

HUMOUR MAY 2014

Kiwis – don't you luv em

Wiremu, a New Zealander, was on the dole in Australia but about to fly home to watch the Rugby World Cup and was not feeling well, so he decided to see a doctor.

"Hey doc, I dun't feel so good, ey!" said Wiremu.

The doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had long existing and advanced prostate problems and that the only cure was testicular removal.

"No way, doc," replied Wiremu. "I'm gitting a sicond opinion, ey!"

The second Aussie doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him that testicular removal was the only cure.

Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment.

Wiremu was devastated, but with the Rugby World Cup just around the corner he found an expat Kiwi doctor and decided to get one last opinion from someone he could trust.

The Kiwi doctor examined him and said: "Wiremu Cuzzy Bro, you huv Prostate suckness, ey."

"What's the cure thin, doc?" asked Wiremu hoping for a different answer.

"Wull, Wiremu", said the Kiwi doctor, "Wi're gonna huv to cut off your balls."

"Phew, thunk god for thut!" said Wiremu, "those Aussie bastards wanted to take my test tickets off me!"

THE DEAF IRISH?

An Irishman who had a little too much to drink, is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road.

A policeman pulls him over. "So", says the policeman to the driver, "where have ya been."

"Why, I've been to the pub of course", slurs the drunk.

"Well", says the policeman, "it looks like you've had quite a few to drink this evening."

"I did all right", the drunk says with a smile.

"Did you know", says the policeman, standing straight and folding his arms across his chest, "that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?"

"Oh, thank heavens", sighs the drunk, "for a minute there, I thought I'd gone deaf."

THE JEWISH ELBOW

A Jewish grandmother is giving directions to her grown grandson who is coming to visit with his wife.

“You come to the front door of the apartments. I am in apartment 301. There is a big panel at the front door. With your elbow, push button 301. I will buzz you in. Come inside and the elevator is on the right. Get in, and with your elbow, push 3rd floor. When you get out, I’m on the left. With your elbow, hit my doorbell. OK?”

“Grandma, that sounds easy but why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow?”

“What... you’re coming empty handed?”

WISE ITALIAN GRANDFATHER

An old Italian man in Brooklyn is dying. He calls his grandson to his bedside, “Guido, I want you lissina to me. I want you to take-a my chrome plated 38 revolver so you will always remember me.”

“But grandpa, I really don’t like guns. How about you leave me your Rolex watch instead?”

“You lissina me, boy! Somma day you gonna be runna da business, you gonna have a beautiful wife, lotsa money, a big-a home and maybe a couple of kids. One day you gonna come-a home and maybe finda you wife inna bed with another man.

Whatta you gonna do then? Pointa to you watch and say, “Times, up”?

WHO’S IN CHARGE?

All the organs of the body are having a meeting, trying-decide who is the one truly in charge.

"I should be in charge," says the brain, "I run all the body’s systems. Without me, nothing would happen."

"I should be in charge," says the blood "I circulate oxygen all over, so without me you’d all waste away."

“I should be in charge," insists the stomach, “Because I process food and give all of you energy!

“I should be in charge”, harrumphs the eyes. "I allow the body to see where it goes."

"I should be in charge says the rectum, "Because I’m responsible for waste removal”

All the other body parts laugh at the rectum. In a huff, he shuts down tight. Within days, the brain has a terrible headache, the stomach is bloated, the eyes are watery, and the blood toxic. They all decide that the rectum should be the boss.

The moral of the story? Even though the others do all the work, an a---hole is usually in charge.