

## **HUMOUR FEBRUARY 2017**

### **LUNCH WITH THE POPE**

President Trump invited the Pope for lunch on his mega yacht, the Pope accepted and during lunch, a puff of wind blew the Pontiff's hat off, right into the water.

It floated off about 50 feet, then the wind died down and it just floated in place. The crew and the secret service were scrambling to launch a boat to go get it, when Trump waved them off, saying "Never mind, boys, I'll get it."

The Donald climbed over the side of the yacht, walked on the water to the hat, picked it up, walked back on the water, climbed onto the yacht, and handed the Pope his hat. The crew was speechless.

The security team and the Pope's entourage were speechless. No one knew what to say, not even the Pope.

But that afternoon, NBC, CBS, ABC, MSNBC, CNN all knew how to cover the story.

Their banner headlines read: "TRUMP CAN'T SWIM!"

### **TRUMP COMMENT**

Funny that Trump was sworn in during the "Year of the Roster"

Or another way of saying it the "Year of the Cock"

So, Donald Trump has chosen Mickey Pence as his Vice-President ....

Not even Walt Disney could've imagined that one day

Mickey and Donald would be running America!

### **OH TO BE A TEACHER**

Did you hear about the teacher who was helping one of her pupils put on his boots?

He asked for help and she could see why. Even with her pulling, and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on. By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, 'Teacher, they're on the wrong feet.' She looked, and sure enough, they were. Unfortunately, it wasn't any easier pulling the boots off, than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as, together, they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the correct feet.

He then announced, 'These aren't my boots.' She bit her tongue, rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so?' like she wanted to. Once again, she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet.

No sooner had they got the boots off when he said, 'They're my brother's boots, but my Mum made me wear 'em today.' Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots BACK onto his feet again.

Helping him into his coat, she asked, 'Now, where are your mittens?' He said, 'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots.'

She'll be eligible for parole in three years.

Life should get better as you get older, shouldn't it?

### **COFFEE SHOP**

I was in a coffee shop recently when my stomach started rumbling and I realised that I desperately needed to fart.

The place was packed but the music was really loud so, to get relief and reduce embarrassment, I timed my farts to the beat of the music.

After a couple of songs I started to feel much better.

I finished my coffee and noticed that everyone was staring at me.

Then I suddenly remembered that I was listening to my iPod.

### **A BLONDE GOES TO HEAVEN**

An Aussie Blonde was sent on her way to Heaven. Upon arrival, a concerned St Peter met her at the Pearly Gates. 'I'm sorry,' St Peter said; 'But Heaven is suffering from an overload of godly souls and we have been forced to put up an Entrance Exam for new arrivals to ease the burden of Heavenly Arrivals.'

'That's cool' said the Blonde, 'What does the Entrance Exam consist of?'

'Just three questions' said St Peter. 'Which are?' asked the Blonde. 'The first,' said St Peter, 'is, which two days of the week start with the letter "T"? The second is 'How many seconds are there in a year'? The third is 'What was the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?' 'Now,' said St Peter, 'Go away and think about those questions and when I call upon you, I shall expect you to have those answers for me.'

So the Blonde went away and gave those three questions some considerable thought (I expect you to do the same). The following morning, St Peter called upon the Blonde and asked if she had considered the questions, to which she replied, 'I have.' 'Well then,' said St Peter, 'Which two days of the week start with the letter T?' The Blonde said, 'Today and Tomorrow.'

St Peter pondered this answer for some time, and decided that indeed the answer can be applied to the question. 'Well then, could I have your answer to the second of the three questions' St Peter went on, 'how many seconds in a year?'

The Blonde replied, 'Twelve!' 'Only twelve' exclaimed St Peter, 'How did you arrive at that figure?' 'Easy,' said the Blonde, 'there's the second of January, the second of February, right through to the second of December, giving a total of twelve seconds.' St Peter looked at the Blonde and said, 'I need some time to consider your answer before I can give you a decision.' And he walked away shaking his head. A short time later, St Peter returned to the Blonde. 'I'll allow the answer to stand, but you need to get the third and final question absolutely correct to be allowed into Heaven. Now, can you tell me the answer to the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?' The blonde replied: 'Of the three questions, I found this the easiest to answer.' 'Really!' exclaimed St Peter, 'And what is the answer?'

'It's Andy.' 'Andy??' 'Yes, Andy,' said the Blonde. This totally floored St Peter, and he paced this way and that, deliberating the answer. Finally, he could not stand the suspense any longer, and turning to the blonde, asked 'How in God's name did you arrive at THAT answer?' 'Easy' said the Blonde, 'Andy sat, Andy watched, Andy waited till his billy boiled.' And the Blonde entered Heaven...? ... you're singing it now, aren't you!??