

## **HUMOUR – CHRISTMAS PARTY 2016**

### **THE IRISH CHRISTENING**

Paddy's pregnant sister was in a terrible car accident and went into a deep coma. After being in a coma for nearly six months, she woke up and saw that she was no longer pregnant.

Frantically she asked the doctor about her baby.

The doctor replied "You had twins, a boy and a girl. The babies are fine.

However they were poorly at birth and had to be christened immediately, so your brother Paddy came in and named them".

The woman thought to herself, 'Oh suffering Jesus no; not me brother. He's a clueless idiot! '

Expecting the worst, she asked the doctor, "Well, what's my daughter's name?"

"Denise." said the doctor.

The new mother was somewhat relieved and thought to herself, 'Wow, that's a really beautiful name. I guess I was wrong about my brother. I really like Denise.'

Then she asked, "What's the boy's name?,,

The doctor replied: "Denephew."

### **A SCOTSMAN IN CUBA**

A Scotsman is sitting in a bar in Cuba and is minding his own business when a man with a large black beard walks in.

The man goes to the bar and orders a shot of whisky. The bartender serves him , the man drinks the whisky then starts walking out the door.

The bartender says, "Hey aren't you going to pay for that?" The man says, "Excuse me, Castro's Army."

The bartender says, "Alright then" and the man leaves.

A few minutes later another man with a large black beard walks in.

The man goes to the bar and orders a whisky. The bartender serves him, the man drinks the whisky then starts walking out the door.

The bartender says, "Hey aren't you going to pay for that?"

The man says, "Excuse me, Castro's Army." The bartender says OK and the man leaves.

The Scotsman shakes his head then walks up to the bar and orders a large whisky. He drinks the whisky then starts walking out the door.

The bartender says, "Hey aren't you going to pay for that?" The Scotsman says, "Excuse me, Castro's Army."

The bartender says, "Hey where is your big black beard?"

The Scotsman turns around, lifts his kilt and says, "Secret Service!"

## **JEWISH CHRISTMAS**

Ms. Jones was curious about how each of her students celebrated Christmas. She called on young Patrick Murphy, "Tell us, Patrick, what you do at Christmas time."

He replied, "Well, Ms. Jones, me and my twelve brothers and sisters go to midnight Mass and we sing hymns, then come home very late and we put mince pies by the back door and hang up our stockings. Then all excited, we go to bed and wait for Santa to come with all our toys."

"Very nice, Patrick" she said. "Now Jimmy Brown, what do you do at Christmas?"

"Well, Ms. Jones, me and my sister also go to Church with Mum and Dad and we sing carols and get home ever so late. We put cookies and milk by the chimney and hang up our stockings. We hardly sleep waiting for Santa to bring our presents."

Noting there was a Jewish boy in the class and not wanting to leave him out of the discussion, she asked, "Izzie Cohen, what do you do at Christmas time?"

Izzie said, "Well, it's the same every year. Dad comes home from the office, we all pile into the Rolls Royce and drive to his toy factory. Once inside, we look at all the empty shelves and begin singing, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus'... Then we leave for the Bahamas!"

## **BECOMING AN AUSSIE**

A Chinese man moved to Australia, and bought a small property on some land near Mt Isa.

A few days after moving in his neighbour decided to go across and welcome the new guy to the region. He goes next door but on his way notices the Chinese man running around his front yard chasing about 10 hens.

Not wanting to interrupt any Chinese custom he decides to put the welcome on hold for the day.

The next day he decides to try again, but just as he is about to knock on the front door he looks through the window and sees the Chinese man urinate into a glass and then drink it.

Puzzled but not wanting to interrupt what he perceives as another Chinese custom, he decides to put the welcome on hold for yet another day.

A day later he decides to give it one last go, but on his way he sees the Chinese man leading a bull down the drive-way, pause, and lean over and put an ear next to the bull's bum.

The Aussie bloke can't handle this, so he goes up to the Chinese man and says, 'Jeez Mate, what the hell is it with your Chinese customs? I come over to welcome you to the neighbourhood, and see you running around the yard after hens. The next day you are peeing in a glass and drinking it, and then today you have your head so close to that bull's rear end, it could just about crap on you.'

The Chinese man is very taken back and says, ' Sorry sir, you no understand. These not Chinese customs I doing, these Australian customs."

"What do you mean, mate?" says the Aussie. "Those aren't Australian customs.

"Yes they are," replied the Chinese man. "Immigration agent man say to become true blue Australian,

I must learn to chase chicks, drink piss and listen to bull shit."

## OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH AND SAFETY ON THE FARM

The sun was hot already - it was only 8 o'clock  
The cocky took off in his ute, to go and check his stock.  
He drove around the paddocks checking wethers, ewes and lambs,  
The float valves in the water troughs, the windmills on the dams  
He stopped and turned a windmill on to fill a water tank  
And saw a ewe down in the dam, a few yards from the bank.  
"Typical bloody sheep," he thought, "they've got no common sense,  
"They won't go through a gateway but they'll jump a bloody fence."  
The ewe was stuck down in the mud, he knew without a doubt  
She'd stay there 'til she carked it if he didn't get her out.  
But when he reached the water's edge, the startled ewe broke free  
And in her haste to get away, began a swimming spree.  
He reckoned once her fleece was wet, the weight would drag her down  
If he didn't rescue her, the stupid sheep would drown.  
Her style was unimpressive, her survival chances slim  
He saw no other option, he would have to take a swim.  
He peeled his shirt and singlet off, his trousers, boots and socks  
And as he couldn't stand wet clothes, he also shed his jocks.  
He jumped into the water and away that cocky swam  
He caught up with her somewhere near the middle of the dam.  
The ewe was quite evasive, she kept giving him the slip  
He tried to grab her sodden fleece but couldn't get a grip.  
At last he got her to the bank and stopped to catch his breath  
She showed him little gratitude for saving her from death.  
She took off like a Bondi tram around the other side  
He swore next time he caught that ewe he'd hang her bloody hide.  
Then round and round the dam they ran, although he felt quite puffed  
He still thought he could run her down, she must be nearly stuffed.  
The local stock rep came along, to pay a call that day.  
He knew this bloke was on his own, his wife had gone away,  
He didn't really think he'd get fresh scones for morning tea  
But neither was he ready for what he was soon to see.  
He rubbed his eyes in disbelief at what came into view  
For running down the catchment came this frantic-looking ewe.  
And on her heels in hot pursuit and wearing not a stitch  
The farmer yelling wildly, "Come back here, you lousy bitch!"  
The stock rep didn't hang around, he took off in his car  
The cockies reputation has been damaged near and far,  
So bear in mind the Work Safe rule when next you check your flocks  
Spot the hazard, assess the risk, and always wear your jocks!

## NEIGHBOURLINESS

Tom has been in police work for 25 years.

Finally, sick of the stress, he quits his job and buys 50 acres of land in the hills of Tasmania - as far from humanity as possible.

He 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, someone knocks on his door. He opens it and a huge, bearded man is standing there.

'Name's Cliff, your neighbour from forty miles up the road. Having a Christmas party Friday night. Thought you might like to come at about 5:00...'

'Great', says Tom, 'after six months out here I'm ready to meet some local folks. Thank you.'

As Cliff is leaving, he stops. 'Better warn you though. Could be some drinking!'

'Not a problem' says Tom. 'After 25 years in the business, I can drink with the best of them.'

Again, the big man starts to leave and stops. 'More than likely could be some fighting too.'

'Well, I get along with people, I'll be all right! I'll be there. Thanks again.' 'More than likely there'll be some wild sex, too.'

'Now that's really not a problem' says Tom, warming to the idea. 'I've been all alone for six months! I'll definitely be there.'

By the way, what should I wear?''

'Don't much matter - just going to be the two of us.'

## PETROL PROMOTION — IRISH STYLE

A petrol station owner in Dublin was trying to increase his sales, so he put up a sign that read, 'Free Sex with Fill-Up!'

Paddy pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10. And if he guessed correctly, he would get his free sex.

Paddy guessed 8, and the proprietor said, "You were close. The number was 7. Sorry, no sex this time."

A week later, Paddy, along with his friend Mick, pulled in for another fill-up. Again he asked for his free sex.

The proprietor again gave him the same story, and asked him to guess the correct number.

Paddy guessed 2. The proprietor said, "Sorry, it was 3. You were close, but no free sex this time."

As they were driving away, Mick said to Paddy, "I think that game is rigged and he doesn't really give away free sex at all."

Paddy replied, "No, no, it's genuine enough Mick. My wife won twice last week "

## **THE IRISH PICKLE FACTORY**

Mickey O'Flynn worked in an Irish pickle factory.

For many years he had felt a powerful desire to put his penis in the pickle slicer.

Unable to stand it any longer, he sought professional help from the factory psychologist. After six months, the therapist gave up. He advised Mickey to go ahead and do it or he would probably never have any peace of mind.

The next day he came home from work very early. His wife, Mary, became alarmed and wanted to know what had happened. Mickey tearfully confessed his tormenting desire to put his penis in the pickle slicer.

He went on to explain that today he finally went ahead and did it and was immediately fired.

Mary gasped and ran over to her husband. She quickly yanked down his pants and undies only to find a normal, completely intact penis.

She looked up and said, "I don't understand. What about the pickle slicer?"

Mickey replied, "I think she got fired, too."