

Humor is the sun that melts winter from the human face.
~ Victor Hugo.

FRESH CHUCKLEBERRIES!

Warning! Not to be taken internally, literally, or seriously!

"You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stop laughing." -- Anonymous

"Laughter is the shortest distance between two people."
~ Victor Borge

Golf Buddies!

Sid and Barney head out for a quick round of golf. Since they are short on time, they decide to play only nine holes.

Sid says to Barney, 'Let's say we make the time worthwhile, at least for one of us and put \$5 on the lowest score for the day.'

Barney agrees and they enjoy a great game.

After the eighth hole, Barney is ahead by one stroke but cuts his ball into the rough on the ninth.

'Help me find my ball. You look over there,' he says to Sid. After five minutes, neither has had any luck and since a lost ball carries a four-point penalty, Barney pulls a ball from his pocket and tosses it to the ground. 'I've found my ball,' he announces triumphantly.

Sid looks at him forlornly, 'After all the years we've been friends, you'd cheat me on golf for a measly five bucks?'

'What do you mean cheat?' says Barney, 'I found my ball right here.'

'And a liar too,' Sid says with amazement, 'I've been standing on your ball for the last five minutes.'

Man Just Bought a Dead Horse Without Knowing.

A young man named Chuck bought a horse from a farmer for \$250. The farmer agreed to deliver the horse the next day.

The next day, the farmer drove up to Chuck's house and said, "Sorry, son, but I have some bad news. The horse died."

Chuck replied, "Well, then, just give me my money back."

The farmer said, "Can't do that. I went and

spent it already."

Chuck said, "Okay, then, just bring me the dead horse."

The farmer asked, "What ya gonna do with him?"

Chuck said, "I'm going to raffle him off."

The farmer said, "You can't raffle off a dead horse!"

Chuck said, "Sure I can. Watch me. I just won't tell anybody he's dead."

A month later, the farmer met up with Chuck and asked, "What happened with that dead horse?"

Chuck said, "I raffled him off. I sold 500 tickets at five dollars apiece and made a profit of \$2,495."

The farmer said, "Didn't anyone complain?"

Chuck said, "Just the guy who won. So, I gave him his five dollars back."

Chuck grew up and now works for the government.

ONE LINERS:

- A hot blonde orders a double entendre at the bar. The bartender gave it to her.
- Want to hear a word I just made up? Plagiarism.
- Why do cows wear bells? Because their horns don't work.
- What did the pirate say when he turned 80? Aye Matey.
- To the handicapped guy who stole my bag. You can hide but you can't run.
- I took the shell off my racing snail, thinking it would make him run faster. If anything, it made him more sluggish.
- Q: How do you think the unthinkable? A: With an itheberg.
- Someone stole my mood ring. I don't know how I feel about that.

- I tried to catch fog yesterday. I Mist.
- The first rule of Alzheimer's club? Don't talk about chess club.
- Why does a chicken coop have two doors? If it had four doors, it would be a chicken sedan.
- I told my wife she was drawing her eyebrows too high. She looked surprised.

Lawn Chores

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed. But, somehow I always had something else to take care of first, the shed, the boat, making beer, but there was always something more important to me.

Finally, she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors.

I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a minute, and when I came out again I handed her a toothbrush.

I said, "When you finish cutting the grass, you might as well sweep the driveway."

The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

Witness Testimony

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since

you were a boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?"

She again replied, "Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him."

The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counselors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair."

Talking to God

Little Jimmy was lying about on a hillock in the middle of a meadow on a warm spring day. Puffy white clouds rolled by and he pondered their shape. Soon, he began to think about God.

"God? Are you really there?" Jimmy said out loud.

To his astonishment a voice came from the clouds. "Yes, Jimmy? What can I do for you?"

Seizing the opportunity, Jimmy asked, "God?

What is a million years like to you?"

Knowing that Jimmy could not understand the concept of infinity, God responded in a manner to which Jimmy could relate. "A million years to me, Jimmy, is like a minute."

"Oh," said Jimmy. "Well, then, what's a million dollars like to you?"

"A million dollars to me, Jimmy, is like a penny."

"Wow!" remarked Jimmy, getting an idea. "You're so generous. Can I have one of your pennies?"

God replied, "Sure thing, Jimmy! In just a minute."

Skiping Mass

The Reverend Francis Norton woke up Sunday morning and, realizing it was an exceptionally beautiful and sunny early spring day, decided he just had to play golf. So he told the Associate Pastor that he was feeling sick and convinced him to say Mass for him that day.

As soon as the Associate Pastor left the room, Father Norton headed out of town to a golf course about forty miles away. This way he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone he knew from his parish. Setting up on the first tee, he was alone. After all, it was Sunday morning and every-

one else was in church!

At about this time, Saint Peter leaned over to the Lord while looking down from the heavens and exclaimed, "You're not going to let him get away with this, are you?"

The Lord sighed, and said, "No, I guess not."

Just then Father Norton hit the ball and it shot straight towards the pin, dropping just short of it, rolled up and fell into the hole. It WAS A 420 YARD HOLE IN ONE!

St. Peter was astonished. He looked at the Lord and asked, "Why did you let him do that?"

The Lord smiled and replied, "Who's he going to tell?"



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