

HUMOUR FEBRUARY 2014-03-01

Irish sawmill

Paddy and Mick are two Irishmen working at the local sawmill.

One day, Mick slips and his arm gets caught and severed by the big bench saw. Paddy quickly puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Mick to the local hospital.

Next day, Paddy goes to the hospital and asks after Mick. The nurse says, 'Oh he's out in Rehab exercising'.

Paddy couldn't believe it, but here's Mick out the back exercising his now re-attached arm. The very next day he's back at work in the saw mill..

A couple of days go by, and then Mick slips and severs his leg on another bloody big saw. So Paddy puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Mick off to hospital.

Next day he calls in to see him and asks the nurse how he is. The nurse replies, 'He's out in the Rehab again exercising'. And sure enough, here's Mick out there doing some serious work on the treadmill.

And very soon Mick comes back to work.

But, as usual, within a couple of days he has another accident and severs his head. Wearily Paddy puts the head in a plastic bag and transports it and Mick to hospital.

Next day he goes in and asks the nurse how Mick is. The nurse breaks down and cries and says, 'He's dead.'

Paddy is shocked, but not surprised. 'I suppose the saw finally did him in.'

'No', says the nurse, 'Some dopey bastard put his head in a plastic bag and he suffocated'.

BAPTIZING AN IRISHMAN

An Irishman is stumbling through the woods, totally drunk, when he comes upon a preacher baptizing people in the river. The drunk proceeds into the water, subsequently bumping into the preacher. The preacher turns around and is almost overcome by the smell of alcohol, whereupon, he asks the drunk, 'Are you ready to find Jesus?'

The drunk shouts, 'Yes, OI am.'

So the preacher grabs him and dunks him in the water. He pulls him back and asks, 'Brother, have you found Jesus?' The drunk replies, 'No, OI haven't found Jesus?'

The preacher, shocked at the answer, dunks him again but for a little longer. He again pulls him out of the water and asks, 'Have you found Jesus, me brother?' The drunk answers, 'No, OI haven't found Jesus!'

By this time, the preacher is at his wits end and dunks the drunk again - but this time holds him down for about 30 seconds, and when he begins kicking his arms and legs about, he pulls him up. The preacher again asks the drunk, 'For the love of God, have you found Jesus?'

The drunk staggers upright, wipes his eyes, coughs up a bit of water, catches his breath, and says to the preacher, 'Are you sure this is where he fell in?'

IRISH BIRTH CONTROL

MURPHY

Murphy applied for a job at a famous Irish firm based in Dublin. A Pole applied for the same job and since both applicants had similar qualifications, they were asked to take a test by the Manager. When the results were in, both men had scored 19 out of 20.

The manager went to Murphy and said, 'Thank you for coming to the interview, but we've decided to give the Pole the job.' Murphy asked, 'And why would you be doing that?' 'We both got 19 questions correct.'

'This being Ireland and me being Irish surely I should get the job.' Manager: 'We have made our decision not on the correct answers, but on the question you got wrong.' Murphy, 'And just how would one incorrect answer be better than another?'

Manager: 'Simple. On question number 7 the Pole wrote down, 'I don't know.' You put down, 'Neither do I'.

Mrs. Donovan was walking down O'Connell Street in Dublin when she met up with Father Flaherty.

The Father said, 'Top o' the mornin' to ye! Aren't ye Mrs. Donovan and didn't I marry ye and yer hoosband two years ago?'

She replied, 'Aye, that ye did, Father.'

The Father asked, 'And be there any wee little ones yet?'

She replied, 'No, not yet, Father.'

The Father said, 'Well now, I'm going to Rome next week and I'll light a fertility candle for ye and yer hoosband.'

She replied, 'Oh, thank ye, Father...'

They then parted ways.. Some years later they met again.

The Father asked, 'Well now, Mrs. Donovan, how are ye these days?'

She replied, 'Oh, very well, Father!'

The Father asked, 'And tell me, have ye any wee ones yet?'

She replied, 'Oh yes, Father! Two sets of twins and six singles, ten in all!'

The Father said, 'That's wonderful! And how is yer loving hoosband doing?'

She replied, 'E's gone to Rome to blow out yer fookin' candle.'