

OLDER AND SMARTER?

Russ and Sam, casual acquaintances, met in the park every day to feed the pigeons, watch the squirrels, and discuss world problems. One day Russ didn't show up.

Sam didn't think much about it, and figured maybe he had a cold or something. But after Russ hadn't shown up for a week or so, Sam really got worried. However, since the only time they ever got together was at the park, Sam didn't know where Russ lived, so he was unable to find out what had happened to him.

A month had passed, and Sam figured he had seen the last of Russ, but one day, Sam approached the park and lo and behold, there sat Russ! Sam was very excited and happy to see him, and told him so. Then he said, 'For crying out loud Russ, what in the world happened to you?'

Russ replied, 'I have been in jail.'

'Jail!' cried Sam. 'What in the world for?'

'Well,' Russ said, 'you know Sue, that cute little blonde waitress at the coffee shop, where I sometimes go?'

'Yeah,' said Sam, 'I remember her. What about her?'

'Well, one day she filed rape charges against me, and at 89 years old, I was so proud that when I got into court, I pleaded 'guilty.'

'The judge gave me 30 days for perjury.'

A YORKSHIRE LOVE STORY

An elderly man lay dying in his bed.

While suffering the agonies of impending death, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favourite scones wafting up the stairs.

He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning on the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.

Wheezing and with laboured breath, he leaned against the door-frame, his eyes transfixed on the scene in the kitchen.

Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in heaven, for there, spread out upon the kitchen table were dozens and dozens of his favourite scones.

Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of love from his devoted Yorkshire wife of over sixty years, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself towards the table, landing on his knees in crumpled posture.

His aged and withered hand trembled towards a scone at the edge of the table, when it was suddenly smacked by his wife with a wooden spoon.

“Bugger off” she said, **'they're for the funeral'**