digger is the only perfect mate to the gold owner," he added. He also happens to be the one who thought up the idea of Sayles, who once taught classes in flirting, turning her skills to the topic of marrying rich. "He said, 'Frankly, I think you'd be doing rich people a favor. Rich people get lost in relationships and you'd be getting a mate for them,'" she said.

So Ginie Sayles the first to admit, proudly, that she set out to marry a man with money now does not appear to need it. She has turned her marriage into an industry, complete with books, whose royalties go toward a scholarship fund for single mothers, audio-taped lectures, classes around the United States and Canada, lectures, seminars and talk show appearances.

A new book, "How to Meet the Rich for Business, Friendship and Romance," is due out this spring. And she offers private consultations outside the classroom starting at \$175 an hour. Longer sessions cost up to \$1,500.

While there is no way of knowing just how adept Sayles' pupils become at bagging rich mates, she offers a ream of testimonials from former students. She gets postcards and Christmas cards from former students who have married well and send greetings from exotic locations and lush resorts.

One of her favorite success stories is that of a woman who used Sayles' class not to marry a rich man but to build up her self-confidence enough to return to college and earn a degree. "If nothing else, if a person feels they have improved their self-esteem and feel more comfortable moving in other social classes than they have moved in before, I consider that a measure of success in itself," Sayles said.

Calculated as it may be, her strategy is not cold-hearted and she says most of her students seek love as much as loot in a marriage. "I don't tell anyone they have to marry the rich. It's just to give them a choice. I want people to be happy."

But she adds there is no reason not to reach for the golden ring that has the most carats. "Mercenary? I like that word," she said. "I don't think it's selling out. I think it means being your own best friend. Congratulate yourself that you know you deserve the best in life."

Harley Joke

This guy has always dreamed of owning a Harley Davidson. One day he has finally saved up enough money so he goes down to the dealer. After he picks out the perfect bike, the dealer tells him about an old biker trick that will keep the chrome on his new bike free from rust. The dealer tells him that all he has to do is to keep a jar of Vaseline handy and put it on the chrome before it rains, and everything will be fine. He happily pays for the bike and leaves.

A few months later, the young man meets a woman and falls in love. She asks him to come home and meet her parents over dinner. He readily accepts and the date is set. At the appointed time, he picks her up on his Harley and they ride to her parents house... Before they go in, she tells him that they have a family tradition that whoever speaks first after dinner must do the dishes.

After a delicious dinner everyone sits in silence waiting for the first person to break the silence and get stuck doing the dishes. After a long fifteen minutes, the young man decides to speed things up, so he reaches over and kisses his woman in front of her family. No one says a word. Emboldened, he slips his hand under her blouse and fondles her breasts. Still no one says a word. Finally, he throws her on the table and has sex with her in front of everyone. No one says a word. Now he is getting desperate, so he grabs her mother and throws HER on the table. They have even wilder sex. Still no one speaks.

By now he is thinking what to do next when he hears thunder in the distance. His first thought is to protect the chrome on his Harley, so he gets his jacket, reaches in his pocket and pulls out his jar of Vaseline.

And the father says, "Okay dammit, I'll do the dishes!"

The Real Definition Of A Man

Three cowboys are sitting around a campfire, out on the lonesome prairie, each with the bravado for which cowboys are famous. A night of tall tales begins.

The first says, "I must be the meanest, toughest cowboy there is. Why, just the other day, a bull got loose in the corral and gored six men before I wrestled it to the ground, by the horns, with my bare hands."

The second can't stand to be bested. "Why that's nothing. I was walking down the trail yesterday and a 15' rattler slid out from under a rock and made a move for me. I grabbed that snake with my bare hands, bit its head off and sucked the poison down in one gulp. And I'm still here today."

The third cowboy remained silent, slowly stirring the coals with his penis.

Housework

A husband is at home watching a football game when his wife interrupts, "Honey, could you fix the light in the hallway? It's been flickering for weeks now."

He looks at her and says angrily, "Fix the light? Now? Does it look like I have a G.E. logo printed on my forehead? I don't think so."

"Well then, could you fix the fridge door? It won't close right."

To which he replied, "Fix the fridge door? Does it look like I have Westinghouse written on my forehead? I don't think so."

"Fine," she says, "Then could you at least fix the steps to the front door? They're about to break."

"I'm not a damn carpenter and I don't want to fix the steps," he says. "Does it look like I have Ace Hardware written on my forehead? I don't think so. I've had enough of you. I'm going to the bar!!!"

So he goes to the bar and drinks for a couple hours.

He starts to feel guilty about how he treated his wife, and decides to go home and help out. As he walks into the house, he notices the steps are already fixed. As he enters the house, he sees the hall light is working. As he goes to get a beer, he notices the fridge door is fixed. "Honey, how'd this all get fixed?"

She said, "Well, when you left, I sat outside and cried. Just then a nice young man asked me what was wrong, and I told him. He offered to do all the repairs, and all I had to do was either screw him or bake him a cake."

He said, "So, what kind of cake did you bake him?"

She replied, "Hellooooo... Do you see Betty Crocker written on my forehead?"

Pick-Up Lines

Man: "Haven't we met before?"

Woman: "Yes, I'm the receptionist at the VD Clinic."

Man: "Haven't I seen you someplace before?"

Woman: "Yeah, that's why I don't go there anymore."

Man: "Is this seat empty?"

Woman: "Yes, and this one will be too if you sit down."

Man: "So, wanna go back to my place?"

Woman: "Well, I don't know. Will two people fit under a rock?"

Man: "Your place or mine?"

Woman: "Both. You go to yours and I'll go to mine."

Man: "I'd like to call you. What's your number?"

Woman: "It's in the phone book."

Man: "But I don't know your name."

Woman: "That's in the phone book too."

Man: "So what do you do for a living?"

Woman: "I'm a female impersonator."

Man: "Hey, baby, what's your sign?" got to remember this.

Woman: "Do not Enter"

Man: "How do you like your eggs in the morning?"

Woman: "Unfertilized!"

Man: "Hey, come on, we're both here at this bar for the same reason"

Woman: "Yeah! Let's pick up some chicks!"

Man: "I know how to please a woman."

Woman: "Then please leave me alone."

Man: "I want to give myself to you."

Woman: "Sorry, I don't accept cheap gifts."

Man: "If I could see you naked, I'd die happy:"

Woman: "Yeah, but if I saw you naked, I'd probably die laughing."

Man: "Your body is like a temple."

Woman: "Sorry, there are no services today."

Man: "I'd go through anything for you."

Woman: "Good! Let's start with your bank account."

Man: "I would go to the end of the world for you."

Woman: "Yes, but would you stay there?"

A Love Story

A young man had been seriously dating three lovely girls and was finally faced with the dilemma of which to marry. As a test he gave each of them one thousand dollars.

The first girl went for a complete hair and face makeover, new clothes, and new shoes. She returned to show off her new look saying, "I want to be at my most beautiful for you. Why? Because I love you, dear."

The second girl returned with new hockey and golf equipment, a new stereo, a VCR and a month's supply of beer saying, "I bought all these things for you. They're my gifts to you, because I love you so."

The third girl invested the \$1,000 wisely and very quickly doubled her original amount. She reinvested the profits which continued to multiply and returned the first thousand to the young man saying, "I have taken your money and made it grow as an investment in our future together.

That's how much I love you, my dear."

The young man was very impressed by all of their responses. And after giving long and careful consideration, he married the one with the biggest breasts.

Devotion

A devoted wife had spent her lifetime taking care of her husband. Now he was slipping in and out of a coma for several months, yet she stayed by his bedside every single day. When he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer. As she sat by him, he said, "You know what? You have been with me all through the bad times. When I got fired, you were there to support me. When my business failed, you were there. When I got shot, you were by my side. When we lost the house, you gave me support. When my health started failing, you were still by my side... You know what?"

"What dear?" She asks gently.

"I think you bring me bad luck!"

The Lion Tamer

Last time the circus came to town, an ad for an animal trainer was placed in the local paper. Only two applicants showed up: A male and a female. The owner said he could only afford one animal trainer, so he would choose the one with the best act.

At first glance it appeared that the female was much better prepared, since she came to the interview in a very long flowing cape, with a whip & chair. She looked more like a model than a trainer. The man's only distinguishing feature was a soggy cigar stuffed between his cracked and leathery lips. The owner asked who would like to go first, and the man said, "Ladies before Gentleman."

So the lady asked for her special music to be played, and once the music started she entered the cage with a flurry of whip snapping. She motioned the attendant to release the tiger. The tiger leapt into the cage snarling. The young lady threw aside her whip, tossed back her cape and sat on the chair as naked as the day she was born. The tiger then circled her, sniffing the air, then suddenly leaped toward her, put its face between her legs and started licking. She threw back her head moaning, holding the tiger by the ears with her thighs. She rode on the tiger's face all around the cage. Then the owner looked at the man and said, "That's quite an act, think you can do better than that?"

The man spit out his cigar, licked his lips and said, "No problem, just get that tiger out of the cage!"

What Do Women Really Want?

Young King Arthur was ambushed and imprisoned by the monarch of a neighboring kingdom.

The monarch could have killed him, but was moved by Arthur's youthful happiness. So he offered him freedom, as long as he could answer a very difficult question. Arthur would have a year to figure out the answer; if, after a year, he still had no answer, he would be killed.

The question was: "What do women really want?"

Such a question would perplex even the most knowledgeable man, and, to young Arthur, it seemed an impossible query. Since it was better than death, however, he accepted the monarch's proposition to have an answer by year's end. He returned to his kingdom and began to poll everybody: the princess, the prostitutes, the priests, the wise men, the court jester.

In all, he spoke with everyone but no one could give him a satisfactory answer.

What most people did tell him was to consult the old witch, as only she would know the answer. The price would be high, since the witch was famous throughout the kingdom for the exorbitant prices she charged.

The last day of the year arrived and Arthur had no alternative but to talk to the witch. She agreed to answer his question, but he'd have to accept her price first: the old witch wanted to marry Gawain, the most noble of the Knights of the Round Table and Arthur's closest friend!

Young Arthur was horrified: She was hunchbacked and awfully hideous, had only one tooth, smelled like sewage water, often made obscene noises... He had never run across such a repugnant creature.

He refused to force his friend to marry her and have to endure such a burden.

Gawain, upon learning of the proposal, spoke with Arthur. He told him that nothing was too big of a sacrifice compared to Arthur's life and the preservation of the Round Table. Hence, their wedding was proclaimed, and the witch answered Arthur's question:

What a woman really wants is to be able to be in charge of her own life.

Everyone instantly knew that the witch had uttered a great truth and that Arthur's life would be spared. And so it went. The neighboring monarch spared Arthur's life and granted him total freedom.

What a wedding Gawain and the witch had! Arthur was torn between relief and anguish. Gawain was proper as always, gentle and courteous. The old witch put her worst manners on display. She ate with her hands, belched and passed gas, and made everyone uncomfortable.

The wedding night approached: Gawain, steeling himself for a horrific night, entered the bedroom. What a sight awaited! The most beautiful woman he'd ever seen lay before him! Gawain was astounded and asked what had happened.

The beauty replied that since he had been so kind to her (when she'd been a witch), half the time she would be her horrible, deformed self, and the other half, she would be her beautiful maiden self. Which would he want her to be during the day and which during the night?

What a cruel question! Gawain began to think of his predicament: during the day a beautiful woman to show off to his friend, but at night, in the privacy of his home, an old spooky witch? Or would he prefer having by day a hideous witch, but by night a beautiful woman to enjoy many intimate moments?

What would *you* do?

What Gawain chose follows below, but don't read until you've made your own choice.

"The Answer"

Noble Gawain replied that he would let her choose for herself. Upon hearing this, she announced that she would be beautiful all the time, because he had respected her and had let her be in charge of her own life.

What is the moral of this story?

The moral is that it doesn't matter if your woman is pretty or ugly, smart or dumb. Underneath it all, she's still a witch.

Two New Additions to the Periodic Table

Element Name: WOMAN
Symbol: WO
Atomic Weight: (don't even go there)

Physical Properties: Generally round in form. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any time. Melts whenever treated properly. Very bitter if mishandled.

Chemical Properties: Very active. Highly unstable. Possesses strong affinity with gold, silver, platinum and precious stones. Volatile when left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of exotic food. Turns slightly green when placed next to a shinier specimen.

Usage: Highly ornamental. An extremely good catalyst for dispersion of wealth. Probably the most powerful income-reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

Element Name: MAN
Symbol: XY
Atomic Weight: (180+/-50)

Physical Properties: Solid at room temperature but gets bent out of shape easily. Fairly dense and sometimes flaky. Difficult to find a pure specimen. Due to rust, aging samples are unable to conduct electricity as easily as young samples.

Chemical Properties: Attempts to bond with WO any chance it can get. It tends to form strong bonds with itself. Becomes explosive when mixed with KI (Element: Child) for prolonged period of time. Neutralize by saturating with alcohol.

Usage: None known. Possibly good methane source. Good specimens are apt to produce large quantities on command.

Caution: In the absence of WO, the element rapidly decomposes and begins to smell.

Top Ten Things Men Understand About Women

- 1.
 - 2.
 - 3.
 - 4.
 - 5.
 - 6.
 - 7.
 - 8.
 - 9.
 - 10.
-

For Married Folks...

You've all heard of the Air Force's ultra-high-security, super-secret base in Nevada, known simply as "Area 51?"

Well, late one afternoon, the Air Force folks out at Area 51 were very surprised to see a Cessna landing at their "secret" base. They immediately impounded the aircraft and hauled the pilot into an interrogation room. The pilot's story was that he took off from Vegas, got lost, and spotted the Base just as he was about to run out of fuel. The Air Force started a full FBI background check on the pilot and held him overnight during the investigation.

By the next day, they were finally convinced that the pilot really was lost and wasn't a spy. They gassed up his airplane, gave him a terrifying "you-did-not-see-a-base" briefing, complete with threats of spending the rest of his life in prison, told him Vegas was that-a-way on such-and-such a heading, and sent him on his way.

The next day, to the total disbelief of the Air Force, the same Cessna showed up again. Once again, the MP's surrounded the plane... only this time there were two people in the plane.

The same pilot jumped out and said, "Do anything you want to me, but my wife is in the plane and you have to tell her where the hell I was last night!"

Men Know...

Men know... that Mother Nature's best aphrodisiac is still a naked woman.

Men know... that PMS is Mother Nature's way of telling you to get out of the house.

Men know... that if she looks like your mother, run.

Men know... that there are at least three sides to every story: his, hers, and the truth.

Men know... never to run away from a fight that you know you can win.

Men know... that cats are evil and cannot be trusted.

Men know... how to change the toilet paper, but to do so would ruin the game.

Men know... exactly how much gas is left in the tank and how far that gas will get them.

Men know... that directions are best left to the people that are lost.

Men know... that a woman will wear a low-cut dress and expect the man to stare at her cleavage. Men also know that the woman will get ticked off when they do, for reasons not totally clear to them.

Men know... that the reason men don't like cats is because they haven't found the right recipe.

Men know... that there is no such thing as a sure thing, unless her name is Bambi.

Men know... that it's never a good idea to tell your father-in-law how good his daughter is in bed.

Men know... that men are from here, and women are from way the hell over there.

Sales Job...

One day, a young man goes to apply for a sales job at a major department store. He tells the sales manager that he doesn't really have any experience, but he is willing to try his hardest to learn. The manager likes his attitude and decides to give the guy a chance. At the close of business the next day, the sales manager decides to stop in to see how the kid is doing on his first day. He asks, "How many sales did you have today?"

The salesman answers, "One."

"How come only one," asks the manager. "Most of my salesman have 20-30 per day! How much was the one sale you made?"

The salesman answers, "\$333,344.00"

"WHAT!?! What did you sell?"

"Well, a guy wanted a small fishing hook, so I sold him a medium fishing hook, then I sold him a large fishing hook. Then he needed a rod, so I sold him a light action rod, then upgrade to a medium action rod, and then changed it to a fully balanced combo. Then I told him he was going to need a boat, so I took him to the boating department and sold him a 14' motor boat, then upgraded him to a 20' cabin cruiser. Then I told him that his Volkswagen wouldn't be able to tow the boat, so I took him to the car department and sold him a sport utility vehicle."

"A guy came in for a fishing hook and you managed to sell him all of that?" asked the manager.

"No, he came in for a box of tampons, and I said 'Hell, your weekend is shot anyway, why not do some fishing?'"

How To Shower Like A Woman:

1. Take off clothing and place it in sectioned laundry hamper according to lights and darks.
2. Walk to bathroom wearing long dressing gown. If you see your boyfriend/husband along the way, cover up any exposed flesh and rush to the bathroom.
3. Look at your womanly physique in the mirror and stick out your gut so that you can complain and whine even more about how you're getting fat.
4. Get in the shower. Look for facecloth, arm-cloth, leg-cloth, long loofah, wide loofah and pumice stone.
5. Wash your hair once with Cucumber and Lamfrey shampoo with 83 added vitamins.
6. Wash your hair again with Cucumber and Lamfrey shampoo with 83 added vitamins.
7. Condition your hair with Cucumber and Lamfrey conditioner enhanced with natural crocus oil. Leave on hair for 15 minutes.
8. Wash your face with crushed apricot facial scrub for 10 minutes until red raw.
9. Wash entire rest of body with Ginger Nut and Jaffa Cake body wash.
10. Rinse conditioner off hair (this takes at least fifteen minutes as you must make sure that it has all come off).
11. Shave armpits and legs. Consider shaving bikini area but decide to get it waxed instead.
12. Scream loudly when your boyfriend/husband flushes the toilet and you lose the water pressure.
13. Turn off shower.
14. Squeegee off all wet surfaces in shower. Spray mold spots with Tilex.
15. Get out of shower. Dry with towel the size of a small African country. Wrap hair in super absorbent second towel.
16. Check entire body for the remotest sign of a zit. Attack with nails/tweezers if found.
17. Return to bedroom wearing long dressing gown and towel on head.
18. If you see your boyfriend/husband along the way, cover up any exposed and then rush to bedroom to spend an hour and a half getting dressed.

How To Shower Like A Man

1. Take off clothes while sitting on the edge of the bed and leave them in a pile.
2. Walk naked to the bathroom. If you see your girlfriend/wife along the way, flash her making the "woo, woo" sound.
3. Look at your manly physique in the mirror and suck in your gut to see your pecks. Admire the size of your wiener in the mirror, scratch your balls.

4. Get in the shower.
5. Don't bother to look for a washcloth. (you don't use one).
6. Wash your face.
7. Wash your armpits.
8. Crack up at how loud your fart sounds in the shower.
9. Wash your privates and surrounding area.
10. Wash your ass, leaving hair on the soap bar.
11. Shampoo your hair. (do not use conditioner).
12. Make a shampoo Mohawk.
13. Pull back shower curtain and look at yourself in the mirror.
14. Rinse off and get out of the shower. Fail to notice water on the floor because you left the curtain hanging out of the tub when you checked your Mohawk.
15. Partial dry off.
16. Look at yourself in the mirror, flex muscles. Admire wiener size.
17. Leave shower curtain open and wet bath mat on the floor.
18. Leave bathroom fan and light on.
19. Return to the bedroom with towel around your waist. If you pass your girlfriend/wife, pull off the towel, grab your wiener, go "Yeah baby" and thrust your pelvis at her.
20. Throw wet towel on the bed. Take 2 minutes to get dressed.

And Vania adds: My only problem with the above listing for men is this: The man has to do the entire shower bit with cold water because the wife drained the entire city's water supply for hot water!

Eleven Tips on Getting More Efficiency Out of Women Employees

PLEASE NOTE THAT THIS WAS WRITTEN IN 1943!!

The following is an excerpt from the July 1943 issue of Transportation Magazine. This was serious and written for male supervisors of women in the work force during World War II, a mere 56 years ago! Obviously, the intent was not to be funny, but by today's standards, this is hilarious! For you women with efficiency issues, pay attention to #8.

There's no longer any question whether transit companies should hire women for jobs formerly held by men. The draft and manpower shortage has settled that point. The important things now are to select the most efficient women available and how to use them to the best advantage. Here are eleven helpful tips on the subject from Western Properties:

1. Pick young married women. They usually have more of a sense of responsibility than their unmarried sisters, they're less likely to be flirtatious, they need the work or they wouldn't be doing it, they still have the pep and interest to work hard and to deal with the public efficiently.
2. When you have to use older women, try to get ones who have worked outside the home at some time in their lives. Older women who have never contacted the public have a hard time adapting themselves and are inclined to be cantankerous

and fussy. It's always well to impress upon older women the importance of friendliness and courtesy.

3. General experience indicates that "husky" girls, those who are just a little on the heavy side, are more even tempered and efficient than their underweight sisters.
4. Retain a physician to give each woman you hire a special physical examination, one covering female conditions. This step not only protects the property against the possibilities of lawsuit, but reveals whether the employee-to-be has any female weaknesses which would make her mentally or physically unfit for the job.
5. Stress at the outset the importance of time: The fact that a minute or two lost here and there makes serious inroads on schedules. Until this point is gotten across, service is likely to be slowed up.
6. Give the female employee a definite day long schedule of duties so that they'll keep busy without bothering the management for instructions every few minutes. Numerous properties say that women make excellent workers when they have their jobs cut out for them, but that they lack initiative in finding work themselves.
7. Whenever possible, let the inside employee change from one job to another at some time during the day. Women are inclined to be less nervous and happier with change.
8. Give every girl an adequate number of rest periods during the day. You have to make some allowances for feminine psychology. A girl has more confidence and is more efficient if she can keep her hair tidied, apply fresh lipstick and wash her hands several times a day.
9. Be tactful when issuing instructions or in making criticisms. Women are often sensitive; they can't shrug off harsh words the way men do. Never ridicule a woman... It breaks her spirit and cuts off her efficiency.
10. Be reasonably considerate about using strong language around women. Even though a girl's husband or father may swear vociferously, she'll grow to dislike a place of business where she hears too much of this.
11. Get enough size variety in operator's uniforms so that each girl can have a proper fit. This point can't be stressed too much in keeping women happy.

Q & A...

1. Q: What's the difference between a girlfriend and a wife? A: 45 pounds.
2. Q: What's the difference between a boyfriend and a husband? A: 45 minutes.
3. Q: What is it when a man talks nasty to a woman? A: Sexual harassment.
4. Q: What is it when a woman talks nasty to a man? A: \$3.99 a minute.
5. Q: How can you tell if your wife is dead? A: The sex is the same but the dishes pile up.

6. Q: How can you tell if your husband is dead? A: The sex is the same but you get the remote.
7. Q: What's it called when a woman is paralyzed from the waist down? A: Marriage.
8. Q: If your wife keeps coming out of the kitchen to nag you, what have you done wrong? A: Made her chain too long.
9. Q: How many men does it take to change a light bulb? A: None, they just sit there in the dark and complain.
10. Q: What's the fastest way to a man's heart? A: Through his chest with a sharp knife.
11. Q: Why are men and parking spaces alike? A: Because all the good ones are gone and the only ones left are disabled.
12. Q: What have men and floor tiles got in common? A: If you lay them properly the first time, you can walk all over them for life.
13. Q: What is the difference between a man and a catfish? A: One is a bottom-feeding scum-sucker and the other is a fish.
14. Q: Why do men want to marry virgins? A: They can't stand criticism.
15. Q: Why is it so hard for women to find men that are sensitive, caring, and good-looking? A: Because those men already have boyfriends.
16. Q: What is a man's view of safe sex? A: A padded headboard.
17. Q: How do men sort their laundry? A: Filthy and Filthy but Wearable.
18. Q: Why were men given larger brains than dogs? A: So they wouldn't hump women's legs at cocktail parties.
19. Q: Do you know why women fake orgasm? A: Because men fake foreplay.
20. Q: What's the difference between a new husband and a new dog? A: After a year, the dog is still excited to see you.
21. Q: What makes men chase women they have no intention of marrying? A: The same urge that makes dogs chase cars they have no intention of driving.
22. Q: What is the biggest problem for an atheist? A: No one to talk to during orgasm.
23. Q: What do you call a smart blonde? A: A golden retriever.
24. Q: What do you call an Amish guy with his hand up a horse's ass? A: A mechanic!
25. Q: Who is the most popular guy at the nudist colony? A: The guy who can carry a cup of coffee in each hand and a dozen donuts.
26. Q: Who is the most popular girl at the nudist colony? A: She is the one who can eat the last donut!
27. Q: Why does the bride always wear white? A: Because it is good for the dishwasher to match the stove and refrigerator.
28. Q: What is the difference between a battery and a woman? A: A battery has a positive side.
29. Q: A brunette, a blonde, and a redhead are all in fifth grade. Who has the biggest tits? A: The blonde, because she should be in tenth grade.
30. Q: Do you know the punishment for bigamy? A: Two mothers-in-law!
31. Q: What's the difference between a porcupine and a BMW? A: The porcupine has pricks on the outside.
32. Q: Why did God create alcohol? A: So ugly people have a chance to have sex.

33. Q: What's the definition of mixed emotions? A: When you see your mother-in-law backing off a cliff in your new car.
34. Q: What do you call a lawyer with an IQ of 50? A: Your Honor.
35. Q: Moms have Mother's Day, fathers have Father's Day. What do single guys have? A: Palm Sunday.
36. Q: Why does Mike Tyson cry during sex? A: Mace will do that to you.

Women and Cars

I was riding to work yesterday when I observed a female driver cut right in front of a pickup truck causing him to have to drive on to the shoulder. This evidently pissed the driver off enough that he hung his head out his window and flipped the woman off.

"Man, that guy is stupid" I thought to myself. I ALWAYS smile nicely and wave in a sheepish manner whenever a female does anything to me in traffic and here's why:

I drive 38 miles each way every day to work, that's 76 miles. Of these, 16 miles each way is bumper-to-bumper. Most of the bumper-to-bumper is on an 8-lane highway so if you just look at the 7 lanes I am not in, that means I pass something like a new car every 40 feet per lane. That's 7 cars every 40 feet for 32 miles. That works out to be 982 cars every mile, or 31,424 cars.

Even though the rest of the 34 miles is not bumper to bumper. I figure I pass at least another 4000 cars. That brings the number to something like 36,000 cars I pass every day. Statistically half of these are driven by females, that's 18,000.

In any given group of females 1 in 28 are having the worst day of their period. That's 642. According to Cosmopolitan, 70% describe their love life as dissatisfying or unrewarding, that's 449. According to the National Institutes of Health, 22% of all females have seriously considered suicide or homicide, that's 98. And 34% describe men as their biggest problem, that's 33.

According to the National Rifle Association 5% of all females carry weapons and this number is increasing. That means that EVERY SINGLE DAY, I drive past at least one female that has a lousy love life, thinks men are her biggest problem, has seriously considered suicide or homicide, is having the worst day of her period, and is armed.

No matter what she does in traffic, I wouldn't DREAM of flipping her off.

Dinner Out

A husband and wife were having dinner at a very fine restaurant when this absolutely stunning young woman comes over to their table, gives the husband a big open mouthed kiss, then says she'll see him later and walks away.

The wife glares at her husband and says, "Who was THAT?"

"Oh," replies the husband, "she's my mistress."

"Well, that's the last straw," says the wife. "I've had enough, I want a divorce!"

"I can understand that," replies her husband, "but remember, if we get a divorce it will mean no more shopping trips to Paris, no more wintering in Barbados, no more summers in Tuscany, no more Infiniti or Lexus in the garage and no more yacht club. But the decision is, of course, yours."

Just then, a mutual friend enters the restaurant with a gorgeous babe on his arm.

"Who's that woman with Jim?" asks the wife. "That's HIS mistress," says the husband.

After a moment she turns and smiles to him, "Ours is prettier."

Bitch

Some friends were sitting at the bar talking about their professions. The first guy says, "I'm a Y.U.P.P.I.E, you know... Young, Urban, Professional, Peaceful; Intelligent; Ecologist"

The second guy says, "I'm a D.I.N.K, you know... Double Income, No Kids."

The third guy says, "I'm a R.U.B., you know... Rich, Urban, Biker."

They turn to the woman and ask her, "What are you?"

She replies, "I'm a WIFE, you now... Wash, Iron, F???, Etc."

A second gal answers their question before they even ask it:

"BITCH."

"So, just exactly what is a BITCH?" they ask in unison.

- B- BABE
 - I- IN
 - T- TOTAL
 - C- CONTROL of
 - H- Herself
-

Real Man Test

NOTE: "Real men" answer "C" to each of the following questions.

1. Alien beings from a highly advanced society visit the Earth, and you are the first human they encounter. As a token of intergalactic friendship, they present you with a small but incredibly sophisticated device that is capable of curing all

disease, providing an infinite supply of clean energy, wiping out hunger and poverty, and permanently eliminating oppression and violence all over the entire Earth. You decide to:

- A. Present it to the President
 - B. Present it to the Secretary General of the United Nations.
 - C. Take it apart.
2. As you grow older, what lost quality of your youthful life do you miss the most?
 - A. Innocence.
 - B. Idealism.
 - C. Going into the ladies room with your mom.
 3. When is it okay to kiss another male?
 - A. When you wish to display simple and pure affection without regard for narrow-minded social conventions.
 - B. When he is the pope (Not on the lips).
 - C. When he is your brother and you are Al Pacino and this is the only really sportsman-like way to let him know that, for business reasons, you have to have him killed.
 4. What about hugging another male?
 - A. If he's your father and at least one of you has a fatal disease.
 - B. If you're performing the Heimlich maneuver.
 - C. If you're a professional baseball player and a teammate hits a homerun to win the World Series, you may hug him provided that: (1) He is legally within the base path, (2) Both of you are wearing sufficient protection, and (3) You also pound him fraternally with your fist hard enough to cause fractures.
 5. In your opinion, the ideal pet is:
 - A. A dog.
 - B. A cat.
 - C. A dog that eats cats.
 6. You have been seeing a woman for several years. She's attractive and intelligent, and you always enjoy being with her. One leisurely Sunday afternoon the two of you are taking it easy - you're watching a football game; she's reading the papers - when she suddenly, out of the clear blue sky, tells you that she thinks she really loves you, but, she can no longer bear the uncertainty of not knowing where your relationship is going. She says she's not asking whether you want to get married; only whether you believe that you have some kind of future together. What do you say?
 - A. That you sincerely believe the two of you do have a future, but you don't want to rush it.
 - B. That although you also have strong feelings for her, you can not honestly say that you'll be ready anytime soon to make a lasting commitment, and you don't want to hurt her by holding out false hope.

- C. That you cannot believe the Jets called a draw play on third and seventeen.
7. Okay, so you have decided that you truly love a woman and you want to spend the rest of your life with her - sharing the joys and the sorrows, the world has to offer, come what may. How do you tell her?
- A. You take her to a nice restaurant and tell her after dinner.
 B. You take her for a walk on a moonlit beach, and you say her name, and when she turns to you, with the sea breeze blowing her hair and the stars in her eyes, you tell her.
 C. Tell her what?
8. One weekday morning your wife wakes up feeling ill and asks you to get your three children ready for school. Your first question to her is:
- A. "Do they need to eat or anything?"
 B. "They're in school already?"
 C. "There are three of them?"
9. When is it okay to throw away a set of veteran underwear?
- A. When it has turned the colour of a dead whale and developed new holes so large that you're not sure which ones were originally intended for your legs.
 B. When it is down to eight loosely connected underwear molecules and has to be handled with tweezers.
 C. It is never okay to throw away veteran underwear. A real guy checks the garbage regularly in case somebody-and we are not naming names, but this would be his wife-is quietly trying to discard his underwear, which she is frankly jealous of, because the guy seems to have a more intimate relationship with it than with her.
10. What, in your opinion, is the most reasonable explanation for the fact that Moses led the Israelites all over the place for forty years before they finally got to the Promised Land?
- A. He was being tested.
 B. He wanted them to really appreciate the Promised Land when they finally got there.
 C. He refused to ask for directions.
11. What is the human race's single greatest achievement?
- A. Democracy.
 B. Religion.
 C. Remote control.

Four-Letter Words

A young couple got married and left on their honeymoon. When they got back, the bride immediately called her mother. Her mother asked, "How was the honeymoon?"

"Oh, mama," she replied, "the honeymoon was wonderful! So romantic..."

Suddenly she burst out crying. "But, mama, as soon as we returned Sam started using the most horrible language...things I'd never heard before! I mean, all these awful 4-letter words! You've got to come get me and take me home... Please mama!"

"Sarah, Sarah," her mother said, "calm down! Tell me, what could be so awful? What 4-letter words?"

"Please don't make me tell you, mama," wept the daughter, "I'm so embarrassed they're just too awful! Come get me, please!"

"Darling, baby, you must tell me what has you so upset..."

Tell your mother these horrible 4-letter words!"

Still sobbing, the bride said, "Oh, mama...words like DUST, WASH, IRON, COOK...!"

Women and Men

WOMEN

Women are honest, loyal, and forgiving. They are smart, knowing that knowledge is power. But they still know how to use their softer side to make a point.

Women want to be the best for their family, their friends, and themselves. Their hearts break when a friend dies. They have sorrow at the loss of a family member, yet they are strong when they think there is no strength left.

A woman can make a romantic evening unforgettable. Women come in all sizes, in all colors and shapes.

They live in homes, apartments and cabins. They drive, fly, walk, run or e-mail you to show how much they care about you.

The heart of a woman is what makes the world spin! Women do more than just give birth. They bring joy and hope. They give compassion and ideals.

They give moral support to their family and friends.

And all they want back is a hug, a smile and for you to do the same to people you come in contact with.

MEN

Men are good at lifting heavy stuff and fixing things.

Mother's Wisdom

My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE - "If you're going to kill each other, do it outside - I just finished cleaning!"

My mother taught me RELIGION - "You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL: "If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

My mother taught me LOGIC: "Because I said so, that's why."

My mother taught me FORESIGHT - "Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

My mother taught me IRONY - "Keep laughing and I'll *give* you something to cry about."

My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS - "Shut your mouth and eat your supper!"

My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM - "Will you *look* at the dirt on the back of your neck!"

My mother taught me about STAMINA - "You'll sit there 'til all that spinach is finished."

My mother taught me about WEATHER - "It looks as if a tornado swept through your room."

My mother taught me how to solve PHYSICS PROBLEMS - "If I yelled because I saw a meteor coming toward you; would you listen then?"

My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY - "If I've told you once, I've told you a million times - Don't Exaggerate!!!"

My mother taught me THE CIRCLE OF LIFE - "I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION - "Stop acting like your father!"

My mother taught me about ENVY - "There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do!"

Another Airplane Story

The pilot announced to the passengers on the flight that the plane was having mechanical difficulties and they could only stay up in the air about 10 more minutes

before crashing. He wanted to alert the passengers so they each could make their own peace.

Immediately, a woman jumped up in the aisle, turned to face the other passengers and ripped off all of her clothes. She yelled to the others "Is there a man here that can make me feel like a real woman in just 10 minutes?" A few rows back a man stepped into the aisle, pulled off his shirt and threw it at the naked woman and yelled "iron this!"

Survey...

A recent survey was conducted to discover why men get out of bed in the middle of the night...

~ 5% said it was to get a glass of water...

~ 12% said it was to go to the toilet...

~ 83% said it was to go home

Men and Women...

One day, three men were hiking and unexpectedly came upon a large raging, violent river. They needed to get to the other side, but had no idea of how to do so.

The first man prayed to God, saying, "Please God, give me the strength to cross this river." Poof! God gave him big arms and strong legs, and he was able to swim across the river in about two hours, after almost drowning a couple of times.

Seeing this, the second man prayed to God, saying, "Please God, give me the strength and the tools to cross this river."

Poof! God gave him a rowboat and he was able to row across the river in about an hour, after almost capsizing the boat a couple of times.

The third man had seen how this worked out for the other two, so he also prayed to God saying, "Please God, give me the strength and the tools...and the intelligence... to cross this river."

And poof! God turned him into a woman. She looked at the map, hiked upstream a couple of hundred yards, then walked across the bridge.

Marriage or Jail

A woman awoke during the night to find that her husband was not in bed. She put on her robe and went downstairs. He was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in front of him. He appeared to be in deep thought, just staring at the wall. She saw him wipe a tear from his eye and take a sip of his coffee.

"What's the matter, dear?" she whispered as she stepped into the room.

"Why are you down here at this time of night?"

The husband looked up from his coffee. "Do you remember 20 years ago when we were dating, and you were only 16?" he asked.

"Yes I do" she replied.

The husband paused. The words were not coming easily. "Do you remember when your father caught us in the back seat of my car making love?"

"Yes, I remember" said the wife, lowering herself into a chair beside him.

The husband continued. "Do you remember when he shoved the shotgun in my face and said, 'Either you marry my daughter, or I'll send you to jail for 20 years?'"

"I remember that too" she replied softly.

He wiped another tear from his cheek and said, "I would have gotten out today."

Feel Like A Woman

So, this man is walking down the street and a hooker starts hitting on him.

"Go away!" he says.

"I'll do things for you that your wife will never do! She wouldn't think of doing these things..."

"OK!" he says. "What do you charge to iron shirts?"

Feel Like A Woman Again

On a recent transatlantic flight, a plane passes through a severe storm. The turbulence is awful. Suddenly one wing is struck by lightning. A woman on the plane starts to lose it. She stands up in the front of the plane screaming,

"I'm too young to die!" Then she yells, "Well, if I'm going to die, I want my last minutes to be memorable! Is there ANYONE on this plane who can make me feel like a WOMAN?"

For a moment there is silence. Everyone has forgotten their own peril. They all stare, riveted, at the desperate woman in the front of the plane.

Then a man stands up in the rear of the plane. "I can make you feel like a woman," he says. He is gorgeous, tall, built, with long, flowing black hair and jet black eyes. He starts to walk slowly up the aisle, unbuttoning his shirt... one button at a time.

No one moves.

He removes his shirt. Muscles ripple across his chest. As he reaches her, he extends the arm holding his shirt out to the trembling woman, and whispers, "Iron this."

Pre-Nuptial Agreement

A secretary for a foreign embassy was entertaining a wealthy foreign ambassador during lunch at a very expensive restaurant in uptown New York. The ambassador was so enthralled by the beauty and presence of this secretary that he asked her to marry him. The secretary was startled, but remembered that her boss told her never to insult foreign dignitaries, so she decided to let him down easy. "I'll only marry you under three conditions." "Anything, anything," said the ambassador. "First, you must buy me a 14-karat gold wedding band with a 72 carat diamond, along with a 28 inch studded matching necklace for our engagement." Without hesitation, the ambassador picked up his cellular phone, called his personal accountant, told him the instructions, and said, "Yes, yes, I buy, I buy!" The secretary thought that her first request was too easy, so she thought of a more difficult situation.

"Second, I want you to build me a 58-acre mansion in the richest part of the Poconos along with a 40 acre summer home in the sweetest vineyards of France." The ambassador picked up his phone, called his personal broker in New York, then called another broker in France, and after his quick conversation, he said, "Yes, yes, I build, I build!" The secretary was very startled, and knew she must think of a final request that would be impossible to live up to.

"Finally," she said. "I'll only marry you if you have a 10 inch penis." A sad face befell the ambassador, and he cupped his face in his hands. After weeping in his native language for a few minutes, the ambassador slowly lifted his head and said, "Ok, ok, I cut, I cut!"

The Good Wife Guide

(This is an actual extract from a Home Economics textbook printed in 1961.)

Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal ready on time for his return from work. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs.

Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal (especially his favourite dish) is part of the warm welcome needed.

Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make-up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting for him. His boring day may need a lift and one of your duties is to provide it.

Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives. Gather up school books, toys, papers, etc., and then run a dust cloth over the tables.

During the colder months of the year you should prepare and light a fire for him to unwind by. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order and it will give you a lift too. After all, catering for his comfort will provide you with immense personal satisfaction.

Minimize all noise. At the time of his arrival eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Be happy to see him. Greet him with a warm smile and show sincerity in your desire to please him.

Listen to him. You may have a dozen important things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first, remember his topics of conversation are more important than yours. Make the evening his.

Never complain if he comes home late or goes out to dinner or other places of entertainment without you. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure and his very real need to be at home and relax.

Try to make sure your home is a place of peace, order and tranquility where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.

Don't greet him with complaints and problems. Don't complain if he's late home for dinner, or even stays out all night. Count this as minor compared to what he might have gone through that day. Make him comfortable. Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or have him lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange the pillow and offer to take off his shoes.

Speak in a low, soothing and pleasant voice. Don't ask him questions about his actions or question his judgment or integrity. Remember, he is the master of the house and as such will always exercise his will with fairness and truthfulness.

Once he has had a chance to have his evening meal clear the dishes and wash up promptly. If your husband should offer to help decline his offer as he may feel obliged to repeat this offer and after a long working day he does not need the extra work.

Encourage your husband to pursue his hobbies and interests and be supportive without seeming to encroach. If you have any little hobbies yourself try not to bore him speaking of these, as women's interests are often rather trivial compared to men's.

At the end of the evening tidy the home ready for the morning and again think ahead to his breakfast needs. Your husband's breakfast is vital if he is to face the outside world in a positive fashion.

Once you have both retired to the bedroom prepare yourself for bed as promptly as possible. Whilst feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance your tired husband does not want to queue for the bathroom as he would have to do for his train. But remember to look your best when going to bed. Try to achieve a look that is welcoming without being obvious. If you need to apply face-cream or hair-rollers wait until he is asleep as this can be shocking to a man last thing at night.

When it comes to the possibility of intimate relations with your husband it is important to remember your marriage vows and in particular your commitment to obey him. If he feels that he needs to sleep immediately then so be it.

In all things be led by your husband's wishes, do not pressure him in any way to stimulate intimacy.

Should your husband suggest congress then accede humbly all the while being mindful that a man's satisfaction is more important than a woman's. When he reaches his moment of fulfillment a small moan from yourself is encouraging to him and quite sufficient to indicate any enjoyment that you may have had.

Should your husband suggest any of the more unusual practices be obedient and uncomplaining but register any reluctance by remaining silent. It is likely that your husband will then fall promptly asleep so adjust your clothing, freshen up and apply your night time face and hair care products. You may then set the alarm so that you can arise shortly before him in the morning. This will enable you to have his morning cup of tea ready when he awakes.

Priceless...

This is a true story about a recent wedding that took place at Clemson University:

It was a huge wedding with about 300 guests. After the wedding, during the reception, the groom got up on stage at the microphone to talk to the crowd.

He said that he wanted to thank everyone for coming, many from long distances, to support them at their wedding. He especially wanted to thank the Bride's and Groom's families for coming and to thank his new father-in-law for providing such a fabulous reception. To thank everyone for coming and bringing gifts and everything, he said he wanted to give everyone a special gift from just himself.

So taped to the bottom of everyone's chair was a manila envelope, including the wedding party. He said that this was his gift to everyone, and told everyone to open the envelopes.

Inside each manila envelope was an 8 X 10 picture of his best man having sex with the bride. He had gotten suspicious of the two of them and hired a private detective to trail them weeks prior to the wedding.

After he stood there and watched the people's reactions for a couple of minutes, he turned to the best man and said, "F--- You!" He turned to his bride and said, "F--- You!" and then he turned to the dumbfounded crowd and said, "I'm out of here."

He had the marriage annulled first thing that Monday morning.

While most of us would have broken off the engagement immediately after finding out about the affair, this guy goes through with it anyway, as if nothing was wrong.

His revenge: Making the bride's parents pay over \$32,000 for 300 guests for a wedding and reception. Letting everyone know exactly what did happen.

And best of all, trashing the bride's and best man's reputations in front of all of their friends and their entire families.

This guy has balls the size of church bells.

Do you think we might see one of those MasterCard "Priceless" commercials out of this?

Elegant wedding for 300 family and guest \$32,000

Photographers for the wedding \$3,000

Deluxe Honeymoon accommodations in Maui for 2 weeks \$8,500

The look on everyone's faces after seeing a photo of the Bride and the Best Man having sex... PRICELESS!

My Life Story...

When I was 14, I hoped that one day I would have a girlfriend.

When I was 16, I got a girlfriend, but there was no passion. So I decided I needed a passionate girl with a zest for life. In college I dated a passionate girl, but she was too emotional. Everything was an emergency, she was a drama queen, cried all the time and threatened suicide. So I decided I needed a girl with stability.

When I was 25, I found a very stable girl but she was boring. She was totally predictable and never got excited about anything. Life became so dull that I decided I needed a girl with some excitement.

When I was 28, I found an exciting girl, but I couldn't keep up with her. She rushed from one thing to another, never settling on anything. She did mad impetuous things and flirted with everyone she met. She made me miserable as often as happy. She was great fun initially and very energetic, but directionless. So I decided to find a girl with some ambition.

When I turned 31, I found a smart ambitious girl with her feet planted firmly on the ground and married her. She was so ambitious that she divorced me and took everything I owned.

I am now over 40 and just looking for a girl with very big tits.

The Bullfrog

A woman went into a store to buy her husband a pet for his birthday. After looking around, she found that all the pets were very expensive. She told the clerk she wanted to buy a pet, but she didn't want to spend a fortune.

"Well", said the clerk, "I have a very large bullfrog -- they say it's been trained to do blowjobs."

"Blowjobs?" the woman replied.

"It hasn't been proven, but we've sold 30 of them this month", he said. The woman thought it would be a great gag gift and what if it's true... no more blowjobs for her!

She bought the frog. When she explained froggy's ability to her husband, he was extremely skeptical and laughed it off. The woman went to bed happy, thinking she may never need to perform this less than riveting act again.

In the middle of the night, she was awakened by the noise of pots and pans flying everywhere, making hellacious banging and crashing sounds.

She ran downstairs to the kitchen, only to find her husband and the Frog reading cookbooks. "What are you two doing at this hour?" she asked. The husband replied, "If I can teach this frog to cook, your ass is outta here."

Butlers Nite Off

A wealthy couple had planned to go out for the evening. The woman of the house decided to give their butler, Jerves, the rest of the night off. She said they would be home very late, and that he should just enjoy his evening.

As it turned out, however, the wife wasn't having a good time at the party, so she came home early, alone. Her husband had to stay there, as several of his important clients were there.

As the woman walked into her house, she saw Jerves sitting by himself in the dining room. She called for him to follow her, and led him into the master bedroom. She then closed and locked the door.

She looked at him and smiled. "Jerves," she said. "Take off my dress." He did this carefully. "Jerves," she continued, "Take off my stockings and garter." He silently

obeyed her. "Jerves," she then said, "Remove my bra and panties." As he did this, the tension continued to mount.

She looked at him and then said, "Jerves, if I ever catch you wearing my clothes again, you're fired!"

Man Jokes

How many men does it take to open a beer?

None. It should be opened by the time she brings it.

Why is a Laundromat a really bad place to pick up a woman?

Because a woman who can't even afford a washing machine will never be able to support you.

Why do women have smaller feet than men?

So they can stand closer to the sink.

How do you fix a woman's watch?

You don't! There's a clock on the oven.

How do you know when a woman's about to say something smart?

When she starts her sentence with "A man once told me..."

All wives are alike, but they have different faces so you can tell them apart.

What's worse than a Male Chauvinist Pig?

A woman that won't do what she's told.

Scientists have discovered a food that diminishes a woman's sex drive by 90%...
Wedding cake!

The MasterCard Commercial All Men Are Waiting For:

Cover charge: \$15.00

Round of drinks: \$23.00

Table dance: \$30.00

Another round of drinks: \$23.00

Couch dance and tips: \$50.00

A round of shots: \$34.00

Private dance in your hotel room: \$300.00

Send her on her way and never have to hear her complain: PRICELESS!

1234...

After a few years of married life, this guy finds that he is unable to perform anymore. He goes to his doctor, and his doctor tries a few things but nothing works.

Finally the doctor says to him "this is all in your mind", and refers him to a psychiatrist. After a few visits to the shrink, the shrink confesses: "I am at a loss as to how you could possibly be cured."

Finally the psychiatrist refers him to a witch doctor.

The witch doctor tells, "I can cure this", and throws some powder on a flame, and there is a flash with billowing blue smoke...

The witch doctor says "This is powerful healing but you can only use it once a year! All you have to do is say '123' and it shall rise for as long as you wish!"

The guy then asks the witch doctor, "What happens when it's over?"

The witch doctor says, "all you have to say is '1234' and it will go down. But be warned it will not work again for a year!"

The guy goes home and that night he is ready to surprise his wife with the good news... So, he is lying in bed with her and says "123" and suddenly he becomes aroused.

His wife turns over and says, "What did you say '123' for?"

Florida Vacation

Consider the case of the Illinois man who left the snow-filled streets of Chicago for a vacation in Florida. His wife was on a business trip and was planning to meet him there the next day. When he reached his hotel, he decided to send his wife a quick e-mail. Unable to find the scrap of paper on which he had written her e-mail address, he did his best to type it in from memory. Unfortunately, he missed one letter and his note was directed instead to an elderly preacher's wife, whose husband had passed away only the day before. When the grieving widow checked her e-mail, she took one look at the monitor, let out a piercing scream, and fell to the floor in a dead faint. At the sound, her family rushed into the room and saw this note on the screen:

Dearest Wife,

Just got checked in. Everything prepared for your arrival tomorrow.

Your Loving Husband

PS. Sure is HOT down here.

Marriages

If Olivia Newton-John married Wayne Newton, then divorced him to marry Elton John, she'd be Olivia Newton-John Newton John.

If Olivia Newton-John married Boutros-Boutros Ghali, then divorced him to marry Kenny G., she could go by Olivia Newton-John Ghali G., or she could shorten it to O. Ghali G. or just O. G.

If Yoko Ono married Sonny Bono, she'd be Yoko Ono Bono.

If Bea Arthur married Sting, she'd be Bea Sting.

If Cat Stevens married Snoop Doggy Dogg (hey! it's the '90's!) he'd be Cat Doggy Dogg. Or if Snoop Doggy Dogg married Winnie the Pooh, he'd be Snoop Doggy Dogg Pooh.

If Sondra Locke married Elliott Ness, then divorced him to marry Herman Munster, she'd become Sondra Locke Ness Munster.

If Liv Ullman married Judge Lance Ito, then divorced him and married Jerry Mathers, she might go by Liv Ito Beaver.

If Javier Lopez married Keiko the whale, and Edith Piaf married Rose Tu the elephant, they would be Javier Keiko and Edith Tu.

If Ivana Trump married, in succession, Orson Bean (actor), King Oscar (of Norway), Louis B. Mayer (of MGM), and Norbert Wiener (mathematician), she would then be Ivana Bean Oscar Mayer Wiener.

Embarrassing Moments

The following are the first three winners of a Most Embarrassing Moment's Contest in New Woman Magazine.

"It was Christmas Eve, and I was on my feet all day working behind the cosmetics counter. I decided I would find a place to sit for a moment. I spied a tall plastic trashcan and plopped down, resting my feet on a cardboard box. I allowed my body to ease into the can. About that time a few customers came to the register to check out, but I couldn't get out of the trashcan. I was stuck; I couldn't believe it. The customers came around the counter to help me - some pulled my arms while others held the can. Then my manager came to the counter, wanting to know what was going on. He said he was going to call the fire department, who blasted in with sirens and lights. My hips had created a vacuum, so they had to cut me out of the trash can with a giant pair of scissors."

-Linda Evans; Winter Park, Florida

"While in line at the bank one afternoon, my toddler decided to release some pent-up energy and ran amok. I was finally able to grab hold of her after receiving looks of disgust and annoyance from other patrons. I told her that if she did not start behaving right NOW, she would be punished. To my horror, she looked me in the eye and said in a voice just as threatening, 'If you don't let me go right NOW, I will tell Grandma that I saw you kissing Daddy's pee-pee last night!' "The silence was deafening after this enlightening exchange. Even the tellers stopped what they were doing! I mustered up the last of my dignity and walked out of the bank with my daughter in tow. The last thing I heard when the door closed behind me were screams of laughter"

-Amy Richardson; Stafford, Virginia

"It was the day before my eighteenth birthday. I was living at home, but my parents had gone out for the evening, so I invited my girlfriend over for a romantic night alone. As we lay in bed after making love, we heard the telephone ring downstairs. I suggested to my girlfriend that I give her a piggyback ride to the phone. Since we didn't want to miss the call, we didn't have time to get dressed. When we got to the bottom of the stairs, the lights suddenly came on and a whole crowd of people yelled, 'SURPRISE!' My entire family - aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins, - and all my friends were standing there! My girlfriend and I were frozen in a state of shock and embarrassment for what seemed like an eternity. "Since then, no one in my family has planned a surprise party again."

-Tim Cahill; Poughkeepsie, New York

One of the funniest "most-embarrassing-moment" stories I've come upon in a long time was about a lady who picked up several items at a discount store. When she finally got up to the checker, she learned that one of her items had no price tag. Imagine her embarrassment when the checker got on the intercom and boomed out for all the store to hear, "PRICE CHECK ON LANE THIRTEEN, TAMPAX, SUPERSIZE." If that was bad enough, somebody at the rear of the store apparently misunderstood the word "Tampax" for "THUMB TACKS." In a business-like tone, a voice boomed back over the intercom. "DO YOU WANT THE KIND YOU PUSH IN WITH YOUR THUMB OR THE KIND YOU POUND IN WITH A HAMMER?"

Covering Up The Truth

Some people tend to cover up the truth when they show up in public with a black eye, broken arm, or using crutches, and then try to explain what happened. Elaborate stories are concocted, but nearly every time, the truth comes out, sometimes quite soon and sometimes years later.

One young man now confesses that several years ago he went to a family reunion with extremely red ears and had a heck of a time trying to explain how it occurred, but he never did admit they were burned.

Burned! How was the natural question. His ears had gotten burned during one of those long, lazy weekends of nothing but football watching & beer drinking. "I was deeply engrossed in the game, and my wife was ironing nearby. She left the room,

leaving the iron near the telephone. The phone rang. Keeping my eyes glued to the TV set, I grabbed the hot iron and put it to my ear, thinking it was the phone. So how did both ears get burned? "I hadn't anymore than hung up when the man called back."

Then there was the young couple who had a terrific argument one morning before leaving for work. The wife couldn't get her dress zipped up in back, so she backed up to her husband and motioned to her zipper. I'll show you zipping, he thought, and brusquely whipped it up & down until it broke. He had to cut her out of her favorite dress, which didn't make her any happier with him.

They went their separate ways to work both boiling mad. The wife did a slow burn all day. When she got home that evening, she walked through the garage and saw her husband under the car fixing something, with his legs sticking out. She decided her moment for revenge had come. She leaned over, grabbed his pants zipper, & whipped it up & down. She then walked into the kitchen where she found her husband standing. Sheepishly, she asked him who was under their car and was told it was a neighbor who had come over to help work on the car.

The acutely embarrassed wife asked her husband to help explain to the neighbor and they returned to the garage. When they asked the neighbor to come out from under the car, he didn't respond. When they dragged him out, he was unconscious and

bleeding from slamming his head into the underside of the car when he got zipped by surprise.

Our story is not complete without telling of a man who could not give a convincing explanation about his broken arm. He kept muttering about trying to stick his arm through his car window that he thought was down.

That's the public version. In private he confesses that it happened when his wife brought some potted plants inside that had been out on the patio all day. A garter snake had hidden in one of the pots and later slithered out across the floor where the wife had spotted it. "I was in the bathtub when I heard her scream," he related. "I thought she was being murdered, so I jumped out to go help her & didn't even grab a towel. When I ran into the living room, she yelled that a snake was under the couch. I got down on my hands & knees to look for it, and my dog came up behind me and cold-nosed me. I guess I thought it was the snake and I fainted. My wife thought I'd had a heart attack and called for an ambulance. I was still groggy when it arrived, so the medics lifted me onto a stretcher. When they were carrying me out, the snake came out from under the couch and frightened one of the medics. He dropped his end of the stretcher, and that's when I broke my arm.

CHAPTER 8: The Birds and the Bees

First Date

This just tells you how hard it is to be single nowadays... This was on the Tonight Show with Jay Leno on September 7, 1999. Jay went into the audience to find the most embarrassing first date that a woman ever had. The winner described her worst first date experience. There was absolutely no question as to why her tale took the prize!

She said it was midwinter... snowing and quite cold... and the guy had taken her skiing. It was a day trip (no overnight). They were strangers, after all, and truly had never met before. The outing was fun but relatively uneventful until they were headed home late that afternoon.

They were driving back down the mountain when she gradually began to realize that she should not have had that extra latte. They were about an hour away from anywhere with a restroom and in the middle of nowhere.

Her companion suggested she try to hold it, which she did for a while. Unfortunately, because of the heavy snow and slow going, there came a point where she told him that he had better stop and let her pee beside the road, or it would be the front seat of his car.

They stopped and she quickly crawled out beside the car, yanked her pants down and started. Unfortunately, in the deep snow she didn't have good footing, so she let her butt rest against the rear fender to steady herself. Her companion stood on the other side of the car watching for traffic and indeed was a real gentleman and refrained from peeking.

All she could think about was the relief she felt despite the rather embarrassing nature of the situation. Upon finishing however, she soon became aware of another sensation. As she bent to pull up her pants, the young lady discovered her buttocks were firmly glued against the car's fender.

Thoughts of tongues frozen to pump handles immediately came to mind as she attempted to disengage her flesh from the icy metal. It was quickly apparent that she had a brand new problem due to the extreme cold.

Horrified by her plight and yet aware of the humor she answered her date's concerns about "what was taking so long" with a reply that indeed, she was "freezing her butt off and needed some assistance!"

He came around the car as she tried to cover herself with her sweater and then, as she looked imploringly into his eyes, he burst out laughing.

She too, got the giggles and when they finally managed to compose themselves, they assessed her dilemma. Obviously, as hysterical as the situation was, they also were faced with a real problem. Both agreed it would take something hot to free her chilly cheeks from the grip of the icy metal.

Thinking about what had gotten her into the predicament in the first place, both quickly realized that there was only one way to get her free so, as she looked the other way, her first time date proceeded to unzip his pants and pee her butt off the fender.

Rescue accomplished, they returned to the car although for the remainder of the trip home there wasn't much conversation and apparently, despite their "intimate encounter," the two did not see one another again.

As for the Tonight Show...she took the prize hands down... or perhaps that should be "pants down." And you thought your first date was embarrassing...

A whole new definition of being "pissed off."

A Little More Tail?

A man is in his front yard attempting to fly a kite with his son.

Every time the kite gets up into the air, it comes crashing down.

This goes on for a while when his wife sticks her head out of the front door and yells, "You need more tail."

The father turns to his son and says, "Son, I'll never understand your mother. I told her yesterday I needed more tail and she told me to 'go fly a kite!'"

Lingerie

A woman wanted to put new life into her sex life so she decided to surprise her husband by buying a pair of crotch-less panties.

When her husband got home from work, he found his wife spread eagle on the floor with the panties on. "You want some of this?" she asked.

The husband replied "Hell no! Look what it did to your underwear!"

Chemistry Set

A father came home and asked where his son was. His wife replied that he was downstairs playing with his new chemistry set. The father was curious, so he wandered downstairs to see what his son was doing. As he walked down the steps, he heard a banging sound. When he got to the bottom he saw his son pounding a nail into the wall. He aid to his son, "What are you doing? I thought you were playing with your chemistry set. Why are you hammering a nail into the wall?"

His son replied, "This isn't a nail, Dad, it's a worm. I put these chemicals on it and it became as hard as a rock."

His dad thought about it for a minute and said, "I'll tell you what, Son, give me those chemicals and I'll give you a new Volkswagen."

His son quite naturally said, "Sure why not."

The next day his son went into the garage to see his new car. Parked in the garage was a brand new Mercedes. Just then his dad walked in. He asked his father where his Volkswagen was. His dad replied, "It's right there behind the Mercedes. By the way, the Mercedes is from your mother."

Needs Crutches

When Ralph first noticed that his penis was growing larger and staying erect longer, he was delighted, as was his wife. But after several weeks his penis had grown to nearly 20". Ralph became quite concerned, so he and his wife went to see a prominent urologist.

After an initial examination, the physician explained to the couple that, though rare, Ralph's condition could be cured through corrective surgery.

"How long will Ralph be on crutches?" the wife asked anxiously.

"Crutches? Why would he need crutches?" responded the surprised doctor.

"Well," said the wife coldly, "You ARE planning to lengthen Ralph's legs, aren't you?"

One Morning...

One morning, a man walked up to his wife making breakfast and pinched her on the butt and said, "If you firmed this up, we could get rid of your control top pantyhose."

While this was on the edge of intolerable, she kept silent.

The next morning, the man woke his wife with a pinch on each of her breasts and said, "You know, if you firmed these up, we could get rid of your bra."

This was beyond a silent response, so she rolled over and grabbed him by his penis. With a death grip in place, she said, "You know, if you firmed this up, we could get rid of the gardener, the postman, the pool man and your brother."

Clock Shop

There was a trucker going down the road and he saw a sign that said, "Clocks." So, he pulled over and went into the store. Once inside, he pulled down his pants and put his dick on the counter.

The woman behind the counter said, "Sir, I'm sorry, but you misread the sign. It says 'clocks' not 'cocks!' "

To that the trucker responded, "Well, put two hands and a face on it and I'll be happy!"

Explain This!

"Jane" was becoming frustrated with her husband's insistence that they have sex in the dark. Hoping to free her husband from his inhibitions, during a passionate evening, she flipped on the lamp, only to discover a cucumber in his hand.

"Is THIS what you've been using on me for the past 10 years!?!"

"Honey! Let me explain!"

"Why you sneaky bastard!" she screamed. "You impotent SOB!"

"Speaking of sneaky!" he interrupted, "Maybe you'd care to explain our 2 kids!"

Escaped Convict

A murderer, imprisoned for life, broke free after 15 years and was on the run. He broke into a house and tied up the young couple he found in the bedroom; the man to a chair on one side of the room and his wife to the bed. The helpless husband watched him get on the bed, straddle his wife and start to nuzzle her neck. His wife started to move her head violently, at which the man got up and left the room.

The husband squirmed the chair across the room to his young wife and hissed, "Darling, I saw him kissing you. He probably hasn't seen a woman in years. Please cooperate. If he wants to have sex, just go along with it and even pretend you like it. Whatever you do don't fight him or make him mad. Our lives may depend on it!"

"Darling," the wife said, spitting out her gag. "I'm so relieved you feel that way. He wasn't kissing me, he was whispering to me. He told me he thinks you're really cute and asked if we kept the Vaseline in the bathroom."

What's in the Pocket?

A businessman entered a tavern, sat down at the bar, and ordered a double martini on the rocks. After he finished the drink, he peeked inside his shirt pocket then he ordered another double martini.

After he finished that one, he again peeked inside his shirt pocket and ordered another double martini.

Finally, the bartender said, "Look, buddy, I'll bring ya' martinis all night long. But you gotta tell me why you look inside your shirt pocket before you order a refill."

The customer replied, "I'm peeking at a photo of my wife. When she starts to look good, then I know it's time to go home."

Chapter 7: Men and Women

What If?

Male human beings have built whole cultures around the idea that penis-envy is "natural" to women - though having such an unprotected organ might be said to make men more vulnerable, and the power to give birth makes womb-envy at least logical.

In short, the characteristics of the powerful, whatever they may be, are thought to be better than the characteristics of the powerless - and logic has nothing to do with it. What would happen, for instance, if suddenly, magically, men could menstruate and women could not?

The answer is clear - menstruation would become an enviable, boast-worthy, masculine event:

Men would brag about how long and how much.

Boys would mark the onset of menses, that longed-for proof of manhood, with religious ritual and stag parties.

Congress would fund a National Institute of Dysmenorrhea to help stamp out monthly discomforts.

Sanitary supplies would be federally funded and free. (Of course, some men would still pay for the prestige of commercial brands such as John Wayne Tampons, Muhammed Ali's Rope-a-dope Pads, Joe Namath Jock Shields - "For Those Light Bachelor Days," and Robert "Baretta" Blake Maxi-Pads.)

Military men, right-wing politicians, and religious fundamentalists would cite menstruation ("MENstruation") as proof that only men could serve in the army ("You have to give blood to take blood"), occupy political office ("Can women be aggressive without that steadfast cycle governed by the planet Mars?"), be priests and ministers ("how could a woman give her blood for our sins"), or rabbis ("Without the monthly loss of impurities, women remain unclean").

Male radicals, left-wing politicians, and mystics, however, would insist that women are equal, just different; and that any woman could enter their ranks if only she were willing to self-inflict a major wound every month ("You MUST give blood for the revolution"), recognize the preeminence of menstrual issues, or subordinate her selfness to all men in their Cycle of Enlightenment.

Street guys would brag ("I'm a three-pad man") or answer praise from a buddy ("Man, you are lookin' good") by giving fives and saying, Yeah, man, I'm on the rag!"

TV shows would treat the subject at length ("Happy Days": Richie and Potsie try to convince Fonzie that he is still "The Fonz," though he has missed two periods in a row). So would newspapers (SHARK SCARE THREATENS MENSTRUATING MEN. JUDGE CITES MONTHLY STRESS IN PARDONING RAPIST). And movies (Newman and Redford in "Blood Brothers")!

Men would convince women that intercourse was more pleasurable at "that time of the month." Lesbians would be said to fear blood and therefore life itself - though probably only because they needed a good menstruating man.

Of course, male intellectuals would offer the most moral and logical arguments. How could a woman master any discipline that demanded a sense of time, space, mathematics, or measurement, for instance, without that in-built gift for measuring the cycles of the moon and planets - and thus for measuring anything at all? In the rarefied fields of philosophy and religion, could women compensate for missing the rhythm of the universe? Or for their lack of symbolic death-and-resurrection every month?

Liberal males in every field would be kind: the fact that "these people" have no gift for measuring life or connecting the universe, the liberals would explain, should be punishment enough.

Germ

The newlywed couple had a habit. Everyday the young stockbroker would get home from the office at 5:30pm, kiss his beautiful wife, and immediately the two would begin tearing off each others clothes as they scrambled to the bedroom. This happened day in and day out until one day the beautiful young lady woke up with the Asian Flu. "Perhaps you can get to a doctor while I'm at work" he said to Monica. "Maybe he can give you a shot or something and you'll be better by 5:30 p.m.!" said the young stockbroker. I mean I can't miss 5:30... we've been in bed everyday at 5:30 since we've been married... 5:30 is just too important to miss. And the young lady did just that. AND the vaccine worked... It killed all but 3 germs.

The 1st germ was a complete paranoid who kept asking the 2nd germ "What are we going to do? There's vaccine everywhere... they're going to get us... I just know it! Where are you going? What will you do?" he asked.

The 2nd germ responded. "I'm not sure. I thought about the ears, but I hear everyone's been snuffed out up there. Then of course there's the tip of the nose. I don't know, maybe the fingers."

The 1st germ began to panic. "You're no help. You don't know anything! Let's go ask the 3rd germ."

With that the 2 germs set out to find the 3rd germ. After a short time the two came across the 3rd germ who was just relaxing, watching re-runs of South Park, sipping on a gin and tonic, and just plain taking it easy. "What the hell are you doing?" asked the 1st germ. "Can't you see that there's vaccine all around? We're goners, goners I tell you." The 2nd germ said, "Shut up! Let me handle this!" and began to share his ideas with the 3rd germ. "And finally", he said, "there's the toes. I've been down there before. It ain't that bad, plenty of places to hide down there. But tell me dude, how about you? What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

The 3rd germ looked uninterested. He was cool. He sipped his drink, checked his fingernails, and sat back in his chair as if not to have a worry in the world. He looked up at the two germs standing before him and said, "I don't know about you guys, but when that 5:30 pulls out, I'm going to be on it!"

The International Penis

The wives of three presidents and one prime minister are talking together about what a penis is called in their country.

The wife of Tony Blair says in England people call it a "gentleman", because it stands up when women are entering.

The wife of Boris Yeltsin says in Russia you call it a "patriot", because you never know if it will hit you on the front or back side.

The wife of Chirac says in France you call it a "curtain", because it goes down after the act.

Hillary says in the USA you call it a "rumor", because it goes from mouth to mouth.

The Crystal Ball

Schick is trying to sell a computerized crystal ball he's recently invented to a marketing executive, but the executive is very skeptical.

Schick says, "Go ahead and type a question into the crystal ball."

The executive types, "Where is my father?"

The crystal ball answers, "Your father is fishing in Michigan."

The executive says to Schick, "I knew this thing was BS. My father's been dead for twenty years."

The inventor says, "Ask the question in a different way."

The executive types in, "Where is my mother's husband?"

The computer answers, "Your mother's husband has been dead for twenty years. Your father just landed a 3 pound trout."

The Top 8 Sexual Jokes of All Time

Number 8...

A young man walked up and sat down at the bar. "What can I get you?" the bartender inquired. "I want 6 shots of Jagermeister," responded the young man. "6 shots?!? Are you celebrating something?" "Yeah, my first blowjob" the man answered. "Well, in that case, let me give you a 7th on the house."

"No offense, sir. But if 6 shots won't get rid of the taste, nothing will."

Number 7...

A businessman boarded a flight and was lucky enough to be seated next to an absolutely gorgeous woman. They exchange brief hellos and he noticed she is reading a manual about sexual statistics. He asks her about it and she replied, "This is a very interesting book about sexual statistics. It identifies that American Indians have the longest average penis and Polish men have the biggest average diameter."

By the way, my name is Jill. What's yours?" He coolly replied, "Tonto Kawalski, nice to meet you."

Number 6...

One night, as a couple laid down for bed, the husband gently tapped his wife on the shoulder and started rubbing her arm. His wife turned over and said, "I'm sorry honey, I've got a gynecologist appointment tomorrow and I want to stay fresh." Her husband, rejected, turned over and tried to sleep. A few minutes later, he rolled back over and tapped his wife again. This time he whispered in her ear, "Do you have a dentist appointment tomorrow too?"

Number 5...

Bill worked in a pickle factory. He had been employed there for a number of years when he came home one day and confess to his wife that he had a terrible compulsion. He had an urge to stick his penis into the pickle slicer. His wife suggested that he should see a sex therapist to talk about it, but Bill indicated that he'd be too embarrassed. He vowed to overcome the compulsion on his own.

One day a few weeks later, Bill came home absolutely ashen. His wife could see at once that something was seriously wrong. "What's wrong, Bill?" she asked. "Do you remember that I told you how I had this tremendous urge to put my penis into the pickle slicer?"

"Oh, Bill, you didn't."

"Yes, I did."

"My God, Bill, what happened?"

"I got fired."

"No, Bill. I mean, what happened with the pickle slicer?"

"Oh, she got fired too."

Number 4...

A man was visiting his wife in hospital where she has been in a coma for several years. On this visit he decided to rub her left breast instead of just talking to her. On doing this she let out a sigh. The man ran out and told the doctor who said that was a good sign and suggested he should try rubbing her right breast to see if there is any reaction. The husband went in and rubbed her right breast. This produced a moan from his wife.

He rushed out and told the doctor. The doctor said this was amazing and a real breakthrough. The doctor then suggested the man should go in and try oral sex, saying he would wait outside as it is a personal act and he didn't want the man to be embarrassed.

The man goes in, then came out about five minutes later, white as a sheet. He told the doctor his wife is dead.

The doctor asked what happen to which the man replied, "She choked."

Chapter 7: Men and Women

Number 3...

A guy walked into a bar with a pet alligator by his side. He put the alligator up on the bar and turned to the astonished patrons. "I'll make you a deal. I'll open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. Then the gator will close his mouth for one minute. He'll then open his mouth and I'll remove my unit unscathed. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink."

The crowd murmured their approval. The man stood up on the bar, dropped his trousers, and placed his privates in the alligator's open mouth. The gator closed his mouth as the crowd gasped. After a minute, the man grabbed a beer bottle and rapped the alligator hard on the top of its head. The gator opened his mouth and the man removed his genital, unscathed as promised. The crowd cheered and the first of his free drinks was delivered. The man stood up again and made another offer. "I'll pay anyone \$100 who's willing to give it a try." A hush fell over the crowd. After a while, a hand went up in the back of the bar.

A woman timidly spoke up, "I'll try, but you have to promise not to hit me on the head with the beer bottle."

Number 2...

A small white guy went into an elevator, when he got in he noticed a huge black dude standing next to him. The big black guy looked down upon the small white guy and said, "7 foot tall, 350 pounds, 20" dick, 3 pound left ball, 3 pound right ball, Turner Brown." The small guy fainted!

The huge black dude picked up the little white guy and brought him to, slapping his face and shaking him. He asked the small white guy, "What's wrong?" Our petite friend said, "Excuse me, but what did you say?"

The black giant looked down and repeated, "7 foot tall, 350 pounds, 20" dick, 3 pound left ball, 3 pound right ball, my name is Turner Brown"

The white guy sighed, "Oh, thank God! I thought you said 'Turn around!!'"

Number 1...

What did Bill Gates' wife say to him on their wedding night? "Now I know why you named your company Microsoft!"

Origin of Man's Sex Life

It seems that when God was making the world, he called man over and bestowed upon him twenty years of normal sex life. Man was horrified "Only twenty years of normal sex life?" But the Lord was very adamant and that was all man could have.

Then the Lord called the monkey and gave him twenty years. "But I don't need twenty years", he protested, "Ten is plenty for me." Man spoke up eagerly. "Can I have the other ten?" The monkey graciously agreed.

Then the Lord called the lion and gave him twenty years, and the lion, like the monkey wanted only ten. Again the man spoke up, "Can I have the other ten?" The lion said of course he could.

Then came the donkey and he was given twenty years-but like the others, ten was sufficient-and again man pleaded, "Can I have the other ten?"

Which explains why man has twenty years of normal sex life, plus ten years of monkeying around, ten years of lion (lyin') about it and ten years of making an ass of himself.

Preparation for Parenthood

Preparation for parenthood is not just a matter of reading books and decorating the nursery. Here are 12 simple tests for expectant parents to take to prepare themselves for the real life experience of being a mother or father.

1. Women: to prepare for maternity, put on a dressing gown and stick a beanbag chair down the front. Leave it there for 9 months. After 9 months, remove 10% of the beans.
2. Men: to prepare for paternity, go to the local drug store, tip the contents of your wallet on the counter, and tell the pharmacist to help himself. Then go to the supermarket. Arrange to have your salary paid directly to their head office. Go home. Pick up the paper and read it for the last time.
3. Before you finally go ahead and have children, find a couple who are already parents and berate them about their methods of discipline, lack of patience, appallingly low tolerance levels, and how they have allowed their children to run riot. Suggest ways in which they might improve their child's sleeping habits, toilet training, table manners, and overall behavior. Enjoy it -- it's the last time in your life that you will have all of the answers.
4. To discover how the nights feel, walk around the living room from 5pm till 10pm carrying a wet bag weighing approximately 8-12 pounds. At 10pm put the bag down, set the alarm for midnight, and go to sleep. Get up at 12am and walk around the living room again, with the bag, until 1am. Put the alarm on for 3am. As you can't go back to sleep, get up at 2am and make a drink. Go to bed at 2:45am. Get up again at 3am when the alarm goes off... Sing songs in the dark till 4am. Put the alarm on for 5am. Get up. Make breakfast. Keep this up for 5 years. Look cheerful.
5. Can you stand the mess children make? To find out, smear peanut butter onto the sofa and jam onto the curtains. Hide a fish stick behind the stereo and leave it there all summer. Stick your fingers in the flower beds then rub them on the clean walls. Cover the stains with crayons. How does that look?
6. Dressing small children is not as easy as it seems: first buy an octopus and a string bag. Attempt to put the octopus into the string bag so that none of the arms hang out. Time allowed for this -- all morning.

7. Take an egg carton. Using a pair of scissors and a can of paint, turn it into an alligator. Now take a toilet paper tube. Using only scotch tape and a piece of foil, turn it into a Christmas tree. Last, take a milk container, a ping pong ball, and an empty packet of CoCo Puffs and make an exact replica of the Eiffel Tower. Congratulations, you have just qualified for a place on the play group committee.
8. Forget the Miata and buy the mini-van. And don't think you can leave it out in the driveway spotless and shining. Family cars don't look like that. Buy a chocolate ice cream bar and put it in the glove compartment. Leave it there. Get a quarter. Stick it in the cassette player. Take a family-size bag of chocolate cookies. Mash them down the back seats. Run a garden rake along both sides of the car. There! Perfect!
9. Get ready to go out. Wait outside the toilet for half an hour. Go out the front door. Come in again. Go out. Come back in. Go out again. Walk down the front path. Walk back up it again. Walk down it again. Walk very slowly down the road for 5 minutes. Stop to inspect minutely every cigarette butt, piece of used chewing gum, dirty tissue, and dead insect along the way. Retrace your steps. Scream that you've had as much as you can stand until all of the neighbors come out and stare at you. Give up and go back in the house. You are now just about ready to try taking a small child for a walk.
10. Always repeat everything you say at least five times.
11. Go to your local supermarket. Take with you the nearest thing you can find to a pre-school child. A fully-grown goat is excellent. If you intent to have more than one child, take more than one goat. Buy your week's groceries without letting the goats out of your sight. Pay for everything the goats eat or destroy. Until you can easily accomplish this DO NOT even contemplate having children.
12. Hollow out a melon. Make a small hole in the side. Suspend it from the ceiling and swing it from side to side. Now get a bowl of soggy Fruit Loops and attempt to spoon it into the swaying melon by pretending to be an airplane. Continue until half of the Fruit Loops are gone. Tip the rest into your lap, making sure that a lot of it falls on the floor. You are now ready to feed a 12-month-old child.
13. Learn the names of every character from Barney and Friends, Sesame Street, and Power Rangers. When you find yourself singing, "I love you, you love me" at work, now! you finally qualify as a parent.

Cyber-Sex

Online computer users often engage in what is affectionately known as "Cyber-Sex." Often the fantasies typed into keyboards and shared through Internet phone lines get pretty raunchy. However, as you'll see below, one of the two cyber-surfers in the following transcript of an online chat doesn't seem to quite get the point of Cyber-Sex. Then again, maybe he does...

Wellhung: Hello, Sweetheart. What do you look like?

Sweetheart: I am wearing a red silk blouse, a miniskirt and high heels. I work out every day, I'm toned and perfect. My measurements are 36-24-36. What do you look like?

Wellhung: I'm 6'3" and about 250 pounds. I wear glasses and I have on a pair of blue sweat pants I just bought from Wal-Mart. I'm also wearing a T-shirt with a few spots of barbecue sauce on it from dinner. It's smells funny.

Sweetheart: I want you! Would you like to screw me?

Wellhung: OK

Sweetheart: We're in my bedroom. There's soft music playing on the stereo and candles on my dresser and night table. I'm looking up into your eyes, smiling. My hand works its way down to your crotch and begins to fondle you huge, swelling bulge.

Wellhung: I'm gulping, I'm beginning to sweat.

Sweetheart: I'm pulling up your shirt and kissing your chest.

Wellhung: Now I'm unbuttoning your blouse. My hands are trembling.

Sweetheart: I'm moaning softly.

Wellhung: I'm taking hold of your blouse and sliding it off slowly.

Sweetheart: I'm throwing my head back in pleasure. The cool silk slides off my warm skin. I'm rubbing your bulge faster, pulling and rubbing.

Wellhung: My hands suddenly jerks spastically and accidentally rips a hole in your blouse. I'm sorry.

Sweetheart: That's OK, it wasn't really too expensive.

Wellhung: I'll pay for it.

Sweetheart: Don't worry about it. I'm wearing a lacy black bra. My soft breasts are rising and falling, as I breathe harder and harder.

Wellhung: I'm fumbling with the clasp on your bra. I think it's stuck. Do you have any scissors?

Sweetheart: I take you hand and kiss it softly...I'm reaching back undoing the clasp. The bra slides off my body. The air caresses my breasts. My nipples are erect for you.

Wellhung: How did you do that? I'm picking up the bra and inspecting the clasp.

Chapter 7: Men and Women

Sweetheart: I'm arching my back. Oh baby. I just want to feel your tongue all over me.

Wellhung: I'm dropping the bra. Now I'm licking your, you know, breasts. They're neat!

Sweetheart: I'm running my fingers through your hair. Now I'm nibbling your ear.

Wellhung: I suddenly sneeze. Your breasts are covered with spit and phlegm.

Sweetheart: What?

Wellhung: I'm so sorry. Really.

Sweetheart: I'm wiping your phlegm off my breasts with the remains of my blouse.

Wellhung: I'm taking the sopping wet blouse from you. I drop it with a plop.

Sweetheart: OK. I'm pulling you sweat pants down and rubbing you hard tool.

Wellhung: I'm screaming like a woman. Your hands are cold! Yeeee!

Sweetheart: I'm pulling up my miniskirt. Take of my panties!

Wellhung: I'm pulling off your panties. My tongue is going all over, in and out nibbling on you... ummm... wait a minute.

Sweetheart: What's the matter?

Wellhung: I've got a pubic hair caught in my throat. I'm choking!

Sweetheart: Are you OK?

Wellhung: I'm having a coughing fit! I'm turning all red.

Sweetheart: Can I help?

Wellhung: I'm running to the kitchen, choking wildly. I'm fumbling through the cabinets, looking for a cup. Where do you keep your cups?

Sweetheart: In the cabinet to the right of the sink.

Wellhung: I'm drinking a cup of water. There, that's better.

Sweetheart: Come back to me lover.

Wellhung: I'm washing the cup now.

Sweetheart: I'm on the bed arching for you.

Wellhung: I'm drying the cup. Now I'm putting it back in the cabinet. And now I'm walking back to the bedroom. Wait, it's dark, I'm lost. Where's the bedroom?

Sweetheart: Last door on the left at the end of the hall.

Wellhung: I found it.

Sweetheart: I'm tuggin' off your pants. I'm moaning. I want you so badly.

Wellhung: Me too.

Sweetheart: Your pants are off. I kiss you passionately our naked bodies pressing each other.

Wellhung: Your face is pushing my glasses into my face. It hurts.

Sweetheart: Why don't you take off your glasses?

Wellhung: OK, but I can't see very well without them. I place the glasses on the night table.

Sweetheart: I'm bending over the bed. Give it to me, baby!

Wellhung: I have to pee. I'm fumbling my way blindly across the room and toward the bathroom.

Sweetheart: Hurry back, lover!

Wellhung: I find the bathroom and it's dark. I'm feeling around for the toilet. I lift the lid.

Sweetheart: I'm waiting eagerly for your return.

Wellhung: I'm done going. I'm feeling around for the flush handle, but I can't find it. Uh-oh!

Sweetheart: What's the matter now?

Wellhung: I've realized that I've peed into your laundry hamper. Sorry again. I'm walking back to the bedroom now, blindly feeling my way.

Sweetheart: Mmm, yes. Come on.

Wellhung: OK, now I'm going to put my... you know... thing... in your... you know... woman's thing.

Sweetheart: Yes! Do it, baby! Do it!

Wellhung: I'm touching your smooth butt. It feels so nice. I kiss your neck. Umm, I'm having a little trouble here.

Sweetheart: I'm moving my ass back and forth, moaning. I can't stand it another second! Slide in! Screw my now!

Wellhung: I'm flaccid.

Sweetheart: What?

Wellhung: I'm limp. I can't sustain an erection.

Sweetheart: I'm standing up and turning around, an incredulous look on my face.

Wellhung: I'm shrugging with a sad look on my face, my wiener is all floppy. I'm going to get my glasses and see what's wrong.

Sweetheart: No, never mind. I'm getting dressed. I'm putting on my underwear. Now I'm putting on my wet nasty blouse.

Wellhung: No wait! Now I'm squinting, trying to find the night table. I'm feeling along the dresser, knocking over cans of hair spray, picture frames and your candles.

Sweetheart: I'm buttoning my blouse. Now I'm putting on my shoes.

Wellhung: I've found my glasses. I'm putting them on. My God! One of our candles fell on the curtain. The curtain is on fire! I'm pointing at it, a shocked look on my face.

Sweetheart: Go to hell! I'm logging off, you loser!

Wellhung: Now the carpet is on fire! Oh nooooo!

Sweetheart: <logged off>

Bedroom Golf Rules

1. Each player shall furnish his own equipment for play - normally one club and two balls.
2. Play on a course must be approved by owner of the hole.
3. Unlike outdoor golf, the object is to get the club in the hole and keep the balls out.
4. For most effective play, the club should have a firm shaft. Course owners are permitted to check stiffness before play begins.
5. Course owners have the right to restrict the length of the club to avoid damage to the hole.
6. The object of the game is to take as many strokes as necessary until the course owner is satisfied that play is complete. Failure to do so may result in being denied permission to play the course again.

7. It is considered bad form to begin playing the hole immediately upon arrival at the course. The experienced player will normally take time to admire the course, with special attention to the well-formed bunkers.
8. Players are cautioned not to mention other courses they have played, or are currently playing, to the owner of the course being played. Upset course owners have been known to damage players equipment for this reason.
9. Players are encouraged to have proper "rain gear" along, just in case.
10. Players should assure themselves that the match has been properly scheduled, particularly when a new course is being played for the first time. Previous players are known to be irate if they discover someone else playing what they consider to be a private course.
11. Players should not assume a course is in shape to play at all times. Some players may be embarrassed if they find the course to be temporarily under repair. Players are advised to be extremely tactful in this situation; more advanced players will find alternative means of play when this is the case.
12. Players are advised to obtain the course owners permission before attempting to play the back nine.
13. Slow play is encouraged; however, players should be prepared to proceed at a quicker pace at the course owner's request.
14. It is considered outstanding performance, time permitting, to play the same hole several times in one match.
15. The course owner will be the sole judge as to who is the best player.
16. Players are advised to think twice before considering membership at a given course. Additional assessments may be levied by the course owner and rules are subject to change without notice. For this reason, many players prefer playing several different courses, skipping actual membership and it's associated costs.
17. A perfect par is 69!

A Day at the Races

Horses in the race are:

1. Passionate Lady
6. Clean Sheets
2. Bare Belly
7. Thighs
3. Silk Panties
8. Big Johnson
4. Conscience
9. Heavy Bosom
5. Jockey Shorts
10. Merry Cherry

At the Post

They're off! Conscience is left behind at the post. Jockey Shorts and Silk Panties are off in a hurry. Heavy Bosom is being pressured. Passionate lady is caught between Thighs and Big Johnson in a very tight spot.

At the Halfway Mark

Chapter 7: Men and Women

It's Bare Belly on top. Thighs opens up and Big Johnson is pressed in. Heavy Bosom is being pushed hard against Clean Sheets.

Passionate Lady and Thighs are working hard on Bare Belly. Bare Belly is under terrific pressure from Big Johnson.

At The Stretch

Merry Cherry cracks under the strain. Big Johnson is making a final drive. Passionate Lady is coming.

At The Finish

Its Big Johnson giving everything he's got and Passionate Lady takes everything Big Johnson has to offer. It looks like a dead heat but Big Johnson squirts through and wins by a head. Heavy Bosom weakens and Thighs pull-up. Clean Sheets never had a chance...

Armageddon!

"In retrospect, lighting the match was my big mistake. But I was only trying to retrieve the gerbil," Eric Tomaszewski told bemused doctors in the Severe Burns Unit of Salt Lake City Hospital. Tomaszewski, and his homosexual partner Andrew "Kiki" Farnum, had been admitted for emergency treatment after a felching session had gone seriously wrong.

"I pushed a cardboard tube up his rectum and slipped Raggot, our gerbil, in," he explained. "As usual, Kiki shouted out "Armageddon", my cue that he'd had enough. I tried to retrieve Raggot but he wouldn't come out again, so I peered into the tube and struck a match, thinking the light might attract him." At a hushed press conference, a hospital spokesman described what happened next. "The match ignited a pocket of intestinal gas and a flame shot out the tube, igniting Mr. Tomaszewski's hair and severely burning his face. It also set fire to the gerbil's fur and whiskers which in turn ignited a larger pocket of gas further up the intestine, propelling the rodent out like a cannonball."

Tomaszewski suffered second-degree burns and a broken nose from the impact of the gerbil, while Farnum suffered first and second degree burns to his anus and lower intestinal tract.

Here's A Little Halloween Boo! Boo!

A young couple was invited to a swanky masked Halloween party. The wife came down with a terrible headache and told her husband to go to the party and have a good time. Being the devoted husband, he protested, but she argued and said she was going to take some aspirin and go to bed. She told him there was no need for him to miss the fun. So he took his costume and away he went.

The wife, after sleeping soundly for one hour, awakened without pain, and as it was still early, she decided to go to the party.

Because hubby did not know what her costume was, she thought she would have some kicks watching her husband to see how he acted when she was not around.

She joined the party and soon spotted her husband cavorting around on the dance floor. He was dancing with every nice looking woman he could, and copping a feel here and taking a little kiss there.

His wife sidled up to him, and being a rather seductive woman herself, he left his partner high and dry and devoted his time to the new "action."

She let him go as far as he wished; naturally, since he was her husband. Finally he whispered a little proposition in her ear and she agreed, so off they went to one of the cars and had a little bang.

Just before unmasking at midnight, she slipped out, went home and put the costume away and got into bed, wondering what kind of explanation he would have for his notorious behavior. She was sitting up reading when he came in, and she asked him what he had done.

He said, "Oh, the same old thing. You know I never have a good time when you're not there." Then she asked, "Did you dance much?"

He replied, "I'll tell you, I never even danced one dance. When I got to the party, I met Pete, Bill and some other guys, so we went into the den and played poker all evening.

But I'll tell you... the guy that I loaned my costume to sure had one hell of a time!"

Cupcakes

There was a little girl and her mother walking through the park one day and they saw two teenagers having sex on a bench.

The little girl says, "Mommie, what are they doing?"

The mother hesitates then quickly replies "Ummm they are making cupcakes."

The next day they are at a zoo and the little girl sees two monkeys having sex.

Again she asks her mother what they are doing and her mother replies with the same response, making cupcakes.

The next day the girl says to her mother "Mommy you and daddy were making cupcakes last night."

The mother says, "How do you know?"

She says, "because I licked the frosting off of the sofa."

Condom Ads

Nike Condoms: Just do it.

Toyota Condoms: Oh what a feeling.

Diet Pepsi Condoms: You got the right one, baby.

Pringles Condoms: Once you pop, you can't stop.

Mentos Condoms: The freshmaker.

Flintstones Vitamins Condom Pack: Ten million strong and growing.

Secret Condoms: Strong enough for a man, but pH balanced for a woman.

Macintosh Condoms: It does more, it costs less, its that simple.

Ford Condoms: The best never rest.

Chevy Condoms: Like a rock.

Dial Condoms: Aren't you glad you use it? Don't you wish everybody did?

New York Lotto Condoms: Cause hey-- you never know.

California Lotto Condoms: Who's next?

Avis Condoms: Trying harder than ever.

KFC Condoms: Finger-Licking Good.

Coca Cola Condoms: Always a Real Thing.

Lays Condoms: Betcha can't have just one.

Campbell's Soup Condoms: Mmm, mmm good.

The Carl's Jr. Condom: If it doesn't get all over the place, it doesn't belong in your face...

General Electric: We bring good things to life!

AT&T condom: "Reach out and touch someone."

Bounty: The quicker picker upper.

Microsoft: Where do you want to go today?

Energizer: It keeps going and going and going...

M&M condom: "It melts in your mouth, not in your hands!"

Chevron: Use them? People do...

Taco Bell: Get some; Make a run for the border

MCI: For friends and family

Double Mint: Double your pleasure, double your fun!

The Sears latex condom: One coat is good for the entire winter

Delta Airlines travel pack: Delta's ready when you are

United Airlines travel pack: Fly United

The Star Trek Condom: To Boldly Go Where No Man Has Gone Before

The 7UP Condom: It's an up thing

Condom Shopping

A father and his son go into the grocery store where they happen upon the condom aisle. The son asks his father why there are so many different boxes of condoms.

The father replies, "Well, you see that 3 pack? That's for when you're in high school. You have 2 for Friday night and one for Saturday night."

The son then asks his father, "Well what's the 6 pack for?" The father replies, "Well that's for when you're in college. You have 2 for Friday night, 2 for Saturday night, and 2 for Sunday morning."

Then the son asks his father what the 12 pack is for. The father replies, "Well that's for when you're married. You have one for January, one for February, one for March..."

Twins

There were identical twin brothers by the name of Jones. John was married and Joe was single, but owned a small, dilapidated boat.

It happened that the same day John's wife died, Joe's boat sank. A kind old lady met Joe on the street and, mistaking him for his brother John, said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm sorry to hear of your great loss. You must feel terrible." Joe said, "Well, I'm not a bit sorry.

She was rotten from the start. Her bottom was all chewed up and she smelled of old fish from the first time I got on her. She made water faster than anything I've ever seen. She had a bad hole in the front and a big crack in the back. The hole kept getting bigger every time I used her. It got so I couldn't handle her at all."

Chapter 7: Men and Women

"When anyone else used her, she leaked all over the place. What finished her though, was four guys from the other side of town came over looking for a good time. They asked if they could use her. I rented her to them, but warned them that she wasn't too hot. They still insisted that they would like to give her a try. The result was that the crazy fools all tried to get into her at once. Well, the strain was too much for her and she cracked right down the middle."

The old lady fainted.

Jokes

Q: What do you do with 365 used rubbers?

A: Melt them down, make a tire, and call it a Goodyear.

Q: Why is air a lot like sex?

A: Because it's no big deal unless you're not getting any.

A Perforated Pecker

One day a farmer caught a traveling salesman making love to his youngest daughter. Yelling "You son of a bitch!" he shot the amorous salesman in the groin with a .12-gauge shotgun.

The screaming salesman quickly took off for town to find a doctor. He found one, but the physician took one look at the man's perforated pecker and told him that nothing could be done for him.

"Oh, please do something," begged the salesman. "I'm a rich man and can pay you anything."

"Sorry, son," said the doctor. "There's nothing I can do. However, there's a man across the street who might be able to help."

"Oh? Is he a specialist?" asked the salesman.

"No," said the doctor, "he's a piccolo player. He'll teach you how to hold it without pissing in your face."

Ask Dr. Ruth

Dear Dr Ruth,

I'm writing to tell you my problem. It seems I have been married to a sex maniac for the past 22 years. He makes love to me regardless of what I am doing; Ironing, Washing dishes, Sweeping, even doing e-mail on AOL, etc. I would like to know if there is anything that ucnn hlp m wth nd f unothel gothsl ehj fpslth fjsl;s;o{O} .lp slld mpskdli dlks; a;l d

Neighbors

Dave goes over to his best friend's house, rings the doorbell, and the wife answers.

"Hi, Nora, is Tony home?"

"No, he went to the store."

"Well, do you mind if I wait?"

"No, come on in." They both have a seat in the kitchen. "You know, Nora, you have the greatest tits I have ever seen. I'd give you a hundred bucks if I could just see one."

Nora thinks for a second and finally figures, what the hell, it's for a hundred bucks. She opens her robe and shows Dave one of her breasts.

He promptly thanks her and throws a hundred bucks on the table.

They sit there a while longer and finally Dave says, "Nora, your tits are so beautiful... I've gotta see the two of them. I'll give you another hundred bucks if I can see them both."

Nora thinks it over briefly and again figures, what the hell, a hundred bucks is a hundred bucks. She opens her robe and gives Dave a good, long look. He thanks her and then throws another hundred bucks on the table.

Another ten minutes passes by... Dave can't wait around any longer, so he leaves.

A while later, Tony arrives home and his wife says, "Your weird friend, Chris, came over this afternoon."

Replies Tony, "Did he drop off the two hundred bucks he owes me?"

The Pill

A lady goes to the doctor and complains that her husband is losing interest in sex. The doctor gives her a pill, but warns her it is still experimental and tells her to slip it into his mashed potatoes at dinner. So, that night at dinner she does put the pill in his food.

About a week later, she's back at the doctor's office. She says, "Doc, the pill worked great!! I put it in the potatoes like you said... It wasn't very long before he jumps up, rakes all the food and dishes on the floor, grabs me, rips all my clothes off, and ravages me right there on the table!"

The doctor says, "I'm sorry. We didn't realize that the pill was that strong. The foundation will be glad to pay for any damages."

"Naah..." says she says, "that's okay. We aren't going back to Denny's anyway."

Here's Something Unusual...

Cliches Come to Life: According to a doctor's experience reported in the December 1997 journal Biological Therapies in Psychiatry, a 35-year-old female patient receiving a traditional anti-depressant was switched to bupropion, supposedly just as effective but without the traditional drug's side effect of inhibiting orgasm.

"Within one week, her ability to achieve orgasm and her enjoyment of sex had returned to normal," the doctor wrote. "After six weeks, however, she experienced [spontaneously, without physical stimulation] a three-hour orgasm while shopping."

The Membership

Bob joins a very exclusive nudist colony. On his first day he takes off his clothes and starts wandering around. A gorgeous petite blonde walks by him and the man immediately gets an erection.

The woman notices his erection, comes over to him grinning sweetly and says, "Sir, did you call for me?"

Bob replies: "No, what do you mean?"

She says: "You must be new here; let me explain. It's a rule here that if I give you an erection, it implies you called for me."

Smiling, she then leads him to the side of a pool, lays down on a towel, eagerly pulls him to her and happily lets him have his way with her.

Bob continues exploring the facilities. He enters a sauna, sits down, and farts. Within a few seconds a huge, horribly corpulent, hairy man with a firm erection lumbers out of the steam towards him.

The Huge Man says: "Sir, did you call for me?"

Bob replies: "No, what do you mean?"

The Huge Man: "You must be new here; it is a rule that when you fart, it implies you called for me."

The huge man then easily spins Bob around, bends him over the bench and has his way with him.

Bob rushes back to the colony office. He is greeted by the smiling naked receptionist: "May I help you?"

Bob says: "Here is your card and key back. You can keep the \$500 joining fee."

Receptionist: "But Sir, you've only been here a couple of hours; you only saw a small fraction of our facilities..."

Bob replies: "Listen lady, I am 58 years old, I get a hard-on once a month, but I fart 15 times a day. No thanks."

Information That Changes Everything

In February, Cambridge (England) University researcher Fiona Hunter, who studied penguins' mating habits for five years, reported that some females apparently allow male strangers to mate with them in exchange for a few nest-building stones, thus providing what Hunter believes is the first observed animal prostitution. According to Dr. Hunter, all activity was done behind the back of the female's regular mate, and in a few instances, after the sex act, johns gave the females additional stones as sort of a tip.

Crossed Lines

The Smiths had no children and decided to use a proxy father to start their family. On the day the proxy father was to arrive, Mr. Smith kissed his wife and said, "I'm off. The man should be here soon."

Half an hour later, just by chance, a door-to-door baby photographer rang the doorbell, hoping to make a sale. "Good morning madam. You don't know me but I've come to..."

"Oh, no need to explain. I've been expecting you," Mrs. Smith cut in.

"Really?" the photographer asked. "Well, good! I've made a specialty of babies."

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

"Just where do we start?" asked Mrs. Smith, blushing.

"Leave everything to me. I usually try two in the bathtub, one on the couch and perhaps a couple on the bed. Sometimes the living room floor is fun too; you can really spread out."

"Bathtub, living room floor? No wonder it didn't work for Harry and me."

"Well, madam, none of us can guarantee a good one every time. But if we try several different positions and I shoot from six or seven angles, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the results."

"I hope we can get this over with quickly," gasped Mrs. Smith.

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

"Don't I know!\"", Mrs. Smith exclaimed.

Chapter 7: Men and Women

The photographer opened his briefcase and pulled out a portfolio of his baby pictures. "This was done on the top of a bus in downtown London."

"Oh my god!!", Mrs. Smith exclaimed, tugging at her handkerchief.

"And these twins turned out exceptionally well when you consider their mother was so difficult to work with." The photographer handed Mrs. Smith the picture.

"She was difficult?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. I finally had to take her to Hyde Park to get the job done right. People were crowding around four and five deep, pushing to get a good look."

"Four and five deep?" asked Mrs. Smith, eyes widened in amazement.

"Yes", the photographer said. "And for more than three hours too. The mother was constantly squealing and yelling. I could hardly concentrate."

Then darkness approached and I began to rush my shots. Finally, when the squirrels began nibbling on my equipment, I just packed it all in."

Mrs. Smith leaned forward. "You mean they actually chewed on your, eh... equipment?"

"That's right. Well madam, if you're ready, I'll set up my tripod so that we can get to work."

"Tripod??", Mrs. Smith looked extremely worried now.

"Oh yes, I have to use a tripod to rest my Canon on. It's much too big for me to hold while I'm getting ready for action."

Madam? Madam?... Good Lord, she's fainted!!"

Rare Condition

A man and woman are seated next to each other on a plane. After takeoff, the woman violently sneezes and excuses herself to go to the bathroom... so the man stands up to let her out.

She returns, and 15 minutes later she sneezes again big time, and again excuses herself to go to the bathroom.

She returns again, and immediately sneezes, excusing herself to go to the bathroom.

The man, a little tired of jumping up so often...asks her: "You keep sneezing, what's the problem?" The woman replies: "I have a rare condition...every time I sneeze I have an orgasm."

He says, "Oh... what are you taking for it?"

She says: "Pepper."

Fluffy Toys

A guy met a girl at a nightclub and she invited him back to her place for the night. She still lived with her parents, but they were out of town, so this was the perfect opportunity.

They got back to her house and they went into her bedroom. When guy walked in the door, he noticed all sorts of fluffy toys. There's hundreds of them; fluffy toys on top of the wardrobe, fluffy toys on the bookshelf and window sill - there's more on the floor, and of course fluffy toys all over the bed.

Later, after they've had sex, the guy turned to her and asked, "So, how was I?"

She replied, "Well, you can take anything from the bottom shelf."

Young Love

Little Tommy Wilson and Susie Smith are only 10 years old, but they just know that they are in love. One day they decide that they want to get married.

So Tommy goes to Susie's father to ask him for her hand. Tommy bravely walks up to him and says, Mr. Smith, Me and Susie are in love and I want to ask you for her hand in marriage."

Thinking that this was the cutest thing, Mr. Smith replies, "Well Tommy, you are only 10. Where will you two live?"

So without even taking a moment to think about it, Tommy replies "In Susie's room. It's bigger than mine and we can both fit there nicely."

Still thinking this is just adorable, Mr. Smith says with a huge grin, "Okay then how will you live? You're not old enough to get a job. You'll need to support Susie."

So again Tommy instantly replies, "Our allowance. Susie makes 5 bucks a week and I make 10 bucks a week. That's about 60 bucks a month. That should do us just fine."

By this time Mr. Smith is a little shocked that Tommy has put so much thought into this. So, he thinks for a moment trying to come up with something that Tommy won't have an answer to. After a second, Mr. Smith says, "Well Tommy, it seems like you have got everything all figured out. I just have one more question for you. What will you do if the two of you should have little ones of your own?"

Tommy just shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well, we've been lucky so far."

Country Breakfast

A little boy came down to breakfast. Since he lived on a farm, his mother asked if he had done his chores. "Not yet," said the little boy.

His mother tells him he can't have any breakfast until he does his chores. Well, he's a little pissed, so he goes to feed the chickens, and he kicks a chicken. He goes to feed the cows, and he kicks a cow. He goes to feed the pigs, and he kicks a pig.

He goes back in for breakfast and his mother gives him a bowl of dry cereal. "How come I don't get any eggs and bacon? Why don't I have any milk in my cereal?" he asks. "Well," his mother says, "I saw you kick a chicken, so you don't get any eggs. I saw you kick the pig, so you don't get any bacon, either. I also saw you kick the cow, so you aren't getting any milk this morning."

Just about then, his father comes down for breakfast, and he kicks the cat as he's walking into the kitchen. The little boy looks up at his mother with a smile, and says, "Are you going to tell him, or should I?"

A Young Couple

A policeman was patrolling a local parking spot overlooking a golf course. He drove by a car and saw a couple inside with the dome light on. There was a young man in the driver's seat reading a computer magazine and a young lady in the back seat knitting. He stopped to investigate.

He walked up to the driver's window and knocked. The young man looked up, cranked the window down, and said, "Yes, officer?"

"What are you doing?" the policeman asked.

"What does it look like?" answered the young man. "I'm reading a magazine, and waiting."

Pointing towards the young lady in the back seat, the officer then asked, "And what is she doing?"

The young man looked over his shoulder and replied, "What does it look like? She's knitting, and waiting."

"And how old are you?" the officer then asked the young man.

"I'm nineteen," he replied.

"And how old is she?" asked the officer.

The young man looked at his watch and said, "Well, in about twelve minutes she'll be eighteen."

For You Label Readers!

They have finally released the ingredients in Viagra:

2% aspirin
2% ibuprofen
1% Vitamin C
95% Fix-A-Flat

Farm Story

On a farm out in the country lived a man and a woman and their three sons. Early one morning, the woman awoke, and while looking out of the window onto the pasture, she saw that the family's only cow was lying dead in the field. The situation looked hopeless to her--how could she possibly continue to feed her family now?

In a depressed state of mind, she hung herself. When the man awoke to find his wife dead, as well as the cow, he too began to see the hopelessness of the situation, and he shot himself in the head.

Now the oldest son woke up to discover his parents dead (and the cow!), and he decided to go down to the river and drown himself. When he got to the river, he discovered a mermaid sitting on the bank. She said, "I've seen all and know the reason for your despair. But if you will have sex with me five times in a row, I will restore your parents and the cow to you." The son agreed to try, but after four times, he was simply unable to satisfy her again. So the mermaid drowned him in the river.

Next the second oldest son woke up. After discovering what had happened, he too decided to throw himself into the river. The mermaid said to him, "If you will have sex with me ten times in a row, I will make everything right." And while the son tried his best (seven times!), it was not enough to satisfy the mermaid, so she drowned him in the river.

The youngest son woke up and saw his parents dead, the dead cow in the field, and his brothers gone. He decided that life was a hopeless prospect, and he went down to the river to throw himself in. And there he also met the mermaid.

"I have seen all that has happened, and I can make everything right if you will only have sex with me fifteen times in a row." The young son replied, "Is that all? Why not twenty times in a row?" The mermaid was somewhat taken aback by this request. Then he said, "Hell, why not twenty-five times in a row?" And even as she was reluctantly agreeing to his request, he said, "Why not THIRTY times in a row?"

Finally, she said, "Enough!! Okay, if you will have sex with me thirty times in a row, then I will bring everybody back to perfect health." Then the young son asked, "Wait! How do I know that thirty times in a row won't kill you like it did the cow?"

Chapter 7: Men and Women

An Affair To Remember

A woman was having an affair during the day while her husband was at work. One day she was in bed with her boyfriend when she heard her husband's car pull in the driveway. She yelled at the boyfriend, "Hurry! Grab your clothes and jump out the window, my husband's home early!"

The boyfriend looked out the window and said, "It's raining out there!"

She said, "If my husband catches us in here, he'll kill us both!"

So the boyfriend grabs his clothes and jumps out the window. As he began running down the street, he discovered he had run right in the middle of a town marathon, so he started running along beside the others. Being naked, with his clothes tucked under his arm, he tried to "blend in" as best he could.

One of the runners asked him, "Do you always run in the nude?"

He answered, while gasping for air, "Oh yes, it feels so free having the air blow over your skin while you are running."

The next runner then asked the nude man, "Do you always run carrying your clothes on your arm?"

The nude man answered breathlessly, "Oh, yes, that way I can get dressed right at the end of the run and get in my car to go home!"

A third runner asked, "Do you always wear a condom when you run?"

Without missing a beat he replied, "Only when it's raining."

Team Spirit

A girl goes into the doctor's office for a checkup. As she takes off her blouse, he notices a red "H" on her chest. "How did you get that mark on your chest?" asks the doctor.

"Oh, my boyfriend went to Harvard and he's so proud of it that he never takes off his Harvard sweatshirt, even when we make love," she replies.

A couple of days later, another girl comes in for a checkup. As she takes off her blouse, he notices a blue "Y" on her chest. "How did you get that mark on your chest?" asks the doctor.

"Oh, my boyfriend went to Yale and he's so proud of it that he never takes off his Yale sweatshirt, even when we make love," she replies.

A couple of days later, another girl comes in for a checkup. As she takes off her blouse, he notices a green "M" on her chest. "Do you have a boyfriend at Michigan?" asks the doctor.

"No, but I have a girlfriend at Wisconsin. Why do you ask?"

Lorena Bobbitt's Sister

Lorena Bobbitt's sister was arrested last night for attempting to cause the same damage to her husband that Lorena had inflicted on her spouse.

The sister didn't hit the mark and stabbed her husband in the leg by mistake.

She has been charged with a misdeweiner.

High Birth Rates

A little town had a high birth rate that had attracted the attention of the sociologists at the state university.

They wrote a grant proposal; got a huge chunk of money; hired a few additional sociologists, an anthropologist, and a family planning and birth control specialist; moved to town; rented offices; set up their computers; got squared away; and began designing their questionnaires and such.

While the staff was busy getting ready for their big research effort, the project director decided to go to the local drugstore for a cup of coffee. He sat down at the counter, ordered his coffee, and while he was drinking it, he told the druggist what his purpose was in town, then asked him if he had any idea why the birth rate was so high.

"Sure," said the druggist. "Every morning the six o'clock train comes through here and blows for the crossing. It wakes everybody up, and ...well... it's too late to go back to sleep, and it's too early to get up..."

The Old Man

An old man was sitting on a bench at the mall. A young man walked up to the bench and sat down. He had spiked hair in all different colors: green, red, orange, blue, yellow.

The old man just stared. The young man said sarcastically, "What's the matter old timer, never done anything wild in your life?" Without batting an eye, the old man replied, "Got drunk once and had sex with a parrot. I was just wondering if you were my son."

The Worm

A little boy and his grandfather are raking leaves in the yard. The little boy sees an earthworm trying to get back into its hole. He says, "Grandpa, I bet I can put that worm back in that hole."

The grandfather replies, "I'll bet you five dollars you can't. It's too wiggly and limp to put back in that little hole."

The little boy runs into the house and comes back out with a can of hair spray. He sprays the worm until it is straight and stiff as a board. Then he stuffs the worm back into the hole. The grandfather hands the little boy five dollars, grabs the hair spray and runs into the house.

Thirty minutes later, the grandfather comes back out and hands the little boy another five dollars. The little boy says, "Grandpa, you already gave me five dollars."

The grandfather replies, "I know. That's from your grandma."

Apartment Living

Joe leased an apartment and went to the lobby to put his name on his mailbox. While there, an attractive young lady came out of the apartment next to the mailboxes wearing a robe. Joe smiled at the young woman and she started a conversation with him. As they talked, her robe slipped open, and it was obvious that she had nothing else on. Poor Joe broke out into a sweat trying to maintain eye contact. After a few minutes, she placed her hand on his arm and said, "Let's go to my apartment, I hear someone coming."

He followed her into her apartment, she closed the door and leaned against it, allowing her robe to fall off completely. Now nude, she purred at him, "What would you say is my best feature?" Flustered and embarrassed, Joe finally squeaked, "It's got to be your ears!" Astounded and a little hurt she asked, "My ears? Look at these breasts; they are full and 100% natural! I work out every day! My butt is firm and solid! Look at my skin no blemishes anywhere! How can you feel the best part of my body is my ears?"

Clearing his throat, Joe stammered, "Outside, when you said you heard someone coming... That was me!"

Spiders

A little girl was playing in the garden when she spotted two spiders mating.

"Daddy, what are those two spiders doing?" she asked.

"They're mating," her father replied.

"What do you call the spider on top, Daddy?" she asked.

"That's a daddy longlegs." her father answered.

"So, the other one is a mommy longlegs?" the little girl asked.

"No," her father replied. "Both of them are daddy longlegs,"

The little girl thought for a moment, then took her foot and stamped them flat. "Well, we're not having THAT sort of shit in our garden."

Say Goodbye To Willy

A construction worker came home just in time to find his wife in bed with another man. So he dragged the man down the stairs to the garage and put his Wet Willy in a vise. He secured it tightly and removed the handle. Then he picked up a hacksaw.

The man, terrified, screamed, "Stop! Stop! You're not going to cut it off, are you???!?"

The husband said, with a gleam of revenge in his eye, "Nope. You are. *I'm* going to set the garage on fire."

Wedding Night

John and Mary had been high school sweethearts, but they had never had sex.

"We'll have to wait until we are married," she told him.

So he waits.

They are engaged three years, and finally the big day rolls around. On their wedding night, Mary comes out of the bathroom, and says "I have some bad news. I have my period, and I don't want our first time to be all bloody!"

John says, "You're kidding!"

Mary says, "We'll just have to wait a bit longer."

Mary goes to sleep, and wakes up at 3:00 am to get a drink. On her way back to bed, she notices Johnny wide awake staring at the ceiling.

"There's no use John," she said, "You might as well go to sleep."

"I would, except my dick's so hard there's not enough skin left to close my eyes!"

Five Hundred Bucks

Two couples were playing cards one evening. One of the husbands, Jerry, accidentally dropped some cards on the floor. When he bent down under the table to pick them up, he noticed that Ray's wife Shaniqua, had her legs spread wide, and she wasn't wearing any underwear! Shocked by this, Jerry, upon trying to sit up again, hit his head on the table and emerged red-faced.

Later, Jerry went into the kitchen to get some refreshments. Shaniqua followed him and asked, "Did you see anything that you liked under the table?"

Surprised by her boldness, Jerry courageously admitted that, well, yes, he did. She said, "You can have it, but it will cost you \$500." After taking a minute or two to assess the financial and moral costs of this offer, Jerry indicated that he was indeed interested.

Chapter 7: Men and Women

She told him that since her husband, Ray, works Friday afternoons and Jerry doesn't, that Jerry should be at her house around 2:00 PM, Friday afternoon.

When Friday rolls around, Jerry shows up at Ray's house for sex with Ray's wife at 2:00 PM sharp, and after paying her the agreed upon \$500.00, they go to her bedroom and have fantastic sex, just as Shaniqua had promised. Afterwards, Jerry quickly dresses and leaves.

As was his habit at 6:00 PM, Ray returned home from work. Upon entering the house and encountering his wife, he asked loudly, "Did Jerry come by with my money?"

With a lump in her throat, Ray's wife answered, "Oh yeah, he did stop by here for a few minutes this afternoon."

Her heart nearly skipped a beat when Ray curtly asked, "And did he give you \$500.00?"

In terror she assumed she'd somehow been found out, and after mustering up her best poker face, she replied, "Well, yes, in fact he did give me five hundred dollars."

Ray, with a satisfied look on his face, surprised Shaniqua by saying, "Good, I was hoping so. Jerry came by my office this morning and borrowed five hundred dollars from me. He promised me he'd stop by this afternoon on his way home and pay me back."

The Missionary

A missionary gets sent into deepest darkest Africa and goes to live with a tribe therein. He spends years with the people, teaching them to read and write. One thing he particularly stresses is the evils of sexual sin.

Thou must not commit adultery or fornication!!

One day the wife of one of the Tribe's noblemen gives birth to a white child.

The village is shocked and the chief is sent by his people to talk with the missionary.

"You have taught us of the evils of sexual sin, yet here a black woman gives birth to a white child. You are the only white man that has ever set foot in our village. It doesn't take a genius to work out what has been going on!"

The missionary replies: "No, no, my good man. You are mistaken. What you have here is a natural occurrence - what is called an albino. Look to thy yonder field. See a field of white sheep, and yet amongst them is one black one.

Nature does this on occasion."

The chief pauses for a moment then says "Tell you what, you don't say anything about the black sheep, and I won't say anything about the white child"

Good Samaritan

One night the madam opened the brothel door to see an elderly man. His clothes were all disheveled and he looked needy.

"Can I help you?" the madam asked.

"I want Natalie." The old man replied.

"Sir. Natalie is one of our most expensive ladies, perhaps someone else."

"No, I must see Natalie."

Just then Natalie appeared and informed the old man that she charges \$1,000 per visit.

The man never blinked and reached into his pocket and handed her ten \$100 bills. The two went upstairs for an hour, whereupon the man calmly left.

The next night he appeared again demanding Natalie. Natalie explained that no one had come back two nights in a row and that there were no discounts... It was still \$1,000 per visit. Again the old man took out the money, the two went up to the room and he calmly left an hour later.

When he showed up the third consecutive night, no one could believe it. Again he handed the money to Natalie and up to the room they went. At the end of the hour, Natalie questioned the old man. "No one has ever used my services three nights in a row. Where are you from?"

The old man replied, "I'm from Philadelphia."

"Really?" replied Natalie. "I have a sister who lives there."

"Yes, I know," said the old man. "Your father died. She gave me \$3,000 to give to you."

Facelift

A man decides to have a facelift for his birthday. He spends \$5,000 and feels really good about the result. On his way home, he stops at a newsstand and buys a paper. Before leaving he says to the clerk, "I hope you don't mind me asking, but how old do you think I am?"

"About 35," was the reply.

"I'm actually 47," the man says, feeling really happy.

After that he goes into McDonalds for lunch and asks the order clerk the same question, to which the reply is "Oh, you look about 29."

"I am actually 47." This makes him feel really good.

While standing at the bus stop, he asks an old woman the same question. She replies, "I am 85 years old and my eyesight is going. But when I was young, there was a sure way of telling a man's age. If I put my hand down your pants and play with your balls, I will be able to tell your exact age."

As there was no one around, the man thought what the hell and let her slip her hand down his pants. After a bit, the old lady says, "OK, that's fine, I'm done...You are 47."

Stunned, the man says, "That was brilliant! How did you do that?"

The old lady replies, "I was behind you in McDonalds."

The Chicken and The Egg

A chicken and an egg are lying in bed. The chicken is smoking a cigarette with a satisfied smile on its face and the egg is frowning and looking a bit pissed off.

The egg mutters, to no one in particular, "Well, I guess we answered THAT question!"

Busted Whorehouse

A whorehouse gets busted. The girls are lined up out front, and a cop is going down the line giving them all tickets.

A little, old lady approaches one of the girls at the end of the line and asks, "Why are all of you lovely ladies here in line like this?"

The smart-assed whore explains, "Lady, we're waiting in line for our lollipops."

"Oh, that's nice, dear," said the little, old lady. "I haven't had one of them in so long. I think I'll get in line too."

A few minutes later, the cop is standing in front of the little, old lady. "Lady, aren't you a little old for this?"

She looks him right in the eye and winks, "As long as they keep making 'em, I'm gonna keep sucking 'em."

Forward This On I Must...

The Top 12 Things Uttered by Yoda While Making Love

12. "Ahhh! Yoda's little friend you seek!"

11. "Urm. Put a shield on my saber I must."

10. "Feel the force!"

9. "Foreplay, cuddling - a Jedi craves not these things."

8. "Down here, I am. Find a ladder, I must!"

7. "Do me or do me not - there is no try."

6. "Early must I rise. Leave now you must!"

5. "You know, this would be a lot more fun without Frank Oz's hand up my ass."

4. "Happens to every guy sometimes this does."

3. "When 900 years old you get, Viagra you need too, hmmm?"

2. "Ow, ow, OW! On my ear you are!"

1. "Who's your Jedi master? WHO'S your Jedi Master?"

No Pool Like An Old Pool!

Saturday morning ... and Bob's just about to set off on a round of golf when he realizes that he forgot to tell his wife that the guy who fixes the washing machine is coming by about noon.

After the front nine, Bob heads back to the clubhouse and phones home.

"Hello?" Says a little girl's voice.

"Hi, honey, its Daddy," says Bob. "Is Mommy near the phone?"

"No, Daddy. She's upstairs in the bedroom with Uncle Frank."

After a brief pause, Bob says, "But you haven't got an Uncle Frank, honey!"

"Yes, I do, and he's upstairs in the bedroom with Mommy!" she replies.

"Okay, then. Here's what I want you to do. Put down the phone, run upstairs and knock on the bedroom door and shout in to Mommy and Uncle Frank that Daddy's car just pulled up outside the house."

"Okay, Daddy!" she says.

A few minutes later, the little girl comes back to the phone. "Well, I did what you said, Daddy."

"And what happened?" he asks.

"Well, Mommy jumped out of bed with no clothes on and ran around screaming, then she tripped over the rug and went out the front window and now she's dead."

"Oh my god... And what about Uncle Frank?" he asks.

"He jumped out of bed with no clothes on too and he was all scared and he jumped out the back window into the swimming pool, but he must have forgot that last week you took out all the water to clean it, so he hit the bottom of the swimming pool and now he's dead too."

There is a long pause, then Bob says, "Swimming pool?... Is this 854-7039?"

CHAPTER 9: Ethnic Jokes and Bar Jokes

Shaking It

Paddy the Irishman, Charles the Englishman and Jimmy the Scot visited a strip joint. The girl is shaking her stuff in front of them wearing a g-string.

Paddy (showing off) pulls out a \$20 bill, licks it and sticks it on her ass cheek.

Charles (trying to show up Paddy) pulls out a \$50 bill, licks it and sticks it on her other ass cheek.

Jimmy pulls out his ATM card swipes it down the crack of her butt and puts the \$20 and the \$50 in his wallet.

The Vasectomy

After having their 11th child, a redneck couple decided that that was enough. They could not afford a larger doublewide. So, the husband went to his doctor, who also treated mules, and told him that he and his wife/cousin didn't want to have any more children.

The doctor told him that there was a procedure called a vasectomy that could fix the problem. The doctor instructed him to go home, get a cherry bomb (small fireworks), light it, put it in a beer can, then hold the can up to his ear and count on your fingers up to 10.

The redneck said to the doctor, "I may not be the smartest man, but I don't see how putting a cherry bomb in a beer can next to my ear is going to help me."

So, the couple drove to get a second opinion.

The second doctor was just about to tell them about the medical procedure for a vasectomy when he realized how truly backwards these people were. This doctor instead told the man to go home and get a cherry bomb, light it, place it in a beer can, hold it to his ear and count to 10 on his fingers.

Figuring that both learned physicians couldn't be wrong, the man went home, lit a cherry bomb and put it in a beer can. He held the can up to his ear and began to count.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5..." at which point he paused, placed the beer can between his legs and resumed counting on his other hand and then...

Amish Technology

An Amish boy and his father were visiting a mall. They were amazed by almost everything they saw, but especially by two shiny, silver walls that could move apart and back together again. The boy asked his father, "What is this father?" The father (never having seen an elevator) responded, "Son, I have never seen anything like this in my life, I don't know what it is."

While the boy and his father were watching wide-eyed, an old lady limping slightly with a cane slowly walks up to the moving walls and pressed a button. The walls opened and the lady walks between them and into a small room. The walls closed and the boy and his father watched small circles of light with numbers above the wall light up. They continued to watch the circles light up in the reverse direction. The walls opened up again and a beautiful 24-year-old woman stepped out.

The father said to his son, "Go get your Mother."

Bubba

Two rednecks, Bubba and Earl, were driving down the road drinking a couple of bottles of Bud. The passenger, Bubba, said "Lookey thar up ahead, Earl, it's a poll-ice roadblock!! We're gonna get busted fer drinkin' these here beers!!"

Don't worry, Bubba", Earl said. "We'll just pull over and finish drinkin' these beers, peel off the label and stick it on our foreheads, and throw the bottles under the seat."

"What fer?" asked Bubba.

"Just let me do the talkin', OK?" said Earl.

Well, they finished their beers, threw the empty bottles under the seat, and each put a label on their forehead. When they reached the roadblock, the sheriff said, "You boys been drinkin'?"

"No, sir", said Earl. "We're on the patch."

Helga (from Sweden) And The Cold Beer

It was a hot day in Minnesota. Helga hung the wash, put the roast in the oven, and then went downtown to pick up some dry cleaning. "Gudness, it is hot", she mused as she walked down Main Street. She passed by a tavern and thought, "vy nodt?" Helga sat at the bar, and the bartender asked her what she would have. Helga said, "Ya know, it's so hot, I tink I'll haff myself a cold beer." The bartender asked, "Anhauser Busch?" Helga, surprised, replied, "Vell fine, tanks. Undt how's your pecker? "

Rednecks In Space

As a member of StarFleet, you know if your Captain is a redneck when:

Your shuttlecraft has been up on blocks for over a month
He paints flames and a NRA sticker on the warp nacelles
You have a shuttle called "Billy Joe Bob"
He refers to Klingons as "Critters"
He refers to Photon Torpedoes as "Popguns"
He has the sensor array repaired with a bent coat hanger and aluminum foil
He installs a set of bullhorns on the front of the saucer section
He says "Got your ears on, good buddy" instead of "open hailing frequencies"
He hangs fuzzy dice over the view screen
He rewires his communicator into his belt buckle
He keeps a six-pack under his command chair and a gun rack above it
He says "Yee-Ha!" instead of "Engage"
He has a hand-tooled holster for his phaser
He insists on calling his executive officer "Bubba"
He sets the fore view screen to reruns of "Bassmaster"
He programs the food replicator for beer, ribs, and turnip greens
He paints the starship John Deere green
He refers to a Pulsar as a "Blue Light Special"
He refers to the Mutara Nebula as a "swamp"
His moonshine is stronger than Romulan Ale
He sings "Lucille" instead of "Kathleen"
His idea of dress uniform is CLEAN bib overalls
He wears mirrored shades on the Bridge
His idea of a "gas giant" is that big ol' XO Bubba after a meal of beans and weenies
He sets phaser to "Cajun"

A Night at the Pub

An Irishman's been drinking at a pub all night. The bartender finally says that the bar is closing. So the Irishman stands up to leave and falls flat on his face. He tries to stand one more time, same result. He figures he'll crawl outside and get some fresh air and maybe that will sober him up.

Once outside he stands up and falls flat on his face. So he decides to crawl the 4 blocks to his home and when he arrives at the door he stands up and falls flat on his face. He crawls through the door into his bedroom. When he reaches his bed he tries one more time to stand up. This time he manages to pull himself upright but he quickly falls right into bed and is sound asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow.

He awakens the next morning to his wife standing over him shouting at him.

"So, you've been out drinking again!!"

"What makes you say that?" He asks as he puts on an innocent look.

"The pub called. You left your wheelchair there again."

German Lesson #7

Dog:

Barkenpantensniffer

Dog Catcher:

Barkenpantensniffersnatcher

Dog Catcher's Truck:

Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagen

Garage for Truck:

Barkenpantensniffensnatcherwagenhaus

Truck Repairman:

Barkenpantensniffensnatcherwagenmechanikerwerker

Mechanic's Union:

Barkenpantensniffensnatcherwagenmechanikerwerkerfeatherbeddengefingruppe

Doctor:

Chestergethumpenpulsentooker

Nurse:

Chestergethumpenpulsentookerhelper

Hypodermic Needle:

Chestergethumpenpulsentookerhelperhurtensticker

Backside:

Chestergethumpenpulsentookerhelperhurtenstickerstabenplatz

Piano:

Plinkenplankenplunkenbox

Pianist:

Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounder

Piano Stool:

Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderspinnenseat

Piano Recital:

Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspelle

Fathers at the Recital:

Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspellensnoozengruppe

Mothers at the Recital:

Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspellensnoozengruppenuppenwakers

Automobile:

Honkenbrakenscreecher

Gasoline:

Honkenbrakenscreecherzoomerjuicen

Driver:

Honkenbrakenscreecherguidenschtunker

Auto Mechanic:
 Honkenbrakenscreecherknockengepingersputtergefixer
 Repair Bill:
 Bankenrollergebustenuptottenliste

Do-It-Yourself Country & Western Song

I met her _____ (1) _____ (2); I can still recall _____ (3).

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1. on the highway in Sheboygan outside Fresno at a truck stop on probation in a jail cell in a nightmare incognito in the Stone Age in a treehouse in a gay bar</p> | <p>2. in September at McDonald's ridin' shotgun wrestlin' gators all hunched over poppin' uppers sort of pregnant with some joggers stoned on oatmeal with Merv Griffin dead all over</p> | <p>3. that purple dress that little hat that burlap bra those training pants the stolen goods that plastic nose the Stassin pin the neon sign that creepy smile the hearing aid the boxer shorts</p> |
|---|--|---|

She was _____ (4) _____ (5).

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. sobbin' at the toll booth drinkin' Dr. Pepper weighted down with Twinkies breakin' out with acne crawlin' through the prairie smellin' kind of funny crashin' through the guardrail chewin' on a hangnail talkin' in Swahili drownin' in the quicksand slurpin' up linguini</p> | <p>5. in the twilight but I loved her by the off-ramp near Poughkeepsie with her cobra when she shot me on her elbows with Led-Zeppelin with Miss Piggy with a wetback in her muu-muu</p> |
|--|--|

and I knew _____ (6) _____ (7) I'd _____ (8) forever;

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>6. no guy would ever love her more that she would be an easy score she'd bought her dentures in a store that she would be a crashing bore</p> | <p>7. I promised her I knew deep down She asked me if I told her shrink</p> | <p>8. stay with her warp her mind swear off booze change my sex</p> |
|--|---|---|

I'd never rate her more than "4"
 they'd hate her guts in Baltimore
 it was a raven, nothing more
 we really lost the last World War
 I'd have to scrape her off the floor
 what strong deodorants were for
 that she was rotten to the core
 that I would upchuck on the floor

The judge declared
 My Pooh Bear said
 I shrieked in pain
 The painters knew
 A Klingon said
 My hamster thought
 The blood test showed
 Her rabbi said

punch her out
 live off her
 have my rash
 stay a dwarf
 hate her dog
 pick my nose
 play "Go Fish"
 salivate

She said to me _____ (9). But who'd have thought she'd _____ (10)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>9. our love would never die there was no other guy man wasn't meant to fly that Nixon didn't lie her basset hound was shy that Roluids made her high she'd have a Swiss on rye she loved my one blue eye her brother's name was Hy she liked "Spy vs. Spy" that birthdays made her cry she couldn't stand my tie</p> | <p>10. run off wind up boogie yodel sky dive turn green freak out blast off make it black out bobsled grovel</p> |
|---|--|

_____ (11); _____ (12) goodbye.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>11. with my best friend in my Edsel on a surfboard on "The Gong Show" with her dentist on her "Workmate" with a robot with no clothes on at her health club in her Maytag with her guru while in labor</p> | <p>12. You'd think at least that she'd have said I never had the chance to say She told her fat friend Grace to say I now can kiss my credit cards I guess I was too smashed to say I watched her melt away and sobbed She fell beneath the wheels and cried She sent a hired thug to say She freaked out on the lawn and screamed I pushed her off the bridge and waved But that's the way that pygmies say She sealed me in the vault and smirked</p> |
|---|---|

Californians

A Texan, a Californian, and a Seattlite were drinking their favorite beverage in a bar.
 The Texan drained his glass of tequila, threw the half-full bottle up in the air, drew

and fired his pistol, shattering the bottle. The other two were shocked at his ruining perfectly good tequila. The Texan, however, simply drew himself up and announced, "Where I come from, we have plenty of tequila."

The Californian, not to be outdone, drained his glass of wine, threw the wine bottle into the air, drew and fired his pistol, also shattering his bottle. Looking over at the other two with an air of superiority, he announced, "Where I come from, we have plenty of fine wine and the best of everything!"

The Seattleite drained his bottle of Red Hook Ale, threw it up in the air, drew his pistol and shot the Californian dead. He then caught the bottle on the way down and showed it to the Texan saying, "Where I come from we recycle these -- and we have plenty of Californians."

The Farmer and His Pigs

A farmer wants to get his two female pigs pregnant but he can't afford the stud service so he goes to the Vet.

Farmer- "Hey doc I've got these two pigs I want to breed but I can't afford to stud 'em, is there anything cheaper?"

Vet- "Well there's artificial insemination - Blah blah blah..." He goes on to describe some pretty expensive procedures all of which are out of the farmer's price range.

Farmer- "No none of that stuff will do, Its too expensive, anything else?"

Vet- "Well, not many people know this but human DNA is close enough to pig DNA to produce offspring. Here's what you do - take your pigs out at night, load them in your pick-up, take them out to the fields and have sex with them. No one will know what you're up to and you'll get them pregnant."

Farmer- "How will I know they're pregnant?"

Vet- "If they're pregnant, they'll be lying in the shade the next day."

So the farmer follows the advice and that night he struggles to put the pigs in the truck, drives out, porks them, and drives back later that night. The next day the pigs are just standing around. So the next night he does it all over again only he porks each one twice and drives back even more tired. Next day - nothing, they're just walking around.

So he goes out again, porks them three times each and comes back in more worn out than ever. This goes on for the rest of the week and by Saturday the farmer is too tired to get out of bed so he asks his wife to get up and look outside at the pigs.

Farmer- "What are the pigs doing dear?"

Wife- " I don't know, one of them is jumping up and down in the back of the truck and the other is blowing the horn."

A Man and His Guinness

An Irishman walks into a bar in Dublin, orders three pints of Guinness and sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn. When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more. The bartender asks him, "You know, a pint goes flat after I draw it; it would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The Irishman replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in America, the other in Australia, and I'm here in Dublin. When we all left home, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we drank together." The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it there.

The Irishman becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way: He orders three pints and drinks them in turn. One day, he comes in and orders two pints. All the other regulars notice and fall silent.

When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your great loss." The Irishman looks confused for a moment, then a light dawns in his eye and he laughs. "Oh, no," he says, "everyone's fine. I've just quit drinking."

Eighteen Bottles

I had eighteen bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was told by my sister to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else... I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink that I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, and sinks with the other, which were twenty-nine, and as the houses came by I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm not under the affluence of incohol as some tinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.

-- Author unknown

Beer Anecdotes

It was the accepted practice in Babylonia 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer, and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the "honey month" - or what we know today as the "honeymoon."

Before thermometers were invented, brewers would dip a thumb or finger into the mix to find the right temperature for adding yeast. Too cold, and the yeast wouldn't grow. Too hot, and the yeast would die. This thumb in the beer is where we get the phrase "rule of thumb."

In English pubs, ale is ordered by pints and quarts. So, in old England, when customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them to mind their own pints and quarts and settle down. It's where we get the phrase "mind your P's and Q's."

Beer was the reason the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It's clear from the Mayflower's log that the crew didn't want to waste beer looking for a better site. The log goes on to state that the passengers "were hasted ashore and made to drink water that the seamen might have the more beer."

After consuming a bucket or two of vibrant brew they called aul, or ale, the Vikings would head fearlessly into battle often without armor or even shirts. In fact, the term "berserk" means "bare shirt" in Norse, and eventually took on the meaning of their wild battles.

In 1740 Admiral Vernon of the British fleet decided to water down the navy's rum. Needless to say, the sailors weren't too pleased and called Admiral Vernon, Old Grog, after the stiff wool grogram coats he wore. The term "grog" soon began to mean the watered down drink itself. When you were drunk on this grog, you were "groggy", a word still in use today.

Many years ago in England, pub frequenters had a whistle baked into the rim or handle of their ceramic cups. When they needed a refill, they used the whistle to get some service. "Wet your whistle", is the phrase inspired by this practice.

In the middle ages, "nunchion" was the word for liquid lunches. It was a combination of the words "noon scheken", or noon drinking. In those days, a large chunk of bread was called lunch. So if you ate bread with your nunchion, you had what we still today call a luncheon.

Recipe For A Holiday Fruitcake

Ingredients:

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 large eggs

- 2 cups dried fruit
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar
- lemon juice
- nuts
- 1 bottle whiskey

Directions:

Sample the whiskey to check for quality. Take a large bowl. Check the whiskey again; to be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink. Repeat. Turn on the electric mixer, and beat one cup of butter in a large, fluffy bowl. Add one teaspoon of sugar and beat again.

Make sure the whiskey is still okay. Cry another tup. Turn off the mixer. Break two leggs and add to the bowl, then chuck in the cup of dried fruit. Mix on the turner. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers, pry it loose with a drewscraver.

Sample the whiskey to check for tonsisticity. Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who cares? Check the whiskey. Now sift the lemon juice and strain your nuts. Add one table. Spoon. Of sugar or something. Whatever you can find.

Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees. Don't forget to beat off the turner. Throw the bowl out the window, check the whiskey again, and go to bed.

The Cherry

A guy walks into a bar with his pet monkey. He orders a drink and while he's drinking it the monkey jumps all over the place. The monkey grabs some olives off the bar and eats them, then grabs some sliced limes and eats them, then jumps up on the pool table, grabs the cue ball and swallows it whole. The bartender screams at the guy, "Did you see what your monkey just did?"

The guy says, "No, what?"

"He just ate the cue ball off my pool table?" says the bartender.

"Whole? Yeah, that doesn't surprise me, replied the patron" "He eats everything in sight, the little bastard. I'll pay for everything he eats, cue ball and all." The patron finishes his drink, pays his bill and leaves.

Two weeks later he's in the bar again & has his monkey with him. He orders a drink and the monkey starts running around the bar again. The monkey finds a maraschino cherry on the bar. He grabs the cherry and sticks it up his ass, pulls it out, and eats it.

The bartender is disgusted (who isn't?) "Did you see what your monkey just did?" he asked.

"Now what?" responded the patron.

"Well, he stuck the maraschino cherry up his ass, then pulled it out and ate it!" says the barkeeper.

"Yeah, that doesn't surprise me," replies the patron, "He still eats everything in sight, but ever since he ate that damned cue ball, he measures everything first!"

Bar Jokes

A prominent West Australian person was in Ireland and having a pint at the local pub and as tourists will do, was leaning against the bar and nattering with one of the locals. The bar was full of Irishmen, some playing darts and some playing pool.

Suddenly one of the Irishmen shouted out 'four!'

The whole bar cracked up with laughter!

The West Aussie was puzzled but just thought something must have happened to make every body roar with laughter.

Suddenly another Irishman yelled 'nineteen!'

Again everybody in the bar roared with laughter.

This happened a couple more times and again the whole bar laughed and laughed!

By this time the West Aussie just couldn't contain his curiosity and said to the Irishman he was conversing with: 'What on earth is everybody laughing about?'

'Well' said the Irishman, 'when everbody gets a skinfull they always tell the same jokes again and again. So we devised a way to overcome the problem of having to repeat them over and over. We gave each joke a number and now instead of saying the joke we just yell out a number and everyone knows what the joke is!

Well the West Aussie just couldn't believe what he was hearing.

'It's true' said the Irishman 'why don't you give it a go?'

The West Aussie thought about this for a moment and decided that he would fool them!

He yelled out 'Two hundred and ninety seven!'

Well - the whole bar just broke up. Tears of laughter were just pouring out the eyes of these grown men as they rocked with laughter!

The West Aussie just couldn't believe what he was seeing!

Eventually one of the Irishmen came over to him and pounded him on the back.

'That was a good one mate' he said 'None of us have ever heard that one before!'

The Joke of the Irish

Danny McGuire came home from work to find his lovely bride sitting in the living room still in her bathrobe. "Kate my wife" he says, "what ever is the matter, yer still in yer robe."

"Ah Danny," says she, "Tis poorly I'm feeling. I didn't know what to do so I called Doc McDonald. 'I'll need a specimen' he says and hung up. Danny, I don't know what a specimen is."

"Ah lass I don't know either, but if you high yerself up the stairs to Mrs. Murphy 'n' she'll be able to tell ye."

Off goes Kate bounding up the stairs.

Soon Danny hears a horrible thump, bang and a hell of a crash. Opening his door, he sees Kate piled up at the bottom of the landing.

"Kate, what ever happened?"

"I tol' Mrs. Murphy what the doc said and she told me to just piss in a bottle. So I told her to shit in her hat... And the fight was on."

The Two Italian Men

A bus stops and two Italian men get on. They seat themselves and engage in animated conversation. The lady sitting behind them ignores their conversation at first, but she listens in horror as one of the men says the following: "Emma come first. Den I come. Two asses, dey come together. I come again. Two asses, dey come together again. I come again and pee twice. Then I come once-a more."

"You foul-mouthed swine," retorted the lady indignantly, "in this country we don't talk about our sex lives in public!"

"Hey, coola down lady," said the man, "Imma just tellun my friend howa to spella Mississippi."

Cajun Humor

Boudreaux see Thibodeaux walking down the street one day with a paper bag under his arm.

Boudreaux say, "Thibodeaux, what you got in dat bag?"
Thibodeaux say, "I got some cokes in dere."
Boudreaux say, "Thibodeaux, if I can guess how many cokes you got in dat bag, can I have one?"
Thibodeaux say, "Boudreaux, if you can guess how many cokes I got in dat bag, I'll give you both of dem."
Boudreaux say, "OK, six."

Egyptian Humor

The Pharaoh was dictating, and his scribe was busily chipping away at the stone tablet. "I have plans... to form," the monarch said slowly, "a personal bodyguard... of stalwart... and virile... young men."

The chips flew, but then suddenly ceased flying, and the perspiring chiseler looked up inquiringly, "Excuse me, your Majesty, but is virile spelled with one or two testicles?"

Chinese Joke

A Chinese couple's in bed.
The husband says, "I want a sixty-nine."
His wife says, "Why you want beef and broccoli now?"

The Farmer

A farmer is sitting in the neighborhood bar getting soused. A man comes in and asks the farmer, "Hey, why are you sitting here on this beautiful day getting drunk?"

Farmer: Some things you just can't explain.

Man: So what happened that's so horrible?

Farmer: Well, today I was sitting by my cow milking her. Just as I got the bucket about full, she took her left leg and kicked over the bucket.

Man: Ok, but that's not so bad.

Farmer: Some things you just can't explain.

Man: So what happened then?

Farmer: I took her left leg and tied it to the post on the left.

Man: and then?

Farmer: Well, I sat back down and continued to milk her. Just as I got the bucket about full, she took her right leg and kicked over the bucket.

Man: Again?

Farmer: Some things you just can't explain.

Man: So, what did you do then?

Farmer: I took her right leg this time and tied it to the post on the right.

Man: and then?

Farmer: Well, I sat back down and began milking her again. Just as got the bucket about full, the stupid cow knocked over the bucket with her tail.

Man: Hmmm...

Farmer: Some things you just can't explain.

Man: So, what did you do?

Farmer: Well, I didn't have any more rope, so I took off my belt and tied her tail to the rafter. In that moment, my pants fell down and my wife walked in...

Amish Joke

An Amish lady is trotting down the road in her horse and buggy when she is pulled over by a cop.

"Ma'am, I'm not going to ticket you, but I do have to issue you a warning. You have a broken reflector on your buggy."

"Oh, I'll let my husband, Jacob, know as soon as I get home."

"That's fine. Another thing, ma'am. I don't like the way that one rein loops across the horse's back and around one of his balls. I consider that animal abuse. That's cruelty to animals. Have your husband take care of that right away!"

Later that day, the lady is home telling her husband about her encounter with the cop. "Well, dear, what exactly did he say?"

"He said the reflector is broken."

"I can fix that in two minutes. What else?"

"I'm not sure, Jacob... something about the emergency brake..."

A Redneck Wins The Lottery!

A Redneck buys a ticket and wins the lottery. He goes to Austin to claim it where the man verifies his ticket number.

The Redneck says, "I want my \$20 million."

To which the man replied, "No, sir. It doesn't work that way. We give you a million today, and then you'll get the rest spread out for the next 19 years."

The Redneck said, "Oh, no. I want all my money RIGHT now! I won it, and I want it."

Again the man patiently explains that he would only get a million that day and the rest during the next 19 years.

The Redneck, furious with the man, screams out, "Look, I WANT MY MONEY!! If you're not going to give me my \$20 million "right now," THEN I WANT MY DOLLAR BACK!!"

The Wild, Wild West

It's 1880, the decade of gunslingers and gentlemen. This is a story of one such young man that wanted more than anything to be the fastest and most respected gunslinger in the west. The place was Dodge City, Kansas in the Sawdust Saloon. The young man walked into the Sawdust Saloon and, to his surprise, saw Bat Masterson sitting at a table playing poker.

The young man walked up to Bat and said, "Mr. Masterson, I would like to be a gunslinger just like you. Could you give me some tips?"

Bat Masterson put his cards down, looked up at the boy and said, "Son, I don't usually give out tips like this cause it could someday be detrimental to my health, but step back and let me take a look at you."

The boy stepped back and Mr. Masterson said, "You look good. You're wearing black, you've got two ivory handled guns with waxed holsters, and you look like a gunslinger. But what's more important, son, is: Can you shoot?"

The young man, happy to show how good he was, quickly drew his pistol from his right holster and without aiming shot the cuff link off of the piano player's right sleeve.

Bat Masterson said, "That's good shooting son, but can you shoot with your left hand?"

Before Masterson could even finish, the boy had already drawn the pistol from his left holster and shot the cuff link off of the piano player's left shirt sleeve. Very proud of himself the young man blew the smoke away from his six shooter and holstered his gun. "How was that?" the boy asked Masterson.

Bat Masterson smiled and looked up and the boy and said, "That was pretty good shooting son. I couldn't do better than that myself, but I do have one good tip for you."

"What's that?" the boy asked.

"I suggest that you go to the kitchen and ask the cook for a large can of lard. Then take both guns of yours and stick them down deep in the lard."

Puzzled the young gunslinger asked Masterson why he should do that.

Masterson put his cards down again, leaned back in his chair, and said, "Well son, when Wyatt Earp gets done playing the piano over there, he's going to take those two guns of yours and..."

Operator

An old Jewish man is talking long-distance to California when all of a sudden he gets cut off. He hollers, "Operator, giff me beck the party!"

She says, "I'm sorry sir, you'll have to make the call all over again."

He says, "What do you want from my life? Giff me beck da party."

She says, "I'm sorry sir, you'll have to place the call again."

He says, "Operator, ya know vat? Take da telephone and shove it in you-know-vere!" And he hangs up.

Two days later he opens the door and there are two big, strapping guys standing there who say, "We came to take your telephone out."

He says, "Vy?"

They say, "Because you insulted Operator 28 two days ago. But if you'd like to call up and apologize, we'll leave the telephone here."

He says, "Vait a minute, vat's da rush, vat's da hurry?" He goes to the telephone and dials. "Hello? Get me Operator 28. Hello, Operator 28? Remember me? Two days ago I insulted you? I told you to take da telephone and shove it in you-know-vere?"

She says, "Yes?"

He says, "Vell, get ready -- dey're bringin' it to ya!"

911

Emily Sue passed away and Bubba called 911. The 911 operator told Bubba that she would send someone out right away.

"Where do you live?" asked the operator.

Bubba replied, "At the end of Eucalyptus Drive."

The operator asked, "Can you spell that for me?"

There was a long pause and finally Bubba said, "How 'bout if I drag her over to Oak Street and you pick her up there?"

Chinese Proverbs...

Passionate kiss like spider's web, soon lead to undoing of fly.

Virginity like bubble, one prick all gone.

Man who run in front of car get tired.

Man who run behind car get exhausted.

Man with hand in pocket feel cocky all day.

Foolish man give wife grand piano, wise man give wife upright organ.

Man who walk through airport turnstile sideways going to Bangkok.

Man with one chopstick go hungry.

Man who scratches ass should not bite fingernails.

Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.

Baseball is wrong, man with four balls cannot walk.

Panties not best thing on earth, but next to best thing on earth.

War not determine who right, war determine who left.

Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cathouse.

Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.

It take many nails to build crib but one screw to fill it.

Man who drive like hell bound to get there.

Man who stand on toilet is high on pot.

Man who lives in glass house should change clothes in basement.

Man who fishes in other man's well often catches crabs.

The Deer Hunter

This guy was deer hunting in North Carolina. He shoots a deer, and as he is dragging it back to his truck, he gets stopped by this redneck Game Warden who asks to see his hunting license. The hunter shows him the license, and is about to leave when the Game Warden says "Not so fast, Boy. I need to inspect the deer."

The Game Warden then reaches down, sticks his finger up the deer's butt, pulls it out then sniffs his finger. The Game Warden gets angry then says, "Wait a minute Boy! This here ain't no North Carolina deer; this here is a Virginia deer! You need to have a Virginia Hunting License to hunt this deer. You got a Virginia Hunting License on you Boy?"

Well, it just so happens that the guy had been hunting in Virginia the week before. He goes back into his wallet hand pulls out a Virginia Hunting License. The Game Warden looks at the valid license and disappointingly says, "Well... OK, I guess I'll have to let you go. I really do enjoy writing up Boys like you who hunt deer without a license, but you look like you got everything in order. So go on; get out of here."

The following week, the guy is hunting again. He shoots another deer and as he is dragging it back to his truck, he gets stopped by the same Game Warden who says, "Just a minute Boy. I need to inspect the deer." He reaches down, sticks his finger up the deer's butt, pulls it out, sniffs his finger and says "Boy! This here is a South Carolina deer! You got a South Carolina Hunting License?" The Hunter, somewhat surprised, said that he had one in the truck. He goes and gets it out of the glove box, shows it to the Game Warden, who again has to let him go.

So this goes on for the next three weeks. Each week the hunter shoots a deer; one from Georgia, Tennessee, and West Virginia. Each time the Game Warden stops to do the Finger Test, and each time the hunter is able to produce the correct license.

Finally, after the West Virginia deer, the Game Warden is furious: "Boy! You got a hunting license from every state in the south! Where the hell are you from, anyway?"

The hunter drops his pants, bends over and says, "You Tell Me!"

Bartender's Guide To Picking Up Women...

The weekend is here and for those of you on the prowl we share this guide:

Seven New York City bartenders were asked if they could nail a woman's personality based on what she drinks. Though interviewed separately, they concurred on almost all counts.

The results:

Drink: Beer
Personality: Casual, low-maintenance - down to earth.
Your Approach: Challenge her to a game of pool.

Drink: Blender Drinks
Personality: Flaky, annoying - a pain in the neck.
Your Approach: Avoid her, unless you want to be her cabin boy.

Drink: Mixed Drinks
Personality: Older, has picky taste - knows what she wants.
Your Approach: You won't have to approach her. She'll send YOU a drink.

Drink: Wine - (does not include white zinfandel, see below)
Personality: Conservative, classy - sophisticated.
Your Approach: Tell her you wish Reagan had had four more years... Alzheimer's and term limits be damned.

Drink: White Zin
Personality: Thinks she is classy and sophisticated but actually has no clue.
Your approach: Make her feel smarter than she is...

Drink: Shots
Personality: Hanging with frat-boy pals or looking to get drunk and have a good time.
Your Approach: Easiest hit in the joint. Nothing to do but wait. If she likes salt on the rim of her Margarita, you're really in luck!

Then there is the MALE addendum. The deal with guys is, as always, very simple and clear cut:

Domestic Beer: He's poor and wants to get laid.

Imported Beer: He likes good beer and wants to get laid.

Wine: He's hoping that the wine thing will give him a sophisticated image to help him get laid.

Whiskey: He doesn't give a hoot about anything but getting laid.

Tequila: He is thinking he has a chance with the toothless waitress.

White Zinfandel: He's gay.

The Irishman, The Italian, and the Polok

An Irishman, an Italian, and a Polish guy are in a bar. They are having a good time and all agree that the bar is a nice place.

Then the Irishman says, "Aye, this is a nice bar, but where I come from, back in Dublin, there's a better one. At MacDougal's, you buy a drink, you buy another drink, and MacDougal himself will buy your third drink!"

The others agree that sounds like a nice place.

Then the Italian says, "Yeah, that's a nice bar, but where I come from, there's a better one. Over in Brooklyn, there's this place, Vinny's. At Vinny's, you buy a drink, Vinny buys you a drink. You buy anudda drink, Vinny buys you anudda drink."

Everyone agrees that sounds like a great bar.

Then the Polish guy says, "You think that's great? Where I come from, there's this place called Warshowski's. At Warshowski's, they buy you your first drink, they buy you your second drink, they buy you your third drink, and then, they take you in the back and get you laid!"

"Wow!" say the other two. "That's fantastic! Did that actually happen to you?"

"No," replies the Polish guy, "but it happened to my sister!"

Introducing White Trash Barbie

She's larger and meaner than them other prissy, stuck-up, think-ther-better'n-you Barbies! Now every girl can live the fantasy of ignorance and poverty with her special trailer-park friend.

Every White Trash Barbie comes complete with:

- Two packs of Marlboro Lights for Barbie's smoking pleasure!
- A six-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer (It's on sale!) to refresh Barbie during her busy day of bitching and watching TV.
- Stylish, every occasion Spandex pants*, halter top and sandals. (*Hot pants or blue jean cut-offs may be substituted on dolls shipped to Alabama. Waffle House uniform sold separately.)
- Barbie comes with platinum blonde hair with black roots showing.
- Miracle-o'-procreation button! Press button on Barbie's back and she's pregnant...again!
- Action bitch pull string! Barbie can say 11 phrases including "I tol' jew #\$\$%&@* kids to git the hell outta my yard!", "Git me another beer, bay-bee.", "Whur's my #\$\$%&@* cigarettas?", and more.

Also Available:

- Barbie double-wide dream trailer. Mobile home fun complete with stained carpet, broken steps, and TV set. Barbie's wormy pet cat Rufus, also included. Trailer disassembles for use with the Tornado Action Playset (Sold separately).B
- Barbie dream car. 1982 Camaro in mix-n'- match colors and smokin' chokin' exhaust, and coat hanger radio antenna. Holds two white Trash Barbies or fifteen MexMigrant Barbies (Sold separately). *Smoke non-toxic unless breathed.
- Abusive boyfriend Ken with Asskickn' leg action and PimpSlap backhand.
- With cowboy boots and MD 20/20 bottle. Curses, mumbles when string is pulled. African-American version available (exc. Mississippi).
- Married life Ken with Beer-bustin' expanding waist*. Molded to recliner, with TV remote, beer, and chips. Says, "Shut up woman" and "Git me a beer." (*Waist cannot be reduced once expanded.)

The Painting

A couple is attending an Art exhibit and they are looking at a portrait that has them a little taken aback. The picture depicts 3 very black, very naked men sitting on a park bench; 2 have a black penis and the one in the middle has a pink penis.

As the couple is looking somewhat puzzled at the picture, the Irish artist walks by and says, "Can I help you with this painting? I'm the artist who painted it."

The man says "Well, we like the painting but don't understand why you have 3 African men on a bench, and the one in the middle has a pink penis, while the other two have a black penis."

The artist says, "Oh you are misinterpreting the painting. They're not African men, they are Irish coal miners and the one in the middle went home for lunch."

Discretion

Six elderly Jewish gentlemen were playing poker in the Condo clubhouse when Meyer loses \$500 on a single hand, clutches his chest and drops dead at the table.

Showing respect for their fallen comrade, the other five complete their playing time standing up.

Finkelstein looks around and asks, "Now, who is going to tell the wife?"

They draw straws. Goldberg, who is always a loser picks the short one. They tell him to be discreet, be gentle, don't make a bad situation any worse than it is.

"Gentlemen! Discreet? I'm the most discreet mensch you will ever meet. Discretion is my middle name, leave it to me."

Goldberg schleps over to the Meyerowitz apartment, knocks on the door, the wife answers, asks what he wants.

Goldberg declares, "Your husband just lost \$500, and is afraid to come home."

She hollers, "TELL HIM HE SHOULD DROP DEAD!"

Goldberg says, "I'll tell him."

Biker Granny

A little old lady had always wanted to join a local biker club. One day she goes up and knocks on the club's door. A big, hairy, bearded biker with tattoos all over his arms answers.

She proclaims, "I want to join your club."

The guy was amused, but says she needs to meet certain biker requirements in order to join. The biker asks, "Do you have a motorcycle?"

The little old lady replies, "Yep... my bike's parked over there," and points to a Harley in the driveway.

The biker asks, "Do you drink?"

The little old lady replies, "Yep... drink like a fish. I'll drink any man in your club under the table."

The biker asks, "Do you smoke?"

The little old lady replies, "Yep... smoke like a chimney. At least 4 packs of cigarettes a day and a couple of cigars in the evening, while I'm shooting pool."

The biker is very impressed and asks, "Last question, have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

The little old lady thinks for a minute and says, "Nope... but I've been swung around by my nipples a few times."

Florida Vacation

Two executives working in the garment center are having lunch together. Goldstein says to his friend, "Last week was one of the worst weeks of my entire life."

"What happened?" asks Birnbaum.

Goldstein moans, "My wife and I went to Florida on vacation. It rained for seven days and seven nights, so my wife went out and spent thousands of dollars on the credit card. I came back to New York and found out that my rat brother-in-law, the accountant, has been ripping me off for millions. And to top it all off, when I came in

to work on Monday morning, I found my son having sex with my best model on my desk!"

"You think you had a bad week?" responds Birnbaum. "My week was even worse! I went to Florida on vacation with my wife and it rained for seven days and seven nights, so my wife went out and spent thousands on the credit card. Then, when I got back to New York, I found out that my rat cousin, the accountant, has been ripping me off for millions. To top it all off, when I came in to my office on Monday, I found my son having sex with my best model on my desk!"

"How can you say that your week was worse than mine?" asks Goldstein. "It was identical!"

"You schmuck!" replies Birnbaum. "I manufacture menswear..."

Beer

Yesterday, scientists for the US Drug Administration suggested that men should take a look at their beer consumption, considering the results of a recent analysis that revealed the presence of female hormones in beer.

The theory is that drinking beer makes men turn into women. To test the finding, 100 men were fed 8 pints of beer each.

It was then observed that 100% of the men gained weight, talked excessively without making sense, became overly emotional, couldn't drive, failed to think rationally, argued over nothing, went to the bathroom excessively, and refused to apologize when wrong.

No further testing is planned.

A Redneck's Last Words

What is the last thing most rednecks say before dying?

Hey y'all, watch this!

The Leprechaun

One fine day in Ireland, a guy is out golfing and gets up to the 16th hole. He tees up and shanks one off to the right into the woods. He goes looking for his ball and comes across this little man with this huge bump on his head, and the golf ball lying right beside him. "Goodness," says the golfer, and proceeds to revive the poor little man. Upon awaking, the little guy says, "Well, you caught me fair and square. I am a leprechaun and I will grant you three wishes."

The man says, "I can't take anything from you, I'm just glad that I didn't hurt you too badly," and walks away.

Watching the golfer depart, the leprechaun thinks, "Well, he was a nice enough guy, and he did catch me, so I have to do something for him. I'll give him the three things that I would have wished for. I'll give him a great golf game, unlimited money and a great sex life."

Well, a year goes past (as they often do in jokes like this) and the same golfer is out playing on the same course at the 16th hole. He swings and hits it into the same woods and goes off looking for his ball. When he finds the ball he sees the same little man and asks how he is doing.

The leprechaun says, "I'm fine, and might I ask how your golf game is?"

The golfer says, "It's great! I score under par every time."

The leprechaun says, "I did that for you. And might I ask how your money is holding out?"

The golfer says, "Well, now that you mention it, every time I put my hand in my pocket, I pull out a wad of fifty's."

The leprechaun smiles and says, "I did that for you. And might I ask how your sex life is?"

The golfer looks at him a little shyly and says, "Well, maybe once or twice a week."

The leprechaun is floored and stammers, "Once or twice a week?!"

The golfer, a little embarrassed, looks at him and says, "Well, that's not too bad for a Catholic priest in a small parish."

Airplane Joke

A man boards an airplane and takes his seat. As he settles in, he glances up and sees a most beautiful woman boarding the plane. He soon realizes she is heading straight towards his seat. A wave of nervous anticipation washes over him. Lo and behold, she takes the seat right beside his. Eager to strike up a conversation, he blurts out, "Business trip or vacation?"

"Nymphomaniac Convention in Chicago," she states. Whoa!!! He swallows hard and is instantly crazed with excitement.

Here's the most gorgeous woman he has ever seen, sitting RIGHT next to him and she's going to a meeting of nymphomaniacs!

Struggling to maintain his outward cool, he calmly asks, "What's your business role at this convention?"

"Lecturer", she says. "I use my experiences to debunk some of the popular myths about sexuality."

"Really," he says, swallowing hard, "what myths are those?"

"Well," she explains, "one popular myth is that African American men are the most well-endowed when, in fact, it is the Native American Indian who is most likely to possess that trait. Another popular myth is that French men are the best lovers, when actually it is men of Greek descent."

Suddenly, the woman becomes very embarrassed and blushes. "I'm sorry," she says, "I shouldn't be discussing this with you, I don't even know your name!"

"Tonto," the man says, as he extends his hand. "Tonto Papadopoulos."

Beer

(UPI) -- Police warn all male clubbers, party-goers, and unsuspecting pub regulars to be alert and stay cautious when offered a drink from a woman. A new date rape drug on the market called "beer" is being used by females to target unsuspecting men. The drug is generally found in liquid form and is available almost anywhere. "Beer" is sometimes used by female sexual predators at parties and bars to "convince their male victims to go home and have sex with them," according to a police spokesman.

Typically, a woman needs only to persuade a guy to consume a few units of "beer" and then simply ask him home for no-strings-attached sex. Men are helpless against this approach. After several "beers", men often succumb to desires to perform sexual acts with women to whom they would usually not be attracted. Men often awaken after being given "beer" with only hazy memories of exactly what happened the night before, just a vague feeling something had occurred. Some unfortunate men report having been trapped in a familiar scam known as "a relationship". Apparently, men are easy victims for this scam after "beer" is administered and they've been sexually approached previously.

Please forward this warning to every male you know. If you should fall victim to this insidious "beer" and the predatory women plying it, there are male support groups in most towns where you can discuss the details of your shocking encounter in an open and frank manner with similarly affected, like-minded guys. For the nearest such support group near you, look up "Golf Courses" in the yellow pages.

Construction Job

A young family moved into a house next door to a vacant lot. One day a construction crew turned up to start building a house on the empty lot. The young family's six-year-old daughter naturally took an interest in all the activity going on next door and started

talking with the workers. She hung around and eventually the construction crew - gems in the rough all of them - more or less adopted her as a kind of project mascot. They chatted with her, let her sit with them while they had coffee and lunch breaks, and gave her little jobs to do here and there to make her feel important.

At the end of the first week they even presented her with a pay envelope containing a dollar. The little girl took this home to her mother who said all the appropriate words of admiration and suggested that they take the dollar pay she had received to the bank the next day to start a savings account. When they got to the bank the teller was equally impressed with the story and asked the little girl how she had come by her very own pay check at such a young age. The little girl proudly replied, "I've been working with a crew building a house all week." "My goodness gracious," said the teller, "and will you be working on the house again this week too?"

"I will if those useless cocksuckers at the lumberyard ever bring us the fucking drywall," replied the little girl.

Something To Offend Damn-Near Everyone...

Where does an Irish family go on vacation? A different bar.

Did you hear about the Chinese couple that had a retarded baby? They named him Sum Ting Wong.

What would you call it when an Italian has one arm shorter than the other? A speech impediment.

What does it mean when the flag at the Post Office is flying at half mast? They're hiring.

Why aren't there any Puerto Ricans on Star Trek? Because they're not going to work in the future, either.

Did you hear about the dyslexic Rabbi? He walks around saying, "Yo"

What do you call an Alabama farmer with a sheep under each arm? A pimp.

Why do driver's education classes in Redneck schools use the car only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays? Because on Tuesday and Thursday, the Sex Ed class uses it.

What's the difference between a southern zoo and a northern zoo? A southern zoo has a description of the animal on the front of the cage, along with a recipe.

How do you get a sweet little 80-year-old lady to say f*ck? Get another sweet little 80-year-old lady to yell *BINGO*!

What's the Cuban national anthem? "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"

What's the difference between a northern fairytale and a southern fairytale?

A northern fairytale begins: "Once upon a time..."

A southern fairytale begins: "'Y'all ain't gonna believe this \$hit.."

The Amazing Goldstein

A traveling salesman visits a small town in the Midwest and sees a circus banner reading, "Don't Miss the Amazing Goldstein!"

Curious, he buys a ticket and sits through the usual circus acts: animals, clowns, contortionists, etc. Suddenly, trumpets blare and all eyes turn to the center ring. There in the middle of the ring is a table with three walnuts on it.

In comes a little old Jewish man, five feet tall and barely able to walk to the table. He unzips his pants, whips out his long schlong, and proceeds to smash all three walnuts with three mighty swings! The crowd erupts in thunderous applause as the elderly Goldstein is carried off on the shoulders of the clowns.

Twenty years later the salesman visits the same little town and he sees a faded sign for the same circus and the same "Don't Miss the Amazing Goldstein." He can't believe the old guy is still alive, much less still doing his act! So he buys a ticket and sits through the various acts.

Finally, the center ring is illuminated. This time, instead of walnuts, three coconuts are on the table. As before, old Goldstein takes forever to make it to the table. He unzips his fly and proceeds to smash the coconuts with three swings of his amazing schlong. The crowd goes wild!

The salesman requests a meeting with him after the show. In Goldstein's dressing room, the salesman tells him he's never seen anything like his act. But he wants to know why he's now smashing coconuts instead of the much easier walnuts. "Vell," says Goldstein,

"My eyes aren't vhat they used to be!"

Indian Legends

There was once a princess of the American Tribes of long ago who fell in love with a warrior in the tribe named Fallen Rock. He was, for her and many others, the bravest, most daring, best skilled warrior for the tribe, but he vied for her love in competition with one of the other great warriors, Flying Eagle. By tradition, this fact alone would cause the mutual love between Fallen Rock and the princess to be challenged, and the princess laid down the competition to earn her love.

It was well known that Fallen Rock was the greatest hunter of the tribe. So the princess made her challenge thus: He who hunted the greatest game for the tribe would win her hand. They were both to go their separate ways, to hunt for all of the

creatures upon which the tribe had ever feasted, they were to leave marks upon the road or the wood, or they were to send foul to the tribe with these marks to indicate they were alive, still, and hunting to win the hand of the princess.

So the two warriors went their separate ways. Flying Eagle went south and planned to come full-circle by turning west and making his back to the tribe as the seasons changed. He knew he would face the massive flock of foul who moved with the seasons. Flying Eagle knew also the ways of the fish and the bears, as he knew the ways of all the animals of the south and the west. Flying Eagle chose the north because he felt he would win the game quickly with the largest game for the tribe. He knew Fallen Rock would surely return home from the north.

Fallen Rock, however, knew the special things about the animals in the north. He knew things about creatures throughout the lands, especially in the hills. He knew how to befriend the animals, and to gain their trust.

As so, the two warriors went their separate ways to hunt for the hand of the princess.

Days passed.

Indeed, days passed into weeks, and then months. Still neither warrior returned from the hunt. The princess grew frantic, but whenever she grew truly frantic, always there was a report of a mark upon the road to show the warriors were still upon their hunt.

Months passed. Then more, then years. Still neither warrior returned from the hunt. Again the princess grew frantic, but even still, when she grew truly frantic, always there was a report of the marks upon the road, or there would be the arrival of a hawk, an eagle, a falcon, creatures the tribe had never seen showing that, yes, both warriors still were alive, continuing on the hunt, earnest to win the hand of the princess.

Finally, after four years, Flying Eagle came upon the edges of the tribe with a cloth one mile long made of the skins of several animals. Upon this skin which dragged along behind him were the animals of the entire world, sheep, goat, hawk, eagle, sparrow. There were salmon, pike, guppy and catfish. There were buffalo, deer and antelope. Moose were piled with beaver, and bobcat with rattlesnake. Miles upon miles of animals lay upon this mile long sheet of animal skin, and the village cried with pride and joy over the offering Flying Eagle made to the princess.

Yet within days, a bird flew in with the mark of Fallen Rock.

And so they waited.

They waited weeks, and still again they waited more.

They waited months, and yes, they waited even more.

Years passed, then decades, for truly when they lost hope, still a bird flew in with news of Fallen Rock and his continued hunt.

The princess did not marry Flying Eagle, for she loved Fallen Rock, and in truth the contest had not yet been completed. Fallen Rock was still alive, and he was still hunting.

Yet still he did not return.

As the tribe awaited his return, the world changed. The white man moved in, and an uncomfortable peace fell upon the land. Yet still, as she awaited her true love, Fallen Rock, the romantics of the white man also heard the tale, and they too waited for his return.

And in time they began to search, with the people of the tribe, to find him and tell him to return to claim the hand of the princess. People around the land of America grew fascinated, and anxious to learn of how this tale would end. And yet is has not.

And this, this is why you see, among the hills of this land, the helpful sings of the people of this land who spread the word of this tale. Here is why, in the dangerous hills, you see these signs, as they request the following favor to all who travel through:

"Watch out for Fallen Rock"

Redneck's Driving Application

Plez compleet this paper, best ya can.

Last name: _____

First name:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Bob | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Sue |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Joe | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Jo |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Ray | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Ann |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Sue | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Lee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Mae | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Ellen |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Billy-Jack | <input type="checkbox"/> Bobby-Beth Ann Sue |

Age: ____ (if unsure, guess)

Sex: M F None

Shoe Size: ____ Left ____ Right

Occupation:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Farmer | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanic |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hair Dresser | <input type="checkbox"/> Waitress |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Un-employed | <input type="checkbox"/> Dirty Politician |

Spouse's Name: _____

2nd Spouse's Name: _____

3rd Spouse's Name: _____

Lover's Name: _____

2nd Lover's Name: _____

Relationship with spouse:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sister | <input type="checkbox"/> Aunt |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brother | <input type="checkbox"/> Uncle |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother | <input type="checkbox"/> Son |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father | <input type="checkbox"/> Daughter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cousin | <input type="checkbox"/> Pet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Best friend's wife | |

Relationship with lover:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sister | <input type="checkbox"/> Aunt |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brother | <input type="checkbox"/> Uncle |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother | <input type="checkbox"/> Son |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father | <input type="checkbox"/> Daughter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cousin | <input type="checkbox"/> Pet |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Best friend's wife | |

Number of children living in household: ____

Number of children living in shed: ____

Number of children that are yours: ____

Mother's Name: _____

Father's Name: _____

Education: 1 2 3 4 (Circle highest grade completed)

If you obtained a higher education what was your major?

5th grade 6th grade

Do you own or rent your mobile home?

Vehicles you own and where you keep them:

- | |
|--|
| ____ Total number of vehicles you own |
| ____ Number of vehicles that still crank |
| ____ Number of vehicles in front yard |
| ____ Number of vehicles in back yard |
| ____ Number of vehicles on cement blocks |

Age you started drivin _____ (If over 10 are you are still slow lerrnin ? Yes No)

Firearms you own and where you keep them:

- | | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| ____ truck | ____ kitchen |
| ____ bedroom | ____ bathroom/outhouse |

____ shed ____ pawnshop

Model and year of your pickup: _____ 194_

Do you have a gun rack?

Yes No; if no, please explain:

Newspapers/magazines you subscribe to:

The National Enquirer The Globe
 TV Guide Soap Opera Digest
 Rifle and Shotgun Bassmasters

____ Number of times you've seen a UFO?

____ Number of times you've seen Elvis?

____ Number of times you've seen Elvis in a UFO?

How often do you bathe:

Weekly
 Monthly
 Not Applicable

How many teeth in YOUR mouth? ____

Color of teeth:

Yellow Brownish-Yellow
 Brown Black
 N/A

Brand of chewing tobacco you prefer:

Red-Man Skoal

How far is your home from a paved road?

1 mile
 2 miles
 don't know

Freezing

An Amish woman and her daughter were riding in an old pen buggy one cold, blustery January day. The daughter said to the mother, "My hands are freezing cold." The mother replied, "Put your hands between your legs. The body heat will warm them up." So the daughter did, and her hands warmed up.

The next day, the daughter was riding in the buggy with her boyfriend. The boyfriend said, "My hands are freezing cold." The daughter replied, "Put them between my legs, they'll warm up."

The next day, the boyfriend was again driving in the buggy with the daughter. He said, "My nose is freezing cold." The daughter replied, "Put it between my legs. It will warm up." He did, and his nose warmed up.

The next day, the boyfriend was once again driving with the daughter and he said, "My penis is frozen solid."

The next day, the daughter is driving in the buggy with her mother, and she says to her mother, "Have you ever heard of a penis?" The slightly concerned mother says, "Sure, why do you ask?" The daughter says, "Well, they make one hell of a mess when they thaw out!"

Thibodeaux and Boudreaux

One day Boudreaux and Thibodeaux were fishing in each their boats in the Basin Canal. Soon Boudreaux see Thibodeaux paddlin' toward him.

When he got dere he ax Boudreaux to borrow his cigarette lighter. He wanted to smoke real bad and couldn't find his lighter.

"Hey Boudreaux, let me borrow you lighter. I can't find mine."

Boudreaux whipped out a pretty Bic lighter a foot long. Man, he pushed down on dat lighter and a flame 6 inches tall come out.

Thibodeaux was so impressed he ax Boudreaux where he got dat.

"A genie gave me dat. Jus paddle round da bend dere and you'll see a big rusty drum tied to a limb dere. Just rub dat drum and she will come out and grant you one wish."

Thibodeaux hurry and paddle out dere to get his wish. He was so nervous and excited. When he got dere, he rub dat drum and sure 'nuff, out she came.

"What is your wish master?" she asked. " Mais, let me see. Oh, yes! I want a million bucks." "Your wish is on it's way."

Sure enough. The sky fill up with ducks. All kinds of ducks. Bigones, 'lil ones - - all kinds. He was so upset. He didn't want ducks, so he paddled back to Boudreaux. The ducks still following him.

"Boudreaux, what's the matter wit dat dam genie. I ask for a million bucks and look what she send me."

"Don't feel too bad, Thibodeaux... mais you tink I ax for a 12 inch Bic?"

Tongue Twister

If a bra is an upper topper titty flopper stopper, and a jock strap is a lower decker pecker checker, and a roll of toilet tissue is a super duper doody pooper scooper, what do you call a Japanese drummer boy whose father has diarrhea?

A slap happy Jappy with a crap happy pappy.

New Support Group

Have you heard about the new support group for talkaholics?

They call it On an On Anon.

Perspective

Four guys are telling stories in a bar. One guy leaves for a Bathroom break... Three guys are left...

First guy says, "I was worried that my son was gonna be a loser because he started out washing cars for a local dealership. Turns out that he got a break, they made him a salesman, and he sold so many cars that he bought the dealership. In fact, he's so successful that he just gave his best friend a new Mercedes for his birthday."

Second guy says, "I was worried about my son too because he started out raking leaves for a Realtor. Turns out HE got a break, they made him a commissioned salesman, and he eventually bought the real estate firm. In fact, he's so successful that he just gave his best friend a new house for his birthday."

Third guy says, "Yeah, I hear you. MY son started out sweeping floors in a brokerage firm. Well, HE got a break, they made HIM a broker, and now he owns the brokerage firm. In fact, he's so rich that he just gave HIS best friend \$1 million in stock for his birthday."

Fourth guy comes back from the can. The first 3 explain that they are telling stories about their kids so he says, "Well, I'm embarrassed to admit that my son is a MAJOR disappointment... He started out as a hairdresser and is STILL a hairdresser after 15 years... In fact I just found out that he's gay and has SEVERAL boyfriends. But, I try to look at the bright side: his boyfriends just bought him a new Mercedes, a new house and \$1 million in Stock for his birthday."

Catching Things

An old man in Mississippi was sitting on his porch watching the sunrise. He sees the neighbor's kid walk by carrying something big under his arm.

He yells out, "Hey boy, whatcha got there?"

The boy yells back, "Roll of chicken wire."

Old man says, "What you gonna do with that?"

Boy says, "Gonna catch some chickens."

Old man yells, "You damn fool, you can't catch chickens with chicken wire."

Boy laughs and keeps walking.

That evening at sunset the boy comes walking by and to the old man's surprise he is dragging behind him the chicken wire with about 30 chickens caught in it.

Same time next morning the old man is out watching the sun rise. He sees the boy walk by with something kind of round in his hand.

Old man yells out, "Hey boy, whatcha got there?"

Boy yells back, "Roll of duck tape."

Old man says, "What you gonna do with that?"

Boy says back, "Gonna catch me some ducks."

Old man yells back, "You damn fool, you can't catch ducks with duck tape."

Boy just laughs and keeps on walking. That night around sunset the boy walks by coming home, and to the old man's amazement, he is trailing behind him the unrolled roll of duck tape, with about 35 ducks caught in it.

Same time next morning the old man sees the boy walking by carrying what looks like a long reed, with something fuzzy on the end.

Old man says, "Hey boy, whatcha got there?"

Boy says, "It's a pussy willow."

Old man yells, "Wait up...! I'll get my hat!"

Those Wacky Canadians...

WINNIPEG (Reuters) - A stark naked woman pedaled her bicycle down a busy street in freezing temperatures, a man polished off a plate of worms and bugs, and a third person changed his name to an obscenity.

All were stunts aimed at a chance to win C\$10,000 in a month-long radio contest held by a rock station in this otherwise quiet city on the Canadian Prairies.

"It's been unbelievable," Morley Calahan, program director of Winnipeg's Power 97 rock station, said Thursday.

The 'BJ and Hal's Toughest Contest Ever', named after the radio station's morning show hosts, has so far prompted 20 people to perform outrageous acts in hopes of winning the money.

"Today we've had a lady shave all her body hair, including her eyebrows, nose hairs, everything you can think of. She's clean as a baby," Calahan said.

The 700,000 citizens of Winnipeg awoke Thursday to front-page newspaper photos of an 18-year-old woman who braved freezing weather and high snow banks to ride her bike in the buff down the main street of Portage Avenue.

"Lady Godiva of Portage," blared the headline.

The public prosecutor's office is pondering whether to lay charges for indecent exposure after the woman was arrested by two sheepish-looking police officers.

Calahan said one man ate live worms and cockroaches from a silver platter, another had BJ and Hal's faces tattooed on his buttocks, and another performed a strip tease at a nightclub.

"He even brought his own rip-away thong underwear," said Calahan, who admitted he was puzzled by the lengths people would go to just to get a chance at winning some money.

"Personally I don't get it, but they're more than happy to do it," Calahan mused. "It's really an interesting study in human nature."

Those Wacky Canadians Again...

An American is having breakfast one morning; coffee, croissants, bread, butter & jam when a Canadian man, chewing gum, sits down next to him. The American ignores the Canadian who, nevertheless, starts a conversation:

Canadian: "You American folk eat the whole bread???"

American (in a bad mood): "Of course."

Canadian: (after blowing a huge bubble) "We don't. In Canada, we only eat what's inside. The crusts we collect in a container, recycle it, transform them into croissants and sell them to the states."

The Canadian has a smirk on his face.

The American listens in silence.

The Canadian persists: "Do you eat jelly with the bread???"

American: "Of Course."

Canadian: (cracking his gum between his teeth and chuckling). "We don't. In Canada we eat fresh fruit for breakfast, then we put all the peels, seeds, and leftovers in containers, recycle them into jam and sell the jam to the states."

The American then asks: "Do you have sex in Canada?"

Canadian: "Why of course we do", the Canadian says with a big smirk.

American: And what do you do with the condoms once you've used them?"

Canadian: "We throw them away, of course."

American: "We don't. In America, we put them in a container, recycle them, melt them down into chewing gum and sell them to Canada."

So, what DOES a Canadian Have to be Proud of?

1. Smarties
2. Crispy Crunch
3. Coffee Crisp
4. The size of our footballs, fields and one less down
5. Lacrosse is Canadian
6. Hockey is Canadian
7. Basketball is Canadian
8. Mr. Dress-up can kick Mr. Rogers ass
9. Tim Horton's kicks Dunkin' Donuts ass
10. In the war of 1812, Canadians pushed the Americans so far back...past their 'White House', we burned it... and most of Washington, under the command of William Lyon McKenzie who was insane and hammered all the time. We got bored because they ran away, so we came home and partied... Go figure.
11. Canada has the largest French population that never surrendered to Germany.
12. We have the largest English population that never-ever surrendered or withdrew during any war.
13. Our civil war was a big bar fight that lasted a little over an hour.
14. The only person who was arrested in our civil war was an American mercenary, who slept in and missed the whole thing... but showed up just in time to get caught.
15. We knew plaid was cool far before Seattle caught on.
16. The Hudson Bay Company once owned over 10% of the Earth's surface and is still around as the worlds oldest Company.
17. The average dog sled team can kill and devour a full grown human in under 3 minutes.
18. We still know what to do with all the parts of a buffalo.
19. We don't marry our kin-folk.

20. We invented ski-doo's, jet-skis, Velcro, zippers, Zambonis, the long distance and short wave radios that save countless lives each year.
21. We ALL have frozen our tongues to something metal and lived to tell about it.
22. Oh ya...and the handles on our beer cases are big enough to fit your hands with mitts on.

Boudreaux & Thibodeaux

One day Father Boudreaux and Pastor Thibodeaux was fishin' on the side of the road. Dey thoughtfully made a sign saying "The End is Near, Cher! Turn yurself 'Round now, before it's too late!," and showed it to each passing car.

Well dis one car dat passed didn't appreciate the sign and wus shouting at dem and hollin "Leave us alone, you religious nuts!"

Den all of a sudden dey heard a big splash and dey looked at each other and Fr. Boudreaux said ... "ya think we shouda just put a sign dat says 'Bridge Out' instead?"

Man In A Bar

A very shy guy goes into a bar and sees a beautiful woman sitting at the bar. After an hour of gathering up his courage he finally goes over to her and asks, tentatively, "Um, would you mind if I chatted with you for a while?"

To which she responds by yelling, at the top of her lungs, "No, I won't sleep with you tonight!"

Everyone in the bar is now staring at them. Naturally, the guy is hopelessly and completely embarrassed and he slinks back to his table.

After a few minutes, the woman walks over to him and apologizes. She smiles at him and says, "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you. You see, I'm a graduate student in psychology and I'm studying how people respond to embarrassing situations."

To which he responds, at the top of his lungs, "Two hundred dollars?!!"

Party Time

A man named Sam had been in the newspaper business for 25 years when he finally became sick of the stress. So he quits his job and buys 50 acres of land in Vermont as far from humanity as possible.

Sam sees the postman once a week and gets groceries once a month. Otherwise it's total peace and quiet. After six months or so of almost total isolation, he's finishing dinner when someone knocks on his door... He opens it and there is a big, bearded Vermonter standing there.

"Name's Enoch... Your neighbor from four miles over the ridge... Having a party Saturday... Thought you'd like to come."

"Great," says Sam, "after six months of this I'm ready to meet some local folks. Thanks for inviting me!"

As Enoch is leaving, he stops, "Gotta warn you though, there's gonna be some drinkin'."

"Not a problem. After 25 years in the newspaper business, I can drink with the best of 'em."

Again, as he starts to leave Enoch stops. "More 'n' likely gonna be some fightin' too."

Tough crowd, Sam thinks to himself. "Well, I get along with people. Don't worry, I'll be there. Thanks again!"

Once again Enoch turns from the door... "I've seen some wild sex at these parties, too."

"Now that's not a problem," says Sam, "Remember I've been alone for six months! I'll definitely be there... By the way, what should I wear?"

Enoch stops in the door one last time and says, "Whatever you want, just gonna be the two of us."

You Know You're From West Virginia When...

1. Your house still has the "WIDE LOAD" sign on the back.
2. You've been married three times and still have the same in-laws.
3. You think a woman who is "out of your league" bowls on a different night.
4. Taking your wife on a cruise means circling the Dairy Queen.
5. You believe dual air bags refer to your wife and mother-in-law.
6. Your front porch collapses and four dogs git killed.
7. You go to your family reunion looking for a date.
8. Your Junior/Senior Prom had a Daycare.
9. You carried a fishing pole into Sea World.
10. Your huntin' dawg had a litter of puppies in the living room and nobody noticed.
11. You can get dog hair from your belly button.
12. The Halloween pumpkin on your front porch has more teeth than your wife.
13. You had to remove a toothpick for your wedding pictures.
14. You consider your license plate personalized because your dad made it in prison.
15. You have a rag for a gas cap.
16. The blue book value of your truck goes up and down depending on how much gas it has in it.
17. You have to go outside to get something out of the 'fridge.
18. A seven course meal is a bucket of KFC and a six pack.
19. One of your kids was born on a pool table.

20. You have spray painted your girlfriend's name on an overpass.
21. You've ever climbed a water tower with a bucket of paint to defend your sister's honor.
22. You can tell your age by the number of rings in the bathtub.
23. You can change the oil in your truck without ducking your head.
24. You own a homemade fur coat.
25. Your wife's job requires her to wear an orange vest.
26. On Thanksgiving Day you have to decide which pet to eat.
27. Your school fight song is "Dueling Banjos."
28. You think "taking out the trash" means taking your in-laws to a movie.
29. Your coffee table used to be a cable spool.
30. You've got "Clapper" devices controlling the appliances in your house.
31. You hammer bottle caps into the frame of your front door to make it look nice.
32. The Home Shopping Network operator recognizes your voice.
33. The taillight covers of your car are made of red tape.
34. You have every episode of Hee-Haw on tape.
35. Your father executes the "pull my finger" trick during Christmas dinner.
36. You think a hot tub is a stolen bathroom fixture.
37. The gas pedal on your car is shaped like a bare foot.
38. You think the French Riviera is a foreign car.
39. You wonder how service stations keep their restrooms so clean.

Redneck Engineering Exam

1. Calculate the smallest limb diameter on a persimmon tree that will support a 10-pound possum.
2. Which of the following cars will rust out the quickest when placed on blocks in your front yard? A) '66 Ford Fairlane B) '69 Chevrolet Chevelle C) '64 Pontiac GTO
3. If your uncle builds a still that operates at a capacity of 20 gallons of shine per hour, how many car radiators are necessary to condense the product?
4. A pulpwood cutter has chain saw that operates at 2700 rpm. The density of the pine trees in a plot to be harvested is 470 per acre. The plot is 2.3 acres in size. The average tree diameter is 14". How many Budweiser Tall-Boys will it take to cut the trees?
5. If every old refrigerator in the state vented a charge of R-12 simultaneously, what would be the decrease in the ozone layer?
6. A front porch is constructed of 2x8 pine on 24" centers with a field rock foundation. The span is 8 feet and the porch length is 16 feet. The porch floor is 1" rough sawn pine. When the porch collapses, how many hound dogs will be killed?

7. A man owns an Arkansas house and 3.7 acres of land in a hollow with an average slope of 15%. The man has 5 children. Can each of the children place a mobile home on the man's land?
8. A 2-ton pulpwood truck is overloaded and proceeding down a steep grade on a secondary road at 45 mph. The brakes fail. Given the average traffic loading of secondary roads, how many people will swerve to avoid the truck before it crashes at the bottom of the mountain? For extra credit, how many of the vehicles that swerved will have mufflers and uncracked windshields?
9. A coal mine operates a NFPA Class 1, Division 2 Hazardous Area. The mine employs 120 miners per shift. A gas warning is issued at the beginning of 3rd shift. How many cartons of unfiltered Camels will be smoked during the shift?
10. How many generations will it take before cattle develop two legs shorter than the others because of grazing along a mountainside?

Cajun Humor

Well, Boudreaux's old lady was pregnant.

So, he brought her to the doctor.

The doctor began to deliver the baby.

She had a little boy, and the doctor looked over at Boudreaux and said, "Hey Boudreaux! You just had a son!"

Boudreaux got excited by this, but just then the doctor spoke up and said, "Hold on! We ain't finished yet!"

The doctor then delivered a little girl.

He said, "Hey Boudreaux! Mais, you got you a daughter neg!"

Boudreaux got kind of puzzled by this, and then the doctor says, "Hold on, we still ain't finished!" The doctor then delivered another boy.

He said, "Boudreaux, you just had another boy! But dats it!"

So, Boudreaux and his wife went home with the three children.

When they got home, they began talking.

Boudreaux said, "Mama, you remember that night that we ran out of Vaseline and we had to use that 3-in-1 Oil." She said, "Yeah."

He said, "Mais, it's a good thing we didn't use no WD-40!"

Halloween Party

There's this man with a bald head and a wooden leg who gets invited to a fancy dress party. He doesn't know what costume to wear to hide his head and his leg, so he writes to a fancy dress company to explain the problem.

A few days later he receives a parcel with a note. "Dear Sir, please find enclosed a pirate's outfit. The spotted handkerchief will cover your bald head, and with your wooden leg, you will be just right as a pirate." The man thinks this is terrible because they have just emphasized his wooden leg and so he writes a really rude letter of complaint.

A week passes and he receives another parcel and a note which says, "Dear Sir, sorry about before, please find enclosed a monk's habit. The long robe will cover your wooden leg, and with your bald head you will really look the part."

Now the man is really annoyed since they have gone from emphasizing his wooden leg to emphasizing his bald head, and he writes the company a REALLY rude letter of complaint.

The next day he receives a small parcel and a note which reads, "Dear Sir, please find enclosed a jar of caramel. Pour the jar of caramel over your bald head, stick your wooden leg up your ass and go as a candied apple!"

Barbies for the Real World...

1. Bifocals Barbie. Comes with her own set of blended-lens fashion frames in six wild colors (half-frames too!), neck chain and large-print editions of Vogue and Martha Stewart Living.
2. Hot Flash Barbie. Press Barbie's bellybutton and watch her face turn beet red while tiny drops of perspiration appear on her forehead. Comes with hand-held fan and tiny tissues.
3. Facial Hair Barbie. As Barbie's hormone levels shift, see her whiskers grow. Available with teensy tweezers and magnifying mirror.
4. Flabby Arms Barbie. Hide Barbie's droopy triceps with these new, roomier-sleeved gowns. Good news on the tummy front, too-muumuus with tummy-support panels are included.
5. Bunion Barbie. Years of disco dancing in stiletto heels have definitely taken their toll on Barbie's dainty arched feet. Soothe her sores with the pumice stone and plasters, then slip on soft terry mules.

6. No-More-Wrinkles Barbie. Erase those pesky crow's-feet and lip lines with a tube of Skin Sparkle-Spackle, from Barbie's own line of exclusive age-blasting cosmetics.
 7. Soccer Mom Barbie. All that experience as a cheer-leader is really paying off as Barbie dusts off her old high school megaphone to root for Babs and Ken, Jr. Comes with minivan in robin-egg blue or white, and cooler filled with doughnut holes and fruit punch.
 8. Mid-life Crisis Barbie. It's time to ditch Ken. Barbie needs a change, and Alonzo (her personal trainer) is just what the doctor ordered, along with Prozac. They're hopping in her new red Miata and heading for the Napa Valley to open a B&B. Includes a real tape of "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do."
 9. Divorced Barbie. Sells for \$199.99. Comes with Ken's house, Ken's car, and Ken's boat.
 10. Recovery Barbie. Too many parties have finally caught up with the ultimate party girl. Now she does Twelve Steps instead of dance steps. Clean and sober, she's going to meetings religiously. Comes with a little copy of The Big Book and a six-pack of Diet Coke.
 11. Post-Menopausal Barbie. This Barbie wets her pants when she sneezes, forgets where she puts things, and cries a lot. She is sick and tired of Ken sitting on the couch watching the tube, clicking through the channels. Comes with Depends and Kleenex. As a bonus this year, the book "Getting In Touch with Your Inner Self" is included.
-

Politically Correct Ways To Say Someone Is Stupid

The lights are on but nobody's home.
His elevator doesn't stop at all the floors.
He's not playing with a full deck.
A few clowns short of a circus.
A few fries short of a happy meal.
The wheel's spinning, but the hamster's dead.
Slipped into the gene pool when the lifeguard wasn't watching.
The butter has slipped off his pancake.
The cheese slid off his cracker.
Body by Fisher, brains by Mattel.
Couldn't pour water out of a boot with instructions on the heel.
As smart as bait.
Doesn't have all his dogs on one leash.
Her sewing machine's out of thread.
One fruit loop shy of a full bowl.
Her antenna doesn't pick up all the channels.
His belt doesn't go through all the loops.
Proof that evolution CAN go in reverse.
Receiver is off the hook.

Not wired to code.
Skylight leaks a little.
Her Slinky's kinked.
Too much yardage between the goal posts.
Got a full 6-pack, but lacks the plastic thingy to hold them together.
A photographic memory, but the lens cover is on.
During evolution his ancestors were in the control group.
Gates are down, the lights are flashing, but the train isn't coming.

Is so dense, light bends around her.
If brains were taxed, he'd get a rebate.
Standing close to her, you can hear the ocean.
Some drink from the fountain of knowledge, but he just gargled.
She stayed on the Tilt-A-Whirl a bit too long.
If brains were dynamite, he wouldn't have enough to blow his nose.
A few sandwiches short of a picnic.

CHAPTER 10: Miracles of Modern Science and Engineering

From The Archives of the Smithsonian

Paleoanthropology Division
Smithsonian Institute
207 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, DC 20078

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your latest submission to the Institute, labeled "211-D, layer seven, next to the clothesline post. Hominid skull." We have given this specimen a careful and detailed examination, and regret to inform you that we disagree with your theory that it represents "conclusive proof of the presence of Early Man in Charleston County two million years ago." Rather, it appears that what you have found is the head of a Barbie doll, of the variety one of our staff, who has small children, believes to be the "Malibu Barbie."

It is evident that you have given a great deal of thought to the analysis of this specimen, and you may be quite certain that those of us who are familiar with your prior work in the field were loathe to come to contradiction with your findings. However, we do feel that there are a number of physical attributes of the specimen that might have tipped you off to its modern origin:

1. The material is molded plastic. Ancient hominid remains are typically fossilized bone.
2. The cranial capacity of the specimen is approximately 9 cubic centimeters, well below the threshold of even the earliest identified proto-hominids.
3. The dentition pattern evident on the "skull" is more consistent with the common domesticated dog than it is with the "ravenous man-eating Pliocene clams" you speculate roamed the wetlands during that time.

This latter finding is certainly one of the most intriguing hypotheses you have submitted in your history with this institution, but the evidence seems to weigh rather heavily against it. Without going into too much detail, let us say that:

- A. The specimen looks like the head of a Barbie doll that a dog has chewed on.
- B. Clams don't have teeth.

It is with feelings tinged with melancholy that we must deny your request to have the specimen carbon dated. This is partially due to the heavy load our lab must bear in its normal operation, and partly due to carbon dating's notorious inaccuracy in fossils of recent geologic record. To the best of our knowledge, no Barbie dolls were produced prior to 1956 AD, and carbon dating is likely to produce wildly inaccurate results.

Sadly, we must also deny your request that we approach the National Science Foundation's Phylogeny Department with the concept of assigning your specimen the scientific name "Australopithecus spiff-arino." Speaking personally, I, for one, fought tenaciously for the acceptance of your proposed taxonomy, but was ultimately voted down because the species name you selected was hyphenated, and didn't really sound like it might be Latin.

However, we gladly accept your generous donation of this fascinating specimen to the museum. While it is undoubtedly not a hominid fossil, it is, nonetheless, yet another riveting example of the great body of work you seem to accumulate here so effortlessly. You should know that our Director has reserved a special shelf in his own office for the display of the specimens you have previously submitted to the Institution, and the entire staff speculates daily on what you will happen upon next in your digs at the site you have discovered in your back yard.

We eagerly anticipate your trip to our nation's capital that you proposed in your last letter, and several of us are pressing the Director to pay for it. We are particularly interested in hearing you expand on your theories surrounding the "trans-positating fillifitation of ferrous ions in a structural matrix" that makes the excellent juvenile Tyrannosaurus rex femur you recently discovered take on the deceptive appearance of a rusty 9-mm Sears Craftsman automotive crescent wrench.

Yours in Science,
Harvey Rowe
Curator, Antiquities

A Call For More Scientific Truth in Product Warning Labels

by Susan Hewitt and Edward Subitzky

As scientists and concerned citizens, we applaud the recent trend towards legislation that requires the prominent placing of warnings on products that present hazards to the general public. Yet we must also offer the cautionary thought that such warnings, however well intentioned, merely scratch the surface of what is really necessary in this important area. This is especially true in light of the findings of 20th century physics.

We are therefore proposing that, as responsible scientists, we join together in an intensive push for new laws that will mandate the conspicuous placement of suitably informative warnings on the packaging of every product offered for sale in the United States of America. Our suggested list of warnings appears below.

WARNING: This Product Warps Space and Time in Its Vicinity.

WARNING: This Product Attracts Every Other Piece of Matter in the Universe, Including the Products of Other Manufacturers, with a Force Proportional to the Product of the Masses and Inversely Proportional to the Distance Between Them.

CAUTION: The Mass of This Product Contains the Energy Equivalent of 85 Million Tons of TNT per Net Ounce of Weight.

HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE: This Product Contains Minute Electrically Charged Particles Moving at Velocities in Excess of Five Hundred Million Miles Per Hour.

CONSUMER NOTICE: Because of the "Uncertainty Principle," It Is Impossible for the Consumer to Find Out at the Same Time Both Precisely Where This Product Is and How Fast It Is Moving.

ADVISORY: There is an Extremely Small but Nonzero Chance That, Through a Process Known as "Tunneling," This Product May Spontaneously Disappear from Its Present Location and Reappear at Any Random Place in the Universe, Including Your Neighbor's Domicile. The Manufacturer Will Not Be Responsible for Any Damages or Inconvenience That May Result.

READ THIS BEFORE OPENING PACKAGE: According to Certain Suggested Versions of the Grand Unified Theory, the Primary Particles Constituting this Product May Decay to Nothingness Within the Next Four Hundred Million Years.

THIS IS A 100% MATTER PRODUCT: In the Unlikely Event That This Merchandise Should Contact Antimatter in Any Form, a Catastrophic Explosion Will Result.

PUBLIC NOTICE AS REQUIRED BY LAW: Any Use of This Product, in Any Manner Whatsoever, Will Increase the Amount of Disorder in the Universe. Although No Liability Is Implied Herein, the Consumer Is Warned That This Process Will Ultimately Lead to the Heat Death of the Universe.

NOTE: The Most Fundamental Particles in This Product Are Held Together by a "Gluing" Force About Which Little is Currently Known and Whose Adhesive Power Can Therefore Not Be Permanently Guaranteed.

ATTENTION: Despite Any Other Listing of Product Contents Found Hereon, the Consumer is Advised That, in Actuality, This Product Consists Of 99.9999999999% Empty Space.

NEW GRAND UNIFIED THEORY DISCLAIMER: The Manufacturer May Technically Be Entitled to Claim That This Product Is Ten-Dimensional. However, the Consumer Is Reminded That This Confers No Legal Rights Above and Beyond Those Applicable to Three-Dimensional Objects, Since the Seven New Dimensions Are "Rolled Up" into Such a Small "Area" That They Cannot Be Detected.

PLEASE NOTE: Some Quantum Physics Theories Suggest That When the Consumer Is Not Directly Observing This Product, It May Cease to Exist or Will Exist Only in a Vague and Undetermined State.

COMPONENT EQUIVALENCY NOTICE: The Subatomic Particles (Electrons, Protons, etc.) Comprising This Product Are Exactly the Same in Every Measurable

Respect as Those Used in the Products of Other Manufacturers, and No Claim to the Contrary May Legitimately Be Expressed or Implied.

HEALTH WARNING: Care Should Be Taken When Lifting This Product, Since Its Mass, and Thus Its Weight, Is Dependent on Its Velocity Relative to the User.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PURCHASERS: The Entire Physical Universe, Including This Product, May One Day Collapse Back into an Infinitesimally Small Space. Should Another Universe Subsequently Re-emerge, the Existence of This Product in That Universe Cannot Be Guaranteed.

Engineer on a Deserted Island

Once upon a time, a male engineer decided to vacation on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. It was wonderful...the experience of his life! He was waited upon hand and foot. But, alas, it did not last. A Hurricane came up suddenly... And the ship went down.

The man found himself, he knew not how, swept up on the shore of an island. There was nothing else anywhere to be seen. No person, no supplies, nothing. The man looked around. There were some bananas and coconuts, but that was it. He was desperate, and forlorn, but decided to make the best of it. So for the next four months he ate bananas, drank coconut juice and mostly looked to the sea mightily for a ship to come to his rescue.

One day, as he was lying on the beach stroking his beard and looking for a ship, he spotted movement out of the corner of his eye. Could it be true, was it a ship? No, from around the corner of the island came this rowboat. In it was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen... Or at least within the past 4 months. She was tall and tanned, and her blonde hair flowed in the sea breeze, giving her an almost ethereal quality. She spotted him also (since he was waving and yelling and screaming to get her attention). She rowed her boat towards him.

In disbelief, he asked, "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

She said, "I rowed from the other side of the island. I landed on this island when my cruise ship sank"

"Amazing", he said, "I didn't know anyone else had survived. How many of you are there? Where, did you get the rowboat? You must have been really lucky to have a rowboat wash-up with you?"

"It is only me", she said, "and the rowboat didn't wash up, nothing else did."

"Well then", said the man, "how did you get the rowboat?"

"I made the rowboat out of raw material that I found on the island," replied the woman. "The oars were whittled from Gum tree branches, I wove the bottom from Palm branches, and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree."

"But, but," stuttered the man, "what about tools and hardware, how did you do that?"

"Oh, no problem," replied the woman, "on the south side of the island there is a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found that if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. I used that for tools, then used the tools to make the hardware. But, enough of that," she said, "where do you live?"

At last the man was forced to confess that he had been sleeping on the beach. "Well, let's row over to my place, she said." So they got into the rowboat and left for her side of island.

The woman easily rowed them around to a wharf that led to the approach to her place. She tied up the rowboat with a beautifully oven hemp rope. They walked up a stone walk and around a Palm tree, and there stood an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

"It's not much," she said, "but I call it home. Sit down, please. Would you like a drink?"

"No thanks," said the man, "one more coconut juice and I will puke."

"It won't be coconut juice, the woman replied. "I have a still; how about a Pina Colada?"

Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepted, and they sat down on her couch to talk.

After a while, and they had exchanged their stories, the woman asked, "Tell me, have you always had a beard?"

"No", the man replied, "I was clean shaven all of my life, and even on the cruise ship."

"Well if you would like to shave, there's a man's razor upstairs in the cabinet in the bathroom." The man, no longer questioning anything, went upstairs to the bathroom. In the cabinet was a razor made from a bone handle, two shells honed to a hollow-ground edge fastened to its end inside of a swivel mechanism. The man shaved, showered and went back down stairs.

"You look great," said the woman, "I think I'll go up and slip into something more comfortable."

The man settled in to wait, continuing to sip his Pina Colada. After a short time, the woman returned wearing strategically positioned fig leaves and smelling faintly of gardenia.

"Tell me something," she said, "We have both been out here for a very long time with no companionship. You know what I mean. Have you been lonely? Is there anything that you really miss? Something that all men and woman need? Something that it would be really nice to have right now?"

"Yes there is," the man replied, moving closer to the woman while fixing her with a long, intense gaze. "Tell me... Do you happen to have an Internet connection, too?"

MIR - A Study In Fear

KOROLYOV, RUSSIA - U.S. and Russian scientists are increasingly excited about the Mir space station project, which promises to reveal more than has ever been known about the scientific relationship between weightlessness and mortal terror.

"By stranding our scientists on a dilapidated space station with faulty wiring, loose hardware, and malfunctioning air systems," NASA head Daniel Goldin said, "we have created extremely favorable conditions for learning about space-borne panic." The two Russians and one American on board the station are reportedly terrified beyond lucidity.

Among the groundbreaking experiments conducted on board Mir: a June 25 collision with a cargo craft that depressurized the Spektr module; last week's emergency power shortage, caused by a disconnected cable; and the periodic release of "dry ice" steam that simulates a shipboard fire. All have been deemed a huge success by agency heads.

"They are in a constant state of what aerospace scientists term 'mind-shattering terror,' frightened for their very lives," Russian mission director Vladimir Solovyov said. "And we have not even used the hull-mounted Alien puppet that taps on the window yet."

"We have also taken huge leaps in our understanding of the patterns created when one wets his pants in the weightlessness of space," Solovyov said. "The urine spreads out in an expanding sphere, something we did not expect."

Taking a break from his busy schedule, astronaut Michael Foale told ABC News reporters: "Where is Mommy?"

"Please tell me the access code to the Soyuz capsule," Russian cosmonaut Aleksandr Lazutkin said. "I would like to return to the chaotic government and widespread hunger of my homeland."

Scientists expect to gain even more useful data during an experiment at 3 a.m. tomorrow. As the astronauts sleep, whirling red siren lights will flood the cabin while an ear-splitting klaxon alarm jolts them awake. Detailed scientific data will then be collected on such variables as open weeping and hair loss.

Fixing the Ring

It's common practice in England to ring a telephone by sending extra voltage across one side of the two-wire circuit and ground (earth in England). When the subscriber answers the phone, it switches to the two-wire circuit for the conversation. This method allows two parties on the same line to be signaled without disturbing each other.

Anyway, an elderly lady with several pets called to say that her telephone failed to ring when her friends called; and that on the few occasions when it did ring her dog always barked first. The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog.

He climbed a nearby telephone pole, hooked in his test set, and dialed the subscriber's house. The phone didn't ring. He tried again. The dog barked loudly, followed by a ringing telephone.

Climbing down from the pole, the telephone repairman found:

- a. The dog was tied to the telephone system's ground post via an iron chain and collar.
- b. The dog was receiving 90 volts of signaling current.
- c. After several such jolts, the dog would start barking and urinating on the ground.
- d. The wet ground now completed the circuit and the phone would ring.

Which shows you that some problems can be fixed by just pissing on them, but only temporarily.

Ice Cream

A complaint was received by the Pontiac Division of General Motors:

"This is the second time I have written you, and I don't blame you for not answering me, because I kind of sounded crazy, but it is a fact that we have a tradition in our family of ice cream for dessert after dinner each night. But the kind of ice cream varies so, every night, after we've eaten, the whole family votes on which kind of ice cream we should have and I drive down to the store to get it. It's also a fact that I recently purchased a new Pontiac and since then my trips to the store have created a problem. You see, every time I buy vanilla ice cream, when I start back from the store my car won't start. If I get any other kind of ice cream, the car starts just fine. I want you to know I'm serious about this question, no matter how silly it sounds: 'What is there about a Pontiac that makes it not start when I get vanilla ice cream, and easy to start whenever I get any other kind?'"

The Pontiac President was understandably skeptical about the letter, but sent an engineer to check it out anyway. The latter was surprised to be greeted by a successful, obviously well educated man in a fine neighborhood. He had arranged to meet the man just after dinnertime, so the two hopped into the car and drove to the ice cream store. It was vanilla ice cream that night and, sure enough, after they came back to the car, it wouldn't start.

The engineer returned for three more nights. The first night, the man got chocolate. The car started. The second night, he got strawberry. The car started. The third night he ordered vanilla. The car failed to start.

Now the engineer, being a logical man, refused to believe that this man's car was allergic to vanilla ice cream. He arranged, therefore, to continue his visits for as long as it took to solve the problem. And toward this end he began to take notes: he jotted down all sorts of data, time of day, type of gas used, time to drive back and forth, etc.

In a short time, he had a clue: the man took less time to buy vanilla than any other flavor. Why? The answer was in the layout of the store.

Vanilla, being the most popular flavor, was in a separate case at the front of the store for quick pickup. All the other flavors were kept in the back of the store at a different counter where it took considerably longer to find the flavor and get checked out.

Now the question for the engineer was why the car wouldn't start when it took less time. Once time became the problem -- not the vanilla ice cream -- the engineer quickly came up with the answer: vapor lock. It was happening every night, but the extra time taken to get the other flavors allowed the engine to cool down sufficiently to start. When the man got vanilla, the engine was still too hot for the vapor lock to dissipate.

Moral of the story: even insane-looking problems are sometimes real.

Newton in Action

(AP) August, 1998, Montevideo, Uruguay

Paolo Esperanza, bass-trombonist with the Simphonica Mayor de Uruguay, in a misplaced moment of inspiration decided to make his own contribution to the cannon shots fired as part of the orchestra's performance of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture at an outdoor children's concert. In complete seriousness he placed a large, ignited firecracker, which was equivalent in strength to a quarter stick of dynamite, into his aluminum straight mute and then stuck the mute into the bell of his quite new Yamaha in-line double-valve bass trombone. Later, from his hospital bed he explained to a reporter through bandages on his mouth, "I thought that the bell of my trombone would shield me from the explosion and instead, would focus the energy of the blast outwards and away from me, propelling the mute high above the orchestra, like a rocket."

However, Paolo was not up on his propulsion physics nor qualified to use high-powered artillery and in his haste to get the horn up before the firecracker went off, he failed to raise the bell of the horn high enough so as to give the mute enough arc to clear the orchestra. What actually happened should serve as a lesson to us all during those delirious moments of divine inspiration. First, because he failed to sufficiently elevate the bell of his horn, the blast propelled the mute between rows of players in the woodwind and viola sections of the orchestra, missing the players and straight into the stomach of the conductor, driving him off the podium and directly into the front row of the audience.

Fortunately, the audience were sitting in folding chairs and thus they were protected from serious injury, for the chairs collapsed under them passing the energy of the impact of the flying conductor backwards into row of people sitting behind them, who in turn were driven back into the people in the row behind and so on, like a row of dominos. The sound of collapsing wooden chairs and grunts of people falling on their behinds increased logarithmically, adding to the overall sound of brass cannons and brass playing as constitutes the closing measures of the Overture.

Meanwhile, all of this unplanned choreography notwithstanding, back on stage Paolo's Waterloo was still unfolding. According to Paolo, "Just as the I heard the sound of the blast, time seemed to stand still. Everything moved in slow motion. Just before I felt searing pain to my mouth, I could swear I heard a voice with a Austrian accent say, "Für every akshon zer iz un eekvul un opposeet reakshon!" Well, this should come as no surprise, for Paolo had set himself up for a textbook demonstration of this fundamental law of physics. Having failed to plug the lead pipe of his trombone, he allowed the energy of the blast to send a super heated jet of gas backwards through the mouth pipe of the trombone which exited the mouthpiece burning his lips and face.

The pyrotechnic ballet wasn't over yet. The force of the blast was so great it split the bell of his shiny Yamaha right down the middle, turning it inside out while at the same time propelling Paolo backwards off the riser. And for the grand finale, as Paolo fell backwards he lost his grip on the slide of the trombone allowing the pressure of the hot gases coursing through the horn to propel the trombone's slide like a double golden spear into the head of the 3rd clarinetist, knocking him unconscious.

The moral of the story? Beware the next time you hear someone in the low brass section yell out "Hey, everyone, watch this!"

Vampires...

Wayne Tikkanen, a professor of chemistry at UCLA, believes that the vampire and werewolf myths of 16th and 17th century Romania and Hungary were actually the result of victims of the rare disorder porphyria. Now treatable, the disease weakens the flesh against ultraviolet rays and changes heme, a component of blood that carries oxygen to the brain, into a toxin. Thinking of it as a folk remedy, some of these people may have drank animal blood to relieve their pain. However, they did not thirst for blood.

Porphyria sufferers were generally hunted down and burned at the stake by judges, clergy and ordinary citizens who mistook their disease for a curse. As porphyria symptoms worsen, the skin begins to blacken and rupture in the sun. Abnormal amounts of hair grow in the scars. Burned lips peel back making the teeth more prominent, the nose erodes and in some cases the fingers disintegrate, making the hands resemble paws. A few variations of porphyria result in insanity and delusions including agonizing pains. Those whose skin is particularly sensitive would only go out after sunset. Tikkanen has read some documented cases in which ordinary citizens would find these disease victims hiding from the sun in coffins or buried under a few inches of dirt in the woods.

"They'd dig them out of the ground, and these people would struggle frenetically because they'd soon be ripped apart and burned," Tikkanen said. Other aspects of the vampire/werewolf myth could be explained as well: The latent disorder could be triggered by a sudden loss of blood, which could result from a vicious animal attack.

Sufferers abhor garlic, which stimulates the creation of toxins in their blood and could make them violently ill. They also may have feared the cross, the sign of the religious and the inquisitors, who sought either to hear their confessions or have them burned. "Just think: you're horribly disfigured but you're perfectly lucid," Tikkanen said. "You don't know what's happening to you, and the doctor doesn't want to treat you even if he knew how. Your priest wants you to confess your sins or the judge will burn you at the stake. But you don't know what you've done wrong. I think this would be a horrible way to live."

(Associated Press)

Moscow

The streets of Moscow have become a minefield due to decaying pipes that pump boiling water to heat buildings. When the pipes leak, hot water can saturate the soil so thoroughly that the weight of a person walking above is enough to turn the ground into a seething sinkhole.

On March 11, 1998, Marina Yarovov was walking her two dogs in a field near her apartment when the earth opened beneath her and she fell into a pit of muddy, boiling water. In agony, she tried to climb out of the hole as a friend ran for help. But within minutes, the 43-year-old mother of two was dead -- boiled alive in the water that heats the homes and shops of her neighborhood through a vast subterranean network of pipes.

Six weeks earlier, Artyom Mkrumyan, 10, was walking to the store in his neighborhood when the ground dissolved under his feet and he fell into a boiling pit. His father, Vladimir, jumped into the 225-degree water to rescue him, but it was too late. Artyom died 11 days later, his father -- scalded from the waist down -- two weeks after that. "He was basically a living, swollen skeleton crying in pain and calling for his mother, calling for help, calling for someone to ease his intolerable pain," she said.

Referring to the people responsible, she added: "I would not think twice before throwing them into a pit like we had here. They must feel what a child boiling alive feels like." City officials bluntly acknowledge that Moscow has become a "mine field" and predict that without a sudden infusion of cash to repair the pipes, more people will die in the same grisly fashion. (The Philadelphia Enquirer)

Science Of The Moon

Scientists have shown that the moon is moving away at a tiny, although measurable distance from the earth every year.

If you do the math, you can calculate that 85 million years ago the moon was orbiting the earth at a distance of about 35 feet from the earth's surface.

This would explain the death of the dinosaurs...the tallest ones, anyway.

Once A Sci-Fi Dream, Skycar Nears Reality

DAVIS, Calif. (Reuters) - Once the stuff of science fiction fantasy, the Skycar is rocketing toward reality fast enough to make Buck Rogers' head spin. Picture a four-passenger sedan streaking through the clouds at 350 miles per hour. Picture a souped-up sports car that takes off with the panache of a jump jet. Picture fuel mileage and eventually a price tag comparable to that of a mid-priced sport utility vehicle. Now picture the prototype Skycar, sitting in streamlined splendor in a vast room at Moller International's headquarters in Davis, California. Over the next several months, the Skycar will begin its first trial flights and, its champions hope, launch a new chapter in human transportation history.

Automobile industry analysts say they are not worried that America's beloved cars are headed the way of the dodo bird. But for the Skycar team, the future is clearly in the clouds.

"This vehicle will be a total failure if it doesn't do something to significantly replace the automobile," said inventor Paul Moller, who has fought for three decades to realize his vision of a future of "vertiports" and computerized airborne traffic like the Jetson's TV show.

"Forget the automobile ... the automobile is headed south," Moller said.

His passion for the Skycar and its potential to change society is shared by some senior U.S. government scientists, who say he is perfecting the technology necessary to spring commuters from earthbound traffic jams and send them flying free into the skies. "It is not a question of if but of when," said Dennis Bushnell, chief scientist at NASA's Langley Research Center, the nation's leading civil aeronautics laboratory. "The market is there. The technology is there. What will slow this down is government regulation."

LOOK, MA, IT'S A FLYING BATMOBILE

The M400 Skycar, the result of 30 years of research and the equivalent of more than \$100 million in investment, certainly looks like futuristic transportation. With a slim, tapered body hunched between four massive engine cases, the vehicle resembles a ruby-red Batmobile equipped with jets and an elegant single wing rising like a gigantic spoiler off the tail.

The passenger compartment features a bubble-like glass canopy to provide views of the landscape below and the endless sky above. The four-seater model is designed to carry a maximum payload of 740 pounds, have a range of up to 900 miles and get roughly 15 miles-per-gallon, using regular automotive fuel.

The price tag, thus far, is estimated at a steep \$1 million. But Moller officials say they are confident that, with time and increased production, the price could be brought down to a more affordable \$60,000. Jack Allison, the company's vice president, said flight tests were scheduled to begin behind closed doors by the end of September, and that the plan was to display an airborne Skycar to the world media by the end of the year although initially the vehicle would only be shown hovering, tethered to a crane.

"We want to be close to 100 percent confident before we take it in front of the public," Allison said.

FATHER OF THE AMERICAN FLYING SAUCER

When the M400 makes its public debut, it will take its place in a long line of "vertical take off and landing" (VTOL) vehicles that Robert Moller has created, including a series of wacky, flying saucer-style machines that proved more photogenic than airworthy. Moller, a Canadian-born engineer fascinated by the hovering techniques of hummingbirds and mosquitoes, began working on a VTOL, or "volantor," in his garage in the early 1960s while he was a professor at the University of California at Davis.

His first effort, the XM-2, was powerful enough to take off but proved wobbly in the air. For the next 20 years he tinkered with the idea, becoming so committed to its success that he left the university to found Moller International.

In 1989 he introduced the M200X, a volantor in which the pilot sits in the middle of a round disc that has eight high-powered fans arranged around its rim. This vehicle was able to take to the air and had good vertical thrust and stability. But it proved balky, sending Moller and his engineering team back to the drawing board.

The scientists agreed that the keys to the project were the engines, which had to be both powerful and lightweight enough to send the Skycar soaring. The answer was found in the rotary engine developed by German scientist Felix Wankel in 1957. Unlike traditional piston engines, Wankel's engine features a triangular rotor turning inside a combustion chamber, a simple and efficient design that has only two moving parts. Moller modified the Wankel engine further, making it significantly lighter and connecting it directly to the fan blades that generate thrust for the Skycar. This thrust is directed through the rounded engine housing and shoots jet-like through vanes that can be angled downward to generate lift, as well as back for forward push.

Having bought the technology behind the Wankel engine in 1985, Moller International's improvements have made the motors into a marketable commodity once again. Smaller versions of the engine have been fitted in motorcycles, boats and into a hybrid gas-electric car, all markets for an engine that promises both reliability and relatively low pollution levels. But for Moller the engine will always be first and foremost the "enabling technology" for his Skycar the next big thing in moving people around the globe.

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S A SKYCAR

Moller's supporters in the scientific community say the Skycar will revolutionize the way people live, a transformation as great as when the automobile supplanted the horse-and-buggy.

With advances in satellite tracking technology, planners are close to implementing a system that would allow computers to run small aircraft like the Skycar as 100 percent "fly-by-wire" vehicles removing the need for on board pilots and removing the danger of a fender bender at 20,000 feet (6,096 m). NASA's Bushnell said that with computer controlled Skycars moving efficiently through the skies, highway traffic jams would vanish. The vast range afforded by the new vehicles would also change the structure of the community, feeding into similar changes being wrought by the Internet.

"There is a lot of empty space in this country," Bushnell said. "With telecommuting, and this machine, you can live where wherever you want. The country will de-urbanize to a much greater extent than it is now."

Automobile industry analysts have been a much harder sell, with few placing bets that the station wagon is headed for the dust heap of history any time soon. "You haven't even got computers running cars yet, let alone aircraft," said Jim Hall, an analyst at Autopacific Inc. "But the real issue is affordability, and the affordability of this thing is not proven. If they end up making a \$300,000 flying car that's great, but it's not a growth market."

Physics History

Sir Ernest Rutherford, President of the Royal Academy, and recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physics, related the following story:

Some time ago I received a call from a colleague. He was about to give a student a zero for his answer to a physics question, while the student claimed a perfect score. The instructor and the student agreed to an impartial arbiter, and I was selected.

I read the examination question: "Show how it is possible to determine the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer." The student had answered: "Take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower it to the street, and then bring it up, measuring the length of the rope. The length of the rope is the height of the building."

The student really had a strong case for full credit since he had really answered the question completely and correctly! On the other hand, if full credit were given, it could well contribute to a high grade in his physics course and certify competence in physics, but the answer did not confirm this.

I suggested that the student have another try. I gave the student six minutes to answer the question with the warning that the answer should show some knowledge of physics. At the end of five minutes, he hadn't written anything.

I asked if he wished to give up, but he said he had many answers to this problem; he was just thinking of the best one. I excused myself for interrupting him and asked him to please go on.

In the next minute, he dashed off his answer, which read: "Take the barometer to the top of the building and lean over the edge of the roof. Drop the barometer, timing its fall with a stopwatch. Then, using the formula $x=0.5*a*t^2$, calculate the height of the building."

At this point, I asked my colleague if he would give up. He conceded, and gave the student almost full credit. While leaving my colleague's office, I recalled that the student had said that he had other answers to the problem, so I asked him what they were.

"Well," said the student, "there are many ways of getting the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer. For example, you could take the barometer out on a sunny day and measure the height of the barometer, the length of its shadow, and the length of the shadow of the building, and by the use of simple proportion, determine the height of the building."

"Fine," I said, "and others?"

"Yes," said the student, "there is a very basic measurement method you will like. In this method, you take the barometer and begin to walk up the stairs."

As you climb the stairs, you mark off the length of the barometer along the wall. You then count the number of marks, and this will give you the height of the building in barometer units. A very direct method."

"Of course. If you want a more sophisticated method, you can tie the barometer to the end of a string, swing it as a pendulum, and determine the value of g [gravity] at the street level and at the top of the building. From the difference between the two values of g , the height of the building, in principle, can be calculated."

"On this same tack, you could take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower it to just above the street, and then swing it as a pendulum. You could then calculate the height of the building by the period of the precession."

"Finally," he concluded, "there are many other ways of solving the problem. Probably the best," he said, "is to take the barometer to the basement and knock on the superintendent's door. When the superintendent answers, you speak to him as follows: 'Mr.

Superintendent, here is a fine barometer. If you will tell me the height of the building, I will give you this barometer."

At this point, I asked the student if he really did not know the conventional answer to this question. He admitted that he did, but said that he was fed up with high school and college instructors trying to teach him how to think.

The name of the student was Niels Bohr (1885-1962); Danish Physicist; Nobel Prize 1922; best known for proposing the first "model" of the atom with protons and neutrons, and various energy states of the surrounding electrons -- the familiar icon of the small nucleus circled by three elliptical orbits... but more significantly, an innovator in Quantum Theory.

A History Of Cannon Balls

Did you know, in the mighty British Navy at the time of Empire building, every sailing ship had cannon (the plural of cannon) for protection.

Cannon of the times required round iron cannonballs. A ship's master wanted to store the cannonballs such that they could be available for instant use when needed, but in a manner that would not let them roll around the gun deck.

The solution devised was to stack them up in a square-based pyramid next to the cannon. The top level of the stack had one ball, the next level down had three, the next had nine, the next had sixteen, and so on. Four levels would provide a stack of 30 cannonballs.

The only real problem was how to keep the bottom level from sliding out from under the weight of the higher levels. To do this, they devised a small brass plate referred to as a "brass monkey," with one rounded indentation for each cannonball in the bottom layer.

Brass was used because the cannonballs wouldn't rust on the brass monkey, but would rust on an iron one.

When temperature falls, brass contracts faster than iron. As it got cold on the gun decks, the indentations in the brass monkey would get smaller than the iron cannonballs they were holding.

If the temperature got cold enough, the bottom layer of cannonballs would pop out of the indentations, spilling the entire pyramid over the deck. Thus it was, quite literally, "cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey." And so, another familiar phrase became part of the language.

Now, aren't you glad you took the time to read this historical piece?

NASA Story

About 1966 or so, a NASA team doing work for the Apollo moon mission took the astronauts near Tuba City where the terrain of the Navajo Reservation looks very much like the Lunar surface. With all the trucks and large vehicles were two large figures that were dressed in full lunar spacesuits.

Near by a Navajo shepherd and his son were watching the strange creatures walk about, occasionally being tended by personnel. The two Navajo people were noticed and approached by the NASA personnel. Since the man did not know English, his son asked for him what the strange creatures were and the NASA people told them that they are just men that are getting ready to go to the moon. The man became very excited and asked if he could send a message to the moon with the astronauts.

The NASA personnel thought this was a great idea so they rustled up a tape recorder. After the man gave them his message they asked his son to translate. His son would not.

Later, they tried a few more people on the reservation to translate and every person they asked would chuckle and then refuse to translate. Finally, with cash in hand someone translated the message:

"Watch out for these guys, they come to take your land."

Sometimes It Does Take A Rocket Scientist

Scientists at NASA have developed a gun built specifically to launch dead chickens at the windshields of airliners, military jets and the space shuttle, all traveling at maximum velocity. The idea is to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields. British engineers heard about the gun and were eager to test it on the windshields of their new high-speed trains.

Arrangements were made to borrow the gun. But when the gun was fired, the engineers stood shocked as the chicken hurtled out of the barrel, crashed into the shatterproof shield, smashed it to smithereens, crashed through the control console, snapped the engineer's backrest in two and embedded itself in the back wall of the cabin. Horrified, Britons sent NASA the disastrous results of the experiment, along with the designs of the windshield, and begged the U.S. scientists for suggestions.

NASA's response was just one sentence: "Thaw the chicken."

Good Luck, Mr. Gorsky

When Apollo Mission Astronaut Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon, he not only gave his famous 'one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind' statement but followed it by several remarks, usual com traffic between him, the other astronauts and Mission Control. Just before he re-entered the lander, however, he made the enigmatic remark 'Good luck Mr. Gorsky.'

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival Soviet Cosmonaut. However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programs. Over the years many people questioned Armstrong as to what the 'Good luck Mr. Gorsky' statement meant, but Armstrong always just smiled.

Just last year, (on July 5, 1995 in Tampa Bay FL) while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26 year old question to Armstrong. This time he finally responded. Mr. Gorsky had finally died and so Neil Armstrong felt he could answer the question. When he was a kid, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard. His friend hit a fly ball that landed in the front of his neighbor's bedroom windows. His neighbors were Mr. & Mrs. Gorsky. As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky. 'Oral sex! You want oral sex?! "You'll get oral sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!"

Follow the Yellow Brick Road

A Floydian analysis of 'The Wizard of Oz'
By HELEN KENNEDY
Daily News Staff Writer

Call it Dark Side of the Rainbow. Classic rockers are buzzing about the amazingly weird connections that leap off the screen when you play Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon" as the soundtrack to "The Wizard of Oz." It sounds wacky, but there really is a bizarre synchronization there.

The lyrics and music join in cosmic synch with the action, forming dozens Upon dozens of startling coincidences -- the kind that make you go "Oh wow, man" even if you haven't been near a bong in 20 years. Consider these examples: Floyd sings "the lunatic is on the grass" just as the Scarecrow begins his floppy jig near a green lawn. The line "got to keep the loonies on the path" comes just before Dorothy and the Scarecrow start traipsing down the Yellow Brick Road.

When deejay George Taylor Morris at WZLX-FM in Boston first mentioned the phenom on the air six weeks ago, he touched off a frenzy. "The phones just blew off the wall. It started on a Friday, and that first weekend you couldn't get a copy of 'The Wizard of Oz' anywhere in Boston," he said. "People were staying home to check it out." It's fun, he said, because everyone knows the movie, and the album which spent a record busting 591 straight weeks on the Billboard charts, can be found in practically every record collection.

Dave Herman at WNEW-FM in New York mentioned the buzz a few weeks ago. The response -- more than 2,000 letters -- was the biggest ever in the deejay's 25-year on-air career. "It has been just unbelievable," said WNEW program director Mark Chernoff. "I've never seen anything like this." The station plans to show the movie using the album as soundtrack at a small private screening tomorrow.

Rock fans always have loved to speculate about hidden messages in their favorite albums. But seeking connections between the beloved 1939 classic kid flick and the legendary 1973 acid-rock album pushes the envelope of the music conspiracy genre. Nobody from the publicity-shy band would comment, but Morris asked keyboardist Richard Wright about it on the air last month. He looked flummoxed and said he'd never heard of any intentional connections between the movie and the album. But the fans aren't convinced it's just a cosmic coincidence.

"I'm a musician myself and I know how hard it is just to write music, let alone music choreographed to action," said drummer Alex Harm, of Lowell, Mass., who put up one of the two Internet web pages devoted to the synchronicities. "To make it match up so well, you'd have to plan it." Morris is convinced that ex-frontman Roger Waters planned the whole thing without letting his fellow band members in on the secret. "It's too close. It's just too close. Look at the song titles. Look at the cover. There's something going on there," Morris said.

Here's how it works. You start the album at the exact moment when the MGM lion finishes its third and last roar. It might take a few times to get everything lined up just right. Then, just sit back and watch. It'll blow your mind, man.

- During "Breathe," Dorothy teeters along a fence to the lyric: "balanced on the biggest wave."
- The Wicked Witch, in human form, first appears on her bike at the same moment a burst of alarm bells sounds on the album.
- During "Time," Dorothy breaks into a trot to the line: "no one told you when to run."
- When Dorothy leaves the fortuneteller to go back to her farm, the album is playing: "home, home again."
- Glinda, the cloyingly saccharine Good Witch of the North, appears in her bubble just as the band sings: "Don't give me that do goody good bullshit."
- A few minutes later, the Good Witch confronts the Wicked Witch as the band sings, "And who knows which is which" (or is that "witch is witch?")
- The song "Brain Damage" starts about the same time as the Scarecrow launches into "If I Only Had a Brain."

But it's not just the weird lyrical coincidences. Songs end when scenes switch, and even the Munchkins' dancing is perfectly choreographed to the song "Us and Them." The phenomenon is at its most startling during the tornado scene, when the wordless singing in "The Great Gig in the Sky" swells and recedes in strikingly perfect time with the movie. When Dorothy opens the door into Oz, the movie switches to rich color

and -- and that exact moment -- the album starts in with the tinkling cash register sound effects from "Money."

Anyone who has ever nursed a hangover watching MTV with the sound off and the radio on can tell you how quick the brain is to turn music into a soundtrack for pictures. But this is uncanny. The real fanatics will point out that side one of the vinyl album is the exact length of the black-and-white portion of the movie. And then there's that iconic album cover, with its prism and rainbow echoing the movie's famous black-and-white-into-color switch -- not to mention Judy Garland's classic first song.

The real clincher, though, the moment where even the most skeptical of cynics has to utter a small "whoa!" comes at the end of the album, which tails off with the insistent sound of a beating heart. What's happening on screen? Yep, you guessed it: Dorothy's got her ear to the Tin Man's chest, listening for a heartbeat. Maybe it's just a string of coincidences. Maybe the mind is just playing some really cool tricks. Maybe some people just have waaaay too much time on their hands. Or maybe, as Pink Floyd sings to close out the album, everything under the sun really is in tune.

Giving the Finger

Before the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, the French, anticipating victory over the English, proposed to cut off the middle finger of all captured English soldiers. Without the middle finger it would be impossible to draw the renowned English longbow and therefore be incapable of fighting in the future.

This famous weapon was made of the native English Yew tree, and the act of drawing the longbow was known as "plucking the yew" (or "pluck yew"). Much to the bewilderment of the French, the English won a major upset and began mocking the French by waving their middle fingers at the defeated French, saying, "See, we can still pluck yew! PLUCK YEW!"

Since 'pluck yew' is rather difficult to say, the difficult consonant cluster at the beginning has gradually changed to a labiodental fricative 'F', and thus the words often used in conjunction with the one-finger-salute are mistakenly thought to have something to do with an intimate encounter.

It is also because of the pheasant feathers on the arrows used with the longbow that the symbolic gesture is known as "giving the bird." And yew thought yew knew everything!

"Give And It Shall Come Back To You..."

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to eke out a living for his family he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself.

Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" the nobleman asked.

"Yes," the farmer replied proudly.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me take him and give him a good education. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to a man you can be proud of."

And that he did. In time, Farmer Fleming's son graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin.

Years afterward, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. What saved him? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

Someone once said what goes around comes around.

CHAPTER 11: Sports and Sports Heroes

Tiger Woods

A couple was on their honeymoon, ready to consummate their marriage, when the new bride says to her husband, "I have a confession to make, I'm not a virgin."

The husband replies, "That's no big thing in this day and age."

The wife continues, "Yeah, I've been with one guy."

"Oh yeah? Who was the guy?"

"Tiger Woods."

"Tiger Woods, the golfer?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he's rich, famous and handsome. I can see why you went to bed with him."

The husband and wife then make passionate love. When they are done, the husband gets up and walks to the telephone.

"What are you doing?" asks the wife.

The husband says, "I'm hungry, I was going to call room service and get something to eat."

"Tiger wouldn't do that."

"Oh yeah? What would Tiger do?"

"He'd come back to bed and do it a second time."

The husband puts down the phone and goes back to bed to make love to his wife a second time.

When they finish, he gets up and goes over to the phone.

"Now what are you doing?" she asks.

"I'm still hungry, so I was going to get room service to get something to eat."

"Tiger wouldn't do that."

"Oh yeah? What would Tiger do?"

"He'd come back to bed and do it again."

The husband puts down the phone and goes back to bed to make love to his wife a third time.

When they finish, he's tired and beat. He drags himself over to the phone and starts to dial.

The wife asks, "Are you calling room service?"

"No! I'm calling Tiger Woods, to find out what's par for this damn hole!"

Golf Lessons

A foursome is waiting at the men's tee when another foursome of ladies are hitting from the ladies tee. The ladies are taking their time and finally the last one is ready to hit the ball. She hacks it about 10 feet, goes over to it, hacks it another ten feet and looks up at the men waiting and says apologetically: "I guess all those fucking lessons I took this winter didn't help"

One of the men immediately replies: "No, you see that's your problem. You should have been taking golf lessons instead."

Joggers

As I get older, I agree more with these:

1. It is well documented that for every mile you jog, you add 1 minute to your life. This enables you, at 95 years old, to spend an additional five months in a nursing home at \$5,000 per month.
 2. My grandmother started walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 now and we have no idea where she is.
 3. The only reason I would take up jogging is so that I could hear heavy breathing again.
 4. I joined a health club last year, spent about 400 bucks. Have NOT lost a pound. Apparently you have to show up.
 5. I have to exercise early in the morning before my brain figures out what I'm doing.
 6. I don't exercise at all. If God meant for us to touch our toes, surely he would have put them further up on our body.
 7. I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.
 8. I have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them.
 9. The advantage of exercising every day is that you die healthier.
 10. If you are going to try cross-county skiing, start with a small country.
 11. I don't jog; it makes the ice jump right out of my glass.
-

Golf Therapy

A couple of women were playing golf one sunny Saturday morning. The first of the twosome teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole. Indeed, the ball hit one of the men, and he immediately clasped his hands together at his crotch, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in evident agony.

The woman rushed down to the man and immediately began to apologize. She explained that she was a physical therapist: "Please allow me to help. I'm a physical therapist and I know I can relieve your pain if you'd just allow me!" she told him earnestly.

"Ummph, oooh, nnooo, I'll be alright. I'll be fine in a few minutes," he replied breathlessly as he remained in the fetal position still clasping his hands together at his crotch. But she persisted, and he finally allowed her to help him. She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, she loosened his pants, and she put her hands inside. She began to massage his crotch. She then asked him: "How does that feel?"

To which he replied: "It feels great, but my thumb still hurts like hell!"

Frogs

A man takes the day off work and decides to go out golfing. He is on the second hole when he notices a frog sitting next to the green. He thinks nothing of it and is about to shoot when he hears, "Ribbit. 9 Iron." The man looks around and doesn't see anyone.

Again, he hears, "Ribbit. 9 Iron."

He looks at the frog and decides to humor the frog, puts the club away, and grabs a 9 iron. Boom! He hits it 10' from the cup. He is shocked. Amazed to say the least. He says to the frog, "Wow that's amazing. You must be a lucky frog, eh?"

The frog reply's, "Ribbit. Lucky frog."

Figuring he has nothing to lose, the man decides to take the frog with him to the next hole. "What do you think frog?" the man asks.

"Ribbit. 3 wood."

The guy takes out a 3 wood and, Boom! Hole in one. The first of his life. The man is befuddled and doesn't know what to say. By the end of the day, the man had played the best game of golf in his life. The man decides he should hang on to the frog for a while and asks the frog, "OK where to next?"

The frog replies, "Ribbit. Las Vegas."

So of they go to Las Vegas. Once there, the guy says, "OK frog, now what?"

The frog says, "Ribbit. Roulette."

Upon approaching the roulette table, the man asks, "What do you think I should bet?"

The frog replies, "Ribbit. \$3000, black 6."

Now, this is a million-to-one shot to win, but after the golf game, the man figures what the heck. Boom! The ball stops on Black 6. Tons of cash comes sliding back across the table. The man takes his winnings and buys the best room in the hotel. He sits the frog down and says, "Frog, I don't know how to repay you. You've won me all this money and I am forever grateful."

The frog replies, "Ribbit. Kiss Me."

He figures why not. After all the frog did for him, he figures it's the least he could do...what would it hurt. With a kiss, the frog turns into a gorgeous 15-year-old girl.

"And that, your honor, is how the girl ended up in my room."

The Top 10 Alternatives to Traditional Exercise

If you find standard exercises too boring, try these less traditional exercises to burn some calories:

1. Beating around the bush - 75 calories.
 2. Jumping to conclusions - 200 calories.
 3. Climbing up the wall - 150 calories.
 4. Passing the buck - 50 calories.
 5. Throwing your weight around - from 50-500 calories (depending on your weight or management level).
 6. Dragging your heels - 175 calories.
 7. Making mountains out of molehills - 500 calories.
 8. Adding fuel to the fire - 150 calories.
 9. Straddling the fence - 75 calories.
 10. Tooting your own horn - 25 calories.
-

Golf Lessons

A husband and wife love to golf together, but neither of them are playing like they want to, so they decide to take private lessons.

The husband has his lesson first. After the pro sees his swing, he says, "No, no, no, you're gripping the club way too hard!"

"Well, what should I do?" asks the man. "Hold the club gently," the pro replied, "just like you'd hold your wife's breast."

The man takes the advice, takes a swing, and WOW! He hits the ball 250 yd. straight up the fairway. The man goes back to his wife with the good news, and the wife can't wait for her lesson.

The next day the wife goes for her lesson. The pro watches her swing and says, "No, no, no, you're gripping the club way too hard."

"What can I do?" asks the wife.

"Hold the club gently, just like you'd hold your husband's penis.

"The wife listens carefully to the pro's advice, takes a swing, and THUMP. The ball goes straight down the fairway... about 15 ft.

"That was great," the pro says. "Now, take the club out of your mouth and swing the club like you're supposed to!" says the pro.

Exercise Diary

For my birthday this year my wife purchased me a week of private lessons at the local health club. Though still in great shape from when I was on the varsity chess team in high school, I decided it was a good idea to go ahead and try it. I called and made reservations with someone named Tanya, who said she is a 26-year-old aerobics instructor and athletic-clothing model. My wife seemed very pleased with how enthusiastic I was to get started. They suggested I keep an "exercise diary" to chart my progress.

Day 1: Started the morning at 6:30 a.m. Tough to get up, but worth it when I arrived at the health club and Tanya was waiting for me. She's something of a goddess, with blonde hair and a dazzling white smile. She showed me the machines and took my pulse after five minutes on the treadmill. She seemed a little alarmed that it was so high, but I think just standing next to her in that outfit of hers added about 10 points. Enjoyed watching the aerobics class. Tanya was very encouraging as I did my sit-ups, though my gut was already aching a little from holding it in the whole time I was talking to her. This is going to be GREAT!

Day 2: Took a whole pot of coffee to get me out the door, but I made it. Tanya had me lie on my back and push this heavy iron bar up into the air. Then she put weights on it, for heaven's sake! Legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made it the full mile. Her smile made it all worth while. Muscles ALL feel GREAT.

Day 3: The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the tooth brush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I am certain that I have developed a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was OK as long as I didn't try to steer. I parked on top of a Volkswagen. Tanya was a little impatient with me and said my screaming was bothering the other club members. The treadmill hurt my chest, so I did the stair monster. Why would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered

obsolete by the invention of elevators? Tanya told me regular exercise would make me live longer. I can't imagine anything worse.

Day 4: Tanya was waiting for me with her vampire teeth in full snarl. I can't help it if I was half an hour late; it took me that long just to tie my shoes. She wanted me to lift dumbbells. Not a chance, Tanya. The word "dumb" must be in there for a reason. I hid in the men's room until she sent Lars looking for me. As punishment she made me try the rowing machine. It sank!

Day 5: I hate Tanya more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. If there were any part of my body not in extreme pain, I would hit her with it. She thought it would be a good idea to work on my triceps. Well, I have news for you, Tanya: I don't have triceps. And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me any barbells. I refuse to accept responsibility for the damage. YOU went to sadist school, YOU are to blame. The treadmill flung me back into a science teacher, which hurt like crazy. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like a music teacher, or a social studies teacher?

Day 6: Got Tanya's message on my answering machine, wondering where I am. I lacked the strength to use the TV remote, so I watched 11 straight hours of the Weather Channel.

Day 7: Well, that's the week. Thank goodness that's over. Maybe next time my wife will give me something a little more fun, like a gift certificate for a root canal.

Football

There was this guy who *LOVED* football. It was his dream to go to the Superbowl. One year, he scrimped and saved and cut every corner possible, and he was able to buy a ticket.

Unable to afford a plane ticket, he hitchhiked to the game, and got to his seat (way up in the nosebleed section) ready to watch his dream game. His seats really suck. He's way in the middle of nowhere, and even has a pole in front of him that he has to lean sideways to see around, but at least he's there!

He's scanning the crowd, and he sees that one seat, way down in the middle, only 5 rows off the 50-yard line is empty! Jesus, how the heck could someone pay that much for a ticket and not show up!?!?

This is driving the poor guy crazy, so he has to find out what's going on. During halftime, he runs down and makes it to the empty seat. It's a 2-person box, and there is a guy in the other seat.

He says, "Is that your seat?"

The guy says, "yea, it's my wife's seat. We come here together every year."

He says, "Well, where is she?"

The guy says, "She passed away..."

So, he says "geez... Sorry to hear that. So, why'd you come alone?"

The guy says, "I couldn't get anyone to come with me."

He says, "What? Are you nuts? You couldn't find a friend or brother or cousin, or ANYONE?!?!?!"

And the guy says "Nope. They all wanted to go to the funeral."

Genies

A couple was golfing one day on a very, very exclusive golf course, lined with million dollar houses. On the third tee the husband said, "Honey, be very careful when you drive the ball don't knock out any windows. It'll cost us a fortune to fix."

The wife teed up and shanked it right through the window of the biggest house on the course. The husband cringed and said, "I told you to watch out for the houses. Alright, let's go up there, apologize and see how much this is going to cost."

They walked up, knocked on the door, and heard a voice say, "Come on in."

They opened the door and saw glass all over the floor and a broken bottle lying on its side in the foyer. A man on the couch said, "Are you the people that broke my window?"

"Uh, yeah. Sorry about that." the husband replied.

"No, actually I want to thank you. I'm a genie that was trapped for a thousand years in that bottle. You've released me. I'm allowed to grant three wishes - I'll give you each one wish, and I'll keep the last one for myself."

"OK, great!" the husband said. "I want a million dollars a year for the rest of my life." "No problem - it's the least I could do. And you, what do you want?" the genie said, looking at the wife.

"I want a house in every country of the world," she said.

"Consider it done." the genie replied.

"And what's your wish, genie?" the husband said.

"Well, since I've been trapped in that bottle, I haven't had sex with a woman in a thousand years. My wish is to sleep with your wife."

The husband looks at the wife and said, "Well, we did get a lot of money and all those houses, honey. I guess I don't care." The genie took the wife upstairs and ravished her for two hours.

After it was over, the genie rolled over, looked at the wife, and said,

"How old is your husband, anyway?"

"35." she replied.

"And he still believes in genies? That's amazing."

The Football Coach...

A football coach walked into the locker room before a game, looked over to his star player and said, "I'm not supposed to let you play since you failed math, but we need you in there.

So, what I have to do is ask you a math question, and if you get it right, you can play."

The player agreed, so coach looked into his eyes intently and asked, "Okay, now concentrate hard and tell me the answer to this. What is two plus two?"

The player thought for a moment and then answered, "4?"

"Did you say 4?" the coach exclaimed, excited that he had got it right.

Suddenly all the other players on the team began screaming... "Come on coach, give him another chance!"

Lexus Accessories

A man and his wife were driving through country on his way from New York to California. Looking at his fuel gauge, he decided to stop at the next gasoline station and fill up. About 15 minutes later, he spots a Mobil station and pulls over to the high-octane pump.

"What can I do for yawl?" asks the attendant. "Fill 'er up with high test," replies the driver.

While the attendant is filling up the tank, he's looking the car up and down. "What kinda car is this?" he asks. "I never seen one like it before."

"Well," responds the driver, his chest swelling up with pride, "this, my boy is a Lexus ES 300."

"What all's it got in it?" asks the attendant.

"Well," says the driver, "it has everything. It's loaded with power steering, power seats, power sun roof, power mirrors, automatic temperature control setting, AM/FM radio with a 6 magazine CD player in the trunk with 100 watts per channel, 8 speaker stereo, rack and pinion steering, disk brakes all around, leather interior, digital instrument package, and best of all, a 4-cycle, 24 valve, V-6 engine."

"Wow," says the attendant, "that's really something!"

"How much do I owe you for the gasoline?" asks the driver.

"That'll be \$30.17," says the attendant.

The driver pulls out his money clip and peels off a \$20 and a \$10. He goes into his other pocket and pulls out a handful of change. Mixed up with the change are a few golf tees.

"What are those little wooden things?" asks the attendant.

"That's what I put my balls on when I drive," says the driver.

"Wow," says the over-awed attendant, "those Lexus people really think of everything, don't they?"

Top Ten Things That Sound Dirty In Golf But Aren't:

10. Nuts! ...My shaft is bent.
9. After 18 holes I can barely walk.
8. You really whacked the hell out of that sucker!
7. Look at the size of his putter!
6. Keep your head down and spread your legs a bit more...
5. Mind if I join your threesome?
4. Stand with your back turned and drop it.
3. My hands are so sweaty I can't get a good grip.
2. Nice stroke, but your follow through has a lot to be desired.

And the number 1 thing that sounds dirty in golf but isn't:

1. Hold up...I need to wash my balls first!
-

CHAPTER 12: Doctors and Medicine

Proposed Surgeon General's Warning Labels for Alcohol

1. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may cause you to wake up with breath that could knock a buzzard off a shit truck at 100 yards.
 2. WARNING: consumption of alcohol is a major factor in dancing like an asshole.
 3. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may cause you to tell the same boring story over and over again until your friends want to SMASH YOUR HEAD IN.
 4. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may cause you to thay shings like thish.
 5. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may cause you to tell the boss what you REALLY think while photocopying your butt at the office Christmas party.
 6. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may lead you to believe that ex-lovers are really dying for you to telephone them at 4 in the morning.
 7. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may leave you wondering what the hell ever happened to your pants anyway.
 8. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may cause you to roll over in the morning and see something really scary (whose species and or name you can't remember)
 9. WARNING: consumption of alcohol is the leading cause of inexplicable rug burn on the forehead.
 10. WARNING: consumption of alcohol may create the illusion that you are tougher, handsomer and smarter than some really, really big guy named Psycho.
-

A Visit to the Doctor

A couple aged 67 went to the doctor's office. The doctor asked, "What can I do for you?" The man said "Will you watch us have sexual intercourse?" The doctor looked puzzled but agreed, when the couple had finished, the doctor said "There is nothing wrong with the way you have intercourse." And he charged them \$32.00. This happened several weeks in a row. The couple would make an appointment, have intercourse, pay the doctor, and leave. Finally the doctor asked "Just exactly what are you trying to find out?" The old man said, "We're not trying to find out anything. She is married and we can't go to her house. I am married and we can't go to my house. The Holiday Inn charges \$60.00. The Hilton charges \$78.00. We do it here for \$32.00 and I get \$28.00 back from Medicare for a visit to the doctor's office!"

Heart Attack

A woman named Shirley was from Beverly Hills. One day, she had a heart attack and was taken to Cedar Sinai hospital. While on the operating table, she had a near-death experience. She saw God and asked, "Is this it?" God said, "No, you have another 30 to 40 years to live."

Upon her recovery, she decided to stay in the hospital and have collagen shots, cheek implants, a face lift, liposuction and breast augmentation. She even had someone dye her hair. She figured that since she had another 30 to 40 years, she might as well make the most of it.

She walked out of Cedars Sinai lobby after the last operation and was killed by an ambulance speeding up to the hospital. She arrived in front of God and said, "I thought you said I had another 30 to 40 years?"

God replied, "Shirley! I didn't recognize you!"

Bumbershoot

An 80 year-old man is having his annual checkup. The doctor asks him how he's feeling. "I've never been better!" he replies. "I've got an eighteen year old bride who's pregnant and having my child! What do you think about that?"

The doctor considers this for a moment, then says, "Well, let me tell you a story."

"I know a guy who's an avid hunter. He never misses a season. But one day he's in a bit of a hurry and he accidentally grabs his umbrella instead of his gun. So he's in the woods and suddenly a grizzly bear appears in front of him! He raises up his umbrella, points it at the bear and squeezes the handle. The bear drops dead in front of him."

"That's impossible! Someone else must of shot that bear."

"Exactly."

Dr. Grandmom

An elderly woman while in the doctor's office said that she wanted the doctor to prescribe some birth control pills for her. After inquiring why, and getting nowhere, the doctor decided that they wouldn't hurt her and gave her the prescription to keep her happy.

A few months later when the woman was back in the office the doctor asked her how the birth control pills were working. The woman replied, "They're working great. I'm sleeping like a baby."

The doctor wanting to avoid confusion told the woman, "Those are birth control pills, not sleeping pills that I gave you."

The old woman smiled and looked at the doctor and said, "Well Doc, I get up each morning and put one of those pills in a glass of orange juice and give it to my granddaughter and I'm sleeping like a baby."

Best Emergency Room Stories of 1995

AUGUSTA, ME - Four people were injured in a string of bizarre accidents. Sherry Moeller was admitted with a head wound caused by flying masonry, Tim Vegas was diagnosed with a mild case of whiplash and contusions on his chest, arms and face, Bryan

Corcoran suffered torn gum tissue, and Pamela Klesick's first two fingers of her right hand had been bitten off. Moeller had just dropped her husband off for his first day of work and, in addition to a good-bye kiss, she flashed her breasts at him "I'm still not sure why I did it," she said later. "I was really close to the car, so I didn't think anyone would see. Besides, it couldn't have been for more than two seconds." However, cab driver Vegas did see and lost control of his cab, running over the curb and into the corner of the Johnson Medical Building. Inside, Klesick, a dental technician, was cleaning Corcoran's teeth. The crash of the cab against the building making her jump, tearing Corcoran's gums with a cleaning pick. In shock, he bit down, severing two fingers from Klesick's hand. Moeller's wound was caused by a falling piece of the medical building.

TAOS, NM - A woman went to a poison control center after eating three birth-control vaginal inserts. Her English was so bad she had to draw a picture describing how she believed she had poisoned herself. A translator arrived shortly thereafter and confirmed doctors' suspicions. Marie Valishnokov thought the inserts were some kind of candy or gum, being unable to read the foil wrappers. After the third one, she realized something was wrong when her throat and mouth began to fill with a sour-tasting foam. She ran for the Poison Control Center, only a few blocks away where doctors were able to flush the foam from her mouth, throat and stomach with no ill effects.

LA GRANGE, GA - Attorney Antonio Mendoza was released from a trauma center after having a cell phone removed from his rectum. "My dog drags the thing all over the house," he said later. "He must have dragged it into the shower. I slipped on the tile, tripped against the dog and sat down right on the thing." The extraction took more than three hours due to the fact that the cover to Mr. Mendoza's phone had opened during insertion. "He was a real trooper during the entire episode," said Dr. Dennis Crobe. "Tony just cracked jokes and really seemed to be enjoying himself. Three times during the extraction his phone rang and each time, he made jokes about it that just had us rolling on the floor. By the time we finished, we really did expect to find an answering machine in there"

TACOMA, WA - Kerry Bingham, had been drinking with several friends when one of them said they knew a person who had bungee-jumped from the Tacoma Narrows Bridge in the middle of traffic. The conversation grew more heated and at least 10 men trooped along the walkway of the bridge at 4:30 a.m. Upon arrival at the

midpoint of the bridge they discovered that no one had brought bungee rope. Bingham, who had continued drinking, volunteered and pointed out that a coil of lineman's cable lay nearby. One end of the cable was secured around Bingham's leg and the other end was tied 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 river water and was rescued by two nearby fishermen. "All I can say," said Bingham, "is that God was watching out for me on that night. There's just no other explanation for it." Bingham's foot was never located.

BREMERTON, WA - Christopher Coulter and his wife, Emily, were engaging in bondage games when Christopher suggested spreading peanut butter on his genitals and letting Rudy, their Irish Setter, lick them clean. Sadly, Rudy lost control and began tearing at Christopher's penis and testicles. Rudy refused to obey commands and a panicked Emily threw a half-gallon bottle of perfume at the dog. The bottle broke, covering the dog and Christopher with perfume. Startled, Rudy leaped back, tearing away the penis. While trying to get her unconscious husband in the car to take him to the hospital, Emily fell twice, injuring her wrist and ankle. Christopher's penis was in a Styrofoam ice cooler. "Chris is just plain lucky," said the surgeon who spent eight hours reattaching the penis. "Believe it or not, the perfume turned out to be very fortuitous. The high alcohol content, which must have been excruciatingly painful, helped sterilize the wound. Also, aside from its being removed, the damage caused by the dog's teeth to the penis per se is minimal. It's really a very stringy piece of flesh. Mr. Coulter stands an excellent chance of regaining the use of his limb because of this." Washington Animal Control has no plans to seize Rudy.

He Stapled the Wound Shut and Continued to Work...

By William A. Morton, Jr, MD

One morning I was called to the emergency room by the head ER nurse. She directed me to a patient who had refused to describe his problem other than to say that he "needed a doctor who took care of men's troubles." The patient, about 40, was pale, febrile, and obviously uncomfortable, and had little to say as he gingerly opened his trousers to expose a bit of angry red and black-and-blue scrotal skin.

After I asked the nurse to leave us, the patient permitted me to remove his trousers, shorts, and two or three yards of foul-smelling stained gauze wrapped about his scrotum, which was swollen to twice the size of a grapefruit and extremely tender. A jagged zigzag laceration, oozing pus and blood, extended down the left scrotum.

Amid the matted hair, edematous skin, and various exudes, I saw some half-buried dark linear objects and asked the patient what they were. Several days earlier, he replied, he had injured himself in the machine shop where he worked, and had closed the laceration himself with a heavy-duty stapling gun. The dark objects were 1" staples of the type used in putting up wallboard.

We X-rayed the patient's scrotum to locate the staples; admitted him to the hospital; and gave him tetanus antitoxin, broad-spectrum antibacterial therapy, and

hexachlorophene sitz baths prior to surgery the next morning. The procedure consisted of exploration and debridement of the left side of the scrotal pouch. Eight rusty staples were retrieved, and the skin edges were trimmed and freshened. The left testis had been avulsed and was missing. The stump of the spermatic cord was recovered at the inguinal canal, debrided, and the vessels ligated properly, though not much of a hematoma was present. Through-and-through Penrose drains were sutured loosely in site, and the skin was loosely closed.

Convalescence was uneventful, and before his release from the hospital less than a week later, the patient confided the rest of his story to me. An unmarried loner, he usually didn't leave the machine shop at lunchtime with his co-workers. Finding himself alone, he had begun the regular practice of masturbating by holding his penis against the canvas drive-belt of a large floor-based piece of running machinery. One day, as he approached orgasm, he lost his concentration and leaned too close to the belt. When his scrotum suddenly became caught between the pulley-wheel and the drive-belt, he was thrown into the air and landed a few feet away. Unaware that he had lost his left testis, and perhaps too stunned to feel much pain, he stapled the wound closed and resumed work. I can only assume he abandoned this method of self-gratification.

The verified letter from the attending physician:

Dr. William A. Morton, Jr., MD
West Chester, PA

26 February 1994

Dear Mr. Mikkelson:

I am now retired, but submitted the article; treated the patient about 20-25 years ago and have had phone calls from all corners of the U.S. ever since. A Xerox is on the billboard in practically every army post, college dorm, men's club, etc. I've had interviews/phone by talk-show hosts, etc. No Phil Donahue yet!

The man actually came to me 3 days post-injury when the fever, swelling, and pain of secondary infection frightened him. Though unlikely, tetanus was even a possibility. He was not that impressed with the pain of the moment of injury -- it happened so quickly, like losing your fingertip to a band-saw -- and was unaware his left testis was probably propelled up into the rafters of the machine shop where he worked.

Every man who questions me imagines the initial pain to have been intense, but should realize that once the testis had been ripped out (gasp!) there was not the continuing discomfort one would experience from a first-class kick in the nuts!

I saw him again 5 years later in the hospital for a non-urologic problem. Incidentally, the Navy has left Xeroxes in every bar along the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Tel Aviv -- my son's girlfriend saw one in Greece 2 years ago.

Brainy

Pillsbury Dough Boy Wanted for Attempted Murder. [AP, Arkansas]

A woman named Linda went to Arkansas last week to visit her in-laws, and while there, went to a store. She parked next to a car with a woman sitting in it, her eyes closed and hands behind her head, apparently sleeping. When Linda came out a while later, she again saw the woman, her hands still behind her head but with her eyes open. The woman looked very strange, so Linda tapped on the window and said, "Are you okay?"

The woman answered "I've been shot in the head, and I am holding my brains in." Linda didn't know what to do, so she ran into the store where store officials called the paramedics.

They had to break into the car because the door was locked. When they got in, they found that the woman had bread dough on the back of her head and in her hands. A Pillsbury biscuit canister had exploded, apparently from the heat in the car, making a loud explosion like that of a gunshot, and hit her in the head. When she reached back to find what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains.

She passed out from fright at first, then attempted to hold her brains in!

Two Doctors at a Medical Convention

At a medical convention, a male and female doctor start eyeing each other. The male doctor asks her to dinner, and she accepts.

As they sit down at the restaurant, she excuses herself to go and wash her hands. After dinner, one thing leads to another and they end up in her hotel bedroom.

Just as things get hot, the female doctor interrupts and says she has to go and wash her hands. Once she comes back, they go for it. After the sexual interlude, she gets up and says she is going to wash her hands.

When she comes back, the male doctor says, "I bet you are a surgeon."

She confirms and asks how he knew.

"Easy, you're always washing your hands."

She then says, "I'll bet you're an anesthesiologist."

Male Doctor, "Wow, how did you guess?"

Female Doctor, "I didn't feel a thing."

Hospital Records

A COLLECTION FROM MEDICAL INTERVIEW RECORDS WRITTEN BY VARIOUS PARAMEDICS, EMERGENCY ROOM RECEPTIONISTS, AND (WE ARE AFRAID) A DOCTOR OR TWO AT MAJOR HOSPITALS.

- The baby was delivered, the cord clamped and cut and handed to the pediatrician, who breathed and cried immediately.
- Exam of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized.
- The skin was moist and dry.
- Rectal exam revealed a normal size thyroid
- The patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.
- She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life until 1989 when she got a divorce.
- Between you and me, we ought to be able to get this lady pregnant.
- The patient was in his usual state of good health until his airplane ran out of gas and crashed.
- I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.
- The patient lives at home with his mother, father, and pet turtle, who is presently enrolled in day care three times a week.
- Bleeding started in the rectal area and continued all the way to Los Angeles.
- Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation.
- She is numb from her toes down.
- Exam of genitalia was completely negative except for the right foot.
- While in the emergency room, she was examined, X-rated and sent home.
- The lab test indicated abnormal liver function.
- The patient was to have a bowel resection. However he took a job as a stockbroker instead.
- Occasional, constant, infrequent headaches.
- Coming from Detroit, this man has no children.
- Examination reveals a well-developed male lying in bed with his family in no distress.
- Patient was alert and unresponsive.
- When she fainted, her eyes rolled around the room.

Doctor's Notes on Patient Charts

Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.

On the 2nd day the knee was better and on the 3rd day it disappeared completely.

She has had no rigors or shaking chills, but her husband states she was very hot in bed last night.

The patient has been depressed ever since she began seeing me in 1993.

The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.

Discharge status: Alive but without permission.

Healthy appearing decrepit 69 year-old male. Mentally alert but forgetful.

The patient refused an autopsy.

The patient has no past history of suicides.

Patient has left his white blood cells at another hospital.

Patient's past medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40-pound weight gain in the past three days.

Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.

She is numb from her toes down.

While in the ER, she was examined, X-rated and sent home.

The skin was moist and dry.

Occasional, constant, infrequent headaches.

Patient was alert and unresponsive.

Rectal exam revealed a normal size thyroid.

She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life, until she got a divorce.

I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.

The lab test indicated abnormal liver function.

The patient was to have a bowel re-section. However, he took a job as a lawyer instead.

Skin: Somewhat pale but present.

The pelvic examination will be done later on the floor.

Patient was seen in consultation by Dr. Blank, who felt we should sit on the abdomen and I agree.

Large brown stool ambulating in the hall.

Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

Strange But True Medical Stories...

INNER SKELETON

A 63-year-old widow was admitted to hospital in Recife, Brazil, suffering abdominal pains. X-rays showed that she was carrying a 20" long skeleton of a fetus which she conceived a decade earlier. It had become lodged outside the womb and was never expelled from her body.

FEMALE SOFA

A 500-pound woman from Illinois was examined in the hospital. During the examination, an asthma inhaler fell from under her armpit, a dime was found under one of her breasts, and a remote control was found lodged between the folds of her vulva.

OUCH!

A couple hobbled into a Washington emergency room covered in bloodied restaurant towels. The man had his around his waist, and the woman had hers around her head. They eventually explained to doctors that they had gone out that evening for a romantic dinner. Overcome with passion, the woman crept under the table to administer oral sex to the man. While in the act, she had an epileptic fit, which caused her to clamp down on the man's member and wrench it from side to side. In agony and desperation, the man grabbed a fork and stabbed her in the head until she let go.

BLIND DRUNK

A drunk staggered into a Pennsylvania ER complaining of severe pain while trying to remove his contact lenses. He said that they would come out halfway, but they always popped back in. A nurse tried to help using a suction pump, but without success. Finally, a doctor examined him and discovered that the man did not have his contact lenses in at all. He had been trying to rip out the membrane of his cornea.

GROWING SEASON

An old woman in a North Carolina ER complained of green vines growing from her vagina. Investigation revealed a large potato trapped in her womb. The woman then suddenly remembered that she had inserted it two weeks previously, because she thought that her uterus was falling out.

PRICKLY PAIR

In Michigan, a man came into the ER with lacerations to his penis. He complained that his wife had "a rat in her vagina" and it bit him during sex. After an examination of his wife, it was revealed that she had a surgical needle left inside her after a recent hysterectomy.

LAST STAND

A Cambridge man hobbled into the ER complaining of a permanent erection. He admitted to doctors that while on holiday in Cuba, he frequented many brothels, and in one he was given some erectile cream to keep him hard. He was told to use it sparingly. However, since he was having so much fun, he kept using more and more.

By the time he came to the ER, all the blood vessels in his penis were swollen and his testicles had ballooned in size.

Doctors could do nothing except prescribe painkillers, and told him that it would return to flaccidity in a few days. They also told him to enjoy his erection while it lasted, because it was going to be his last.

And a sick medical joke... (As if those weren't sick enough)...

A professor is giving the first year medical students their first lecture on autopsies, and decides to give them a few basics before starting. "You must be capable of two things to do an autopsy. The first thing is that you must have no sense of fear." At this point, the lecturer sticks his finger into the dead man's anus, and then licks it. He then asks all the students to do the same thing with the corpses in front of them.

After about a minute of complete silence and terror, they each follow suit. The second thing is that you must have an acute sense of observation. Please observe, I stuck my middle finger into the corpse's anus, but I licked my index finger."

Strange Death

On March 23, 1994 the medical examiner viewed the body of Ronald Opus and concluded that he died from a shotgun wound to the head. The decedent had jumped from the top of a ten-story building intending to commit suicide.

He left a note to that effect, indicating his despondency. As he fell past the ninth floor, his life was interrupted by a shotgun blast passing through a window, which killed him instantly. Neither the shooter nor the decedent was aware that a safety net had been installed just below at the eighth floor level to protect some building workers and that Ronald Opus would not have been able to complete his suicide the way he had planned.

Ordinarily, Dr. Mills continued, "a person who sets out to commit suicide and ultimately succeeds, even though the mechanism might not be what he intended" is still defined as committing suicide. That Mr. Opus was shot on the way to certain death nine stories below at street level, but that his suicide attempt probably would not have been successful because of the safety net, caused the medical examiner to feel that he had a homicide on his hands.

The room on the ninth floor from whence the shotgun blast emanated was occupied by an elderly man and his wife. They were arguing vigorously, and he was threatening her with a shotgun. The man was so upset that when he pulled the trigger he completely missed his wife and the pellets went through the window striking Mr. Opus. When one intends to kill subject A, but kills subject B in the attempt, one is guilty of the murder of subject B. When confronted with the murder charge, the old man and his wife were both adamant: They both said they thought the shotgun was unloaded.

The old man said it was his long-standing habit to threaten his wife with the unloaded shotgun! He had no intention to murder her. Therefore, the killing of Mr. Opus appeared to be an accident, that is, the gun had been accidentally loaded. The continuing investigation turned up a witness who saw the old couple's son loading the shotgun about six weeks prior to the fatal accident. It transpired that the old lady had cut off her son's financial support and the son, knowing the propensity of his father to use the shotgun threateningly, loaded the gun with the expectation that his father would shoot his mother. The case now becomes one of murder on the part of the son for the death of Ronald Opus.

Now comes the exquisite twist. Further investigation revealed that the son was in fact Ronald Opus. He had become increasingly despondent over the failure of his attempt to engineer his mother's murder. This led him to jump off the ten-story building on March 23rd, only to be killed by a shotgun blast passing through the ninth story window.

The son had actually murdered himself so the medical examiner closed the case as a suicide.

Diseases Laud Kansas Decision

(AP) The Ebola Virus, speaking from its headquarters somewhere in Africa, today thanked the Kansas Board of Education for its recent decision to remove evolution from the state's science curriculum. The virus pointed out that the resulting eventual loss of evolutionary biologists would make life easier for it and other emerging diseases, as health workers would not be able to distinguish lethal and non-lethal strains that had evolved from one other. In its two recent visits to the U.S., the Ebola strains involved were those that had evolved from the deadly human strains into strains that kill monkeys, not people. "If they hadn't known, we could really have inspired hysteria" commented Ebola. "More fun next time." Meanwhile, Hanta Virus, Cholera, AIDS and Influenza announced that they had no intention of stopping their own evolution and looked forward to even more successful world tours in the future. Although none of them expressed much interest in visiting Kansas, they denied they had plans to boycott the state.

Finally, stock futures for a variety of "old fashioned" diseases (such as diphtheria and streptococcus), malaria, and tuberculosis went up, as it appears that humans now are increasingly prepared to ignore the evolution of antibiotic resistance for diseases that have long been held in check by modern medicines. Diphtheria, speaking from its exile in poorer parts of the former USSR, commented "The lack of new antibiotics seems to reflect a human arrogance that assumes we can't evolve and come back." It pointed out that malaria and TB had already evolved forms that were immune to all known antibiotics. "Without understanding how we evolve, humans are turning themselves into fodder." Asked to comment on the Kansas decision, Diphtheria smiled and said: "Thanks, Kansas, we'll be seeing you..."

The Druggist

Upon arriving home, a husband was met at the door by his sobbing wife. Tearfully she explained, "It's the druggist. He insulted me terribly this morning on the phone."

Immediately the husband drove downtown to confront the druggist and demand an apology. Before he could say more than a word or two, the druggist told him, "Now, just a minute, listen to my side of it. This morning the alarm failed to go off, so I was late getting up. I went without breakfast and hurried out to the car, just to realize that I locked the house with both house and car keys inside. I had to break a window to get my keys. Then, driving a little too fast, I got a speeding ticket. Later, when I was about three blocks from the store, I had a flat tire. When I finally got to the store there was a bunch of people waiting for me to open up. I got the store opened and started waiting on these people, and all the time the darn phone was ringing off the hook."

He continued, "Then I had to break a roll of nickels against the cash register drawer to make change, and they spilled all over the floor. I got down on my hands and knees to pick up the nickels; the phone was still ringing. When I came up I cracked my head on the open cash drawer, which made me stagger back against a showcase with bunch of perfume bottles on it...all of them hit the floor and broke. Meanwhile, the phone is still ringing with no let up, and I finally got to answer it. It was your wife. She wanted to know how to use a rectal thermometer...and believe me mister, as god is my witness, all I did was tell her!"

We Have To Watch Our Words!

A man staggers into an emergency room with two black eyes and a five iron wrapped tightly around his throat. Naturally the doctor asks him what happened.

"Well, it was like this," he replies.

"I was having a quiet round of golf with my wife when she sliced her ball into a pasture of cows. We went to look for it and while I was rooting around, I noticed one of the cows had something white at its rear end. I walked over and lifted up the tail and sure enough, there was my wife's golf ball stuck right in the middle of the cow's butt. That's when I made my mistake."

"What did you do?" asks the doctor.

"Well, I lifted the tail and yelled to my wife, 'Hey, this looks like yours!'"

Scooby Dooby Dooby

A flat-chested young lady went to Dr. Smith for advice about breast enlargements. He told her, "Every day when you get out of the shower, rub the top of your nipples and say, 'Scooby dooby dooby, I want bigger boobies.'"

She did this every day faithfully. After several months, it worked!

She grew great boobs! One morning she was running late, and in her rush to leave for work, she realized she had forgotten her morning ritual. At this point she loved her boobs and didn't want to lose them, so she got up in the middle of the bus and said, "Scooby dooby dooby, I want bigger boobies."

A guy sitting nearby asked her, "Do you go to Dr. Smith by any chance?"

"Why yes, I do. How did you know?"

The man stood up and cupped his balls and said, "Hickory dickory dock..."

Reading Material for the Can

Dear Sir,

This letter is in response to your recent letter requesting a more detailed explanation concerning my recent internment at Methodist Hospital. Specifically, you asked for an expansion in reference to Block 21(a)(3) of the claim form (reason for hospital visit). On the original form, I put "Stupidity." I realize now that this answer was somewhat vague and so I will attempt to more fully explain the circumstances leading up to my hospitalization.

I had needed to use the restroom and had just finished a quick bite to eat at the local burger joint. I entered the bathroom, took care of my business, and just prior to the moment in which I had planned to raise my trousers, the locked case that prevents theft of the toilet paper. It came undone and, feeling it striking my knee, unthinkingly, I immediately, and with unnecessary force, returned the lid back to its normal position.

Unfortunately, as I did this I also turned and certain parts of my body, which were still exposed, were trapped between the device's lid and its main body. Feeling such intense and immediate pain caused me to jump back. It quickly came to my attention that, when one's privates are firmly attached to an immovable object, it is not a good idea to jump in the opposite direction.

Upon recovering some of my senses, I attempted to reopen the lid. However, my slamming of it had been sufficient to allow the locking mechanism to engage. I then proceeded to get a hold on my pants and subsequently removed my keys from them. I intended to try to force the lock of the device open with one of my keys; thus extracting myself. Unfortunately, when I attempted this, my key broke in the lock.

Embarrassment of someone seeing me in this unique position became a minor concern, and I began to call for help in as much of a calm and rational manner as I could. An employee from the restaurant quickly arrived and decided that this was a problem requiring the attention of the store manager.

Betty, the manager, came quickly. She attempted to unlock the device with her keys. Since I had broken my key off in the device, she could not get her key in. Seeing no other solution, she called the EMS (as indicated on your form in block 21(b)(1)).

After approximately 15 minutes, the EMS arrived, along with two police officers, a fire-rescue squad, and the channel 4 "On-the-Spot" news team. The guys from the fire department quickly took charge as this was obviously a rescue operation. The senior member of the team discovered that the device was attached with bolts to the cement wall that could only be reached once the device was unlocked. (His discovery was by means of tearing apart the device located in the stall next to the one that I was in. Since the value of the property destroyed in his examination was less than \$50 (my deductible) I did not include it in my claim. His partner, who seemed like an intelligent fellow at the time, came up with the idea of cutting the device from the wall with the propane torch that was in the rescue truck.

The fireman went to his truck, retrieved the torch, and commenced to attempt to cut the device from the wall. Had I been in a state to think of such things, I might have realized that in cutting the device from the wall several things would also inevitably happen. First, the air inside of the device would quickly heat up, causing items inside the device to suffer the same effects that are normally achieved by placing things in an oven. Second, the metal in the device is a good conductor of heat causing items that are in contact with the device to react as if thrown into a hot skillet. And, third, molten metal would shower the inside of the device as the torch cut through.

The one bright note of the propane torch was that it did manage to cut, in the brief time that I allowed them to use it, a hole big enough for a small pry bar to be placed inside of the device. The EMS team then loaded me, along with the device, into the waiting ambulance as stated on your form.

Due the small area of your block 21(a)(3), I was unable to give a full explanation of these events, and thus used the word that I thought best described my actions that led to my hospitalization.

Sincerely,

Signature

Frequently Asked Questions About Health Care -- By David Lubar

Q. What does HMO stand for?

A. This is actually a variation of the phrase, "Hey, Moe!" Its roots go back to a concept pioneered by Doctor Moe Howard, who discovered that a patient could be made to forget about the pain in his foot if he was poked hard enough in the eyes. Modern practice replaces the physical finger poke with hi-tech equivalents such as voice mail and referral slips, but the result remains the same.

Q. Do all diagnostic procedures require pre-certification?

A. No. Only those you need.

Q. I just joined a new HMO. How difficult will it be to choose the doctor I want?

A. Just slightly more difficult than choosing your parents. Your insurer will provide you with a book listing all the doctors who were participating in the plan at the time the information was gathered. These doctors basically fall into two categories -- those who are no longer accepting new patients, and those who will see you but are no longer part of the plan. But don't worry -- the remaining doctor who is still in the plan and accepting new patients has an office just a half day's drive away!

Q. What are pre-existing conditions?

A. This is a phrase used by the grammatically challenged when they want to talk about existing conditions. Unfortunately, we appear to be pre-stuck with it.

Q. Well, can I get coverage for my pre-existing conditions?

A. Certainly, as long as they don't require any treatment.

Q. What happens if I want to try alternative forms of medicine?

A. You'll need to find alternative forms of payment.

Q. My pharmacy plan only covers generic drugs, but I need the name brand. I tried the generic medication, but it gave me a stomachache. What should I do?

A. Poke yourself in the eye.

Q. I have an 80/20 plan with a \$200 deductible and a \$2,000 yearly cap. My insurer reimbursed the doctor for my out-patient surgery, but I'd already paid my bill. What should I do?

A. You have two choices. Your doctor can sign the reimbursement check over to you, or you can ask him to invest the money for you in one of those great offers that only doctors and dentists hear about, like windmill farms or frog hatcheries.

Q. What should I do if I get sick while traveling?

A. Try sitting in a different part of the bus.

Q. No, I mean what if I'm away from home and I get sick?

A. You really shouldn't do that. You'll have a hard time seeing your primary care physician. It's best to wait until you return, and then get sick.

Q. I think I need to see a specialist, but my doctor insists he can handle my problem. Can a general practitioner really perform a heart transplant right in his office?

A. Hard to say, but considering that all you're risking is the \$10 co-payment, there's no harm giving him a shot at it.

Q. What accounts for the largest portion of health care costs?

A. Doctors trying to recoup their investment losses.

Q. Will health care be any different in the next century?

A. No, but if you call right now, you might get an appointment by then.

Be Careful What You Ask For

Fred goes to a doctor and says, "Doc, I want to be castrated."

The doctor says, "Look, I don't know what your motives are, but I'm not going to do that sort of operation."

Fred replies, "Doc, I just want to be castrated and I'm a little embarrassed talking about it, but I have \$5,000 cash right here. Will you do it?"

The doctor says, "Well, okay, I guess I could make this one exception. I don't understand it, but all right."

Fred wakes up and asks, "Well, Doc, how'd it go?"

"It went just fine. It's really not too difficult of an operation. As a matter of fact, \$5,000 is a lot to pay for such a simple task and I felt a little guilty about taking that much. So, while I was operating, I noticed that you had never been circumcised, so I went ahead and did that too. It's really better for a man to be circumcised, and I hope you don't mind..."

"Circumcised!" yells Fred. "That's the word!"

The Student Nurse Stress Diet

This diet is designed to help you cope with the stress that builds during the course of the day.

BREAKFAST

1/2 grapefruit
1 slice of whole wheat toast
8 oz. low fat or skim milk

LUNCH

4 oz lean broiled chicken breast
1 cup steamed spinach
1 cup herbal tea
1 Oreo cookie

MID-AFTERNOON SNACK

Rest of Oreo's in pack
2 pints Haagen Daz ice cream
1 jar hot fudge sauce, nuts, cherries, whipped cream

DINNER

2 loaves garlic bread with cheese
1 large sausage & cheese pizza
4 cans or 1 large pitcher beer (non-alcoholic, I sure hope)

3 Milky Way candy bars

LATE EVENING NEWS

Entire frozen Sara Lee cheesecake eaten directly from the freezer. (Editor's note: A coupla bottles of Alka-Seltzer, too!)

RULES FOR THIS DIET

1. If you eat something and no one sees you eat it, it has no calories.
2. If you drink a diet soda with a candy bar, the calories in the candy bar are cancelled out by the diet soda.
3. When you eat with someone else, calories don't count as long as you don't eat more than they do.
4. Food used for medicinal purposes never counts, such as hot chocolate, brandy, toast, and Sara Lee cheesecake.
5. If you fatten up the people around you, then you look thinner.
6. Movie-related foods do not have additional calories because they are part of the entire entertainment package and are not part of one's personal intake. Examples are Milk Duds, buttered popcorn, Jr. Mints, Red Hots and Tootsie Rolls.
7. Cookie pieces contain no calories. The process of breaking causes caloric leakage.
8. Things licked off knives and spoons have no calories if you are in the process of preparing something. Examples are peanut butter on a knife while making a sandwich or ice cream on a spoon while making a sundae.
9. Foods that have the same color have the same number of calories. Examples include spinach and pistachio ice cream, cauliflower and whipped cream.

NOTE: Chocolate is a universal substitute and may be used in place of any other food.

Prescriptions...

A woman came into her doctor's office and confessed in a quiet whisper to an embarrassing problem. "I have a bad case of flatulence all the time, Doctor Johnson, but thankfully it's soundless, and has no odor. In fact, since I've been here, I've passed gas no less than twenty times. What can I do?"

"Here's a prescription, Mrs. Harris. Take these pills three times a day for seven days and come back and see me in a week."

Next week an upset Mrs. Harris marched into Dr. Johnson's office. "Doctor, I don't know what was in those pills, but the problem is worse! I'm passing gas just as much, but now it smells terrible! What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Calm down, Mrs. Harris," said the doctor soothingly. "Now that we've fixed your sinuses, we'll work on your hearing!!!"

Virus Alert: List of Newly Discovered Viruses

AT&T VIRUS: Every three minutes it tells you what great service you are getting.

MCI VIRUS: Every three minutes it reminds you that you're paying too much for the AT&T virus.

PAUL REVERE VIRUS: This revolutionary virus does not horse around. It warns you of impending hard disk attack---once if by LAN, twice if by C:;>.

POLITICALLY CORRECT VIRUS: Never calls itself a "virus", but instead refers to itself as an "electronic microorganism."

MARIO CUOMO VIRUS: It would be a great virus, but it refuses to run.

TED TURNER VIRUS: Colorizes your monochrome monitor.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER VIRUS: Terminates and stays resident. It'll be back.

DAN QUAYLE VIRUS: Their is sumthing rong wit your komputer, ewe jsut cant figyour out watt!

GOVERNMENT ECONOMIST VIRUS: Nothing works, but all your diagnostic software says everything is fine.

NEW WORLD ORDER VIRUS: Probably harmless, but it makes a lot of people really mad just thinking about it.

FEDERAL BUREAUCRAT VIRUS: Divides your hard disk into hundreds of little units, each of which does practically nothing, but all of which claim to be the most important part of your computer.

GALLUP VIRUS: Sixty percent of the PCs infected will lose 38 percent of their data 14 percent of the time. (plus or minus a 3.5 percent margin of error.)

TEXAS VIRUS: Makes sure that it's bigger than any other file.

ADAM AND EVE VIRUS: Takes a couple of bytes out of your Apple.

CONGRESSIONAL VIRUS: The computer locks up, screen splits erratically with a message appearing on each half blaming the other side for the problem.

AIRLINE VIRUS: You're in Dallas, but your data is in Singapore.

FREUDIAN VIRUS: Your computer becomes obsessed with marrying its own motherboard.

PBS VIRUS: Your programs stop every few minutes to ask for money.

ELVIS VIRUS: Your computer gets fat, slow and lazy, then self destructs; only to resurface at shopping malls and service stations across rural America.

OLLIE NORTH VIRUS: Causes your printer to become a paper shredder.

NIKE VIRUS: Just does it.

SEARS VIRUS: Your data won't appear unless you buy new cables, power supply and a set of shocks.

CONGRESSIONAL VIRUS #2: Runs every program on the hard drive simultaneously, but doesn't allow the user to accomplish anything.

KEVORKIAN VIRUS: Helps your computer shut down as an act of mercy.

IMELDA MARCOS VIRUS: Sings you a song (slightly off key) on boot up, then subtracts money from your Quicken account and spends it all on expensive shoes it purchases through Prodigy.

The following virus strains are from southern California:

Zuma Beach Virus - "duuude" gets appended to all text files.

Smog Alert Virus - soundcard emits a choking sound and monitor becomes bloodshot.

King Virus - LAPD come by and beat the crap out of your computer.

Simpson Virus - your computer deletes a couple of files unexpectedly, dominates all net traffic for 14 months and then announces that it is searching for another virus.

NFL Virus - all data in LA is uploaded to other cities.

Beach Dwellers Virus - machine looks great but CPU doesn't work. Not to be confused with the...

Valley Girl Virus - machine has all the latest icons but CPU doesn't work. Also, computer wants to go to the mall, a lot.

Rodeo Drive Virus - Landlines no longer work. A cellular modem is now required. All peripherals need to be upgraded to most expensive models available.

Hipster Virus - all data transmitted via a pager.

Teenage Virus - machine spends enormous amounts of time on-line, wants to drive the car. Also note that the machine becomes either inactive and quiet OR loud and disagreeable in presence of adults. (Warning - this virus not limited to SoCal!)

CHAPTER 13: Technology and Computers

Putting Things in Perspective

Pythagorean Theorem: 24 words.

The Lord's Prayer: 66 words.

The Gettysburg Address: 286 words.

The Declaration of Independence: 1,300 words.

The US Government regulations on the sale of cabbage: 26,911 words.

New Software

Last year, my friend upgraded his Girlfriend 3.1 to Girlfriend Plus! 1.0 (Marketing name: Finance 1.0). Recently he upgraded Finance 1.0 to Wife 1.0 and it's a memory hog and has taken all his space. Wife 1.0 must be running before he can do anything and seems to conflict/interfere with other tasks running, such as RACING TV 1.0.1, Motorcycles 3.01, and Hangin' Out With The Boyz 2.2. Although he didn't ask for them, Wife 1.0 came with auto-installed Macro's such as Mother-In-Law and Brother-In-Law.

Some features I'd like to see in the upcoming Girlfriend 4.0 release:

- A "Don't Remind Me Again" button
- A Minimize button
- A Shutdown feature
- An Install Shield feature, so that Girlfriend 4.0 can be completely and safely uninstalled, if so desired, without losing your Cache and other objects.

I tried running Girlfriend 2.0 with Girlfriend 1.0 still installed, but they tried using the same I/O port and conflicted. Then I tried to uninstall Girlfriend 1.0, but it didn't have an Uninstall Program. I tried to uninstall it by hand, but it put files in my System Directory.

Another thing that sucks, all versions of Girlfriend that I've used are totally "object orientated" and only support hardware with gold plated-contacts.

BUG WARNING!

Wife 1.0 has an undocumented bug. If you try to install Mistress 1.1 before uninstalling Wife 1.0, Wife 1.0 will delete MS Money files before doing the uninstall itself. Then Mistress 1.1 will refuse to install, claiming insufficient resources. Wife 1.0 will then spawn off the Virus Lawyer 6.66 which, when activated, consumes all available resources and brings your system to its knees. The funny thing is, if you try to hide Mistress 1.1 in High-Memory, Wife 1.0 will eventually detect it and begin the process described above.

I am beginning to hate Bill Gates!

High Tech...

A guy walks into a bar and sits down. He starts dialing numbers... like a telephone... on his hand and talking into his hand. The bartender walks over and tells him that this is a very tough neighborhood and he doesn't need any trouble here. The guy says, "You don't understand; I'm very hi-tech. I had a phone installed in my hand because I was tired of carrying the cellular." The bartender says "prove it."

The guy dials up a number and hands his hand to the bartender. The bartender talks into the hand and carries on a conversation. "That's incredible", says the bartender... "I would never have believed it!"

"Yeah", said the guy, "I'm really very hi-tech. I can keep in touch with my broker, my wife, you name it! By the way, where is the men's room?"

The bartender directs him to the men's room. The guy goes in and doesn't come out for the longest time.

Fearing the worst given the tough neighborhood, the bartender goes into the men's room. There is the guy... He is spread eagle on the wall... His pants are pulled down and he has a roll of toilet paper up his butt. "Oh my god, said the bartender. Did they rob you? How much did they get?" The guy turns and says: No, no... I'm just waiting for a fax!

If Microsoft Built Cars

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated "If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving twenty-five dollar cars that got 1000 miles per gallon."

Recently General Motors addressed this comment by releasing the statement "Yes, but would you want your car to crash twice a day?"

1. Every time they repainted the lines on the road you would have to buy a new car.
2. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason, and you would just accept this, restart and drive on.
3. Occasionally, executing a maneuver would cause your car to stop and fail and you would have to re-install the engine. For some strange reason, you would accept this too.
4. You could only have one person in the car at a time, unless you bought "Car95" or "CarNT." But, then you would have to buy more seats.
5. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast, twice as easy to drive, but would only run on five percent of the roads.
6. The Macintosh car owners would get expensive Microsoft upgrades to their cars, which would make their cars run much slower.

7. The oil, gas and alternator warning lights would be replaced by a single "general car fault" warning light.
8. New seats would force everyone to have the same size butt.
9. The airbag system would say "are you sure?" before going off.
10. Occasionally for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lift the door handle, turn the key, and grab hold of the radio antenna.
11. GM would require all car buyers to also purchase a deluxe set of Rand-McNally road maps (now a GM subsidiary), even though they neither need them nor want them. Attempting to delete this option would immediately cause the car's performance to diminish by 50% or more. Moreover, GM would become a target for investigation by the Justice Department.
12. Every time GM introduced a new model car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
13. You'd press the "start" button to shut off the engine.

Stupid Software Tricks

1. Open a new document in Word
2. Type "Unable to follow directions" (without the quotes)
3. Highlight the entire sentence you just typed
4. Click Tools; Language; Thesaurus (or hit shift-F7 to open the thesaurus)

1. Open a new document in Word
2. Type "I'd like to see you naked " (without the quotes)
3. Highlight the entire sentence you just typed
4. Click Tools; Language; Thesaurus (or hit shift-F7 to open the thesaurus)

Believe it or not - A Flight simulator from MS Excel 97 (courtesy: Integra Microsystems, Bangalore, India)

Ever wondered why Microsoft applications seem to become slower and fatter with each new release? Apparently the constant rain in Redmond has driven Bill's engineers to obsessive flights of fancy. Below you'll find instructions on how to access a little flight simulator that was inexplicably hidden by precipitation-maddened programmers deep inside Excel 97.

1. In Excel 97, open a new blank work sheet.
2. Press F5 and type X97:L97 in the "Reference" box, then click OK.
3. Now hit your tab key once (you should end up in cell M97).
4. Press "Ctrl" and "Shift" while clicking once on the "chart wizard" icon (the one at the top with the blue-yellow-red bar chart).

Welcome aboard! After a few moments you should be flying. Steer with the mouse, accelerate and decelerate with the left and right mouse buttons respectively, and look for the monoliths with the programmer credits. You can exit the screen by pressing Ctrl+Shift+Esc.

Enjoy the flight!

Follow the steps below if you are using Windows 95:

1. Open Excel for Windows 95 with a blank worksheet
2. Scroll down to row 95
3. Click on the number 95 to select the whole row.
4. Press Tab once to move to column B
5. Select Help/About
6. Hold down Ctrl+Alt+Shift and click on the Tech Support button
7. A window labeled Hall of Tortured Souls appears
8. Directly ahead of you are stairs with a scrolling cast list – go up and take a look around - use cursor keys
9. But there's more! Go back down the stairs and type "excelkfa" (no quotes)
10. The wall disappears, and there's a winding path to navigate to see pictures. Tread carefully!

A Bill Gates Goes To Heaven

Bill Gates dies in a car accident. He finds himself in purgatory, being sized up by St. Peter.

"Well, Bill, I'm really confused on this call; I'm not sure where to send you. After all, you helped society enormously by putting a computer in almost every home in America, yet you also created that ghastly Windows '95. I'm going to do something I've never one before. In your case; I'm going to let you decide whether you want to go to Heaven or Hell."

Bill replied, "Well, what's the difference between the two?"

St. Peter: "I'm willing to let you visit both places briefly, if it will help your decision."

Bill: "Fine, but where should I go first?" St. Peter: "I'll leave that up to you."

"Okay then," said Bill, "Let's try Hell first."

So Bill went to Hell. It was a beautiful, clean, sandy beach with clear waters and lots of bikini-clad women running around, playing in the water, laughing, and frolicking about. The sun was shining; the temperature was perfect. Bill was very pleased. "This is great!" he told St. Peter. "If this is hell, I REALLY want to see heaven!"

"Fine," said St. Peter, and off they went.

Heaven was a place high in the clouds, with angels drifting about, playing harps and singing. It was nice, but not as enticing as Hell.

Bill thought for a minute, and rendered his decision. "Hmmm. I think I'd prefer Hell," he told St. Peter.

"Fine," retorted St. Peter, "as you desire." So Bill Gates went to Hell.

Two weeks later, St. Peter decided to check on the late billionaire to see how he was doing in Hell. When he got there, he found Bill, shackled to a wall, screaming amongst hot flames in dark caves, being burned and tortured by demons. "How's everything going?" he asked Bill.

Bill responded, with his voice filled with anguish and disappointment, "This is awful! This is nothing like the Hell I visited two weeks ago! I can't believe this is happening! What happened to that other place, with the beautiful beaches, the scantily-clad women playing in the water?"

"That was a demo," replied St. Peter.

Tech Support

A tech rep that I know from another company called in to ask some MIDI questions about system setup as his company sells, installs and warranties systems. While on the phone with me, the rep received an incoming call, which he took after putting me on Hold. When he came back on line, he was laughing like a crazy person. This is the call he said he took:

Caller: "Hello, is this Tech Support?"

Tech Rep: "Yes, it is. (asked for name/number/system) How may I help you?"

Caller: "The cup holder on my PC is broken and I am within my warranty period. How do I go about getting that fixed?"

Tech Rep: "I'm sorry, but did you say a cup holder?"

Caller: "Yes, it's attached to the front of my computer."

Tech Rep: "Please excuse me if I seem a bit stumped, it's because I am. Did you receive this as part of a promotional, at a trade show, how did you get this cup holder? Does it have any trademark on it?"

Caller: "It came with my computer, I don't know anything about a promotional. It just has '4X' on it."

At this point the Tech Rep had to mute the caller because he couldn't stand it any longer. The Caller had been using the load drawer of the CD ROM as a cup holder and broke it off the drive...

If Microsoft Was Based in South Georgia

How things would be different if Microsoft was headquartered in South Georgia

1. Their #1 product would be Microsoft Winders
 2. Instead of an hourglass icon you'd get an empty beer bottle
 3. Occasionally you'd bring up a window that was covered with a hefty bag
 4. Dialog boxes would give you the choice of "Ahh-right" or "Naw"
 5. Instead of "Ta-Da!", the opening sound would be Dueling Banjos
 6. The "Recycle Bin" in Winders '95 would be an outhouse
 7. Whenever you pulled up the Sound Player you'd hear a digitized drunk redneck yelling "Freebird!"
 8. Instead of "Start Me Up", the Winders '95 theme song would be Achy-Breaky Heart
 9. PowerPoint would be named "ParPawnt"
 10. Microsoft's programming tools would be "Vishul Basic" and Vishul C++"
 11. Winders 95 logo would incorporate the Confederate Flag
 12. Microsoft Word would be just that: one word
 13. Instead of latte carts we'd have grits carts
 14. New Shutdown WAV: "Y'all come back now, Yah hear?!"
 15. Instead of VP, Microsoft big shots would be called "Cuz"
 16. Hardware could be repaired using parts from an old Trans Am
 17. Microsoft Office replaced with Micr'sawft Henhouse
 18. Four words: Daisy Duke Screen Saver
 19. Well, the first thing you know, old Bill's a billionaire
 20. Spreadsheet software would include examples to inventory dead cars in your front yard
 21. Flight Simulator replaced by Tractor pull Simulator
 22. Microsoft CEO: Bubba Gates
-

Where Are We?

There was this helicopter pilot whose job was to ferry VIP's from Seattle airport to downtown. One day he found himself with a passenger in a pea soup fog somewhere over downtown Seattle. No landmarks were visible and the passenger became panicky. The pilot said, "Don't worry" and very gradually let the helicopter down until it was hovering opposite the window of a large, unidentifiable building.

The pilot motioned to a woman working in the building to open her window and asked her "Where are we?"

The woman responded "You are in a helicopter."

The pilot immediately lifted the helicopter above the building tops, flew a mile and a half, let it down through the fog, and hit the landing pad dead center.

The amazed and relieved passenger said, "How on earth did you do that?"

The pilot said: "It was simple. The information the woman gave me was precisely correct and totally useless. I knew that she had to be working at the Microsoft Customer Support Center."

The Frog

A boy was crossing a road one day when a frog called out to him and said, "If you kiss me, I'll turn into a beautiful princess." He bent over, picked up the frog and put it in his pocket.

The frog spoke up again and said, "If you kiss me and turn me back into a beautiful princess, I will stay with you for one week." The boy took the frog out of his pocket, smiled at it and returned it to the pocket.

The frog then cried out, "If you kiss me and turn me back into a princess, I'll stay with you and do ANYTHING you want." Again the boy took the frog out, smiled at it and put it back into his pocket.

Finally, the frog asked, "What is the matter? I've told you I'm a beautiful princess, I'll stay with you for a week, and do anything you want. Why won't you kiss me?"

The boy said, "Look, I'm an engineer. I don't have time for a girlfriend, but a talking frog is cool."

Cartoon Laws of Physics

Cartoon Law I

Any body suspended in space will remain in space until made aware of its situation.

Daffy Duck steps off a cliff, expecting further pastureland. He loiters in midair, soliloquizing flippantly, until he chances to look down. At this point, the familiar principle of 32 feet per second per second takes over.

Exception: This does not apply to cool characters who've never studied law.

Appendum: Any species capable of flight, upon distraction or vertigo, will lose ability of flight. Conversely, any two feathers held in each hand and waved will (temporarily) give flight to any character that does so.

Cartoon Law II

Any body in motion will tend to remain in motion until solid matter intervenes suddenly.

Whether shot from a cannon or in hot pursuit on foot, cartoon characters are so absolute in their momentum that only a telephone pole or an outsize boulder retards their forward motion absolutely. Sir Isaac Newton called this sudden termination of motion the stooge's surcease.

Cartoon Law III

Any body passing through solid matter will leave a perforation conforming to its perimeter.

Also called the silhouette of passage, this phenomenon is the specialty of victims of directed-pressure explosions and of reckless cowards who are so eager to escape that they exit directly through the wall of a house, leaving a cookie-cutout-perfect hole. The threat of skunks or matrimony often catalyzes this reaction.

Cartoon Law IV

The time required for an object to fall twenty stories is greater than or equal to the time it takes for whoever knocked it off the ledge to spiral down twenty flights to attempt to capture it unbroken.

Such an object is inevitably priceless, thus the attempt to capture it will be inevitably ultimately unsuccessful; while the attempt will often be initially successful, an essentially valueless object such as a feather or anvil falling on the head of the character will indirectly cause the destruction of the priceless one after a short pause in which the character who has caught the object has taken a deep breath.

The feather, anvil, or other object in question is likely to have been dropped by a mouse, IF the character trying to save it is a cat.

Cartoon Law V

All principles of gravity are negated by fear.

Psychic forces are sufficient in most bodies for a shock to propel them directly away from the earth's surface. A spooky noise or an adversary's signature sound will induce motion upward, usually to the cradle of a chandelier, a treetop, or the crest of a flagpole. The feet of a character who is running or the wheels of a speeding auto need never touch the ground, especially when in flight.

Cartoon Law VI

As speed increases, objects can be in several places at once.

This is particularly true of tooth-and-claw fights, in which a character's head may be glimpsed emerging from the cloud of altercation at several places simultaneously. This effect is common as well among bodies that are spinning or being throttled. A 'wacky' character has the option of self-replication only at manic high speeds and may ricochet off walls to achieve the velocity required.

Cartoon Law VII

Certain bodies can pass through solid walls painted to resemble tunnel entrances; others cannot.

This trompe l'oeil inconsistency has baffled generations, but at least it is known that whoever paints an entrance on a wall's surface to trick an opponent will be unable to pursue him into this theoretical space. The painter is flattened against the wall when

he attempts to follow into the painting. This is ultimately a problem of art, not of science.

(Exception: It has been observed that some toons actually have been able to enter holes painted onto solid backdrops while chasing otherwise unsuspecting toons into these holes. However, the consequence of obtaining this ability is that they almost immediately collide with an exiting train or truck.)

Cartoon Law VIII

Any violent rearrangement of feline matter is impermanent.

Cartoon cats possess even more deaths than the traditional nine lives might comfortably afford. They can be decimated, spliced, splayed, accordion-pleated, spindled, or disassembled, but they cannot be destroyed. After a few moments of blinking self-pity, they reinflate, elongate, snap back, or solidify.

Corollary 1: A cat will assume the shape of its container.

Corollary 2: Cartoon cats have the uncanny ability to emit piano sounds when their teeth are transformed into piano keys after having a piano dropped on them.

Corollary 3: Toon coyotes tend to have feline properties.

Cartoon Law IX

For every vengeance there is an equal and opposite revengeance.

This is the one law of animated cartoon motion that also applies to the physical world at large. For that reason, we need the relief of watching it happen to a duck instead.

Cartoon Law X

Everything (especially a coyote) falls faster than an anvil, or a boulder, or a large chunk of terra firma, or...

Cartoon Law Amendment A

A sharp object will always propel a character upward.

When poked (usually in the buttocks) with a sharp object (usually a pin), a character will defy gravity by shooting straight up, with great velocity.

Corollary: Such upward motion will usually be restricted by an overhang of the nearest cliff wall, even though said cliff wall was never visible at any other point in the cartoon.

Cartoon Law Amendment B

The laws of object permanence are nullified for "cool" characters.

Characters who are intended to be "cool" can make previously nonexistent objects appear from behind their backs at will. For instance, the Road Runner can materialize signs to express himself without speaking.

Exception 1: Only objects capable of being lifted by the toon can be produced from behind his/her back, unless they are to be used to clobber an opponent.

Exception 2: Only objects needed by the toon to express him/herself (e.g., signs for Road Runner or Calamity Coyote), or props needed for the situation (e.g., Buster's magnifying glass for the Roches), or to humiliate an opponent for a laugh may be produced in this manner. Objects that serve solely to gratify the toon (money, a Porsche, etc.) cannot be produced in this manner.

Cartoon Law Amendment C

Explosive weapons cannot cause fatal injuries.

They merely turn characters temporarily black and smoky.

Cartoon Law Amendment D

Gravity is transmitted by slow-moving waves of large wavelengths.

Their operation can be witnessed by observing the behavior of a canine suspended over a large vertical drop. Its feet will begin to fall first, causing its legs to stretch. As the wave reaches its torso, that part will begin to fall, causing the neck to stretch. As the head begins to fall, tension is released and the canine will resume its regular proportions until such time as it strikes the ground.

[Corollary: The force of gravity increases with distance above the ground or floor. Proof: as soon as characters who can (barely) fly (with or without mechanical assistance) cross the threshold of the cliff edge or windowsill, their trajectory takes a sharp downward trend, but upon further exertion by the toon and/or its mechanical assistance, level flight is re-achieved.]

Cartoon Law Amendment E

Dynamite is spontaneously generated in "C-spaces" (spaces in which cartoon laws hold).

The process is analogous to steady-state theories of the universe that postulated that the tensions involved in maintaining a space would cause the creation of hydrogen from nothing. Dynamite quanta are quite large (stick-sized) and unstable (lit). Such quanta are attracted to psychic forces generated by feelings of distress in "cool" characters (see Amendment B, which may be a special case of this law), who are able to use said quanta to their advantage. One may imagine C-spaces where all matter and energy result from primal masses of dynamite exploding. A big bang indeed.

Cartoon Law Amendment F

Any bag, sack, purse, etc. possessed by a cool character is a tesseract - any number of objects of any size may be placed in it or removed from it with no change in its outer dimensions.

Cartoon Law Amendment G

Characters can spin around and change into any set of clothes appropriate to the situation.

Cartoon Law Amendment H

Cartoon Holes:

Part 1: Portable holes work.

Part 2: Toons (especially rabbits) can dig a burrow from here to there in less than 20 seconds and emerge spotlessly clean.

Part 3: Any hole dug in the ground by a non-cool character will eventually lead to China. Any toon entering China via the hole will not be allowed to leave until they have been given Chinese garb or food, or heard the sound of a gong (which makes them shimmy back and forth).

Part 4: Any hole dug from within a prison or jail will lead to a point underneath a person of authority (e.g. warden or policeman), or under a body of water, which proceeds to drench the poor sap, or into another jail cell.

Cartoon Law Amendment I

Movements are accompanied by funny sound effects.

Especially eye blinks, which usually are accompanied by xylophone or other percussive noise type tinkles with each blink.

Cartoon Law Amendment J

Vehicle Uncertainty Principle:

A vehicle travelling along a straight path which extends to the horizon uninterrupted remains in state of indeterminacy-- existing invisibly at all points along the road simultaneously-- until its waveform is collapsed by a villain entering the road. This causes the vehicle to coalesce into an observable form at that location, maintaining high velocity. Classical cartoon physics take over at this point.

RDB translation into plain English:

As soon as Wile E. Coyote steps into the road, the bus appears to run him down.

Cartoon Law Amendment K

Fudd's Theorem of Wunaway Vewocity (see Law V):

A "cool" cartoon character who has been severely startled and attempts to run away from his/her adversary seemingly possesses infinite inertia for a short time. The character's feet move at incredible rates, often blurring into an indistinguishable circular haze. The energy generated by this furious rotation is often sufficient to actually excavate a pit in the ground beneath the character attempting to flee, yet he/she is unable to move for several critical seconds, during which the adversary may >almost< make physical contact. Yet after the initial period of resistance, this overwhelming inertia releases suddenly, and the character vanishes at a speed too great for the eye to follow.

Corollary: It is occasionally observable that the period of irresistible inertia may be prolonged if the character has some amusing aside to utter, either to the audience or to the pursuing adversary. In this case, the inertial effect vanishes upon completion of the amusing remark.

Note that the duration of infinite rest inertia of a cartoon body is most elegantly expressed in the following equation:

$$D = (U - P) + E$$

Where: D is the duration of the rest inertia in seconds,

U is the urgency of the need to get away from one's adversary (expressed by a scale of 1 to 10)*

P is the proximity of the adversary in centimeters from 1 to 10, and

E is the time in seconds required for a humorous aside before escaping.

* The 1-to-10 scale is not arbitrary, as the non-mathematically-inclined might suspect. Degree of urgency for escape from an adversary is a function of the psionic force of the adversary's lust for mayhem factored against the counterforce of the runaway's need for escape, plus his/her general cockiness and insouciance.

Recent theoretical work at the Acme Institute of Advanced Arithmetic suggests that the use of "fuzzy logic" may provide further refinement of Fudd's pioneering work. "Fuzzy logic" advocates hold that the Theorem may in fact exhibit different resolutions for cartoon characters with fuzzy surfaces, e.g. rabbits, cats, and even borderline examples such as Yosemite Sam. However, like the Acme Institute's recent "lukewarm fusion" project, this approach is regarded with considerable skepticism.

Cartoon Law Amendment L

E = mc² really means Entertainment = more crazy/cute/comedic cartoons

Cartoon Law Amendment M

The Vertically Unavoidable Doom Principle:

When an object such as a boulder, piano, anvil, etc. starts to cast its shadow starting its descent on a character, said character can try to get out of the object's path but will either:

- A) Only run in place inches over the ground
- B) Move out of way only to discover that the object has "followed" him/her

Exception: Cool characters, and only cool characters, may move out the path of the object by simply stepping out of the way at the last possible second.

Cartoon Law Amendment N

Law of UPS (i.e., toon snail-mail):

The placement of a piece of paper within a conveniently located mailbox will cause the immediate appearance of a large weapon or other such item designed for the elimination of the opposing character.

Cartoon Law Amendment O

Law of transvestism:

As a device for entrapment characters may dress in drag. The 'cool' character will be very convincing and will cause the opposing character to have his main blood pumping organ to protrude from his chest repeatedly. He is also likely to levitate in a reclined position. His eyes may also increase rapidly in diameter. Non-cool characters dressing in drag will not have any effect as a disguise on cool characters, though this will not be apparent immediately.

Cartoon Law Amendment P

Cartoon time is quantized into units of 1/24 seconds.

Corollary 1: In the event that seasons must change, or other significant time must pass, days pass at a rate of 2 1/3 a second, assuming a calendar is available to lose pages.

Corollary 2: The inverse of this is of course true, if any wait is required. Often extras will turn to skeletons, and large amounts of spider webs accumulate in the area.

Cartoon Law Amendment Q

When running or chasing someone into the sunset at the end of a cartoon, the shortest distance between two points is a zigzag.

Cartoon Law Amendment R

Cuteness of non-human toons as a function of size:

Recent unauthorized experiments in a neglected portion of the Texas supercollider have resulted in the discovery of a basic cartoon subatomic particle which we have christened the Cuteon.

This particle seems to be responsible for the inherent cuteness of toons. Strangely, each toon character appears to contain the same number of Cuteons. This means

that the percentage of Cuteons is inversely proportional to the size of the toon. Hence, the smaller the cartoon character, the cuter it will be.

Cartoon Law Amendment S

Cartoon Chemistry:

Part 1: Any two substances when mixed by an uncool character will explode.

Part 2: Any gas, when injected into a toon in very high amount, causing said toon to expand to many times its original volume, will become lighter than air, thus causing said toon to float. A toon thus inflated will behave like a hollow rubber balloon. Use of a sharp object (say, a needle) will cause said toon to immediately deflate and to propel across the room or landscape at a velocity as predicted via Newton's Equal-and-Opposite Law of Force.

The Top 12 Demands of the Cartoon Characters Union

12. Scripts with hotter XXX cartoon action in them!
11. Wimpy "rubbed out" unless he pays back \$880,900 in borrowed hamburger money.
10. Protection against discrimination on the basis of elasticity, speech impediment, or the inability to run through tunnels painted on solid rock.
9. At least one episode showing Wile E. Coyote's caring, sensitive side.
8. All employees allowed to purchase options of ACME Co. and its subsidiaries before the initial public offering.
7. [Head] severance pay
6. Enough with the freakin' anvils already!
5. Popeye demands Olive Oyl is replaced by "more seaworthy" Lara Croft.
4. Improved medical plan to cover "Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs" dementia and IIAS (Impact-Induced Accordion Syndrome).
3. One word: Pants
2. Dismissal of all sexual harassment charges pending against Pepe LePew.

And the Number 1 Demand of the Cartoon Characters Union...

1. No more keynote speeches by Porky Pig.

A Fable

Long ago, in the days when all disks flopped in the breeze and the writing of words was on a star, the Blue Giant dug for the people the Pea Sea. But he needed a creature who could sail the waters, and would need for support but a few rams.

So the Gateskeeper, who was said to be both micro and soft, fashioned a Dosfish, who was small and spry, and could swim the narrow sixteen-bit channel. But the Dosfish was not bright, and could be taught few new tricks. His alphabet had no 'A', 'B's, or 'Q's, but a mere 640 'K's, and the size of his file cabinet was limited by his own fat.

At first the people loved the Dosfish, for he was the only one who could swim the Pea Sea. But the people soon grew tired of commanding his line, and complained that he could be neither dragged nor dropped. "Forsooth," they cried, "the Dosfish can only do one job at a time, and of names, he knows only eight and three." And many of them left the Pea Sea for good, and went off in search of the Magic Apple.

Although many went, far more stayed, because admittance to the Pea Sea was cheap. So the Gateskeeper studied the Magic Apple, and rested awhile in the Parc of Xer-Ox, and he made a Window that could ride on the Dosfish and do its thinking for it. But the Window was slow, and it would break when the Dosfish got confused. So most people contented themselves with the Dosfish.

Now it came to pass that the Blue Giant came upon the Gateskeeper, and spoke thus: "Come, let us make of ourselves something greater than the Dosfish." The Blue Giant seemed like a humbug, so they called the new creature Oz II.

Now Oz II was smarter than the Dosfish, as most things are. It could drag and drop, and could keep files without becoming fat. But the people cared for it not. So the Blue Giant and the Gateskeeper promised another Oz II, to be called Oz II Too, that could swim the fast new 32-bit wide Pea Sea.

Then lo, a strange miracle occurred. Although the Window that rode on the Dosfish was slow, it was pretty, and the third Window was the prettiest of all. And the people began to like the third Window, and to use it. So the Gateskeeper turned to the Blue Giant and said, "Fie on thee, for I need thee not. Keep thy Oz II Too, and I shall make of my Window an Entity that will not need the Dosfish, and will swim the 32-bit wide Pea Sea."

Years passed, and the workshops of the Gateskeeper and the Blue Giant were overrun by insects. And the people went on using their Dosfish with a Window; even though the Dosfish would from time to time become confused and die, it could always be revived with three fingers.

Then there came a day when the Blue Giant let forth his Oz II Too onto the world. The Oz II Too was indeed mighty, and awesome, and required a great ram, and the world was changed not a whit. For the people said, "It is indeed great, but we see little application for it." And they were doubtful, because the Blue Giant had met with the Magic Apple, and together they were fashioning a Taligent, and the Taligent was made of objects, and was most pink.

Now the Gateskeeper had grown ambitious, and as he had been ambitious before he grew, he was now more ambitious still. So he protected his Window Entity with great security, and made its net work both in serving and with peers. And the Entity would swim, not only in the Pea Sea, but in the Oceans of Great Risk. "Yea," the Gateskeeper declared, "though my entity will require a greater ram than Oz II Too, it will be more powerful than a world of Eunuchs."

And so the Gateskeeper prepared to unleash his Entity to the world, in all but two cities. For he promised that a greater Window, a greater Entity, and even a greater Dosfish would appear one day in Chicago and Cairo, and it too would be built of objects.

Now the Eunuchs who lived in the Oceans of Great Risk, and who scorned the Pea Sea, began to look upon their world with fear. For the Pea Sea had grown, and great ships were sailing in it, the Entity was about to invade their oceans, and it was rumoured that files would be named in letters greater than eight. And the Eunuchs looked upon the Pea Sea, and many of them thought to immigrate.

Within the Oceans of Great Risk were many Sun Worshippers, and they wanted to excel, and make their words perfect, and do their jobs as easy as one-two-three. And what's more, many of them no longer wanted to pay for the Risk. So the Sun Lord went to the Pea Sea, and got himself eighty-sixed.

And taking the next step was He of the NextStep, who had given up building his boxes of black. And he proclaimed loudly that he could help anyone make wondrous soft wares, then admitted meekly that only those that knew him could use those wares, and he was made of objects, and required the biggest ram of all.

And the people looked out upon the Pea Sea, and they were sore amazed. And sore confused. And sore sore. And that is why, to this day, Ozes, Entities, and Eunuchs battle on the shores of the Pea Sea, but the people still travel on the simple Dosfish.

Documentation

I once unpacked a SCSI drive shipped from Bubba's in Louisiana, and it arrived with this article in the packaging. No kidding!

IMPORTANT! READ THIS BEFORE USING YOUR NEW DEVICE

Congratulations! You have purchased an extremely fine device that would give you thousands of years of trouble-free service, except that you undoubtedly will destroy it via some typical bonehead consumer maneuver. Which is why we ask you to:

PLEASE FOR GOD'S SAKE READ THIS OWNER'S MANUAL CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU UNPACK THE DEVICE. YOU ALREADY UNPACKED IT, DIDN'T YOU? YOU UNPACKED IT AND PLUGGED IT IN AND TURNED IT ON AND FIDDLED WITH THE KNOBS, AND NOW YOUR CHILD, THE SAME CHILD WHO ONCE SHOVED A POLISH SAUSAGE INTO YOUR VIDEOCASSETTE RECORDER AND SET IT ON "FAST FORWARD", THIS CHILD ALSO IS FIDDLING WITH THE KNOBS, RIGHT? WE MIGHT AS WELL JUST BREAK THESE DEVICES RIGHT AT THE FACTORY BEFORE WE SHIP THEM OUT, YOU KNOW THAT???

We're sorry. We just get a little crazy sometimes because we're always getting back "defective" merchandise where it turns out that the consumer inadvertently bathed the device in acid for six days. So, in writing these instructions, we naturally tend to assume that your skull is filled with dead insects, but we mean nothing by it. OK? Now let's talk about:

1. UNPACKING THE DEVICE

The device is encased in foam to protect it from the Shipping People, who like nothing more than to jab spears into outgoing boxes.

PLEASE INSPECT THE CONTENTS CAREFULLY FOR GASHES OR IDA MAE BARKER'S ENGAGEMENT RING, WHICH SHE LOST LAST WEEK, AND SHE THINKS MAYBE IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS PACKING DEVICES.

Ida Mae really wants that ring back, because it is her only proof of engagement, and her fiancée, Stuart, is now seriously considering backing out on the whole thing in as much as he had consumed most of a bottle of Jim Beam in Quality Control when he decided to pop the question. It is not without irony that Ida Mae's last name is "Barker", if you get our drift.

WARNING: DO NOT EVER AS LONG AS YOU LIVE THROW AWAY THE BOX OR ANY OF THE PIECES OF STYROFOAM, EVEN THE LITTLE ONES SHAPED LIKE PEANUTS.

If you attempt to return the device to the store, and you are missing one single peanut, the store personnel will laugh in the chilling manner exhibited by Joseph Stalin just after he enslaved Eastern Europe.

Besides the device, the box should contain:

- Eight little rectangular snippets of paper that say "WARNING"
- A little plastic packet containing four 5/17" pilfer grommets and two club-ended 6/93" boxcar prawns.

YOU WILL NEED TO SUPPLY: a matrix wrench and 60,000' of tram cable.

IF ANYTHING IS DAMAGED OR MISSING: You IMMEDIATELY should turn to your spouse and say "Margaret, you know why this country can't make a car that can get all the way through the drive-through at Burger King without a major transmission overhaul? Because nobody cares, that's why." WARNING: This is assuming your spouse's name is Margaret. And not Pete.

2. PLUGGING IN THE DEVICE

The plug on this device represents the latest thinking of the electrical industry's Plug Mutation Group, which, in a continuing effort to prevent consumers from causing hazardous electrical current to flow through their appliances, developed the Three-

Pronged Plug, then the Plug Where One Prong is Bigger Than the Other. Your device is equipped with the revolutionary new Plug Whose Prongs Consist of Six Small Religious Figurines Made of Chocolate.

DO NOT TRY TO PLUG IT IN!

Lay it gently on the floor near an outlet, but out of direct sunlight, and clean it weekly with a damp handkerchief.

WARNING: WHEN YOU ARE LAYING THE PLUG ON THE FLOOR, DO NOT HOLD A SHARP OBJECT IN YOUR OTHER HAND AND TRIP OVER THE CORD AND POKE YOUR EYE OUT, AS THIS COULD VOID THE WARRANTY.

3. OPERATION OF THE DEVICE

WARNING: WE MANUFACTURE ONLY THE ATTRACTIVE DESIGNER CASE. THE ACTUAL WORKING CENTRAL PARTS OF THE DEVICE ARE MANUFACTURED IN JAPAN. THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE TRANSLATED BY MRS. SHIRLEY PELTWATER OF ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE, WHO HAS NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN TO JAPAN BUT DOES HAVE MOST OF "SHOGUN" ON TAPE.

INSTRUCTIONS: For results that can be the finest, it is our advising that: NEVER to hold these buttons two times!! Except the battery. Next taking the (something) earth section may cause a large occurrence! However, if this is not a trouble, such rotation is a very maintenance action, as a kindly (something) virepoint from Drawing B.

4. WARRANTY

Be it hereby known that this device, together with but not excluding all those certain parts thereunto, shall be warranted against all defects, failures and malfunctions as shall occur between now and Thursday afternoon shortly before 2, during which time the Manufacturer will, at no charge to the Owner, send the device to our Service People, who will emerge from their caves and engage in rituals designed to cleanse it of evil spirits. This warranty does not cover the attractive designer case.

WARNING: IT MAY BE A VIOLATION OF SOME LAW THAT MRS. SHIRLEY PELTWATER HAS "SHOGUN" ON TAPE.

Hotel California Meets Unix
To the tune of "Hotel California"

In a dark dim machine room
Cool A/C in my hair
Warm smell of silicon
Rising up through the air

Up ahead in the distance

I saw a Solarian(tm) light
My kernel grew heavy, and my disk grew slim
I had to halt(8) for the night

The backup spun in the tape drive
I heard a terminal bell
And I was thinking to myself
This could be BSD or USL

Then they started a lawsuit
And they showed me the way
There were salesmen down the corridor
I thought I heard them say

Welcome to Berkeley California
Such a lovely place
Such a lovely place (backgrounded)
Such a lovely trace(1)
Plenty of jobs at Berkeley California
Any time of year
Any time of year (backgrounded)
You can find one here
You can find one here

Their code was definitely twisted
But they've got the stock market trends
They've got a lot of pretty, pretty lawyers
That they call friends

How they dance in the courtroom
See BSDI sweat
Some sue to remember
Some sue to forget

So I called up Kernighan
Please bring me ctime(3)
He said
We haven't had that tm_year since 1969

And still those functions are calling from far away
Wake up Jobs in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say

Welcome to Berkeley California
Such a lovely Place
Such a lovely Place (backgrounded)
Such a lovely trace(1)
They're livin' it up suing Berkeley California

What a nice surprise
What a nice surprise (backgrounded)
Bring your alibis

Windows NT a dreaming
Pink OS on ice
And they said
We are all just prisoners here
Of a marketing device

And in the judge's chambers
They gathered for the feast
They diff(1)'d the source code listings
But they can't kill -9 the beast

Last thing I remember
I was restore(8)'ing | more(1)
I had to find the soft link back to the path I was before
sleep(3) said the pagedaemon
We are programmed to recv(2)
You can swap out any time you like
But you can never leave(1)

[Substitute whirring of disk and tape drives for guitar solo]

Bill Gates In Heaven

Bill Gates died and, much to everyone's surprise, went to Heaven. When he got there, he had to wait in the reception area.

Heaven's reception area was the size of Massachusetts. There were literally millions of people milling about, living in tents with nothing to do all day. Food and water were being distributed from the backs of trucks, while staffers with clipboards slowly worked their way through the crowd. Booze and drugs were being passed around. Fights were commonplace. Sanitation conditions were appalling. All in all, the scene looked like Woodstock gone metastatic.

Bill lived in a tent for three weeks until, finally, one of the staffers approached him. The staffer was a young man in his late teens, face scarred with acne. He was wearing a blue T-shirt with the words TEAM PETER emblazoned on it in large yellow lettering.

"Hello," said the staffer in a bored voice that could have been the voice of any clerk in any overgrown bureaucracy. "My name is Gabriel and I'll be your induction coordinator." Bill started to ask a question, but Gabriel interrupted him. "No, I'm not the Archangel Gabriel. I'm just a guy from Philadelphia named Gabriel who died in a car wreck at the age of 17.

Now give me your name, last name first, unless you were Chinese in which case it's first name first.

"Gates, Bill." Gabriel started searching through the sheaf of papers on his clipboard, looking for Bill's Record of Earthly Works.

"What's going on here?" asked Bill. "Why are all these people here? Where's Saint Peter? Where are the Pearly Gates?"

Gabriel ignored the questions until he located Bill's records. Then Gabriel looked up in surprise. "It says here that you were the president of a large software company. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Well then, do the math chip-head. When this Saint Peter business started, it was an easy gig. Only a hundred or so people died every day, and Peter could handle it all by himself, no problem. But now there are over five billion people on earth. Jesus, when God said to "go forth and multiply," he didn't say "like rabbits." With that large a population, ten thousand people die every hour. Over a quarter-million people a day. Do you think Peter can meet them all personally?"

"I guess not."

"You guess right. So Peter had to franchise the operation. Now, Peter is the CEO of Team Peter Enterprises, Inc. He just sits in the corporate headquarters and sets policy. Franchisees like me handle the actual inductions." Gabriel looked through his paperwork some more, and then continued. "Your paperwork seems to be in order. And with the background like yours, you'll be getting a plum job assignment."

"Job assignment?"

"Of course. Did you expect to spend the rest of eternity sitting on your butt and drinking ambrosia? Heaven is a big operation. You have to pull your weight around here." Gabriel took out a triplicate form, had Bill sign at the bottom, and then tore out the middle copy and handed it to Bill. "Take this down to induction center #23 and meet up with your occupational orientator. His name is Abraham." Bill started to ask a question, but Gabriel interrupted him. "No, he's not that Abraham."

Bill walked down a muddy trail for ten miles until he came to induction center #23. He met with Abraham after a mere six-hour wait.

"Heaven is centuries behind in building its data processing infrastructure," explained Abraham. "As you've seen, we're still doing everything on paper. It takes us a week just to process new entries."

"I had to wait three weeks!" said Bill. Abraham stared at Bill angrily, and Bill realized that he'd made a mistake. Even in Heaven, it's best not to contradict a bureaucrat. "Well," Bill offered, "maybe that Bosnia thing has you guys backed up."

Abraham's look of anger faded to mere annoyance. "Your job will be to supervise Heaven's new data processing center. We're building the largest computing facility in creation. Half a million computers connected by a multi-segment fiber optic network, all running into a back-end server network with a thousand CPUs on a gigabit channel. Fully fault tolerant. Fully distributed processing. The works."

Bill could barely contain his excitement. "Wow! What a great job. This is Really Heaven!"

We're just finishing construction, and we'll be starting operations soon. Would you like to go see the center now?"

"You bet."

Abraham and Bill caught the shuttle bus and went to Heaven's new data processing center. It was a truly huge facility, a hundred times bigger than the Astrodome. Workmen were crawling all over the place, getting the miles of fiber optic cables properly installed. But, the center was dominated by the computers. Half a million computers, arranged neatly row-by-row, half a million...

... Macintoshes ...

... all running Claris software. Not a PC in sight. Not a single byte of Microsoft code.

The thought of spending the rest of eternity using products that he had spent his whole life working to destroy was too much for Bill. "What about PCs???" he exclaimed. "What about Windows??? What about Excel??? What about Word???"

"You're forgetting something," said Abraham.

"What's that?" asked Bill plaintively.

"This is Heaven," explained Abraham. "We need a computer system that's heavenly to use. If you want to build a data processing center based on PCs running Windows, then..."

... GO TO HELL.

Things Computers Can Do In Movies

- Word processors never display a cursor.
- You never have to use the space bar when typing.

- Movie characters never make typing mistakes.
- All monitors display 1" high letters.
- High-tech computers, such as those used by NASA, the CIA or any powerful governmental institution, will have easy to understand graphical interfaces.
- Those that don't have graphical interfaces will have incredibly powerful ext-based command shells that can correctly understand and execute commands typed in plain English. Note: Command line interfaces will give you access to any information you want by simply typing, "ACCESS THE SECRET FILES" on any near-by keyboard.
- You can also infect a computer with a destructive virus by simply typing "UPLOAD VIRUS." ("Fortress")
- All computers are connected. You can access the information on the villain's desktop computer even if it's turned off.
- Powerful computers beep whenever you press a key or the screen changes. Some computers also slow down the output on the screen so that it doesn't go faster than you can read. (Really advanced computers will also emulate the sound of a dot-matrix printer.)
- All computer panels operate on thousands of volts and have explosive devices underneath their surface. Malfunctions are indicated by a bright flash of light, a puff of smoke, a shower of sparks, and an explosion that causes you to jump backwards.
- People typing on a computer can safely turn it off without saving the data.
- A hacker is always able to break into the most sensitive computer in the world by guessing the secret password in two tries.
- You may bypass "PERMISSION DENIED" message by using the "OVERRIDE" function. ("Demolition Man")
- Computers only take 2 seconds to boot up instead of the average 2 minutes for desktop PCs and 30 minutes or more for larger systems that can run 24 hours, 365 days a year without a reset.
- Complex calculations and loading of huge amounts of data will be accomplished in under three seconds.
- Movie modems usually appear to transmit data at the speed of two gigabytes per second.
- When the power plant/missile site/main computer overheats, all control panels will explode shortly before the entire building will.
- The main computer will provide a countdown of any impending failure including its own. (Star Trek -any)
- If you display a file on the screen and someone deletes the file, it also disappears from the screen ("Clear and Present Danger").
- If a disk contains encrypted files, you are automatically asked for a password when you insert it.
- Computers can interface with any other computer regardless of the manufacturer or galaxy where it originated. ("Independence Day")
- Computer disks will work on any computer has a floppy drive and all software is usable on any platforms.
- The more high-tech the equipment, the more buttons it will have. ("Aliens") Note: You must be highly trained to operate high-tech computers because the buttons have no labels except for the "SELF-DESTRUCT" button.
- Most computers, no matter how small, have reality-defying three-dimensional active animation, photo-realistic graphics capabilities.
- Laptops always have amazing real-time video-phone capabilities and performance similar to a CRAY Supercomputer.
- Laptops always have a built in wireless network that allows them to connect from any remote location on the planet.
- Laptops never need charging; they have an infinite-Lithium battery.
- Whenever a character looks at a monitor, the image is so bright that it projects itself onto their face. ("Alien" or "2001")
- Searches on the internet will always return what you are looking for no matter how vague your keywords are. ("Mission Impossible", Tom Cruise searches with keywords like "file" and "computer" and 3 results are returned.)

The Creation By Computer

In the beginning there was the computer.

And God said,

c:\>Let there be light

Enter user id.

c:\>God

Enter password.

c:\>Omniscient

Password incorrect.
Try again.

c:\>Omnipotent

Password incorrect.
Try again.

c:\>Technocrat

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Sunday, March 1.

c:\>Let there be light

Unrecognizable command.
Try again.

c:\>Create light

Done

c:\>Run heaven and earth

And God created Day and Night.
And God saw there were 0 errors.

And God logged off at 12:02:00 AM, Sunday, March 1.

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Monday, March 2.

c:\>Let there be firmament in the midst of water and light

Unrecognizable command.
Try again.

c:\>Create firmament

Done.

c:\>Run firmament

And God divided the waters.
And God saw there were 0 errors.

And God logged off at 12:02:00 AM, Monday, March 2.

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Tuesday, March 3.

c:\>Let the waters under heaven be gathered together unto one place and let the dry
land appear and

Too many characters in specification string.
Try again.

c:\>Create dry_land

Done.

c:\>Run firmament

And God divided the waters.
And God saw there were 0 errors.

And God logged off at 12:02:00 AM, Tuesday, March 3.

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Wednesday, March 4.

c:\>Create lights in the firmament to divide the day from the night

Unspecified type.
Try again.

c:\>Create sun_moon_stars

Done

c:\>Run sun_moon_stars

And God divided the waters
And God saw there were 0 errors.

And God logged off at 12:02:00 AM, Wednesday, March 4.

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Thursday, March 5.

c:\>Create fish

Done

c:\>Create fowl

Done

c:\>Run fish, fowl

And God created the great sea monsters and every living creature that creepeth wherewith the waters swarmed after its kind and every winged fowl after its kind.

And God saw there were 0 errors.

And God logged on at 12:01:00 AM, Friday, March 6.

c:\>Create cattle

Done

c:\>Create creepy_things

Done

c:\>Now let us make man in our image

Unspecified type.
Try again.

c:\>Create man

Done

c:\>Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth

Too many command operands.
Try again.

c:\>Run multiplication

Execution terminated.
6 errors.

c:\>Insert breath

Done

c:\>Run multiplication

Execution terminated.
5 errors.

c:\>Move man to Garden of Eden

File Garden of Eden does not exist.

c:\>Create Garden.edn

Done

c:\>Move man to Garden.edn

Done

c:\>Run multiplication

Execution terminated.
4 errors.

c:\>Copy woman from man

Done

c:\>Run multiplication

Execution terminated.
2 errors.

c:\>Create desire

Done

c:\>Run multiplication

And God saw man and woman being fruitful and multiplying in Garden.edn

Warning: No time limit on this run.
1 errors.

c:\>Create freewill

Done

c:\>Run freewill

And God saw man and woman being fruitful and multiplying in Garden.edn

Warning: No time limit on this run.
1 errors.

c:\>Undo desire

Desire cannot be undone once freewill is created.

c:\>Destroy freewill

Freewill is an inaccessible file and cannot be destroyed.

Enter replacement, cancel, or ask for help.

c:\>Help

Desire cannot be undone once freewill is created.
Freewill is an inaccessible file and cannot be destroyed.
Enter replacement, cancel, or ask for help.

c:\>Create tree_of_knowledge

And God saw man and woman being fruitful and multiplying in Garden.edn

Warning: No time limit on this run.
1 errors.

c:\>Create good, evil

Done

c:\>Activate evil

And God saw he had created shame.

Warning system error in sector E95.
Man and woman not in Garden.edn.
1 errors.

c:\>Scan Garden.edn for man, woman

Search failed.

c:\>Delete shame

Shame cannot be deleted once evil has been activated.

c:\>Destroy freewill

Freewill is an inaccessible file and cannot be destroyed.
Enter replacement, cancel, or ask for help.

c:\>Stop

Unrecognizable command.
Try again

c:\>Break

c:\>Break

c:\>Break

ATTENTION ALL USERS *** ATTENTION ALL USERS:
COMPUTER GOING DOWN FOR REGULAR DAY OF MAINTENANCE AND REST
IN FIVE MINUTES.
PLEASE LOG OFF.

c:\>Create new world

You have exceeded your allocated file space.
You must destroy old files before new ones can be created.

c:\>Destroy earth

Destroy earth:
Please confirm.

c:\>Destroy earth confirmed

COMPUTER DOWN *** COMPUTER DOWN.
SERVICES WILL RESUME SUNDAY, MARCH 8 AT 6:00 AM.
YOU MUST SIGN OFF NOW.

And God logged off at 11:59:59 PM, Friday, March 6.

12:00:01 AM, Sunday, March 8
God created Macintosh

Proof That Bill Gates Is The Devil

"Woe to you, oh earth and sea. For the Devil sends the Beast with wrath, because he knows the time is short. Let him who hath understanding reckon the Number of the Beast, for it is a human number. Its number is six hundred and sixty-six."

-- Revelations (New Testament)

The real name of the Microsoft C.E.O. is William Henry Gates III. Nowadays he is known as Bill Gates (III), where "III" means the order of the third (3rd).

By converting the letters of his current name to their equivalent ASCII values and adding his (III), you get the following:

B - 66
I - 73
L - 76
L - 76
G - 71
A - 65
T - 84
E - 69
S - 83
+ 3

666

Some might ask, "How did Bill Gates get so powerful?" Coincidence? Or just the beginning of mankind's ultimate and total enslavement???

Before you decide, consider the following:

M S - D O S 6 . 2 1

$77+83+45+68+79+83+32+54+46+50+49= 666$

W I N D O W S 9 5

$87+73+78+68+79+87+83+57+53+1= 666$

You decide...

- Courtesy of Professor Ian W. Boyd, University College London, UK

Star Trek: MSData

WORF: Captain, there are three Romulan warships uncloaking dead ahead.

PICARD: On screen.

<The main viewing screen changes to a pattern of horizontal lines, each only a single pixel wide.>

PICARD: Data, what's wrong here?

DATA: Captain, the main view screen does not have sufficient video memory to display an image of this size. May I suggest that you select a lower resolution?

PICARD: Make it so.

<The screen blanks, and then an image appears, with big, blocky square pixels. Three objects appear in the center, which could be Romulan warbirds, but which actually look more like the aliens in Space Invaders.>

PICARD: Data, open a hailing channel to the Romulans.

DATA: Aye, sir.

<Data picks up an hourglass from the floor beside him, turns it over, and places it on the console in front of him. He punches some buttons on the console and sits motionless for several seconds. A flash of light blossoms from one of the Romulan ships on the view screen.>

WORF: Incoming plasma torpedo, Captain!

PICARD: Shields up!

DATA: I'm sorry, Captain, but I am still attempting to complete your last instruction. I must ask you to wait until I have finished before you issue your next command.

PICARD: What on earth do you mean? Data, this is *important*! I want those shields up *right now*.

DATA: I'm sorry, Captain, but I am still attempting to complete your last instruction. I must ask you to wait until I have finished before you issue your next command.

LAFORGE: Allow me, captain. (to Data) Control-alt-delete, Data.

<Data removes the hourglass from the console, and returns it to the floor.>

DATA: The Romulans are not responding to my hails. Press my nose to cancel and return to Windows. Pull my left ear to close this communications channel which is not responding. You will lose any information sent by the Romulans.

<LaForge pulls Data's left ear.>

PICARD: Shields...

<There is a tremendous explosion. The bridge shakes violently, and all the crew members are thrown to the floor. A shower of sparks erupts from Wesley Crusher's station at the helm, throwing Wesley back away from the console.>

PICARD: ...up, Data!

DATA: Aye, sir.

RIKER: All decks, damage report!

WORF: Captain, Ensign Crusher is injured. He appears to be unconscious.

<Data picks up the hourglass again, places it on his console, and punches some more buttons. He waits a few seconds, then puts the hourglass back on the floor.>

DATA: Shields are now up, captain.

PICARD: And not a moment too soon. Worf, lock all phasers on the lead Romulan ship.

WORF: Aye, sir. (He punches buttons on the weapons console.)

PICARD: Mr. Data, take the helm, and prepare for evasive action.

DATA: I am sorry, sir, but I do not have the proper device driver installed for that console.

PICARD: Well, then, install the right one.

DATA: Please insert Setup Implant #1 in my right nostril.

PICARD: Number One, where do we keep Data's setup implants?

RIKER: I left them with Geordi.

LAFORGE:(in a surprised voice) What!!!? I thought you still had them!

PICARD: Data, don't you have device drivers stored in your internal memory?

DATA: Not found, sir. Please insert Setup Implant #1 in my right nostril.

PICARD: Data, I don't *have* Setup Implant #1.

DATA: Not ready reading right nostril. Abort, Retry, Fail?

PICARD: Abort!

DATA: Not ready reading right nostril. Abort, Retry, Fail?

PICARD: Well, fail, then!

DATA: Current nose is no longer valid.

<Data walks over to the helm, and presses several buttons. The ship lurches, the images of the Romulan warships suddenly shift to one side of the view screen, and a high-pitched whining noise is heard coming from somewhere else in the ship.>

LAFORGE:(alarmed) Data, what the hell are you doing?

PICARD: Number One, do we have a customer service number for Data?

RIKER: Yes sir, but last time I tried to call them, I got put on hold for two hours before I was able to talk to anyone. And that person wasn't knowledgeable about androids of Data's model. She specialized in industrial control robots.

<Suddenly, the lights all go out, the view screen goes blank, and all the usual noise of fans, motors, and so on whines to a halt. After a few seconds, the red emergency lights come on. Data is standing by the console, absolutely motionless.>

PICARD: What's going on?

LAFORGE:(checking the helm console) Lieutenant Data has caused a General Protection Violation in the warp engine core.

PICARD: These androids look really sharp, but you can't really do anything with them.

<The shimmer of the transporter effect appears, and six Romulans in full battle dress materialize on the bridge. A seventh figure, a Ferengi, appears moments later.>

FERENGI:(with a mercenary grin) Can I interest you in a Unix, Captain?

More Tech Support

This is a true story from the WordPerfect help-line. Needless, to say the helpdesk employee was fired: however, he/she is currently suing the WordPerfect organization for "Termination without Cause."

Actual dialog of a former WordPerfect Customer Support employee and caller needing help:

"Ridge Hall computer assistant; may I help you?"

"Yes, I'm having trouble with WordPerfect"

"What sort of trouble?"

"Well, I was just typing along, and all of a sudden the words went away."

"Went away?"

"They disappeared."

"Hmm. So what does your screen look like now?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"It's blank; it won't accept anything when I type."

"Are you still in WordPerfect, or did you get out?"
 "How do I tell?"
 "Can you see the c:\prompt on the screen?"
 "What's a sea prompt?"
 "Never mind. Can you move the cursor around on the screen?"
 "There isn't any cursor: I told you, it won't accept anything I type."
 "Does your monitor have a power indicator?"
 "What's a monitor?"
 "It's the thing with the screen on it that looks like a TV. Does it have a little light that tells you when it's on?"
 "I don't know."
 "Well, then look on the back of the monitor and find where the power cord goes into it. Can you see that?"
 "Yes, I think so."
 "Great! Follow the cord to the plug, and tell me if it's plugged into the wall."
 "Yes, it is."
 "When you were behind the monitor, did you notice that there were two cables plugged into the back of it, not just one?"
 "No."
 "Well, there are. I need you to look back there again and find the other cable."
 "Okay, here it is."
 "Follow it for me, and tell me if it's plugged securely into the back of your computer."
 "I can't reach."
 "Uh huh. Well can you see if it is?"
 "No."
 "Even if you maybe put your knee on something and lean way over?"
 "Oh, it's not because I don't have the right angle-it's because it's dark."
 "Dark?"
 "Yes, the office light is off, and the only light I have is coming in from the window."
 "Well, turn on the office light then."
 "I can't."
 "No? Why not?"
 "Because there's a power outage."
 "A power... A power outage?" "Aha! Okay, we've got it licked now. Do you still have the boxes and manuals and packing stuff your computer came in?"
 "Well, yes, I keep them in the closet."
 "Good! Go get them, and unplug your system and pack it up just like it was when you got it. Then take it back to the store you bought it from."
 "Really? Is it that bad?"
 "Yes, I'm afraid it is."
 "Well, all right then, I suppose. What do I tell them?"
 "Tell them you're too stupid to own a computer."

Tech Support Diary

A Week in the Life of the Notes Support Person from Hell

Monday

8:05am User called to say they forgot password. Told them to use password retrieval utility called FDISK. Blissfully ignorant, they thank me and hang up. God, we let the people vote and drive, too?

8:12am Accounting called to say they couldn't access expense reports database. Gave them Standard Sys Admin Answer #112, "Well, it works for me." Let them rant and rave while I unplugged my coffeemaker from the UPS and plugged their server back in. Suggested they try it again. One more happy customer...

8:14 am User from 8:05 call said they received error message "Error accessing Drive 0." Told them it was an OS problem. Transferred them to micro support.

11:00 am Relatively quiet for last few hours. Decide to plug support phone back in so I can call my girlfriend. Says parents are coming into town this weekend. Put her on hold and transferred her to janitorial closet down in basement. What is she thinking? The "Myst" and "Doom" nationals are this weekend!

11:34 am Another user calls (do they ever learn?). Says they want ACL changed on HR performance review database so that nobody but HR can access database. Tell them no problem. Hang up. Change ACL. Add @MailSend so performance reviews are sent to */US.

12:00 pm Lunch

3:30 pm Return from lunch.

3:55 pm Wake up from nap. Bad dream makes me cranky. Bounce servers for no reason. Return to napping.

4:23 pm Yet another user calls. Wants to know how to change fonts on form. Ask them what chip set they're using. Tell them to call back when they find out.

4:55 pm Decide to run "Create Save/Replication Conflicts" macro so next shift has something to do.

Tuesday

8:30 am Finish reading support log from last night. Sounded busy. Terrible time with Save/Replication conflicts.

9:00 am Support manager arrives. Wants to discuss my attitude. Click on PhoneNotes SmartIcon. "Love to, but kinda busy. Put something in the calendar database!" I yell as I grab for the support lines, which have (mysteriously) lit up. Walks away grumbling.

9:35 pm Team leader from R&D needs ID for new employee. Tell them they need form J-19R=9C9\DARR\K1. Say they never heard of such a form. Tell them it's in

the SPECIAL FORMS database. Say they never heard of such a database. Transfer them to janitorial closet in basement.

10:00 am Perky sounding intern from R&D calls and says she needs new ID. Tell her I need employee number, department name, manager name, and marital status. Run @DbLookup against state parole board database, Centers for Disease Control database, and my Oprah Winfrey database. No hits. Tell her ID will be ready tonight. Drawing from the lessons learned in last week's "Reengineering for Customer Partnership," I offer to personally deliver ID to her apartment.

10:07 am Janitor stops by to say he keeps getting strange calls in basement. Offer to train him on Notes. Begin now. Let him watch console while I grab a smoke.

1:00 pm Return from smoking break. Janitor says phones kept ringing, so he transferred them to cafeteria lady. I like this guy.

1:05 pm Big commotion! Support manager falls in hole left where I pulled floor tiles outside his office door. Stress to him importance of not running in computer room, even if I do yell "Omgod -- Fire!"

1:15 pm Development Standards Committee calls and complains aboutumlauts in form names. Apologizing for the inconvenience, I tell them I will fix it. Hang up and run global search/replace using gaks.

1:20 pm Mary Hairnet from cafeteria calls. Says she keeps getting calls for "Notice Loads" or "NoLoad Goats," she's not sure, couldn't here over industrial-grade blender. Tell her it was probably "Lettuce Nodes." Maybe the food distributor with a new product? She thinks about it and hangs up.

2:00 pm Legal secretary calls and says she lost password. Ask her to check in her purse, floor of car, and on bathroom counter. Tell her it probably fell out of back of machine. Suggest she put duct tape over all the air vents she can find on the PC. Grudgingly offer to create new ID for her while she does that.

2:49 pm Janitor comes back. Wants more lessons. I take off rest of day.

Wednesday

8:30 am Irate user calls to say chipset has nothing to do with fonts on form. Tell them, "Of course, they should have been checking 'Bitset,' not 'chipset.'" Sheepish user apologizes and hangs up.

9:10am Support manager, with foot in cast, returns to office. Schedules 10:00am meeting with me. User calls and wants to talk to support manager about terrible help at support desk. Tell them manager about to go into meeting. Sometimes life hands you material...

10:00 am Call Louie in janitorial services to cover for me. Go to support manager's office. He says he can't dismiss me but can suggest several lateral career moves.

Most involve farm implements in third-world countries with moderate to heavy political turmoil. By and by, I ask if he's aware of new bug which takes full-text indexed random e-mail databases and puts all references to furry handcuffs and Bambi Boomer in Marketing on the corporate Web page. Meeting is adjourned as he reaches for keyboard, Web browser, and Tums.

10:30 am Tell Louie he's doing great job. Offer to show him mainframe corporate PBX system sometime.

11:00 am Lunch.

4:55 pm Return from lunch.

5:00 pm Shift change; Going home.

Thursday

8:00 am New guy ("Marvin") started today. "Nice plaids" I offer. Show him server room, wiring closet, and technical library. Set him up with IBM PC-XT. Tell him to quit whining, Notes runs the same in both monochrome and color.

8:45 am New guy's PC finishes booting up. Tell him I'll create new ID for him. Set minimum password length to 64. Go grab smoke.

9:30 am Introduce Louie the custodian to Marvin. "Nice plaids" Louie comments. Is this guy great or what?!

11:00 am Beat Louie in dominos game. Louie leaves. Fish spare dominos out of sleeves ("Always have backups"). User calls, says Accounting server is down. Untie Ethernet cable from radio antenna (better reception) and plug back into hub. Tell user to try again. Another happy customer!

11:55 am Brief Marvin on Corporate Policy 98.022.01: "Whereas all new employee beginning on days ending in 'Y' hall enjoy all proper aspects with said corporation, said employee is obligated to provide sustenance and relief to senior technical analyst on shift." Marvin doubts. I point to "Corporate Policy" database (a fine piece of work, if I say so myself!). "Remember, that's DOUBLE pepperoni and NO peppers!" I yell to Marvin as he steps over open floor tile to get to exit door.

1:00 pm Ooooooh! Pizza makes me so sleepy...

4:30 pm Wake from refreshing nap. Catch Marvin scanning want ads.

5:00 pm Shift change. Flick HR's server off and on several times (just testing the On/Off button...). See ya tomorrow.

Friday

8:00 am Night shift still trying to replace power supply in HR server. Told them it worked fine before I left.

9:00 am Marvin still not here. Decide I might start answering these calls myself. Unforward phones from Mailroom.

9:02 am Yep. A user call. Users in Des Moines can't replicate. Me and the Oiuji board determine it's sunspots. Tell them to call Telecommunications.

9:30 am Good God, another user! They're like ants. Says he's in San Diego and can't replicate with Des Moines. Tell him it's sunspots, but with a two-hour difference. Suggest he reset the time on the server back two hours.

10:17 am Pensacola calls. Says they can't route mail to San Diego. Tell them to set server ahead three hours.

11:00 am E-mail from corporate says for everybody to quit resetting the time on their servers. I change the date stamp and forward it to Milwaukee.

11:20 am Finish @CoffeeMake macro. Put phone back on hook.

11:23 am Milwaukee calls, asks what day it is.

11:25 am Support manager stops by to say Marvin called in to quit. "So hard to get good help..." I respond. Support manager says he has appointment with orthopedic doctor this afternoon, and asks if I mind sitting in on the weekly department head meeting for him. "No problem!"

11:30 am Call Louie and tell him opportunity knocks and he's invited to a meeting this afternoon. "Yeah, sure. You can bring your snuff" I tell him.

12:00 am Lunch.

1:00 pm Start full backups on UNIX server. Route them to device NULL to make them fast.

1:03 pm Full weekly backups done. Man, I love modern technology!

2:30 pm Look in support manager's contact management database. Cancel 2:45pm appointment for him. He really should be at home resting, you know.

2:39 pm New user calls. Says want to learn how to create a connection document. Tell them to run connection document utility CTRL-ALT-DEL. Says PC rebooted. Tell them to call micro support.

2:50 pm Support manager calls to say mix-up at doctor's office means appointment cancelled. Says he's just going to go on home. Ask him if he's seen corporate Web page lately.

3:00 pm Another (novice) user calls. Says periodic macro not working. Suggest they place @DeleteDocument at end of formula. Promise to send them document addendum which says so.

4:00 pm Finish changing foreground color in all documents to white. Also set point size to "2" in help databases.

4:30 pm User calls to say they can't see anything in documents. Tell them to go to view, do a "Edit -- Select All", hit delete key, and then refresh. Promise to send them document addendum which says so.

4:45 pm Another user calls. Says they can't read help documents. Tell them I'll fix it. Hang up. Change font to Wingdings.

4:58 pm Plug coffee maker into Ethernet hub to see what happens. Not (too) much.

5:00 pm Night shift shows up. Tell that the hub is acting funny and to have a good weekend.

Technology Thoughts

When a cat is dropped, it always lands on its feet, and when toast is dropped, it always lands with the buttered side facing down. I propose to strap buttered toast to the back of a cat; the two will hover, spinning inches above the ground. With a giant buttered cat array, a high-speed monorail could easily link London with Paris.

Star Trek Transporter

It would be great to be able to beam your molecules across space and then reassemble them. The only problem is that you have to trust your co-worker to operate the transporter. These are the same people who won't add paper to the photocopier or make a new pot of coffee after taking the last drop.

I don't think they'll be double-checking the transporter coordinates. They'll be accidentally beaming people into walls, pets, and furniture. People will spend all their time apologizing for having inanimate objects protruding from parts of their bodies. Pay no attention to the knickknacks; I got beamed into a hutch yesterday. If I could beam things from one place to another, I'd never leave the house. I'd sit in a big comfy chair and just start beaming groceries, stereo equipment, cheerleaders, and anything else I wanted right into my house. I'm fairly certain I would abuse this power. If anybody came to arrest me, I'd beam them into space. If I wanted some paintings for my walls, I'd beam the contents of the Louvre over to my place, pick out the good stuff, and beam the rest into my neighbor's garage.

If I were watching the news on television and didn't like what I heard, I would beam the anchorman into my living room during the commercial break, give him a vicious

wedgie, and beam him back before anybody noticed. I'd never worry about keeping up with the Jones's' because as soon as they got something nice, it would disappear right out of their hands. My neighbors would have to use milk crates for furniture. And that's only after I had all the milk crates I would ever need for the rest of my life. There's only one thing that could keep me from spending all my time wreaking havoc with the transporter: the holodeck.

Holodeck

For those of you who only watched the 'old' Star Trek, the holodeck can create simulated worlds that look and feel just like the real thing. The characters on Star Trek use the holodeck for recreation during breaks from work. This is somewhat unrealistic. If I had a holodeck, I'd close the door and never come out until I died of exhaustion. It would be hard to convince me I should be anywhere but in the holodeck, getting my oil massage from Cindy Crawford and her simulated twin sister. Holodecks would be very addicting. If there weren't enough holodecks to go around, I'd get the names of all the people who had reservations ahead of me and beam them into concrete walls. I'd feel tense about it, but that's exactly why I'd need a massage. I'm afraid the holodeck will be society's last invention.

Phasers

I would love to have a device that would stun people into unconsciousness without killing them. I would use it ten times a day. If I got bad service at the convenience store, I'd zap the clerk. If somebody with big hair sat in front of me at the theater, zap! On Star Trek, there are no penalties for stunning people with phasers. It happens all the time. All you have to do is claim you were possessed by an alien entity. Apparently, that is viewed as a credible defense in the Star Trek future. Imagine real criminals in a world where the 'alien possession' defense is credible.

Criminal: Yes, officer, I did steal that vehicle, and I did kill the occupants, but I was possessed by an evil alien entity.

Officer: Well, okay. Move along.

I wish I had a phaser right now. My neighbor's dog likes to stand under my bedroom window on the other side of the fence and bark for hours at a time. My neighbor has employed the bold defense that he believes it might be another neighbor's dog, despite the fact that I am standing there looking at him barking only twenty feet away. In a situation like this, a phaser is really the best approach. I could squeeze off a clean shot through the willow tree. A phaser doesn't make much noise, so it wouldn't disturb anyone. Then the unhappy little dog and I could both get some sleep. If the neighbor complains, I'll explain that the phaser was fired by the other neighbor's dog, a known troublemaker who is said to be invisible. And if that doesn't work, a photon torpedo is clearly indicated.

Cyborgs

Given the choice, I would rather be a cyborg instead of 100 percent human. I like the thought of technology becoming part of my body. As a human, I am constantly running to the toolbox in my garage to get a tool to deal with some new household malfunction. If I were a cyborg, I might have an electric drill on my arm, plus a metric socket set. That would save a lot of trips.

From what I've seen, the cyborg concept is a modular design, so you can add whatever tools you think you'd use most. I'd love to see crosshairs appearing my viewfinder every time I looked at someone. It would make me feel menacing, and I'd like that. I'd program myself so that anytime I saw a car salesman, a little message would appear in my viewfinder that said 'Target Locked On.' It would also be great to have my computer built into my skull. That way I could surf the Net during useless periods of life, such as when people talk to me. All I'd have to do is initiate a head-nodding subroutine during boring conversations and I could amuse myself in my head all day long. I think that if anyone could become a cyborg, there would be a huge rush of people getting in line for the conversion. Kids would like it for the look. Adults would like it for its utility. Cyborg technology has something for everyone. So, unlike Star Trek, I can imagine everyone wanting to be a cyborg.

The only downside I can see is that when the human part dies and you're at the funeral, the cyborg part will try to claw its way out of the casket and slay all the mourners. But that risk can be minimized by saying you have an important business meeting, so you can't make it to the service.

Shields

I wish I had an invisible force field. I'd use it all the time, especially around people who spit when they talk or get too close to my personal space. In fact, I'd probably need a shield quite a bit if I also had a phaser to play with. I wouldn't need a big shield system like the one they use to protect the Enterprise, maybe just a belt-clip device for personal use. I could insult dangerous people without fear of retribution. Whatever crumbs of personality I now have would be completely unnecessary in the future. On the plus side, it would make shopping much more fun.

Shopping with Shields Up

Me: Ring this up for me, you unpleasant cretin.

Saleswoman: I oughta slug you!

Me: Try it. My shields are up.

Saleswoman: Darn!

Me: There's nothing you can do to harm me.

Saleswoman: I guess you're right. Would you like to open a charge account? Our interest rates are very reasonable.

Me: Nice try.

Long-Range Sensors

If people had long-range sensors, they would rarely use them to scan for new signs of life. I think they would use them to avoid work. You could run a continuous scan for your boss and then quickly transport yourself out of the area when he came near. If your manager died in his office, you would know minutes before the authorities discovered him, and that means extra break time.

Vulcan Death Grip

Before all you Trekkies write to correct me, I know there is no such thing as a Vulcan Death Grip even in Star Trek. But I wish there were. That would have come in handy many times. It would be easy to make the Vulcan Death Grip look like an accident.

'I was just straightening his collar and he collapsed.'

I think the only thing that keeps most people from randomly killing other citizens is the bloody mess it makes and the high likelihood of getting caught. With the Vulcan Death Grip, it would be clean and virtually undetectable. Everybody would be killing people left and right. You wouldn't be able to have a decent conversation at the office over the sound of dead co-workers hitting the carpet. The most common sounds in corporate America would be, 'I'm sorry I couldn't give you a bigger raise, but... erk!' And that's why the future won't be like Star Trek.

The Wonders of Modern Technology

This falls into the "Why did it have to happen on *MY* shift?" category. A friend of mine is a chief engineer at SuperMac, and he related this story to me. SuperMac records a certain number of technical support calls at random, to keep tabs on customer satisfaction. By wild "luck", they managed to catch the following conversation on tape.

Some poor SuperMac TechSport got a call from some middle level official... from the legitimate government of Trinidad. The fellow spoke very good English, and fairly calmly described the problem. It seemed that was a coup attempt in progress at that moment. However, the national armoury for that city was kept in the same building as the Legislature, and it seems that there was a combination lock on the door to the armoury. Of the people in the capitol city that day, only the Chief of the Capitol Guard and the Chief Armourer knew the combination to the lock, and they had already been killed.

So, this officer of the government of Trinidad continued, the problem is this: The combination to the lock is stored in a file on the Macintosh, but the file has been encrypted with the SuperMac product called Sentinel. Was there any chance, he asked, that there was a "back door" to the application, so they could get the combination, open the armoury door, and defend the Capitol Building and the legitimately elected government of Trinidad against the insurgents?

All the while he is asking this in a very calm voice, there is the sound of gunfire in the background. The Technical Support guy put the person on hold. A phone call to the

phone company verified that the origin of the call was in fact Trinidad. Meanwhile, there was this mad scramble to see if anybody knew of any "back doors" in the Sentinel program. As it turned out, Sentinel uses DES to encrypt the files, and there was no known back door. The Tech Support fellow told the customer that aside from trying to guess the password, there was no way through Sentinel, and that they'd be better off trying to physically destroy the lock. The official was very polite, thanked him for the effort, and hung up.

That night, the legitimate government of Trinidad fell. One of the BBC reporters mentioned that the casualties seemed heaviest in the capitol, where for some reason, there seemed to be little return fire from the government forces. OK, so they shouldn't have kept the combination in so precarious a fashion. But it does place, "I can't see my Microsoft Mail server" complaints in a different sort of perspective, does it not?

Microsoft Press Release

Redmond, WA ---- Microsoft announced today that the official release date for the new operating system "Windows 2000" will be delayed until the second quarter of 1901.

Troubleshooting

One of Microsoft's finest techs was drafted and sent to boot camp. At the rifle range, he was given some instruction, a rifle, and bullets. He fired several shots at the target. The report came from the target area that all of his attempts had completely missed the target.

The Microsoft tech looked at his rifle and then at the target again. He looked at the rifle again, and then at the target again. He put his finger over the end of the rifle barrel and squeezed the trigger with his other hand.

The end of his finger was completely blown off: The Microsoft tech yelled toward the target area: "It's leaving here just fine. The trouble must be at your end!"

In The Beginning, God Created The Computer!

1. In the beginning God created the Bit and the Byte. And from those he created the Word.
2. And there were two Bytes in the Word; and nothing else existed. And God separated the One from the Zero; and he saw it was good.
3. And God said - Let the Data be; And so it happened. And God said - Let the Data go to their proper places. And he created floppy disks and hard disks and compact disks.

4. And God said - Let the computers be, so there would be a place to put floppy disks and hard disks and compact disks. Thus God created computers and called them hardware.
5. And there was no Software yet. But God created programs; small and big... And told them - Go and multiply yourselves and fill all the Memory.
6. And God said - I will create the Programmer; And the Programmer will make new programs and govern over the computers and programs and Data.
7. And God created the Programmer; and put him at Data Center; And God showed the Programmer the Catalog Tree and said - You can use all the volumes and sub-volumes but DO NOT USE Windows.
8. And God said - It is not Good for the programmer to be alone. He took a bone from the Programmer's body and created a creature that would look up at the Programmer; and admire the Programmer; and love the things the Programmer does; And God called the creature: the User.
9. And the Programmer and the User were left under the naked DOS and it was Good.
10. But Bill was smarter than all the other creatures of God. And Bill said to the User - Did God really tell you not to run any programs?
11. And the User answered - God told us that we can use every program and every piece of Data but told us not to run Windows or we will surely die.
12. And Bill said to the User - How can you talk about something you did not even try. The moment you run Windows you will become equal to God. You will be able to create anything you like by a simple click of your mouse.
13. And the User saw that the fruits of the Windows were nicer and easier to use. And the User saw that any knowledge was useless - since Windows could replace it.
14. So the User installed the Windows on her computer; and said to the Programmer that it was good.
15. And the Programmer immediately started to look for new drivers. And God asked him - What are you looking for? And the Programmer answered - I am looking for new drivers because I cannot find them in the DOS. And God said - Who told you that you need drivers? Did you run Windows? And the Programmer said - It was Bill who told us to!
16. And God said to Bill - Because of what you did you will be hated by all the creatures. And the User will always be unhappy with you. And you will always sell Windows.

17. And God said to the User - Because of what you did, the Windows will disappoint you and eat up all your Resources; and you will have to use lousy programs; and you will always rely on the Programmer's help.
18. And God said to the Programmer - Because you listened to the User you will never be happy. All your programs will have errors and you will have to fix them and fix them to the end of time.
19. And God threw them out of the Data Center and locked the door and secured it with a password.
20. GENERAL PROTECTION FAULT

Computer Help

I'd like to share a little anecdote that happened in the office the other day. Young Kristin, the editor of our trivia publication, was having trouble with her computer.

So she called Wes, the computer guy, over to her desk. Wes clicked a couple buttons and solved the problem. As he was walking away Kristin called after him, "So, what was wrong?"

And he replied, "It was an ID ten T error."

A puzzled expression ran riot over Kristin's face. "An ID ten T error?" What's that in case I need to fix it again?"

He gave her a grin. "Haven't you ever seen an ID ten T error before?"

"No."

"Write it down," he said, "and I think you'll figure it out."

Mouse Balls

Mouse balls are now available as FRU (Field Replacement Unit). Therefore, if a mouse fails to operate or should it perform erratically, it may need a ball replacement. Because of the delicate nature of this procedure, replacement of mouse balls should only be attempted by properly trained personnel.

Before proceeding, determine the type of mouse balls by examining the underside of the mouse. Domestic balls will be larger and harder than foreign balls. Ball removal procedures differ depending upon the manufacturer of the mouse. Foreign balls can be replaced using the pop-off method. Domestic balls are replaced by using the twist-off method.

Mouse balls are not usually static-sensitive. However, excessive handling can result in sudden discharge. Upon completion of ball replacement, the mouse may be used immediately. It is recommended that each technician have a pair of spare balls for maintaining optimum customer satisfaction.

Any customer missing his balls should suspect local personnel of removing these necessary items.

A Lesson Of Life From Microsoft

An unemployed man goes to try for a job with Microsoft as a cleaner. The manager there arranges for an aptitude test (Section: Floors, sweeping of...)

After the test, the manager says: "You will be appointed on the scale of \$30 per day. Let me have your e-mail address, so that I can send you a form to complete and advise you where to report for work on your first day."

Taken aback, the unemployed man protests that he is neither in possession of a computer nor of an e-mail address. To this the MS manager replies: "Well then, that really means that you virtually don't exist and can therefore hardly expect to be employed."

Stunned, the man leaves. Not knowing where to turn and only having about \$10 left, he decides to buy a 10kg box of tomatoes at the supermarket. Within less than 2 hours, he sells the tomatoes singly at 100% profit.

Repeating the process several times more that day, he ends up with almost \$100 before going to sleep that night. And thus it dawns on the man that he could quite easily make a living selling tomatoes. Getting up early and earlier every day and going to bed late and later, he multiplies his hoard of profits in quite a short time.

Not too long thereafter, he acquires a cart to transport several dozen boxes of tomatoes, only to have to trade it in again shortly afterwards on a pick-up truck. By the end of the first year, he is the owner of a fleet of pick-up trucks and manages a staff of several hundred former unemployed people, all selling tomatoes.

Considering the future of his wife and children, he decides to buy some life insurance. Calling an insurance adviser, he picks an insurance plan to fit his new circumstances. At the end of the telephone conversation, the adviser asks him for his e-mail address in order that he might forward the documentation.

When the man replies that he has no e-mail, the adviser is stunned: "What, you don't even have e-mail? How on earth have you managed to amass such wealth without the Internet, e-mail and e-commerce? Just imagine where you would have been by now, if you had been connected from the very start!"

After a moment's silence, the tomato millionaire replied: "Sure! I would have been a cleaner at Microsoft!"

Moral of the story:

1. The Internet, e-mail and e-commerce do not need to rule your life.
2. Get e-mail, if you want to be a cleaner at Microsoft.
3. If you don't have e-mail, but work hard, you can still become a millionaire.
4. Seeing that you got this story via e-mail, you're probably closer to becoming a cleaner than you are to becoming a millionaire.
5. If you do have a computer and e-mail, you're already being taken to the cleaners by Microsoft.

Assisted Computing Facility

THE TOUGHEST DECISION: SHOULD MY LOVED ONE BE PLACED IN AN ASSISTED COMPUTING FACILITY?

For family members, it is often the most difficult and painful decision they will face: to accept that a loved one - a parent, a spouse, perhaps a sibling - is technologically impaired and should no longer be allowed to live independently, or come near a computer or electronic device without direct supervision. The time has come to place that loved one into the care of an Assisted Computing Facility.

But you have questions. So many questions. We at Silicon Pines want to help.

WHAT EXACTLY IS AN "ASSISTED COMPUTING FACILITY"?

Sometimes referred to as "Homes for the Technologically Infirm," "Technical Invalid Care Centers," or "Homes for the Technically Challenged," Assisted Computing Facilities (ACF's) are modeled on assisted living facilities, and provide a safe, structured residential environment for those unable to handle even the most common, everyday multitasks. Most fully accredited ACF's, like Silicon Pines, are an oasis of hope and encouragement that allow residents to lead productive, technologically relevant lives without the fear and anxiety associated with actually having to understand or execute the technologies themselves.

WHO SHOULD BE IN AN ACF?

Sadly, technology is advancing at such a dramatic rate that many millions, of all ages, will never truly be able to understand it, putting an undue burden on those friends and family members who must explain it to them. But unless the loved one is suffering from a truly debilitating affliction, such as Reinstalzheimers, the decision to commit is entirely personal. You must ask yourself:

"How frustrated am I that my parent/sibling/spouse is unable to open an email attachment?"

"How much of my time should be taken up explaining how RAM is different from hard drive memory?"

"How many times can I bear to hear my dad say, 'Hey, can I replace the motherboard with a fatherboard? Ha ha ha!'"

To make things easier, we have prepared a list of Warning Signs which we encourage you to return to often, or, if you can't figure out how to bookmark it, print out. Also, please take a moment to read "I'm Glad I'm in Here! - A Resident's Story."

MUST IT BE FAMILY, OR CAN I PLACE ANYONE IN AN ACF?

Several corporations have sought permission to have certain employees, or at times entire sales departments, committed to ACF's. At present, however, individuals can be committed only by direct family or self-internment. The reason is simple: there are not nearly enough ACF's in the world to accommodate all the technologically challenged. For example, there are currently only 860,000 beds available in ACF's, but there are 29 million AOL users.

HOW MUCH WILL IT COST?

ACF rents range from free up to \$12,500 per month. The disparity is currently a point of contention in the ACF industry. Many residents are covered through government programs such as Compucaid or Compucare, but reimbursement rates are low and only cover a portion of the fees.

Exacerbating the situation are the HMOs (HelpDesk Maintenance Organizations), which often deny coverage, forcing residents to pay out of pocket or turn to expensive private techcare insurers such as BlueCache/BlueScreen.

Offsetting the costs are technology companies themselves, many of which subsidize ACF's. Firms such as Microsoft, Dell, Qualcomm, and America Online will pay up to 100 percent of a resident's monthly bill, but there is a catch. ISPs, for instance, require residents to sign service contracts lasting a year or more. Microsoft, meanwhile, prohibits the installation of any competitive software, while Priceline requires that residents buy shares of its stock, which seems onerous but saves residents on lavatory tissue.

HOW OLD MUST I BE TO HAVE SOMEONE COMMITTED?

Until very recently, you had to be 18 or older to legally commit a family member. However, the now famous British court case Frazier vs. Frazier and Frazier has cleared the way for minors to commit their parents. In that case, 15-year-old Bradley Frazier of Leicester had his 37-year-old parents committed to an ACF in Bournemouth after a judge ruled Ian and Janet Frazier were a "danger to themselves and the community." According to court records, Bradley told his parents about the I LoveYou virus and warned them not to click attachments, then the next day his parents received an I LoveYou email and clicked on the attachment because, they explained, "it came from someone we know."

WHAT SHOULD I LOOK FOR IN AN ACF?

First, make sure it's a genuine Assisted Computing Facility, and not an Assisted Living Facility. To tell the difference, observe the residents. If they look rather old and tend to openly discuss bowel movements, this is probably 'assisted living.' On the other hand, if they vary in age and say things like, "I'm supposed to figure that out? I'm not Bill goddamned Gates, you know!," this is probably 'assisted computing.'

Also, at a well-run ACF, residents should lead full, independent lives, and should be allowed the use of many technology devices, including telephones, electric toothbrushes, and alarm clocks. However, only a facility's Licensed Techcare Professionals (LTP's) should perform computational or technological tasks such as installing programs or saving email attachments. And LTP's should NEVER answer residents' questions because studies have shown that answering user questions inevitably makes things worse. Instead, residents should simply have things done for them, relieving them of the pressure to "learn" or "improve."

CAN A RESIDENT EVER GET OUT?

No.

OK, THIS SOUNDS PROMISING. HOW CAN I LEARN MORE?

For your enlightenment, we offer extensive information on Silicon Pines and the ACF lifestyle, which can be found by clicking one of the links in the navigation bars found at both the top and bottom of this page. But whatever you decide, keep in mind that due to demand, ACF's now have long waiting lists. WebTV & AOL users alone will take years to absorb.

The Y-Zero-K Problem

Dear Cassius,

Are you still working on the Y-zero-K problem? This change from BC to AD is giving us a lot of headaches and we haven't much time left. I don't know how people will cope with working the wrong way around. Having been working happily downwards forever, now we have to start thinking upwards. You would think that someone would have thought of it earlier and not left it to us to sort it all out at this last minute.

I spoke to Caesar the other evening. He was livid that Julius hadn't done something about it when he was sorting out the calendar. He said he could see why Brutus turned nasty. We called in the consulting astrologers, but they simply said that continuing downwards using minus BC won't work. As usual, the consultants charged a fortune for doing nothing useful.

As for myself, I just can't see the sand in an hourglass flowing upwards. We have heard that there are three wise men in the East who have been working on the problem, but unfortunately they won't arrive until it's all over. Some say the world will

cease to exist at the moment of transition. Anyway, we are continuing to work on this blasted Y-zero-K problem and I will send you a parchment if anything further develops.

Vale,

Plutonium

Y2K Issues Addressed:

Corporate has defined a lower cost alternative for Mac to NT conversions that also addresses the Y2K (Year 2000) issue. The goal is to remove all computers from the desktop by January, 1999. Instead, everyone will be provided with an Etch-A-Sketch.

There are many sound reasons for doing this:

1. No Y2K problems
2. No technical glitches keeping work from being done.
3. No more wasted time reading and writing emails.

Frequently Asked Questions from the Etch-A-Sketch Help Desk:

Q: My Etch-A-Sketch has all of these funny little lines all over the screen.

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: How do I turn my Etch-A-Sketch off?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: What's the shortcut for Undo?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: How do I create a New Document window?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: How do I set the background and foreground to the same color?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: What is the proper procedure for rebooting my Etch-A-Sketch?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: How do I delete a document on my Etch-A-Sketch?

A: Pick it up and shake it.

Q: How do I save my Etch-A-Sketch document?

A: Don't shake it.

Lifestyles of the Technically Challenged

I worked with an individual who plugged their power strip back into itself and for the life of them could not understand why their computer would not turn on.

1st Person: "Do you know anything about this fax-machine?"

2nd Person: "A little. What's wrong?"

1st Person: "Well, I sent a fax, and the recipient called back to say all she received was a cover-sheet and a blank page. I tried it again, and the same thing happened."

2nd Person: "How did you load the sheet?"

1st Person: "It's a pretty sensitive memo, and I didn't want anyone else to read it by accident, so I folded it so only the recipient would open it and read it."

I recently saw a distraught young lady weeping beside her car. "Do you need some help?" I asked. She replied, "I knew I should have replaced the battery in this remote door un-locker. Now I can't get into my car. Do you think they (pointing to a distant convenience store) would have a battery for this?" "Hmmm, I dunno. Do you have an alarm, too?" I asked. "No, just this remote 'thingy,'" she answered, handing it and the car keys to me. As I took the key and manually unlocked the door, I replied, "Why don't you drive over there and check about the batteries...it's a long walk."

Tech Support: "What does the screen say now?"

Person: "It says, 'Hit ENTER when ready'."

Tech Support: "Well?"

Person: "How do I know when it's ready?"

My friend called his car insurance company to tell them to change his address from Texas to Vermont. The woman who took the call asked where Vermont was. As he tried to explain, she interrupted and said, "Look, I'm not stupid or anything, just tell me what state it's in?"

Several years ago we had an intern who was none too swift. One day he was typing and turned to a secretary and said, "I'm almost out of typing paper. What do I do?" "Just use copier paper," she told him. With that, the intern took his last remaining blank piece of paper, put it on the photocopier and proceeded to make five blank copies.

I was working the help desk. One day one of the computer operators called me and asked if anything "bad" would happen if she dropped coins into the openings of her PC. I asked her if this was something she was thinking of doing. She said, "never mind" and hung up. So I got out my trusty tool kit and paid her a visit. I opened her CPU case and sure enough, there was 40 cents.

One of our servers crashed. I was watching our new system administrator trying to restore it. He inserted a CD and needed to type a path name to a directory named "i386." He started to type it and paused, asking me, "Where's the key for that line thing?" I asked what he was talking about, and he said, "You know, that one that looks like an upside-down exclamation mark." I replied, "You mean the letter 'i'?" and he said, "Yeah, that's it!"

This person had a broken lamp which he wanted to discard. Unfortunately, the power cord ran under his refrigerator, making it impossible to move the lamp while the cord

was attached. He decided to cut the cord, since the lamp was unusable anyway. He didn't remember to unplug it first. I found him in the hallway rolling back and forth.

I was in a car dealership a while ago when a large motor home was towed into the garage. The front of the vehicle was in dire need of repair and the whole thing generally looked like an extra in "Twister." I asked the manager what had happened. He told me that the driver had set the cruise control, then went in back to make a sandwich.

I called a company and asked to speak to Bob. The person who answered said, "Bob is on vacation. Would you like to hold?"

A customer at Blockbuster had mentioned that before the movie begins a message comes on the screen saying, "This movie has been altered to fit your television screen." He then added: "How do they know what size screen I have?"

Windows Wisdom

As we head into the new millennium, you'll be glad you don't do Windows! According to news reports circulating the Web (humor sites), the following dire messages are under consideration for inclusion in the ever-delayed release of Windows 2000:

1. Smash forehead on keyboard to continue.
2. Press any key to continue or any other key to quit.
3. Press any key except...no, NO, NO, NOT THAT ONE!
4. Close your eyes and press Escape three times.
5. This will end you Windows session. Do you want to play another game?
6. To "shut down" your system, type WIN.
7. Error reading FAT record: Try the SKINNY one? (Y/N)
8. User Error: Replace user.
9. Windows VirusScan 1.0 - "Windows found: Remove it? (Y/N)
10. Bad command or file name! Go stand in the corner!

An Update From College Station...

"Our staff has completed the 18 months of work on time and on budget. We have gone through every line of code in every program in every system. We have analyzed all databases, all data files, including backups and historic archives, and modified all data to reflect the Change. We are proud to report that we have completed the "Y-to-K" date change mission, and have now implemented all changes to all programs and all data to reflect your new standards:

Januark, Februark, March, April, Mak, June, Julk, August, September, October, November, December.

As well as:

Sundak, Mondak, Tuesdak, Wednesdak, Thursdak, Fridak, and Saturdak.

I trust that this is satisfactory, because to be honest, none of this Y to K change has made any sense to me. But I understand it is a global problem, and our team is glad to help in any way possible. And what does the year 2000 have to do with it?

The Customer is Always Right

From an ex-field sales/support survivor:

I used to work in a computer store and one day we had a gentleman call in with a smoking power supply. The service representative was having a bit of trouble convincing this guy that he had a hardware problem.

Service Rep: Sir, something has burned within your power supply.

Customer: I bet that there is some command that I can put into the AUTOEXEC.BAT file that will take care of this.

Service Rep: There is nothing that software can do to help you with this problem.

Customer: I know that there is something I can put in... some command... maybe it should go into the CONFIG.SYS.

[After a few minutes of going round and round]

Service Rep: Okay, I am not supposed to tell anyone this but there is a hidden command in some versions of DOS that you can use. I want you to edit your AUTOEXEC.BAT and add the last line as C:\DOS\NOSMOKE and reboot your computer.

[Customer does this]

Customer: It is still smoking.

Service Rep: I guess you'll need to call Microsoft and ask them for a patch for the NOSMOKE.EXE.

[The customer then hung up. We thought that we had heard the last of this guy. But NO! He calls back four hours later!]

Service Rep: Hello, Sir, how is your computer?

Customer: I called Microsoft and they said that my power supply is incompatible with their NOSMOKE.EXE and that I need to get a new one. I was wondering when I can have that done and how much it will cost...

You Know You Are Addicted To The Internet When...

You kiss your girlfriend's home page.

Your bookmark takes 15 minutes to scroll from top to bottom.

Your eyeglasses have a web site burned in on them.

All your daydreaming is preoccupied with getting a faster connection to the net: 28.8...ISDN...cable modem...T1...T3.

And even your night dreams are in HTML.

You turn off your modem and get this awful empty feeling, like you just pulled the plug on a loved one.

You refer to going to the bathroom as downloading.

You start introducing yourself as "Jim at I-I-Net dot net dot au

Your heart races faster and beats irregularly each time you see a new WWW site address in print or on TV, even though you've never had heart problems before.

You step out of your room and realize that your parents have moved and you don't have a clue when it happened.

You turn on your intercom when leaving the room so you can hear if new e-mail arrives.

Your wife drapes a blonde wig over your monitor to remind you of what she looks like.

All of your friends have an @ in their names.

When looking at someone else's links page, you notice all of them are already highlighted in purple.

Your dog has its own home page.

You can't call your mother...she doesn't have a modem.

You check your mail. It says "no new messages." So you check it again.

Your phone bill comes to your doorstep in a box. (Been there)

You code your homework in HTML and give your instructor the URL.

You don't know the sex of three of your closest friends, because they have neutral nicknames and you never bothered to ask.

Your husband tells you he's had the beard for 2 months.

You wake up at 3 a.m. to go to the bathroom and stop and check your e-mail on the way back to bed.

You tell the kids they can't use the computer because "Daddy's got work to do" and you don't even have a job.

You buy a Captain Kirk chair with a built-in keyboard and mouse.

Your wife makes a new rule: "The computer cannot come to bed."

You get a tattoo that says, "This body best viewed with Netscape 2.01 or higher."

You never have to deal with busy signals when calling your ISP... because you never log off.

The last girl you picked up was only a jpeg.

You ask a plumber how much it would cost to replace the chair in front of your computer with a toilet.

Your wife says communication is important in a marriage... so you buy another computer and install a second phone line so the two of you can chat.

As your car crashes through the guardrail on a mountain road, your first instinct is to search for the "back" button.

Time

To realize the value of ONE YEAR
Ask a student who failed his courses.

To realize the value of ONE MONTH
Ask a mother of a pre-mature baby.

To realize the value of ONE WEEK
Ask an editor of a weekly.

To realize the value of ONE DAY
Ask a daily wage laborer.

To realize the value of ONE HOUR
Ask lovers waiting to meet.

To realize the value of ONE MINUTE
Ask a person who missed the train.

To realize the value of ONE SECOND
Ask a survivor of an accident.

To realize the value of ONE MILLI-SECOND
Ask a silver medallist of Olympics.

To realize the value of ONE MICRO-SECOND
Ask a NASA scientist.

To realize the value of ONE NANO-SECOND
Ask a hardware engineer.

And if you still don't realize the value of time
You must be a software engineer.

Haiku

Tokyo, Japan, May 20 - Sony has announced its own computer operating system now available on its hot new portable PC called the Vaio. Instead of producing the cryptic error messages characteristic of Microsoft's Windows and DOS systems, Sony's chairman Asai Tawara said, "We intend to capture the high ground by putting a human, Japanese face on what has been – until now -- an operating system that reflects Western cultural hegemony. For example, we have replaced the impersonal and unhelpful Microsoft error messages with our own Japanese haiku poetry." The computer haiku messages are just as informative as Microsoft's and they make you pause just long enough that you're able to fight the impulse to put a fist through the screen. The chairman went on to give examples of Sony's new error messages:

A file that big?
It might be very useful.
But now it is gone.

You seek a Web site.
It cannot be located.
Countless more exist.

Chaos reigns within.
Stop, reflect, and reboot.
Order shall return.

ABORTED effort:
Close all that you have worked on.
You ask way too much.

Yesterday it worked
Today it is not working

Windows is like that.

First snow, then silence.
This thousand dollar screen dies
So beautifully.

With searching comes loss.
The presence of absence.
"June Sales.doc" not found.

The Tao that is seen
Is not the true Tao
Until you bring fresh toner.

Windows NT crashed.
The Blue Screen of Death.
No one hears your screams.

Stay the patient course.
Of little worth is your ire.
The network is down.

A crash reduces
Your expensive computer
To a simple stone.

Three things are certain:
Death, taxes, and lost data.
Guess which has occurred.

You step in the stream
But the water has moved on.
Page not found.

Out of memory.
We wish to hold the whole sky,
But we never will.

Having been erased,
The document you are seeking
Must now be retyped.

Serious error.
All shortcuts have disappeared.
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.

CHAPTER 14: Stories from the Police Blotter

...And What Was Plan B?

An Illinois man pretending to have a gun kidnapped a motorist and forced him to drive to two different automated teller machines. The kidnapper then proceeded to withdraw money from his own bank accounts...

The Getaway

A man walked in to a Topeka, Kansas Kwik Shop, and asked for all the money in the cash drawer. Apparently the take was too small, so he tied up the store clerk and worked the counter himself for three hours until police showed up and grabbed him.

Drugs

Two young guys were picked up by the cops for smoking dope and appeared in court on Friday before the judge. The judge said, "You seem like nice young men, and I'd like to give you a second chance rather than jail time. I want you to go out this weekend and try to show others the evils of drug use and get them to give up drugs forever. I'll see you back in court Monday."

Monday, the two guys were in court, and the judge said to the 1st one, "How did you do over the weekend?" "Well, your honor, I persuaded 17 people to give up drugs forever."

"17 people? That's wonderful. What did you tell them?"

"I used a diagram, your honor. I drew two circles like this..."



And told them this (the big circle) is your brain before drugs and this (small circle) is your brain after drugs."

"That's admirable," said the judge.

"And you, how did you do?" (to the 2nd boy).

"Well, your honor, I persuaded 156 people to give up drugs forever."

"156 people! That's amazing! How did you manage to do that!"

"Well, I used a similar approach (draws two circles).

O



I said (pointing to the small circle) "this is your asshole before prison..."

Stupid Criminal Hall of Shame

Kentucky: Two men tried to pull the front off a cash machine by running a chain from the machine to the bumper of their pickup truck. Instead of pulling the front panel off the machine, though, they pulled the bumper off their truck. Scared, they left the scene and drove home. With the chain still attached to the machine. With their bumper still attached to the chain. With their vehicle's license plate still attached to the bumper.

South Carolina: A man walked into a local police station, dropped a bag of cocaine on the counter, informed the desk sergeant that it was substandard cut, and asked that the person who sold it to him be arrested immediately.

Indiana: A man walked up to a cashier at a grocery store and demanded all the money in the register. When the cashier handed him the loot, he fled--leaving his wallet on the counter.

England: A German "tourist," supposedly on a golf holiday, shows up at customs with his golf bag. While making idle chatter about golf, the customs official realizes that the tourist does not know what a "handicap" is. The customs official asks the tourist to demonstrate his swing, which he does--backward! A substantial amount of narcotics was found in the golf bag.

Arizona: A company called "Guns For Hire" stages gunfights for Western movies, etc. One day, they received a call from a 47-year-old woman, who wanted to have her husband killed. She got 4-1/2 years in jail.

Texas: A man convicted of robbery worked out a deal to pay \$9600 in damages rather than serve a prison sentence. For payment, he provided the court a check--a *forged* check. He got 10 years.

(Location Unknown): A man went into a drug store, pulled a gun, announced a robbery, and pulled a Hefty-bag face mask over his head--and realized that he'd forgotten to cut eyeholes in the mask.

(Location Unknown): A man successfully broke into a bank after hours and stole--are you ready for this? -- The bank's video camera. While it was recording. Remotely. (That is, the videotape recorder was located elsewhere in the bank, so he didn't get the videotape of himself stealing the camera.)

(Location Unknown): A man successfully broke into a bank's basement through a street-level window, cutting himself up pretty badly in the process. He then realized that (1) he could not get to the money from where he was, (2) he could not climb back out the window through which he had entered, and (3) he was bleeding pretty badly. So he located a phone and dialed "911" for help...

Virginia: Two men in a pickup truck went to a new-home site to steal a refrigerator. Banging up walls, floors, etc., they snatched a refrigerator from one of the houses, and loaded it onto the pickup. The truck promptly got stuck in the mud, so these brain surgeons decided that the refrigerator was too heavy. Banging up *more* walls, floors, etc., they put the refrigerator BACK into the house, and returned to the pickup truck, only to realize that they locked the keys in the truck--so they abandoned it.

(Location Unknown): A man walked into a Circle-K, put a \$20 bill on the counter and asked for change. When the clerk opened the cash drawer, the man pulled a gun and asked for all the cash in the register, which the clerk promptly provided. The man took the cash from the clerk and fled -- leaving the \$20 bill on the counter. The total amount of cash he got from the drawer? \$15.00

(Michigan): A man walked into a Burger King in Ypsilanti, Michigan at 8:50 am, flashed a gun and demanded cash. The clerk turned him down because he said he couldn't open the cash register without a food order. When the man ordered onion rings, the clerk said they weren't available for breakfast. The man, frustrated, walked away.

(Arkansas) Seems this guy wanted some beer pretty badly. He decided that he'd just throw a cinder block through a liquor store window, grab some booze, and run. So he lifted the cinder block and heaved it over his head at the window. The cinder block bounced back and hit the would-be thief on the head, knocking him unconscious. Seems the liquor store window was made of Plexiglas. The whole event was caught on videotape.

(New York) As a female shopper exited a convenience store, a man grabbed her purse and ran. The clerk called 911 immediately and the woman was able to give them a detailed description of the snatcher. Within minutes, the police had apprehended the snatcher. They put him in the car and drove back to the store. The thief was then taken out of the car and told to stand there for a positive ID. To which he replied "Yes, Officer... That's her. That's the lady I stole the purse from."

(Location Unknown): I live in a semi-rural area. We recently had a new neighbor call the local township administrative office to request the removal of the Deer Crossing sign on our road. The reason: Many deer were being hit by cars and he no longer wanted them to cross there.

Police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, interrogated a suspect by placing a metal colander on his head and connecting it with wires to a photocopy machine. The message "He's lying" was placed in the copier, and police pressed the copy button each time they

thought the suspect wasn't telling the truth. Believing the "lie detector" was working, the suspect confessed.

Protection Money

The Mafia was looking for a new man to make weekly collections from all the private businesses that they were "protecting." Feeling the heat from the police, they decided to use a deaf person for this job. If he were to get caught, he wouldn't be able to communicate to the police what he was doing. Well, on his first week, the deaf collector picks up over \$40,000.00. He gets greedy, decides to keep the money and stashes it in a safe place. The Mafia soon realizes that their collection is late, so they send some of their hoods after the deaf collector. The hoods find the deaf collector and ask him where the money is. The deaf collector can't communicate with them, so the Mafia drags the guy to an interpreter.

The Mafia hood says to the interpreter, "Ask him where th' money is." The interpreter signs, "Where's the money?" The deaf man replies, "I don't know what you're talking about." The interpreter tells the hood, "He says he doesn't know what you're talking about."

The hood pulls out a .38 and places it in the ear of the deaf collector. "Now ask him where th' money is." The interpreter signs, "Where is the money?" The deaf replies, "The \$40 grand is in a tree stump in Central Park." The interpreter's eyes light up and he says to the hood, "He says he still doesn't know what you're talking about, and he doesn't think you have the guts to pull that trigger!"

Crime Doesn't Pay

Recently a guy in Paris nearly got away with stealing several paintings from the Louvre. However, after planning the crime, getting in and out past security, he was captured only 2 blocks away when his Econoline ran out of gas. When asked how he could mastermind such a crime and then make such an obvious error, he replied:

"I had no Monet to buy Degas to make the Van Gogh."

Having a Bad Day

February 1996 in Madison, Wisconsin, during a routine search of Leonard Hodge, 22, who had been arrested for failure to carry a driver's license, police found cocaine in his underwear. According to a police spokesman, Hodge attempted to exculpate himself by saying the under shorts he was wearing were not his. Wisconsin State Journal, 2-3-96.

May 1996, six Edmonton, Alberta, police cruisers chased and stopped a Loomis armored car after a report that it was weaving erratically on the road and that a guard appeared to be signaling by repeatedly swinging a door open. There was no holdup,

according to police spokesman Kelly Gordon; rather, one of the guards had passed gas, and the other guard was attempting to air out the cab.

August 1996. Charinassa Fairley was charged in July with killing her husband in Baton Rouge, La., after police found a checklist that included the annotations "Make a prank call to him; offer food and love; make him take a bath with you. Put on gloves" and "Make love like never before for the last time. Lay down after he falls asleep. Pop him."

April 1996, In Tampa, Florida, Antonio Valiente Valdez, Jr., on his way to court to answer a traffic citation for driving without his prescription glasses, accidentally hit a car that had already crashed on the side of the road. According to police, he wasn't wearing his glasses then, either.

In a May 1995 column, film critic Roger Ebert reported on the popular Japanese animated film, "Pompoko," which features a family of cute badger-like animals, but said the film would not likely be successful in America. The badgers' secret weapon is an ability to make their testicles grow large so that they can crush opponents. Said a Japanese film fan, "The Japanese are more open about bodily parts." He said kids in Japan find the secret weapon "hilarious." Chicago Sun-Times, 23-5-95.

Warwick, N. Y. Judge Daniel Coleman imposed a light sentence on a man in December 1994 for a speeding ticket because the man had brought his soiled underpants to court to lend credence to his claim that he had needed to rush home in order to deal with his diarrhea. However, Coleman said he feared there was a danger if people learned about the successful defense: "Everybody," said the judge, "will start walking into court with soiled drawers." Middleton (N. Y.) Times Herald Record, 1-1-95.

Among the Republicans swept into office in November 1994 was Steve Mansfield, elected to Texas's highest court handling criminal appeals. Among Mansfield's pre-election "exaggerations" (freely admitted in a post-election interview in the publication Texas Lawyer) were his claim of vast criminal-court experience (he is an insurance and tax lawyer), that he was born in Texas (actually, Massachusetts), that he dated a woman "who died" (she is still alive), and that he had "appeared" in courts in Illinois (never) and Florida (advised a friend of his, but not as a lawyer). During the interview, Mansfield said that he lived in Houston as a kid, but when the reporter asked him if that was really true, Mansfield reluctantly admitted it was a lie. Mansfield called those and other instances "puffery" and "exaggerations" and said he would stop doing that now that he is one of the highest-ranking judges in Texas. Texas Lawyer, 21-11-94; Houston Press, 17-11-94.

In July 1996, 58 worshipers, seeking divine protection on an astrologically unlucky day, were crushed to death by other stampeding worshipers at two Hindu shrines in the cities of Haridwar and Ujjain, India.

Sterling Heights, Michigan, August 1996. Police said that a 24-year-old man needed 16 stitches after shooting himself accidentally in the penis while asleep in bed. Detroit Free Press, 13-8-96.

A 63-year-old man died in May in West Plains, Mo.; he had set himself on fire in a suicide attempt, but the pain was so great that he ran into a pond to douse the flames and subsequently drowned.

In June 1996, after an investigation, Montreal, Quebec, coroner Teresa Sourour criticized the Fleury Hospital for its judgment in January not to come immediately to the aid of a 75-year-old man who had suffered a heart attack just outside the building. Hospital employees reportedly discussed whether to go out in the minus-20-degree weather to help the man but finally decided just to call an ambulance. The man died a few minutes later. Sault Star-CP 20-6-96.

The London Metropolitan Police Examination Question

You are on patrol when an explosion occurs on the next street. Upon investigation, you find a large hole and an overturned van lying nearby. Inside the van there is a strong smell of alcohol. Both occupants, a man and a woman, are injured. You know the driver is an unlicensed driver and his passenger is the wife of your inspector. A motorist stops to offer assistance, and you immediately recognize him as a wanted felon. Suddenly, another man runs out of a nearby house shouting that his wife has gone into labor as a result of the shock of the explosion. Birth is imminent.

You then hear someone crying for help, having been blown into a nearby canal by the force of the explosion. He cannot swim.

Describe in a few well-chosen words what your next actions will be.

One bright lad came up with the best response:

Remove uniform and mingle with the crowd.

Pulled Over

A fellow bought a new Mercedes and was out on an interstate for a nice evening drive. The top was down, the breeze was blowing through his hair and he decided to open her up. As the needle jumped up to 80 mph he suddenly saw a flashing red and blue light behind him. "There ain't no way they can catch a Mercedes," he thought to himself and opened her up further. The needle hit 90, 100 110 and finally 120 with the lights still behind him. "What am I doing?" he thought and pulled over.

The cop came up to him, took his license without a word and examined it and the car. "I've had a tough shift and this is my last pull over. I don't feel like more paperwork so if you can give me an excuse for your driving that I haven't heard before you can go!"

"Last week my wife ran off with a cop," the man said, "and I was afraid you were trying to give her back!"

"Have a nice night", said the officer.

Bank Robbers

Excerpted from an article which appeared in the Dublin Times about a bank robbery on March 2, 1999:

Once inside the bank shortly after midnight, their efforts at disabling the internal security system got underway immediately. The robbers, who expected to find one or two large safes filled with cash and valuables, were surprised to see hundreds of smaller safes scattered throughout the bank.

The robbers cracked the first safe's combination, and inside they found only a bowl of vanilla pudding. As recorded on the bank's audio tape system, one robber said, "At least we'll have a bit to eat."

The robbers opened up a second safe, and it also contained nothing but vanilla pudding. The process continued until all the safes were opened.

They found not one pound sterling, a diamond, or an ounce of gold.

Instead, all the safes contained covered bowls of pudding. Disappointed, the robbers made a quiet exit, each leaving with nothing more than a queasy, uncomfortably full stomach.

The newspaper headline read:

IRELAND'S LARGEST SPERM BANK ROBBED EARLY THIS MORNING.

Traffic Stop

A police officer pulls over this guy who's been weaving in and out of the lanes. He goes up to the guy's window and says,

"Sir, I need you to blow into this breath-a-lyzer tube."

The man says, "Sorry, officer, I can't do that. I am an asthmatic. If I do that, I'll have a really bad asthma attack."

"Okay, fine. I need you to come down to the station to give a blood sample."

"I can't do that either. I am a hemophiliac. If I do that, I'll bleed to death."

"Well, then, we need a urine sample."

"I'm sorry, officer, I can't do that either. I am also a diabetic. If I do that, I'll get really low blood sugar."

"All right, then I need you to come out here and walk this white line."

"I can't do that, officer."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm drunk."

Carjack!

This could only happen in California... (True story)

Car jacking Foiled: An elderly lady did her shopping and upon return found 4 males in her car. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at them at the top of her voice that she knows how to use it and that she will if required...so get out of the car!

The 4 men didn't wait around for a second invitation but got out and ran like mad, where upon the lady proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into the drivers seat. Small problem: her key wouldn't fit the ignition. Her car was identical and parked four or five spaces further down. She reloaded her bags into her car and drove to the police station.

The sergeant that she told the story to nearly tore himself in two with laughter and pointed to the other end of the counter where 4 pale white males were reporting a car jacking by a mad elderly white woman... no charges were filed.

What Not To Say To A Police Officer!

1. I can't reach my license unless you hold my beer. (OK in Texas).
 2. Sorry, Officer, I didn't realize my radar detector wasn't plugged in.
 3. Aren't you the guy from the Village People?
 4. Hey, you must've been doin' about 125 mph to keep up with me. Good job!
 5. Are You Andy or Barney?
 6. I thought you had to be in relatively good physical condition to be a police officer.
 7. You're not gonna check the trunk, are you?
 8. I pay your salary!
 9. Gee, Officer! That's terrific. The last officer only gave me a warning, too!
 10. Do you know why you pulled me over? Okay, just so one of us does.
 11. I was trying to keep up with traffic. Yes, know there are no other cars around. That's how far ahead of me they are.
 12. When the Officer says "Gee Son... Your eyes look red, have you been drinking?" You probably shouldn't respond with, "Gee Officer your eyes look glazed, have you been eating doughnuts?"
-

The FBI Orders Pizza

FBI agents conducted a raid of a psychiatric hospital in San Diego that was under investigation for medical insurance fraud. After hours of reviewing thousands of

medical records, the dozens of agents had worked up quite an appetite. The agent in charge of the investigation called a nearby pizza parlor with delivery service to order a quick dinner for his colleagues. The following telephone conversation took place and was recorded by the FBI because they were taping all conversations at the hospital.

Agent: Hello. I'd like to order 19 large pizzas and 67 cans of soda.

Pizza Man: And where would you like them delivered?

Agent: We're over at the psychiatric hospital.

Pizza Man: The psychiatric hospital?

Agent: That's right. I'm an FBI agent.

Pizza Man: You're an FBI agent?

Agent: That's correct. Just about everybody here is.

Pizza Man: And you're at the psychiatric hospital?

Agent: That's correct. And make sure you don't go through the front doors. We have them locked. You'll have to go around to the back service entrance to deliver the pizzas.

Pizza Man: And you say you're all FBI agents?

Agent: That's right. How soon can you have them here?

Pizza Man: Everyone at the psychiatric hospital is an FBI agent?

Agent: That's right. We've been here all day and we're starving.

Pizza Man: How are you going to pay for all of this?

Agent: I have my checkbook right here.

Pizza Man: And you're all FBI agents?

Agent: That's right. Everyone here is an FBI agent. Can you remember to bring the pizzas and sodas to the service entrance in the rear? We have the front doors locked.

Pizza Man: I don't think so. *Click*

Speeding Ticket

A police officer pulls a guy over for speeding and has the following exchange:

Officer: May I see your driver's license?

Driver: I don't have one. I had it suspended when I got my 5th DUI.

Officer: May I see the owner's card for this vehicle?

Driver: It's not my car. I stole it.

Officer: The car is stolen?

Driver: That's right. But come to think of it, I think I saw the owner's card in the glove box when I was putting my gun in there.

Officer: There's a gun in the glove box?

Driver: Yes sir. That's where I put it after I shot and killed the woman who owns this car and stuffed her in the trunk.

Officer: There's a BODY in the TRUNK?!?!?

Driver: Yes, sir.

Hearing this, the officer immediately called his captain. The car was quickly surrounded by police, and the captain approached the driver to handle the tense situation:

Captain: Sir, can I see your license?

Driver: Sure. Here it is. It was valid.

Captain: Who's car is this?

Driver: It's mine, officer. Here's the owner's card. The driver owned the car.

Captain: Could you slowly open your glove box so I can see if there's a gun in it?

Driver: Yes, sir, but there's no gun in it. Sure enough, there was nothing in the glove box.

Captain: Would you mind opening your trunk? I was told you said there's a body in it.

Driver: No problem. Trunk is opened; no body.

Captain: I don't understand it. The officer who stopped you said you told him you didn't have a license, stole the car, had a gun in the glove box, and that there was a dead body in the trunk.

Driver: Yeah, I'll bet the lying SOB told you I was speeding, too.

The Man With One Name

A local law enforcement officer stops a car for traveling faster than the posted speed limit. Since he's in a good mood that day he decides to give the poor fellow a break and write him out a warning instead of a ticket. So, he asks the man his name.

"Fred," he replies.

"Fred what?" the officer asks.

"Just Fred," the man responds.

When the officer presses him for a last name, the man tells him that he used to have a last name but lost it. The officer thinks he has a nut case on his hands but plays along with it. "Tell me Fred, how did you lose your last name?"

The man replies, "It's a long story so stay with me. I was born Fred Dingaling. I know, funny last name. The kids used to tease me all the time. So I stayed to myself. I studied hard and got good grades. When I got older I realized that I wanted to be a doctor. I went through college, medical school, internship, residency, finally got my degree so I was Fred Dingaling, MD.

"After a while I got bored being a doctor so I decided to go back to school. Dentistry was my dream. Got all the way through school, got my degree so I was now Fred Dingaling MD DDS. Got bored doing dentistry so I started fooling around with my assistant. She gave me VD. So, I was Fred Dingaling MD DDS with VD.

"Well, the ADA found out about the VD so they took away my DDS so I was Fred Dingaling MD with VD. Then the AMA found out about the ADA taking away my DDS because of the VD, so they took away my MD leaving me as Fred Dingaling with VD.

"Then the VD took away my dingaling so now I'm just Fred."

The officer let him go without even a warning.

Up in Smoke

A Charlotte, North Carolina man, having purchased a case of rare, very expensive cigars, insured them against... get this... fire.

Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of fabulous cigars, and having yet to make a single premium payment on the policy, the man filed a claim against the insurance company. In his claim, the man stated that he had lost the cigars in "a series of small fires."

The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason that the man had consumed the cigars in a normal fashion. The man sued... and won!

In delivering his ruling, the judge stated that since the man held a policy from the company in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable, and also guaranteed that it would insure the cigars against fire, without defining what it considered to be "unacceptable fire," it was obligated to compensate the insured for his loss. Rather than endure a lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the judge's ruling and paid the man \$15,000 for the rare cigars he lost in "the fires."

After the man cashed his check, however, the insurance company had him arrested... on 24 counts of arson! With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used as evidence against him, the man was convicted of intentionally burning the rare cigars and sentenced to 24 consecutive one year terms.

Catflap

"In retrospect, I admit it was unwise to try to gain access to my house via the catflap," Gunter Burpus admitted to reporters in Bremen, Germany. "I suppose that the reason they're called cat flaps, rather than human flaps, is because they're too small for people, and perhaps I should have realized that." Burpus (41), a gardener from Bremen, was relating how he had become trapped in his own front door for two days, after losing his house keys. "I got my head and shoulders through the flap but became trapped fast around the waist. At first, it all seemed rather amusing, I sang songs and told myself jokes. But then I wanted to go to the lavatory." "I began shouting for help, but my head was in the hallway so my screams were muffled. After a few hours, a group of students approached me but, instead of helping, they removed my trousers and pants, painted my buttocks bright blue, and stuck a daffodil between my cheeks. Then they placed a sign next to me which said 'Germany resurgent, an essay in street art. Please give generously' and left me there.

"People were passing by and, when I asked for help, they just said 'Very good! Very clever!'" and threw coins into my trousers. No one tried to free me. In fact, I only got free after two days because a dog started licking my private parts and an old woman complained to the police. The rescue services came and cut me out, but the police arrested me as soon as I was free. Luckily, they've now dropped the charges, and I collected over DM3,000 (\$2,000) in my underpants, so the time wasn't entirely wasted."

Oops!

...And What Was Plan B?

An Illinois man pretending to have a gun kidnapped a motorist and forced him to drive to two different automated teller machines. The kidnapper then proceeded to withdraw money from his own bank accounts...

...The Getaway

A man walked in to a Topeka, Kansas Kwik Shop, and asked for all the money in the cash drawer. Apparently the take was too small, so he tied up the store clerk and worked the counter himself for three hours until police showed up and grabbed him.

...Have I Got a Deal for You!

More than 600 people in Italy wanted to ride in a spaceship badly enough to pay \$10,000 a piece for the first tourist flight to Mars. According to the Italian police, the would-be space travelers were told to spend their "next vacation on Mars, amid the splendors of ruined temples and painted deserts. Ride a Martian camel from oasis to oasis and enjoy the incredible Martian sunsets. Explore mysterious canals and marvel at the views. Trips to the moon also available. "Authorities believe that the con men running this scam made off with over six million dollars...

...Did I Say That?!

Police in Los Angeles had good luck with a robbery suspect who just couldn't control himself during a lineup. When detectives asked each man in the lineup to repeat the

words, "Give me all your money or I'll shoot," the man shouted, "That's not what I said!"

...Are We Not Communicating?

A man spoke frantically into the phone: "My wife is pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart!" "Is this her first child?" the doctor asked. "No, you idiot!" the man shouted. "This is her husband!"

...Not the Sharpest Knife in the Drawer!

In Modesto, CA, Steven Richard King was arrested for trying to hold up a Bank of America branch without a weapon. King used a thumb and a finger to simulate a gun, but unfortunately, he failed to keep his hand in his pocket.

I was signing the receipt for my credit card purchase when the clerk noticed that I had never signed my name on the back of the credit card. She informed me that she could not complete the transaction unless the card was signed. When I asked why, she explained that it was necessary to compare the signature on the credit card with the signature I just signed on the receipt. So I signed the credit card in front of her. She carefully compared that signature to the one I signed on the receipt. As luck would have it, they matched.

Southern Exposure:

Brazilian lingerie manufacturer DuLoren has decided not to use a photograph of U.S. First Lady Hillary Clinton in their advertisements. The photographer had been in just the right position to see up Ms Clinton's skirt -- her underwear is clearly visible in the resulting photo. "We want [the ad] to say that daring women don't mind letting their panties be seen," said a spokesman for the agency which created the ad. But DuLoren pulled the ad, noting "The only person that didn't ask that the ad not run was [President] Clinton himself." DuLoren is the same company who hired Hollywood hooker Devine Brown for an ad after she was caught by police in Hugh Grant's car. (Reuter, AP) ...Well sure Bill wanted to see: it's been a long time.

THE NUMBER'S UP: A math professor at the University of California, Irvine, has figured out how to beat lotto. Mark Finkelstein's method involves waiting for the jackpot to pass \$18 million, and then betting on the least-popular numbers -- betting on more popular numbers increases the chance that you'll have to share the jackpot, thus reducing earnings. He estimates his method will, over time, earn a 14% return on the money invested. The catch? It takes 2.3 million years of play to ensure the strategy is profitable. "Actually, I guess you'd be better off with your money in a CD," Finkelstein said. (LA Times) ...2.3 million years? Isn't that about the same time it takes anyway?

MIRACLE CHILD: Severino Antinori, Italy's leading fertility specialist, has confirmed that he has agreed to provide assistance to a Catholic parish priest from Tuscany who is infertile, but wants to have a child. Antinori says the 37-year-old priest, "a handsome young man, "told him that "the Old and New Testaments urge all men to

go forth and multiply. They do not specify how." (Reuter) ...But the church has been specific about the how's for centuries.

SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME: Five years ago, LaVerne Pavlinac told Oregon police she and her boyfriend had murdered a woman, even though, she testified at her trial, they really didn't -- she just wanted her boyfriend "off her back." They were both sentenced to life. Now, the real killer may have been found, and Pavlinac hopes she'll get her freedom. Is she bitter? No, she says, but "I'm kind of upset with the way my case wasn't investigated. They just took my word for it and didn't try to find out anything else." (AP) ...Funny how they do that.

EUROPEAN DISUNION: Manuel Wackenheim, 28, a Frenchman, has asked the European Court of Human Rights to overturn a French court decision that has banned his line of work: he is a dwarf who has made his living by being "tossed" by patrons in bars and nightclubs. "Banning him from his work is a restriction of liberty," his lawyer asserts, noting that his 97pound, 3'10" client has never been injured. Wackenheim rejects arguments that dwarf tossing is a degrading spectacle. "This spectacle is my life; I want to be allowed to do what I want." (Reuter) ...With a precedent like this, a lot of professions will have to go.

TRICK OR TREAT: A police officer in Paulsboro, NJ, wearing a clown suit over his bulletproof vest, got a lot of treats on Halloween night -- a dozen people with outstanding arrest warrants. He went door to door, asking each time for a fugitive known to live there. "You don't get a 'He's not home' on Halloween," explained chief of police Kenneth Ridinger. The idea started two years ago, when an officer dressed as Batman arrested four people. Police may take a break next year. "If we do it every year, everybody will start shutting their doors and the poor kids can't get their candy," the chief said. (AP) ...Now THERE is a good idea.

ALL SYSTEMS GO: Stephen Bennett of northern England hopes he will be the first amateur rocket builder to get a rocket into space, which by convention starts 75 km above the Earth's surface. He plans a test November 5; "if it flies and comes back to Earth in one piece, I've been successful and I will know I can get my next rocket into space" within a few months, he says. The rocket is fueled by cane sugar. (Reuter) ...That's nothing: I've seen children on cane sugar reach orbit.

TIED UP AT THE OFFICE: San Jose, Calif., suffered a massive case of traffic gridlock Friday when a woman in a bikini was seen whipping a man wearing only a leather G-string at a busy downtown intersection. Officers arrived to find "everything was covered," a police spokesman said. "They weren't breaking any laws, so what could we do?" The couple was participating in a radio station contest to perform the "most outrageous prank." They won. (UPI) ...Big deal: we see stuff like that in Hollywood every day.

BETTER RUN, MUM: "British Army, Short of Troops, Targets Mothers" -- Reuter headline

CHAPTER 15: The Darwin Awards

The Darwin Awards (1995)

You all know about the Darwin Awards - It's an annual honor given to the person who did the gene pool the biggest service by killing themselves in the most extraordinarily stupid way. Last year's winner was the fellow who was killed by a Coke machine which toppled over on top of him as he was attempting to tip a free soda out of it.

And this year's nominee is:

The Arizona Highway Patrol came upon a pile of smoldering metal embedded into the side of a cliff rising above the road at the apex of a curve. The wreckage resembled the site of an airplane crash, but it was a car. The type of car was unidentifiable at the scene. The lab finally figured out what it was and what had happened.

It seems that a guy had somehow gotten hold of a JATO unit (Jet Assisted Take Off - actually a solid fuel rocket) that is used to give heavy military transport planes an extra "push" for taking off from short airfields. He had driven his Chevy Impala out into the desert and found a long, straight stretch of road. Then he attached the JATO unit to his car, jumped in, got up some speed and fired off the JATO!

The facts as best as could be determined are that the operator of the 1967 Impala hit JATO ignition at a distance of approximately 3.0 miles from the crash site. The prominent scorched and melted asphalt at that location established this. The JATO, if operating properly, would have reached maximum thrust within 5 seconds, causing the Chevy to reach speeds well in excess of 350 mph and continuing at full power for an additional 20-25 seconds. The driver, soon to be pilot, most likely would have experienced G-forces usually reserved for dog-fighting F-14 jocks under full afterburners, basically causing him to become insignificant for the remainder of the event. However, the automobile remained on the straight highway for about 2.5 miles (15-20) seconds before the driver applied and completely melted the brakes, blowing the tires and leaving thick rubber marks on the road surface. The driver then became airborne for an additional 1.4 miles and impacted the cliff face at a height of 125 feet, leaving a blackened crater 3 feet deep in the rock.

Most of the driver's remains were not recoverable; however, small fragments of bone, teeth and hair were extracted from the crater and fingernail and bone shards were removed from a piece of debris believed to be a portion of the steering wheel.

The Darwin Awards (1996)

You may recall last year's Darwin Award winner: The man who found out moments before making a 300 MPH dent in an Arizona cliff that the JATO (jet assist take off) unit he'd strapped to his car could not be turned off once it was turned on.

Darwin Awards are (by definition) granted posthumously. This citation is bestowed upon (the remains of) that individual, who through single-minded self-sacrifice, has done the most to remove undesirable elements from the human gene pool.

The 1996 nominees are:

[San Jose Mercury News] An unidentified man, using a shotgun like a club to break a former girlfriend's windshield, accidentally shot himself to death when the gun discharged, blowing a hole in his gut.

[Hickory Daily Record 12/21/92] Ken Charles Barger, 47, accidentally shot himself to death in December in Newton, N.C., when, awakening to the sound of a ringing telephone beside his bed, he reached for the phone but grabbed instead a Smith & Wesson .38 Special, which discharged when he drew it to his ear.

[Unknown, 25 March] A terrible diet and room with no ventilation are being blamed for the death of a man who was killed by his own gas. There was no mark on his body but autopsy showed large amounts of methane gas in his system. His diet had consisted primarily of beans and cabbage (and a couple of other things). It was just the right combination of foods. It appears that the man died in his sleep from breathing from the poisonous cloud that was hanging over his bed. Had he been outside or had his windows been opened, it wouldn't have been fatal. But the man was shut up in his near airtight bedroom. He was, "...A big man with a huge capacity for creating [this deadly gas]." Three of the rescuers got sick and one was hospitalized.

[Reuters, Mississauga, Ontario] Man slips, falls 23 stories to his death. A man cleaning a bird feeder on his balcony of his condominium apartment in this Toronto suburb slipped and fell 23 stories to his death, police said Monday. Stefan Macko, 55, was standing on a wheeled chair Sunday when the accident occurred, said Inspector D'Arcy Honer of the Peel regional police. "It appears the chair moved and he went over the balcony." Honer said, "It's one of those freak accidents. No foul play is suspected."

[UPI, Toronto] Police said a lawyer demonstrating the safety of windows in a downtown Toronto skyscraper crashed through a pane with his shoulder and plunged 24 floors to his death. A police spokesman said Garry Hoy, 39, fell into the courtyard of the Toronto Dominion Bank Tower early Friday evening as he was explaining the strength of the building's windows to visiting law students. Hoy previously had conducted demonstrations of window strength according to police reports. Peter Lauwers, managing partner of the firm Holden Day Wilson, told the Toronto Sun newspaper that Hoy was "one of the best and brightest" members of the 200-man association.

[AP, Cairo, Egypt, 31 Aug 1995 CAIRO, Egypt (AP)] Six people drowned Monday while trying to rescue a chicken that had fallen into a well in southern Egypt. An 18-year-old farmer was the first to descend into the 60' well. He drowned, apparently after an undercurrent in the water pulled him down, police said. His sister and two

brothers, none of whom could swim well, went in one by one to help him, but also drowned. Two elderly farmers then came to help, but the same undercurrent apparently pulled them. The bodies of the six were later pulled out of the well in the village of Nazlat Imara, 240 miles south of Cairo. The chicken was also pulled out. It survived.

[Times of London] A thief who sneaked into a hospital was scarred for life when he tried to get a suntan. After evading security staff at Odstock Hospital in Salisbury, Wiltshire, and helping himself to doctor's paging devices, the thief spotted a vertical sunbed. He walked into the unit and removed his clothes for a 45-minute tan. However, the high-voltage UV machine at the hospital, which is renowned for its treatment of burn victims, has a maximum dosage of 10 seconds. After lying on the bed for almost 300 times the recommended maximum time, the man was covered in blisters. Hours later, when the pain of the burns became unbearable, he went to Southampton General Hospital, 20 miles away, in Hampshire. Staff became suspicious because he was wearing a doctor's coat. After tending his wounds they called the police. Southampton police said: "This man broke into Odstock and decided he fancied a quick suntan. Doctors say he is going to be scarred for life.

Still More Darwin Awards...

Police in George, WA issued a report on the events leading up to the deaths of Robert Uhlenake (24) and his friend, Ormond D. Young (27) at the Metallica concert last Friday. Uhlenake and Young were found dead at the Gorge Amphitheater after the show. Uhlenake was in a pickup that was on top of Young at the bottom of a 20' drop. Young was found with severe lacerations, numerous fractures, contusions, and a branch in his anal cavity. He also had been stabbed and his pants were in a tree above him, some 15' off the ground, adding to the mystery of the heretofore-unexplained scene.

According to Commissioner-In-Charge Inoye Appleton, Uhlenake and Young had tried to get tickets for the sold-out concert. When they were unable to get any tickets, the two decided to stay in the lot and drink. Once the show began, and after the two had consumed 18 beers between the two of them, they hit upon the idea of scaling the 7' wooden security fence around the perimeter of the site and sneak in. They apparently moved the truck up to the edge of the fence and decided that Young would go over first and assist Uhlenake later. They had not counted on the fact that while it was a 7' fence on the parking lot side, there was a 23' drop on the other side. Young, who weighed 255 pounds and was quite inebriated, had jumped up and over the fence and promptly fell about half the 23' distance before a large tree branch broke his fall AND his left forearm; unfortunately, he also managed to get his shorts caught on the branch. Since he was now in a lot of pain and with no way to extricate himself and his shorts from the tree, he decided, seeing bushes down below, to cut his shorts off and fall to the ground. Upon cutting the last bit of fabric from himself, he suddenly plummeted to earth, losing grip of the knife. The "soft" bushes were actually holly bushes and landing in them caused a massive number of cuts. He also had the misfortune of landing squarely on a holly bush branch, effectively impaling himself. The knife, which he had accidentally released 15 ft up, now landed and stabbed him

in his left thigh. Apparently, he was in a lot of pain. Enter his friend Robert. Uhlenake had apparently observed the last bit of this and, despite his inebriated state, realized that Young was in trouble. He hit upon the idea of lowering a rope to his friend and pulls him up and over the fence. This was complicated by the fact that his friend outweighed Uhlenake by a good 100 pounds. Again, despite his state he realized he could use their truck to pull Young out. Unfortunately, because of his state, Uhlenake put the truck in reverse, rather than drive, broke through the fence, landed on Young (killing him), was thrown out of the truck and subsequently died of internal injuries.

"I must say, figuring out how a dead 255 pound man with no pants on, a truck on top of him and a stick up his ass came to be, was an interesting process." said Commissioner Appleton.

1997 Darwin Nominees:

1. Los Angeles, CA. Ani Saduki, 33, and his brother decided to remove a bees nest from a shed on their property with the aid of a pineapple. A pineapple is an illegal firecracker that is the explosive equivalent of one-half stick of dynamite. They ignited the fuse and retreated to watch from inside their home, behind a window some 10 feet away from the hive/shed. The concussion of the explosion shattered the window inwards, seriously lacerating Ani. Deciding Mr. Saduki needed stitches, the brothers headed out to go to a nearby hospital. While walking towards their car, Ani was stung three times by the surviving bees. Unbeknownst to either brother, Ani was allergic to bee venom, and died of suffocation enroute to the hospital.
2. A driver, who crashed into the side of a 3000-ton wheat train and was dragged in his car more than a kilometer before being slammed into a pylon at the edge of a cliff, fell to his death as he walked for help. The Queensland, Australia man, 63, and his female companion, 64, were driving along the Newell Highway near Moree, in Northwestern New South Wales, on Wednesday night, police said. Their car crashed into the side of a fully laden, 600-meter long train at a level crossing. (I guess that would be harder to miss than the side of a barn!) The vehicle became wedged between the second to last and last carriages and was dragged sideways beside the track as the train continued towards Moree, a police spokeswoman said. After being carried more than a kilometer and a half they approached an unfenced bridge with a 10-meter drop, the spokeswoman said. Moments before they reached the precipice, the car was struck by a pylon, dislodged from the train and spun several times. When it came to rest, the pair managed to free themselves from the wreck (I wonder if it was a Volvo?) with minor bruising and the man set off along the railway line for help. But he slipped on the bridge and fell to his death, the spokeswoman said. The woman was eventually able to raise the alarm and was recovering in Moree hospital with chest injuries.
3. Derrick L. Richards, 28, was charged in April in Minneapolis with third-degree murder in the death of his beloved cousin, Kenneth E. Richards. According to

police, Derrick suggested a game of Russian roulette and put a semiautomatic pistol (instead of the more traditional revolver) to Ken's head and fired.

4. Phillipsburg, NJ. An unidentified 29-year-old male choked to death on a sequined pastie he had orally removed from an exotic dancer at a local establishment. "I didn't think he was going to eat it," the dancer identified only as "Ginger" said, adding, "He was really drunk."
5. In February, according to police in Windsor, Ont., Daniel Kolta, 27, and Randy Taylor, 33 died in a head-on collision, thus earning a tie in the game of chicken they were playing with their snowmobiles.

1997 Darwin Award Honorable Mentions (i.e. Non-fatalities)

1. In Gulf Breeze, Florida, three unidentified teenage males were using a home video camera to film an action/adventure "movie" one of the boys had written. In a scene that called for one character to be ignited by fire, the "special effects coordinator," age 15, prepared the "stunt" youth by dousing lighter fluid onto his clothes. The intentional fire, which proved unexpectedly difficult to extinguish, left the young man with third degree burns on his left arm, torso, and both legs. It was all captured on film.
2. In Bradford, PA, J. Cruwe, 28 caught a small snake in a container, which he handed to his wife. She opened the container and, startled to see the snake, dropped it. The excited and, as it turns out, poisonous, snake immediately bit Mr. Cruwe on the shin. Mr. Cruwe survived the wound and recovered after a short visit to the local emergency room.
3. In rural Carbon County, PA, a group of men were drinking beer and discharging firearms from the rear deck of a home owned by Irving Michaels, age 27. The men were firing at a raccoon that was wandering by, but the beer apparently impaired their aim and, despite of the estimated 35 shots the group fired, the animal escaped into a 3' diameter drainage pipe some 100 feet away from Mr. Michaels' deck. Determined to terminate the animal, Mr. Michaels retrieved a can of gasoline and poured some down the pipe, intending to smoke the animal out. After several unsuccessful attempts to ignite the fuel, Michaels emptied the entire 5-gallon fuel can down the pipe and tried to ignite it again, to no avail. Not one to admit defeat by wildlife, the determined Mr. Michaels proceeded to slide feet-first approximately 15 feet down the sloping pipe to toss the match. The subsequent rapidly expanding fireball propelled Mr. Michaels back the way he had come, though at a much higher rate of speed. He exited the angled pipe "like a Polaris missile leaves a submarine," according to witness Joseph McFadden, 31. Mr. Michaels was launched directly over his own home, right over the heads of his astonished friends, onto his front lawn. In all, he traveled over 200 feet through the air. "There was a Doppler Effect to his scream as he flew over us," McFadden reported, "Followed by a loud thud." Amazingly, he suffered only minor injuries. "It was actually pretty cool," Michaels said, "Like when they shoot

someone out of a cannon at the circus. I'd do it again if was sure I wouldn't get hurt."

4. Vermont native, Ronald Demuth, found himself in a difficult position yesterday. While touring the Eagle's Rock African Safari (Zoo) with a group of thespians from St. Petersburg, Russia, Thippes went overboard to show them one of America's many marvels. He demonstrated the effectiveness of "Crazy Glue" ... the hard way. Apparently, Demuth wanted to demonstrate just how good the adhesive was, so he put about 3 ounces of the adhesive in the palms of his hands, and jokingly placed them on the buttocks of a passing rhino. The rhino, a resident of the zoo for the past thirteen years, was not initially startled, as it has been part of the petting exhibit since its arrival as a baby. However, once it became aware of its being involuntarily stuck to Demuth, it began to panic and ran around the petting area wildly making Demuth an unintended passenger. "Sally [the rhino] hasn't been feeling well lately. She had been very constipated. We had just given her a laxative and some depressants to relax her bowels, when Thippes played his juvenile prank," said James Douglass, caretaker. During Sally's tirade two fences were destroyed, a shed wall was gored, and a number of small animals escaped. Also, during the stampede, three pygmy goats and one duck were stomped to death. As for Demuth, it took a team of medics and zoo caretakers over four hours to remove his hands from the rhino's buttocks. First, the animal had to be captured and calmed down. However, during this process the laxatives began to take hold and Demuth was repeatedly showered with over 30 gallons of rhino diarrhea. "It was tricky. We had to calm her down, while at the same time shield our faces from being pelted with rhino dung. I guess you could say that Demuth was into it up to his neck. Once she was under control, we had three people with shovels working to keep an air passage open for Mr. Thippes. We were able to tranquilize her and apply a solvent to remove his hands from her rear," said Douglass. "I don't think he'll be playing with Crazy Glue for a while." Meanwhile, the Russians, while obviously amused, also were impressed with the power of the adhesive. "I'm going to buy some for my children, but of course they can't take it to the zoo," commented Vladimir Zolnikov, leader of the troupe.

Darwin Award Runners-Up

In France, Jacques LeFevrier left nothing to chance when he decided to commit suicide. He stood at the top of a tall cliff and tied a noose around his neck. He tied the other end of the rope to a large rock. He drank some poison and set fire to his clothes. He even tried to shoot himself at the last moment. He jumped and fired the pistol. The bullet missed him completely and cut through the rope above him. Free of the threat of hanging, he plunged into the sea. The sudden dunking extinguished the flames and made him vomit the poison. He was dragged out of the water by a kind fisherman and was taken to hospital, where he died of hypothermia.

RENTON, Washington, USA -- On February 3, 1990, a Renton, Washington man tried to commit a robbery. This was probably his first attempt, as suggested by the

fact that he had no previous record of violent crime, and by his terminally stupid choices as listed below:

1. The target was H&J Leather & Firearms, a gun shop;
2. The shop was full of customers, in a state where a substantial portion of the adult population is licensed to carry concealed handguns in public places;
3. To enter the shop, he had to step around a marked Police patrol car parked at the front door;
4. An officer in uniform was standing next to the counter, having coffee before reporting for duty. Upon seeing the officer, the would-be robber announced a holdup and fired a few wild shots. The officer and a clerk promptly returned fire, removing him from the gene pool. Several other customers also drew their guns, but didn't fire. No one else was hurt.

MOSCOW, Russia -- A drunk security man asked a colleague at the Moscow bank they were guarding to stab his bullet-proof vest to see if it would protect him against a knife attack. It didn't, and the 25-year-old guard died of a heart wound. (It's good to see the Russians getting into the spirit of the Darwin Awards.)

JAPAN SEA -- Earlier this year, the dazed crew of a Japanese trawler were plucked of the Sea of Japan clinging to the wreckage of their sunken ship. Their rescue, however, was followed by immediate imprisonment once authorities questioned the sailors on their ship's loss. To a man they claimed that a cow, falling out of a clear blue sky, had struck the trawler amidships, shattering its hull and sinking the vessel within minutes. They remained in prison for several weeks, until the Russian Air Force reluctantly informed Japanese authorities that the crew of one of its cargo planes had apparently stolen a cow wandering at the edge of a Siberian airfield, forced the cow into the plane's hold and hastily taken off for home. Unprepared for live cargo, the Russian crew was ill equipped to manage a now rampaging cow within its hold. To save the aircraft and themselves, they shoved the animal out of the cargo hold as they crossed the Sea of Japan at an altitude of 30,000 feet.

Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy.

Darwin Awards August 1999

In the spirit of Charles Darwin, The Darwin Awards commemorate the remains of individuals who eliminate themselves from the gene pool in an extraordinarily idiotic manner.

FIREFIGHTERS IGNITE!

Darwin Award Nominee

(15 July 1999, Tennessee) Seven Chattanooga firefighters decided to impress their Chief by surreptitiously setting fire to a house, then heroically extinguishing the blaze. The men apparently hatched the plan in order to help Daniel, a former firefighter, return to duty.

Unfortunately, Daniel's career plans were irreversibly snuffed when he became trapped while pouring gasoline inside the house. Surrounded by smoke and flames, he was unable to escape, and died inside the burning house on June 26.

His six accomplices are facing 87 years in prison for conspiracy, arson, and burglary. Why not murder, as well?

One of our readers notes, "What makes me feel this is a genuine candidate, is that not only did he kill himself with an act of stupidity, but he is also no longer able to protect other would-be pyromaniacs from Darwin Awards. Had he been successful in his attempt to regain his position, he may have had a ripple effect in the gene pool."

NEW ZEALAND CONTEST

Darwin Stupidity Award

(7 June 1999, New Zealand) A student set his own penis aflame in a successful attempt to win \$NZ500 cash and an equal bar tab.

Thomas stapled his penis to a white crucifix, poured cigarette lighter fluid over it, and set it on fire in his bid to win a controversial "How Far Will You Go?" promotion for Trader McKendry's Tavern in Christchurch. The event, sponsored by New Zealand breweries, encouraged patrons to compete for the most lewd act.

Thomas walked away with the top prize, which he used for car registration, a warrant of fitness, and registration for his bloodhound Puss. At a student clinic, he obtained free medical treatment for his bruised and burned penis. After two weeks, he has almost recovered, and expresses no regrets about his actions.

DEAD SPITTER

Darwin Award Nominee

(15 July 1999, Alabama) A 25-year-old soldier died of injuries sustained from a 3-story fall, precipitated by his attempt to spit farther than his buddy. His plan was to hurl himself towards a metal guardrail while expectorating, in order to add momentum to his saliva. In a tragic miscalculation, his momentum carried him right over the railing, which he caught hold of for a few moments before his grip slipped, sending him plummeting 24 feet to the cement below. The military specialist had a blood alcohol content of 0.14%, impairing his judgment and paving the way for his opportunity to win a Darwin Award.

More Darwin Awards

GRAVITY KILLS

A 22-year-old Reston man was found dead yesterday after he tried to use "occy" straps (the stretchy little ropes with hooks on each end) to bungee jump off a 70' railroad trestle, police said. Fairfax County police said Eric A. Barcia, a fast-food worker, taped a bunch of these straps together, wrapped an end around one foot,

anchored the other end to the trestle at Lake Accotink Park, jumped, and hit the pavement. Warren Carmichael, a police spokesman, said investigators think Barcia was alone because his car was found nearby. "The length of the cord that he had assembled was greater than the distance between the trestle and the ground," Carmichael said. Police say the apparent cause of death was "major trauma." An autopsy is scheduled for later in the week.

LAUNCHED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

Three young men in Oklahoma were enjoying the upcoming Fourth of July holiday and wanted to apparently test fire some fireworks. Their only real problem was that their launch pad and seating arrangements were atop a several hundred thousand-gallon fuel distillation storage tank. Oddly enough, some fumes were ignited, producing a fireball seen for miles. They were launched several hundred feet into the air and were found dead 250 yards from their respective seats.

DON'T ASK GOD TO PROVE HIMSELF, HE JUST MIGHT A lawyer and two buddies were fishing on Caddo Lake in Texas when a lightning storm hit the lake. Most of the other boats immediately headed for the shore, but not our friend the lawyer. On the rear of his aluminum bass boat with his buddies, this individual stood up spread his arms wide (crucifixion style) and shouted: "HERE I AM LORD, LET ME HAVE IT!" Needless to say, God delivered. The other two passengers on the boat survived the lightning strike with minor burns.

CATCH!

A man in Alabama died from rattlesnake bites. Big deal you may say, but there's a twist here that makes him a candidate. It seems he and a friend were playing catch with a rattlesnake. You can guess what happened from here. The friend (a future Darwin Award candidate) was hospitalized.

THEY SAY THOSE THINGS WILL KILL YOU

Not much information was available on this unlucky fellow, but he qualifies nonetheless. You see, there was a gentleman from Korea who was killed by his cell phone, more or less. He was doing the usual "walking and talking" when he walked into a tree and managed to somehow break his neck. Keep that in mind the next time you decide to drive and dial at the same time.

GIMME A LIGHT!

In a west Texas town, employees in a medium-sized warehouse noticed the smell of gas. Sensibly, management evacuated the building, extinguishing all potential sources of ignition-lights, power, etc. After the building had been evacuated, two technicians from the gas company were dispatched. Upon entering the building, they found they had difficulty navigating in the dark. To their frustration, none of the lights worked. Witnesses later described the vision of one of the technicians reaching into his pocket and retrieving an object that resembled a lighter. Upon operation of the lighter* like object, the gas in the warehouse exploded, sending pieces of it up to three miles away. Nothing was found of the technicians, but the lighter was virtually untouched by the explosion. His peers had never thought of the technician who was suspected of causing the explosion as "bright".

KRAZY-GLUE RHINO

Although he didn't kick the bucket (hence runner-up), the following story receives an Honorable Mention. A Vermont native, Ronald Demuth, found himself in a difficult position yesterday. While touring the Eagle's Rock African Safari (Zoo) with a group of thespians from St. Petersburg, Russia, Demuth went overboard to show them one of America's many marvels. He demonstrated the effectiveness of Crazy Glue the hard way. Apparently, Demuth wanted to demonstrate just how good the adhesive was, so he put about three ounces of the adhesive in the palms of his hands, and jokingly placed them on the buttocks of a passing rhino. The rhino, a resident of the zoo for the past 13 years, was not initially startled, as it has been part of the petting exhibit since its arrival as a baby. However, once it became aware of its being involuntarily stuck to Demuth, it began to panic and ran around the petting area wildly making Demuth an unintended passenger. "Sally [the rhino] hasn't been feeling well lately. She had been very constipated. We had just given her a laxative and some depressants to relax her bowels, when Demuth played his juvenile prank," said James Douglass, caretaker. During Sally's tirade, two fences were destroyed, a shed wall was gored, and a number of small animals escaped. Also, during the stampede, three pygmy goats and one duck were stomped to death. As for Demuth, it took a team of medics and zoo caretakers' to remove his hands from her buttocks. First, the animal had to be captured and calmed down. However, during this process the laxatives began to take hold and Demuth was repeatedly showered with more than 30 gallons of rhino diarrhea. "It was tricky. We had to calm her down, while at the same time shield our faces from being pelted with rhino dung. I guess you could say that Demuth was into it up to his neck. Once she was under control, we had three people with shovels working to keep an air passage open for Demuth. We were able to tranquilize her and apply a solvent to remove his hands from her rear," said Douglass. "I don't think he'll be playing with Crazy Glue for a while." Meanwhile, the Russians, while obviously amused, also were impressed with the power of the adhesive. "I'm going to buy some for my children, but of course they can't take it to the zoo," commented Vladimir Zolnikov, leader of the troupe.

CLEANER POLISHES OFF PATIENTS

Even though the cleaning lady in this story didn't die (another runner-up because she doesn't qualify), she greatly aided several in hastening their trip to see the Almighty. "For several months, our nurses have been baffled to find a patient dead in the same bed every Friday morning" a spokeswoman for the Pelonomi Hospital (Free State, South Africa) told reporters. "There was no apparent cause for any of the deaths, and extensive checks on the air conditioning system and a search for possible bacterial infection failed to reveal any clues. "However, further inquiries have now revealed the cause of these deaths. It seems that every Friday morning a cleaning lady would enter the ward, remove the plug that powered the patient's life support system, plug her floor polisher into the vacant socket, then go about her business. When she had finished her chores, she would plug the life support machine back in and leave, unaware that the patient was now dead. She could not, after all, hear the death rattle and eventual solid beep over the whirring of her polisher. We are sorry, and have sent a strong letter to the cleaner in question. Further, the Free State Health and Welfare

Department is arranging for an electrician to fit an extra socket, so there should be no repetition of this incident. The inquiry is now closed."

Darwin Nominee?

PADERBORN, GERMANY - Overzealous zookeeper Friedrich Riesfeldt fed his constipated elephant Stefan 22 doses of animal laxative and more than a bushel of berries, figs and prunes before the plugged-up pachyderm finally let fly -- and suffocated the keeper under 200 pounds of poop! Investigators say ill-fated Friedrich, 46, was attempting to give the ailing elephant an olive-oil enema when the relieved beast unloaded on him like a dump truck full of mud.

"The sheer force of the elephant's unexpected defecation knocked Mr. Riesfeldt to the ground, where he struck his head on a rock and lay unconscious as the elephant continued to evacuate his bowels on top of him," said flabbergasted Paderborn police detective Erik Dern. "With no one there to help him, he lay under all that dung for at least an hour before a watchman came along, and during that time he suffocated.

"It seems to be just one of those freak accidents that happen sometimes -- a billion-to-one shot, at least."

The heartbreaking tale of constipation and tragedy began April 23 when the conscientious zookeeper noticed that his prize, 8,000 pound African elephant didn't seem to be producing his usual poop aplenty.

"Friedrich had actually been concerned for several days because he knew that severe constipation can kill an elephant," assistant zookeeper Kurt Herrman recalled.

"He told me he was going to stay late that Thursday night to treat Stefan with laxatives and possibly give him an enema.

"I offered to help, but he sent me on home, saying he had everything under control."

But two hours later, horrified night watchman Walter Pleuger found Friedrich lying lifeless under a mound of muck, his body visible only from the knees down.

"I had never really thought about it before," Det. Dern said.

"But obviously, giving an elephant an enema can be a very dangerous activity -- and not something that should be attempted alone."

CHAPTER 16: Education

Anatomy

A woman, in nursing school, was attending an anatomy class. The subject of the day was "involuntary muscles." The instructor, hoping to perk up the students a bit, asked the woman, "Do you know what your asshole is doing when you're having an orgasm?"

"Sure", she said, "He's at home watching the kids."

3 Wishes

A grad student, a post-doc, and a professor are walking through a city park and they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a Genie comes out in a puff of smoke.

The Genie says, "I usually only grant three wishes, so I'll give each of you just one." "Me first! Me first!" says the grad student. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat with a gorgeous woman who sunbathes topless." Poof! He's gone.

"Me next! Me next!" says the post-doc. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with a professional hula dancer on one side and a Mai Tai on the other." Poof! He's gone.

"You're next," the Genie says to the professor. The professor says, "I want those guys back in the lab after lunch."

Your Education Dollars At Work

Answers on college test papers and essays submitted to science & health teachers.

When you breath, you inspire. When you do not breath, you expire.

H₂O is hot water, and CO₂ is cold water

To collect fumes of sulfur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube

When you smell an odorless gas, it is probably carbon monoxide

Water is composed of two gins, Oxygen and Hydrogin. Oxygen is pure gin. Hydrogin is gin and water.

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, vanes and caterpillars.

Blood flows down one leg and up the other.

Respiration is composed of two acts, first inspiration, and then expectoration.

The moon is a planet just like the earth, only it is even deader.

Dew is formed on leaves when the sun shines down on them and makes them perspire.

A super-saturated solution is one that holds more than it can hold.

Mushrooms always grow in damp places and so they look like umbrellas.

The body consists of three parts - the brainium, the borax and the abominable cavity. The brainium contains the brain, the borax contains the heart and lungs, and the abominable cavity contains the bowls, of which there are five - a, e, i, o, and u.

The pistol of a flower is its only protections against insects.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

The skeleton is what is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off. The purpose of the skeleton is something to hitch meat to.

A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspid, two molars, and eight cuspidors.

The tides are a fight between the Earth and moon. All water tends towards the moon, because there is no water in the moon, and nature abhors a vacuum. I forget where the sun joins in this fight.

A fossil is an extinct animal. The older it is, the more extinct it is.

Equator: A managerie lion running around the Earth through Africa.

Germinate: To become a naturalized German.

Liter: A nest of young puppies.

Magnet: Something you find crawling all over a dead cat.

Momentum: What you give a person when they are going away.

Planet: A body of Earth surrounded by sky.

Rhubarb: A kind of celery gone bloodshot.

Vacuum: A large, empty space where the pope lives.

Before giving a blood transfusion, find out if the blood is affirmative or negative.

To remove dust from the eye, pull the eye down over the nose.

For a nosebleed: Put the nose much lower than the body until the heart stops.

For drowning: Climb on top of the person and move up and down to make artificial perspiration.

For asphyxiation: Apply artificial respiration until the patient is dead.

For head cold: use an agonizer to spray the nose until it drops in your throat.

To keep milk from turning sour: Keep it in the cow.

College Entrance Letter

April 18, 1994

Mr. John T. Mongan
123 Main Street
Smalltown, California 94123-4567

Dear John:

You've got the grades. You've certainly got the PSAT scores. And now you've got a letter from MIT. Maybe you're surprised. Most students would be.

But you're not most students. And that's exactly why I urge you to consider carefully one of the most selective universities in America.

The level of potential reflected in your performance is a powerful indicator that you might well be an excellent candidate for MIT. It certainly got my attention!

Engineering's not for you? No problem. It may surprise you to learn we offer more than 40 major fields of study, from architecture to brain and cognitive sciences, from economics (perhaps the best program in the country) to writing.

What? Of course, you don't want to be bored. Who does? Life here *is* tough *and* demanding, but it's also *fun*. MIT students are imaginative and creative - inside and outside the classroom.

You're interested in athletics? Great! MIT has more varsity teams - 39 -- than almost any other university, and a tremendous intramural program so everybody can participate.

You think we're too expensive? Don't be too sure. We've got surprises for you there, too.

Why not send the enclosed Information Request to find out more about this unique institution? Why not do it right now?

Sincerely,

Michael C. Behnke
Director of Admissions

P.S. If you'd like a copy of a fun-filled, fact-filled brochure, "Insight," just check the appropriate box on the form.

The Response

May 5, 1994

Michael C. Behnke
MIT Director of Admissions
Office of Admissions, Room 3-108
Cambridge MA 02139-4307

Dear Michael:

You've got the reputation. You've certainly got the pomposity. And now you've got a letter from John Mongan. Maybe you're surprised. Most universities would be.

But you're not most universities. And that's exactly why I urge you to carefully consider one of the most selective students in America, so selective that he will choose only *one* of the thousands of accredited universities in the country.

The level of pomposity and lack of tact reflected in your letter is a powerful indicator that your august institution might well be a possibility for John Mongan's future education. It certainly got my attention!

Don't want Bio-Chem students? No problem. It may surprise you to learn that my interests cover over 400 fields of study, from semantics to limnology, from object-oriented programming (perhaps one of the youngest professionals in the country) to classical piano.

What? Of course you don't want egotistical jerks. Who does? I *am* self indulgent *and* over confident, but I'm also amusing. John Mongan is funny and amusing - whether you're laughing with him or at him.

You're interested in athletes? Great! John Mongan has played more sports - 47 - than almost any other student, including oddball favorites such as Orienteering.

You think I can pay for your school? Don't be too sure. I've got surprises for you there, too.

Why not send a guaranteed admission and full scholarship to increase your chance of being selected by John Mongan? Why not do it right now?

Sincerely,

John Mongan

P.S. If you'd like a copy of a fun-filled, fact-filled brochure, "John Mongan: What a Guy!" just ask.

Confessions Of A Heavy Thinker

It started out innocently enough. I began to think at parties now and then to loosen up. Inevitably though, one thought led to another, and soon I was more than just a social thinker.

I began to think alone - "to relax," I told myself - but I knew it wasn't true. Thinking became more and more important to me, and finally I was thinking all the time.

I began to think on the job. I knew that thinking and employment don't mix, but I couldn't stop myself.

I began to avoid friends at lunchtime so I could read Thoreau and Kafka. I would return to the office dizzied and confused, asking, "What is it exactly we do here?"

I soon had a reputation as a heavy thinker. One day the boss called me in. He said, "Skippy, I like you, and it hurts me to say this, but your thinking has become a real problem. If you don't stop thinking on the job, you'll have to find another job." This gave me a lot to think about.

Things weren't going so great at home either. One evening I turned off the TV and asked my wife about the meaning of life. She spent the night at her mother's.

I came home early after my conversation with the boss.

"Lambchop," I confessed, "I've been thinking..."

"I know you've been thinking," she said, "and I want a divorce."

"But Pooopsie, surely it's not that serious."

"It is serious," she said, lower lip aquiver. "You think as much as college professors, and college professors don't make any money, so if you keep on thinking we won't have any money!"

"That's a faulty syllogism," I said impatiently, and she began to cry. I'd had enough. "I'm going to the library," I snarled as I stomped out the door.

I headed for the library, in the mood for some Nietzsche, with a PBS station on the radio. I roared into the parking lot and ran up to the big glass doors... and they didn't open. The library was closed.

To this day, I believe that a Higher Power was looking out for me that night.

As I sank to the ground scrabbling at the unfeeling glass, whimpering for Zarathustra, a poster caught my eye. "Friend, is heavy thinking ruining your life?" it asked. You probably recognize that line. It comes from the standard Thinker's Anonymous poster.

Which is why I am what I am today: a recovering thinker. I never miss a TA meeting. At each meeting we watch a non-educational video; last week it was "Porky's." Then we share experiences about how we avoided thinking since the last meeting.

I still have my job, and things are a lot better at home. Life just seemed... easier, somehow, as soon as I stopped thinking.

"Professor Quotes"

Courtesy of the University of Rochester NORM

There is no restriction on the number of photons that occupy an energy level, just as there's no restriction on the number of clowns you shove inside a Volkswagen. -- Optics

When lecturing to a Poli Sci class, you're talking to a lot of aspiring lawyers. So, I'll warn you now: the voters hate you. -- Poli Sci

The buildings outside looks like a very large church, and, well, the inside... looks like a very large church. -- Architecture

Last time should have confused the hell out of you and today we're going to continue in that vein. -- Psychology

The point of opera is too, well... Express stuff. -- Music History

Have any of you ever butchered a live animal? It's amazingly gorgeous, if you can stand the smell. -- English

One of the things we do in science is to take something simple and make it confusing. It gives us self worth. -- Optics

When I'm up here talking, I don't know what's going on in my mouth -- Computer Sci

I actually know someone who drinks Tab. I had a Tab last week. Next I'll try Fresca. -- Biochem

So he did what any good English king would do, go over and kick the crap out of the French. -- English

I have worked for both political parties and I have taken their money... I'm a prostitute. -- Poli Sci

Grate Danes and Chihuahuas are reproductively compatible, though it is a bit of a struggle. -- Geology

There's probably no one in this classroom named Maud, is there? Well, if there is, I'm sorry. -- Biochem

So heaven is nudity. It's a nudist camp in the sky. -- English

Some rods recover more quickly than other people's rods. -- BCS

You can feel it deep in your throat. -- Computer Sci

This building is not functional, not useful, and not beautiful. -- Architecture

You'll be left stammering and gibbering like I am this morning! -- English

It's a sexy title, but no one really knows what it means. -- Psychology

You're not sucking up to me if you sit in front. -- Poli Sci

Yeah, laugh, laugh, real funny: I grade the exams. -- Optics

No real man likes Hugh Grant. -- Religion

Yet another lecture that will probably kill you. -- Psychology

He chopped off his genitals. Now *that* hurts! -- English

I'd like to continue with the blitzkrieg of animals. -- Geology

You can just reach in there and poke it. -- Optics

In Greek it meant cuckoohead or something. -- Religion

We're on swap #4 and the input is 'your mother.' -- Cog Sci

According to this document, God is the son of some guy. -- Religion

There's an awful lot of nothing in Illinois. -- Architecture

If you were a piece of wood, how would you feel? -- Architecture

The neighbors are really getting pummeled. -- Computer Sci

This is a dragon that says 'Booga booga!' -- English

I wanna look like Yoda. It's the furry ears. -- Religion

I say to the brick, 'Brick, what do you want to be?' -- Architecture

There was a period where every female student I had was named Linda. -- English

We stand on the shoulders of giants who stole cadavers... without them we'd be a really dumb society. -- Biology

When you get older something weird happens. You give money to public radio. -- Religion

Biology

A biology professor is discussing the high glucose levels found in human semen. A female student raises her hand and says, "Glucose is raw sugar. Why doesn't it taste sweet?" The whole class starts laughing, and as the girl realizes what she's said, her face turns bright red, and she picks up her books and starts to run out of class.

As she's going out the door, the professor says, "It doesn't taste sweet because the taste buds for sweetness are on the tip of your tongue, and not on the back of your throat."

Chemistry At Duke

Introductory Chemistry at Duke has been taught for about a zillion years by Professor Bonk (really), and his course is semi-affectionately known as "Bonkistry." He has been around forever, so I wouldn't put it past him to come up with something like this.

Anyway, one year, there were these two guys who were taking Chemistry and who did pretty well on all of the quizzes and the midterms and labs, etc., such that going into the final they had a solid A. These two friends were so confident going into the final that the weekend before finals week (even though the Chem final was on Monday), they decided to go up to U Virginia and party with some friends up there. So they did this and had a great time. However, with their hangovers and everything, they overslept all day Sunday and didn't make it back to Duke until early Monday morning. Rather than taking the final then, what they did was to find Professor Bonk after the final and explain to him why they missed the final. They told him that they went up to U Va for the weekend, and had planned to come back in time to study, but that they had a flat tire on the way back and didn't have a spare and couldn't get help for a long time and so were late getting back to campus.

Bonk thought this over and then agreed that they could make up the final on the following day. The two guys were elated and relieved. So, they studied that night and

went in the next day at the time that Bonk had told them. He placed them in separate rooms and handed each of them a test booklet and told them to begin. They looked at the first problem, which was something simple about molarity and solutions and was worth 5 points. "Cool" they thought, "this is going to be easy." They did that problem and then turned the page. They were unprepared, however, for what they saw on the next page. It said:

(95 points) Which tire?

Medical School

A story from the mid-1930s, U. of Edinburgh medical school, second- term human physiology course, Prof. Kenneth Ivors, Instructor:

"Good morning, class. Before we begin today's lecture, I should like to discover how well ye have been tracking the previous material. Miss MacMaster, will ye stand?" {She stands.}

"Can you tell me, which organ of the body achieves 10 times its normal size when it is excited?"

{She stammers, reddens, says nothing.}

"You may sit down. Mr. Campbell, can you answer that question?"

"It is the pupil of the eye, sir."

"Very good. Now, Miss MacMaster, I have three things to say to you:

One, you have not done your homework,

Two, you have a dirty mind, and

Three, you're in for a big disappointment."

Math Legends

George B. Danzig

When I was a Math/Chem grad student at Princeton in 1973-74, there was a story going around about a grad student. This guy was always late. One day he stumbled into class late, saw seven problems written on the board, and wrote them down. As the week went on he began to panic: the math department at Princeton is fiercely competitive, and here he was unable to do most of a simple homework assignment! When the next class rolled around he only had solved two of the problems, although he had a pretty good idea of how to solve a third but not enough time to complete it. When he dejectedly flung his partial assignment on the Prof.'s desk, the Prof. asked him "What's that?"

"The homework."

"What homework?"

Eventually it came out that what the Prof. had written on the board were the seven most important unsolved problems in the field. This is largely an academic legend, at least according to Jan Harold Brunvand, the author of a series of books on so-called Urban Legends. He talks about it in his latest book *Curses! Broiled Again!* in the chapter entitled "The Unsolvably Math Problem." It is, however, based in some fact. The Stanford mathematician, George B. Danzig, apparently managed to solve two statistics problems previously unsolved under similar circumstances. Source unknown.

John von Neumann

The following problem can be solved either the easy way or the hard way.

Two trains 200 miles apart are moving toward each other; each one is going at a speed of 50 miles per hour. A fly starting on the front of one of them flies back and forth between them at a rate of 75 miles per hour. It does this until the trains collide and crush the fly to death. What is the total distance the fly has flown? The fly actually hits each train an infinite number of times before it gets crushed, and one could solve the problem the hard way with pencil and paper by summing an infinite series of distances. The easy way is as follows: Since the trains are 200 miles apart and each train is going 50 miles an hour, it takes 2 hours for the trains to collide.

Therefore the fly was flying for two hours. Since the fly was flying at a rate of 75 miles per hour, the fly must have flown 150 miles.

That's all there is to it.

When this problem was posed to John von Neumann, he immediately replied, "150 miles."

"It is very strange," said the poser, "but nearly everyone tries to sum the infinite series."

"What do you mean, strange?" asked Von Neumann. "That's how I did it!"

Enrico Fermi

Enrico Fermi, while studying in college, was bored by his math classes. He walked up to the professor and said, "My classes are too easy!" The professor looked at him, and said, "Well, I'm sure you'll find this interesting." Then the professor copied 9 problems from a book to a paper and gave the paper to Fermi. A month later, the professor ran into Fermi, "So how are you doing with the problems I gave you?" "Oh, they are very hard. I only managed to solve 6 of them." The professor was visibly shocked, "What!? But those are unsolved problems!"

Von Neumann and Norbert Weiner

Von Neumann and Norbert Weiner were both the subject of many dotty professor stories. Von Neumann supposedly had the habit of simply writing answers to homework assignments on the board (the method of solution being, of course, obvious) when he was asked how to solve problems. One time one of his students tried to get more helpful information by asking if there was another way to solve the problem. Von Neumann looked blank for a moment, thought, and then answered, "Yes." Weiner was in fact very absent minded.

The following story is told about him: When they moved from Cambridge to Newton his wife, knowing that he would be absolutely useless on the move, packed him off to MIT while she directed the move. Since she was certain that he would forget that they had moved and where they had moved to, she wrote down the new address on a piece of paper, and gave it to him. Naturally, in the course of the day, an insight occurred to him. He reached in his pocket, found a piece of paper on which he furiously scribbled some notes, thought it over, decided there was a fallacy in his idea, and threw the piece of paper away. At the end of the day he went home (to the old address in Cambridge, of course). When he got there he realized that they had moved, that he had no idea where they had moved to, and that the piece of paper with the address was long gone.

Fortunately inspiration struck. There was a young girl on the street and he conceived the idea of asking her where he had moved to, saying, "Excuse me, perhaps you know me. I'm Norbert Weiner and we've just moved. Would you know where we've moved to?" To which the young girl replied, "Yes daddy, mommy thought you would forget."

The capper to the story is that I asked his daughter (the girl in the story) about the truth of the story, many years later. She said that it wasn't quite true -- that he never forgot who his children were! The rest of it, however, was pretty close to what actually happened...

Richard Harter, Computer Corp. of America, Cambridge, MA

Waclaw Sierpinski

"When I was young in Poland I met the great mathematician Waclaw Sierpinski. He was old already then and rather absent-minded. Once he had to move to a new place for some reason. His wife didn't trust him very much, so when they stood down on the street with all their things, she said:

- Now, you stand here and watch our ten trunks, while I go and get a taxi.

She left and left him there, eyes somewhat glazed and humming absently.

Some minutes later she returned, presumably having called for a taxi.

Says Mr. Sierpinski (possibly with a glint in his eye):

- I thought you said there were ten trunks, but I've only counted to nine.

- No, they're TEN!

- No, count them: 0, 1, 2, ..."

Kai-Mikael, Royal Inst. of Technology, Stockholm, SWEDEN

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein, who fancied himself as a violinist, was rehearsing a Haydn string quartet. When he failed for the fourth time to get his entry in the second movement, the cellist looked up and said, "The problem with you, Albert, is that you simply can't count."

Prof. Sacks

Prof. Sacks was the Prof. for Math 141 (Mathematical Logic) at Harvard last year. The class was so laid back it sounds like something out of Hitchhikers. Sacks also provided us with a few great quotes...

Sacks: Today we're going to do comprehension. What is comprehension?

Student: I dunno

Student: Are we in the middle of a proof?

Sacks: No, this is just another digression.

Paul Erdos

Paul Erdos (umlaut over the o) is a Hungarian mathematician, probably in his late eighties by now (actually, just recently deceased), who has become famous for, in addition to his mathematical contributions, his lifestyle. Seems that Erdos was personna non-gratis in Hungary for many years. So, during that time he just visited friends all over the world. He would show up at some friend's department and 'visit' for a month, a year, or whatever. Then, at some time known only to him would leave to visit another friend. He continued this for many, many years and may never have had to repeat. Of course, when he left perhaps the person he was staying with was no longer a friend.

"A mathematician is a device for turning coffee into theorems"

-- P. Erdos

Excuse Notes

These are actual excuse notes from parents (including original spelling) collected by Nisheeth Parekh, University of Texas Medical Branch @ Galveston...

My son is under a doctor's care and should not take P.E. today. Please excuse him.

Please excuse Lisa for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot.

Dear School: Please excuse John being absent on Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, and also 33.

Please excuse Gloria from Jim today. She is administrating.

Please excuse Roland from P.E. for a few days. Yesterday he fell out of a tree and misplaced his hip.

John has been absent because he had two teeth taken out of his face.

Carlos was absent yesterday because he was playing football. He was hurt in the growing part.

Megan could not come to school today because she has been bothered by very close veins.

Chris will not be in school cus he has an acre in his side.

Please excuse Ray Friday from school. He has very loose vowels.

Please excuse Pedro from being absent yesterday. He had (diahre) (dyrea) (direathe) the shits. [words were crossed out in the (]'s]

Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had diarrhea and his boots leak.

Iring was absent yesterday because he missed his bust.

Please excuse Jimmy for being. It was his father's fault.

I kept Billie home because she had to go Christmas shopping because I don't know what size she wear.

Please excuse Jennifer for missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch, and when we found it Monday, we thought it was Sunday.

Sally won't be in school a week from Friday. We have to attend her funeral.

My daughter was absent yesterday because she was tired. She spent a weekend with the Marines.

Please excuse Jason for being absent yesterday. He had a cold and could not breed well.

Please excuse Mary for being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps.

Gloria was absent yesterday as she was having a gangover.

Please excuse Burma, she has been sick and under the doctor.

Maryann was absent December 11-16, because she had a fever, sore throat, headache and upset stomach. Her sister was also sick, fever and sore throat, her brother had a low grade fever and ached all over. I wasn't the best either, sore throat and fever. There must be something going around, her father even got hot last night.

Ask Dr. Science

Dear Dr. Science,
My son is threatening to clone himself. What should I say to him?

Tammy Baker, Columbus SC

Tell him he'd be violating Federal law and would spend the rest of his life in prison, leaving you alone and helpless, with a young clone to raise. You leave out some pertinent data. Why does he want a clone? To do his homework for him while he's off listening to Chumba Wumba with his worthless friends? If that's the case, throw him in jail and hope you have better luck with the clone. Seriously, cloning should only be done as a hobby. It's what I do alone on a winter's night, if I can't find a jigsaw puzzle. But using clones to get out of work is a clear violation of ethics. That's why God gave us lab assistants.

You Know You're Out Of College When...

1. Your salary is less than your tuition.
2. Your potted plants stay alive.
3. Shacking in a twin-sized bed seems absurd.
4. You keep more food than beer in the fridge.
5. You have to pay your own credit card bill.
6. Mac & Cheese no longer counts as a well-balanced meal.
7. You haven't seen a soap opera in over a year.
8. 8:00am is not early.
9. You have to file for your own taxes.
10. You hear your favorite song on the elevator at work.
11. You're not carded anymore.
12. You carry an umbrella.
13. You learn that "Bachelor" is nicer term for a jackass.
14. "Extended childhood" only really pertains to your salary, which is a little less than your allowance used to be.
15. "Twenty-something" means over-qualified, under-paid and not married.
16. Your friends marry and divorce instead of hook-up and break-up.
17. You start watching the weather channel.
18. Jeans and baseball caps aren't staples in your wardrobe.
19. You can no longer do shots, and smoking gives you a sinus attack.
20. You go from 130 days of vacation time to 7.
21. You stop confusing 401K plan with 10K run.
22. You go to parties that the police don't raid.

23. Adults feel comfortable telling jokes about sex in front of you.
24. You don't know what time Wendy's closes anymore.
25. Your car insurance goes down.
26. You refer to college students as kids.
27. You drink wine, scotch and martinis instead of beer, bourbon, and rum.
28. Your parents start making casual remarks about grandchildren.
29. You feed your dog Science Diet instead of Taco Bell.
30. You're waking up at 6 am instead of going to bed.
31. College sweatshirts are 'casual' instead of dress up.
32. Sleeping on the couch is a no-no.
33. Naps are no longer available between noon and 6 p.m.
34. Dinner and a movie - The whole date instead of the beginning of one.
35. You find yourself reminiscing fondly of 2-hour Calculus exams.
36. You empathize with the characters from 'Friends.'
37. Wine appreciation expands beyond Boone's and Mad Dog.
38. You actually eat breakfast foods at breakfast time.
39. Grocery lists actually contain relatively healthy food.
40. When drinking, you say at least once per night, 'I just can't put it down the same as I used to'.
41. Over 90% of the time you spend in front of a computer is for real work, not video games.
42. You're actually willing to pay a bit more to drink in a bar that's not full of '21-year-old kids.'
43. Golf is beginning to seem a lot less silly.

Mirrors

According to radio this morning, a middle school in Oregon was faced with a unique problem. A number of girls were beginning to use lipstick and would put it on in the bathroom. That was fine, but after they put on their lipstick they would press their lips to the mirrors, leaving dozens of little lip prints.

Finally, the principal decided that something had to be done. She called all the girls to the bathroom and met them there with the custodian. She explained that all these lip prints were causing a major problem for the custodian who had to clean the mirrors every day. To demonstrate how difficult it was to clean the mirrors, she asked the custodian to clean one of the mirrors. He proceeded to take out a long handled brush, dip it into the nearest toilet and scrub the mirror.

Since then there have been no lip prints on the mirrors.

A Fable To Ponder As You Study A & P

One day the parts of the body were arguing over who was the boss.

The brain claimed it was the boss because, after all, it did the thinking and controlled all body functions. The heart insisted it was boss because without it pumping blood all

over the body, none of the organs could function. The intestine said it was boss because it digested food to nourish the body.

Finally the anus spoke up and announced it was boss. The other organs all laughed at the anus, so it shut right up. As a result, everything in the body got so backed up that none of the organs could work right. Finally the all conceded that the anus was indeed the boss.

Moral: You don't need brains, a heart, or guts to be a boss. You just have to an asshole!

Easiest Test In The World...

Here is the world's easiest test. You should be able to get 100% on this one.

1. How long did the hundred years war last?
2. Which country makes Panama hats?
3. From what animal do we get catgut?
4. In what month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
5. What is a Camel's hair brush made from?
6. The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
7. What was King George VI's first name?
8. What color is a Purple Finch?
9. Where are Chinese Gooseberries from?
10. How long did the Thirty Years War last?

Ready for the answers?

1. 116 years, from 1337 to 1453.
2. Ecuador.
3. From sheep and horses.
4. November. The Russian calendar was 13 days behind ours.
5. Squirrel fur.
6. The Latin name was Insularia Canaria -- Island of the Dogs.
7. Albert. In 1936 he respected the wish of Queen Victoria that no future king should ever be called Albert.
8. Distinctively crimson.
9. New Zealand.
10. 30 years of course. 1618 to 1648.

Psychoanalyze Yourself!

NO CHEATING! That will take all the fun out of it. This is a very interesting test. Try it. Have a pen and paper handy before you read any further. As soon as you read a question, write the answer right away MAKE sure to answer questions 1-10 before moving on...NO CHEATING. Read the following questions, imagining the scenes in your mind, and write down the FIRST thing that you visualize. Do not think about the questions excessively.

1. You are not alone. You are walking in the woods. Who are you walking with?
2. You are walking in the woods. You see an animal. What kind of animal is it?
3. What interaction takes place between you and the animal?
4. You walk deeper in the woods. You enter a clearing and before you is your dream house. Describe its size?
5. Is your dream house surrounded by a fence?
6. You enter the house. You walk to the dining area and see the dining room table. Describe what you see on AND around the table.
7. You exit the house through the back door. Lying in the grass is a cup. What material is the cup made of?
8. What do you do with the cup?
9. You walk to the edge of the property, where you find yourself standing at the edge of a body of water. What type of body of water is it?
10. How will you cross the water?

This has been a relational psychology test. The answers given to the questions have been shown to have a relevance to values and ideals that we hold in our personal lives. The analysis follows:

1. The person who you are walking with is the most important person in your life.
2. The size of the animal is representative of your perception of the size of your problems.
3. The severity of the interaction you have with the animal is representative of how you deal with your problems. (Passive/aggressive)
4. The size of your dream house is representative of the size of your ambition to resolve your problems.
5. No fence is indicative of an open personality. People are welcome at all times. The presence of a fence indicates a close personality. You'd prefer people not to drop by unannounced.
6. If your answer did not include food, people, or flowers, then you are generally unhappy.
7. The durability of the material with which the cup is made of is representative of the perceived durability of your relationship with the person named in number 1. For example, Styrofoam, plastic, and paper are all disposable, metal and plastic are durable.
8. Your disposition of the cup is representative of your attitude towards the person in number 1.
9. The size of the body of water is representative of the size of your sexual desire.
10. How wet you get in crossing the water is indicative of the relative importance of your sex life.

School Plays

A young lad's father picked him up from school to take him to a dental appointment. Knowing the parts for the school play were supposed to be posted today, he asked his son if he got a part. The boy enthusiastically announced that he'd gotten a part.

"I play a man who's been married for twenty years."

"That's great, son."

Keep up the good work and before you know it they'll be giving you a speaking part."

Heaven or Hell?

A professor died and was given the option of going to heaven or hell. She decided to check out each place first. As the writer descended into the fiery pits, she saw row upon row of faculty chained to their desks in a steaming sweatshop, writing and analyzing madly. As they worked, they were repeatedly whipped with thorny lashes.

"Oh my," said the professor. "Let me see heaven now."

A few moments later, as she ascended into heaven, she saw rows of faculty, chained to their desks in a steaming sweatshop. As they worked, they, too, were whipped with thorny lashes.

"Wait a minute!" said the faculty, "This is just as bad as hell."

"Oh no, it's not," replied an unseen voice. "Here, your work gets published."

The Missing Dollar!

Three men go into a motel. The man behind the desk said the room is \$30.00, So each man paid \$10.00 and went to the room.

A while later the man behind the desk realized the room was only \$25.00, so he sent the bellboy to the 3 guys' room with \$5.00. On the way the bellboy couldn't figure out how to split \$5.00 evenly between the three men, so he gave each man \$1.00 and kept the other \$2.00 for himself. This meant that the three men each paid \$9.00 for the room, which is a total of \$27.00. Add the \$2.00 that the bellboy kept, which equals \$29.00. Where is the other dollar?

You Might Be A College Student...

1. If you have ever price shopped for Top Ramen, you might be a college student.
2. If you live in a house with three couches, none of which match.
3. If you consider Mac and Cheese a balanced meal.
4. If you have ever written a check for 45 cents.
5. If you have a fine collection of domestic beer bottles.
6. If you have ever seen two consecutive sunrises without sleeping.
7. If your glass set is composed of McDonald's Extra Value Meal plastic cups (i.e. Olympic Dream Team I or II).
8. If your underwear supply dictates the time between laundry loads.
9. If you cannot remember when you last washed your car.

10. If you can pack your worldly possessions into the back of a pick-up (one trip).
11. If you have ever had to justify yourself for buying Natural Light.
12. If the first thing you do in the morning is roll over and introduce yourself.
13. If your bedtime is no longer 10:00 PM, but 3:00 AM.
14. If you consider Pizza one of the four major food groups.
15. If you consider the other three to be beer, McDonalds, and candy.
16. If you've ever missed a class to watch Ricki Lake.
17. If you've ever sent e-mail to the people you live with.
18. If you refer to your meal card as "plastic."
19. If you've ever spent a good hour searching for your student I.D. just so you could get that \$1.00 off at the movies.
20. If you've ever stayed up all night just so you wouldn't sleep through your morning class.
21. If you've ever called your roommates, not knowing where you were at and asked them to come get you.
22. If you've ever called home just to talk to your pets.
23. When you work your class schedule around drinking.
24. When you watch TV with no volume, while listening to the radio.
25. When you can play euchre in any state of mind.
26. When showering doesn't happen on a daily basis.
27. When a blender is your first major appliance.
28. When you're not a dork if you wear your backpack on both shoulders.
29. If you can't find money to buy food but it miraculously appears to buy alcohol.
30. When weather begins to be a major factor on your class attendance.
31. When you would rather do e-mail than study for a test.
32. When you're second major appliance is a coffee maker.
33. When your walls are covered with beer signs.
34. When you have a separate refrigerator for beer.
35. When you spend a majority of your time reading forwarded mail.

The Essay

A university creative writing class was asked to write a concise essay containing these four elements

- religion
- royalty
- sex
- mystery

The prize-winning essay read:

"My God," said the Queen. "I'm pregnant. I wonder who did it?"

Kids in College

A young boy goes off to college, but about 1/3 way through the semester, he has foolishly squandered what money his parents gave him. "HmMMM," he wonders, "how am I gonna get more dough?" Then he gets an idea. He calls his father.

"Dad," he says, "you won't believe the wonders that modern education are coming up with! Why, they actually have a program here that will teach Fido how to talk!"

"Why that's absolutely amazing!" his father says. "How do I get him in that program?"

"Just send him down here with \$1000," the boy says, "I'll get him into the course." So his father sends the dog and the \$1000. About 2/3 way through the semester, the money runs out. So the boy calls his father again.

"So how's Fido doing, son?" his father asks. "Awesome, dad, he's talking up a storm," he says, "but you just won't believe this - now they have a program here that will teach Fido to READ!"

"READ!" says his father, "That's amazing! What do I have to do to get him in that program?"

"Just send \$2,500, I'll get him in the class." So his father sends the money. At the end of the semester, the boy has a problem. When he gets home, his father will find out that the dog can neither talk nor read. So he shoots the dog.

When he gets home, his father is all excited. "Where's Fido? I just can't wait to hear him talk and listen to him read something!"

"Dad," the boy says, "I have some grim news. This morning when I got out of the shower, Fido was in the living room kicking back in the recliner and reading the morning paper, like he usually does. Then he turned to me and asked 'So, is your daddy still messin' around with that little redhead that lives down on Oak Street?'"

His father says "I hope you SHOT that lyin' sack of trash!"

California Traffic School

The following are a sampling of answers received on exams given by the California Department of Transportation's driving school

Q: Do you yield when a blind pedestrian is crossing the road?

A: What for? He can't see my license plate.

Q: Who has the right of way when four cars approach a four-way stop at the same time?

A: The pick up truck with the gun rack and the bumper sticker saying, "Guns don't kill people. I do."

Q: When driving through fog, what should you use?

A: Your car.

Q: What problems would you face if you were arrested for drunk driving?

A: I'd probably lose my buzz a lot faster.

Q: What changes would occur in your lifestyle if you could no longer drive lawfully?

A: I would be forced to drive unlawfully.

Q: What are some points to remember when passing or being passed?

A: Make eye contact and wave "hello" if she is cute.

Q: What is the difference between a flashing red traffic light and a flashing yellow traffic light?

A: The color.

Q: How do you deal with heavy traffic?

A: Heavy psychedelics.

Q: What can you do to help ease a heavy traffic problem?

A: Carry loaded weapons.

The Thermodynamics of Hell

This is forwarded from a graduate of the U. of Oklahoma Chemical Engineering Dept., citing one of Dr. Schlambaugh's final test questions for his final exam of 1997. Dr. Schlambaugh is known for asking questions on his finals like: "Why do airplanes fly?"

In May 1997, the "Momentum, Heat, and Mass Transfer II" final exam question was: "Is Hell exothermic or endothermic?"

Support your answer with proof." 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 also must have a mass. So, at what rate are souls moving into hell, and at what rate are souls leaving? I think we can safely assume that once a soul gets to hell, it does not leave. "Therefore, no souls are leaving."

As for souls entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Some religions say 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 project that all people and all souls go to Hell.

"With the birth and death rates what they are, we can expect the number of souls in hell to increase exponentially."

Now, we look at the rate of change in the volume of 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 the souls and volume needs to stay constant.

A1. 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.

A2. Of course, if Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase in souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop and Hell freezes over.

"So which is it? If we accept the postulate given to me by Theresa Banyan during freshman year, that 'It'll be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you,' and taking into account that I still have not succeeded in having sexual relations with her, then A2 cannot be true;

thus, Hell is exothermic."

The student got the only A.

Economic Engineering

After applying some simple algebra to some trite phrases and cliches, a new understanding can be reached of the secret to wealth and success. Here it goes:

Knowledge is Power

Time is Money and (as every engineer knows),

Power is Work over Time.

So, substituting algebraic equations for these time worn bits of wisdom, we get:

$$K = P \quad (1)$$

$$T = M \quad (2)$$

$$P = W/T \quad (3)$$

Now, do a few simple substitutions:

Put W/T in for P in equation (1), which yields:

$$K = W/T \quad (4)$$

Put M in for T into equation (4), which yields:

$$K = W/M \quad (5)$$

Now we've got something. Expanding back into English, we get:

Knowledge equals Work over Money.

What this MEANS is that:

1. The More You Know, the More Work You Do, and
2. The More You Know, the Less Money You Make.

Solving for Money, we get:

M = W/K (6)
Money equals Work over Knowledge.

From equation (6) we see that Money approaches infinity as Knowledge approaches 0, regardless of the Work done.

What THIS MEANS is:
The More you Make, the Less you Know.

Solving for Work, we get
 $W = M K$ (7)
Work equals Money times Knowledge

From equation (7) we see that Work approaches 0 as Knowledge approaches 0.

What THIS MEANS is:
The stupid rich do little or no work.

Working out the socioeconomic implications of this breakthrough is left as an exercise for the reader.

Language Instruction

For people learning to speak with a "Bawstin" accent.

Pahty: A place to go to drink and socialize - nothing to do with Mother Nature.
ah: The letter between "q" & "s."
ahnt: Sistah of your fathah or muthah.
bah: Serves beah and hahd likkah: "The train to Noo Yok has a bah cah."
bayah: Ferocious
bon: As in: "Where were you bon?"
bzah: Strange, odd.
Chahlz: The rivah.
chowdah: Clams, milk, buttah.
Con: Stahchy veggie that comes on a cob.
connah: Where streets intersect.
fah: Not neah heah
fok: What you eat pahster with.
fyah: Blaze
Gahden: What they're tearing down this yeah.
hahbah: What they dumped tea into in 1773.
Hahvid: Country day school across the rivah.
hahf-ahst: Done without regahd to detail.
heah: Done with the eahs. "Listen my children, and you shall heah of the midnight ride of Paul Reveah."
khakis: What you stahst the cah with.
nawtheastah: Stawm that blows in from the wottah.
Noo Yok: Sinkhole 240 miles south of Tremont Street.

owah: Sixty minutes.
pahk: Cahn't do it in Hahvad Yahd. Not downtown eithah.
pastah: The rectah of a parish, like St. Mahgrits.
pichahs: They throw fastballs at Fenway.
Rawjah: He throws the fastest fastballs at Fenway.
Reveah: He rode through Ahlington on a hiss shouting "To Ahms!"
shuah: Of course
shot: Not tall.
wof: A peeah, jutting into the hahbah.
yeah: A 365 day period.
yiz: You, plural. As in: "Ah yiz goin down to the Cape tammorah?"

Idiots

I was sitting in my science class when the teacher commented that the next day would be the shortest day of the year. My lab partner became visibly excited, cheering and clapping. I explained to her that the amount of daylight changes, not the actual amount of time. Needless to say, she was very disappointed.

My daughter went to a local Taco Bell and ordered a taco. She asked the individual behind the counter for "minimal lettuce." He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg.

When a man attempted to siphon gasoline from a motor home parked on a Seattle street, he got much more than he bargained for. Police arrived at the scene to find an ill man curled up next to a motor home near spilled sewage. A police spokesman said that the man admitted to trying to steal gasoline and plugged his hose into the motor home's sewage tank by mistake. The owner of the vehicle declined to press charges, saying that it was the best laugh he'd ever had.

Little Johnny Jokes

Little Johnny was sitting in class doing math problems when his teacher picked him to answer a question. "Johnny, if there were five birds sitting on a fence and you shot one with your gun how many would be left?"

"None" replied Johnny, "cause the rest would fly away."

"Well the answer is four," said the teacher, "but I like the way you are thinking."

Little Johnny says, "I have a question for you now. If there were three women eating ice cream cones in a shop, one was licking her cone, the second was biting the cone and the third was sucking the cone, which one is married?"

"Well," said the teacher nervously, "I guess the one sucking the cone?"

"No," said Little Johnny, "the one with the wedding ring on her finger, but I like the way you are thinking."

Little Johnny's father was a travelling salesman and traveled quite a bit.

One night, Johnny's dad came home quite late, when little Johnny was in bed and already asleep. Johnny's dad, being on the road quite a bit, grabbed Johnny's mother into the bedroom. Little Johnny, hearing the noise and his father's voice, got up and went into his parent's bedroom and called "daddy, daddy!"

Well, Little Johnny's dad WAS on top of mommy - but since he had not seen his son for awhile, told Johnny to hop on board and we'll all go for a ride!

Well, Little Johnny's hops and board and all is fine until mommy starts moaning - and Little Johnny starts getting scared. But when mommy started grunting and screaming - Little Johnny yells "Hold on tight daddy, this is where the postman bucked me off!"

In a classroom of third graders, the teacher says to the kids, "Today, class, we will be telling stories that have a moral to them." She explained what a moral to a story was and asked for volunteers. Little Suzie raises her hand.

Suzie: " I live on a farm and we have a chicken that laid 12 eggs, we were excited to have 12 more chickens but only 6 of them hatched"

Teacher: "That's a good story, now what is the moral?"

Suzie: " Don't count your chickens before they are hatched"

Teacher: "Very good Suzie, anyone else?"

Ralphie: "Yes teacher, I was carrying some eggs I bought for my mom in my bicycle basket one day and I crashed my bike and all the eggs broke"

Teacher: "That's a nice story, what is the moral?"

Ralphie: "Don't put all your eggs in one basket."

Teacher: " Very good Ralphie, anyone else?"

Little Johnny: " Yes teacher, my Aunt Karen is in the army and when she was in the Gulf War, she parachuted down with only a gun, 20 bullets, a knife, and a six-pack of beer. On her way down, she drank the six-pack. When she landed, she shot 20 Iraqis and killed ten of them with her knife."

Teacher: "Very interesting Johnny, what is the moral to your story?"

Little Johnny: "Don't fuck with Aunt Karen when she's drunk"

Little Johnny sees his Daddy's car passing the play ground and go into the woods. Curious, he follows the car and sees Daddy and Aunt Jane in a "Passionate Embrace." Johnny finds this so exciting and can barely contain himself as he runs home and starts to tell his mother excitedly:

"MOMMYMOMMY, IWASATTHEPLAYGROUNDANDDADDYAND..."

Mommy tells him to slow down, she wants to hear the story, so Johnny tells her, "I was at the playground and I saw Daddy's car go into the woods with Aunt Jane. I went back to look and he was giving Aunt Jane a big kiss, then he helped her take off her shirt, then Aunt Jane helped Daddy take his pants off, then Aunt Jane laid down on the seat, then Daddy..."

At this point, Mommy cut him off and said, "Johnny, this is such an interesting story. Suppose you save the rest of it for supertime. I want to see the look on Daddy's face when you tell it tonight."

At the dinner table, Mommy asks Johnny to tell his story, Johnny starts his story, describing the car into the woods, the undressing, laying down on the seat, and... Then Daddy and Aunt Jane did that same thing Mommy and Uncle Bill used to do when Daddy was in the army."

Little Johnny's house is packed with relatives for Christmas dinner. Grandpa calls over 6 year old Little Johnny and starts asking about school, girlfriends and other stuff he can think of.

After a while, grandpa notices that Little Johnny is losing interest in the conversation, so he pulls out a ten and a twenty-dollar bill from his wallet to see if he can keep him interested. He shows both bills to Little Johnny and tells him that he can keep any one he chooses.

Little Johnny reaches over and grabs the ten-dollar bill.

Grandpa, pretty surprised and upset about the unwise decision his grandchild made, pulls out another ten-dollar bill to see if it was a mistake. Again he tells Little Johnny to take one of the bills and keep it.

Little Johnny grabs the other ten.

Grandpa again is surprised and upset. He takes Little Johnny over to one of the uncles and shows him how dumb Little Johnny is in choosing the ten over the twenty. Grandpa goes on and on showing every uncle and cousin and each time Little Johnny chooses the ten over the twenty.

Grandpa finally shows the stunt to his Daddy. Little Johnny's Daddy is quite surprised, but doesn't pay too much attention at the moment.

A few hours later, Daddy who is very concerned about Little Johnny's poor decision, walks up to him and asks him if he knows the difference between a ten dollar bill and a twenty.

"Of course," answers Little Johnny.

"So why did you always choose the ten over the twenty," asks Dad.

Little Johnny, with a wide smile answers, "Well Dad, if I would have chosen the twenty dollar bill the first time, do you think grandpa would have played the game fifteen more times?"

Every Sunday morning, Little Johnny and his grandmother would attend church together. Every Sunday like clockwork, his grandmother would place \$1,000 in the "poor box." This went on for several weeks until the pastor, overcome with curiosity, approached Johnny's grandmother and asked, "I couldn't help but notice that you put \$1,000 a week in the 'poor box.'"

"Why yes," she replied, "every week my son gives me money, and what I don't need I give to the church."

"That's wonderful, how much does he give you?"

"\$2,000 a week."

"Your son is very successful, what does he do for a living?"

"He's a veterinarian," Little Johnny answered as his grandmother nodded in agreement.

"That is a very honorable profession. Where does he practice?"

Before his grandmother could say a thing, Johnny replied, "Well, he has one cat house in Chicago, and another in Dallas."

Little Johnny was in the garden filling in a hole when his neighbor peered over the fence. Interested in what the rosy-cheeked youngster was up to, he politely asked,

"What are you up to there, Johnny?"

"My goldfish died," replied Johnny tearfully, without looking up, "and I've just buried him."

The neighbor was concerned, "That's an awfully big hole for a goldfish, isn't it?"

Johnny patted down the last heap of earth then replied, "That's because he's inside your stupid cat!"

CHAPTER 17: The Animal Kingdom

Pet Store

A tourist walked into a pet store and was looking at the animals on display. While he was there, an Army Sergeant from the local Army Post walked in and said to the shopkeeper, "I'll take an M1A monkey, please."

The man nodded, went over to a cage at the side of the store and took out a monkey. He put a collar and leash on the monkey and handed it the soldier, saying, "That'll be \$1,000." The Sergeant paid and left with the monkey. Surprised, the tourist went over to the shopkeeper and said, "That was a very expensive monkey. Most of them are only a few hundred dollars. Why did that one cost so much?"

The shopkeeper answered, "Ah, that M1A monkey can fire expert with pistol and rifle, score 300 on the Army Physical Fitness Test, and perform Drill & Ceremony and Small Unit Tactics with no mistakes. It's well worth the money."

The tourist looked at a monkey in another cage. "That one's even more expensive, \$10,000! What does it do?"

"Oh, that one is a "Maintenance Supervisor" monkey; it can instruct all levels of maintenance on military aircraft and even do most of the paperwork. A very useful monkey indeed," replied the shopkeeper.

The tourist looked around a little longer and a third monkey in a cage. The price tag read \$50,000. The shocked tourist exclaimed, "That one costs more than all the others put together! What could possibly make it worth that much?"

The shopkeeper replied, "Well, I've never actually seen it do anything, but his papers say he's a "Pilot."

Safari Hunt

A wealthy man decided to go on a safari in Africa. He took his faithful pet dog along for company. One day the dog starts chasing butterflies and before long he discovered he was lost. Wandering about he noticed a leopard heading rapidly in his direction with the obvious intention of having lunch. The dog thought, "Oh boy, I'm in deep doo-doo now."

Then he noticed some bones on the ground close by, and immediately settled down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the leopard was about to leap, the dog exclaimed loudly, "Man, that was one delicious leopard. I wonder if there are any more around here?" Hearing this the leopard halted his attack in mid stride, as a look of terror came over him, and slinked his way into the trees.

"Whew", said the leopard. "That was close. That dog nearly had me."

Meanwhile, a monkey who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree figured he could put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the leopard. So, off he went. But the dog saw him heading after the leopard with great speed, and figured that something must be up. The monkey soon catches up with the leopard, spilled the beans and struck a deal for himself with the leopard. The cat was furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here monkey, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine."

The dog saw the leopard coming with the monkey on his back, and thought, "What am I going to do now?" But instead of running, the dog sat down with his back to his attackers pretending he hadn't seen them yet. Just when they got close enough to hear, the dog said, "Where's that monkey. I can never trust him. I sent him off half an hour ago to bring me another leopard, and he's still not back yet!!"

The Vet Bill

A man brought a very limp dog into the veterinary clinic. As he lay the dog on the table, the doctor pulled out his stethoscope, placing the receptor on the dog's chest. After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said, "I'm sorry, but your dog has passed away."

"What?" screamed the man. "How can you tell? You haven't done any testing on him or anything. I want another opinion!"

With that, the vet turned and left the room. In a few moments, he returned with a Labrador Retriever. The Retriever went right to work, checking the poor dead dog out thoroughly. After a considerable amount of sniffing, the Retriever sadly shook his head and said "Bark."

The veterinarian then took the Labrador out and returned in a few moments with a cat, who also checked out the poor dog on the table. As had his predecessors, the cat sadly shook his head and said, "Meow." The cat then jumped off the table and ran out of the room.

The veterinarian handed the man a bill for \$600.

The dog's owner went postal. "\$600! Just to tell me my dog is dead? This is outrageous!"

The vet shook his head sadly and explained. "If you had taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$50, but with the Lab work and the cat scan..."

Crossbred Dogs

Labrador Retriever x Curly Coated Retriever = Lab Coat Retriever, the choice of research scientists.

Bull Terrier x Shitzu = Bullshitz, a gregarious but unreliable breed.

Pointer x Setter = Poinsetter, a traditional Christmas pet

Kerry Blue Terrier x Skye Terrier = Blue Skye, a dog for visionaries.

Great Pyrenees x Dachshund = Pyradachs, a puzzling breed.

Pekingese x Lhasa Apso = Peekasso, an abstract dog.

Irish Water Spaniel x English Springer Spaniel = Irish Springer, a dog fresh and clean as a whistle.

Newfoundland x Basset Hound = Newfound Asset Hound, a dog for financial advisors.

Terrier x Bulldog = Terribull, a dog that makes awful mistakes.

Bloodhound x Labrador = Blabador, a dog that barks incessantly.

Malamute x Pointer = Moot Point, favorites of lawyers but ... it doesn't seem to matter.

Collie x Malamute = Commute, a dog that travels to work.

Deerhound x Terrier = Derriere, a dog that's true to the end.

Flying Parrot

On reaching his plane seat, a man is surprised to see a parrot strapped in next to him. He asks the stewardess for a coffee where upon the parrot squawks, "And get me a whisky you cow."

The stewardess, flustered, brings back a whisky for the parrot and forgets the coffee. When this omission is pointed out to her, the parrot drains its glass and bawls, "And get me another whisky you bitch."

Quite upset, the girl comes back shaking with another whisky but still no coffee. Unaccustomed to such slackness, the man tries the parrot's approach, "I've asked you twice for a coffee, go and get it now or I'll give you a slap."

Next moment, both he and the parrot have been wrenched up and thrown out of the emergency exit by two burly stewards. Plunging downwards the parrot turns to him and says, "For someone who can't fly, you're a lippy bastard."

Piggy Business

A guy is stranded on an island with only a Doberman and a pig for company. There's plenty of food and water, and the weather is beautiful, so he's doing alright.

But after a few months he gets "lonely", if you know what I mean! The pig starts to look more and more attractive--soft, pink flesh, round buttocks, etc. But every time this poor guy makes an advance towards the pig, the Doberman snarls at him and once almost bit his leg off.

Very frustrating.

One day the guy sees a speck on the horizon, so he swims out there and it turns out to be a dinghy, cast adrift, and in the bottom of the boat is a beautiful woman, unconscious. He drags her to shore and brings her into his hut and slowly nurses her back health. Finally she is well enough to walk and she says to him "Thank you, thank you for saving my life. I don't know how I can ever repay you. I'll do anything for you, anything, just name it."

The guy thinks for a minute and says "Would you mind taking my dog for a walk?"

The Parrot

David received a parrot for his birthday. The parrot was fully grown with a bad attitude and terrible vocabulary. Every other word was an expletive.

Those that weren't expletives were, to say the least, rude. David tried hard to change the bird's attitude and was constantly saying polite words, played soft music, he did anything he could think of. Nothing worked. He yelled at the bird, the bird got worse. He shook the bird and the bird got madder and ruder.

Finally, in a moment of desperation, David put the parrot in the freezer. For a few moments he heard the bird squawking and kicking and screaming and then, suddenly, there was quiet.

David was frightened that he might have actually hurt the bird and quickly opened the freezer door.

The parrot calmly stepped out onto David's extended arm and said: "I'm sorry that I might have offended you with my language and actions and ask for your forgiveness. I will endeavor to correct my behavior."

David was astounded at the bird's change in attitude and was about to ask what had changed him...when the parrot continued: "May I ask what the chicken did?"

Another Parrot

This guy decides that maybe he'd like to have a pet and goes to a pet shop. After looking around he spots a parrot sitting on a little perch. It doesn't have any feet or legs.

The guy says out loud, "Geez, I wonder what happened to this parrot?"

"I was born this way," says the parrot. "I'm a defective parrot."

"Ha, ha," the guy laughs. "It sounded like this parrot actually understood what I said and answered me."

"I understood every word," says the parrot. "I am a highly intelligent, thoroughly educated bird."

"Yeah?" the guy asks. "Then answer this: how do you hang onto your perch without any feet?"

"Well," the parrot says, "this is a little embarrassing, but since you asked I'll tell you. I wrap my little parrot penis around this wooden bar, kind of like a little hook. You can't see it cause of my feathers."

"Wow," says the guy, "you really can understand and answer, can't you?"

"Of course. I speak both Spanish and English. I can converse with reasonable competence on almost any subject: politics, religion, sports, physics, philosophy and I am especially good at ornithology. You ought to buy me. I am a great companion."

The guy looks at the \$200 price tag. He says. "I can't afford that."

"Pssst," the parrot hisses, motioning the guy over with one wing. "Nobody wants me cause I don't have any feet. You can get me for \$20, just make an offer."

The guy offers 20 dollars and walks out with the parrot. Weeks go by. The parrot is sensational. He's funny, he's interesting, he's a great pal, he understands everything, sympathizes, gives good advice. The guy is delighted.

One day the guy comes home from work and the parrot says, "Pssst," and motions him over with one wing. The guy goes up close to the cage.

"I don't know if I should tell you this or not", says the parrot, "but it's about your wife and the mailman"

"What?" says the guy.

"Well," the parrot says, "when the mailman came to the door today your wife greeted him in a sheer nightgown and kissed him on the mouth."

"What happened then?" asks the guy.

"Then the mailman came into the house and lifted up the nightgown and began petting her all over," reports the parrot.

"My God!!" the guy says. "Then what?"

"Then he lifted up the nightgown, got down on his knees and began to lick her body, starting with her breasts slowly going down and down."

The parrot pauses for a long time...

"What happened? What happened?" says the frantic guy.

"I don't know," says the Parrot, "I lost my grip and fell off the perch."

I Had To Take My Son's Hamster To The Vet

Here's what happened:

Just after dinner one night, my son came up to tell me there was "something wrong" with one of the two hamsters he holds prisoner in his room.

"He's just lying there looking sick," he told me.

"Oldest trick in the book, son," I informed him. "You go in to see what's wrong with the sick one and the other one sneaks up behind you and bonks you on the head. Then they change into your clothes and escape."

"I'm serious, Dad. Can you help?"

I put my best hamster-healer statement on my face and followed him into his bedroom. One of the little rodents was indeed lying on his back, looking distressed. I immediately knew what to do. Call the professional. "Honey," I called, "come look at the hamster!"

"Oh, my gosh," my wife diagnosed after a minute. "She's having babies."

"What?" my son demanded. "But their names are Bert and Ernie, Mom!"

I was equally outraged. "Hey, how can that be? I thought we said we didn't want them to reproduce," I accused my wife.

"Well, what did you want me to do, post a sign in their cage?" she inquired. (I actually think she said this sarcastically!)

"No, but you were supposed to get two boys!" I reminded her, in my most loving, calm, sweet voice.

"Yeah, Bert and Ernie!" my son agreed.

"Well, it's just a little hard to tell on some guys," she informed me. (Again with the sarcasm you think?)

By now the rest of the family had gathered to see what was going on. I shrugged, deciding to make the best of it. "Kids, this is going to be a wondrous experience," I announced. "We're about to witness the miracle of birth."

"OH, gross!" they shrieked.

"Well, isn't THAT just great! What are we going to do with a litter of tiny little hamster babies?" my wife wanted to know. (I really do think she was being snotty here, too. Don't you?)

"Well, when my parents' dogs had puppies, I took them up to the grocery store in a cardboard box and gave them away," I recalled.

"So what are you going to do, go up with a pair of tweezers so people can pick out their hamster?" she asked. (Gotta love her!)

We peered at the patient. After much struggling, what looked like a tiny foot would appear briefly, vanishing a scant second later. "We don't appear to be making much progress," I noted.

"A breech birth," my wife whispered, horrified.

"Do something, Dad!" my son urged.

"Okay, okay." Squeamishly, I reached in and grabbed the foot when it next appeared, giving it a gingerly tug. It disappeared. I tried again, with the same results.

"Should I dial 911?" my daughter wanted to know. "Maybe they could talk us through the trauma." (You see a pattern here with my females?)

"Let's get Ernie to the vet," I said grimly.

We drove to the vet with my son holding the cage in his lap. "Breathe, Ernie, breathe," he urged.

"I don't think hamsters do Lamaze," his mother noted to him. (Women can be so cruel to their own young. I mean what she does to me is one thing, but this boy is "of her womb," for God's sake.)

The vet took Ernie back to the examining room and peered at the little animal through a magnifying glass. "What do you think, Doc, an epidermal?" I suggested scientifically.

"Oh, very interesting," he murmured. "Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, may I speak to you privately for a moment?" I gulped, nodding for my son to step outside.

"Is Ernie going to be okay?" my wife asked.

"Oh, perfectly," the vet assured us. "This hamster is not in labor. In fact, that isn't EVER going to happen... Ernie is a boy."

"What!?"

"You see, Ernie is a young male. And occasionally, as they come into maturity, male hamsters will, master, er, er, ah..." He blushed, glancing at my wife. "Well, you know what I'm saying, Mr. Cameron."

We were silent, absorbing this. "So Ernie's just... just... excited?" my wife offered.

"Exactly," the vet replied, relieved that we understood. More silence.

Then my vicious, cruel woman started to giggle. And giggle. And then even laugh loudly.

"What's so funny?" I demanded, knowing, but not believing that the woman I married would commit the upcoming affront to my flawless Manliness.

Tears were now running down her face. "Just... That I'm picturing you pulling on its... Its... Teeny little..." she gasped for more air to bellow in laughter once more.

"That's enough," I warned. We thanked the veterinarian and hurriedly bundled the hamster and our son back into the car. He was glad everything was going to be okay. "I know Ernie is really thankful for what you've done, Dad," he told me.

"Oh, you have NO idea," my wife agreed, collapsing into laughter as I gave her a dirty look. (And women have the gall to go though the marriage ceremony with a completely straight face. It's scary.)

Rudy the Cat

This is the story of the night my 10-year-old cat, Rudy, got his head stuck in the garbage disposal. I knew at the time that the experience would be funny if the cat survived, so let me tell you right up front that he's fine. Getting him out wasn't easy, though, and the process included numerous home remedies, a plumber, two cops, an emergency overnight veterinary clinic, a case of mistaken identity, five hours of panic, and 15 minutes of fame.

My husband Rich and I had just returned from a 5-day vacation in the Cayman Islands -- where I had been sick as a dog the whole time. We arrived home at 9 p.m., a day and a half later than we had planned because of airline problems. I still had illness-related vertigo, and because of the flight delays had not been able to prepare for the class I was supposed to teach at 8:40 the next morning. I sat down at my desk to think about William Carlos Williams, and around 10 o'clock I heard Rich hollering from the kitchen.

I raced over to see what was wrong and spied Rich frantically rooting around under the kitchen sink and Rudy -- or, rather, Rudy's headless body -- scrambling around in the sink, his claws clicking in panic on the metal and his head stuck in the garbage disposal. Rich had just ground up the skin of some smoked salmon in the disposal, and when he left the room Rudy (who always was a pinhead) had gone in after it. It is very disturbing to see the headless body of your cat in the sink. This is an animal that I have slept with nightly for 10 years, who burrows under the covers and purrs against my side, and who now looked like a fur-covered turkey carcass, defrosting in the sink while it's still alive and kicking.

It was also disturbing to see Rich, Mr. Calm-in-any-Emergency, at his wit's end, trying to simultaneously soothe Rudy and undo the garbage disposal, and failing at both, and basically freaking out. Adding to the chaos was Rudy's twin brother Lowell, also upset, racing around in circles, jumping onto the kitchen counter and alternately licking Rudy's butt for comfort and biting it out of fear. Clearly, I had to do something. First we tried to ease Rudy out of the disposal by lubricating his head and neck with Johnson's baby shampoo (kept on hand for my nieces' visits) and butter-flavored Crisco. Both failed, and a now-greasy Rudy kept struggling.

Rich then decided to take apart the garbage disposal, which was a good idea, but he couldn't do it. Turns out the thing is constructed like a metal onion: you peel off one layer and another one appears, with Rudy's head still buried deep inside, stuck in a hard plastic collar. My job during this process was to sit on the kitchen counter petting Rudy, trying to calm him, with the room spinning (vertigo), Lowell howling (he's part Siamese), and Rich clattering around under the sink with his tools. When all our efforts failed, we sought professional help. I called our regular plumber, who actually called me back quickly, even at 11 o'clock at night (thanks, Dave). He talked Rich through further layers of disposal dismantling, but still we couldn't reach Rudy. I called the 1-800 number for Insinkerator (no response), a pest removal service that advertises 24-hour service (no response), an all-night emergency veterinary clinic (who had no experience in this matter), and finally, in desperation, 9-1-1.

I could see that Rudy's normally pink paw pads were turning blue. The fire department, I figured, gets cats out of trees; maybe they could get one out of a garbage disposal. The dispatcher had other ideas and offered to send over two policemen. The cops arrived close to midnight and turned out to be quite nice. More importantly, they were also able to think rationally, which we were not. They were, of course, astonished by the situation. "I've never seen anything like this," Officer Mike kept saying. (The unusual circumstances helped us get quickly on a first-name basis with our cops.) Officer Tom, who expressed immediate sympathy for our plight ("I've had cats all my life," he said), also had an idea. Evidently we needed a certain tool, a tiny, circular rotating saw, that could cut through the heavy plastic flange encircling Rudy's neck without hurting Rudy. Officer Tom happened to own one. "I live just five minutes from here," he said. "I'll go get it."

He soon returned, and the three of them -- Rich and the two policemen -- got under the sink together to cut through the garbage disposal. I sat on the counter, holding

Rudy and trying not to succumb to the surreal-ness of the scene, with the weird middle-of-the-night lighting, the room's occasional spinning, Lowell's spooky sound effects, an apparently headless cat in my sink and six disembodied legs poking out from under it. One good thing came of this: the guys did manage to get the bottom off the disposal, so we could now see Rudy's face and knew he could breathe. But they couldn't cut the flange without risking the cat. Stumped.

Officer Tom had another idea. "You know," he said, "I think the reason we can't get him out is the angle of his head and body. (You can see where this is going, can't you?) "If we could just get the sink out," he continued, "and lay it on its side, I'll bet we could slip him out." That sounded like a good idea -- at this point, ANYTHING would have sounded like a good idea -- and as it turned out, Officer Mike runs a plumbing business on weekends; he knew how to take out the sink!

Again they went to work, the three pairs of legs sticking out from under the sink, surrounded by an ever-increasing pile of tools and sink parts. They cut the electrical supply, capped off the plumbing lines, unfastened the metal clamps, unscrewed all the pipes, and about an hour later, viola! The sink was lifted gently out of the countertop, with one guy holding the garbage disposal which contained Rudy's head) up close to the sink (which contained Rudy's body).

We laid the sink on its side, but even at this more favorable angle, Rudy stayed stuck. Officer Tom's radio beeped, calling him away on some kind of real police business. As he was leaving, though, he had another good idea. "You know," he said, "I don't think we can get him out while he's struggling so much. We need to get the cat sedated. If he were limp, we could slide him out." And off he went, regrettably, a cat lover still worried about Rudy.

The remaining three of us decided that getting Rudy sedated was a good idea, but Rich and I were new to the area. We knew that the overnight emergency veterinary clinic was only a few minutes away, but we didn't know exactly how to get there. "I know where it is!" declared Officer Mike. "Follow me!" So Mike got into his patrol car, Rich got into the driver's seat of our car, and I got into the back, carrying the kitchen sink, what was left of the garbage disposal, and Rudy.

It was now about 2:00 a.m. We followed Officer Mike for a few blocks when I decided to put my hand into the garbage disposal to pet Rudy's face, hoping I could comfort him. Instead, my sweet, gentle bedfellow chomped down on my finger really hard and wouldn't let go. My scream reflex kicked into gear. Rich slammed on the brakes, hollering "What? What happened? Should I stop?" "No," I managed to get out between screams, "just keep driving. Rudy's biting me, but we've got to get to the vet. Just go!"

Rich turned his attention back to the road, where Officer Mike took a turn we hadn't expected, and we followed. After a few minutes Rudy let go, and as I stopped screaming, I looked up to discover that we were wandering aimlessly through an industrial park, in and out of empty parking lots, past little streets that didn't look at all familiar. "Where's he taking us?" I asked. "We should have been there ten minutes

ago!" Rich was as mystified as I was, but all we knew to do was follow the police car until, finally, he pulled into a church parking lot and we pulled up next to him.

As Rich rolled down the window to ask Officer Mike, where are we going, the cop, who was not Mike, rolled down his window and asked, "Why are you following me?" Once Rich and I recovered from our shock at having tailed the wrong cop car and the policeman from his pique at being stalked, he led us quickly to the emergency vet, where Mike greeted us by holding open the door, exclaiming "Where were you guys?"

It was lucky that Mike got to the vet's ahead of us, because we hadn't thought to call and warn them about what was coming. (Clearly, by this time we weren't really thinking at all.) We brought in the kitchen sink containing Rudy, and the garbage disposal containing his head, and the clinic staff was ready. They took his temperature (which was down 10 degrees) and his oxygen level (which was half of normal), and the vet declared, "This cat is in serious shock. We've got to sedate him and get him out of there immediately." When I asked if it was OK to sedate a cat in shock, the vet said grimly, "We don't have a choice." With that, he injected the cat. Rudy went limp and the vet squeezed about half a tube of K-Y jelly onto the cat's neck and pulled him free.

Then the whole team jumped into "code blue" mode. (I know this from watching a lot of ER.) They laid Rudy on a cart where one person hooked up IV fluids, another put little socks on his paws ("You'd be amazed how much heat they lose through their footpads," she said), one covered him with hot water bottles and a blanket, and another took a blow-dryer to warm up Rudy's now very gunky head. The fur on his head dried in stiff little spikes, making him look pathetically punk as he lay there, limp and motionless.

At this point they sent Rich, Mike, and me to sit in the waiting room while they tried to bring Rudy back to life. I told Mike he didn't have to stay, but he just stood there, shaking his head. "I've never seen anything like this," he said again and again. At about 3 a.m., the vet came in to tell us that the prognosis was good for a full recovery. They needed to keep Rudy overnight to re-hydrate him and give him something for the brain swelling they assumed he had, but if all went well, we could take him home the following night. Just in time to hear the good news, Officer Tom rushed in, having finished with his real police work and still concerned about Rudy.

Rich and I got back home about 3:30. We hadn't unpacked from our trip, I was still intermittently dizzy, and I still hadn't prepared for my 8:40 class. "I need a vacation," I said, and while I called the office to leave a message canceling my class, Rich made us a pitcher of martinis. I slept late the next day and then badgered the vet about Rudy's condition until he said that Rudy could come home later that day.

I was working on the suitcases when the phone rang. "Hi, this is Steve Huskey from the Norristown Times-Herald," a voice said. "Listen, I was just going through the police blotter from last night. Um, do you have a cat?" So I told Steve the whole story, which interested him immensely. A couple hours later he called back to say that his

editor was interested, too; did I have a picture of Rudy? The next day Rudy was front-page news, under the ridiculous headline "Catch of the Day Lands Cat in Hot Water."

There were some noteworthy repercussions to the newspaper article. Mr. Huskey had somehow inferred that I called 9-1-1 because I thought Rich, my husband, was going into shock, although how he concluded this from my comment that "his pads were turning blue," I don't quite understand. So the first thing I had to do was call Rich at work -- Rich, who had worked tirelessly to free Rudy -- and swear that I had been misquoted.

When I arrived at work myself, I was famous; people had been calling my secretary all morning to inquire about Rudy's health. When I called our regular vet (whom I had met only once) to make a follow-up appointment for Rudy, the receptionist asked, "Is this the famous Rudy's mother?" When I took my car in for routine maintenance a few days later, Dave, my mechanic, said, "We read about your cat. Is he OK?" When I called a tree surgeon about my dying red oak, he asked if I knew the person on that street whose cat had been in the garbage disposal. And when I went to get my hair cut, the shampoo person told me the funny story her grandma had read in the paper, about a cat that got stuck in the garbage disposal.

Even today, over a year later, people ask about Rudy, which a 9-year-old neighbor had always called "the Adventure Cat" because he used to climb on the roof of her house and peer in the second-story window at her. I don't know what the moral of this story is, but I do know that this "adventure" cost me \$1,100 in emergency vet bills, follow-up vet care, new sink, new plumbing, new electrical wiring, and new garbage disposal -- one with a cover. The vet can no longer say he's seen everything but the kitchen sink.

I wanted to thank Officers Tom and Mike by giving them gift certificates to the local hardware store, but was told that they couldn't accept gifts, and that I would put them in a bad position if I tried. So I wrote a letter to the Police Chief praising their good deeds and sent individual thank you notes to Tom and Mike, complete with pictures of Rudy, so they could see what he looks like with his head on. And Rudy, whom we originally got for free (or so we thought), still sleeps with me under the covers on cold nights, and, unaccountably, still sometimes prowls the sink, hoping for fish.

Come In

A Jehova's Witness knocked on the front door of a home, and heard a faint, high pitched, "Come In."

He tried the door and it was locked, so he went around to the back door.

He knocked again and heard again the high pitched "Come In."

As he entered the kitchen a large, mean, snarling Doberman met him.

As he plastered himself against the wall he called out for help.

Again, he heard the "Come In."

He slid down the wall to the living room to see a parrot in cage.

He said, "For Pete's sake, is that all you can say is 'Come In'?"

The parrot laughed and said, "Sic Him!"

Famous Pig

NEW YORK (Reuters) - The Denver Broncos' John Elway may be the Super Bowl's Most Valuable Player, but Pennsylvania can lay claim to the Most Valuable Pig.

Lulu, a 150 pound potbellied pig who saved her owners' life, received a Trooper Award Tuesday from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA) for going above and beyond the call of the wild.

In August 1997, Lulu ran into the street outside her owners' mobile vacation home on Lake Erie and fetched a passing motorist to rescue her owner, JoAnn Altsman, who was having a heart attack.

Lulu lured the Good Samaritan by lying in the middle of the road and doing her "dead piggy trick" four feet sticking straight up in the air.

The rescuer, still unidentified, called the police and Altsman was taken to a hospital. Doctors said she could have died if help had come much later.

"She's our guardian angel," Altsman said. "She truly saved my life."

Lulu herself seemed nonplused by all the media attention she got at the ASPCA's annual National Humane Awards Luncheon. Asked how she felt about receiving the award, Lulu just belched and shifted her ample frame into a more comfortable position.

Lulu was among several animals that received Trooper Awards. Other animals feted were Abner, a former shelter dog from Long Island which saved his family from a fire, and Aspen, an Urban Search and Rescue dog which has rescued hundreds of disaster victims.

Aspen and her owner, Anthony Fernandez, recently returned from earthquake rescue operations in Armenia, Colombia, where Aspen was credited with finding five bodies.

How to Bathe a Cat - New Method

1. Thoroughly clean the toilet.
2. Add the required amount of shampoo to the toilet water, and have both lids lifted.
3. Obtain the cat and soothe him while you carry him towards the bathroom.

4. In one smooth movement, put the cat in the toilet and close both lids (you may need to stand on the lid so that he cannot escape).
5. CAUTION: Do not get any part of your body too close to the edge, as his paws will be reaching out for any vulnerable surface they can find.
6. Flush the toilet three or four times. This provides a "power wash and rinse" which I have found to be quite effective.
7. Have someone open the door to the outside and ensure that there are no people between the toilet and the outside door.
8. Stand behind the toilet as far as you can, and quickly lift both lids.
9. The now-clean cat will rocket out of the toilet, and run outside where he will dry himself.

JOB DONE!

Energizer Bunny Found Dead!!

Today, the world was stunned by the news of the death of the Energizer Bunny. He was six years old. Authorities believe that the death occurred approximately 8:42 last evening.

Best known as the irritating pink bunny that kept going, and going, and going. "Pinkie", as he was known to his friends and family, was alone at the time of his death.

An emergency autopsy was performed early this morning. Chief Medical Examiner, DuraCell, concluded that the cause of death was acute cardiac arrest induced by sexual over-stimulation.

Apparently, someone had put the batteries in backwards and he kept coming, and coming, and coming...

Cat Haiku

You never feed me.
Perhaps I'll sleep on your face.
That will sure show you.

You must scratch me there!
Yes, above my tail!
Behold, elevator butt.

I need a new toy.
Tail of black dog keeps good time.
Pounce! Good dog! Good dog!

The rule for today

Touch my tail, I shred your hand.
New rule tomorrow.

In deep sleep hear sound
cat vomit hairball somewhere
will find in morning.

Grace personified.
I leap into the window.
I meant to do that.

Blur of motion, then --
silence, me, a paper bag.
What is so funny?

The mighty hunter
Returns with gifts of plump birds --
your foot just squashed one.

You're always typing.
Well, let's see you ignore my
sitting on your hands.

My small cardboard box.
You cannot see me if I
can just hide my head.

Terrible battle.
I fought for hours. Come and see!
What's a 'term paper'?

Kitty likes plastic
Confuses for litter box
Don't leave tarp around

Small brave carnivores
Kill pine cones and mosquitoes
Fear vacuum cleaner

I want to be close
to you. Can I fit my head
inside your armpit?

Wanna go outside.
Oh, shit! Help! I got outside!
Let me back inside!

Oh no! Big One

has been trapped by newspaper!
Cat to the rescue!

Humans are so strange.
Mine lies still in bed, then screams
My claws are not that sharp.

Cats meow out of angst
"Thumbs! If only we had thumbs!
We could break so much!"

Litter box not here
You must have moved it again
I'll crap in the sink

The Big Ones snore now
Every room is dark and cold
Time for "Cup Hockey"

We're almost equals
I purr to show I love you
Want to smell my butt?

How To Give A Cat A Pill...

1. Pick cat up and cradle it in the crook of your left arm as if holding a baby. Position right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth pop pill into mouth. Allow cat to close mouth and swallow.
2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.
3. Retrieve cat from bedroom, and throw soggy pill away.
4. Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with left hand. Force jaws open and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for a count of ten.
5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garden.
6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, hold front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get spouse to hold head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.
7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered figurines and vases from hearth and set to one side for gluing later.
8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with head just visible from below armpit. Put pill in end of drinking straw, force mouth open with pencil and blow down drinking straw.

9. Check label to make sure pill not harmful to humans, drink glass of water to take taste away. Apply Band-Aid to spouse's fore arm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap.
10. Retrieve cat from neighbor's shed. Get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door onto neck to leave head showing. Force mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down throat with elastic band.
11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put cupboard door back on hinges. Apply cold compress to cheek and check records for date of last tetanus jab. Throw Tee-shirt away and fetch new one from bedroom.
12. Ring fire brigade to retrieve cat from tree across the road. Apologize to neighbor who crashed into fence while swerving to avoid cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.
13. Tie cat's front paws to rear paws with garden twine and bind tightly to leg of dining table, find heavy duty pruning gloves from shed. Push pill into mouth followed by large piece of fillet steak. Hold head vertically and pour 2 pints of water down throat to wash pill down.
14. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room, sit quietly while doctor stitches fingers and forearm and removes pill remnants from right eye. Call furniture shop on way home to order new table.
15. Arrange for SPCA to collect cat and ring local pet shop to see if they have any hamsters.

How to give a dog a pill:

1. Wrap it in bacon.
2. Feed it to dog

Done!

Cats in Heaven

One day, a cat dies of natural causes and goes to heaven, where he meets the Lord Himself.

The Lord says to the cat, "You lived a good life, and if there is any way I can make your stay in heaven more comfortable, please let me know."

The cat thinks for a moment and says, "Lord, all my life I have lived with a poor family and had to sleep on a hard wooden floor."

The Lord stops the cat and says, "Say no more," and a wonderful, fluffy pillow appears.

A few days later, six mice are killed in a tragic farming accident, and all of them go to heaven. Again, the Lord is there to greet them with the same offer.

The mice answer, "All our lives we have been chased. We have had to run from cats, dogs, and even women with brooms. Running, running, running; we're tired of

running. Do you think we could have roller skates so that we don't have to run anymore?"

The Lord says, "Say no more" and fits each mouse with beautiful new roller skates.

About a week later, the Lord stops by to see the cat and finds him snoozing on the pillow.

The Lord gently wakes the cat and asks him, "How are things since you got here?"

The cat stretches and yawns, then replies, "It is wonderful here. Better than I could have ever expected. And those 'Meals On Wheels' you've been sending by are the best!"

Idiots in the Neighborhood

I live in a semi-rural area. We recently had a new neighbor call the local township administrative office to request the removal of the Deer Crossing sign on our road. The reason: Many deer were being hit by cars and he no longer wanted them to cross there.

Dogs

Two guys are walking their dogs on a hot day. The first guy, who has a Doberman, says 'Hey let's go in that bar and grab a cold beer'. The second guy, who has a Chihuahua, says 'They won't let us in with our dogs!' The first guy says 'No problem, we'll tell 'em that they're seeing-eye dogs.'

The first guy goes into the bar and the bartender says, 'Hey! You can't come in here with that dog!'

The first guy says, 'This is my seeing-eye dog...Dobermans are much better than German Shepards...smarter and stronger.' The bartender lets him in.

The second guy goes into the bar and the bartender says 'Hey! You can't come in here with that dog!'

The second guy says, 'It's OK, he's my seeing-eye dog.' The bartender says 'A Chihuahua?' The second guy says 'What? They gave me a Chihuahua?'

Russians

The Americans and Russians at the height of the arms race realized that if they continued in the usual manner they were going to blow up the whole world. One day they sat down and decided to settle the whole dispute with one dog fight.

Each side would have five years to breed the best fighting dog in the world and which ever side's dog won would be entitled to dominate the world.

The Russians found the biggest meanest Doberman and Rottweiler female dogs in the world and bred them with the biggest meanest Siberian wolves. They selected only the biggest and strongest puppy from each litter to rebreed.

After five years the biggest meanest dog the world that had ever been seen had been bred. Its cage needed steel bars that were 5" thick and nobody could get near it.

When the day came for the dogfight, the Americans showed up with a strange animal. It was a NINE foot long Dachshund. Everyone felt sorry for the Americans because they knew there was no way that this dog could possibly last ten seconds with the Russian dog.

When the cages were opened up, the Dachshund came out of its cage and slowly waddled over towards the Russian dog. The Russian dog snarled and leaped out of its cage and charged the American dachshund. But, when it got close enough to bite the Dachshund's neck, the Dachshund opened it's mouth and consumed the entire Russian dog in one bite.

There was nothing left of the Russian dog. The Russians came up to the Americans shaking their heads in disbelief. "We don't understand how this could have happened. We had our best people working for five years with the meanest Doberman and Rottweiler female dogs in the world and the biggest meanest Siberian wolves."

"That's nothing", one of the American replied. "We had our best plastic surgeons working for five years to make an alligator look like a Dachshund."

Cat Got Your Tongue?

Calling in sick to work makes me uncomfortable. No matter how legitimate my illness, I always sense my boss thinks I am lying. On one occasion, I had a valid reason, but lied anyway because the truth was too humiliating.

I simply mentioned that I had sustained a head injury and I hoped I would feel up to coming in the next day. By then, I could think up a doozy to explain the bandage on my crown.

The accident occurred mainly because I conceded to my wife's wishes to adopt a cute little kitty. Initially the new acquisition was no problem, but one morning I was taking my shower after breakfast when I heard my wife, Deb, call out to me from the kitchen.

"Ed! The garbage disposal is dead. Come reset it."

You know where the button is," I protested through the shower (pitter-patter). "Reset it yourself!"

"I am scared!" She pleaded. "What if it starts going and sucks me in?" (Pause) "C'mon, it'll only take a second."

So out I came, dripping wet and buck-naked, hoping to make a statement about how her cowardly behavior was, but not without consequence.

I crouched down and stuck my head under the sink to find the button. It is the last action I remember performing. It struck without warning, without respect to my circumstances.

Nay, it wasn't a hexed disposal drawing me into its gnashing metal teeth.

It was our new kitty, clawing playfully at the dangling objects she spied between my legs. She had been poised around the corner and stalked me as I took the bait under the sink.

At precisely the second I was most vulnerable, she leapt at the toys I unwittingly offered and snagged them with her needle-like claws.

Now when men feel pain or even sense danger anywhere close to their masculine region, they lose all rational thought to control orderly bodily movements. Instinctively, their nerves compel the body to contort inwardly, while rising upwardly at a violent rate of speed.

Not even a well-trained monk could calmly stand with his groin supporting the full weight of a kitten and rectify the situation in a step-by-step manner.

Wild animals are sometimes faced with a "fight or flight" syndrome. Men, in this predicament, choose only the "flight" option.

Fleeing straight up, I knew at that moment how a cat feels when it is alarmed. It was a dismal irony. But, whereas cats seek great heights to escape, I never made it that far. The sink and cabinet bluntly impeded my ascent; the impact knocked me out cold.

When I awoke my wife and the paramedics stood over me. Having been fully briefed by my wife, the paramedics snorted as they tried to conduct their work while suppressing their hysterical laughter.

At the office, colleagues tried to coax an explanation out of me. I kept silent, claiming it was too painful to talk.

"What's the matter, cat got your tongue?"

If they had only known!!

Watch Your Wishes

Mr. Bear and Mr. Rabbit didn't like each other very much. One day, while walking through the woods, they came across a golden frog. They were amazed when the frog talked to them. The golden frog admitted that he didn't often meet anyone, but, when he did, he always gave them six wishes. He told them that they could have 3 wishes each.

Mr. Bear immediately wished that all the other bears in the forest were females.

The frog granted his wish. Mr. Rabbit, after thinking for a while, wished for a crash helmet. One appeared immediately, and he placed it on his head.

Mr. Bear was amazed at Mr. Rabbit's wish, but carried on with his second wish.

He wished that all the bears in the neighboring forests were females as well, and the frog granted his wish. Mr. Rabbit then wished for a motorcycle. It appeared before him, and he climbed on board and started revving the engine.

Mr. Bear could not believe it and complained that Mr. Rabbit had wasted two wishes that he could have had for himself. Shaking his head, Mr. Bear made his final wish, that all the other bears in the world were females as well, leaving him as the only male bear in the world. The frog replied that it had been done, and they both turned to Mr. Rabbit for his last wish.

Mr. Rabbit revved the engine, thought for a second, then said, "I wish that Mr. Bear was gay!" and rode off as fast as he could!

CHAPTER 18: Things Famous People Say and Do

Anthony and Martha

The newest showbiz power couple: Oscar-winning actor Anthony Hopkins and Martha Stewart, the Diva of Doilies, are supposedly dating.

You know, some lists practically write themselves...

The Top 16 Things Overheard on an Anthony Hopkins/Martha Stewart Date

16. "Oh, you meant you'd give me *a* head tonight? That's very different then, isn't it?"
15. "A census taker tried to survey me once. I made a lovely autumn floral swag out of his liver."
14. "Is that a femur in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?"
13. "Oh God, Tony, that's a *very* good thing!"
12. "Finger sandwiches, chopped liver, and a real bloody Mary. Now *that's* a good thing."
11. "Now this dessert I call 'Medulla Oblon-Gelato'."
10. "...And this muzzle of yours can double as a strainer for pasta or for intestines."
9. "Gnawing on the phalanges is permissible, but should always be accompanied by fingerbowls."
8. "Martha, so help me, if you use the word 'potpourri' as a verb one more time, I'll kill both of us with this butter knife!"
7. "Go for my sweetbreads if you dare, Liverlips -- I've got a glue gun and I'm not afraid to use it."
6. "No, dear, you eat spleen with *this* fork."
5. "Do that damned 'fth-fth-fth-fth-fth' thing one more time, and I'll gag you with this lovely handcrafted doily!"
4. "Put a doily under that liver, pig."
3. "Has the rack of lamb stopped screaming, Martha?"
2. "The lady will have the linguini with clam sauce, and I'll just eat off her face."

1. "Eat me!!"

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Sherlock Holmes and The Great Outdoors

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson go on a camping trip, set up their tent, and fall asleep. Some hours later, Holmes wakes his faithful friend.

"Watson, look up at the sky and tell me what you see."

Watson replies, "I see millions of stars."

"What does that tell you?"

Watson ponders for a minute. "Astronomically speaking, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Timewise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three. Theologically, it's evident the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you?"

Holmes is silent for a moment, then speaks. "Watson, you idiot, someone has stolen our tent."

Quotable Quotes

"I think there is a world market for maybe five computers." --Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM, 1943

"I have traveled the length and breadth of this country and talked with the best people, and I can assure you that data processing is a fad that won't last out the year." --The editor in charge of business books for Prentice Hall, 1957

"But what... is it good for?" --Engineer at the Advanced Computing Systems Division of IBM, 1968, commenting on the microchip

"There is no reason anyone would want a computer in their home." --Ken Olson, president, chairman and founder of Digital Equipment Corp., 1977

"This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication. The device is inherently of no value to us." --Western Union internal memo, 1876

"The wireless music box has no imaginable commercial value. Who would pay for a message sent to nobody in particular?" --David Sarnoff's associates in response to his urgings for investment in the radio in the 1920s

"The concept is interesting and well-formed, but in order to earn better than a 'C,' the idea must be feasible." --A Yale University management professor in response to Fred Smith's paper proposing reliable overnight delivery service. (Smith went on to found Federal Express (FedEX))

"Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?" --H.M. Warner, Warner Brothers, 1927

"I'm just glad it'll be Clark Gable who's falling on his face and not Gary Cooper."
--Gary Cooper on his decision not to take the leading role in "Gone With The Wind."

"A cookie store is a bad idea. Besides, the market research reports say America likes crispy cookies, not soft and chewy cookies like you make." --Response to Debbie Fields' idea of starting Mrs. Fields' Cookies.

"We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out." --Decca Recording Co. rejecting the Beatles, 1962

"Heavier-than-air flying machines are impossible." --Lord Kelvin, president, Royal Society, 1895

"If I had thought about it, I wouldn't have done the experiment. The literature was full of examples that said you can't do this." --Spencer Silver on the work that led to the unique adhesives for 3M "Post-It" Notepads

"So we went to Atari and said, 'Hey, we've got this amazing thing, even built with some of your parts, and what do you think about funding us? Or we'll give it to you. We just want to do it. Pay our salary, we'll come work for you.' And they said, 'No.' So then we went to Hewlett-Packard, and they said, 'Hey, we don't need you. You haven't got through college yet.'" --Apple Computer Inc. founder Steve Jobs on attempts to get Atari and HP interested in his and Steve Wozniak's personal computer

"Professor Goddard does not know the relation between action and reaction and the need to have something better than a vacuum against which to react. He seems to lack the basic knowledge ladled out daily in high schools." --1921 New York Times editorial about Robert Goddard's revolutionary rocket work

"You want to have consistent and uniform muscle development across all of your muscles? It can't be done. It's just a fact of life. You just have to accept inconsistent muscle development as an unalterable condition of weight training." --Response to Arthur Jones, who solved the "unsolvable" problem by inventing Nautilus

"Drill for oil? You mean drill into the ground to try and find oil? You're crazy." --Drillers who Edwin L. Drake tried to enlist to his project to drill for oil in 1859

"Stocks have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau." --Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics, Yale University, 1929

"Airplanes are interesting toys but of no military value." --Marechal Ferdinand Foch, Professor of Strategy, Ecole Superieure de Guerre

"Everything that can be invented has been invented." --Charles H. Duell, Commissioner, U.S. Office of Patents, 1899

"Louis Pasteur's theory of germs is ridiculous fiction." --Pierre Pachtet, Professor of Physiology at Toulouse, 1872

"The abdomen, the chest, and the brain will forever be shut from the intrusion of the wise and humane surgeon." --Sir John Eric Ericksen, British surgeon, appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary to Queen Victoria 1873

More Quotes

A magazine ran a Dilbert quotes contest. These are quotes from actual managerial staff.

"As of tomorrow, employees will only be able to access the building using individual security cards. Pictures will be taken next Wednesday and employees will receive their cards in two weeks." (This was the winning quote from Charles Hurst at Sun Microsystems)

"What I need is a list of specific unknown problems we will encounter."

"How long is this Beta guy going to keep testing our stuff?"

"Email is not to be used to pass on information or data. It should only be used for company business."

"Turnover is good for the company, as it proves that we are doing a good job in training people."

"This project is so important, we can't let things that are more important interfere with it."

"Doing it right is no excuse for not meeting the schedule."

"No one will believe you solved this problem in one day! We've been working on it for months. Now, go act busy for a few weeks and I'll let you know when it's time to tell them."

Still More Quotes

"Smoking kills, and if you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life." Anti-smoking spokesperson Brooke Shields

"We are ready for an unforeseen event that may or may not occur." Former U.S. Vice-President Dan Quayle

"The President has kept all of the promises he intended to keep." Clinton aide George Stephanopolous speaking on Larry King Live

"The police are not here to create disorder, they're here to preserve disorder." Former Chicago mayor Daley during the infamous 1968 convention

"If you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all." Forestry expert Ronald Reagan

"Traditionally, most of Australia's imports come from overseas." Former Australian cabinet minister Keppel Enderbery

"It is wonderful to be here in the great state of Chicago." Former U.S. Vice-President Dan Quayle

"The streets are safe in Philadelphia, it's only the people that make them unsafe." Former Philadelphia Mayor and Police Chief Frank Rizzo

"The Internet is a great way to get on the Net." Republican presidential candidate Bob Dole

"It is bad luck to be superstitious." Andrew Mathis

"He was a man of great statue." Boston mayor Thomas Menino on former mayor John Collins

"It's like an Alcatraz around my neck." Boston mayor Thomas Menino on the shortage of city parking spaces

"They're multipurpose. Not only do they put the clips on, but they take them off." Pratt & Whitney spokesperson explaining why the company charged the Air Force nearly \$1000 for an ordinary pair of pliers.

"We're going to turn this team around 360 degrees." Jason Kidd, upon his drafting to the Dallas Mavericks

"I'm not going to have some reporters pawing through our papers. We are the president." Hillary Clinton commenting on the release of subpoenaed documents

"When more and more people are thrown out of work, unemployment results." Former U.S. President Calvin Coolidge

"China is a big country, inhabited by many Chinese." Former French President Charles De Gaulle

"The loss of life will be irreplaceable." Former U.S. Vice-President Dan Quayle on the San Francisco earthquake

"That lowdown scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'm just the one to do it." A congressional candidate in Texas

"It is necessary for me to establish a winner image. Therefore, I have to beat somebody." Richard M. Nixon

"The government is not doing enough about cleaning up the environment. This is a good planet." Mr. New Jersey contestant when asked what he would do with a million dollars.

"Things are more like they are now than they ever were before." Former U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower

"A billion here, a billion there, sooner or later it adds up to real money." Everett Dirksen

"A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on." Samuel Goldwyn

"I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves." John Wayne (former Republican Fund Raiser and occasional actor)

"Half this game is ninety percent mental." Philadelphia Phillies manager Danny Ozark

"Without censorship, things can get terribly confused in the public mind." General William Westmoreland

"What a waste it is to lose one's mind. Or not to have a mind is being very wasteful. How true that is." Former U.S. Vice-President Dan Quayle at a fundraising event for the United Negro College Fund. He was attempting to quote the line "a mind is a terrible thing to waste"

"If you let that sort of thing go on, your bread and butter will be cut right out from under your feet." Former British foreign minister Ernest Bevin

"If you ever see me getting beaten by the police, put down the video camera and come help me." --Bobcat Goldthwait

"I've been doing the Fonda workout: the Peter Fonda workout. That's where I wake up, take a hit of acid, smoke a joint, and go to my sister's house and ask her for money." --Kevin Meaney

"Thou shall not kill. Thou shall not commit adultery. Don't eat pork. I'm sorry, what was that last one?? Don't eat pork. God has spoken. Is that the word of God or is that pigs trying to outsmart everybody?" --Jon Stewart

"My mom said she learned how to swim. Someone took her out in the lake and threw her off the boat. That's how she learned how to swim. I said, 'Mom, they weren't trying to teach you how to swim.'" --Paula Poundstone

"In elementary school, in case of fire you have to line up quietly in a single file line from smallest to tallest. What is the logic? Do tall people burn slower?" --Warren Hutcherson

"I voted for the Democrats because I didn't like the way the Republicans were running the country. Which is turning out to be like shooting yourself in the head to stop your headache." --Jack Mayberry

"I have six locks on my door all in a row. When I go out, I lock every other one. I figure no matter how long somebody stands there picking the locks, they are always locking three." --Elayne Boosler

"Ever wonder if illiterate people get the full effect of alphabet soup?" --John Mendoza

"Today I met with a subliminal advertising executive for just a second." --Steven Wright

"Relationships are hard. It's like a full-time job, and we should treat it like one. If your boyfriend or girlfriend wants to leave you, they should give you two weeks' notice. There should be severance pay, and before they leave you, they should have to find you a temp." --Bob Ettinger

"A study in the Washington Post says that women have better verbal skills than men. I just want to say to the authors of that study: Duh." --Conan O'Brien

"When I was a kid, I had two friends, and they were imaginary and they would only play with each other." --Rita Rudner

"I haven't taken my Christmas lights down. They look so nice on the pumpkin." --Winston Spear

"Every time a baseball player grabs his crotch, it makes him spit. That's why you should never date a baseball player." --Marsha Warfield

"Did you ever walk in a room and forget why you walked in? I think that's how dogs spend their lives." --Sue Murphy

"My grandfather's a little forgetful, but he likes to give me advice. One day, he took me aside and left me there." --Ron Richards

"I worry that the person who thought up Muzak may be thinking up something else." --Lily Tomlin

"Some women hold up dresses that are so ugly and they always say the same thing: 'This looks much better on.' On what? On fire?" --Rita Rudner

"I was raised by just my mom. See, my father died when I was eight years old. At least, that's what he told us in the letter." --Drew Carey

"The ad in the paper said 'Big Sale. Last Week.' Why advertise? I already missed it. They're just rubbing it in." --Yakov Smirnoff

"Everything that used to be a sin is now a disease." --Bill Maher

"You know how to tell if the teacher is hung over?? Movie Day." --Jay Mohr

"Now they show you how detergents take out bloodstains, a pretty violent image there. I think if you've got a T-shirt with a bloodstain all over it, maybe laundry isn't your biggest problem. Maybe you should get rid of the body before you do the wash." --Jerry Seinfeld

"I ask people why they have deer heads on their walls. They always say because it's such a beautiful animal. There you go. I think my mother is attractive, but I have photographs of her." --Ellen DeGeneres

"If God doesn't destroy Hollywood Boulevard, he owes Sodom and Gomorrah an apology." --Jay Leno

"Chihuahua. There's a waste of dog food. Looks like a dog that is still far away." --William Coronell

"If your parents never had children, chances are you won't either." --Dick Cavett

"I have such poor vision I can date anybody." --Garry Shandling

"I was a vegetarian until I started leaning towards sunlight." --Rita Rudner

"I always wanted to be somebody, but I should have been more specific." -- Lily Tomlin

"I planted some bird seed. A bird came up. Now I don't know what to feed it." --Steven Wright

"I don't kill flies but I like to mess with their minds. I hold them above globes. They freak out and yell, 'Whoa, I'm way too high!'" --Bruce Baum

"I met a new girl at a barbecue, very pretty, a blonde I think. I don't know, her hair was on fire, and all she talked about was herself. You know these kind of girls: 'I'm hot. I'm on fire. Me, me, me.' You know. 'Help me, put me out.' Come on, could we talk about me just a little bit?" --Garry Shandling

"Where lipstick is concerned, the important thing is not color, but to accept God's final word on where your lips end." --Jerry Seinfeld

"I think that's how Chicago got started. A bunch of people in New York said, 'Gee, I'm enjoying the crime and the poverty, but it just isn't cold enough. Let's go west.'"
--Richard Jeni

"Sometimes I think war is God's way of teaching us geography." --Paul Rodriguez

"What do people mean when they say the computer went down on me?" --Marilyn Pittman

"Why does Sea World have a seafood restaurant? I'm halfway through my fishburger and I realize Oh my God... I could be eating a slow learner." --Lynda Montgomery

"Well, that's the sort of blinkered, Phillistine pig-ignorance I've come to expect from you non-creative garbage!" --John Cleese

When asked why his later songs lacked the bite of his earlier work, Bob Dylan replied, "It's hard to be a bitter millionaire."

"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet." --Robin Williams

"Women complain about premenstrual syndrome, but I think of it as the only time of the month that I can be myself." --Rosanne

If you want to say it with flowers, a single rose says: "I'm cheap!" --Delta Burke

We have women in the military, but they don't put us in the front lines. They don't know if we can fight, if we can kill. I think we can. All the general has to do is walk over to the women and say, "You see the enemy over there? They say you look fat in those uniforms." --Elayne Boosler

"There's a new medical crisis. Doctors are reporting that many men are having allergic reactions to latex condoms. They say they cause severe swelling. So what's the problem?" --Jay Leno

"If you can't beat them, arrange to have them beaten." --George Carlin

"The problem with the designated driver program, it's not a desirable job. But if you ever get sucked into doing it, have fun with it. At the end of the night, drop them off at the wrong house." --Jeff Foxworthy

On the difference between men and women: "On the one hand, we'll never experience childbirth. On the other hand, we can open all our own jars." -- Bruce Willis

"And God said: 'Let there be Satan, so people don't blame everything on me. And let there be lawyers, so people don't blame everything on Satan.'" -- George Burns

"Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake whole relationships." -- Sharon Stone

"There are only two reasons to sit in the back row of an airplane: Either you have diarrhea, or you're anxious to meet people who do." -- Henry Kissenger (former US Secretary of State)

"My girlfriend always laughs during sex - no matter what she's reading." -- Steve Jobs (Founder: Apple Computers)

"Clinton lied. A man might forget where he parks or where he lives, but he never forgets oral sex, no matter how bad it is." -- Barbara Bush (Former US First Lady)

"My cousin just died. He was only 19. He got stung by a bee – the natural enemy of a tightrope walker." -- Dan Rather (News anchorman)

"I saw a woman wearing a sweatshirt with 'Guess' on it. I said, 'Thyroid problem?'" -- Arnold Schwarzenegger

"Hockey is a sport for white men. Basketball is a sport for black men. Golf is a sport for white men dressed like black pimps." -- Tiger Woods

"Things you'll never hear a woman say: 'My, what an attractive scrotum!'" -- Patricia Arquette

"I read somewhere that 77 per cent of all the mentally ill live in poverty. Actually, I'm more intrigued by the 23 per cent who are apparently doing quite well for themselves." -- Jerry Garcia (Grateful Dead)

"My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch." -- Jack Nicholson

"Some luck likes in not getting what you thought you wanted but getting what you have, which once you have got it you may be smart enough to see is what you would have wanted had you known." -- Garrison Keillor

"Never invoke the gods unless you really want them to appear. It annoys them very much." --G.K. Chesterton

"There are two kinds of people: those who say to God: Thy will be done, and those to whom God says: All right, then, have it your way." -- C.S. Lewis

"I am ready to meet my maker. Whether or not my maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter." -- Winston Churchill

"SATAN, SATAN! It's the main megafurnace! She's losin' power and the temperature is dropping fast! I'm not sure if I can hold her!" -- Scotty in Hell.

"Times have changed and times are strange, Here I come, but I ain't the same, Mama I'm comin' home." -- Ozzy Osbourne

Hollywood Squares

These are from the days when the Hollywood Squares responses were spontaneous and not scripted like they are now. Peter Marshall was the host asking the questions.

Q: If you're going to make a parachute jump, you should be at least how high?
A: Charley Weaver: Three days of steady drinking should do it.

Q: True or false...a pea can last as long as 5,000 years.
A: George Gobel: Boy it sure seems that way sometimes...

Q: You've been having trouble going to sleep. Are you probably a man or a woman?
A: Don Knotts: That's what's been keeping me awake.

Q: According to Cosmo, if you meet a stranger at a party and you think he's really attractive, is it okay to come out directly and ask him if he's married?
A: Rose Marie: No, wait until morning.

Q: Which of your five senses tends to diminish as you get older?
A: Charley Weaver: My sense of decency.

Q: In Hawaiian, does it take more than three words to say "I love you?"
A: Vincent Price: No, you can say it with a pineapple and a twenty.

Q: What are "Do It", "I Can Help" and "Can't Get Enough?"
A: George Gobel: I don't know but it's coming from the next apartment.

Q: As you grow older, do you tend to gesture more or less with your hands while you are talking?
A: Rose Marie: You ask me one more growing older question, Peter...and I'll give you a gesture you'll never forget!

Q: Paul, why do Hell's Angels wear leather?
A: Paul Lynde: Because chiffon wrinkles too easily.

Q: Charley, you've just decided to grow strawberries. Are you going to get any during your first year?
A: Charley Weaver: Of course not, Peter. I'm too busy growing strawberries!

Q: In bowling, what's a perfect score?
A: Rose Marie: Ralph, the pin boy.

Q: It is considered in bad taste to discuss two subjects at nudist camps. One is politics. What is the other?
A: Paul Lynde: Tape measures.

Q: During a tornado, are you safer in the bedroom or in the closet?
A: Rose Marie: Unfortunately, Peter, I'm always safe in the bedroom.

Q: Can boys join the Camp Fire Girls?
A: Marty Allen: Only after lights out.

Q: When you pat a dog on its head he will usually wag his tail. What will a goose do?
A: Paul Lynde: Make him bark.

Q: If you were pregnant for two years, what would you give birth to?
A: Paul Lynde: Whatever it is, it would never be afraid of the dark.

Q: According to Ann Landers, is there anything wrong with getting into the habit of kissing a lot of people?
A: Charley Weaver: It got me out of the army!

Q: Is it possible for the puppies in a litter to have more than one daddy?
A: Paul Lynde: Why, that bitch!

Q: While visiting China, your tour guide starts shouting "Poo! Poo! Poo!" What does that mean?
A: George Goebel: Cattle crossing.

Q: It is the most abused and neglected part of your body - what is it?
A: Paul Lynde: Mine may be abused but it certainly isn't neglected!

Q: Charley, what do you call a pig that weighs more than 150 pounds?
A: Charley Weaver: A divorcee.

Q: Back in the old days, when Great Grandpa put horseradish on his head, what was he trying to do?
A: George Gobel: Get it in his mouth.

Q: Dennis Weaver, Debbie Reynolds, and Shelley Winters star in the Movie "What's The Matter With Helen?" Who plays Helen?
A: Charley Weaver: Dennis Weaver - that's why they asked the question.

Q: Who stays pregnant for a longer period of time, your wife or your elephant?
A: Paul Lynde: Who told you about my elephant?

Q: When a couple have a baby, who is responsible for it's sex?

A: Charley Weaver: I'll lend him the car. The rest is up to him.

Q: Jackie Gleason recently revealed that he firmly believes in them and has actually seen them on at least two occasions. What are they?

A: Charley Weaver: His feet.

Q: Do female frogs croak?

A: Paul Lynde: If you hold their little heads under water long enough.

Jane Fonda

Jane Fonda is being honored as one of the "100 Women of the Century."

Unfortunately many have forgotten and still countless others have never known how Ms. Fonda betrayed not only the idea of our country but specific men who served and sacrificed during Vietnam.

Part of my conviction comes from personal exposure to those who suffered her attentions. The first part of this is from an F-4E pilot. The pilot's name is Jerry Driscoll, a River Rat. In 1978, the former Commandant of the USAF Survival School was a POW in Ho Lo Prison-the "Hanoi Hilton." Dragged from a stinking cesspit of a cell, cleaned, fed, and dressed in clean PJs, he was ordered to describe for a visiting American "Peace Activist" the "lenient and humane treatment" he'd received. He spat at Ms. Fonda, was clubbed, and dragged away. During the subsequent beating, he fell forward upon the camp commandant's feet, which sent that officer berserk. In '78, the AF Col. still suffered from double vision, which permanently ended his flying days from the Vietnamese Col.'s frenzied application of a wooden baton.

From 1983-85, Col. Larry Carrigan was in the 47FW/DO (F-4Es). He spent 6 years in the "Hilton"- the first three of which he was "missing in action." His wife lived on faith that he was still alive. His group, too, got the cleaned/fed/clothed routine in preparation for a "peace delegation" visit. They, however, had time and devised a plan to get word to the world that they still survived. Each man secreted a tiny piece of paper, with his SSN on it, in the palm of his hand. When paraded before Ms. Fonda and a cameraman, she walked the line, shaking each man's hand and asking little encouraging snippets like: "Aren't you sorry you bombed babies?" and "Are you grateful for the humane treatment from your benevolent captors?" Believing this HAD to be an act, they each palmed her their sliver of paper. She took them all without missing a beat. At the end of the line and once the camera stopped rolling, to the shocked disbelief of the POWs, she turned to the officer in charge ... and handed him the little pile of papers.

Three men died from the subsequent beatings. Col. Carrigan was almost number four but he survived, which is the only reason we know about her actions that day.

I was a civilian economic development adviser in Vietnam, and was captured by the North Vietnamese communists in South Vietnam in 1968, and held for over 5 years. I

spent 27 months in solitary confinement, one year in a cage in Cambodia, and one year in a "black box" in Hanoi. My North Vietnamese captors deliberately poisoned and murdered a female missionary, a nurse in a leprosarium in Ban me Thuot, South Vietnam, whom I buried in the jungle near the Cambodian border. At one time, I was weighing approximately 90 pounds. (My normal weight is 170 pounds.) We were Jane Fonda's "war criminals."

When Jane Fonda was in Hanoi, I was asked by the camp communist political officer if I would be willing to meet with Jane Fonda. I said yes, for I would like to tell her about the real treatment we POWs were receiving, which was far different from the treatment purported by the North Vietnamese, and parroted by Jane Fonda, as humane and lenient. Because of this, I spent three days on a rocky floor on my knees with outstretched arms with a large amount of steel placed on my hands, and beaten with a bamboo cane till my arms dipped.

I had the opportunity to meet with Jane Fonda for a couple of hours after I was released. I asked her if she would be willing to debate me on TV. She did not answer me.

This does not exemplify someone who should be honored as part of "100 Years of Great Women." Lest we forget..."100 years of great women" should never include a traitor whose hands are covered with the blood of so many patriots.

There are few things I have strong visceral reactions to, but Hanoi Jane's participation in blatant treason, is one of them.

Instructions For Life From the Dali Lama...

1. Take into account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.
2. When you lose, don't lose the lesson.
3. Follow the three R's:
Respect for self
Respect for others and
Responsibility for all your actions.
4. Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.
5. Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.
6. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.
7. When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.
8. Spend some time alone every day.

9. Open your arms to change, but don't let go of your values.
10. Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.
11. Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.
12. A loving atmosphere in your home is the foundation for your life.
13. In disagreements with loved ones, deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.
14. Share your knowledge. It's a way to achieve immortality.
15. Be gentle with the earth.
16. Once a year, go someplace you've never been before.
17. Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.
18. Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it.
19. Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon.

The Wisdom of Supermodels

ON COURAGE: "They were doing a full back shot of me in a swimsuit and I thought, Oh my God, I have to be so brave. See, every woman hates herself from behind." -- Cindy Crawford

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE: "Everywhere I went, my cleavage followed. But I learned I am not my cleavage." -- Carole Mallory

ON POVERTY: "Everyone should have enough money to get plastic surgery." -- Beverly Johnson

ON FATE: "I wish my butt did not go sideways, but I guess I have to face that." -- Christie Brinkley

ON ARRIVING: "Because modeling is lucrative, I'm able to save up and be more particular about the acting roles I take." -- Kathy Ireland (star of Alien From L.A. and Danger Island)

ON CAREER CHOICES: "My boyfriend thinks I lost my true calling to be a librarian." -- Paulina Porizkova

ON PRIORITIES: "I would rather exercise than read a newspaper." -- Kim Alexis

ON GEOPOLITICS: "Mick Jagger and I just really liked each other a lot. We talked all night. We had the same views on nuclear disarmament." -- Jerry Hall

ON INNER STRENGTH: "I love the confidence that makeup gives me." -- Tyra Banks

ON DEATH: "Richard (Gere) doesn't really like me to kill bugs, but sometimes I can't help it." -- Cindy Crawford

ON TRAVEL: "I haven't seen the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Louvre. I haven't seen anything. I don't really care." -- Tyra Banks

ON BREAKTHROUGHS: "Once I got past my anger toward my mother, I began to excel in volleyball and modeling." -- Gabrielle Reece

ON EPIPHANY: "I just found out that I'm 1" taller than I thought." -- Christie Brinkley

ON HEREDITY: "My husband was just OK looking. I was in labor and I said to him, 'What if she's ugly? You're ugly.'" -- Beverly Johnson

ON THE BASICS: "It's very important to have the right clothing to exercise in. If you throw on an old T-shirt or sweats, it's not inspiring for your workout." -- Cheryl Tiegs

ON INTRODUCTIONS: "I think most people are curious about what it would be like to be able to meet yourself -- it's eerie." -- Christy Turlington

ON COURTSHIP: "The soundtrack to 'Indecent Exposure' is a romantic mix of music that I know most women love to hear, so I never keep it far from me when women are nearby." -- Fabio

ON THE CONSERVATION OF MATTER: "I've looked in the mirror every day for 20 years. It's the same face." -- Claudia Schiffer

ON TRAGEDY: "The worst was when my skirt fell down to my ankles -- but I had on thick tights underneath." -- Naomi Campbell

ON SURVIVAL: "If I'm making a movie and get hungry, I call time-out and eat some crackers." -- Carol Alt

ON THE CASTE SYSTEM: "We're not Prince Charles and Princess Di. We don't think of ourselves as royalty. We happen to be working people." -- Christie Brinkley

ON OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS: "I tried on 250 bathing suits in one afternoon and ended up having little scabs up and down my thighs, probably from some of those with sequins all over them." -- Cindy Crawford

ON THINKING: "When I model I pretty much blank. You can't think too much or it doesn't work." -- Paulina Porizkova

ON LOGIC: "I think, If my butt's not too big for them to be photographing it, then it shouldn't be too big for me." -- Christy Turlington

ON BODY PARTS: "I don't know what to do with my arms. It just makes me feel weird and I feel like people are looking at me and that makes me nervous." -- Tyra Banks

ON BODY LANGUAGE: "You can usually tell when I'm happy by the fact that I've gained weight." -- Christy Turlington

ON DEPRIVATION: "If they had Nautilus on the Concorde, I would work out all the time." -- Linda Evangelista

ON VERSATILITY: "I can do anything you want me to do so long as I don't have to speak." -- Linda Evangelista

ON THE GRIEF PROCESS: "When my Azzedine jacket from 1987 died, I wrapped it up in a box, attached a note saying where it came from and took it to the Salvation Army. It was a big loss." -- Veronica Webb

ON VENGEANCE: "Girls are always getting mad at each other and they tell their hairdresser to purposely mess up another girl's hair." -- Tasha

ON MOTIVATION: "It was kind of boring for me to have to eat. I would know that I had to, and I would." -- Kate Moss

ON ECONOMICS: "I don't wake up for less than \$10,000 a day." -- Linda Evangelista

Deep Thoughts... by Dennis Miller

1. Can vegetarians eat animal crackers?
2. If man evolved from apes why do we still have apes?
3. I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman where the Self Help Section was, she said if she told me it would defeat the purpose.
4. Should crematoriums give discounts for burn victims?
5. If a mute kid swears does his mother wash his hands with soap?
6. And whose cruel idea was it to put an "S" in the word "Lisp?"
7. If a man stands in the middle of the forest speaking and there is no woman around to hear him... Is he still wrong?
8. If someone with multiple personalities threatens suicide... Is it considered a hostage situation?
9. Is there another word for synonym?
10. Isn't it scary that doctors call what they do "practice?"
11. Where do forest rangers go to get away from it all?
12. What should you do if you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?

13. If a parsley farmer is sued do they garnish his wages?
 14. Would a wingless fly be called a walk?
 15. Is a shellless turtle homeless or just naked?
 16. Is it true that cannibals won't eat clowns because they taste funny?
 17. Why do they put Braille on the drive through bank machines?
 18. Why do they use sterilized needles for lethal injections?
 19. Why did kamikaze pilots wear helmets?
 20. What was the best thing BEFORE sliced bread?
 21. Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?
 22. Why do they lock gas station bathrooms? Are they afraid someone will clean them?
 23. Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?
 24. If the police arrest a mime, do they tell him he has the right to remain silent?
 25. How do they get the deer to cross at that yellow road sign?
 26. If vegetarians eat vegetables, what do humanitarians eat?
-

Paul Harvey On Gun Control

Are you considering backing gun control laws? Do you think that because you may not own a gun, the rights guaranteed by the Second Amendment don't matter?

CONSIDER: In 1929 the Soviet Union established gun control. From 1929 to 1953, approximately 20 million dissidents, unable to defend themselves, were rounded up and exterminated.

In 1911, Turkey established gun control. From 1915-1917, 1.5 million Armenians, unable to defend themselves, were rounded up and exterminated.

Germany established gun control in 1938 and from 1938 to 1945, 13 million Jews, gypsies, homosexuals, the mentally ill, and others who were unable to defend themselves were rounded up and exterminated.

China established gun control in 1935. From 1948 to 1952, 20 million political dissidents, unable to defend themselves, were rounded up and exterminated.

Guatemala established gun control in 1970. From 1971 to 1979, 300,000 Christians, unable to defend themselves, were rounded up and exterminated.

Cambodia established gun control in 1956. From 1975 to 1977, one million "uneducated" people, unable to defend themselves, were rounded up and exterminated.

That places total victims who lost their lives because of gun control at approximately 56 million in the last century. Since we should learn from the mistakes of history, the next time someone talks in favor of gun control, find out which group of citizens they wish to have exterminated.

It has now been 12 months since gun owners in Australia were forced to surrender 640,381 personal firearms to be destroyed, a program costing the government more than \$500 million dollars. The results, Australia-wide: Homicides are up 3.2%, assaults are up 8%, and armed robberies are up 44%. In the countries' State of Victoria, homicides with firearms are up 300%. Over the previous 25 years, figures show a steady decrease in armed robberies and Australian politicians are on the spot and at a loss to explain how no improvement in "safety" has been observed after such a monumental effort and expense was successfully expended in "ridding society of guns."

It's time to state it plainly; Guns in the hands of honest citizens save lives and property and, yes, gun control laws only affect law abiding citizens. Take action before it's too late, write or call your delegation.

The George Carlin Theory About Life:

"The most unfair thing about life is the way it ends. I mean, life is tough. It takes up a lot of your time. What do you get at the end of it? A Death. What's that, a bonus? I think the life cycle is all backwards.

You should die first, get it out of the way. Then you live in an old age home. You get kicked out when you're too young, you get a gold watch and you go to work. You work forty years until you're young enough to enjoy your retirement. You do drugs, alcohol, you party, you get ready for high school. You go to grade school, you become a kid, you play, you have no responsibilities. You become a little baby, you go back into the womb, spend your last nine months floating... and you finish off as an orgasm."

Funny Sports Commentator Remarks

Joe Garagiola – Baseball Commentator, "Nolan Ryan is pitching much better now that he has his curve ball straightened out."

Pat Glenn - Weightlifting Commentator, "This is Gregoriava from Bulgaria. I saw her snatch this morning and it was amazing."

Ted Walsh - Horse Racing Commentator: "This is really a lovely horse, I once rode her mother.

"Murray Walker, "The lead car is absolutely unique, except for the one behind it which is identical."

Greg Norman, "I owe a lot to my parents, especially my mother and father."

Alan Minter, "Sure there have been injuries and deaths in boxing - but none of them serious."

Terry Venables, "If history repeats itself, I should think we can expect the same thing again"

Ron Atkinson, "He dribbles a lot and the opposition doesn't like it – you can see it all over their faces."

Harry Carpenter - BBC TV Boat Race 1977, "Ah, isn't that nice, the wife of the Cambridge president is kissing the cox of the Oxford crew."

Metro Radio, "Julian Dicks is everywhere. It's like they've got eleven Dicks on the field."

David Coleman at the Montreal Olympics: "There goes Juantorena down the back straight, opening his legs and showing his class."

US TV Commentator, "One of the reasons Arnie [Arnold Palmer] is playing so well is that, before each tee-shot, his wife takes out his balls and kisses them, oh my God, what have I just said?"

Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?

Fox Mulder:

You saw it cross the road with your own eyes. How many more chickens have to cross the road before you believe it?

Richard M. Nixon:

The chicken did not cross the road. I repeat, the chicken did *not* cross the road

Jerry Seinfeld:

Why does anyone cross a road? I mean, why doesn't anyone ever think to ask, "What the heck was this *chicken* doing walking around all over the place anyway?"

Oliver Stone:

The question is not "Why did the chicken cross the road?" But is rather, "Who was crossing the road at the same time, whom we overlooked in our haste to observe the chicken crossing?"

Darwin:

Chickens, over great periods of time, have been naturally selected in such a way that they are now genetically dispositioned to cross roads.

Louis Farrakhan:

The road, you will see, represents the black man. The chicken crossed the "black man" in order to trample him and keep him down.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

I envision a world where all chickens will be free to cross roads without having their motives called into question.

Grandpa:

In my day, we didn't ask why the chicken crossed the road. Someone told us that the chicken had crossed the road, and that was good enough for us.

Machiavelli:

The point is that the chicken crossed the road. Who cares why? The end of crossing the road justifies whatever motive there was.

Albert Einstein:

Whether the chicken crossed the road or the road moved beneath the chicken depends upon your frame of reference.

Buddha:

Asking this question denies your own chicken nature.

Ernest Hemingway:

To die. In the rain.

Colonel Sanders:

I missed one?

Dear Abbey

DEAR ABBY: A couple of women moved in across the hall from me. One is a middle-aged gym teacher and the other is a social worker in her mid-twenties. These two women go everywhere together and I've never seen a man go into their apartment or come out. Do you think they could be Lebanese?

DEAR ABBY: I've been married for six years and have five kids. No twins. My husband still wants to have sex every night and sometimes in the morning too. I told him he should get himself a hobby, and he says that is his hobby.

DEAR ABBY: I have a man I never could trust. Why, he cheats so much I'm not even sure this baby I'm carrying is his.

DEAR ABBY: I am a twenty-three-year-old liberated woman who has been on the pill for two years. It's getting expensive and I think my boyfriend should share half the cost, but I don't know him well enough to discuss money with him.

DEAR ABBY: I suspected that my husband had been fooling around, and when I confronted him with the evidence he denied everything and said it would never happen again.

DEAR ABBY: Will you please rush me the name of a reliable illegitimate doctor?

DEAR ABBY: Our son writes that he is taking Judo. Why would a boy who was raised in a good Christian home turn against his own?

DEAR ABBY: I joined the Navy to see the world. I've seen it. Now how do I get out?

DEAR ABBY: My forty-year-old son has been paying a psychiatrist \$50 an hour every week for two-and-a-half years. He must be crazy.

DEAR ABBY: I was married to Bill for three months and I didn't know he drank until one night he came home sober.

DEAR ABBY: Do you think it would be all right if I gave my doctor a little gift? I tried for years to get pregnant and couldn't and he finally did it.

DEAR ABBY: My mother is mean and short-tempered. I think she is going through her mental pause.

DEAR ABBY: I met this nice guy who was in the service. He's the chief petting officer.

DEAR ABBY: I've been going steady with this man for six years. We see each other every night. He says he loves me, and I know I love him, but he never mentions marriage. Do you think he's going out with me just for what he can get?

--GERTIE--

DEAR GERTIE: I don't know. What's he getting?

DEAR ABBY: My husband hates to spend money! I cut my own hair and make my own clothes, and I have to account for every nickel I spend. Meanwhile he has a stock of savings bonds put away that would choke a cow. How do I get some money out of him before we are both called to our final judgment? He says he's saving for a rainy day.

--FORTY YEARS HITCHED--

DEAR HITCHED: Tell him it's raining!

DEAR ABBY: My boyfriend is going to be twenty years old next month. I'd like to give him something nice for his birthday. What do you think he'd like?

--CAROL--

DEAR CAROL: Never mind what he'd like. Give him a tie.

DEAR ABBY: Are birth control pills deductible?

--KAY--

DEAR KAY: Only if they don't work.

DEAR ABBY: Our son was married in January. Five months later his wife had a 10-pound baby girl. They said the baby was premature. Tell me, can a baby this big be that early?

--WONDERING--

DEAR WONDERING: The baby was on time, the wedding was late. Forget it.

DEAR ABBY: Do you think about dying much?
--CURIOUS--

DEAR CURIOUS: No, it's the last thing I want to do.

DEAR ABBY: Is it possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time?
--JAKE--

DEAR JAKE: Yes, and also hazardous.

DEAR ABBY: I know boys will be boys, but my 'boy' is seventy-three and he's still chasing women. Any suggestions?
--ANNIE--

DEAR ANNIE: Don't worry. My dog has been chasing cars for years, but if he ever caught one, he wouldn't know what to do with it.

DEAR ABBY: I have always wanted to have my family history traced, but I can't afford to spend a lot of money to do it. Any suggestions?
--SAM IN CALIFORNIA--

DEAR SAM: Yes. Run for public office.

DEAR ABBY: What inspires you most to write?
--TED--

DEAR TED: The Internal Revenue Service.

DEAR ABBY: When you are being introduced, is it all right to say, "I've heard a lot about you?"
--RITA--

DEAR RITA: It depends on what you've heard.

DEAR ABBY: I am forty-four years old and I would like to meet a man my age with no bad habits.
--ROSE--

DEAR ROSE: So would I.

DEAR ABBY: What's the difference between a wife and a mistress?
--BESS--

DEAR BESS: Night and Day.

Very Interesting...

Come the millennium, in the twelfth month,
In the home of greatest power,
The village idiot will come forth
To be acclaimed the leader.

-- Nostradamus, 1555

OJ Joke

There was a big traffic jam in LA (so what else is new?), and a motorist called a pedestrian over and asked, "What's going on?"

The passerby replied, "OJ Simpson's plunked himself down in the middle of the road and refuses to leave. He's threatening to douse himself with gasoline and set himself on fire because he can't pay the judgment to the Brown and Goldman families. So they're taking up a collection for him."

The motorist asked, "How much have they gotten so far?"

The pedestrian replied, "About 12-15 gallons."

CHAPTER 19: Holiday Cheer

The 12 Days Of Christmas

Dearest John, I went to the door today and the postman had delivered a Partridge in a Pear Tree. What a thoroughly delighted gift! I couldn't have been more surprised.

With deepest love and affection,
Aberdine

Dearest John, Today the postman brought your very sweet gift. Just imagine - two TurtleDoves! I'm delighted at your very thoughtful gift. They are just adorable. You big silly, what next?

All my love,
Aberdine

Dearest John, Aren't you the extravagant one! Now I really must protest. I don't deserve such generosity - 3 French Hens! They are just darling, but I must insist, you have been too kind.

Love,
Aberdine

Dear John, Today the postman delivered 4 Calling Birds. Now really, they are beautiful I, but don't you think enough is enough?
You're being too romantic.
Affectionately,
Aberdine

Dear John, What a surprise! Today the postman delivered 5 Golden Rings, one for every finger! You're just impossible, but I love it. Frankly, all those birds squawking were beginning to get on my nerves.

All My Love, Aberdine

Dear John, When I opened the door there were actually 6 Geese A-Laying on my front steps. So you're back to the birds again, eh? Those geese are huge! Where will I ever keep them? The neighbors are starting to complain, and I can't sleep through the racket.

Please stop.

Cordially, Aberdine

John,
What's with you and those F---ing birds? 7 Swans a swimming? What kind of goddamn joke is this? There's bird shit all over the house and they never shut up. I

can't get to sleep at night, and I'm a nervous wreck. It's not funny! Stop with those F---ing birds already.

Sincerely,
Aberdine

Okay buster, I think I prefer the birds. What the hell am I to do with 8 Maids a-Milking? It's not enough, but they had to bring their goddamn cows! There's manure all over the lawn and I can't move in my own house! What are you doing to me? Just lay off, smart-ass!

Aberdine

Hey shithead: What are you, some kind of sadist? Now there's 9 Pipers Piping, and Christ do they play. They haven't stopped chasing those 8 maids since they got here yesterday morning. The cows are getting upset and they're stepping all over those screeching birds.

What am I to do? The neighbors have started a petition to have me evicted.

You'll get yours...
Aberdine

You rotten prick! Now there's 10 ladies dancing. I don't know why I call those sluts ladies. They've been at it all night long with those frigging pipers! Now the cows can't sleep, and they've got diarrhea. My living room is a river of shit. The commissioner of buildings has subpoenaed me to give cause why the building shouldn't be condemned. I am going to ask to ask the police to intervene.
One who means it.
Venomously,
Aberdine

Listen F---head: What's with the 11 Lords a-Leaping all over those maids and ladies? Some of those broads will never walk again! Those pipers have run through the maids and are committing bestiality with the cows. All 23 of the birds are dead! They've been trampled to death in the orgy. I hope you're satisfied you rotten, viscous, swine.

Your sworn enemy,
Aberdine

Dear Sir: This is to acknowledge your latest gift of 12 Fiddlers Fiddling, which you have seen fit to inflict on our client, Aberdine. The destruction of course, was total. All correspondence should come to our attention. If you should attempt to reach Aberdine at the Happy Valley Sanatorium, the attendants have instructions to shoot you on sight. With this letter, please find attached a warrant for your arrest.

Sincerely, Badger, Bender, Cajole Attorneys at Law

Christmas in March?

Twas the nocturnal segment of the diurnal period preceding the annual Yuletide celebration and throughout our place of residence, kinetic activity was not in evidence among the possessors of this potential, including that species of diminutive rodent known as *Mus musculus*.

Hosiery was meticulously suspended from the forward edge of the wood-burning caloric apparatus, pursuant to our anticipatory pleasure regarding an imminent visitation from an eccentric philanthropist among whose folkloric appellations is the honorific title of St. Nick.

The prepubescent siblings, comfortably ensconced in their respective accommodations of repose, were experiencing subconscious visual hallucinations of variegated saccharinose fruit confections performing choreography through their cerebrums. My conjugal partner and I, attired in our nocturnal head-coverings, were about to take slumberous advantage of the Arctic-like gloom when upon the avenaceous exterior portion of the grounds there ascended such a cacophony of dissonance that I felt compelled to arise with alacrity from my place of repose for the purpose of ascertaining the precise source thereof.

Hastening to the casement, I forthwith opened the barriers sealing this fenestration, noting thereupon that the lunar brilliance without, reflecting as it was upon the surface of a recent crystalline aqueous precipitation, might be said to rival that of the solar meridian itself--thus permitting my incredulous optical sensory organs to behold a miniature airborne runnered conveyance, drawn by an octet of diminutive specimens of the genus *Rangifer*, piloted by a miniscule, aged chauffeur so ebullient and nimble that it became instantly apparent to me that he was indeed our anticipated beatified caller.

With this ungulate motive power traveling at a greater vertiginous velocity than patriotic alar predators, he vociferated loudly, expelled breath musically through contracted labia, and addressed each of the octet by his or her cognomen: "Now Dasher, now Dancer," et al, guiding them to the uppermost exterior level of our abode, through which structure I could readily distinguish the concatenations of each of the sum total of the thirty-two cloven pedal extremities.

As I retracted my cranium from its erstwhile location and was performing a pi radians pivot, our distinguished visitant achieved, with utmost celerity, via a downward saltation, entry by way of the ceramic smoke passage. He was clad entirely in animal integuments, soiled by the ebony residue from partial oxidation of carboniferous fuels. His resemblance to a street vendor I attributed to the plethora of assorted playthings which he bore dorsally in a commodious cloth receptacle. His orbs were scintillant with reflected luminosity, while his submaxillary dermal indentations gave every evidence of engaging amiability. The capillaries of his malar regions and nasal appurtenances were engorged with crimson circulatory fluid which, its chroma

suffusing the dermal layers, approximated the retinal sensation reflected by the *Prunus avium*, or sweet cherry.

His amusing sub- and supralabials resembled nothing so much as a flexible, curved strip of wood associated with the American Aborigines and their ambient, hirsute, facial adornment had an absence of coloring comparable to crystalline frozen hydrogen oxide vapor.

Clenched firmly between his incisors was the posterior projection of acalumet whose gray colloidal aerosol fumes, forming a tenuous elliptical torus about his occiput, were suggestive of a decorative seasonal circlet of holly. His visage was wider than it was high, and when he waxed mirthful, his corpulent abdominal region undulated in the manner of inpectinated fruit syrup in a colloidal gel state within a hemispherical container. He was of Napoleonic stature, neither more nor less than an obese, jocund, multigenarian gnome, the optical perception of whom rendered me visibly frolicsome despite every effort to refrain from being so affected by this risibility.

By rapidly lowering and then elevating one eyelid and rotating his head slightly eccentricly, he indicated that trepidation on my part was superfluous. Without utterance, but with noticeable dispatch, he commenced filling the aforementioned appended hosiery with various of the articles of merchandise extracted from his aforementioned previously dorsally transported cloth receptacle. Upon completion of this task, he executed an abrupt pi radian rotation about the vertical axis, placed a single manual digit in lateral juxtaposition to his olfactory organ, inclined his cranium forward in a gesture of leave taking, and effected his egress by saltation up the smoke passage through which he had made ingress. He then propelled himself in a short vector onto his rustic winter conveyance. Contracting his oral sphincter, he emitted a shrill series of notes to the antlered quadrupeds of burden and proceeded to soar aloft in a movement hitherto observed chiefly among the seed bearing portions of a common weed. But I overheard his parting exclamation, audible immediately prior to his vehiculation beyond the limits of visibility: "Ecstatic Yuletide to the planetary constituency, and to the selfsame assemblage, my sincerest wishes for a salubriously beneficial and gratifyingly pleasurable period between sunset and dawn."

The XMas-Files by Frank Cammuso and Hart Seely

57 ELM STREET
BETHLEHEM, PA
11:51 P.M., DECEMBER 24TH

We're too late! It's already been here.

Mulder, I hope you know what you're doing.

Look, Scully, just like those other homes: Douglas fir, truncated, mounted, transformed into a shrine; halls decked with boughs of holly; stockings hung by the chimney, with care.

You really think someone's been here?

Someone, or something.

Mulder, over here--it's a fruitcake.

Don't touch it! Those things can be lethal.

It's O.K. There's a note attached: "Gonna find out who's naughty and nice."

It's judging them Scully. It's making a list.

Who? What are you talking about?

Ancient mythology tells of an obese humanoid entity who could travel at great speed in a craft powered by antlered servants. Once each year, near the winter solstice, this creature is said to descend from the heavens to reward it's followers and punish disbelievers with jagged chunks of anthracite.

But that's a legend, Mulder--a story told by parents to frighten children. Surely you don't believe it?

Something was here tonight, Scully. Check out the bite marks on this ginger-bread man. Whatever tore through this plate of cookies massive -- and in a hurry.

It left crumbs everywhere. And look, Mulder, this milk glass has been completely drained.

It gorged itself, Scully. It fed without remorse.

By why would they leave it milk and cookies?

Appeasement. Tonight is the Eve, and nothing can stop its wilding.

But if this thing does exist, how did it get in? The doors and windows were locked. There's no sign of forced entry.

Unless I miss my guess, it came through the fireplace.

Wait a minute Mulder. If you're saying some huge creature landed on the roof and came down the chimney, you're crazy. The flue is barely 6" wide. Nothing could get down there.

But what if it could alter its shape, move in all directions at once.

You mean, like a bowl full of jelly?

Exactly. Scully, I've never told anyone this, but when I was a child my home was visited. I saw the creature. It had long white shanks of fur surrounding it's ruddy, misshapen head. It's bloated torso was red and white. I'll never forget the horror. I turned away, and when I looked back it had somehow taken on the facial features of my father.

Impossible.

I know what I saw. And that night it read my mind. It brought me a Mr. Potato Head, Scully, It knew that I wanted a Mr. Potato head!

I'm sorry Mulder, but you're asking me to disregard the laws of physics. You want me to believe in some supernatural being who soars across the skies and brings gifts to good little girls and boys. Listen to what you're saying. Do you understand the repercussions? If this gets out, they'll close the X-files.

Scully, listen to me: It knows when you're sleeping. It knows when you're awake.

But we have no proof.

Last year, on this exact date, SETI radio telescopes detected bogeys in the airspace over twenty-seven states. The White House ordered a Condition Red.

But that was a meteor shower.

Officially. Two days ago, eight prized Scandinavian reindeer vanished from The National Zoo, in Washington, DC. Nobody (not even the Zookeeper) was told about it. The government doesn't want people to know about Project Kringle. They fear that if this thing is proved to exist the public will stop spending half it's annual income in a holiday shopping frenzy. Retail markets will collapse. Scully, they can not let the world believe this creature lives. There's too much at stake. They'll do whatever it takes to insure another silent night.

Mulder, I--

Sh-h-h. Do you hear what I hear?

On the roof, it sounds like ... a clatter.

The truth is up there. Let's see what's the matter.

A Christmas Story

One particular Christmas season, a long time ago, Santa was getting ready for his annual trip, but there were problems everywhere. Four of his elves got sick, and the trainee elves did not produce the toys as fast as the regular ones, so Santa was beginning to feel the pressure of being behind schedule.

Then, Mrs. Claus told Santa that her Mom was coming to visit. This stressed Santa even more.

When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two had jumped the fence and were out, heaven knows where. More stress.

Then when he began to load the sleigh one of the boards cracked, and the toy bag fell to the ground and scattered the toys.

So, frustrated, Santa went into the house for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard, he discovered that the elves had hidden the liquor, and there was nothing to drink.

In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the cider pot, and it broke into hundreds of little pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found that mice had eaten the straw end of the broom.

Just then the doorbell rang, and irritable Santa trudged to the door. He opened the door, and there was a little angel with a great big Christmas tree. The angel said, very cheerfully, "Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't it a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?"

Thus began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree.

Christmas with Louise

As a joke, my brother used to hang a pair of panty hose over his fireplace before Christmas. He said all he wanted was for Santa to fill them. What they say about Santa checking the list twice must be true because every Christmas morning, although Jay's kids' stockings were overflowed, his poor pantyhose hung sadly empty and grew increasingly threadbare.

One year I decided to make his dream come true. I put on sunglasses and a fake beard and went in search of an inflatable love doll. Of course, they don't sell those things at Wal-Mart. I had to go to an adult bookstore downtown. If you've never been in an X-rated store, don't go. You'll only confuse yourself. I was there almost three hours saying things like, "What does this do?" "You're kidding me!" "Who owns that?" "Do you have their phone number?"

Finally, I made it to the inflatable doll section. I wanted to buy a standard, uncomplicated doll suitable for a night of romance that could also substitute as a passenger in my truck so I could use the car pool lane during rush hour. I'm not sure what a complicated doll is. Perhaps one that is subject to wild mood shifts and using a French accent for no reason at all. (That also describes a few ex-girlfriends.)

Finding what I wanted was difficult. Love dolls come in many different models. The top of the line, according to the side of the box, could do things I'd only seen in a book on animal husbandry. I figured the "vibro-motion" was a feature Jay could live without,

so I settled for Lovable Louise. She was at the bottom of the price scale. To call Louise a "doll" took a huge leap of imagination.

On Christmas Eve, with the help of an old bicycle pump, Louise came to life. My sister-in-law was in on the plan and cleverly left the front door key hidden under the mat. In the wee morning hours, long after Santa had come and gone, I snuck into the house and filled the dangling pantyhose with Louise's pliant legs and bottom. I also ate some cookies and drank what remained of a glass of milk on a nearby tray. Then I let myself out, went home, and giggled for a couple of hours.

The next morning my brother called to say that Santa had been to his house and left a present that had made him VERY happy but had left the dog confused. He would bark, start to walk away, then come back and bark some more. I suggested he purchase an inflatable Lassie to set Rover straight.

We also agreed that Louise should remain in her panty hose so the rest of the family could admire her when they came over for the traditional Christmas dinner. It seemed like a great idea, except that we forgot that Grandma and Grandpa would be there. My grandmother noticed Louise the moment she walked in the door. "What the hell is that?" she asked.

My brother quickly explained, "It's a doll."

"Who would play with something like that?" Granny snapped. I had several candidates in mind, but kept my mouth shut. "Where are her clothes?" Granny continued. I hadn't seen any in the box, but I kept this information to myself.

"Boy, that turkey sure smells nice, Gran," Jay said, trying to steer her into the dining room.

But Granny was relentless. "Why doesn't she have any teeth?" Again, I could have answered, but why would I? It was Christmas and no one wanted to ride in the back of the ambulance saying, "Hang on Granny, Hang on!"

My grandfather, a delightful old man with poor eyesight, sidled up to me and said, "Hey, who's the naked gal by the fireplace?" I told him she was Jay's friend. A few minutes later I noticed Grandpa by the mantel, talking to Louise. Not just talking, but actually flirting. It was then that we realized this might be Grandpa's last Christmas at home.

The dinner went well. We made the usual small talk about who had died, who was dying, and who should be killed, when suddenly Louise made a noise that sounded a lot like my father in the bathroom in the morning. Then she lurched from the panty hose, flew around the room twice, and fell in a heap in front of the sofa. The cat screamed, I passed cranberry sauce through my nose, and Grandpa ran across the room, fell to his knees, and began administering mouth to mouth resuscitation. My brother wet his pants and Granny threw down her napkin, stomped out of the room, and sat in the car. It was indeed a Christmas to treasure and remember.

Later in my brother's garage, we conducted a thorough examination to decide the cause of Louise's collapse. We discovered that Louise had suffered from a hot ember to the back of her right thigh. Fortunately, thanks to a wonder drug called duct tape, we restored her to perfect health.

Louise went on to star in several bachelor party movies. I think Grandpa still calls her whenever he can get out of the house.

Grandpa and Christmas

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Politically Correct Christmas Carols

See if you can figure out the names of these Christmas Carols.

1. Oh, member of the round table with missing areas
2. Boulder of the tinkling metal spheres
3. Vehicular homicide was committed on Dad's mom by a precipitous darling
4. Wanted in December: top forward incisors

5. The apartment of two psychiatrists
6. The lad is a diminutive percussionist
7. Sir Lancelot with laryngitis
8. Decorate the entryways
9. Cup-shaped instruments fashioned of a whitish metallic element
10. Oh small Israel urban center
11. Far off in a hay bin
12. We are Konk, Lear, and Nat Cole
13. Duodecimal enumeration of the passage of the Yuletide season
14. Leave and broadcast from an elevation
15. Our fervent hope is that you thoroughly enjoy your Yuletide season
16. Listen, the winged heavenly messengers are proclaiming tunefully
17. As the guardians of the woolly animals protected their charges in the dark hours
18. I beheld a trio of nautical vessels moving in this direction
19. Jubilation to the entire terrestrial globe
20. Do you perceive the same vibrations which stimulate my auditory sense organ?
21. A joyful song of reverence relative to the hollow metallic vessels which vibrate and bring forth a ringing sound when struck
22. Parent was observed osculating a red-coated unshaven teamster
23. May the Deity bestow an absence of fatigue to mild male humans
24. Rose-colored uncouth dolf is aware the nature of precipitation, darling

Redneck Ode to Valentine's Day

Kudzu is green,
 My dog's name is Blue
 And I'm so lucky
 To have a sweet thang like you.

Yore hair is like cornsilk
 A-flapping in the breeze.
 Softer than Blue's
 And without all them fleas.

You move like the bass,
 Which excite me in May.
 You ain't got no scales
 But I luv you anyway.

You're as graceful as okry
 Jist a-dancin' in the pan.
 Yo're as fragrant as SunDrop
 Right out of the can.

You have all yore teeth,
 For which I am proud;
 I hold my head high
 When we're in a crowd.

On special occasions,
 When you shave yore armpits,
 Well, I'm in hawg heaven,
 I'm plumb outta my wits.

And speakin' of wits,
 You've got plenty fer shore.
 'Cuz you married me
 Back in '74.

Still them fellers at work
 They all want to know,
 What I did to deserve
 Such a purty, young doe.

Like a good roll of duct tape
 Yo're there fer yore man,
 To patch up life's troubles
 And stick 'em in the can.

Yo're as strong as a four-wheeler
 Racin' through the mud,
 Yet fragile as that sanger
 Named Naomi Judd.

Yo're as cute as a junebug
 A-buzzin' overhead.
 You ain't mean like no far ant
 Upon which I off' tread.

Cut from the best pattern
 Like a flannel shirt of plaid,
 You sparked up my life
 Like a Rattletrap shad.

When you hold me real tight
 Like a padded gunrack,
 My life is complete;
 Ain't nuttin' I lack.

Yore complexion, it's perfection,
 Like the best vinyl sidin'.
 Despite all the years,
 Yore age, it keeps hidin'.

And when you get old
 Like a '57 Chevy,

Won't put you on blocks
And let grass grow up heavy.

Me 'n' you's like a Moon Pie
With a RC cold drank,
We go together
Like a skunk goes with stank.

Some men, they buy chocolate
For Valentine's Day;
They git it at Wal-Mart,
It's romantic that way.

Some men git roses
On that special day
From the cooler at Kroger.
"That's impressive," I say.

Some men buy fine diamonds
From a flea market booth.
"Diamonds are forever,"
They explain, suave and couth.

But for this man, honey,
These will not do.
For you are too special,
You sweet thang you.

I got you a gift,
Without taste nor odor,
Better than diamonds
It's a new trollin' motor.

Christmas is Coming Soon

A new contract for Santa Claus has finally been negotiated

I regret to inform you that, effective immediately, I will no longer be able to serve the Southern United States on Christmas Eve. Due to the overwhelming current population of the earth, my contract was re-negotiated by North American Fairies and Elves Local 209. I now serve only certain areas of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. As part of the new and better contract I also get longer breaks for milk and cookies, so keep that in mind.

However, I'm certain that your children will be in good hands with your local replacement who happens to be my third cousin, Bubba Claus. His side of the family is from the South Pole. He shares my goal of delivering toys to all the good boys and girls; however, there are a few differences between us.

Differences such as:

1. There is no danger of a Grinch stealing your presents from Bubba Claus. He has a gun rack on his sleigh and a bumper sticker that reads: "These toys insured by Smith and Wesson."
2. Instead of milk and cookies, Bubba Claus prefers that children leave an RC cola and pork rinds on the fireplace. And Bubba doesn't smoke a pipe, he dips a little snuff though, so please have an empty spit can handy.
3. Bubba Claus, sleigh is pulled by floppy-eared, flying coon dogs instead of reindeer. I made the mistake of loaning him a couple of my reindeer one time, and Blitzen's head now overlooks Bubba's fireplace.
4. You won't hear "On Comet, on Cupid, on Donder and Blitzen" when Bubba Claus arrives. Instead you'll hear, "On Earnhardt, on Wallace, on Martin and Labonte. On Rudd, on Jarrett, on Elliott and Petty."
5. "Ho, Ho, Ho!" has been replaced by "Yee Haw!" And you also are likely to hear Bubba's elves respond, "I hear dat!"
6. As required by Southern highway laws, Bubba Claus' sleigh does have a Yosemite Sam safety triangle on the back with the words Back Off. The last I heard it also had other decorations on the sleigh back as well. One is Ford or Chevy logo with lights that race through the letters and the other is a caricature of me (Santa Claus) going wee wee on the Tooth Fairy.
7. The usual Christmas movie classics such as "Miracle on 34th Street" and "It's a Wonderful Life" will not be shown in your negotiated viewing area. Instead, you'll see "Boss Hogg Saves Christmas" and "Smokey and the Bandit IV" featuring Burt Reynolds as Bubba Claus and dozens of state patrol cars crashing into each other.
8. Bubba Claus doesn't wear a belt. If I were you, I'd make sure you, the wife, and the kids turn the other way when he bends over to put presents under the tree.
9. And finally, you will not hear the lovely Christmas songs that have been sung about me like "Rudolph The Red-nosed Reindeer" and Bing Crosby's "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." This year songs about Bubba Claus will be played on all the AM radio stations in the south. Those song titles will be Mark Chesnutt's "Bubba Claus Shot the Jukebox", Cledus T. Judd's "All I Want for Christmas Is My Woman and a Six Pack" and Hank Williams, Jr.'s "If You Don't Like Bubba Claus, You Can Shove It."

Won't be long before Christmas so get ready Y'all.

Sincerely Yours,

Santa Claus
(Member of North American Fairies and Elves Local 209)

The Awful Truth about Santa

There are approximately two billion children (persons under 18) in the world.

However, since Santa does not visit children of Muslim, Hindu, Jewish or Buddhist (except maybe in Japan) religions, this reduces the workload for Christmas night to 15% of the total, or 378 million (according to the Population Reference Bureau). At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that comes to 108 million homes, presuming that there is at least one good child in each.

Santa has about 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 967.7 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with a good child, Santa has around 1/1000th of a second to park the sleigh, hop out, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left for him, get back up the chimney, jump into the sleigh and get on to the next house.

Assuming that each of these 108 million stops is evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false, but will accept for the purposes of our calculations), we are now talking about 0.78 miles per household; a total trip of 75.5 million miles, not counting bathroom stops or breaks.

This means Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second--3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second, and a conventional reindeer can run (at best) 15 miles per hour.

The payload of the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium sized Lego set (two pounds), the sleigh is carrying over 500 thousand tons, not counting Santa himself. On land, a conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that the "flying" reindeer could pull ten times the normal amount, the job can't be done with eight or even nine of them--Santa would need 360,000 of them. This increases the payload, not counting the weight of the sleigh, another 54,000 tons, or roughly seven times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth (the ship, not the monarch).

600,000 tons traveling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance--this would heat up the reindeer in the same fashion as a spacecraft re-entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer would absorb 14.3 quintillion joules of energy per second each. In short, they would burst into flames almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them and creating deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team would be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second, or right about the time Santa reached the fifth house on his trip.

Not that it matters, however, since Santa, as a result of accelerating from a dead stop to 650 meters per second in 0.001 seconds, would be subjected to acceleration forces of 17,500 g's. A 250 pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of the sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force, instantly crushing his bones and organs and reducing him to a quivering blob of pink goo.

Therefore, if Santa did exist, he's dead now.

Star Trek Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the ship
Not a circuit was buzzing, not one microchip;
The phasers were hung in the armory securely,
In hope that no alien would get up that early.
The crewmen were nestled all snug in their bunks
(Except for the few who were partying drunks)
And Picard in his nightshirt, and Bev in her lace,
Had just settled down for a neat face to face...

When out in the hall there arose such a racket,
That we leapt from our beds, pulling on pant and jacket.
Away to the lifts we all shot like a gun,
Leapt into the turbos and shouted "Deck One!"
The bridge red-alert lights, which flashed through the din,
Gave a luster of Hades to objects within.
When, what on the viewscreen, our eyes should behold,
But a weird kind of sleigh, and some guy who looked old.

But the glint in his eyes was so strange and askew,
That we knew in a moment it had to be Q.

His sleigh grew much larger as closer he came.
Then he zapped on the bridge and addressed us by name:
"It's Riker, It's Data, It's Worf and Jean-Luc!
It's Geordi, and Wesley, the genetic fluke!
To the top of the bridge, to the top of the hall!
Now float away! Float away!
Float away all!"

As leaves in the autumn are whisked off the street,
So the floor of the bridge came away from our feet,
And up to the ceiling, our bodies they flew,
As the captain called out, "what the Hell is this, Q?!"
The prankster just laughed and expanded his grin,
And, snapping his fingers, he vanished again.
As we took in our plight, and were looking around,
The spell was removed, and we crashed to the ground.

Then Q, dressed in fur from his head to his toe,
Appeared once again, to continue the show.
"That's enough!" cried the captain, "You'll stop this at once!"
And Riker said, "Worf, take aim at this dunce!"
"I'm deeply offended, Jean-Luc" replied Q,
"I just wanted to celebrate Christmas with you."

As we scoffed at his words, he produced a large sack.
He dumped out the contents and took a step back.
"I've brought gifts," he said, "just to show I'm sincere.
There's something delightful for everyone here."
He sat on the floor, and dug into the pile,
And handed out gifts with his most charming smile:

"For Counselor Troi, there's no need to explain.
Here's Tylenol-Beta for all of your pain.
For Worf I've some mints, as his breath's not too great
And for Geordi LaForge, an inflatable date."
For Wesley, some hormones, and Clearasil-plus;

For Data, a joke book, for Riker a truss.
For Beverly Crusher, there's sleek lingerie,
And for Jean-Luc, the thrill of just seeing her that way."
And he sprang to his feet with that grin on his face
And, clapping his hands, disappeared into space.

But we heard him exclaim as he dwindled from sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good flight!"

Happy Turkish Day

Hope all your turkeys didn't drown looking up at the rain clouds. I hope, instead, they were killed mercilessly at the hands of a greedy farmhand and de-feathered by the cold, metal fingers of an assembly-line plant, then automatically laminated and frozen and inspected by underpaid government workers for your protection.

Bon appetite!

CHAPTER 20: Bad Puns and Bad Jokes

The Van Gogh Family Tree

After much careful research it has been discovered that the artist Vincent Van Gogh had many relatives. Among them were:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| His obnoxious brother | Please Gogh |
| His dizzy aunt | Verti Gogh |
| His brother at the Bay of Pigs | No Gogh |
| His uncle the Israeli astronaut | Itza Gogh |
| His cousin who's a priest | Alter E. Gogh |
| The grandfather from Yugoslavia | U Gogh |
| The brother who bleached his clothes white | Hue Gogh |
| The cousin from Illinois | Chica Gogh |
| His magician Uncle | Where diddyGogh |
| His Mexican cousin | Amee Gogh |
| The Mexican cousin's American half-brother | Green Gogh |
| The nephew who drove a stagecoach | WellsfarGogh |
| The ballroom dancing aunt | Tan Gogh |
| The bird-lover uncle | Flamin Gogh |
| His nephew the psychoanalyst | E Gogh |
| The fruit loving cousin | Man Gogh |
| An aunt who taught positive thinking | Wayto Gogh |
| The little bouncy nephew | Po Gogh |
| A sister who loved disco | Go Gogh |
| And his niece who travels in a van | Winnie Bay Gogh |

Bad Puns

Energizer Bunny arrested - charged with battery.
A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.
A pessimist's blood type is always b-negative.
My wife really likes to make pottery, but to me it's just kiln time.
Dijon vu - the same mustard as before.
Practice safe eating - always use condiments.
I fired my masseuse today. She just rubbed me the wrong way.
A Freudian slip is when you say one thing but mean your mother.
Shotgun wedding A case of wife or death.
I used to work in a blanket factory, but it folded.
I used to be a lumberjack, but I just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe.
A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.
Marriage is the mourning after the knot before.
A hangover is the wrath of grapes.
Corduroy pillows are making headlines.
Is a book on voyeurism a peeping tome?

Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play.
Banning the bra was a big flop.
Sea captains don't like crew cuts.
Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?
A successful diet is the triumph of mind over platter.
Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
A gossip is someone with a great sense of rumor.
Without geometry, life is pointless.
When you dream in color, it's a pigment of your imagination.
Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.
Reading whilst sunbathing makes you well-red.
When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.
If electricity comes from electrons... does that mean that morality comes from morons?

Tator Kingdom

Once upon a time, in a far off land, existed the Tator kingdom. There was King Tator, Queen Tator, and Princess Tator. Princess Tator would soon come of age and needed to begin looking for a husband. Over time both King and Queen Tator provided a number of potential suitors for their daughter, but none pleased her. Then one day the Princess ran to her parents and excitedly announced that she had at last found her future husband. Well, King and Queen Tator were now also excited and asked their daughter to tell them who she had chosen. Princess Tator replied that she would be marrying Walter Cronkite. Her parents were aghast! "We cannot allow you to marry Walter Cronkite?", they said. "After all, you are a royal Tator and Walter Cronkite is only a commentator."

The Maestro

The world's best and most famous conductor makes a small mistake while conducting the New York Symphony Orchestra. The audience doesn't notice, the orchestra didn't notice either, but he knew he'd made the mistake and decided that he should retire. Once the performance had finished, he turned and faced the audience and said, "Ladies and Gentleman, this is my last performance as a world class conductor. I'm now announcing my retirement."

After a few minutes silence from the shocked audience, and orchestra too, he was greeted with boos and hisses. He walked from the stage, only to be met by his manager, standing in between two gorilla-sized bodyguards. "Oh no you don't", his manager said, "you're not retiring."

Forced backed to work by his manager, he endured week after week of conducting he no longer wanted to do. While lying in bed one night with his wife of many years, he turned to her and said, "Dear, would you be able to get me a small handgun?"

"Yes dear", she said, and he rolled over and went to sleep.

Sure enough, at his next performance, the conductor began with the small handgun concealed in his jacket. Once the concert had finished, he turned to the audience and said, "I'm announcing my retirement for the second time. This is my last performance."

The tuba player from the orchestra stood up and shouted "You can't be serious!" and the conductor whipped out his handgun and shot the tuba player dead. It wasn't long before the police arrived and the conductor was taken away.

Days later, the conductor was taken to court. "How do you plead to the charge of first-degree murder?" the judge inquired. "Guilty your honour", the conductor replied. "Do you realise that the sentence for first degree murder in this state is death by electrocution?" the judge added.

The conductor thought for a moment, but came to the conclusion that death would surely be better than continuing on like he was. "Yes your honour", the conductor said.

While being strapped into the electric chair, one of the guards came to the conductor and said, "You may have one last request before we terminate your life. What would you like?" After pondering for a few seconds, the conductor replied "A silver platter with a dozen bananas." His request was granted, and the conductor scoffed the bananas. The room was emptied, and the switch was flicked. The conductor's hair stood on end, but he survived!

As one guard was about to flick the switch again, he was stopped. "He survived the chair and the law says we have to let him go."

The conductor left the building, only to be greeted by his manager and the two gorilla-sized bodyguards. "Back to work", his manager said.

More weeks of forced conducting went by. Lying in bed again one night with wife, he asked, "Dear, could you get me a grenade?" "Yes dear", she replied.

At his next performance, the conductor waited until the end of the concert, the grenade tucked neatly in his undies. "For the third time, I'm announcing my retirement!" he yelled. The conductor took out the grenade, pulled the pin and threw it into the audience. The grenade exploded, killing 23 members of the crowd. The police arrived, and he was taken away again.

"You again?" the judge asked. "I thought I'd sentenced you to death not long ago?"

The conductor shrugged.

"Ok, how do you plead to 23 counts of first degree murder?" the judge said.

"Guilty to all counts", the conductor replied.

While the settings were changed to triple the voltage of the current going to the chair, the conductor was granted another last request.

"A silver platter with 2 dozen bananas" was his answer. He scoffed the bananas, the room was evacuated and the switch was flicked. It appeared that they'd manage to kill him this time, but their fears were realised when the conductor regained consciousness as they were about to remove his body.

His manager and the two gorilla-sized bodyguards were waiting for him and he left the building. "Back to work."

The weeks dragged on, and the conductor had all that he could take.

"Dear, could you get me a missile launcher?", he asked his wife as they lay in bed.

"Yes dear", she replied.

It was all too much for the conductor, and he didn't even wait for the concert to start. "Damn you all!" he screamed, and launched a missile into the New York Symphony Orchestra, killing all 190 odd band members. The army was called in this time, and he was dragged away.

"Jesus Christ, you again?! You're supposed to be DEAD!" the judge roared.

The conductor just shrugged.

"May I ask how you plead for 190 counts of first degree murder?"

"Guilty as sin!" the conductor screamed, "the ***** deserved it!" The conductor was hauled away.

A public announcement was issued to all local residents warning that there would be a short cut in the power. Meanwhile, the cities' electrical engineers were busy re-routing all the electricity they could into the electric chair. Once again, the conductor was granted a last request.

"Three dozen bananas on a silver platter", he said.

He scoffed the bananas, the building was completely vacated, and the electric chair was activated by remote control, some 2 kilometers away.

The building exploded, reducing it to rubble. They fished through the ruins to find the conductor's ruined body.

His funeral was held some days later and as the casket was being lowered into the grave there was a knock on the coffin lid.

Women fainted as the conductor crawled out of coffin - alive!

He was taken to a large press conference. One reporter stood up and asked

"You've survived three visits to the electric chair. How did you do it?"

"I've tried telling people before", he said.

"I'm just a bad conductor."

Two Robins

Two robins were sitting in a tree.

"I'm really hungry," said the first robin.

"Me, too", said the second robin.

"Let's fly down and find some lunch."

They flew to the ground and found a nice plot of plowed ground full of worms.

They ate and ate and ate and ate until they couldn't eat anymore.

"I'm so full, I don't think I can fly back up to the tree," said the first robin.

"Me either. Let's just lay here and bask in the warm sun," said the second robin.

"O.K.", said the first robin.

They plopped down, basking in the sun.

No sooner than they had fallen asleep, when a big, fat tomcat snuck up and gobbled them up.

As he sat washing his face after his meal, he thought...

"I just love baskin' robins."

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein married his cousin. He had tried to date outside his family circle, but he never found any of the other women appealing – especially in the boob department -- that weren't within his familial group. He postulated that there is a special attraction to women in one's own family in his Theory of Relative Titty.

The Moral Of The Dead Fly

Once upon a time, there was a happy little fly buzzing around a barn when she happened upon a large pile of fresh cow manure.

Since it had been hours since her last meal and she was feeling hunger pangs, she flew down to the irresistible delicacy and began to pig out. She ate... and ate... and then... she ate some more!

Finally, she decided she'd had plenty. She washed her face with her tiny front legs, belched a few times, then attempted to fly away.

But alas... She had eaten far too much and could not get off the ground. Wondering what to do about this unpleasant situation she looked around and spotted a pitchfork leaning upright against the barn wall.

She had found a solution! She realized if she could just climb up that handle and jump off to become airborne she'd be able to fly again. So, she painstakingly, climbed to the top of the handle.

Once there, she took a deep breath, spread her tiny wings, and leaped confidently into the air.

She dropped like a rock and splattered all over the floor... Dead fly...

What is the moral of this sad story?

"Never fly off the handle when you know you're full of shit."

Bad Puns

1. Evidence has been found that William Tell and his family were avid bowlers. However, all the league records were unfortunately destroyed in a fire. Thus we'll never know for whom the Tells bowled.
2. A man rushed into the doctor's office and shouted, "Doctor! I think I'm shrinking!!!" The doctor calmly responded, "Now, settle down; you'll just have to be a little patient."
3. A marine biologist developed a race of genetically engineered dolphins that could live forever if they were fed a steady diet of seagulls. One day his supply of the birds ran out, so he had to go out and trap some more. On the way back, he spied two lions asleep on the road. Afraid to wake them, he gingerly stepped over them. Immediately he was arrested and charged with transporting gulls across sedate lions for immortal porpoises.
4. A skeptical anthropologist was cataloging South American folk remedies with the assistance of a tribal brujo, 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 brujo looked him in the eye and said, "Let me tell you, with fronds like these, who needs enemas?"

5. Back in the 1800s the Tates Watch Company of Massachusetts wanted to produce other products and, since they already made the cases for pocket watches, decided to market compasses for the pioneers traveling west. It turned out that, although their watches were of the finest quality, their compasses were so bad that people often ended up in Canada or Mexico rather than California. This, of course, is the origin of the expression, "He who has a Tates is lost!"
6. A thief broke into the local police station and stole all the lavatory equipment. A spokesperson was quoted as saying, "We have absolutely nothing to go on."
7. An Indian chief was feeling very sick, so he summoned the medicine man. After a brief examination, the medicine man took out a long thin strip of elk hide and gave it to the chief, instructing him to bite off, chew and swallow 1" of the leather every day. After a month the medicine man returned to see how the chief was feeling. The chief shrugged and said, "The thong is ended, but the malady lingers on."
8. A famous Viking explorer returned home from a voyage and found his name missing from the town register. His wife insisted on complaining to the local civic official, who apologized profusely saying, "I must have taken Leif off my census."
9. There were three Indian squaws. One slept on a deerskin, one slept on an elk skin and the third slept on a hippopotamus skin. All three became pregnant, and the first two each had a baby boy. The one who slept on the hippopotamus skin had twin boys. This goes to prove that the squaw of the hippopotamus is equal to the sons of the squaws of the other two hides.
10. By the way, I know the guy who wrote these 9 puns. He entered them and one other in a contest. He figured with 10 entries he couldn't lose. As they were reading the list of winners he was really hoping one of his puns would win. But, unfortunately, no pun in ten did.

The Knights On The Lake

There were three medieval kingdoms on the shores of a lake. There was an island in the middle of the lake, which the kingdoms had been fighting over for years. Finally, the three kings decided that they would send their knights out to do battle, and the winner would take the island.

The night before the battle, the knights and their squires pitched camp and readied themselves for the fight. The first kingdom had 12 knights, and each knight had five squires, all of whom were busily polishing armor, brushing horses, and cooking food. The second kingdom had 20 knights, and each knight had 10 squires. Everyone at that camp was also busy preparing for battle. At the camp of the third kingdom, there was only one knight, with his squire. This squire took a large pot and hung it from a

looped rope in a tall tree. He busied himself preparing the meal, while the knight polished his own armor.

When the hour of the battle came, the three kingdoms sent their squires out to fight (this was too trivial a matter for the knights to join in). The battle raged, and when the dust cleared, the only person left was the lone squire from the third kingdom, having defeated the squires from the other two kingdoms, thus proving that the squire of the high pot and noose is equal to the sum of the squires of the other two sides.

Potato Story

You know that all potatoes have eyes. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Potato had eyes for each other and they finally got married and had a little one, a real sweet potato, whom they called "Yam."

They wanted the best for little Yam, telling her all about the facts of life. They warned her about going out and getting half baked because she could get Mashed, get a bad name like 'Hot Potato,' and then end up with a bunch of Tater Tots.

She said not to worry, "No Mr. McSpud would get her in the sack and make a Rotten Potato out of her!" But she wouldn't stay home and become a Couch Potato either. She would get plenty of food and exercise so as not to be skinny like her Shoestrung cousins.

Mr. and Mrs. Potato even told her about going off to Europe and to watch out for the Hard Boiled guys from Ireland. And even the greasy guys from France called the French Fries. They also said she should watch out for the Indians when going out west because she could get Scalped.

She told them she would stay on the straight and narrow and wouldn't associate with those high class Blue Belles or the ones from the other side of the tracks who advertise their trade on all the trucks you see around town that say, 'Frito Lay.'

Mr. & Mrs. Potato wanted the best for Yam, so they sent her to Idaho P.U., that's Potato University, where the Big Potatoes come from. When she graduates, she'll really be in the Chips.

But one day she came home and said she was going to marry Tom Brokaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Potato were very upset and said she couldn't marry him because he's just a...

COMMON TATER!!!!

Who Is Jack Schitt?

For some time many of us have wondered just who is Jack Schitt? We find ourselves at a loss when someone says, "You don't know Jack Schitt!" Well, thanks to my genealogy efforts you can now respond in an intellectual way. Jack Schitt is the only

son of Awe Schitt. Awe Schitt, the fertilizer magnate, married O. Schitt, the owner of Needeep N. Schitt, Inc. They had one son, Jack.

In turn, Jack Schitt married Noe Schitt. The deeply religious couple produced six children: Holie Schitt, iva Schitt, Fulla Schitt, Bull Schitt and the twins Deap Schitt and Dip Schitt. Over her parents' objections, Deap Schitt married Dumb Schitt, a high schools dropout.

After being married 15 years, Jack and Noe Schitt divorced. Noe Schitt later married Ted Sherlock, and, because her kids were living with them, she wanted to keep her previous name. She was then known as Noe Schitt Sherlock.

Meanwhile, Dip Schitt married Loda Schitt and they produced a son with a rather nervous disposition named Chicken Schitt. Two of the other six children, Fulla Schitt and Giva Schitt were inseparable throughout childhood and subsequently married the Happens brothers in a dual ceremony. The wedding announcement in the newspaper announced the Shitt-Happens nuptials.

The Schitt-Happens children were Dawg, Byrd and Hoarse. Bull Schitt, the prodigal son, left home to tour the world. He recently returned from Italy with his new Italian bride, Pisa Schitt.

Now when someone says, "You don't know Jack Schitt," you can correct them.

Sincerely,

Crock O. Schitt

Twins

A woman has twins, and gives them up for adoption. One of them goes to a family in Egypt, and is named "Amal." The other goes to a family in Spain; they name him "Juan."

Years later, Juan sends a picture of himself to his mom. Upon receiving the picture, she tells her husband that she wishes she also had a picture of Amal. Her husband responds, "But they are twins--if you've seen Juan, you've seen Amal."

Ghandi

Mahatma Ghandi walked barefoot everywhere, to the point that his feet became quite thick and hard. He also was quite a spiritual person.

Even when he was not on a hunger strike, he did not eat much and became quite thin and frail. Furthermore, due to his diet, he wound up with very bad breath.

Therefore: he came to be known as a...

"Super callused fragile mystic plagued with halitosis."

Aerial Decadence

A young couple were making passionate love in the guy's van (you know, shag carpets, big double mattress in the back... all that) when suddenly the girl, being a bit on the kinky side, yells out "Oh big boy, whip me, whip me!"

The guy, not wanting to pass up this unique opportunity, obviously did not have any whips to hand, but in a flash of inspiration, he opens the window, snaps the antenna off his van and proceeds to whip the girl until they both collapse in sado-masochistic ecstasy.

About a week later, the girl notices that the marks left by the whipping session are starting to fester a bit so she goes to the doctor. The doctor takes one look at the wounds and asks "Did you get these marks having sex?"

The girl is a little embarrassed but admits that, yes, she did.

Nodding his head knowingly the doctor exclaims, "I thought so, because in all my years of doctoring..."

Wait for it...

Are you ready...

Here comes the punchline...

You've got the worst case of van aerial disease that I've ever seen."

Ladder Of Success

Jack was walking around when he noticed a ladder that went up into the clouds. After climbing to the first cloud he met a smelly, unattractive woman who said, "Have sex with me or climb the ladder to success." This was not a hard choice for Jack as he ran up the ladder.

At the next cloud he met a slightly better looking woman who said, "Have sex with me or climb the ladder to success." Figuring it only gets better, Jack chose to climb the ladder further up.

At the next cloud, he met a very attractive woman who said, "Have sex with me or climb the ladder to success." Since things were getting better the higher he got, Jack chose to climb the ladder even further.

At the fourth cloud, he met the most gorgeous woman to ever grace the Universe. She looked at him seductively and begged, "Have sex with me or climb the ladder to

success." Jack was extremely tempted to satisfy his urges but figuring it could only get better, he choose to climb the ladder at least one more time.

At the fifth cloud, Jack was startled when a greasy, 500 pound. naked man with a pimply penis grabbed him. When Jack screamed, "Who are you?" The man replied, "I'm Cess."

A Freudulent Joke...

Q. How many Freudian analysts does it take to change a light bulb?
A. Two, one to change the bulb and one to hold the penis, I mean ladder.

Horse Story

A horse and a chicken were strolling through a field when suddenly the horse fell into a big mud puddle and couldn't get out. The chicken rushed back to the farm, jumped into the farmer's BMW, and raced back to the mud puddle. Then he took a rope, tied one end on to the bumper, gave the horse the other end to hold between his teeth, jumped back into the Beemer, revved up the engine, and pulled the horse out.

The next day, the horse and the chicken were walking in the field again when this time the chicken got stuck in the mud puddle. The horse straddled the puddle and said to the chicken, "Grab a hold of my thing, and I'll pull you out."

Moral: If you're hung like a horse, you don't need a BMW to pick up chicks!

In Case You've Had A Tough Week...

How do crazy people go through the forest?
They take the psycho path.

How do you get holy water?
Boil the hell out of it.

What did the fish say when he hit a concrete wall?
"Dam!"

What do Eskimos get from sitting on the ice too long?
Polaroids.

What do prisoners use to call each other?
Cell phones.

What do the letters D.N.A. stand for?
National Dyslexics Association.

What do you call a boomerang that doesn't work?

A stick.

What do you call cheese that isn't yours?
Nacho Cheese.

What do you call Santa's helpers?
Subordinate Clauses.

What do you call four bullfighters in quicksand?
Quatro sinko.

What do you get from a pampered cow?
Spoiled milk.

What do you get when you cross a snowman with a vampire?
Frostbite.

What has four legs, is big, green, fuzzy, and if it fell out of a tree would kill you?
A pool table.

What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches?
A nervous wreck.

What's the difference between roast beef and pea soup?
Anyone can roast beef.

Where do you find a dog with no legs?
Right where you left him.

Why are there so many Smiths in the phone book?
They all have phones.

Why do bagpipers walk when they play?
They're trying to get away from the noise.

Why do gorillas have big nostrils?
Because they have big fingers

What is a zebra?
26 sizes larger than an "A" bra.

Did you hear about the flasher that was thinking about retiring?
He decided to stick it out for one more year.

What do you get when you cross a pit bull with a collie?
A dog that runs for help ... after it bites your leg off.

What does it mean when the flag is at half mast at the post office?

They're hiring.

What kind of coffee was served on the Titanic?
Sanka.

Cannibals

Brandon, Troy, and Kevin, lost in the forest, were captured by cannibals. The cannibal king told the prisoners that they could live if they passed a trial. The first step of the trial was to go to the forest and get ten pieces of the same kind of fruit.

All three men went their separate ways to gather the fruit. Brandon came back and said to the king, "I brought ten apples." The king explained the trial to him, "You have to shove the fruit up your butt without any expression on your face, or you'll be eaten."

The first apple went in. But on the second one he winced out in pain, so he was killed.

Troy arrived and showed the king ten berries. When the king explained the trial to him he thought to himself that this should be easy. 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7... 8... and on the ninth berry he burst out in laughter and was killed.

Brandon and Troy met in heaven. Brandon asked, "Why did you laugh, you almost got away with it!" Troy replied, "I couldn't help it, I looked up and saw Kevin coming back with pineapples."

Little Red Riding Hood

Little Red Riding Hood is skipping down the road when she sees the Big Bad Wolf crouched down behind a log. "My, what big eyes you have, Mr. Wolf" says Red Riding Hood. The wolf jumps up and runs away.

Further down the road Red Riding Hood sees the wolf again. This time he is crouched behind a tree stump. "My what big ears you have Mr. Wolf," says Red Riding Hood.

Again the wolf jumps up and runs away.

About 2 miles down the track Red Riding Hood sees the wolf again, this time crouched down behind a road sign. "My, what big teeth you have, Mr. Wolf," taunts Red Riding Hood. With that, the Big Bad Wolf jumps up and screams:

"Will you get lost! I'm trying to take a shit!"

The Pianist

A guy goes to a party one night, and after a couple of hours, he hears the most amazing piano music being played. He thinks it is the most wonderful music he has ever heard and makes his way over to the pianist.

"I have to say that the music that you are playing is wonderful."

"Thank you very much," says the pianist.

"I've never heard this song before, what is it called?"

"I called it 'I shag my wife up the arse and come all over her tits'"

"Bloody hell, that's a bit harsh isn't it? I must say though, that I'm having a party in a couple of weeks and would love you to play at it. Perhaps you could just tone down the names of the songs that you will be playing - my guests wouldn't approve."

"No problem" says the pianist.

Two weeks later the guy is having his party and the pianist is there and he's playing like a donkey, all the wrong keys - it really is the most dreadful music the guy has ever heard.

"What do you think you're doing?" asks the guy.

"I'm so sorry, I know I'm playing badly but I really need a wank."

"A wank - but you're meant to be playing the piano - all my guests are here."

"I know but I can't play well until I've had one."

"OK, OK, go into the bathroom, there are some mags in the cupboard and just get back here as soon as you can."

Ten minutes later the pianist comes back from the bathroom, sits down at the piano and starts playing beautifully, just the way he's meant to. After a little while a lady walks up to him and says:

"Excuse me but do you know your cock's hanging out and you've got spunk all over your trousers?"

"Know it?" he says, "I wrote it."

Three Lessons

Lesson Number One

A crow was sitting on a tree, doing nothing all day. A small rabbit saw the crow, and asked him, "Can I also sit like you and do nothing all day long?"

The crow answered: "Sure, why not." So, the rabbit sat on the ground below the crow, and rested. All of a sudden, a fox appeared, jumped on the rabbit and ate it.

Moral of the story is:

To be sitting and doing nothing, you must be sitting very, very high up.

Lesson Number Two

A turkey was chatting with a bull. "I would love to be able to get to the top of that tree," sighed the turkey, "but I haven't got the energy."

"Well, why don't you nibble on some of my droppings?" replied the bull. "They're packed with nutrients."

The turkey pecked at a lump of dung and found that it actually gave him enough strength to reach the first branch of the tree. The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch. Finally after a fortnight, there he was proudly perched at the top of the tree. Soon he was promptly spotted by a farmer, who shot the turkey out of the tree.

Moral of the story:

BS might get you to the top, but it won't keep you there.

Lesson Number Three

A little bird was flying south for the winter. It was so cold, the bird froze and fell to the ground in a large field. While it was lying there, a cow came by and dropped some dung on it. As the frozen bird lay there in the pile of cow dung, it began to realize how warm it was. The dung was actually thawing him out!

He lay there all warm and happy, and soon began to sing for joy. A passing cat heard the bird singing and came to investigate.

Following the sound, the cat discovered the bird under the pile of cow dung, and promptly dug him out and ate him!

The morals of this story are:

1. Not everyone who drops crap on you is your enemy.
2. Not everyone who gets you out of crap is your friend.
3. And when you're in it deep, keep your mouth shut.

Getting Old...

Three older ladies were discussing the travails of getting older. One said, "Sometimes I catch myself with a jar of mayonnaise in my hand in front of the refrigerator and can't remember whether I need to put it away, or start making a sandwich."

The second lady chimed in, "Yes, sometimes I find myself on the landing of the stairs and can't remember whether I was on my way up, or on my way down."

The third one responded, "Well, I'm glad I don't have that problem, knock on wood," as she rapped her knuckles on the table, then told them, "That must be the door, I'll get it!"

Quickies

Q. What do a farmer and a pimp have in common?

A. Both need a hoe to stay in business

If you have sex with your clone, are you gay or are you masturbating?

One-Liners

Depression is merely anger without enthusiasm

Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines

Early bird gets the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese

I'm not cheap, but I am on special this week

I almost had a psychic girlfriend but she left me before we met

I drive way too fast to worry about cholesterol

I intend to live forever - so far, so good

I love defenseless animals, especially in a good gravy

If Barbie is so popular, why do you have to buy her friends?

Quantum Mechanics: The dreams stuff is made of.

Support bacteria - they're the only culture some people have.

Televangelists: The Pro Wrestlers of religion.

The only substitute for good manners is fast reflexes.

When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.

Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy.

If I worked as much as others, I would do as little as they.

If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.

Many people quit looking for work when they find a job.

Dancing is a perpendicular expression of a horizontal desire.

When I'm not in my right mind, my left mind gets pretty crowded.

Everyone has a photographic memory. Some don't have film.

Boycott shampoo! Demand the REAL poo!

If you choke a smurf, what color does it turn?

Who is General Failure and why is he reading my hard disk?

What happens if you get scared half to death twice?

Energizer Bunny arrested, charged with battery.

I poured Spot remover on my dog. Now he's gone.

I used to have an open mind but my brains kept falling out.

I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder.

Shin: a device for finding furniture in the dark.

How do you tell when you run out of invisible ink?

Join the Army, meet interesting people, kill them.

Laughing stock: cattle with a sense of humor.

Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?

For Sale: Parachute. Only used once, never opened, small stain.

OK, so what's the speed of dark?
Black holes are where God divided by zero.
All those who believe in psychokinesis raise my hand.
Save the whales. Collect the whole set.
A day without sunshine is like, night.
Diplomacy is saying "nice doggy" until you find a rock.
On the other hand, you have different fingers.
Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
Back up my hard drive? How do I put it in reverse?
I just got lost in thought. It was unfamiliar territory.
When the chips are down, the buffalo is empty.
Seen it all, done it all, can't remember most of it.
Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.
I feel like I'm diagonally parked in a parallel universe.
He's not dead; He's electroencephalographically challenged.
She's always late. Her ancestors arrived on the June Flower.
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be misquoted then used against you.
I wonder how much deeper would the ocean be without sponges.
Honk if you love peace and quiet.
Pardon my driving, I'm reloading.
Despite the cost of living, have you noticed how it remains so popular?
Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.
Atheism is a non-profit organization.
He who laughs last, thinks slowest.
Before they invented drawing boards, what did they go back to?
If you ate pasta and antipasta, would you still be hungry?
What happens when none of your bees wax?
If you try to fail, and succeed, which have you done?

Read this out loud:

This is this cat

This is is cat

This is how cat

This is to cat

This is keep cat

This is an cat

This is idiot cat

This is busy cat

This is for cat

This is forty cat

This is seconds cat

Now go back and read the THIRD word only, in each line from the start.

Sign Of The Times

"Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day... teach a man to fish, and he gets nailed by a U. S. nuclear submarine." -- The Sanity Inspector

Due to the current economic situation, the light at the end of the tunnel will be turned off until further notice.

CHAPTER 21: The Military

Form S206

The British use an S206 form to evaluate their military officers. The following are actual excerpts taken from British military officer-evaluation S206 reports:

- His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity.
- I would not breed from this officer.
- This officer is really not so much of a has-been, but more of a definitely won't-be.
- When she opens her mouth, it seems that this is only to change whichever foot was previously in there.
- He has carried out each and every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction.
- He would be out of his depth in a car park puddle.
- Technically sound, but socially impossible.
- This young lady has delusions of adequacy.
- This medical officer has used my ship to carry his genitals from port to port, and my officers to carry him from bar to bar.
- Since my last report he has reached rock bottom and has started to dig.
- She sets low personal standards and then consistently fails to achieve them.
- He has the wisdom of youth and the energy of old age.
- Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.
- This man is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot.

Pentagon Phrase Book

What action officers say...

And what they mean:

Essentially Complete

It's half done

Schedule Exposure

It slipped three weeks ago

We predict

We hope to God

Risk is high but acceptable

100 to 1 odds, or with 10 times the budget and 10 times the people, we stand a 50/50 chance

Potential show stopper

The team has updated their resumes

Serious but not insurmountable problems

It'll take a miracle

Basic agreement has been reached

The @##\$%'s won't even talk to us

Results are being quantified

We're massaging the numbers so they will agree with our conclusions

Task force to review

7 people who are incompetent at their regular jobs have been loaned to the project

Not well defined

Nobody's even thought about it

Still analyzing the requirements

See previous answer

Not well understood

Now that we've thought about it, we don't want to think about it anymore

Requires further analysis and management attention

Totally out of control

Results are promising

Turned power on and no smoke detected!

Early Retirement Bonus

The Pentagon recently found it had too many generals and offered an early retirement bonus. They promised any general who retired straight away his full annual benefits plus \$10,000 for every inch measured in a straight line between any two points on the general's body, with the general getting to select any pair of points he wished.

The first man, an Air Force General, accepted. He asked the pension man to measure from the top of his head to the tip of his toes.

Six feet. He walked out with a check of \$720,000.

The second man, an Army general, asked them to measure from the tip of his outstretched hands to his toes.

Eight feet. He walked out with a check for \$960,000.

When the third general, a grizzled old Marine, was asked where to measure, he told the pension man: "From the tip of my penis to my testicles."

The pension man suggested that perhaps the Marine general might like to reconsider, pointing out the nice checks the previous two generals had received.

The Marine insisted and the pension expert said that would be fine, but that he'd better get the medical officer to do the measuring.

The medical officer attended and asked the general to drop 'em. He did.

The medical officer placed the tape on the tip of the general's penis and began to work back.

"My God!" he said. "Where are your testicles?"

"In Vietnam," the general replied.

Penguin Bowling

A Mexican newspaper reported that bored Royal Air Force pilots stationed on the Falkland Islands have devised what they consider a marvelous new game. Noting that airplanes fascinate the local penguins, the pilots search out a beach where the birds are gathered and fly slowly along it at the water's edge. Perhaps ten thousand penguins turn their heads in unison watching the planes go by, and when the pilots turn around and fly back, the birds turn their heads in the opposite direction, like spectators at a slow-motion tennis match. Then, the paper reports, "The pilots fly out to sea and directly to the penguin colony and overfly it.

Heads go up, up, up, and ten thousand penguins fall over gently onto their backs."

- Audubon Society Magazine

Forwarded from the Naval History List...

This reminded me of a story from a number of year's back. In the southeastern U.S., a family was shocked as a large object smashed into the ground near their house. It was a chunk of frozen debris. The local media found out and all sorts of efforts were made to determine the origin of the material, everyone believing that it was, somehow, extraterrestrial. Someone carefully stored the "meteor" in a household freezer until the experts arrived.

The experts from the U.S. military looked at the frozen greenish debris... and explained that the townspeople had been storing the jettisoned debris from an airplane sewage holding tank.

This has happened more than once, and as recently as within the last two years: I remember a news report. If the plane's tank leaks, an accumulation on the side of the aircraft occurs, and is liable to fall off as the aircraft drops to lower altitudes and the temperature increases.

The moral of the story, of course, is that just because the Cold War is over, the danger isn't: There is still the possibility that you can be hit by an icy BM.

Would You Buy a Used Jet from this Air Force?

Here are some actual maintenance complaints submitted by US Air Force pilots and the replies from the maintenance crews. "Squawks" are problem listings that pilots generally leave for maintenance crews.

Problem: "Left inside main tire almost needs replacement."
Solution: "Almost replaced left inside main tire."

Problem: "Test flight OK, except autoland very rough."
Solution: "Autoland not installed on this aircraft."

Problem: "#2 Propeller seeping prop fluid."
Solution: "#2 Propeller seepage normal."

Problem: "#1, #3 and #4 propellers lack normal seepage."
Solution: "Signed off: "IT DOES NOW."

Problem: "Something loose in cockpit."
Solution: "Something tightened in cockpit."

Problem: "Evidence of hydraulic leak on right main landing gear."
Solution: "Evidence removed."

Problem: "DME volume unbelievably loud."
Solution: "Volume set to more believable level."

Problem: "Dead bugs on windshield."
Solution: "Live bugs on order."

Problem: "Autopilot in altitude hold mode produces a 200 fpm descent."
Solution: "Cannot reproduce problem on ground."

Problem: "IFF inoperative."
Solution: "IFF inoperative in OFF mode."

Problem: "Friction locks cause throttle levers to stick."
Solution: "That's what they're there for."

Problem: "Number three engine missing."
Solution: "Engine found on right wing after brief search."

McDonnell-Douglas Aircraft Warranty Registration

Thank you for purchasing a McDonnell-Douglas military aircraft. In order to protect your new investment; please take a few moments to fill out the warranty registration

card below. Answering the survey questions is not required, but the information will help us to develop new products that best meet your needs and desires.

1. Title

- Mr.
- Mrs.
- Ms.
- Miss
- Lt.
- Gen.
- Comrade
- Classified
- Other

First Name: _____

Initial: _____

Last Name: _____

Password: _____ (8 characters max)

Code Name: _____

Latitude-Longitude-Altitude: _____

2. Which model aircraft did you purchase?

- F-14 Tomcat
- F-15 Eagle
- F-16 Falcon
- F-117A Stealth
- Classified

3. Date of purchase (Year/Month/Day): _____ / _____ / _____

4. Serial Number: _____

5. Please check where this product was purchased:

- Received as gift / aid package
- Catalog showroom
- Independent arms broker
- Mail order
- Discount store
- Government surplus
- Classified

6. Please check how you became aware of the McDonnell-Douglas product you have just purchased:

- Heard loud noise, looked up
- Store display
- Espionage
- Recommended by friend / relative / ally
- Political lobbying by manufacturer

Was attacked by one

7. Please check the three (3) factors that most influenced your decision to purchase this McDonnell-Douglas product:

- Style / appearance
- Speed / maneuverability
- Price / value
- Comfort / convenience
- Kickback / bribe
- Recommended by salesperson
- McDonnell-Douglas reputation
- Advanced Weapons Systems
- Backroom politics
- Negative experience opposing one in combat

8. Please check the location(s) where this product will be used:

- North America
- Central / South America
- Aircraft carrier
- Europe
- Middle East
- Africa
- Asia / Far East
- Misc. Third World countries
- Classified

9. Please check the products that you currently own or intend to purchase in the near future:

- Color TV
- VCR
- ICBM
- Killer Satellite
- CD Player
- Air-to-Air Missiles
- Space Shuttle
- Home Computer
- Nuclear Weapon

10. How would you describe yourself or your organization? (Check all that apply:)

- Communist / Socialist
- Terrorist
- Crazy
- Neutral
- Democratic
- Dictatorship
- Corrupt
- Primitive / Tribal

11. How did you pay for your McDonnell-Douglas product?

- Deficit spending
- Cash
- Suitcases of cocaine
- Oil revenues
- Personal check
- Credit card
- Ransom money
- Traveler's check

12. Your occupation:

- Homemaker
- Sales / marketing
- Revolutionary
- Clerical
- Mercenary
- Tyrant
- Middle management
- Eccentric billionaire
- Defense Minister / General
- Retired
- Student

13. To help us understand our customers' lifestyles, please indicate the interests and activities in which you and your spouse enjoy participating on a regular basis:

- Golf
- Boating / sailing
- Sabotage
- Running / jogging
- Propaganda / disinformation
- Destabilization / overthrow
- Default on loans
- Gardening
- Crafts
- Black market / smuggling
- Collectibles / collections
- Watching sports on TV
- Wines
- Interrogation / torture
- Household pets
- Crushing rebellions
- Espionage / reconnaissance
- Fashion clothing
- Border disputes
- Mutually Assured Destruction

Thank you for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire. Your answers will be used in market studies that will help McDonnell-Douglas serve you better in the future - as

well as allowing you to receive mailings and special offers from other companies, governments, extremist groups, and mysterious consortia.

Comments or suggestions about our fighter planes? Please write to:

McDONNELL-DOUGLAS CORPORATION
Marketing Department
Military Aerospace Division
P.O. Box 800, St. Louis, MO

Navigation

The following transcript of a radio conversation between a US Navy ship (Ship 1) and a Canadian source off the coast of Newfoundland was released by the Chief of Naval Operations.

Ship 1: Please divert your course 15 degrees to the north to avoid a collision.

Ship 2: Recommend you divert your course 15 degrees to the south to avoid a collision.

Ship 1: This is the captain of a United States Naval ship. I say again, divert your course.

Ship 2: No, I say again, divert YOUR course!

Ship 1: This is the battleship USS Missouri. We are a large warship of the US Navy, divert your course NOW!!

Ship 2: This is a lighthouse. Your call.

High Flier

Here is a story by Rick Reilly that will appear in a future issue of Sports Illustrated

Now this message for America's most famous athletes: someday you may be invited to fly in the backseat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have -- John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you, with the greatest sincerity...Move to Guam. Change your name. Fake your own death. Whatever you do, do not go. I know. The U.S. Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast!

I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach. Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about 6', tan, ice blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles despectic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way. Fast.

Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting..."Remember?)

Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff."

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning.

"Bananas," he said.

"For the potassium?" I asked.

"No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down."

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot -- but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, that was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious.

Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14. Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80.

It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, sap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and the sea was the sky and the sky was sea.

Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas. I egressed the pizza from the night before. And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that did not even want to

be egressed. I went through not one airsick bag, but two. Biff said I passed out. Twice.

I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know cool. Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know cool. Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and Freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand. A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit.

What is it? I asked.

"Two Bags."

Don't you dare tell Nicole.

Ace Pilot

It seems that a young man volunteered for military service during World War II.

He had such a high aptitude for aviation that he was sent right to Pensacola Naval Air Station, skipping recruit training.

The very first day at Pensacola he solos and is the best flier on the base.

All they could do was give him his gold wings and assign him immediately to an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

On his first day aboard, he took off and single-handedly shot down 6 Japanese fighter planes.

Then climbing up to 20,000 feet, he found 9 more Japanese planes and shot them all down as well.

Noting that his fuel was getting low, he descended, circled the carrier and came in for a perfect landing on the deck.

He threw back the canopy, climbed out and jogged over to the captain. Saluting smartly he said, "Well sir, how did I do on my very first day?"

The captain turned around, bowed politely, and replied, "You make onry one velly, velly selious mistake!"

Marines vs. Navy

By the time a Marine pulled into a little town, every hotel room was taken.

"You've got to have a room somewhere," he pleaded. "Or just a bed, I don't care where."

"Well, I do have a double room with one occupant, a Navy guy," admitted the manager, "and he might be glad to split the cost. But to tell you the truth, he snores so loudly that people in adjoining rooms have complained in the past. I'm not sure it'd be worth it to you."

"No problem," the tired Marine assured him. "I'll take it."

The next morning the Marine came down to breakfast bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. "How'd you sleep?" Asked the manager.

"Never better."

The manager was impressed. "No problem with the other guy snoring, then?"

"Nope, I shut him up in no time." Said the Marine.

"How'd you manage that?" asked the manager.

"He was already in bed, snoring away, when I came in the room," the Marine explained. "I went over, gave him a kiss on the cheek, said, 'Goodnight, beautiful,' and he sat up all night watching me."

An American Tale

An American soldier, serving in World War II, had just returned from several weeks of intense action on the Italian front lines. He had finally been granted R&R and had made it to Southampton, England, there to board a train bound for a few days in London.

The train was very crowded, so the soldier walked the length of the train, looking for an empty seat. The only seat unoccupied was directly across from a well-dressed middle aged lady and was being used by her little dog.

The war weary soldier asked, "Please, ma'am, may I sit in that seat?" The English woman looked down her nose at the soldier, sniffed and said, "You Americans. You are such a rude class of people. Can't you see my little Fifi is using that seat?"

The soldier walked away, determined to find a place to rest, but after another trip down to the end of the train, found himself again facing the woman with the dog in the opposite seat.

Again he asked, "Please, lady. Can I sit there? I'm very tired."

The English woman wrinkled her nose and snorted, "You Americans! Not only are you rude, you are also quite arrogant. Imagine!"

The soldier leaned against the swaying wall of the train and again asked if he could please it down. The lady said, "Not only are you Americans rude and arrogant, you're also very inconsiderate."

The soldier didn't say anything else; he leaned over, picked up the little dog and tossed it out the window of the train and sat down in the empty seat.

An English gentleman, sitting across the aisle said, "You know, sir, you Americans do seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. You eat holding the fork in the wrong hand. You drive your autos on the wrong side of the road. And now, sir, you've thrown the wrong bitch out of the window."

A Letter to Cindy Williams

On 12 Nov, Ms Cindy Williams (from Laverne and Shirley TV show) wrote a piece for the Washington Times, denouncing the pay raise(s) coming servicemembers' way this year -- citing that the stated 13% wage was more than they deserve.

A young airman from Hill AFB responds to her article below. He ought to get a bonus for this!

Ms Williams:

I just had the pleasure of reading your column, "Our GIs earn enough" and I am a bit confused. Frankly, I'm wondering where this vaunted overpayment is going, because as far as I can tell, it disappears every month between DFAS (The Defense Finance and Accounting Service) and my bank account. Checking my latest leave and earnings statement (LES), I see that I make \$1,117.80 before taxes. After taxes, I take home \$874.20. When I run that through Windows' Calculator, I come up with an annual salary of \$13,413.60 before taxes, and \$10,490.40 after.

I work in the Air Force Network Control Center (AFNCC), where I am part of the team responsible for the administration of a 5,000-host computer network. I am involved with infrastructure segments, specifically with Cisco Systems equipment. A quick check under jobs for Network Technicians in the Washington, D.C. area reveals a position in my career field, requiring three years experience with my job. Amazingly, this job does NOT pay \$13,413.60 a year, nor does it pay less than this. No, this job is being offered at \$70,000 to \$80,000 per annum. I'm sure you can draw the obvious conclusion.

Also, you tout increases to Basic Allowance for Housing and Basic Allowance for Subsistence (housing and food allowances, respectively) as being a further boon to an already overcompensated force. Again, I'm curious as to where this money has gone, as BAH and BAS were both slashed 15% in the Hill AFB area effective in January 00.

Given the tenor of your column, I would assume that you have NEVER had the pleasure of serving your country in her armed forces. Before you take it upon yourself to once more castigate congressional and DOD leadership for attempting to get the families in the military's lowest pay brackets off AFDC, WIC, and food stamps, I suggest that you join a group of deploying soldiers headed for AFGHANISTAN, I leave the choice of service branch up to you. Whatever choice you make, though, opt for the SIX month rotation: it will guarantee you the longest possible time away from your family and friends, thus giving you full "deployment experience."

As your group prepares to board the plane, make sure to note the spouses and children who are saying good-bye to their loved ones. Also take care to note that several families are still unsure of how they'll be able to make ends meet while the primary breadwinner is gone -- obviously they've been squandering the vast piles of cash the DOD has been giving them.

Try to deploy over a major holiday; Christmas and Thanksgiving are perennial favorites.

And when you're actually over there, sitting in a DFP (Defensive Fire Position, the modern-day foxhole), shivering against the cold desert night; and the flight sergeant tells you that there aren't enough people on shift to relieve you for chow, remember this: trade whatever MRE (meal-ready-to-eat) you manage to get for the tuna noodle casserole or cheese tortellini, and add Tabasco to everything. This gives some flavor

Talk to your loved ones as often as you are permitted; it won't nearly be long enough or often enough, but take what you can get and be thankful for it. You may have picked up on the fact that I disagree with most of the points you present in your op-ed piece.

But, tomorrow from KABUL, I will defend to the death your right to say it. You see, I am an American fighting man, a guarantor of your First Amendment rights and every other right you cherish. On a daily basis, my brother and sister soldiers worldwide ensure that you and people like you can thumb your collective nose at us, all on a salary that is nothing short of pitiful and under conditions that would make most people cringe.

We hemorrhage our best and brightest into the private sector because we can't offer the stability and pay of civilian companies. And you, Ms Williams, have the gall to say that we make more than we deserve?

Rubbish!

A1C Michael Bragg, Hill AFB AFNCC"

CHAPTER 22: Creative Things To Do With Your Food

Cookie Recipe

There is a Neiman-Marcus cookie recipe below. Enjoy! My daughter & I had just finished a salad at Neiman-Marcus Cafe in Dallas & decided to have a small dessert. Because both of us are such cookie lovers, we decided to try the Neiman-Marcus Cookie."

It was so excellent that I asked if they would give me the recipe and the waitress said with a small frown, "I'm afraid not. "Well, I said, would you let me buy the recipe?" With a cute smile, she said, "Yes." I asked how much, and she responded, "Only two fifty.

It's a great deal!" I said with approval, just add it to my tab. Thirty days later, I received my VISA statement from Neiman-Marcus and it was \$285.00. I looked again and I remembered I had only spent \$9.95 for two salads and about \$20.00 for a scarf. As I glanced at the bottom of the statement, it said, "Cookie Recipe - \$250.00" That's outrageous! I called Neiman's Accounting Dept. and told them the waitress said it was "two-fifty," which clearly does not mean "two hundred and fifty dollars by any *POSSIBLE* interpretation of the phrase. Neiman-Marcus refused to budge. They would not refund my money, because according to them, "What the waitress told you is not our problem. You have already seen the recipe - we absolutely will not refund your money. At this point." I explained to her the criminal statutes that govern fraud in Texas, I threatened to refer them to the Better Business Bureau and the State's Attorney General for engaging in fraud.

I was basically told, "Do what you want, we don't give a crap, and we're not refunding your money." I waited, thinking of how I could get even, or even try and get any of my money back. I just said, "Okay, you folks got my \$250, and now I'm going to have \$250.00 worth of fun." I told her that I was going to see to it that every cookie lover in the United States with an e-mail account has a \$250.00 cookie recipe from Neiman-Marcus...for free.

She replied, "I wish you wouldn't do this." I said, "Well, you should have thought of that before you ripped me off," and slammed down the phone on her.

So here it is!

Please, please, please pass it on to everyone you can possibly think of. I paid \$250 for this...I don't want Neiman-Marcus to ever get another penny off of this recipe...

(Recipe may be halved)

2 cups butter
4 cups flour
2 tsp. soda
2 cups sugar
5 cups blended oatmeal (Measure oatmeal and blend in a blender to a fine powder.)

24 oz. chocolate chips
2 cups brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
1- 8 oz. Hershey Bar (grated)
4 eggs
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. vanilla
3 cups chopped nuts (your choice)

Cream the butter and both sugars. Add eggs and vanilla; mix together with flour, oatmeal, salt, baking powder, and soda. Add chocolate chips, Hershey Bar and nuts. Roll into balls and place 2" apart on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes 112 cookies.

The Spoon

I took some clients out to dinner last week, and I noticed a spoon in the shirt pocket of our waiter as he handed us the menus. It seemed a little odd, but I dismissed it as a random thing. Until our busboy came with water and tableware; he, too, sported a spoon in his breast pocket. I looked around the room, and all the waiters, waitresses, busboys, etc., had spoons in their pockets.

When our waiter returned to take our order, I just had to ask, "Why the spoons?"

"Well," he explained, "our parent company recently hired some consulting efficiency experts to review all our procedures, and after months of statistical analyses, they concluded that our patrons drop spoons on the floor 73% more often than any other utensil at a frequency of 3 spoons per hour per workstation. By preparing all our workers for this contingency in advance, we can cut our trips to the kitchen down and save time...nearly 1.5 extra man hours per shift."

Just as he concluded, a "ch-ching" came from the table behind him, and he quickly replaced a fallen spoon with the one from his pocket. "I'll grab another spoon the next time I'm in the kitchen instead of making a special trip," he proudly explained.

I was impressed. "Thanks. I had to ask."

"No problem," he answered, then he continued to take our orders.

As the members of my dinner party took their turns, my eyes darted back and forth from each person ordering and my menu. That's when, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a thin, black thread protruding from our waiter's fly. Again, I dismissed it; yet I had to scan the room and, sure enough, there were other waiters and busboys with strings hanging out of their trousers. My curiosity overrode discretion at this point, so before he could leave I had to ask.

"Excuse me, but...uh...why, or what...about that string?" "Oh, yeah" he began in a quieter tone. "Not many people are that observant. That same efficiency group found we could save time in the Men's room, too."

"How's that?"

"You see, by tying a string to the end of our, eh, selves, we can pull it out at the urinals literally hands-free and thereby eliminate the need to wash our hands, cutting time spent in the restroom by over 93%!"

"Oh, that makes sense," I said, but then thinking through the process, I asked "Hey, wait-a-minute. If the string helps you pull it out, how do you get it back in?"

"Well," he whispered, "I don't know about the other guys; but I use my spoon."

After Holiday Diet

DIET FOR STRESS and HOLIDAY OVEREATING

This diet is designed to help you cope with the stress that builds up during the day... and will reduce overeating!!

Breakfast:

- 1/2 grapefruit
- 1 slice whole wheat toast
- 8 oz. skim milk

Lunch:

- 4 oz. lean broiled chicken breast
- 1 cup steamed spinach
- 1 cup herb tea
- 1 Oreo cookie

Mid-Afternoon snack:

- The rest of Oreo's in the package
- 2 pints Rocky Road ice cream nuts, cherries and whipped cream
- 1 jar hot fudge sauce

Dinner:

- 2 loaves garlic bread
- 4 cans or 1 large pitcher Coke
- 1 large sausage, mushroom and cheese pizza
- 3 Snickers bars

Late Evening News:

- Entire frozen Sara Lee cheesecake (eaten directly from freezer)

Rules for this Diet

1. If you eat something and no one sees you eat it, it has no calories.

2. If you drink a diet soda with a candy bar, the calories in the candy bar are canceled out by the diet soda.
3. When you eat with someone else, calories don't count if you do not eat more than they do.
4. Food used for medicinal purposes NEVER count, such as hot chocolate, brandy, toast and Sara Lee Cheesecake.
5. If you fatten up everyone else around you, then you look thinner.
6. Movie related foods do not have additional calories because they are part of the entertainment package and not part of one's personal fuel. Examples: Milk Duds, buttered popcorn, Junior Mints, Red Hots and Tootsie Rolls.
7. Cookie pieces contain no calories. The process of breaking causes calorie leakage.
8. Things licked off knives and spoons have no calories if you are in the process of preparing something sweet and gooey.
9. Foods that have the same color have the same number of calories... Examples are: spinach and pistachio ice cream; mushrooms and mashed potatoes; pink grapefruit and ham.
10. Chocolate is a universal color and may be substituted for any other food color.
11. Anything consumed while standing has no calories. This is due to gravity and the density of the caloric mass.
12. Anything consumed from someone else's plate has no calories since the calories rightfully belong to the other person and will cling to his/her plate. (We ALL know how calories like to cling!)

REMEMBER: STRESSED SPELLED BACKWARDS IS DESSERTS!

Bread Is Dangerous!

I've done a little research, and what I've discovered should make anyone think twice...

1. More than 98 percent of convicted felons are bread users.
2. Fully HALF of all children who grow up in bread-consuming households score below average on standardized tests.
3. In the 18th century, when virtually all bread was baked in the home, the average life expectancy was less than 50 years; infant mortality rates were unacceptably high; many women died in childbirth; and diseases such as typhoid, yellow fever, and influenza ravaged whole nations.
4. More than 90 percent of violent crimes are committed within 24 hours of eating bread.
5. Bread is made from a substance called "dough." It has been proven that as little as one pound of dough can be used to suffocate a mouse. The average American eats more bread than that in one month!
6. Primitive tribal societies that have no bread exhibit a low incidence of cancer, Alzheimer's, Parkinson's disease, and osteoporosis.
7. Bread has been proven to be addictive. Subjects deprived of bread and given only water to eat begged for bread after as little as two days.
8. Bread is often a "gateway" food item, leading the user to "harder" items such as butter, jelly, peanut butter, and even cold cuts.

9. Bread has been proven to absorb water. Since the human body is more than 90 percent water, it follows that eating bread could lead to your body being taken over by this absorptive food product, turning you into a soggy, gooey bread-pudding person.
10. Newborn babies can choke on bread.
11. Bread is baked at temperatures as high as 400 degrees Fahrenheit! That kind of heat can kill an adult in less than one minute.
12. Most American bread eaters are utterly unable to distinguish between significant scientific fact and meaningless statistical babbling.
13. In light of these frightening statistics, we propose the following bread restrictions:
14. No sale of bread to minors.
15. A nationwide "Just Say No To Toast" campaign, complete celebrity TV spots and bumper stickers.
16. A 300 percent federal tax on all bread to pay for all the societal ills we might associate with bread.
17. No animal or human images, nor any primary colors (which may appeal to children) may be used to promote bread usage.
18. The establishment of "Bread-free" zones around schools.

An Inexperienced Chili Taster

Notes From An Inexperienced Chili Taster Named FRANK, who was visiting Texas:

"Recently I was honored to be selected as an outstanding Famous celebrity in Texas, to be a judge at a chili cook-off, because no one else wanted to do it. Also the original person called in sick at the last moment, and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table asking directions to the beer wagon when the call came. 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 scorecards from the event:

Chili # 1: Mike's Maniac Mobster Monster Chili

JUDGE ONE: A little too heavy on tomato. Amusing kick.

JUDGE TWO: Nice, smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.

FRANK: Holy smokes, what the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway with it. Took me two beers to put the flames out. Hope that's the worst one. These hicks are crazy.

Chili # 2: Arthur's Afterburner Chili

JUDGE ONE: Smoky (barbecue?) with a hint of pork. Slight Jalapeno tang.

JUDGE TWO: Exciting BBQ flavor, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.

FRANK: Keep this out of reach of children! I'm not sure what I am supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich maneuver. Shoved my way to the front of the beer line.

Chili # 3: Fred's Famous Burn Down the Barn Chili

JUDGE ONE: Excellent firehouse chili! Great kick. Needs more beans.

JUDGE TWO: A bean-less chili, a bit salty, good use of red peppers.

FRANK: This has got to be a joke. Call the EPA, I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Drano. Everyone knows the routine by now and got out of my way so I could make it to the beer wagon. Barmaid pounded me on the back; now my backbone is in the front part of my chest.

Chili # 4: Bubba's Black Magic

JUDGE ONE: Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing.

JUDGE TWO: Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a chili.

FRANK: I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it. Sally, the bar maid, was standing behind me with fresh refills so I wouldn't have to dash over to see her.

Chili # 5: Linda's Legal Lip Remover

JUDGE ONE: Meaty, strong chili. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.

JUDGE TWO: Chili using shredded beef; could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.

FRANK: My ears are ringing, and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. The contestant seemed hurt when I told her that her chili had given me brain damage. Sally saved my tongue by pouring beer directly on it from a pitcher. Sort of irritates me that one of the other judges asked me to stop screaming.

Chili # 6: Vera's Very Vegetarian Variety

JUDGE ONE: Thin yet bold vegetarian variety chili. Good balance of spice and peppers.

JUDGE TWO: The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions, and garlic. Superb.

FRANK: My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous flames. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except Sally.

Chili # 7: Susan's Screaming Sensation Chili

JUDGE ONE: A mediocre chili with too much reliance on canned peppers.

JUDGE TWO: Ho Hum, tastes as if the chef threw in canned chili peppers at the last moment. I should note that I am worried about Judge Number 3. He appears to be in a bit of distress.

FRANK: You could put a grenade in my mouth and pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel it. I've lost the sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My clothes are covered with chili that slid unnoticed out of my mouth at some point. Good! At autopsy they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing, it's too painful, and I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air I'll just suck it in through the 4" hole in my stomach.

Chili # 8: Helen's Mount Saint Chili

JUDGE ONE: A perfect ending, this is a nice blend chili, safe for all, not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.

JUDGE TWO: This final entry is a good, balanced chili, neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge Number 3 fell and pulled the chili pot on top of himself.

FRANK: -----(editor's note: Judge #3 was unable to report)

The MacGyver Cookbook CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

Ingredients:
Frequent flier coupons
One medium paperclip (not plastic coated)
One movie ticket stub

Now remember that chocolate-chip cookies are supposed to be a nice relaxing kind of food, so the first thing you'll want to do to make them is to go somewhere where you can kick back and relax. Ecuador is good, so use your frequent-flier coupons to pick

up a round-trip ticket there. The stewardess will hand you a couple of bags of peanuts, but don't eat them, since we're going to need those for the cookies.

You'll find yourself sitting next to an attractive woman who teaches archaeology at Cornell; she'll explain that she's going to Ecuador to try to find her father--a biochemist by trade, but he dabbles in archaeology as a hobby--who went down there to find the lost pyramid of Sesquichachloride, well known in archaeological circles as the fabled storehouse of the god Valhequesal who, according to myth, rode down from the skies on a pillar of fire bringing with him a wealth of powerful but somewhat failure-prone magical devices that, according to the priests of the day, were pretty darn all-around nifty.

Now her father, after examining several stone tablets depicting the god Valhequesal, discovered that he is always shown wearing a curious bracelet on his left wrist that looks surprisingly like a digital watch, leading him to the conclusion that Valhequesal did actually exist, but he was really an advanced space traveler with comparatively poor taste in accessories, and that the lost pyramid of Sesquichachloride must contain his spacecraft and untold other devices from his world. About this time, the stewardess will bring by the main meal and you'll want to be sure to save the little packets of salt and butter that come with your meal--the woman next to you will be too worried about her father to eat and so you'll want to take her packet of butter and go ahead and keep her crackers too.

When you get off the plane in Ecuador, just go out to the front of the airport and try to locate a cab. There won't be any, for some reason, so you'll go inside to inquire about where transportation might be found and some guy will stumble against you and when you look at him, you'll notice that he's been stabbed in the left side and is bleeding pretty profusely. With a weakly shaking hand, he'll thrust the key to a safety deposit box into your hand, gasp something about "be careful of the poison ivy" and expire messily on the floor of the terminal. You'll decide that maybe waiting for a cab is the better part of valor and head back outside--on the way, though, be sure to stop at the concession stand and ask for a half-pound of chocolate chips. The clerk will measure the appropriate amount and put it in a bag for you. Be sure your movie ticket stub is visible in the handful of change you pull from your pocket to pay her. She'll reach down under the counter and then surreptitiously drop a roll of microfilm into your bag along with the chocolate chips, then hand you the bag, saying, "On the house."

At this point, speed is of the essence--get back outside the concourse before a swarthy man with a mustache strides up to the snack shop holding a movie ticket stub. Moments later he and the clerk will run out the door looking for you, just as the woman who sat next to you on the plane drives up in her rental car and offers you a lift. Cheerfully accept, and hop in before the man with the mustache disconnects the safety on his gun. If all goes well, you'll both be out of the parking lot and on your way before he has time to squeeze off more than one shot--and he'll miss on the first one anyway and the woman driving the car will think it was just another vehicle backfiring. She'll be kind enough to offer to let you stay in her hotel room, but she'll need to stop off at the bank first to take care of a little business. While she's talking with the bank

representative, you casually wander back to the safety deposit boxes and open the one that matches the key. In it, you'll find a fair sized paper bag containing bags of flour, sugar, baking soda and a large bottle of calamine lotion; take this along with the folded piece of paper lining the bottom of the safety deposit box. Go back to the lobby just as she's getting ready to leave.

Once the two of you get back into the car and start driving, unfold the piece of paper--it's a map leading to somewhere deep in the Ecuadorian jungle. Look more closely at it just as your companion notices the map, gasps, nearly runs the car off the road, and exclaims "That's my father's handwriting!" From this point on, it's pretty straightforward--just trek through the jungle with her for a few days, evade the occasional drug lord and that guy with the mustache, locate the hidden temple and descend down a long pole into its depths, and locate the treasure room.

There'll be a large golden idol in the northwest corner with huge rubies for eyes, a golden bowl in his lap, and a bird's nest on his head. Put the butter from the plane into the bowl and stir until softened. Get the gold cup to the left of the idol and add two cupfuls of sugar to the butter, stir until creamed. And two eggs from the next, one Swiss army knife spoonful of baking soda and two-and-a-half cups of flour, being sure to remove the large plastic bag of cocaine that was hidden in the bag of flour first. Mix well, add the peanuts from the flight and the chocolate chips from the bag, pocketing the microfilmed list of drug contacts first, and place by Swiss army knife spoonfuls onto the silver tray propped up against the back of the idol.

Once the cookie batter is on the tray, your companion will ask to lick the bowl, but in doing so will bump against the gold torch held in the idol's right hand and there will be a low grinding sound as the stone block that forms the doorway to the drug smugglers' lab slides out of the way and you'll see her father chained to a lab table being forced to refine drugs for the smugglers. While they're having a beautiful and happy reunion, pick up a strange device from the outer room and bring it into the lab where there's better light for a closer inspection. Be sure to bring the cookie sheet too and set them next to each other on the lab table. Your companion and her father will be trying to figure out how to get him unchained while you note that the device in question is clearly of extraterrestrial manufacture and appears to be some sort of highly powerful laser cutting device--except that it shows signs of being dropped, breaking the actuator wire and misaligning the front partial mirror.

Tell them to be quiet for a moment as you use the fish-scaling blade from your Swiss army knife to realign the partial mirror to one quarter wave and then unfold the paperclip, using it to reconnect the high-voltage trigger to the laser firing mechanism. Have him stand back while you use the high-powered laser to cut through the chain holding him to the table and, incidentally, the wall on the other side of the room, alerting the drug smugglers to your presence. They'll burst into the room and one will fire a pistol at you, missing you but hitting the laser, forcing it permanently on and cracking the rear reflector, bathing the area--the cookies in particular--with high-energy radiation. Now get chased around the interior of the temple for a while and, just after the second brief romantic moment where you kiss her and think "Gosh, for

someone who's been running around the Ecuadorian jungle for nearly a week, her hair's not greasy at all" the cookies should be done.

Run back through the drug lab, grab the cookie sheet, noting that the cooling system for the laser has failed and it's about to explode, and run to the outer room where the three of you scale the pole with the bad guys in hot pursuit. By the time you reach the top of the pole, the bad guys will be halfway up it already, so uncap the bottle of calamine lotion and pour it onto the pole, causing them to fall back into the temple as you and your companions escape into the jungle depths just moments before the entire secret temple explodes, destroying the drug smuggling operation along with all the extraterrestrial artifacts.

By now the cookies should be cool enough to eat. Enjoy. Your companions will have a few too, wistfully sighing over the loss of so much knowledge so senselessly, as you take another cookie and notice that the metal sheet you baked them on has etched onto it the plans for what appear to be some sort of space drive.

Anyway, this is the best chocolate-chip cookie recipe I've ever tried--I've made it dozens of times and haven't had a single bad batch yet.

A Hill Of Beans

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a hardening passion for baked beans. He loved them but they always had a very embarrassing and somewhat lively reaction on him. Then one day he met a girl and fell in love. When it was apparent that they would marry he thought to himself, "She is such a sweet and gentle girl she will never go for this kind of carrying on." So he made the supreme sacrifice...and gave up beans. They were married.

Some months later his car broke down on the way home from work. Since they lived in the country, he called his wife and told her that he would be late because he had to walk home. On his way he passed a small cafe and the odor of freshly baked beans was overwhelming. Since he still had several miles to walk, he figured that he would work off any ill effects before he got home. So he stopped at the cafe. Before leaving, he had eaten three large orders of baked beans.

All the way home he putt-putted and after arriving, felt reasonably safe that he had putted his last. His wife seemed somewhat agitated and excited to see him and exclaimed delightedly, "Darling, I have the most wonderful surprise for dinner tonight." She then blindfolded him and led him to his chair at the head of the dining table.

He seated himself and just as she was ready to remove the blindfold the telephone rang. She made him vow not to touch the blindfold until she returned, then went to answer the phone. He seized the opportunity, shifted his weight to one leg and let go. It was not only loud, but as ripe as rotten eggs. He took the napkin from his lap and vigorously fanned the air about him.

Things had just returned to normal when he felt another urge coming on him, so he shifted his weight to the other leg and let go again. This was a true prize-winner. While keeping his ear on the conversation in the hall, he went on like this for 10 minutes until he knew the phone farewells indicated the end of his loneliness and freedom. He placed his napkin on his lap and folded his hands on top of it, and smiling contentedly to himself, was the picture of innocence. When his wife returned, apologizing for taking too long, she asked if he had peeked and he, of course, assured her that he had not. At this point, she removed the blindfold and there was his surprise -- twelve dinner guests seated around the table for a happy birthday party for him.

I Think I've Found Inner Peace

"My therapist told me a way to achieve inner peace was to finish things I had started.

Today I finished 2 bags of potato chips, a lemon pie, a fifth of Jack Daniel's and a small box of chocolate candy.

I feel better already.

Pass along to those who need it."

CHAPTER 23: Things Seen In Books, Magazines, & Newspapers

Humorous Headlines

"Killer Sentenced to Die for Second Times in 10 Years"
"Never Withhold Herpes Infection from Loved One"
"War Dims Hope for Peace"
"If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last a While"
"Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures"
"Deer Kill 17,000"
"Enfields Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide"
"Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges"
"Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead"
"Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge"
"Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says"
"Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers"
"Drunk Gets Nine Months in Violin Case"
"Iraqi Head Seeks Arms"
"Is There a Ring of Debris around Uranus?"
"Prostitutes Appeal to Pope"
"Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over"
"Include Your Children when Baking Cookies"
"Clinton Wins on Budget, But More Lies Ahead"
"Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told"
"Miners Refuse to Work after Death"
"Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant"
"Stolen Painting Found by Tree"
"Two Sisters Reunited After 18 Years at Checkout Counter"
"War Dims Hope for Peace"
"Kids Make Nutritious Snacks"
"Hospitals are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors"
"New Vaccine May Contain Rabies"

Sayings

It's not the pace of life that concerns me; it's the sudden stop at the end.
The problem with the gene pool is that there is no lifeguard.
It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
The only time the world beats a path to your door is if you're in the bathroom.
If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
Never knock on Death's door. Ring the doorbell and run. (He hates that.)
Lead me not into temptation. I can find the way myself.
When you're finally holding all the cards, why does everyone else decide to play chess?

If you're living on the edge, make sure you're wearing your seat belt.
The mind is like a parachute; it works much better when it's open.
Never take life seriously. Nobody gets out alive, anyway.
There are two kinds of pedestrians - the quick and the dead.
Life is sexually transmitted.
A closed mouth gathers no feet.
Health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.
It's not hard to meet expenses. They're everywhere.
Jury: Twelve people who determine which client has the better attorney.
The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
Whose cruel idea was it for the word "lisp" to have an "s" in it?
Light travels faster than sound. Is that why some people appear bright until you hear them speak?
Why do you press harder on the remote control when you know that the battery is dead?
Why does sour cream have an expiration date?
Why do banks charge you an "insufficient funds" fee on money they already know you don't have?
Why is the alphabet in that order?
If the universe is everything, and scientists say that the universe is expanding, what is it expanding into?
Do fish get cramps after eating?
Why are there 5 syllables in "monosyllabic?"
Tell a man that there are 400 billion stars and he'll believe you. Tell him a bench has wet paint and he has to touch it.
How come Superman could stop bullets with his chest, but always ducked when someone threw a gun at him?
If "con" is the opposite of "pro," what is the opposite of "progress?"
Why is lemon juice mostly artificial ingredients but dishwashing liquid contains real lemons?
Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?
Do Roman paramedics refer to "IV's" as "4's?"
What do little birdies see when they get knocked unconscious?
Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?
Do married people live longer than single people do or does it just SEEM longer?
I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman, "Where's the self-help' section?"
She said that if she told me, it would defeat the purpose.
If all of those psychics have the winning lottery numbers, why are they still working?
Isn't Disney World a people trap operated by a mouse?
The best way to save face is to keep the lower part shut?
War doesn't determine who is right, just who is left.
A priest, a rabbi, and a minister walk into a bar. The bartender says, "What is this, some kind of joke?"
When you do a good deed, get a receipt, in case heaven is like the IRS.
The Bible tells us to love our neighbors, and also to love our enemies, probably because they are generally the same people.
The lion and the calf shall lie down together but the calf won't get much sleep.

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

On the sixth day, God created the platypus. And God said: let's see the evolutionists try to figure <this> one out.

When did I realize I was God? Well, I was praying and suddenly realized that I was talking to myself.

If you freeze to death and end up in hell... wouldn't you be really comfortable some point along the way?

If Jesus came back today and saw what was being done in his name, he'd never stop throwing up.

If God is inside us, then I hope he likes fajitas, cause that's what he's getting.

You've given your life to Jesus, I've rented mine to Cthulhu.

Confession without repentance is just bragging. - Rev. Eugene Bolton

They think, therefore I am. - God

Campus Crusade for Cthulhu: If your god's dead, blame mine.

Go thou and sin more creatively next time.

Every time someone predicts the date of the end of the world, God pushes the date back a little, just to be funny.

Bumper Stickers

Eat Well, Stay Fit, Die Anyway.

No Matter Where You Go, There You Are.

My Child Can Beat Up Your Honor Student.

Cats Flattened While You Watch.

I May Be Fat but You're Ugly - and I Can Lose Weight.

Stamp Out Crime - Abolish the IRS

Dare to keep the CIA off Drugs.

Quit Sniveling.

Stupid People Shouldn't Breed.

Kissing a Smoker is Like Licking an Ashtray

Happiness is Coming.

Have You Flogged Your Crew Today?

Forget the Whales, Save the Cowboy.

Eat American Lamb. Ten Million Coyotes Can't be Wrong.

I'm From the Government. I'm Here to Help You.

Blood Sun Earth

Old Skiers Never Die. They Just go Downhill.

Money Isn't Everything, But it Sure Keeps the Kids In Touch.

Disarm Rapists

Commit Random Kindness and Senseless Acts of Beauty

Happiness is the Ball in the Fairway.

Have You Hugged Your Stockbroker Today?

My Karma just ran over your Dogma.

My Mother was a Travel Agent for Guilt Trips

I Brake for Hallucinations.

Illiterate? Call This Number for Help...

Welcome to Colorado - Now Go Home

Welcome to Our Beach - Now Go Home (seen in Florida)

If You Love Jesus Tithe - Any Fool Can Honk

I'm OK. You're So-So.

Will Rogers Never Met Howard Cosell.

Smile - It's The Second Best Thing You Can Do With Your Lips.

"Telling an Old Person He's Useless Is Abortion on the Other End"

Scixelsyd Etinu. [Read Backwards]

Use Caution in Passing - Driver Chewing Tobacco

If Men Could Have Abortions, It Would Be a Sacrament

Ask First If The Animal Wants To Be Killed

Your Mother's Choice was Pro-Life. [Waah...]

Don't Honk - I'm Pedaling as Fast as I Can

If You Can Read This Bumper Sticker, You're In Range

This Vehicle Swerves and Hits Pedestrians at Random

Black Holes Suck.

No Radio - Already Stolen

Cover me: I'm changing lanes

All generalizations are false

I Brake For No Apparent Reason

My kid beat up your honors student

Conserve toilet paper, use both sides

Never mind the damn whales. Save the people!

Remember you're unique, just like everyone else

I'm out of bed & dressed. What more do you want?

Women who seek to be equal to men lack ambition

As long as schools have tests, there will be prayer

Women don't have hot flashes, they have power surges

Work is for people who don't know how to surf the net

Your kid may be an honors student but you're an IDIOT!

If we're not to eat animals, why are they made of meat?

Forget about Karma... Visualize Using Your Turn Signal!

We are Microsoft. Resistance Is Futile. You Will Be Assimilated.

Jesus is coming, everyone look busy.

A bartender is just a pharmacist with a limited inventory.

Horn broken, watch for finger.

All men are idiots ... I married their king.

The more you complain, the longer God lets you live.

My kid had sex with your honor student.

If at first you do succeed, try not to look astonished.

Help wanted telepath: you know where to apply

I.R.S.: We've got what it takes to take what you've got.

Jesus loves you... everyone else thinks you're an asshole.

I'm just driving this way to piss you off.

Jesus paid for our sins... Now let's get our money's worth.

Reality is a crutch for people who can't handle drugs.

I love cats... They taste just like chicken

Out of my mind. Back in five minutes.

Keep honking, I'm reloading.

Hang up and drive.

Laugh alone and the world thinks you're an idiot.

I don't have to be dead to donate my organ.
 I want to die in my sleep like my grandfather... Not screaming and yelling like the
 passengers in his car.
 Lord save me from your followers.
 Guns don't kill people, postal workers do.
 Ask me about microwaving cats for fun and profit.
 I said "no" to drugs, but they just wouldn't listen.
 Cats... the other white meat.
 The gene pool could use a little chlorine.
 Your kid may be an honor student but you're still an IDIOT!
 Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
 It IS as BAD as you think, and they ARE out to get you.
 When you do a good deed, get a receipt, in case heaven is like the IRS.
 Friends don't let Friends drive Naked.
 Forget about World Peace... Visualize Using Your Turn Signal!
 Make it idiot proof and someone will make a better idiot.
 Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math.
 Friends help you move. Real friends help you move bodies.
 Very funny, Scotty. Now beam down my clothes.
 Puritanism: The haunting fear that someone, somewhere may be happy.
 Consciousness: that annoying time between naps.
 Be nice to your kids. They'll be choosing your nursing home.
 Ever stop to think, and forget to start again?
 Diplomacy is the art of saying 'Nice doggie!'... 'Till you can find a rock.
 I like you, but I wouldn't want to see you working with subatomic particles.
 Sex on television can't hurt you unless you fall off.
 Visualize Whirled Peas!
 Here's to the sun God, He sure is a fun God, Ra, Ra, Ra ...
 A diagnostic is someone who doesn't know whether there are two gods.
 Jesus saves, Allah forgives, Cthulhu thinks you'd make a nice sandwich.
 If God is watching us, the least we can do is be entertaining.
 I am an agnostic pagan. I doubt the existence of many gods.
 So this dyslexic guy walks into a bra...
 Make God laugh - plan for the future.
 Adam to Eve: I'll wear the plants in this family!
 And on the 8th day God said, OK Murphy, you take over.
 Atheist achieving orgasm: Oh Random! Oh Chance!
 Blessed are the Fundamentalists, for they shall inhibit the earth.
 Give me some of that old-time Religion... HAIL ZEUS!
 If money is the root of all evil, why do churches want it so badly?
 Instant shaman - add one drum and beat slowly.
 Jesus loves you. Then again, so does Barney.
 Jesus Saves... Passes to Moses. He shoots... He SCORES!
 That was Zen. This is Tao.
 Want a taste of religion? Bite a minister...
 Sects, sects, sects. Is that all you monks ever think about?
 To YOU I'm an atheist. To God, I'm the Loyal Opposition.
 God is a comedian playing to an audience too afraid to laugh.

Dear Lord, please save me from your followers!

And Finally, "Help Stamp Out Bumper Stickers."

Sayings That Should Be On Tee-Shirts

1. Well, this day was a total waste of makeup.
2. Who are these kids and why are they calling me Mom?
3. Don't bother me. I'm living happily ever after.
4. Do I look like a freakin' people person?
5. This isn't an office. It's Hell with fluorescent lighting.
6. I started out with nothing & still have most of it left.
7. I pretend to work. They pretend to pay me.
8. If I throw a stick, will you leave?
9. You! Off my planet!
10. Therapy is expensive, poppin' bubble wrap is cheap! You choose.
11. Practice random acts of intelligence & senseless acts of self-control.
12. Bottomless pit of needs & wants.
13. I like cats, too. Let's exchange recipes.
14. Friendly checkout clerk. Thanks for keeping me that way!
15. If I want to hear the pitter-patter of little feet, I'll put shoes on my cat.
16. Does your train of thought have a caboose?
17. Errors have been made. Others will be blamed.
18. Let me show you how the guards used to do it.
19. And your crybaby whiny-assed opinion would be...?
20. I'm not crazy, I've just been in a very bad mood for 30 years.
21. If only you'd use your powers for good instead of evil...
22. See no evil, hear no evil, date no evil.
23. A PBS mind in an MTV world.
24. Allow me to introduce my selves.
25. Sarcasm is just one more service we offer.
26. Whisper my favorite words: "I'll buy it for you."
27. Better living through denial.
28. Whatever kind of look you were going for, you missed it.
29. Suburbia: Where they tear out the trees & then name streets after them.
30. Adult child of alien invaders.
31. Do they ever shut up on your planet?
32. I'm just working here 'til a good fast-food job opens up.
33. I'm trying to imagine you with a personality.
34. A cubicle is just a padded cell without a door.
35. Stress is when you wake up screaming & you realize you haven't fallen asleep yet.
36. After I cook the vegetables, what do I do with the wheelchairs?
37. Here I am! Now what are your other two wishes?
38. Back off! You're standing in my aura.
39. I can't remember if I'm the good twin or the evil one.
40. Don't worry. I forgot your name, too!
41. Adults are just kids who owe money.

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

42. How many times do I have to flush before you go away?
43. I just want revenge. Is that so wrong?
44. I work 40 hours a week to be this poor.
45. You say I'm a bitch like it's a bad thing.
46. Can I trade this job for what's behind door #2?
47. Okay, okay, I take it back! UnScrew you!
48. Macho Law prohibits me from admitting I'm wrong.
49. Nice perfume. Must you marinate in it?
50. Not all men are annoying. Some are dead.
51. Too many freaks, not enough circuses.
52. Chaos, panic, & disorder - my work here is done.
53. Ambivalent? Well, yes and no.
54. Everyone thinks I'm psychotic, except for my friends deep inside the Earth.
55. Earth is full. Go home.
56. Is it time for your medication or mine?
57. I plead contemporary insanity.
58. And which dwarf are you?
59. I refuse to star in your psychodrama.
60. I thought I wanted a career, turns out I just wanted paychecks.
61. How do I set a laser printer to stun?
62. Meandering to a different drummer.
63. I'm not tense, just terribly, terribly alert.
64. I refuse to have a battle of wits with an unarmed person.

25 Truisms For Policy Consultants, Legislative Aides, And Everyday Living

1. Indecision is the key to flexibility.
2. You cannot tell which way the train went by looking at the track.
3. There is absolutely no substitute for a genuine lack of preparation.
4. Happiness is merely the remission of pain.
5. Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.
6. Sometimes too much drink is not enough.
7. The facts, although interesting, are irrelevant.
8. The careful application of terror is also a form of communication.
9. Someone who thinks logically is a nice contrast to the real world.
10. Things are more like they are today than they ever have been before.
11. Anything worth fighting for is worth fighting dirty for.
12. Everything should be made as simple as possible, but no simpler.
13. Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.
14. I have seen the truth and it makes no sense.
15. Suicide is the most sincere form of self-criticism.
16. All things being equal, fat people use more soap.
17. If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone in mind to blame.
18. One-seventh of your life is spent on Monday.
19. By the time you can make ends meet, they move the ends.
20. Not one shred of evidence supports the notion that life is serious.
21. The more you run over a dead cat, the flatter it gets.
22. There is always one more imbecile than you counted on.

23. This is as bad as it can get, but don't bet on it.
24. Never wrestle with a pig: You both get all dirty, and the pig likes it.
25. The trouble with life is, you're halfway through it before you realize it's a 'do-it-yourself' thing.

Ineffective Daily Affirmations

- As I let go of my feelings of guilt, I can get in touch with my Inner Sociopath.
- I have the power to channel my imagination into ever-soaring levels of suspicion and paranoia.
- I assume full responsibility for my actions, except the ones that are someone else's fault.
- In some cultures what I do would be considered normal.
- Joan of Arc heard voices too.
- I am grateful that I am not as judgmental as all those censorious, self-righteous people around me.
- I need not suffer in silence while I can still moan, whimper and complain.
- As I learn the innermost secrets of the people around me, they reward me in many ways to keep me quiet.
- The first step is to say nice things about myself. The second, to do nice things for myself. The third, to find someone to buy me nice things.
- As I learn to trust the universe, I no longer need to carry a gun.
- I am at one with my duality.
- Does my quiet self-pity get to me? Yes? Or should I move up to incessant nagging?
- I honor and express all facets of my being, regardless of state and local laws.
- Today I will gladly share my experience and advice, for there are no sweeter words than "I told you so."
- The complete lack of evidence is the surest sign that the conspiracy is working.
- I am learning that criticism is not nearly as effective as sabotage.
- Becoming aware of my character defects leads me to the next step -- blaming my parents.
- I will find humor in my everyday life by looking for people I can laugh at.

Actual News Headlines

GATORS TO FACE SEMINOLES WITH PETERS OUT
--The Tallahassee Bugle

MESSIAH CLIMAXES IN CHORUS OF HALLELUJAHS
--The Anchorage Alaska Times

GOVERNOR'S PENIS BUSY [should be "Pen Is"]
--The New Haven Connecticut Register

THANKS TO PRESIDENT CLINTON, STAFF SGT. FRUER NOW HAS A SON

--The Arkansas Plainsman

CLINTON PLACES DICKEY IN GORE'S HANDS
--Bangor Maine News

STARR AGHAST AT FIRST LADY SEX POSITION
--The Washington Times

CLINTON STIFF ON WITHDRAWAL
--The Bosnia Bugle

LONG ISLAND STIFFENS FOR LILI'S BLOW
--Newsday

ORGAN FESTIVAL ENDS IN SMASHING CLIMAX
--San Antonio Rose

PETROLEUM JELLY KEEPS IDLE TOOLS RUST-FREE
--Chicago Daily News

TEXTRON INC. MAKES OFFER TO SCREW COMPANY STOCKHOLDERS
--The Miami Herald

MARRIED PRIESTS IN CATHOLIC CHURCH A LONG TIME COMING
--The New Haven Connecticut Register

GOVERNOR CHILES OFFERS RARE OPPORTUNITY TO GOOSE HUNTERS
--The Tallahassee Democrat

WOULD SHE CLIMB TO THE TOP OF MR. EVEREST AGAIN? ABSOLUTELY!
--The Houston Chronicle

Nine Things That Annoy Me

1. The Pillsbury doughboy is way too happy considering he has no genitals.
2. When something is "new and improved", which is it? If it's new, then there has never been anything before it. If it's an improvement, then there must have been something before it.
3. People who are willing to get off their ass to search the room for the TV remote because they refuse to walk to the TV and change the channel manually.
4. When people say, "Oh you just want to have your cake and eat it too." Fuck off. What good is a goddamn cake you can't eat? What, should I eat someone else's cake instead?
5. When people say "It's always in the last place you look." Of course it is. Why would you keep looking after you've found it? Do people do this? Who and where are they?

6. When people say, while watching a movie "Did you see that?" No dicknose, I paid \$8.50 to come to the theatre and stare at that thing over there. What did you come here for?
7. The radio ad "Hi, I'm Jeff Healey from the Jeff Healey Band. Don't drink and drive. I don't." Well, I hope you don't drive sober either Mr. Healey. You're blind for god's sake!
8. People who ask, "Can I ask you a question?" Didn't really give me a choice, did ya there buddy?
9. People who point at their wrist while asking for the time. I know where my watch is buddy, where the fuck is yours? Do I point at my crotch when I ask where the bathroom is?

Real Estate Ads

Looking to buy a house, but daunted by all those confusing and intimidating real estate terms? When the real estate agent tells you a house has a "country kitchen," is that real estate jargon for "you cook in the fireplace?" Well, after (ahem!) 7 years in the residential lending business, I've devised this little guide to help you out.

GUIDE TO WHAT THOSE REAL ESTATE BUZZWORDS REALLY MEAN

Waterfront property: Streets flood every spring.

Rural surroundings: Out in the middle of nowhere.

For sale by owner: No real estate agent in his or her right mind would touch it.

Cozy: House is the size of a backyard shed.

Mature neighborhood: Slum.

Convenient to shopping and transportation: Located right on the main drag.

Walk-in closets: If you're a midget.

Unique scenery: Town dump is across the street.

Indoor pool: Flooded basement.

Peaceful neighborhood: Next to a cemetery.

Lawn sprinkler system: Neighbors' dogs pee all over the yard.

Owner anxious to sell: House was broken into 6 times in the past year.

Rustic: No electricity or indoor plumbing.

Exclusive area: You can't afford it.

Dream home: You can't afford it.

Immaculate condition: Owners can afford a maid,

Good starter home: One bedroom, one bath.

Fixer-upper: Condemned by building inspector.

Must see: What a dump!

Reduced price: Still overpriced.

Victorian charm: Hasn't been renovated since 1870.

Oversized lot: Undersized house

Odd Signs From England

Sign in a Laundromat:

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES:PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT

Sign in a London department store:
BARGAIN BASEMENT UPSTAIRS

In an office:
WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN

Outside a farm:
HORSE MANURE 50p PER PRE-PACKED BAG 20p DO-IT-YOURSELF

In an office:
AFTER TEA BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD

On a church door:
THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN. ENTER YE ALL BY THIS DOOR. THIS DOOR IS KEPT LOCKED BECAUSE OF THE DRAFT. (PLEASE USE SIDE DOOR.)

English sign in a German cafe:
MOTHERS, PLEASE WASH YOUR HANS BEFORE EATING

Outside a secondhand shop:
WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?

Sign outside a new town hall which was to be opened by the Prince of Wales:
THE TOWN HALL IS CLOSED UNTIL OPENING. IT WILL REMAIN CLOSED AFTER BEING OPENED. OPEN TOMORROW.

Outside a photographer's studio:
OUT TO LUNCH: IF NOT BACK BY FIVE, OUT FOR DINNER ALSO

Outside a disco:
SMARTS IS THE MOST EXCLUSIVE DISCO IN TOWN. EVERYONE WELCOME

Sign warning of quicksand:
QUICKSAND. ANY PERSON PASSING THIS POINT WILL BE DROWNED. BY ORDER OF THE DISTRICT COUNCIL.

Notice sent to residents of a Wiltshire parish:
DUE TO INCREASING PROBLEMS WITH LETTER LOUTS AND VANDALS WE MUST ASK ANYONE WITH RELATIVES BURIED IN THE GRAVEYARD TO DO THEIR BEST TO KEEP THEM IN ORDER

Notice in a dry cleaner's window:

ANYONE LEAVING THEIR GARMENTS HERE FOR MORE THAN 30 DAYS WILL BE DISPOSED OF.

Sign on motorway garage:
PLEASE DO NOT SMOKE NEAR OUR PETROL PUMPS. YOUR LIFE MAY NOT BE WORTH MUCH BUT OUR PETROL IS

Notice in health food shop window:
CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

Spotted in a safari park:
ELEPHANTS PLEASE STAY IN YOUR CAR

Seen during a conference:
FOR ANYONE WHO HAS CHILDREN AND DOESN'T KNOW IT, THERE IS A DAY CARE ON THE FIRST FLOOR

Notice in a field:
THE FARMER ALLOWS WALKERS TO CROSS THE FIELD FOR FREE, BUT THE BULL CHARGES

Message on a leaflet:
IF YOU CANNOT READ, THIS LEAFLET WILL TELL YOU HOW TO GET LESSONS

Sign on a repair shop door:
WE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING. (PLEASE KNOCK HARD ON THE DOOR - THE BELL DOESN'T WORK)

Sign at Norfolk farm gate:
BEWARE! I SHOOT EVERY TENTH TRESPASSER AND THE NINTH ONE HAS JUST LEFT

Spotted in a toilet in a London office block:
TOILET OUT OF ORDER. PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW

Fifty-Five Fiction

FIFTY-FIVE FICTION is a most unusual writing contest held each November by New Times. The concept is simple to state but tough to do: Write a complete short story using no more than 55 words. Accomplishing such a thing is a little like building a miniature skyscraper in a bottle. It takes a lot of care and discipline. It also takes a lot of imagination. And it can be daunting-but fun. We know from experience. Our 55 Fiction challenge certainly hasn't stopped writers from submitting superb 55-word short stories each autumn to us here at New Times. In fact, we get tons of entries. It also hasn't stopped our book, "The World's Shortest Stories," from becoming a tremendous hit among fiction lovers. But we know what you're thinking in that skeptical mind of yours. Can a short story really be written using only 55 words? A good story? Check out a few examples. Afterward, you will believe.

Bedtime Story

"Careful, honey, it's loaded," he said, re-entering the bedroom. Her back rested against the headboard.

"This for your wife?"

"No. Too chancy. I'm hiring a professional."

"How about me?"

He smirked. "Cute. But who'd be dumb enough to hire a lady hit man?"

She wet her lips, sighting along the barrel. "Your wife."

-Jeffrey Whitmore

There's No Place Like It

The President was rushed to the Arizona desert to greet the arrival of the city-size alien spacecraft.

"Peace," said the President.

"Thank you," said the very human-looking alien leader. "We've been on a million-year universal tour. We're excited about returning home."

"Please, visit. Then, good journey."

"No, you misunderstand," said the alien. "We are home."

-Dean Christianson

Death and Denouement

"Pretty grisly, eh, Jacques?"

"Sickening. Any angles?"

"Well, a pattern does seem to be emerging, lieutenant. Yesterday, homicide found a copy of Death of a Salesman at the murder site; today, some nut goes and whacks this Fuller Brush guy."

"Great. A literary serial killer. Find any books?"

"Yes...The French Lieutenant's Woman, sir."

-Joe Hubbell

Mephistopheles, Whisky, and the Wretched Soul

Mephistopheles stopped at the crossroads and tipped his flask o' whisky. A banker strolled by.

"Ten bucks for your soul."

"Try a million and a private jet."

"Look, pal. Avarice, extortion, wickedness, and infidelity - 10 bucks is a steal for your wretched soul. The Reaper won't be so kind."

"Thirteen. No less."

"Deal!"

Both grinned.

-Sean Christopher Weir

The Honeymooners

The newlywed spider nervously walked back to the honeymoon web. Last night was fun, but this morning he noticed the red dot on her abdomen. That afternoon, he said nothing while they drank medfly cocktails. She put an arm around him. "You're awful quiet. What's eating you?"

The last things he saw were flashing mandibles.

-Christy Tillman

Accidents

Reginald Cooke had buried three wives before he married Cecile Northwood.

"Tragic accidents," he told her.

"How sad," replied Cecile. "Were they...wealthy?"

"And beautiful," said Reginald.

They honeymooned in the Alps.

Later, Cecile told her new husband, "You know, darling, my first husband died in a tragic mountaineering accident."

"How sad," replied Justin Marlow.

-Mark Cohen

English 1A

"Use a dash between coordinate elements containing commas." My laser beam crackled out a response. One down. "Subordinating clauses equal dangling participles." I whirl and fire.

"I before eeeeeeeeeeeeeee-"

Two less mutant English teachers.

More coming. Can't let them succeed. Teaching wrong us. Must them stop I.

Modifiers misplaced. Metaphors mixing.

Over it's. Win they.

-Rod Pound

First Step

It's been three days since I've had a drink. Recently I learned about support groups. There's one for just about everything these days. I checked around and found a meeting. Last night was the first time I had the nerve to stand up and say, "Hello. I'm Sandy, and I'm a vampire."

Maybe there's hope.

-Tim Scott

The Bus Station

"One ticket to Hell please."

"I'm sorry, all departures going south are booked up."

"Anything else leaving tonight?"

"We have one bus heading in the opposite direction."

"Any seats available?"

"Plenty."

"Very long ride?"

"No, not really, but you might want to take a good book along. I've heard it's a mighty lonely trip."

-Andrew E. Hunt

Oh God

Set 'em up in this garden, see? Told 'em, "Just don't eat the fruit."

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

Shoulda known. KA-BOOM! I kick 'em out. But I'm a forgivin' kinda guy. Sheesh. Whadda sucker. WHOOSH! I flood the place. Forty days, plus or minus. Dumb me. I save a couple. What's their book say? Revelations? I gotta find a match.

-Rod Pound

Art Vs. Commerce

The artist stood back to view the geometric precision of his latest creation. "Beautiful," he murmured, "but will it sell?" No time to examine the philosophic implications. Customers, buzzing with excitement, already hovered near the piece. He wrapped up a deal quickly. "This is business," the spider said with a vicious smile. "It ain't art."

-Ron Bast

Moments Before the End

"You didn't!"

"I did."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She knew."

"What?"

"About me."

"But what?"

"This."

"An alien!"

"Indeed."

"What now?"

"Now you."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes."

"But why?"

"Because you know."

"But I won't..."

"Too late."

"...Tell..."

"Far too late."

"...Anyone!"

"Indeed."

"...Commander."

"Yes."

"Phase One has been completed."

"Excellent. Proceed with the invasion."

"Indeed."

-Charles West

Out of the Fog

Lyn clutched her purse as footsteps approached along the fog-shrouded lane. Emily, a fellow prostitute, emerged.

"Any business?" asked Lyn. Emily shrugged. "Some. And you?"

"Not yet, tonight."

"Tis slow because of the Ripper," Emily sighed. "Seems everyone's afraid of Jack."

"Actually, the full name's Jacquelyn," Lyn said, pulling the knife from her purse.

-Curt D. Homan

That Settles That

Tom was a handsome, fun-loving young man, albeit a bit drunk when he got into the argument with Sam, his roommate of just two months. "You can't. You cannot write a short story in just 55 words, you idiot!" Sam shot him dead on the spot.

"Oh, yes you can," Sam said, smiling.

-Terry L. Tilton

Strange Facts

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

A pig's orgasm lasts for 30 minutes.

A pregnant goldfish is called a twit.

It was discovered on a space mission that a frog can throw up. The frog throws up its stomach first, so the stomach is dangling out of its mouth. Then the frog uses its forearms to dig out all of the stomach's contents and then swallows the stomach back down again.

Studies show that if a cat falls off the seventh floor of a building it has about thirty percent less chance of surviving than a cat that falls off the twentieth floor. It supposedly takes about eight floors for the cat to realize what is occurring, relax and correct itself.

Your stomach has to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks otherwise it will digest itself.

101 Dalmatians and Peter Pan are the only two Disney cartoon features with both parents that are present and don't die throughout the movie.

'Stewardesses' is the longest word that is typed with only the left-hand.

A whale's penis is called a dork.

To escape the grip of a crocodile's jaws, push your thumbs into its eyeballs - it will let you go instantly.

Reindeer like to eat bananas.

If a statue in the park of a person on a horse has both front legs in the air (the horse, that is), the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in the air, the person

died as a result of wounds received in battle. If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver or purple.

Only two people signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, John Hancock and Charles Thomson. Most of the rest signed on August 2, but the last signature wasn't added until 5 years later.

"I am." is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

The most common name in the world is Mohammed.

The word "samba" means "to rub navels together."

The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin during World War II killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.

In Casablanca, Humphrey Bogart never said, "Play it again, Sam."

Sherlock Holmes never said, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

More people are killed annually by donkeys than die in air crashes.

A 'jiffy' is an actual unit of time for 1/100th of a second.

The average person falls asleep in seven minutes.

Every time you lick a stamp, you're consuming 1/10 of a calorie.

The World's 25 Shortest Books

25. MY PLAN TO FIND THE REAL KILLERS-by O J Simpson
24. THE ENGINEER'S GUIDE TO FASHION
23. TO ALL THE MEN I'VE LOVED BEFORE-by Ellen DeGeneres
22. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REALITY AND DILBERT
21. HUMAN RIGHTS ADVANCES IN CHINA
20. THINGS I WOULD NOT DO FOR MONEY-by Dennis Rodman
19. THE WILD YEARS-by Al Gore
18. AMELIA EARHART'S GUIDE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN
17. AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR LAWYERS
16. CAREER OPPORTUNITIES FOR LIBERAL ARTS MAJORS
15. DETROIT - A TRAVEL GUIDE
14. DIFFERENT WAYS TO SPELL BOB
13. DR. KEVORKIAN'S COLLECTION OF MOTIVATIONAL SPEECHES
12. EASY UNIX
11. ETHIOPIAN TIPS ON WORLD DOMINANCE
10. EVERYTHING MEN KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

9. EVERYTHING WOMEN KNOW ABOUT MEN
8. FRENCH HOSPITALITY
7. GEORGE FOREMAN'S BIG BOOK OF BABY NAMES
6. HOW TO SUSTAIN A MUSICAL CAREER-by Art Garfunkel
5. MIKE TYSON'S GUIDE TO DATING ETIQUETTE
4. SPOTTED OWL RECIPES-by the EPA
3. STAPLE YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS
2. THE AMISH PHONE DIRECTORY

And the Number One World's Shortest Book:

1. THE BOOK OF VIRTUES by Bill Clinton

Actual Personal Ads Which Appeared in Israeli Papers:

Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan. Write. POB 74.

Yshiva bochur, Torah scholar, long beard, payos. Seeks same in woman.

Desperately seeking schmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, and krechtzing. Under 30 is OK. POB 64

Attractive Jewish woman, 35+, college graduate, seeks successful Jewish Prince Charming to get me out of my parents' house. POB 45

Divorced Jewish man seeks partner to attend shul with, light Shabbos candles, celebrate holidays, build Sukkah together, attend brisses, bar mitzvahs. Religion not important. POB 658

Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality. POB 78

Female graduate student, studying kaballah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks mensch. No weirdos, please. POB 56

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzis, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it. POB 435

Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Sabbath candles, Chanukah candles. havdalah candles, Yahrzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker. POB 787

Israeli professor, 41, with 18 years of teaching in my behind. Looking for American-born woman who speaks English very good. POB 555

Couch potato latke, in search of the right applesauce. Let's try it for eight days. Who knows? POB 43

80-year-old bubbie, no assets, seeks handsome, virile Jewish male, under 35. Object: matrimony. I can dream, can't I? POB 545

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

I am a sensitive Jewish prince whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fatties, please. POB 86.

Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me. POB 53

Actually Taken From Classified Ads In Newspapers:

FREE YORKSHIRE TERRIER. 8 YEARS OLD. HATEFUL LITTLE DOG.

FREE PUPPIES: ½ COCKER SPANIEL - ½ SNEAKY NEIGHBOR'S DOG

FREE PUPPIES...PART GERMAN SHEPHERD - PART STUPID DOG

GERMAN SHEPHERD 85 POUNDS. NEUTERED. SPEAKS GERMAN. FREE.

FOUND: DIRTY WHITE DOG. LOOKS LIKE A RAT... BEEN OUT AWHILE... BETTER BE REWARD.

1 MAN, 7 WOMAN HOT TUB - \$850/offer

AMANA WASHER \$100. OWNED BY CLEAN BACHELOR WHO SELDOM WASHED.

SNOW BLOWER FOR SALE... ONLY USED ON SNOWY DAYS.

2 WIRE MESH BUTCHERING GLOVES: one 5-finger, one 3-finger, PAIR: \$15

COWS, CALVES NEVER BRED... ALSO 1 GAY BULL FOR SALE.

NORDIC TRACK \$300 HARDLY USED, CALL CHUBBIE

SHAKESPEARE'S PIZZA - FREE CHOPSTICKS

HUMMELS - LARGEST SELECTION EVER "IF IT'S IN STOCK, WE HAVE IT!"

GET A LITTLE JOHN: THE TRAVELING URINAL THAT HOLDS 2 ½ BOTTLES OF BEER.

HARRISBURG POSTAL EMPLOYEES GUN CLUB

GEORGIA PEACHES CALIFORNIA GROWN - 89 cents/pound.

NICE PARACHUTE: NEVER OPENED - USED ONCE, SLIGHTLY STAINED

FREE: FARM KITTENS. READY TO EAT.

AMERICAN FLAG: 60 STARS - POLE INCLUDED \$100

TIRED OF WORKING FOR ONLY \$9.75 PER HOUR? WE OFFER PROFIT SHARING AND FLEXIBLE HOURS. STARTING PAY: \$7 - \$9 PER HOUR.

EXERCISE EQUIPMENT: QUEEN SIZE MATTRESS & BOX SPRINGS \$175.

OUR SOFA SEATS THE WHOLE MOB AND IT'S MADE OF 100% ITALIAN LEATHER.

JOINING NUDIST COLONY! MUST SELL WASHER & DRYER \$300.

LAWYER SAYS CLIENT IS NOT THAT GUILTY.

ALZHEIMER'S CENTER PREPARES FOR AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

GAS CLOUD CLEARS OUT TACO BELL.

OPEN HOUSE BODY SHAPERS TONING SALON: FREE COFFEE & DONUTS

FOR SALE BY OWNER: Complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica. 45 volumes. Excellent condition. \$1,000.00 or best offer. No longer needed. Got married last weekend. Wife knows everything.

New Words

Each year the Washington Post's Style Invitational asks readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter and supply a new definition.

Here are the 2001 winners:

Intaxication: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

Foreploy: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

Giraffiti: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.

Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

Inoculatte: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

Hipatitis: Terminal coolness.

Osteoporosis: A degenerate disease.

Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

Glibido: All talk and no action.

Doppler Effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

Ignoramus: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.

Definitions

1. THINGY (thing-ee) n.
Female Any part under a car's hood.
Male The strap fastener on a woman's bra.
 2. VULNERABLE (vul-ne-ra-bel) adj.
Female Fully opening up one's self emotionally to another.
Male Playing football without a cup.
 3. COMMUNICATION (ko-myoo-ni-kay-shon) n.
Female The open sharing of thoughts and feelings with one's partner.
Male Leaving a note before taking off for a weekend with the boys.
 4. COMMITMENT (ko-mit-ment) n.
Female A desire to get married and raise a family.
Male Not trying to pick up other women while out with one's girlfriend.
 5. ENTERTAINMENT (en-ter-tayn-ment) n.v.
Female A good movie, concert, play or book.
Male Anything that can be done while drinking, and ends with sex.
 6. FLATULENCE (flach-u-lens) n.
Female An embarrassing by-product of digestion.
Male A source of entertainment, self-statement, male bonding.
 7. MAKING LOVE (may-king luv) n.
Female The greatest statement of intimacy a couple can achieve.
Male Call it whatever you want just as long as we end up in bed.
 8. REMOTE CONTROL (ri-moht kon-trohl) n.
Female A device for changing from one TV channel to another.
Male A device for scanning through all 175 channels.
-

The Real Meaning Behind the Abbreviations in Personal Ads

First The Women:

| | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 40-ish | 48 |
| Adventurer | Has more partners than you ever will |
| Athletic | Flat-chested |
| Average looking | Ugly |
| Beautiful | Pathological liar |
| Contagious Smile | Bring your penicillin |
| Educated | College dropout |
| Emotionally Secure | Medicated |
| Feminist | Fat; ball buster |
| Free spirit | Substance user |
| Friendship first | Trying to live down reputation as a slut |
| Fun | Annoying |
| Gentle | Comatose |
| Good Listener | Borderline Autistic |
| New-Age | All body hair, all the time |
| Old-fashioned | Lights out, missionary position only |
| Open-minded | Desperate |
| Outgoing | Loud |
| Passionate | Loud |
| Poet | Depressive Schizophrenic |
| Professional | Real Witch |
| Redhead | Shops the Clairal section |
| Reubenesque | Grossly Fat |
| Romantic | Looks better by candle light |
| Voluptuous | Very Fat... |
| Weight proportional to height | Hugely Fat |
| Wants Soulmate | One step away from stalking |
| Widow | Nagged first husband to death |
| Young at heart | Toothless crone |

The Male Side of the List:

| | |
|------------------|--|
| 40-ish | 52 and looking for 25-yr-old |
| Athletic | Sits on the couch and watches ESPN |
| Educated | Will always treat you like an idiot |
| Free Spirit | Sleeps with your sister |
| Friendship first | As long as friendship involves nudity |
| Fun | Good with a remote and a six pack |
| Good looking | Arrogant |
| Honest | Pathological Liar |
| Huggable | Overweight, more body hair than a bear |
| Likes to cuddle | Insecure, overly dependent |
| Mature | Until you get to know him |
| Open-minded | Wants to sleep with your sister but she's not interested |

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

Physically fit I spend a lot of time in front of the mirror
admiring myself
Poet Has written on a bathroom stall
Spiritual Once went to church with his grandmother on Easter Sunday
Stable Occasional stalker, but never arrested

Wisdom From Various Sources

God made pot.
Man made beer.
Who do you trust?
-The Irish Times. Washington, DC

Fighting for peace is like screwing for virginity.
-The Bayou, Baton Rouge, LA

No matter how good she looks, someone, somewhere is sick and tired of putting up
with her shit.
- Men's Room, Linda's Bar and Grill. Chapel Hill, NC

To do is to be. -Descartes
To be is to do. -Voltaire
Do be do be do. -Frank Sinatra
- Men's restroom, Greasewood Flats. Scottsdale, AZ

At the feast of ego, everyone leaves hungry.
- Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea, Tucson, AZ

It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.
- Written in the dust on the back of a bus. Wickenburg, AZ

Make love, not war. Hell, do both, get married!
- Women's restroom, The Filling Station. Bozeman, MT

If voting could really change things, it would be illegal.
- Revolution Books. New York, NY

A Woman's Rule of Thumb: If it has tires or testicles, you're going to have trouble with
it.
- Women's restroom, Dick's Last Resort. Dallas, TX

JESUS SAVES! But wouldn't it be better if he had invested?
- Men's restroom, American University. Washington, DC

If pro is opposite of con, then what is the opposite of progress?
Congress!
- Men's restroom, House of Representatives. Washington, DC

The best way to a man's heart is to saw his breast plate open.
- Women's restroom, Murphy's, Champaign, IL

Don't trust anything that bleeds for 5 days and doesn't die.
- Men's restroom, Murphy's, Champaign, IL

If you can piss this high, join the fire department.
- On the wall in the men's restroom (at a height of 6 feet).
- O'Ryan's Irish Pub. Ashland, OR

Beauty is only a light switch away.
- Perkins Library. Duke University. Durham, NC

I've decided that to raise my grades I must lower my standards.
- Houghton Library, Harvard University. Cambridge, MA

If life is a waste of time, and time is a waste of life, then let's all get wasted together
and have the time of our lives.
- Armand's Pizza. Washington, DC

Remember, it's not, "How high are you?" it's "Hi, how are you?"
- Rest stop off Route 81.

The Next Time You Think You Are Having A Bad Day

A man was working on his motorcycle on his patio and his wife was in the kitchen.
The man was racing the engine on the motorcycle when it accidentally slipped into
gear. The man, still holding onto the handle bars, was dragged through the glass
patio doors and along with the motorcycle dumped onto the floor inside the house.

The wife, hearing the crash, ran into the dining room and found her husband lying on
the floor, cut and bleeding, the motorcycle lying next to him, and the shattered patio
door. The wife ran to the phone and summoned the ambulance. Because they lived
on a fairly large hill, the wife went down the several flights of stairs to the street to
escort the paramedics to her husband.

After the ambulance arrived and transported the man to the hospital, the wife
uprighted the motorcycle and pushed it outside. Since gas was spilled on the floor,
the wife got some paper towels, blotted up the gasoline, and threw the towels in the
toilet. The man was treated and released to come home.

Upon arriving home, he looked at the shattered patio door and the damage done to
his motorcycle. He became despondent, went to the bathroom, sat down on the toilet
and smoked a cigarette. After finishing the cigarette, he flipped it between his legs
into the toilet bowl while seated. The wife, who was in the kitchen, heard the loud
explosion and her husband screaming.

She ran into the bathroom and found her husband lying on the floor. His trousers had been blown away and he was suffering burns on the buttocks, the back of his legs, and his groin.

The wife again ran to the phone to call the ambulance. The very same paramedic crew was dispatched and the wife met them at the street. The paramedics loaded the husband on to the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. While they were going down the stairs to the street accompanied by the wife, one of the paramedics asked the wife how the husband had burned himself.

She told them and the paramedics started laughing so hard, one of them slipped and tipped the stretcher, dumping the husband out. He fell down the remaining stairs and broke his arm.

Taken from a Florida Newspaper.

Having A Bad Day? Just Remember, It Could Be Worse...

1. The average cost of rehabilitating a seal after the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska was \$80,000. At a special ceremony, two of the most expensively saved animals were released back into the wild amid cheers and applause from onlookers. A minute later, in full view, a killer whale ate them both.

2. A psychology student in New York rented out her spare room to a carpenter in order to nag him constantly and study his reactions. After weeks of needling, he snapped and beat her with an ax leaving her mentally retarded..
3. A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen, shaking frantically with what looked like a wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle. Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current she whacked him with a handy plank of wood by the back door, breaking his arm in two places. Until that moment he had been happily listening to his Walkman.
4. Two animal rights protesters were protesting at the cruelty of sending pigs to a slaughterhouse in Bonn Germany. Suddenly the pigs, all two thousand of them, escaped through a broken fence and stampeded, trampling the two hapless protesters to death.
5. Iraqi terrorist, Khay Rahnajet, didn't pay enough postage on a letter bomb. It came back with "return to sender" stamped on it. Forgetting it was the bomb, he opened it and was blown to bits.

Your day's not so bad, is it?

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

Letter From Home

The following letter from the family's solicitor is addressed to a member of the British aristocracy who has been spending much of the summer in his residence in the south of France leaving his wife in the United Kingdom to look after the ancestral home.

Dear Sir Royston,

I hope you are having a good time on your holiday.

I say this with sincerity because I am afraid that I have some bad news for you, although there is good news too. First the bad news. I am sorry to tell you that your favorite dog, Honey, is dead. The vet says that she died instantly and could have felt no pain. She was kicked in the head by your horse, Sherbert, though I'm sure that no blame can be attached to Sherbert, frightened as he was by the fire in the barn.

I'm afraid that Sherbert was in the barn along with your other horses when it burnt to the ground. The fire brigade had been called within a short time of the barn catching fire and would normally have been able to put the fire out. Had it had not been for the fact that the tender crashed into your Bentley in the lane. Your wife had taken it out for a spin with your brother. As it was, both the tender and your Bentley were written off. No blame can be attached to your wife for the accident I'm sure.

The Bentley was stationary at the time and your wife was in the back seat of the car. She managed to escape death only due to the fact that your brother was lying on top of her at the time of the collision. The doctors say that given time she will regain her sight but that she will never walk again. She has also lost her memory and cannot even remember you. Your brother, unfortunately, was killed.

I should explain how the barn came to be on fire in the first place. You see a spark from the house blew over and set the roof alight. The fire started in the main hall of the house where, as you know, your Matisse and your Picasso once hung. I say 'once' because they are not there now. Fortunately neither of these paintings were damaged in the conflagration as they were stolen beforehand by the burglar who started the fire.

Although all of this may seem to you very serious it is not in fact the bad news that I wrote of. Your wife and brother had been visiting your Insurance agent in prison where he is serving a three-year sentence for fraud. I'm afraid that none of your insurance policies are valid.

As I said, there is some good news. The heat from the fire warmed your greenhouse and brought your flowers on.

Scout Camp Letter

Dear Mom and Dad,

Our scoutmaster told us all to write to our parents in case you saw the flood on TV and worried. We are OK. Only 1 of our tents and 2 sleeping bags got washed away. Luckily, none of us got drowned because we were all up on the mountain looking for Chad when it happened. Oh yes, please call Chad's mother and tell her he is OK. He can't write because of the cast.

I got to ride in one of the search & rescue jeeps. It was neat. We never would have found him in the dark if it hadn't been for the lightning. Scoutmaster Webb got mad at Chad for going on a hike alone without telling anyone. Chad said he did tell him, but it was during the fire so he probably didn't hear him. Did you know that if you put gas on a fire, the gas can will blow up?

The wet wood still didn't burn, but one of our tents did. Also some of our clothes. John is going to look weird until his hair grows back. We will be home on Saturday if Scoutmaster Webb gets the car fixed. It wasn't his fault about the wreck. The brakes worked OK when we left. Scoutmaster Webb said that a car that old you have to expect something to break down; that's probably why he can't get insurance on it. We think it's a neat car. He doesn't care if we get it dirty, and if it's hot, sometimes he lets us ride on the tailgate. It gets pretty hot with 10 people in a car. He let us take turns riding in the trailer until a State Trooper stopped and talked to us.

Scoutmaster Webb is a neat guy. Don't worry, he is a good driver. In fact, he is teaching Terry how to drive. But he only lets him drive on the mountain roads where there isn't any traffic. All we ever see up there are logging trucks. This morning all of the guys were diving off the rocks and swimming out in the lake. Scoutmaster Webb wouldn't let me because I can't swim and Chad was afraid he would sink because of his cast, so he let us take the canoe across the lake.

It was great. You can still see some of the trees under the water from the flood. Scoutmaster Webb isn't crabby like some scoutmasters. He didn't even get mad about the life jackets. He has to spend a lot of time working on the car so we are trying not to cause him any trouble.

Guess what? We have all passed our first aid merit badges. When Dave dove in the lake and cut his arm, we got to see how a tourniquet works. Also, Wade and I threw up. Scoutmaster Webb said it probably was just food poisoning from the leftover chicken. He said they got sick that way with the food they ate in prison. I'm so glad he got out and became our scoutmaster. He said he sure figured out how to get things done better while he was doing his time.

I have to go now. We are going into town to mail our letters and buy bullets. Don't worry about anything. We are fine.

Love, Cole

P.S. How long has it been since I had a tetanus shot?

CHAPTER 25: Random Closing Thoughts

Sentient Meat

Imagine if you will... the leader of the fifth invader force speaking to the commander in chief...

"They're made out of meat."

"Meat?"

"Meat. They're made out of meat."

"Meat?"

"There's no doubt about it. We picked several from different parts of the planet, took them aboard our recon vessels, probed them all the way through. They're completely meat."

"That's impossible. What about the radio signals? The messages to the stars."

"They use the radio waves to talk, but the signals don't come from them."

The signals come from machines."

"So who made the machines? That's who we want to contact."

"They made the machines. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Meat made the machines."

"That's ridiculous. How can meat make a machine? You're asking me to believe in sentient meat."

"I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. These creatures are the only sentient race in the sector and they're made out of meat."

"Maybe they're like the Orfolei. You know, a carbon-based intelligence that goes through a meat stage."

"Nope. They're born meat and they die meat. We studied them for several of their life spans, which didn't take too long. Do you have any idea the life span of meat?"

"Spare me. Okay, maybe they're only part meat. You know, like the Weddilei. A meat head with an electron plasma brain inside."

"Nope. We thought of that, since they do have meat heads like the Weddilei. But I told you, we probed them. They're meat all the way through."

"No brain?"

"Oh, there is a brain all right. It's just that the brain is made out of meat!"

"So... what does the thinking?"

"You're not understanding, are you? The brain does the thinking. The meat."

Thinking meat! You're asking me to believe in thinking meat!"

"Yes, thinking meat! Conscious meat! Loving meat. Dreaming meat. The meat is the whole deal! Are you getting the picture?"

"Omigod. You're serious then. They're made out of meat."

"Finally, Yes. They are indeed made out meat. And they've been trying to get in touch with us for almost a hundred of their years."

"So what does the meat have in mind?"

"First it wants to talk to us. Then I imagine it wants to explore the universe, contact other sentients, swap ideas and information. The usual."

"We're supposed to talk to meat?"

"That's the idea. That's the message they're sending out by radio. 'Hello. Anyone out there? Anyone home?' That sort of thing."

"They actually do talk, then. They use words, ideas, concepts?"

"Oh, yes. Except they do it with meat."

"I thought you just told me they used radio."

"They do, but what do you think is on the radio? Meat sounds. You know how when you slap or flap meat it makes a noise? They talk by flapping their meat at each other. They can even sing by squirting air through their meat."

"Omigod. Singing meat. This is altogether too much. So what do you advise?"

"Officially or unofficially?"

"Both."

"Officially, we are required to contact, welcome, and log in any and all sentient races or multibeings in the quadrant, without prejudice, fear, or favor. Unofficially, I advise that we erase the records and forget the whole thing."

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

"I was hoping you would say that."

"It seems harsh, but there is a limit. Do we really want to make contact with meat?"

"I agree one hundred percent. What's there to say?" "Hello, meat. How's it going? But will this work? How many planets are we dealing with here?"

"Just one. They can travel to other planets in special meat containers, but they can't live on them. And being meat, they only travel through C space. Which limits them to the speed of light and makes the possibility of their ever making contact pretty slim. Infinitesimal, in fact."

"So we just pretend there's no one home in the universe."

"That's it."

"Cruel. But you said it yourself, who wants to meet meat? And the ones who have been aboard our vessels, the ones you have probed? You're sure they won't remember?"

"They'll be considered crackpots if they do. We went into their heads and smoothed out their meat so that we're just a dream to them."

"A dream to meat! How strangely appropriate, that we should be meat's dream."

"And we can mark this sector unoccupied."

"Good. Agreed, officially and unofficially. Case closed. Any others? Anyone interesting on that side of the galaxy?"

"Yes, a rather shy but sweet hydrogen core cluster intelligence in a class nine star in G445 zone. Was in contact two galactic rotations ago, wants to be friendly again."

"They always come around."

"And why not? Imagine how unbearably, how unutterably cold the universe would be if one were all alone."

If I Ever Become an Evil Overlord:

1. My legions of terror will have helmets with clear Plexiglas visors, not face-concealing ones.
2. My ventilation ducts will be too small to crawl through.
3. My noble half-brother whose throne I usurped will be killed, not kept anonymously imprisoned in a forgotten cell of my dungeon.

4. Shooting is not too good for my enemies.
5. The artifact which is the source of my power will not be kept on the Mountain of Despair beyond the River of Fire guarded by the Dragons of Eternity. It will be in my safe-deposit box.
6. I will not gloat over my enemies' predicament before killing them.
7. When the rebel leader challenges me to fight one-on-one and asks, "Or are you afraid without your armies to back you up?" My reply will be, "No, just sensible."
8. When I've captured my adversary and he says, "Look, before you kill me, will you at least tell me what this is all about?" I'll shoot him, and then say "No."
9. After I kidnap the beautiful princess, we will be married immediately in a quiet civil ceremony, not a lavish spectacle in three weeks time during which the final phase of my plan will be carried out.
10. I will not include a self-destruct mechanism unless absolutely necessary. If it is necessary, it will not be a large red button labeled "Danger: Do Not Push."
11. I will not order my trusted lieutenant to kill the infant who is destined to overthrow me -- I'll do it myself.
12. I will not interrogate my enemies in the inner sanctum -- a small hotel well outside my borders will work just as well.
13. I will be secure in my superiority. Therefore, I will feel no need to prove it by leaving clues in the form of riddles or leaving my weaker enemies alive to show they pose no threat.
14. I will not waste time making my enemy's death look like an accident: I'm not accountable to anyone and my other enemies wouldn't believe it.
15. I will make it clear that I do know the meaning of the word "mercy"; I simply choose not show them any.
16. One of my advisors will be an average five-year-old child. Any flaws in my plan that he is able to spot will be corrected before implementation.
17. All slain enemies will be cremated, not left for dead at the bottom of the cliff. The announcement of their deaths, as well as any accompanying celebration, will be deferred until after the aforementioned disposal.
18. My undercover agents will not have tattoos identifying them as members of my organization, nor will they be required to wear military boots or adhere to any other dress codes.

19. The hero is not entitled to a last kiss, a last cigarette, or any other form of last request.
20. I will never employ any device with a digital countdown. If I find that such a device is absolutely unavoidable, I will set it to activate when the counter reaches 117 and the hero is just putting his plan into operation.
21. I will design all doomsday machines myself. If I must hire a mad scientist to assist me, I will make sure that he is sufficiently twisted to never regret his evil ways and seek to undo the damage he's caused.
22. I will never utter the sentence "But before I kill you, there's just one thing I want to know."
23. When I employ people as advisors, I will occasionally listen to their advice.

Pooh Goes Apeshit

By A.A. Milne

Everything was rather quiet in the hundred-acre wood. The trees whispered to each other as the wind rustled their leaves. Under a large oak tree, there lived Pooh bear. From inside Pooh's house, there came a steady bang... bang... bang, that was making his honey jars rattle on the sideboard. The light came through the window, and in the evening sun Pooh raised the axe once more and brought it down on the tattered remains of Christopher Robin. "Why...won't...he...fit..." puffed Pooh to himself as the axe came down once more.

There was a small pile of earth, and a hole next to it, which Pooh had hidden with his favorite rug. Christopher Robin, selfish prat that he was, didn't quite fit in the hole Pooh had dug, so instead of making it wider he had decided to hack Christopher Robin's legs off. "A far more sensible idea", thought Pooh, and hummed a little song to himself as he cut the last tendon and rammed the rest of the body in the hole, finally covering it up with the rug. "Always too bossy", thought Pooh, "Always too bossy, always grabbing me by the paw and saying 'Come on Pooh lets have an adventure' or 'Pooh you are silly!' in that affected cutesy spoilt brat voice, and his stupid little shorts - bastard!"

Pooh had waited all afternoon for Christopher Robin to come round, humming a little tuneless song to himself whilst gazing blankly into the fire and fondling the oaken handle of the axe. When C.R. had finally turned up, squeaking in his child-actor voice "Come on Pooh! Open Up!", Pooh had answered the door normal as anything, talked about the weather, and then went to the cupboard and fetched the axe. While C.R. had sat there, prattling on about what a silly bear Pooh was and how he had very little brain (which wound Pooh up no end) Pooh had raised the axe high and brought it down with a satisfying thud on Christopher Robin's skull, cleaving it virtually in two, with just some muscle fibre in place to keep the pieces upright, and freezing C.R.'s eyes wide in horror that Pooh, lovable Pooh, could do such a thing!

Pooh giggled a little and wiped some saliva from his mouth with a shaky paw. Then Pooh, calm as anything, had mopped up the blood, washed the axe and begun to dig the hole.

Piglet had wondered why Pooh had not called for him that morning, to have his tea and biscuits, and so he decided to visit Pooh instead. He admired the evening sun, blood red, and listened to the birds singing. Pooh watched him get nearer and nearer, and plugged in the drill. Piglet had no time to realise what had happened - the drill pierced his skull, sending a beautiful fountain of blood all over Pooh's orange hide. He rubbed the blood in and all over himself, licking, licking, always licking. Then he pulled Piglet inside and put him in the cupboard. The syringe lay on the sideboard, and Pooh picked it up, paws shaking and sweating, and filled it full of solution of the funny white powder that had been given to him by a strangely spaced-out Rabbit. It was a strange effect at first, and Pooh thought he had seen many strange things, but then experienced a euphoric feeling of power. It made him irritable, and C.R. and Piglet had everything that was coming to them, no doubt at all. When night had fully fallen, Pooh dragged the bodies out and buried them in a makeshift grave.

"Adios, dear 'friends'", Pooh giggled, "Things are going to change around the 100-acre wood now I'm in charge" he laughed hysterically and went indoors.

The next day Tigger and Roo made their way happily to Pooh's house, to see if he knew where C.R. and Piglet were, as no one had seen them since yesterday. They were sure Pooh would know, as he had had tea with Piglet yesterday and was meant to be playing Pooh-sticks with C.R. in the morning.

When they reached Pooh's house the door was wide open and Pooh was nowhere to be seen. Tigger and Roo looked inside Pooh's house and noticed a large hole in Pooh's floor and a notice was stuck on the wall with a large blob of congealing honey "OWT CHAGIG THE DRAGGN" (spelling had never been one of Pooh's strong points). "That's odd", though Tigger, "there are no dragons in the 100-acre wood only heffalumps. What _is_ that silly bear up to now?"

Not even Tigger would have imagined what Pooh was up to at that moment. That morning Pooh had woken with a splitting headache and a rather snotty nose. So he had taken a large dose of the white powder and a little while later had a brilliant idea! He left the house with a container marked INSECTICIDE in big red letters. He took the container and went to Eeyor's favorite patch of thistles. "This will serve that manic depressive donkey right" laughed Pooh aloud, "always cheating at Pooh-sticks, cheats never prosper", Pooh said to himself.

Then he hid behind a tree to watch the unsuspecting Eeyor eat himself to death - sheer poetic justice thought Pooh as he dumped the nearly dead body of Eeyor in the same grave as C.R. and Piglet - "Shouldn't cheat should you?" shouted Pooh as Eeyor's eyes stared with disbelief - "You're lucky I didn't chop you up into little bits and feed you to Tigger!" laughed Pooh maniacally, before he covered the makeshift grave over.

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

Pooh didn't return to the house until dinner time as he was totally spaced out all morning. So when he returned to his house he was in an awful mood and all he needed to make him absolutely mad was the sight of Tigger and Roo bouncing up and down outside his house singing "bouncy, bouncy, fun, fun, fun, fun, fun, the wonderful..."

"Wonderful?", thought Pooh aloud, "My foot, you'd think the writer of this shitty story could think up better lyrics for a song than that, and to think, they released the soundtrack album on cassette and CD; a lot of people are going to get ripped off." This lightened Pooh's mood somewhat, but the respite was brief.

"What was that you said?", asked Roo. "God does he never stop asking pathetic questions?", Pooh thought furiously, "I'm going to have to deal with these prats as well. Is there no-one in this place with intelligence apart from me?" Pooh asked despairingly.

Pooh felt himself extremely lucky as Roo had to go home for his afternoon sleep and that left Tigger at his mercy. Even better, Tigger suggested that himself and Pooh go and play Pooh-sticks; Pooh had smiled slyly as an idea formed in his overactive brain, and agreed - "What an opportunity", Pooh whispered to himself as he followed the innocent Tigger to the bridge.

Once on the bridge, and the rather pointless game of Pooh-sticks was under way, Pooh thought he'd much rather push his stick up Tigger's arse, rather than throwing it into the stream. Tigger was leaning over the side of the bridge looking for his stick. So he did not see Pooh's wide horrific grin as he outstretched his arms and moved toward Tigger with the intent of pushing the stupid cat into the stream - "Cats hate water, tee hee, he'll drown."

There was a loud splash as Tigger hit the water and started to struggle as his head was covered by water, he gulped and choked. Pooh was holding on to the rail of the bridge and jumping up and down with excitement and was joyously shouting at the drowning Tigger.

"Why?" spluttered Tigger as he slowly started to turn blue with the old, which Pooh found hysterical, after all a blue Tigger?? How absolutely silly. "I'll tell you why you bastard", screamed Pooh, "It serves you right, hiding behind doors and jumping out, and scaring the shit out of people." But Tigger did not hear Pooh's answer as he was already floating downstream face down in the water, dead - "Good riddance", laughed Pooh, and looked at his watch, "Still time to get that little dick head Roo before he wakes up."

Pooh sneaked to the sleeping form of Roo's mum and saw Roo's ear poking out of her pouch - "Now I've got you, you little git", Pooh thought, smiling, as he threaded a needle with extra strong cotton. He was jolly grateful for Piglet's sewing lessons now, because he would be able to sew up Roo nice and tightly, so he would not be able to get out and his mum would not be able to rescue him. So very slowly and carefully

Pooh began to sew Roo into his pouch and thereby suffocating the annoying idiotic twit. After the deed was done Pooh made his way back to his house wondering how Roo's mum would take the Death of Roo. Badly, hoped Pooh, as he began to cough uncontrollably and felt general nausea overcome him.

By the time Pooh got home he had puked up several times and was very desperate for some more of the white solution. He trembled as he picked up the syringe and gave himself the remaining amount. An awfully large amount, one might say, for a small little bear like Pooh. In fact too much, Pooh died of an overdose, but he died with a smile on his face: he was dreaming that he was the only teddy bear made with a willy and dreamed how he surprised Eeyor one day - but that's a story for another day.

What To Do With All Those Free "Soaps" When Travelling

Below is some correspondence that allegedly occurred between a London hotel's staff and one of its guests. The London hotel involved submitted this to the Sunday Times. No name was mentioned.

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 instructions 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 A.M. that you called him last evening and said you were unhappy with our 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 745 AM and don't get back before 530 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,

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

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

Test

This test does not measure intelligence, your fluency with words, creativity, or mathematical ability. It will, however, give you some gauge of your mental flexibility. In the three years since the test was developed, few people have been found who could solve more than half of the 28 questions on the first try. Many, however, reported getting answers long after the testing had been set aside particularly at unexpected moments when their minds were relaxed. Some reported solving all the questions over a period of several days.

Take the test as your personal challenge. 18 correct answers out of the 28 = GENIUS

Instructions: Each equation below contains the initials of words that will make it correct. Furnish the missing words.

For example: 60 = M in an H - would be 60 = the MINUTES in an HOUR

GOOD LUCK and HAVE FUN!

1. 26 = L of the A
2. 7 = W of the A W
3. 1001 = A N
4. 12 = S of the Z
5. 54 = C in a D (with the J)
6. 9 = P in the S S
7. 88 = P K
8. 13 = S on the A F
9. 18 = H on a G C
10. 32 = D F at which W F
11. 8 = S on a S S
12. 200 = D for P G in M
13. 3 = B M (S H T R)
14. 90 = D in a R A
15. 4 = Q in a G
16. 24 = H in a D
17. 1 = W on a U
18. 5 = D in a Z C
19. 57 = H V
20. 11 = P on a F T
21. 1000 = W that a P is W
22. 29 = D in F in a L Y
23. 64 = S on a C
24. 40 = D and N of G F
25. 80 = D to G A the W
26. 2 = No. it T to T
27. 5 = V in the A
28. 2 = P in a P

The Cynic's Guide To Life...

or, my glass is half empty, and I like it that way

The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a leaky tire.

I believe for every drop of rain that falls, a flower grows. And a foundation leaks and a ball game gets rained out and a car rusts and...

Follow your dream! Unless it's the one where you're at work in your underwear during a fire drill.

Do not walk behind me, for I may not lead. Do not walk ahead of me, for I may not follow. Do not walk beside me, either; just leave me alone.

If you don't like my driving, don't call anyone. Just take another road. That's why the highway department made so many of them.

If a motorist cuts you off, just turn the other cheek. Nothing gets the message across like a good mooning.

When I'm feeling down, I like to whistle. It makes the neighbor's dog run to the end of his chain and gag himself.

It's always darkest before dawn. So if you're going to steal the neighbor's newspaper, that's the time to do it.

A handy telephone tip: Keep a small chalkboard near the phone. That way, when a salesman calls, you can hold the receiver up to it and run your fingernails across it until he hangs up.

Each day I try to enjoy something from each of the four food groups: the bonbon group, the salty-snack group, the caffeine group, and the "whatever-the-thing- in-the-tinfoil-in-the-back-of-the-fridge-is" group.

Into every life some rain must fall. Usually when your car windows are down.

Just remember...You gotta break some eggs to make a real mess on the neighbor's car!

When you find yourself getting irritated with someone, try to remember that all men are brothers... and just give them a noogie or an Indian burn.

This morning I woke up to the unmistakable scent of pigs in a blanket. That's the price you pay for letting the relatives stay over.

It's a small world. So you gotta use your elbows a lot.

Keep your nose to the grindstone and your shoulder to the wheel...it's cheaper than plastic surgery.

This land is your land. This land is my land. So stay on your land.

Love is like a roller coaster: when it's good you don't want to get off, and when it isn't...you can't wait to throw up.

Things Everyone Should Know

If you yelled for 9 years, 7 months, and 6 days, you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee.

If you fart consistently for 6 years and 9 months, enough gas is produced to create the energy of an atomic bomb.

The human heart creates enough pressure while pumping to squirt blood 30 feet.

Banging your head against a wall uses 150 calories an hour.

Humans and dolphins are the only species that have sex for pleasure.

On average, people fear spiders more than they do death.

The strongest muscle in the body is the tongue.

It's impossible to sneeze with our eyes open, and if you did, they would pop out.

You can't kill yourself by holding your breath.

Americans, on the average, eat 18 acres of pizza every day.

Every time you lick a stamp, you're consuming 1/10 of a calorie.

You are more likely to be killed by a champagne cork than by a poisonous spider.

Right-handed people live, on average, nine years longer than left-handed people.

In ancient Egypt, priests plucked every hair from their bodies, including their eyebrows and eyelashes.

A pig's orgasm lasts for 30 minutes.

A crocodile cannot stick out its tongue.

The ant can lift 50 times its weight, can pull 30 times its weight, and always falls over on its right side when intoxicated.

Polar bears are left-handed.

The catfish has over 27,000 taste buds, more than any other animal.

The flea can jump 350 times its body length. That is like a human jumping the length of a football field.

A cockroach will live nine days without its head. The only reason it doesn't live longer is it's unable to eat.

The male praying mantis cannot copulate while its head is attached to its body. The female initiates sex by ripping the male's head off.

CHAPTER 24: Letters From Home

Some lions mate over 50 times a day.

Butterflies eat with their feet.

Elephants are the only mammal that can't jump.

A cat's urine glows under a black light.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than it's brain.

Starfish haven't got brains.

After reading all these, all I can say is...Lucky Pig!

HoW To KeEp A hEaLthY LeVeL Of InSaNiTy AnD dRiVe OtHeR PeOpLe iNsAnE...

At lunchtime, sit in your parked car and point a hair dryer at passing cars to see if they slow down.

Page yourself over the intercom. (Don't disguise your voice.)

Find out where your boss shops and buy exactly the same outfits. Always wear them one day after your boss does. (This is especially effective if your boss is the opposite gender.)

Send e-mail to the rest of the company to tell them what you're doing. For example: "If anyone needs me, I'll be in the bathroom."

Put mosquito netting around your cubicle.

Insist that your e-mail address be xena_goddess_of_fire@companyname.com or Elvis_the_King@companyname.com

Every time someone asks you to do something, ask if they want fries with that.

Encourage your colleagues to join you in a little synchronized chair dancing.

Put your garbage can on your desk and label it "'IN."

Develop an unnatural fear of staplers.

Send e-mail messages that advertise free pizza, doughnuts, etc., in the breakroom. When people complain that there was nothing there, lean back, rub your stomach, and say, "You've got to be faster than that."

Put decaf in the coffee maker for 3 weeks. Once everyone has gotten over their caffeine addictions, switch to espresso.

In the memo field of all your checks, write "for sexual favors."

Reply to everything someone says with, "That's what you think."

Finish all your sentences with "in accordance with the prophecy."

Adjust the tint on your monitor so that the brightness level lights up the entire working area. Insist to others that you like it that way.

Dont use any punctuation

As often as possible, skip rather than walk through the office.

Ask people what sex they are.

Specify that your drive-through order is "to go."

Sing along at the opera.

Go to a poetry recital and ask why the poems don't rhyme.

Five days in advance, tell your friends you can't attend their party because you're not in the mood.

Anagrams

An Anagram, as you all know, is a word or phrase made by transposing or rearranging the letters of another word or phrase. The following are exceptionally clever. Someone out there either has way too much time to waste or is deadly at Scrabble.

When you re-arrange the letters:

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Dormitory | Dirty Room |
| Evangelist | Evil's Agent |
| Desperation | A Rope Ends It |
| The Morse Code | Here Come Dots |
| Slot Machines | Cash Lost in 'em |
| Animosity | Is No Amity |
| Mother-in-law | Woman Hitler |
| Snooze Alarms | Alas! No More Z's |
| Alec Guinness | Genuine Class |
| Semolina | Is No Meal |
| The Public Art Galleries | Large Picture Halls, I Bet |
| A Decimal Point | I'm a Dot in Place |

The Earthquakes That Queer Shake
 Eleven plus two Twelve plus one
 Contradiction Accord not in it

And for the grand finale:

PRESIDENT CLINTON OF THE USA

It can be rearranged (with no letters left over, and using each letter only once) into:

TO COPULATE HE FINDS INTERNS

Helpful Weather Information...

Degrees (Fahrenheit)

- 65 Hawaiians declare a two-blanket night
- 60 Floridians put on sweaters (if they can find one)
- 50 Tampa residents turn on the heat
- 45 Vermont residents go to outdoor concerts
- 40 You can see your breath
 Floridians shiver uncontrollably
 Minnesotians go swimming
- 35 Italian cars don't start
- 32 Water freezes
- 30 You plan your vacation to Australia
- 25 Ohio water freezes
 Floridians weep pitifully
 Minnesotians eat ice cream
 Canadians go swimming
- 20 Politicians begin to talk about the homeless
 New York City water freezes
 Tampa residents plan vacation further South
- 15 French cars don't start
 Cat insists on sleeping in your bed with you
- 10 You need jumper cables to get the car going
- 5 American cars don't start
- 0 Alaskans put on T-shirts
- 10 German cars don't start
 Eyes freeze shut when you blink
- 15 You can cut your breath and use it to build an igloo
 Arkansans stick tongue on metal objects
 Tampa residents cease to exist
- 20 Cat insists on sleeping in pajamas with you
 Politicians actually do something about the homeless
 Minnesotians shovel snow off roof
- 25 Japanese cars don't start
 Too cold to think

- 30 You need jumper cables to get the driver going
 You plan a two week hot bath
 Swedish cars don't start
- 40 Floridians disappear
 Minnesotians button top button
 Canadians put on sweaters
 Your car helps you plan your trip South
- 50 Congressional hot air freezes
 Alaskans close the bathroom window
- 80 Hell freezes over
 Polar bears move South
 Packers Fans order hot cocoa at the game
- 90 Lawyers put their hands in their own pockets

Random Notions

Don't Sweat the Petty Things. Don't Pet the Sweaty Things.

24 Hours in a day. 24 Beers in a case. Coincidence? I think not!!!

They call it PMS because Mad Cow Disease was already taken.

Welcome to Arizona. 100 years of history unimpeded by progress.

The Dark Ages was caused by the Y1K problem.

If your voting could really change things, it would be illegal.

A fool and his money can throw one hell of a party.

When blondes have more fun do they know it?

Money isn't everything, but it sure keeps the kids in touch.

What happens if you get scared half to death twice?

Ambivalent? Well, yes and no.

The statement below is true.

The statement above is false.

I don't have a license to kill but I do have a learners permit.

He who dies with the most toys is nonetheless dead.

I like cats too. Let's exchange recipes.

Time is fun when you're having flies. Kermit

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Red Meat is not bad for you. Fuzzy Green Meat is bad for you.

Toilet stolen from Police Station. Cops have nothing to go on.

If you think there is good in everybody then you obviously haven't met everybody.

All Power Corrupts. Absolute power is kinda neat, though.

If your feet smell and your nose runs, you're built upside down.

Here I am!!! What are your other two wishes?

Taxation WITH representation ain't much fun either.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Confession is good for the soul but bad for your career.

Gargling is a good way to see if your throat leaks.

Mississippi State Motto: At least we're not Alabama.

Gun Control: Use both hands.

Remember: First you Pillage, then you Burn.

To err is human. To forgive is against company policy.

If ignorance is bliss, you must be orgasmic.

Corduroy pillows are making headlines.

If at first you don't succeed, redefine success.

Xerox and Wurlitzer will merge to market reproductive organs.

Suicidal Twin Kills Sister By Mistake.

Half The People In The World Are Below Average.

Failure Is Not An Option. It's bundled with your software.

I want to die while asleep, like my grandfather. Not screaming in terror like the passengers in his car.

KENTUCKY: Five Million People, Fifteen last names.

Save The Whales. Collect a whole set.

Honk! If You Love Peace and Quiet

Strip Mining Prevents Forest Fires.

I'm pretty sure that sex is better than logic but I can't prove it.

Arkansas State Motto: Don't Ask Don't Tell Don't Laugh

A picture may be worth a thousand words, but it uses up a thousand times more memory.

If a thing is worth doing, wouldn't it have been done already?

If we weren't meant to eat animals, then why are they made of meat?

Ham and Eggs. Just a day's work for a chicken, but a lifetime commitment for a pig.

Victory Over Horseshit!

1. Big companies don't do business via chain letters. Bill Gates is not giving you \$1000, and Disney is not giving you a free vacation. There is no baby food company issuing class-action checks. Procter and Gamble is not part of a satanic cult or scheme, and its logo is not satanic. MTV will not give you backstage passes if you forward something to the most people. You can relax; there is no need to pass it on "just in case it's true." Furthermore, just because someone said in a message, four generations back, that "we checked it out and it's legit," does not actually make it true.
2. There is no kidney theft ring in New Orleans. No one is waking up in a bathtub full of ice, even if a friend of a friend swears it happened to their cousin. If you are hell-bent on believing the kidney theft ring stories, see <http://urbanlegends.tqn.com/library/weekly/aa062997.htm> And I quote: "The National Kidney Foundation has repeatedly issued requests for actual victims of organ thieves to come forward and tell their stories. None have." That's "none" as in "zero." Not even your friend's cousin.
3. Neiman Marcus doesn't really sell a \$200 cookie recipe. And even if they do, we all have it. And even if you don't, you can get a copy at: <http://www.bl.net/forwards/cookie.html>. Then, if you make the recipe, decide the cookies are that awesome, feel free
4. to pass the recipe on.
5. If the latest NASA rocket disaster(s) DID contain plutonium that went to particulate over the eastern seaboard, do you REALLY think this information would reach the public via an AOL chain letter?

6. There is no "Good Times" virus. In fact, you should never, ever, ever forward any email containing any virus warning unless you first confirm that an actual site of an actual company that actually deals with viruses. Try: <http://www.norton.com> And even then, don't forward it. We don't care. And you cannot get a virus from a flashing IM or E-mail, you have to download...ya know, like, a FILE!
7. There is no gang initiation plot to murder any motorist who flashes headlights at another car driving at night without lights.
8. If you're using Outlook, I.E., or Netscape to write email, turn off the "HTML encoding." Those of us on Unix shells can't read it, and don't care enough to save the attachment and then view it with a web browser since you're probably forwarding us a copy of the Neiman Marcus Cookie Recipe anyway.
9. If you still absolutely MUST forward that 10th-generation message from a friend, at least have the decency to trim the eight miles of headers showing everyone else who's received it over the last 6 months. It sure wouldn't hurt to get rid of all the ">" that begin each line either. Besides, if it has gone around that many times we've probably already seen it.
10. Craig Shergold (or Sherwood, or Sherman, etc.) in England is not dying of cancer or anything else at this time and would like everyone to stop sending him their business cards. He apparently is no longer a "little boy" either.
11. The "Make a Wish" foundation is a real organization doing fine work, but they have had to establish a special toll free hot line in response to the large number of Internet hoaxes using their good name and reputation. It is distracting them from the important work they do.
12. If you are one of those insufferable idiots who forwards anything that "promises" something bad will happen if you "don't," then something bad will happen to you if I ever meet you in a dark alley.
13. Women really are suffering in Afghanistan, and PBS and NEA funding are still vulnerable to attack (although not at the present time) but forwarding an E-mail won't help either cause in the least. If you want to help, contact your local legislative representative, or get in touch with Amnesty International or the Red Cross. As a general rule, E-mail "signatures" are easily faked and mean nothing to anyone with any power to do anything about whatever the competition is complaining about. (PS: There is no bill pending before Congress that will allow long distance companies to charge you for using the Internet.)
14. There is NO little blue man or yellow man or any other color object that will dance across your screen as soon as you pass on an email to 10 people! It is not possible.

Bottom Line... composing e-mail or posting something on the Net is as easy as writing on the walls of a public restroom. Don't automatically believe it until it's proven false... ASSUME it's false, unless there is proof that it's true.

Now forward this to everyone you know or the program I just put on your hard drive while you read this E-mail will open up your CD-ROM and reach out and slap you upside the head.

Signs That You've Had Too Much Of The 90's:

1. You try to enter your password on the microwave.
 2. You haven't played solitaire with real cards in years.
 3. You have a list of 15 phone numbers to reach your family of 4.
 4. You e-mail your work colleague at the desk next to you to ask if they're ready to go to lunch.
 5. You chat on-line regularly with a stranger from the US, but you haven't spoken to your next door neighbor yet this year.
 6. Your reason for not staying in touch with friends is that they do not have e-mail addresses.
 7. Your idea of being organized is multiple colored post-it notes.
 8. You hear most of your jokes via email instead of in person.
 9. When you go home after a long day at work you still answer the phone in a business manner.
 10. When you make phone calls from home, you accidentally insert a"9" to get an outside line.
-

What a Difference a Generation Makes

1970: Long Hair
2000: Longing for hair

1970: The perfect high
2000: The perfect high yield mutual fund

1970: Keg
2000: EKG

1970: Acid Rock
2000: Acid Reflux

1970: Moving to California because it's cool
2000: Moving to California because it's warm

1970: Growing pot
2000: Growing pot belly

1970: Watching John Glenn's historic flight with your parents
2000: Watching John Glenn's historic flight with your children

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1970: Trying to look like Marlon Brando or Elizabeth Taylor
2000: Trying NOT to look like Marlon Brando / Elizabeth Taylor

1970: Seeds and stems
2000: Roughage

1970: Our president's struggle with Fidel
2000: Our (former) president's struggle with fidelity

1970: Paar
2000: AARP

1970: Killer weed
2000: Weed killer

1970: Hoping for a BMW
2000: Hoping for a BM

1970: The Grateful Dead
2000: Dr. Kevorkian

1970: Getting out to a new, hip joint
2000: Getting a new hip joint

1970: Rolling Stones
2000: Kidney stones

1970: Being called into the principal's office
2000: Calling the principal's office

1970: Screw the system!
2000: Upgrade the system

1970: Peace sign
2000: Mercedes logo

1970: Parents begging you to get your hair cut
2000: Children begging you to get their heads shaved

1970: Passing the driver's test
2000: Passing the vision test

1970: Whatever
2000: Depends

Old Yet (From 1997)

Are you feeling old? If not, consider this:

- The people who are starting college this fall across the nation were born in 1980.
 - The Iranian hostage crisis occurred before they were conceived.
 - They have no memory of a time before M-TV.
 - "New Wave" is their PARENTS musical generation.
 - Cyndi Lauper, Boy George, the Pretenders, the Kinks, the Sex Pistols --are all the old music they have heard of, if they have heard of it at all.
 - They have no meaningful recollection of the Reagan era.
 - They were pre-pubescent when the Persian Gulf War was waged.
 - If they have heard the name "Oliver North," it was probably as a losing Congressional candidate, or perhaps in some obscure survey history text's reference, such as might be made to Huey Long or Teapot Dome.
 - Black Monday 1987 is as significant to them as the Great Depression.
 - Their world has always included AIDS.
 - Having not lived through the Disco Scare, they can romanticize the 1970s.
 - They see "Family Ties" as something middle aged ladies watch.
 - They watched "Star Wars" years ago, when they were kids -- on video.
 - Atari predates them, as do vinyl albums and cassette audio tapes; they may have heard of an 8-track, but probably never actually seen (or heard) one.
 - From their earliest years, a camera was something you used once and threw away.
 - As far as they know, stamps have always cost about 32 cents.
 - The oil crisis is history of which they probably know nothing --and why anyone WOULDNT buy a Suburban is beyond them.
 - Most of them have probably never seen a real nun, even if they went to Catholic schools.
-

More Deep Thoughts

Why does the sun lighten our hair, but darken our skin?

Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?

Why don't you ever see the headline Psychic Wins Lottery

Why is a boxing ring square?

Why is it called lipstick if you can still move your lips?

Why is it considered necessary to nail down the lid of a coffin?

Why is it that doctors call what they do "practice?"

Why is it that rain drops but snow falls?

Why is it that to stop Windows 95, you have to click on Start

Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavor, and dishwashing liquid made With real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the third hand on the watch called a second hand?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why is the word dictionary in the dictionary?
 Why isn't there a special name for the tops of your feet?
 Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?
 You know that little indestructible black box that is used on planes? Why can't they make the whole plane out of the same substance?
 Can fat people go skinny-dipping?
 Why do you need a driver's license to buy liquor when you can't drink and drive?

Interesting Items

1. The citrus soda 7-UP was created in 1929; "7" was selected because the original containers were 7 ounces. "UP" indicated the direction of the bubbles.
 2. Mosquito repellents don't repel. They hide you. The spray blocks the mosquito's sensors so they don't know you're there.
 3. Dentists have recommended that a toothbrush be kept at least 6 feet away from a toilet to avoid airborne particles from the flush.
 4. The liquid inside young coconuts can be used as substitute for blood plasma.
 5. American car horns beep in the tone of F.
 6. No piece of paper can be folded into half more than 7 times.
 7. Donkeys kill more people annually than plane crashes.
 8. 1 in every 4 Americans has appeared on television.
 9. You burn more calories sleeping than you do watching television.
 10. Oak trees do not produce acorns until they are fifty years of age or older.
 11. The first product to have a bar code was Wrigley's gum.
 12. The king of hearts is the only king without a moustache.
 13. A Boeing 747's wingspan is longer than the Wright brothers' first flight.
 14. American Airlines saved \$40,000 in 1987 by eliminating one olive from each salad served in first-class.
 15. Venus is the only planet that rotates clockwise.
 16. The first CD pressed in the US was Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the USA."
 17. Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning.
 18. The 57 on the Heinz ketchup bottle represents the number of varieties of pickles the company once had.
 19. The plastic things on the end of shoelaces are called aglets.
 20. Most dust particles in your house are made from dead skin.
 21. The first owner of the Marlboro company died of lung cancer.
 22. Barbie's full name is Barbara Millicent Roberts.
 23. Michael Jordan makes more money from Nike annually than all of the Nike factory workers in Malaysia combined.
 24. Adolf Hitler's mother seriously considered having an abortion but was talked out of it by her doctor.
 25. Marilyn Monroe had six toes.
 26. All US Presidents have worn glasses. Some just didn't like being seen wearing them in public.
 27. The sound of E.T. walking was made by someone squishing her hands in jelly.
 28. Debra Winger was the voice of E.T.
 29. Pearls melt in vinegar.
 30. It takes 3,000 cows to supply the NFL with enough leather for a year's supply of footballs.
 31. Thirty-five percent of the people who use personal ads for dating are already married.
 32. The 3 most valuable brand names on earth: Marlboro, Coca-Cola, and Budweiser, in that order.
 33. It's possible to lead a cow upstairs...but not downstairs.
 34. Humans are the only primates that don't have pigment in the palms of their hands.
 35. Ten percent of the Russian government's income comes from the sale of vodka.
 36. The sentence "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," uses every letter in the alphabet. (Developed by Western Union to Test telex/two communications)
 37. Average life span of a major league baseball: 7 pitches.
 38. A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.
 39. The airplane Buddy Holly died in was the "American Pie." (Thus the name of the Don McLean song.)
 40. Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history.
 - Spades - King David;
 - Clubs - Alexander the Great;
 - Hearts - Charlemagne;
 - Diamonds - Julius Caesar.
 41. Clans of long ago that wanted to get rid of their unwanted people without killing them used to burn their houses down-hence the expression "to get fired."
 42. Hershey's Kisses are called that because the machine that makes them looks like it's kissing the conveyor belt.
 43. Only one person in two billion will live to be 116 or older.
 44. Snails can sleep for 3 years without eating.
 45. Actor Tommy Lee Jones and US vice-president Al Gore were freshman roommates at Harvard.
 46. The fingerprints of koala bears are virtually indistinguishable from those of humans, so much so that they could be confused at a crime scene.
 47. Months that begin on a Sunday will always have a "Friday the 13th."
 48. The Eisenhower interstate system requires that one mile in every five must be straight. These straight sections are usable as airstrips in times of war or other emergencies.
 49. There are 293 ways to make change for a dollar.
 50. All of the clocks in the movie "Pulp Fiction" are stuck on 4:20
 51. A pregnant gold fish is called a twit
 52. Rocks explode in microwaves
 53. Steam rollers don't actually roll steam
 54. $1,111,111 \times 1,111,111 = 1234567654321$
 55. Coca-cola is better at cleaning your drain pipes than products like Drano
-

Measurements:

Ratio of an igloo's circumference to its diameter = Eskimo Pi
 2.4 miles of intravenous surgical tubing at Yale University Hospital = 1 I.V. League

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2000 pounds of Chinese soup = Won Ton
1 millionth of a mouthwash = 1 microscope
Speed of a tortoise breaking the sound barrier = Mach Turtle
Time it takes to sail 220 yards at 1 nautical mile per hour = knot-furlong
365.25 days of drinking low-calorie beer because it's less filling = 1 lite year
16.5 feet in the Twilight Zone = 1 Rod Serling
1/2 large intestine = 1 semicolon
1000 aches = 1 megahertz
Weight an evangelist carries with God = 1 billigram
Basic unit of laryngitis = 1 hoarsepower
Shortest distance between two jokes = a straight line
Time between slipping on a peel and smacking the pavement = 1 bananosecond
453.6 graham crackers = 1 pound cake
Given the old adage "a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step", the first step of a one-mile journey = 1 Milwaukee
1 million microphones = 1 megaphone
1 million bicycles = 2 megacycles
2000 mockingbirds = two kilomockingbirds
10 cards = 1 decacards
1 millionth of a fish = 1 microfiche
1 million billion picolos = 1 gigolo
10 millipedes = 1 centipede
8 nickels = 2 paradigms
100 Senators = not 1 decision!

The Morning Poem

I woke early one morning,
The earth lay cool and still
When suddenly a tiny bird
Perched on my window sill,
He sang a song so lovely
So carefree and so gay,
That slowly all my troubles
Began to slip away.
He sang of far off places
Of laughter and of fun,
It seemed his very trilling,
Brought up the morning sun.
I stirred beneath the covers
Crept slowly out of bed,
Then gently shut the window
And crushed his fucking head.
I'm not a morning person.

Gasoline Prices

Whoever started this has a good point.

By now you're probably thinking gasoline priced at about \$1.49 is cheap. Me too! As it is now \$1.58 for regular unleaded.

Now that the oil companies and the OPEC nations have conditioned us to think that the cost of a gallon of gas is CHEAP at less than \$1.50, we need to try an aggressive response.

With the price of gasoline going up more each day, we consumers need to take action. The only way we are going to see the price of gas come down is if we don't buy it. But, that's not really a practical option since we all have come to rely on our cars. But we CAN have an impact on gas prices if we all act together.

Here's the idea -

For the rest of this year, don't purchase gasoline from the two biggest companies (which now are one), EXXON and MOBIL. If they are not selling, they should be inclined to reduce their prices -- and if they reduce their prices the other companies will too. But to have an impact, we need to reach literally millions of users. But it's doable!

America: The Good Neighbor

Widespread but only partial news coverage was given recently to a remarkable editorial broadcast from Toronto by Gordon Sinclair, a Canadian television commentator. What follows is the full text of his trenchant remarks as printed in the Congressional Record:

"This Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people on all the earth.

Germany, Japan and, to a lesser extent, Britain and Italy were lifted out of the debris of war by the Americans who poured in billions of dollars and forgave other billions in debts. None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debts to the United States.

When France was in danger of collapsing in 1956, it was the Americans who propped it up, and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris. I was there. I saw it.

When earthquakes hit distant cities, it is the United States that hurries in to help. This spring, 59 American communities were flattened by tornadoes. Nobody helped.

The Marshall Plan and the Truman Policy pumped billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, warmongering Americans.

I'd like to see just one of those countries that is gloating over the erosion of the United States dollar build its own airplane. Does any other country in the world have a plane to equal the Boeing Jumbo Jet, the Lockheed Tri-Star, or the Douglas DC10? If so, why don't they fly them?

Why do all the International lines except Russia fly American Planes?

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the moon? You talk about Japanese technocracy, and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy, and you get automobiles.

You talk about American technocracy, and you find men on the moon -! Not once, but several times - and safely home again.

You talk about scandals, and the Americans put theirs right in the store window for everybody to look at. Even their draft-dodgers are not pursued and hounded. They are here on our streets, and most of them, unless they are breaking Canadian laws, are getting American dollars from ma and pa at home to spend here.

When the railways of France, Germany and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central went broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name you 5000 times when the Americans raced to the help of other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone, and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them get kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their nose at the lands that are gloating over their present troubles. I hope Canada is not one of those."

Stand proud, America!

Miss America Vs Miss Afghanistan

On the left is Katie Harmon, Miss America, wearing the swimsuit she chose for the competition.

On the right is a typical Afghan girl, wearing the heavy smothering burqua as required by the oppressive Taliban regime.

Miss America is a junior at Portland State University, hoping to eventually get a Master's degree in Bioethics.
Miss Afghanistan is forbidden from receiving any education at all, and cannot read or write.

Miss America has worked as a lab assistant at both the Oregon Health Sciences University and the University of Puget Sound.
Miss Afghanistan is forbidden from working.

Miss America's father is an engineer. Her mother is a teacher.
Miss Afghanistan's father was shot by a gang of Taliban militants. Her mother begs for bread scraps since she cannot work or remarry.

Miss America wowed the judges by singing a Puccini aria, "O Mio Babbino Caro."
Miss Afghanistan is forbidden from singing or even listening to music of any kind.

Miss America will be traveling the nation nonstop during her reign.
Miss Afghanistan cannot leave her house without a male family member, cannot drive, and cannot be out after dark.

Miss America is an advocate for breast cancer research.
Miss Afghanistan cannot be treated by a male doctor, and for all practical purposes has no access to medical treatment of any kind.

Miss America can date, marry, or divorce anyone she chooses.
Miss Afghanistan will be stoned to death if caught in the company of a male outside of her family. She is likely to be sold into an arranged marriage to a man who already has two wives.

Miss America wears sunscreen on the beach to keep from burning.
Miss Afghanistan cannot live in a house with windows unless they are painted black. Since she must wear a burqua outside, her pale translucent skin has not seen a ray of sunlight in years.

Miss America could have been disqualified if her swimsuit did not meet pageant standards.
Miss Afghanistan can be flogged if the holes in the mesh covering her face are too large.

Miss America will decide how many children, if any, she wants to have.
Miss Afghanistan will be pregnant 3-4 times more often than Miss America. Unfortunately, her babies are 25 times more likely to die in the first year. One out of four will not see their 5th birthday.

Miss America is majoring in speech communications at PSU.
Miss Afghanistan is forbidden from speaking in public.

Miss America is 21. Since the U.S. life expectancy for women is 80, she's still a very young woman.
Miss Afghanistan is also 21. But since the life expectancy for an Afghan woman is 43, next year she will be "over-the-hill." (Besides having a shockingly short life

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expectancy overall, Afghanistan is one of the only countries in the world in which women have a shorter life expectancy than men.)

Miss America is a beautiful, intelligent woman and everyone knows it.
Miss Afghanistan could be a beautiful, intelligent woman, ... but nobody will ever know it.

God Bless Miss America
God Help Miss Afghanistan, ...

Things I Wish I Had Known...

A woman needs only two tools. WD-40 and duct tape. If it doesn't move and it should, use WD-40. If it moves and shouldn't, use the tape.

Any and all compliments can be handled by simply saying "Thank you" though it helps if you say it with a Southern accent.

Some people are working backstage, some are playing in the orchestra, some are on-stage singing, some are in the audience as critics, some are there to applaud. Know who and where you are.

Never give yourself a haircut after three margaritas.

When baking, follow directions. When cooking, go by your own taste.

Never continue dating anyone who is rude to the waiter.

Good sex should involve laughter. Because it is you know, funny.

If you tell a lie, don't believe it deceives only the other person.

The five most essential words for a healthy, vital relationship: "I apologize" and "You are right."

Everyone seems normal until you get to know them.

When you make a mistake, make amends immediately. It's easier to eat crow while it's still warm.

Never marry a man you meet in a bar

If he says you are too good for him--believe it.

I've learned to pick my battles; I ask myself, Will this matter one year from now? How about one month? One week? One day?

At hard times I ask myself, "How do I feel? What do I want? I use it whenever I'm at loss for words or thoughts.

Never pass up an opportunity to pee.

If you woke up breathing, congratulations! You have another chance!

If you move far from your family when you're young, consider choosing a career with an airline. Your need to see your family will last a lifetime, as will your travel benefits.

Living well really is the best revenge.

Be really nice to your friends because you never know when you are going to need them to empty your bed urinal and hold your hand.

Work is good but it's not important.

Never under estimate the kindness of your fellow man.

And finally...

Being happy doesn't mean everything is perfect, it just means you've decided to see beyond the imperfections.

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