

# *Penny's Big Braille Book of Travel Humor*

Print Edition © 2020



## **SixLegsWillTravel**

**There's More Than One Way To See The World**

## Table of Contents

<b>Introduction</b> .....	1
<b>The Good `ol USA</b> .....	2
Blind Man in Texas .....	2
A Grizzly Tale .....	2
Welcome to the South... ..	3
Southern Nativity Scene .....	4
No Room at the Inn .....	4
Quick Calculation .....	5
Valuable Story .....	5
Conventional Terrorism .....	6
The Top 16 Rejected Motel 6 Slogans .....	6
The Rules To Enter Texas .....	6
Bargain Shopping .....	7
Where to Retire .....	8
<b>International Antics</b> .....	9
Tourist Trap .....	9
The Thirsty Diplomat .....	10
Blarney Stone, my Butt .....	10
A Twist on Recycling .....	10
Generosity Test .....	11
When in Rome... ..	11
Hotel Brochure in "Chinglish" .....	12
Passport .....	13
Drinking Buddies .....	14
Fish and Chips .....	14
Lost in the Desert .....	14
Fan Fair .....	14
Desert Revival .....	15
The Drive that Sucked .....	16
Legal Kick-ass .....	17
<b>In-Flight Funnies</b> .....	17
Flying Blind .....	17
Flying Blonde .....	18
Seat Mates .....	19
Flight Fright .....	19
Caught in the Act .....	19
Personal Choice .....	20
Hair Raising Experience .....	20
If Airlines Sold Paint .....	20
<b>Train of Thought</b> .....	22
Clever Irishman! .....	22
News Flash .....	23

Dog Gone .....	23
<b>Humor without a Home (aka, Miscellaneous) .....</b>	<b>24</b>
Customer Dissatisfaction .....	24
Checkmate .....	25
Preparation for an Off-Shore Passage .....	25
The Pirate's Story .....	26
Elementary .....	27

## **Introduction**

Welcome to the world of travel as you have never seen it before, and which, in some cases, you hope you never will!

Since you are reading this, I can immediately make two assumptions about you. The first is that you are a new subscriber to my blog, [SixLegsWillTravel](#). If I am correct, then I hope you will enjoy what it offers you in entertainment and information. The second assumption is that you have a sense of humor, and like to laugh. Again, if I am correct, these pages should give you more than a few chuckles!

In most situations I can eventually see the humor, even if they weren't funny at the time. To me, the old saying that, "laughter is the best medicine," has always held true. Most of the humor in this book comes from my huge collection of jokes, cartoons and other sorts of funnies which have been compiled from emails and websites over a period of many years. I want to thank the friends and strangers who have unwittingly contributed to this effort.

Thus, inspired by my fellow laugh addicts, I have decided to make this a living document. No, it won't crawl out of your computer in the dead of night and tickle you awake. What this means is that I will continue to add material as it comes my way, and make it available to SixLegsWillTravel subscribers. And if you have travel-related funnies you would like to share through this book, please let me know! Send your jokes and cartoons (no copyrighted material please) to penny@sixlegswilltravel.com, and put "Travel Humor" in the subject line. If I use your contribution, you will receive written credit, so that everyone can see what a cool and funny person you are.

So you'll know what to expect, the humor in this book contains material that might be offensive to some. There is some profanity, as well as some suggestive punchlines, but nothing hard-core or graphic. Also, some of the items may seem to be making fun of people based on country of origin, race and/or ethnicity. Be assured that there is no deliberate intention to offend anyone.

You have thus been warned. If you are offended, then I suggest you lighten up. This book is an equal opportunity fun-poker. Besides, frowning makes you look awful!

If you can't find anything about which to at least crack a smile, you need help!

If you read this book and find something offensive in every item, you obviously like to be miserable, and I'm only too happy to help!

If you are among the 99.99% of readers who are still with me, thank you for becoming a part of this community of travel lovers, no matter how many legs on which you travel. It's a joy having you along for the ride!

So sit back, and lap up the laughs. Whether you gobble them up all at once, or take them in small bites, I hope you will find this book a true feast for your funny bone!

## **The Good 'ol USA**

### **Blind Man in Texas**

There once was a blind man who decided to visit Texas. When he entered the plane, he felt the seats and said, "Wow, these seats are big!"

The person next to him answered, "Everything is big in Texas."

When he finally arrived in Texas, he decided to visit a bar. Upon arriving at the bar, he ordered a beer and got a mug placed between his hands. He exclaimed, "Wow these mugs are big!"

The bartender replied, "Everything is big in Texas."

After a couple of beers, the blind man asked the bartender where the bathroom was located. The bartender replied, "Second door to the right."

The blind man headed for the bathroom, but accidentally tripped over and skipped the second door. Instead, he entered the third door, which lead to the swimming pool and fell into the pool by accident.

Scared to death, the blind man started shouting, "Don't flush, don't flush!"

### **A Grizzly Tale**

A Russian scientist and a Czech scientist had spent their lives studying the grizzly bear. Each year they petitioned their respective governments to allow them to go to Yellowstone to study the animals.

Finally their request was granted, and they immediately flew to New York, and on west to Yellowstone. They reported to the ranger station and were told that it was the grizzlies' mating season, and it was too dangerous to go out and study the animals.

They pleaded that this was their only chance, and finally the ranger relented.

The Russian and the Czech were given portable phones and told to report in every day.

For several days they called in, and then nothing was heard from the two scientists.

The rangers mounted a search party and found the scientists' camp, completely ravaged, with no sign of the missing men. They followed the trail of a male and a female bear. They found the female and decided they must kill the animal to determine if she had eaten the scientists, because they feared an international incident.

They killed the female animal and opened its stomach. Inside were the remains of the Russian. One ranger turned to the other, and said, "You know what this means, don't you?"

The other ranger responded, "Of course, the Czech is in the male!"

## **Welcome to the South...**

Issued by the Southern Texas Tourism Bureau to ALL visiting Northerners and Northeastern Urbanites:

- Don't order filet mignon or pasta primavera at Waffle House. It's just a diner. They serve breakfast 24 hours a day. Let them cook something they know. If you confuse them, they'll kick your ass.
- Don't laugh at our Southern names. (Merleen, Bodie, Ovine, Luther Ray, Tammy Lynn, Darla Beth, Inez, Billy Joe, Sissy, etc.). These people have all been known to kick ass.
- Don't order a bottle of pop or a can of soda down here. Down here it's called Coke. Nobody gives a flying damn whether it's Pepsi, RC, Dr. Pepper, 7-Up or whatever - it's still a Coke. Accept it. Doing otherwise can lead to an ass kicking.
- We know our heritage. Most of us are more literate than you. We are also better educated and generally a lot nicer. Don't refer to us as a bunch of hillbillies, or we'll kick your ass.
- We have plenty of business sense - just look at these companies: Fed Ex, Turner Broadcasting, MCI WorldCom, MTV, Netscape they were all founded in the South. Naturally, we don't care if you think we are dumb. We can still kick your ass.
- Don't laugh at our Civil War history. If Lee had listened to Longstreet and flanked Meade at Gettysburg instead of sending Pickett up the middle, you'd be paying taxes to Dallas instead of Washington. If you don't like it we'll kick your ass.
- We are fully aware of how high the humidity is, so shut the hell up, spend your money, and get the hell out of here - or we'll kick your ass.
- Don't order wheat toast at Cracker Barrel. Everyone will instantly know that you're from Ohio. Eat your biscuits like God intended and don't put sugar on your grits, or we'll kick your ass.
- Don't fake a Texas accent. This will incite a riot, and you will get your ass kicked.
- Don't talk about how much better things are at home because we don't give a damn. Many of us have visited Northern hell holes like Detroit, San Francisco, Chicago, Portland and Las Vegas, and we have the scars to prove it. If you don't like it here, Delta is ready when you are. Take your ass home before it gets kicked.
- Yes, we know how to speak proper English. We talk this way because we don't want to sound like ya'll. We don't care if you don't understand what we are saying. All other Southerners understand what we are saying, and that's all that matters. Now, go away, or we'll kick your ass.
- Don't complain that the South is dirty and polluted. Whine about OUR scenic beauty, or we'll kick your ass all the way back into Boston Harbor.
- Don't ridicule our Southern manners. We say "sir" and "ma'am," hold doors open for others, and offer our seats to old folks because such things are expected of civilized

people. Behave yourselves around our sweet little grey-haired grandmothers or they'll kick some manners into your ass just like they did ours.

- So you think we're quaint or losers because most of us live in the countryside? That's because we have enough sense to not live in smelly, crime-infested cesspools like New York or San Jose. Make fun of our fresh air, and we'll kick your ass.
- Last, but not least, DO NOT DARE to come down here trying to tell us how to cook barbecue. This will get your ass shot off (right after it is kicked). You're lucky we let you come down here at all. Question our sacred BBQ, and you go home in a pine box - minus your ass.

### **Southern Nativity Scene**

While driving through a small Southern town, I noticed a "Nativity Scene" that showed that a great deal of skill and talent had gone into creating it. One small feature bothered me. The three wise men were wearing firemen's helmets.

At a "Quik Stop" on the edge of town, I asked the lady behind the counter about the helmets.

She exploded into a rage, yelling at me, "You darn Yankees never do read the Bible!"

I assured her that I did, but simply couldn't recall anything about firemen in the Bible.

She jerked her Bible from behind the counter and ruffled through some pages, and finally jabbed her finger at a passage. Sticking it in my face she said "See, it says right here, 'The three wise men came from afar.'"

### **No Room at the Inn**

A Jewish lady named Mrs. Rosenberg was stranded late one night, many years ago, at a fashionable resort - one that did not admit Jews.

The desk clerk looked down at his book and said, "Sorry, no room. The hotel is full."

The Jewish lady said, "But your sign says that you have vacancies."

The desk clerk stammered and then said curtly, "You know that we do not admit Jews. Now if you will try the other side of town..."

Mrs. Rosenberg stiffened noticeably and said, "I'll have you know I converted to your religion."

The desk clerk said, "Oh, yeah, let me give you a little test. How was Jesus born?"

Mrs. Rosenberg replied, "He was born to a virgin named Mary in a little town called Bethlehem."

"Very good," replied the hotel clerk. "Tell me more."

Mrs. Rosenberg replied, "He was born in a manger."

"That's right," said the hotel clerk. "And why was he born in a manger?"

Mrs. Rosenberg said loudly, "Because a jerk like you in the hotel wouldn't give a Jewish lady a room for the night!"

### **Quick Calculation**

NASA was interviewing professionals to be sent to Mars. Only one could go, and he or she couldn't return to Earth.

The first applicant, an engineer, was asked how much he wanted to be paid for going. "One million dollars," he answered, "because I want to donate it to M.I.T."

The next applicant, a doctor, was asked the same question. She asked for two million dollars. "I want to give a million to my family," she explained, "and leave the other million for the advancement of medical research."

The last applicant was a lawyer. When asked how much money he wanted, he whispered in the interviewer's ear, "Three million dollars."

"Why so much more than the others?" the interviewer asked. The lawyer whispered, "If NASA pays me \$3 million, I'll give you \$1 million, I'll keep \$1 million, and we'll send the engineer."

### **Valuable Story**

A tourist walked into a curio shop in San Francisco. Looking around at the exotics, he noticed a very life-like, life-sized bronze statue of a rat. It had no price tag, but it was so striking he decided he must have it. He asked the owner, "How much for the bronze rat?"

"Twelve dollars for the rat. One hundred dollars for the story," said the owner.

The tourist gave the man twelve dollars. "I'll take the rat. You can keep the story."

As he walked down the street carrying his bronze rat, he noticed that a few real rats had crawled out of the alleys and sewers and they were following him down the street. This was disconcerting. He began trotting. Within a couple of blocks, the herd of rats had grown to hundreds, and they were squealing.

He ran toward the bay. He looked around and saw that the rats now numbered in the MILLIONS, they were squealing loudly, and they were coming toward him fast. Scared, he ran to the edge of the bay and threw the bronze rat as far out into the bay as he could. Amazingly, the millions of rats all jumped into the bay after it, and they all drowned.

The man walked back to the curio shop. "Aha," said the owner, "you have come back for the story?"...

"No," said the man. "I came back to see if you have a bronze Osama bin Laden."



## **Conventional Terrorism**

A group of terrorists burst into the conference room at the Ramada Hotel, where the American Bar Association was holding its Annual Conventions. 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.

## **The Top 16 Rejected Motel 6 Slogans**

- 16) We're working on that smell thing, too.
- 15) Because you deserve better than the backseat of some car.
- 14) As seen on "COPS"
- 13) If We'd Known You Were Staying All Night, We'd Have Changed the Sheets
- 12) Not just for nooners anymore.
- 11) We left off the 9, but you know it's there.
- 10) You rented the room, now buy the video.
- 9) Sure, you could stay someplace nicer, but then you wouldn't have money left over for a hooker.
- 8) We'll leave the Lysol for ya!
- 7) Hey, we're not the Ritz, but just try bringing your secretary there on \*your\* salary, pal!
- 6) We don't make the adultery. We make the adultery \*better\*
- 5) It's Hookerriffic!
- 4) Official Lodging of the 1998 Florida Marlins
- 3) Blurring the line between stains and avant garde sheet art since 1962!
- 2) Cheap and Easy -- Just Like Your sister
- 1) We put the "Ho" in "Hotel"

## **The Rules To Enter Texas**

The rules to enter Texas apply to each person as they enter Texas. Learn and remember! (East Coast and California-types pay particular attention!)

1. Pull up your droopy pants. You look like an idiot.
2. Let's get this straight; it's called a "gravel road." No matter how slow you drive, you're going to get dust on your Lexus. Drive it, or get out of the way.
3. They are cattle and oil wells. That's what they smell like to you. They smell like money to us. Get over it.

4. So you have a \$60,000 car. We're impressed. We have \$250,000 cotton strippers that are driven only 3 weeks a year.
5. So every person in every pickup waves. It's called being friendly. Try to understand the concept.
6. If that cell phone rings while a bunch of doves are coming in, we WILL shoot it out of your hand.
7. Yeah, we eat catfish and crawfish. You want sushi and caviar? It's available at the corner bait shop.
8. The "Opener" refers to the first day of deer season. It's a religious holiday held the closest Saturday to the first of November.
9. We open doors for women. That is applied to all women, regardless of age.
10. No, there's no "vegetarian special" on the menu. Order steak. Or you can order the Chef's Salad and pick off the 2 pounds of ham & turkey.
11. When we fill out a table, there are three main dishes: meat, potatoes, and bread. We use three spices: salt, pepper, and chili peppers. And we don't care what you folks call that stuff you eat. It AIN'T REAL CHILI! Chili was born and bred in San Antonio, and real chili never met a tomato!
12. You bring "coke" into my house, it better be brown, wet, and served over ice.
13. College and High School football is as important here as the Lakers and the Knicks, and a dang site more fun to watch.
14. Colleges? Try University of Texas, Texas A&M or Texas Tech. They come outta there with an education plus a love for God and country, and they still wave at passing pickups when they come home for the holidays.
15. We have more folks in the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines than any other state, so "Don't Mess with Texas." If you do, you'll get whooped by the best.

### **Bargain Shopping**

Sven and Ole are visiting a relative in Texas. Walking along the street, they see a sign which reads: Suits \$5.00 each, shirts \$2.00 each, trousers \$2.50 per pair.

Sven says to his pal, "Hey Ole! LOOK! We could buy a whole lot of dem, and ven ve get back to Minnesota, ve could make a fortune. Now ven ve go into the shop, you be quiet, okay? Yust let me do all da talkin' cause if dey hear our Minnesota accent dey might tink ve are dumb Norwegians and try to raise da price. But, I can speak with a perfect Texas drawl."

They go in and Sven drawls out an order for 50 suits at \$5.00 each, 100 shirts at \$2.00 each and 50 pairs of trousers at 2.50 each.

The owner of the shop says, "You're from Minnesota, aren't you?"

"Uff da!" says a surprised Sven. "How'd you know dat?"  
The owner says, "Cause this is a dry-cleaners."

### **Where to Retire**

You can retire to Phoenix, Arizona where:

1. You are willing to park 3 blocks away because you found shade.
2. You've experienced condensation on your butt from the hot water in the toilet bowl.
3. You can drive for 4 hours in one direction and never leave town.
4. You have over 100 recipes for Mexican food.
5. You know that "dry heat" is comparable to what hits you in the face when you open your oven door.
6. The 4 seasons are: Tolerable, Hot, Really hot, and ARE YOU KIDDING ME??!!

You can retire to California where:

1. You make over \$250,000 and you still can't afford to buy a house.
2. The fastest part of your commute is going down your driveway.
3. You know how to eat an artichoke.
4. You drive your rented Mercedes to your neighborhood block party.
5. When someone asks you how far something is, you tell them how long it will take to get there rather than how many miles away it is.
6. The 4 seasons are: Fire, Flood, Mud, and Drought.

You can retire to New York City where:

1. You say "the city" and expect everyone to know you mean Manhattan .
2. You can get into a four-hour argument about how to get from Columbus Circle to Battery Park, but can't find Wisconsin on a map.
3. You think Central Park is "nature."
4. You believe that being able to swear at people in their own language makes you multi-lingual.
5. You've worn out a car horn. (ed note: if you have a car)
6. You think eye contact is an act of aggression.

You can retire to Buffalo, NY where:

1. You only have four spices: salt, pepper, ketchup, and Tabasco .
2. Halloween costumes fit over parkas.

3. You have more than one recipe for deer.
4. Sexy lingerie is anything flannel with less than eight buttons.
5. The four seasons are: Winter, Still winter, Almost winter, and Construction.

You can retire to the South where:

1. You can rent a movie and buy bait in the same store.
2. "Y'all" is singular and "all y'all" is plural.
3. "He needed killin'" is a valid defense.
4. Everyone has 2 first names: Billy Bob , Jimmy Bob , Mary Sue, Betty Jean, Mary Beth , etc.
5. Everything is either "in yonder," "over yonder" or "out yonder." It's important to know the difference, too.

You can retire to Colorado where:

1. You carry your \$3,000 mountain bike atop your \$500 car
2. You tell your husband to pick up Granola on his way home and so he stops at the day care center.
3. A pass does not involve a football or dating.
4. The top of your head is bald, but you still have a pony tail.

You can retire to the Midwest where:

1. You've never met any celebrities, but the mayor knows your name.
2. Your idea of a traffic jam is ten cars waiting to pass a tractor.
3. You have had to switch from "heat" to "A/C" on the same day.
4. You end sentences with a preposition: "Where's my coat at?"
5. When asked how your trip was to any exotic place, you say, "It was different!"

## **International Antics**

### **Tourist Trap**

An American tourist in London found himself needing to take a leak something terrible. After a long search he just couldn't find any public bathroom to relieve himself, so he went down one of the side streets to take care of business. Just as he was unzipping, a London police officer showed up.

"Look here, old chap, what are you doing?" the officer asked.

"I'm sorry," the American replied, but I really gotta take a leak."

"You can't do that here," the officer told him. "Look, follow me."

The police officer led him to a beautiful garden with lots of grass, pretty flowers and manicured hedges. "Here," said the policeman, "whiz away."

The American tourist shrugged, turned, unzipped, and started pissing on the flowers. "Ahhh," he said in relief. Then turning toward the officer, he said, "This is very nice of you. Is this British courtesy?"

"No," retorted the policeman. "It's the French Embassy."

### **The Thirsty Diplomat**

An Arab diplomat visiting the US for the first time was being wined and dined by the State Department. The Grand Emir was unused to the salt in American foods (french fries, cheeses, salami, anchovies etc.) and was constantly sending his man-servant Abdul to fetch him a glass of water.

Time and again, Abdul would scamper off and return with a glass of water, but then came the time when he returned empty-handed. "Abdul, you son of an ugly camel, where is my water??" demanded the Grand Emir.

"A thousand pardons, O Illustrious One," stammered the wretched Abdul, "white man sit on well."

### **Blarney Stone, my Butt**

A group of Americans was touring Ireland. One of the women in the group was a real curmudgeon, constantly complaining. The bus seats are uncomfortable. The food is terrible. It's too hot. It's too cold. The accommodations are awful.

The group arrived at the site of the famous Blarney Stone.

"Good luck will be followin' ya all your days if you kiss the Blarney Stone," the guide said. "Unfortunately, it's being cleaned today and so no one will be able to kiss it. Perhaps we can come back tomorrow."

"We can't be here tomorrow," the nasty woman shouted. "We have some other boring tour to go on. So I guess we can't kiss the stupid stone."

"Well now," the guide said, "it is said that if you kiss someone who has kissed the stone, you'll have the same good fortune."

"And I suppose you've kissed the stone," the woman scoffed.

"No, ma'am," the frustrated guide said, "but I've sat on it."

### **A Twist on Recycling**

A French man is having his petit déjeuner (coffee, croissants, bread, butter and jam) when an American man, chewing gum, sits down next to him.

The Frenchman ignores the American who, nevertheless, starts a conversation.

American: "You French folk eat the whole bread?"

Frenchman (in a bad mood): "Of course."

American: (after blowing a huge bubble) "We don't. In the States, we only eat what is inside. The crusts we collect in a container, recycle it, transform them into croissants and sell them to France." The American has a smirk on his face.

The Frenchman listens in silence.

The American insists: "D'ya eat jelly with the bread?"

Frenchman: "Of course."

American: (cracking his gum between his teeth and chuckling) "We don't. In the States we eat fresh fruit for breakfast, put all peel, seeds and leftovers in containers, recycle them, transform them into jam and sell the jam to France."

The Frenchman then asks: "And what do you do with condoms once you've used them?"

American: "We throw them away, of course."

Frenchman: "We don't. In France, we put them in a container, recycle them, melt them down into chewing gum and sell it to America"

### **Generosity Test**

One cold December day, a French tourist in Scotland decided to find out if the natives were as tight as he had heard. He stopped at a farm cottage, told the farmer's wife he was freezing to death, and was invited to come in and warm himself at the hearth.

Once inside the house, he complained of being thirsty. The woman handed him an enormous white crockery mug filled with milk. After taking a big swig, the impulsive guest exclaimed, "This is sweet and fresh ... you are most generous!"

She replied modestly, "It's nothing. My family wouldn't drink that milk because we found a dead rat in it."

Sick to his stomach, the Frenchman clapped both hands over his mouth, allowing the huge mug to fall to the floor and shatter on the stone.

The Scotswoman grabbed her broom, raised it high in the air, brought it down on the visitor's head, and hollered, "Get out, you ungrateful pig! I take you in my home, I let you share my fire, I give you milk to drink ... and now you repay my kindness by breaking the children's potty!"

### **When in Rome...**

A New York woman was at her hairdresser's on Park Avenue getting her hair styled prior to a trip to Rome. She mentioned the trip to the hairdresser, who responded, Rome? Why

would anyone want to go there? It's crowded and dirty and full of Italians. You're crazy to go to Rome. So, how are you getting there?"

"We're taking Continental," was the reply. "We got a great rate!"

"Continental?" exclaimed the hairdresser. "That's a terrible airline. Their planes are old, their flight attendants are ugly, and they're always late. So, where are you staying in Rome?"

"We'll be at this exclusive little place over on Rome's left bank called Teste..."

"Don't go any further. I know that place. Everybody thinks its gonna be something special and exclusive, but it's really a dump, the worst hotel in the city! The rooms are small, the service is surly and they're overpriced. So, whatcha doing when you get there?"

"We're going to go to see the Vatican and we hope to see the Pope."

"That's rich," laughed the hairdresser. "You and a million other people trying to see him. He'll look the size of an ant. Boy, good luck on this lousy trip of yours. You're going to need it."

A month later, the woman again came in for a hairdo. The hairdresser asked her about her trip to Rome. "It was wonderful," explained the woman, not only were we on time in one of Continental's brand new planes, but it was overbooked and they bumped us up to first class. The food and wine were wonderful, and I had a handsome 28-year-old steward who waited on me hand and foot. And the hotel—it was great! They'd just finished a \$5 million remodeling job and now it's a jewel, the finest hotel in the city. They, too, were overbooked, so they apologized and gave us their owner's suite at no extra charge!"

"Well," muttered the hairdresser, "that's all well and good, but I know you didn't get to see the Pope."

"Actually, we were quite lucky, because as we toured the Vatican, a Swiss Guard tapped me on the shoulder and explained that the Pope likes to meet some of the visitors and if I'd be so kind as to step into his private room and wait, the Pope would personally greet me. Sure enough, five minutes later, the Pope walked through the door and shook my hand! I knelt down and he spoke a few words to me."

Oh, really...What'd he say?"

He said, Where'd you get that shitty hairdo?"

### **Hotel Brochure in "Chinglish"**

A friend went to Beijing recently and was given this brochure by the hotel. Obviously, it has been translated directly, word for word from Mandarin to English.

TO OUR GUESTS:

#### Getting There:

Our representative will make you wait at the airport. The bus to the hotel runs along the lake shore. Soon you will feel pleasure in passing water. You will know that you are getting

near the hotel, because you will go round the bend. The manager will await you in the entrance hall. He always tries to have intercourse with all new guests.

The Hotel:

This is a family hotel, so children are very welcome. We of course are always pleased to accept adultery. Highly skilled nurses are available in the evenings to put down your children. Guests are invited to conjugate in the bar and expose themselves to others. But please note that ladies are not allowed to have babies in the bar. We organize social games, so no guest is ever left alone to play with them self.

The Restaurant:

Our menus have been carefully chosen to be ordinary and unexciting. At dinner, our quartet will circulate from table to table, and fiddle with you.

Your Room:

Every room has excellent facilities for your private parts. In winter, every room is on heat. Each room has a balcony offering views of outstanding obscenity! . You will not be disturbed by traffic noise, since the road between the hotel and the lake is used only by pederasts.

Bed:

Your bed has been made in accordance with local tradition. If you have any other ideas please ring for the chambermaid. Please take advantage of her. She will be very pleased to squash your shirts, blouses and underwear. If asked, she will also squeeze your trousers.

**Passport**

The elderly American gentleman arrived at French customs at the airport in Paris and absentmindedly fumbled for his passport.

"You have been to France before Monsieur?", the customs officer asked sarcastically.

The ancient Yank admitted that he had been to France before.

"Then you should know enough to have your passport ready for inspection", snapped the irate official.

The American said that the last time he came to France he did not have to show his passport.

"Impossible, old man. You Americans always have to show your passports on arrival in France."

The old American gave the Frenchman a long hard look. "I assure you, young man, that when I came ashore on Omaha Beach in Normandy on D-Day in 1944, there was no goddamned Frenchman on the beach asking me for my passport!



## **Drinking Buddies**

At a world brewing convention, the CEOs of various brewing organizations retired to the bar at the end of the day's conference.

The CEO of Fosters shouts to the barman, "Pour me a Fosters, mate!" The CEO of Budweiser is next, "Gimme a Bud, sir!" Then the CEO of Beck's, "Ein Becks, danke." Then they all turn to the CEO of Guinness who says, "Barman, would ya give me a diet Coke with ice and lemon, thanks."

The others stare at him in stunned silence, amazement written all over their faces. Eventually one asks, "Are you not going to have a Guinness, Pat?"

Paddy replies, "Well, if you chaps aren't drinking, then neither am I."

## **Fish and Chips**

The monastery out in Wessex was having a bit of a hard time with its cash flow, because of the dwindling number of monks available to help with all the work of the group. Brother Andrew and Brother Patrick suggested opening up a Fish & Chips stand down on the motor way, right next to the scenic vista area so popular with tourists.

The venture was going well, and one day a tourist asked the monk on duty, "Are you the fish friar?"

"No, sir," retorted the brother, "I'm the chip monk."

## **Lost in the Desert**

Evan and Jim were lost in the desert, and were dying of thirst.

All at once they saw a collection of tents and market stalls in the distance. They rushed into the first tent and asked if they sold water. "No," replied the Arab within, "We only have custard."

The men went into the next tent and asked the same question.

"I'm sorry," said the second Arab, "We only sell jelly."

Perplexed, the men went to the last stall in the market, once again asking if there is any water to spare. "A thousand apologies," said the Arab, "We only have sponge cakes." The men left, disappointed and a little confused. "That was weird," said Evan.

"Yes," replied Jim, "It was a trifle bazaar."

## **Fan Fair**

A Raiders fan, a Steelers fan and a NY Jets fan were all in Saudi Arabia, sharing a smuggled crate of booze. Suddenly the Saudi police rushed in and arrested them.

The mere possession of alcohol is a severe offense in Saudi Arabia, so for the terrible crime of actually being caught consuming the booze, they were sentenced to death! However, after many months and with the help of very good lawyers, they were able to successfully appeal their sentence down to life imprisonment.

By a stroke of luck, it was a Saudi national holiday the day their trial finished, and the extremely benevolent Sheik decided they could be released after receiving just 20 lashes each of the whip.

As they were preparing for their punishment, the Sheik suddenly said, "It's my first wife's birthday today, and she has asked me to allow each of you one wish before your whipping."

The Steelers fan was first in line (he had drunk the least), so he thought about this for a while and then said, "Please tie a pillow to my back." This was done, but the pillow only lasted 10 lashes before the whip went through. The Steelers fan had to be carried away bleeding and crying with pain when the punishment was done.

The Jets fan was next up (he almost finished an entire fifth by himself), and after watching the scene, said "All Right! Please fix two pillows on my back." But even two pillows could only take 15 lashes before the whip went through again, sending the Jets fan out crying like a little girl.

The Raiders fan was the last one up (he had finished off the crate), but before he could say anything, the Sheik turned to him and said, "You support the greatest team in the world, your supporters are some of the best and most loyal football fans in the world. For this, you may have two wishes!"

"Thanks, your most Royal Highness," the Raiders fan replied . "In recognition of your kindness, my first wish is that you give me not 20, but 100 lashes."

"Not only are you an honorable, handsome and powerful man, you are also very brave," the Sheik said with an admiring look on his face. "If 100 lashes is what you desire, then so be it. And your second wish? What is it to be?" the Sheik asked.

"Tie the Jets fan to my back."

### **Desert Revival**

A nun and a priest were crossing the Sahara desert on a camel. On the third day out the camel suddenly dropped dead without warning. After dusting themselves off, the nun and the priest surveyed their situation. After a long period of silence, the priest spoke. "Well, Sister, this looks pretty grim."

"I know, Father." In fact, I don't think it likely that we can survive more than a day or two."

"I agree Sister, since we are unlikely to make it out of here alive, would you do something for me?"

"Anything, Father."

"I have never seen a woman's breasts and I was wondering if I might see yours."

"Well, under the circumstances I don't see that it would do any harm." The nun opened her habit and the priest enjoyed the sight of her shapely breasts, commenting frequently on their beauty.

"Sister, would you mind if I touched them?" She consented and he fondled them for several minutes.

"Father, could I ask something of you?"

"Yes, Sister?"

"I have never seen a man's penis. Could I see yours?"

"I suppose that would be OK," the priest replied lifting his robe.

"Oh Father, may I touch it?" The priest consented and after a few minutes of fondling he was sporting a huge erection.

"Sister, you know that if I insert my penis in the right place, it can give life."

"Is that true, Father?"

"Yes, it is, Sister."

"Oh Father that's wonderful, stick it in the camel and let's get the hell out of here!"

### **The Drive that Sucked**

Two nuns, Sister Marilyn and Sister Helen, are traveling through Europe in their car. They reach Transylvania and are stopped at a traffic light. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a tiny little Dracula jumps onto the hood of the car and hisses through the windshield.

"Quick, quick!" shouts Sister Marilyn. "What shall we do?"

"Turn the windshield wipers on. That will get rid of the abomination," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn switches them on, knocking Dracula about, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"What shall I do now?" she shouts frantically.

"Switch on the windshield washer, I filled it up with Holy Water at the Vatican," says Sister Helen.

Sister Marilyn turns on the windshield washer. Dracula screams as the water burns his skin, but he clings on and continues hissing at the nuns.

"Now what?" shouts Sister Marilyn even more frantically?

"Show him your cross," says Sister Helen.

"Now you're talking," says Sister Marilyn. She opens the window and shouts, "Get the f--k off the car!"

## **Legal Kick-ass**

A big city lawyer went duck hunting in rural Saskatchewan. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmer's field on the other side of a fence. As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an elderly farmer drove up on his tractor and asked him what he was doing.

The litigator responded, "I shot a duck and it fell in this field, and now I'm going to retrieve it."

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

The indignant lawyer said, "I am one of the best trial attorneys in Canada and, if you don't let me get that duck, I'll sue you and take everything you own."

The old farmer smiled and said, "Apparently, you don't know how we settle disputes in Saskatchewan. We settle small disagreements like this with the Saskatchewan Three Kick Rule."

The lawyer asked, "What is the Saskatchewan Three Kick Rule?"

The Farmer replied, "Well, because the dispute occurs on my land, first I kick you three times and then you kick me three times and so on back and forth until someone gives up."

The attorney quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take the old codger. He agreed to abide by the local custom.

The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the attorney. His first kick planted the toe of his heavy steel-toed work boot into the lawyer's groin and dropped him to his knees. His second kick to the midriff sent the lawyer's last meal gushing from his mouth. The barrister was on all fours when the farmer's third kick to his rear end sent him face-first into a fresh cow pie.

The lawyer summoned every bit of his will and managed to get to his feet. Wiping his face with the arm of his jacket, he said, "Okay, you old coot. Now it's my turn."

The old farmer smiled and said, "Naw, I give up. You can have the duck."

## **In-Flight Funnies**

### **Flying Blind**

Passengers on a small commuter plane are waiting for the flight to leave. They're getting a little impatient, but the airport staff has assured them that the pilots will be there soon, and the flight can take off immediately after that.

The entry door opens, and two men walk up the aisle, dressed in pilots' uniforms - both are wearing dark glasses, one is using a guide dog, and the other is tapping his way up the aisle with a cane. Nervous laughter spreads through the cabin; but the men enter the cockpit, the door closes, and the engines start up. The passengers begin glancing nervously around, searching for some sign that this is just a little practical joke. None is forthcoming.

The plane moves faster and faster down the runway, and people at the windows realize that they're headed straight for the water at the edge of the airport territory. As it begins to look as though the plane will never take off, that it will plow into the water, panicked screams fill the cabin - but at that moment, the plane lifts smoothly into the air. The passengers relax and laugh a little sheepishly, and soon they have all retreated into their magazines, secure in the knowledge that the plane is in good hands.

Up in the cockpit, the copilot turns to the pilot and says, "You know, Bob, one of these days, they're going to scream too late, and we're all gonna die."

### **Flying Blonde**

A blonde and a lawyer are seated next to each other on a flight from Los Angeles to New York. The lawyer asks if she would like to play a fun game. The blonde, tired, just wants to take a nap, so she politely declines and rolls over to the window to catch a few winks.

The lawyer persists and explains that the game is easy and a lot of fun. He says, "I ask you a question, and if you don't know the answer, you pay me five dollars, and vice versa." Again, she declines and tries to get some sleep.

The lawyer, now agitated, says, "Okay, if you don't know the answer, you pay me \$5, and if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500." This catches the blonde's attention and, figuring there will be no end to his torment, agrees to the game.

The lawyer asks the first question: "What's the distance from the earth to the moon?" The blonde doesn't say a word, reaches into her purse, pulls out a \$5.00 bill, and hands it to the lawyer.

"Okay," says the lawyer, "your turn."

She asks, "What goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four legs?"

The lawyer, puzzled, takes out his laptop computer and searches all his references ... no answer. He taps into the air phone with his modem and searches the Internet and the Library of Congress ...no answer. Frustrated, he sends e-mails to all his friends and coworkers but to no avail. After an hour, he wakes the blonde and hands her \$500.

The blonde thanks him and turns back to get some more sleep. The lawyer, who is more than a little miffed, stirs the blonde and asks, "Well, what's the answer?"

Without a word, the blonde reaches into her purse, hands the lawyer \$5, and goes back to sleep.

And you thought blondes were dumb.

## **Seat Mates**

Two Arabs boarded a flight out of New York after a hockey game. One sat in the window seat and the other sat in the middle seat. Just before takeoff, an American got on and took the aisle seat.

After takeoff, the American kicked his shoes off, wiggled his toes and was settling in when the Arab in the window seat said, "I think I'll get up and get a beer."

"No problem," said the American, "I'll get it for you."

While he was gone, one of the Arabs picked up the American's shoe and spat in it.

When he returned with the beer, the other Arab said, "That looks good, I think I'll have one too."

Again, the American obligingly went to fetch it and while he was gone, the other Arab picked up the other shoe and spat in it.

When the American returned to his seat, they all sat back and enjoyed the flight. As the plane was landing, the American slipped his feet into his shoes and knew immediately what had happened.

"Why does it have to be this way?" he asked. "How long must this go on? This fighting between our nations? This hatred? This animosity? This spitting in shoes; this pissing in beers?"

## **Flight Fright**

Tower: Delta 702, cleared for takeoff, contact departure on 124.7

Delta 702: Tower, Delta 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 Delta?

Continental 635: Cleared for takeoff roger, and yes we copied Delta. We've already notified our caterers.

## **Caught in the Act**

At Heathrow Airport today, an individual, later discovered to be a public school teacher, was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a compass, a protractor, and a graphical calculator.

Authorities believe he is a member of the notorious Al-Gebra movement. - He is being charged with carrying weapons of math instruction.

### **Personal Choice**

A minister was seated next to a cowboy on a flight to Texas. After the plane took off, the cowboy asked for a whiskey and soda, which was brought and placed before him. The flight attendant then asked the minister if he would like a drink. Appalled, the minister replied, "I'd rather be tied up and taken advantage of by women of ill-repute, than let liquor touch my lips."

The cowboy then handed his drink back to the attendant and said, "Me too, I didn't know we had a choice."

### **Hair Raising Experience**

A very distinguished lady was on a plane arriving from Switzerland. She found herself seated next to a nice priest whom she asked: "Excuse me Father, could I ask a favor?"

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

"Here is the problem, I bought myself a new sophisticated hair remover gadget for which I paid an enormous sum of money. I have really gone over the declaration limits and I am worried that they will confiscate it at customs. Do you think you could hide it under your cassock?"

"Of course I could, my child, but you must realize that I cannot lie."

"You have such an honest face Father, I am sure they will not ask you any questions," and she gave him the 'hair remover.'

The aircraft arrived at its destination. When the priest presented himself to customs he was asked, "Father, do you have anything to declare?"

"From the top of my head to my sash, I have nothing to declare, my son," he replied.

Finding this reply strange, the customs officer asked, "And from the sash down, what do you have?"

The priest replied, "I have there a marvelous little instrument destined for use by women, but which has never been used."

Breaking out in laughter, the customs officer said, "Go ahead Father. Next!"

### **If Airlines Sold Paint**

The way it works at a regular paint store:

Customer: "Hi, how much is your paint?"

Clerk: "We have regular quality paint for \$18 a gallon and premium paint for \$25. How many gallons would you like?"

Customer: "Five gallons of regular paint please."

Clerk: "Great. that will be \$90 plus tax."

Now, imagine you are buying your paint at a paint store run by an airline:

First, you spend days trying to reach them by phone to ask if they have paint. nobody answers. so you drive to an airlines store.

Customer: "Hi. how much is your paint?"

Clerk: "Well, sir, that all depends on quite a lot of things."

Customer: "Can you give me a guess? Is there an average price?"

Clerk: "Our lowest price is \$12 a gallon, and we have 60 different prices up to \$200 a gallon."

Customer: "What's the difference in the paint?"

Clerk: "Oh, there isn't any difference; it's all the same paint."

Customer: "Well, then I'd like some of that \$12. paint."

Clerk: "When do you intend to use the paint?"

Customer: "I want to paint tomorrow. it's my day off."

Clerk: "Sir, the paint for tomorrow is the \$200. paint."

Customer: "When would I have to paint to get the \$12 paint?"

Clerk: "You would have to start very late at night in about three weeks. but you will have to agree to start painting before Friday of that week and continue painting until at least Sunday."

Customer: "You've got to be kidding!"

Clerk: "I'll check and see if we have any paint available."

Customer: "You have shelves full of paint! I can see it!"

Clerk: "But it doesn't mean that we have paint available. We sell only a certain number of gallons on any given weekend. Oh, and by the way, the price per gallon just went to \$16. We don't have any more \$12. paint."

Customer: "The price went up as we were talking?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir. we change the prices and rules hundreds of times a day, and since you haven't actually walked out of the store with your paint yet, we just decided to change. I suggest you purchase your paint as soon as possible. How many gallons do you want?"

Customer: "Well, maybe five gallons. Make that six, so I'll have enough."

Clerk: "Oh no, sir, you can't do that. If you buy paint and don't use it, there are penalties and possible confiscation of the paint you already have."

Customer: "What?"



Clerk: "We can sell enough paint to do your kitchen, bathroom, hall and north bedroom, but if you stop painting before you do the bedroom, you will lose your remaining gallons of paint."

Customer: "What does it matter whether I use all the paint? I already paid you for it!"

Clerk: "We make plans based upon the idea that all our paint is used, every drop. if you don't, it causes us all sorts of problems."

Customer: "This is crazy!! I suppose something terrible happens if I don't keep painting until after Saturday night!"

Clerk: "Oh yes! every gallon you bought automatically becomes the \$200 paint."

Customer: "But what are all these 'paint on sale from \$10 a gallon' signs?"

Clerk: "Well, that's for our budget paint. it only comes in half-gallons. One \$5 half-gallon will do half a room. The second half-gallon to complete the room is \$20. None of the cans have labels, some are empty and there are no refunds, even on the empty cans."

Customer: "To hell with this! I'll buy what I need somewhere else!"

Clerk: "I don't think so, sir. You may be able to buy paint for your bathroom and bedrooms, and your kitchen and dining room from someone else, but you won't be able to paint your connecting hall and stairway from anyone but us. And I should point out sir, that if you paint in only one direction, it will be \$300 a gallon."

Customer: "I thought your most expensive paint was \$200!"

Clerk: "That's if you paint around the room to the point at which you started. A hallway is different."

Customer: "And if I buy \$200 paint for the hall, but only paint in one direction, you'll confiscate the remaining paint."

Clerk: "No, we'll charge you an extra use fee, plus the difference on your next gallon of paint. But I believe you're getting it now, sir."

Customer: "You're insane!"

Clerk: "But we're now America's only paint supplier! And don't go looking for bargains! Thanks for painting with our airline. ....next!"

## **Train of Thought**

### **Clever Irishman!**

An old lady, a young woman, an Englishman, and an Irishman are traveling in the compartment of a train together across the British countryside. Each of the four of them is ignoring the other three.

Suddenly, the train enters a tunnel, and the compartment is thrown into pitch blackness. Out of the darkness comes the sound of a kiss, then the sound of a slap.

When the train leaves the tunnel, the Englishman has a black eye.

The old woman, thinks to herself, "What a fine young lady! She has good morals! And how self-possessed -- look at that her sitting there acting as if nothing happened!

The young woman is thinking to herself, "Why would the Irishman go for the old lady instead of me?"

The Englishman is thinking to himself, "That Irishman is a clever fellow! He steals a kiss and I get slapped for it!"

The Irishman is thinking to himself, "I'm a clever fellow! I kiss the back of my hand, slug an Englishman in the face, and get away with it!"

### **News Flash**

A Ukrainian "pan" (wealthy merchant) and a Jewish man happen to travel in the same compartment of a train. And, as always in cases like this, the Ukrainian is only too happy to show his disdain for everything Jewish, so this is how their discussion goes:

Pan: "You know, sir, I have a habit of using three sorts of newspapers when traveling - one Ukrainian which I read, the other Russian which I use to wrap my breakfast in, and the Jewish one which I use to wipe myself when I use a toilet."

Jew: "Aren't you afraid, with all due respect, that this way your behind is apt to become more clever than your head?"

### **Dog Gone**

The only seat available on the train was directly adjacent to a well dressed middle aged French woman and the seat was being used by her dog. The weary traveler asked, "Ma'am, please move your dog. I need that seat."

The French woman looked down her nose at the American, 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 American 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. Again he asked, "Please, lady. May I sit there?". I'm very tired."

The French woman wrinkled her nose and snorted "You Americans! Not only are you rude, you are also arrogant....Imagine!"

The American didn't say anything else, he leaned over, picked up the dog, tossed it out the window of the train and sat down in the empty seat. The woman shrieked and railed, and demanded that someone defend her honor and chastise the American.

An English man sitting across the aisle spoke up indignantly "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 the window."

## **Humor without a Home (aka, Miscellaneous)**

### **Customer Dissatisfaction**

These are actual complaints from dissatisfied customers received by a large company that sells organized vacations:

1. I think it should be explained in the brochure that the local convenience store does not sell proper biscuits like custard creams or ginger nuts.
2. It's lazy of the local shopkeepers in Puerto Vallarta to close in the afternoons. I often needed to buy things during 'siesta' time -- this should be banned.
3. On my holiday to Goa in India , I was disgusted to find that almost every restaurant served curry. I don't like spicy food.
4. We booked an excursion to a water park but no-one told us we had to bring our own swimsuits and towels. We assumed it would be included in the price.
5. The beach was too sandy. We had to clean everything when we returned to our room.
6. We found the sand was not like the sand in the brochure. Your brochure shows the sand as white but it was more yellow.
7. They should not allow topless sunbathing on the beach. It was very distracting for my husband who just wanted to relax.
8. No-one told us there would be fish in the water. The children were scared.
9. Although the brochure said that there was a fully equipped kitchen, there was no egg-slicer in the drawers.
10. We went on holiday to Spain and had a problem with the taxi drivers as they were all Spanish.
11. The roads were uneven and bumpy, so we could not read the local guide book during the bus ride to the resort. Because of this, we were unaware of many things that would have made our holiday more fun.
12. It took us nine hours to fly home from Jamaica to England. It took the Americans only three hours to get home. This seems unfair.
13. I compared the size of our one-bedroom suite to our friends' three-bedroom and ours was significantly smaller.
14. The brochure stated: 'No hairdressers at the resort'. We're trainee hairdressers and we think they knew and made us wait longer for service.

15. There were too many Spanish people there. The receptionist spoke Spanish, the food was Spanish. No one told us that there would be so many foreigners.
16. We had to line up outside to catch the boat and there was no air-conditioning.
17. It is your duty as a tour operator to advise us of noisy or unruly guests before we travel.
18. I was bitten by a mosquito. The brochure did not mention mosquitoes.
19. When we booked my fiancé and I requested twin-beds, but instead we were placed in a room with a king bed. We now hold you responsible and want to be re-reimbursed for the fact that I became pregnant. This would not have happened if you had put us in the room that we booked.

### **Checkmate**

The members of the Check Mate club were holding their annual convention at the Broadmoor Hotel. As members from all over arrived to register, they gathered in the lobby bragging about their best matches and their smartest moves, each person attempting to top the other.

The din grew so loud, the desk clerk came out and shooed all the members away.

Irritated on seeing this the manager rushed to the desk clerk and asked why he cleared the lobby. "It's one of the things I hate the most", said the clerk. "Chess nuts boasting in an open foyer!"

### **Preparation for an Off-Shore Passage**

In preparation for any extended offshore sailing trip here is a recommended training schedule:

1. Sleep on the shelf in your closet.
2. Replace the closet door with a curtain.
3. Six hours after you go to sleep, have your wife/girlfriend open the curtain, shine a million candlepower flashlight in your eyes, activate an air horn, and yell "Roger Blough to the sailboat approaching your starboard bow!"
4. Run into the kitchen and sweep all the pots and pans onto the floor after having previously covered the floor with BB's. Maneuver as fast as possible between the cupboards trying to put it all away. Must also be done at night, with clenched flashlight in teeth.
5. Tether yourself to a four wheeler, jump into a swimming pool, and have your wife/girlfriend drive laps around it until it runs out of fuel (the 4 wheeler, that is.) Should be done at night, in at least third gear, while wearing strobe and blowing whistle.

6. Every time there's a thunderstorm, go sit in a wobbly rocking chair and rock as hard as you can until you're nauseous. For full effect, wear the dog's hidden fence electric collar, and go out to the mailbox and back
7. Put lube oil in your humidifier instead of water and set it to high.
8. Leave a lawnmower running in your living room for several hours per day to simulate recharging.
9. Have the paperboy give you a haircut.
10. Store up garbage in the other side of your bathtub.
11. Wake up every night at midnight and have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on stale bread, if anything. Cold soup, or canned ravioli are optional.
12. Set your alarm clock to go off at random times during the night. When it goes off, jump out of bed, get dressed as fast as you can, and run out into the yard, adjust the tension on your clothesline.
13. Once a month take every major appliance completely apart and then put them back together. Do this in the dark with a flashlight clenched in your teeth, and your wife/girlfriend occasionally dropping a plate onto the floor behind you.
14. Use 24 scoops of coffee per pot and allow it to sit for 5 or 6 hours before drinking.
15. Install a fluorescent light on the bottom of your coffee table and lie under it to read books.
16. Raise the threshold and lower the sills on your doorways so that you either trip or hit your head every time you pass through one of them.
17. Lockwire the lugnuts on your car.
18. Tether yourself to the hood of your car, and use your hacksaw to cut off the luggage rack, while your wife/girlfriend drives down a two track, at night, in the rain.

### **The Pirate's Story**

A well-traveled old salt of a seaman meets a pirate in a bar, and they take turns recounting their adventures at sea. Noting the pirate's peg-leg, hook, and eye patch the seaman asks, "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies, "We was caught in a monster storm off the Cape and a giant wave swept me overboard. Just as they were pullin' me out a school of sharks appeared and one of `em bit me leg off."

Blimey!" said the seaman. "What about the hook?"

"Ahhhh...," mused the pirate, "we were boardin` a trader ship, pistols blastin` and swords swingin` this way and that. In the fracas me hand got chopped off."

"Zounds!", remarked the seaman. "And how came ye by the eye patch?"

"A seagull droppin` fell into me eye," answered the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well..." said the pirate, "...it was me first day with the hook..."

### **Elementary**

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson went on a camping trip. During the night they wake up and Holmes said, "Watson, look up into the sky and tell me what you see."

Watson replied, "I see millions and millions of stars."

Holmes : "And what does that tell you?"

Watson : "Astronomically, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Theologically, it tells me that God is great and that we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it tells me that we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you?"

Holmes : "Somebody stole our tent".