

BEST SHORT STORY OF THE MONTH

Two blokes are drinking in a bar.

One says, "Did you know that Lions have sex 10 to 15 times a night?"

"BUGGER!" says his friend. "And I just joined Rotary!"

WOMEN DRIVERS

A mature lady is pulled over for speeding.

Older Woman: Is there a problem, Officer?

Traffic Cop: Yes ma'am, I'm afraid you were speeding.

Older Woman: Oh, I see.

Traffic Cop: Can I see your license please?

Older Woman: Well, I would give it to you but I don't have one.

Traffic Cop: Don't have one?

Older Woman: No. I lost it 4 years ago for drunk driving.

Traffic Cop: I see ... Can I see your vehicle registration papers please.

Older Woman: I can't do that.

Traffic Cop: Why not?

Older Woman: I stole this car.

Traffic Cop: Stole it?

Older Woman: Yes, and I killed and hacked up the owner.

Traffic Cop: You what!?

Older Woman: His body parts are in plastic bags in the trunk if you want to see.

The traffic cop looks at the woman and slowly backs away to his car while calling for back up. Within minutes 5 police cars circle the car. A senior officer slowly approaches the car, clasping his half-drawn gun.

Officer 2: Ma'am, could you step out of your vehicle please!

The woman steps out of her vehicle.

Older woman: Is there a problem sir?

Officer 2: My colleague here tells me that you have stolen this car and murdered the owner.

Older Woman: Murdered the owner? Are you serious?!

Officer 2: Yes, would you please open the trunk of your car, ma'am.

The woman opens the trunk lid, revealing an empty trunk.

Officer 2: Is this your car, ma'am?

Older Woman: Yes, here are the registration papers. The traffic cop is quite stunned.

Officer 2: My colleague claims that you do not have a driving license.

The woman digs into her handbag and pulls out a clutch purse and hands it to the officer. The officer examines the license quizzically.

Officer 2: Thank you ma'am, but I am puzzled, as I was told by my officer here that you didn't have a license, that you stole this car and that you murdered and hacked up the owner.

Older Woman: Bet the lying rat told you I was speeding too.

Moral: Don't mess with old ladies.

A STORY OF KINDNESS

Two women were playing golf. One teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole. The ball hit one of the men. He immediately clasped his hands together at his groin, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in agony.

The woman rushed down to the man, and immediately began to apologise. 'Please allow me to help. I'm a Nurse and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd allow me, she told him'. 'Oh, no, I'll be all right. I'll be fine in a few minutes, 'the man replied. He was in obvious agony, lying in the foetal position, still clasping his hands there at his groin.

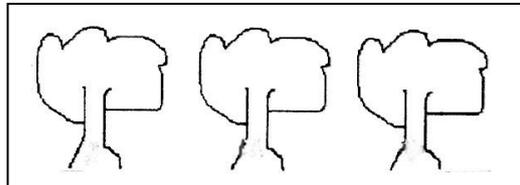
At her persistence, however, he finally allowed her to help. She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, loosened his pants and put her hands inside. She administered tender and artful massage for several long moments and asked, 'How does that feel'?

'It feels great, but I still think my thumb's broken'!

IRISH MATHS TEST

Paddy wants a job, but the foreman won't hire him until he passes a little maths test. Here is your first question, the foreman said. "Without using numbers, represent the number 9.

"Without numbers?" Paddy says? "Dat's easy" and proceeds to draw three trees.

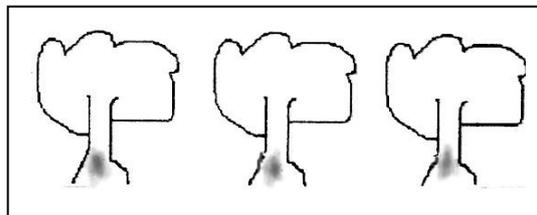


"What's this?" the boss asks.

"Have you no brain? Tree and tree and tree are 9."

"Fair enough," says the boss. "What if the number is 99."

Paddy stares into space for a while, then makes a smudge on each tree



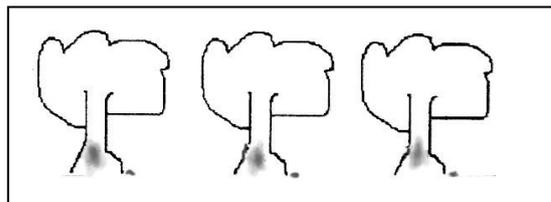
"Ere ye go"

The boss scratches his head and say "How is that 99?"

"Each of them trees is dirty now. So it's dirty tree, dirty tree and dirty tree - 99.

The boss is getting worried. "OK - same rules again, but represent the number 100.

“Paddy stares into space some more, draws a mark at the base of each tree and says, "Ere ye go – one hundred.”



The boss looks at the attempt. "You must be joking”

Paddy leans forward and points to the mark – a dog came along and pooped by each tree.

So now you got dirty tree and a turd, dirty tree and a turd plus dirty tree and a turd - ONE HUNDRED!

Paddy is the new Foreman!

