

THE NIGHTMARE

In the nightmare I found myself nude in bed and I was looking at a mirror on the ceiling and I discovered that I am an aboriginal and I'm circumcised!

Quickly I sat up, found my pants and looked in the pockets to find my driver's license photo and it was that same colour, black. I felt myself being very depressed, downcast, sitting in a chair. But it's a wheelchair! That means, of course, besides being black and Jewish, I'm also disabled! I said to myself, aloud "This is impossible! It's impossible that I should be black and Jewish and disabled!" "It's the pure and holy truth," whispers someone from behind me. I turn around, and it's my boyfriend. Just what I needed!!! I am a homosexual, and on top of that, with a Kiwi boyfriend.

Oh, my God.... Black, Jewish, disabled, gay with a Kiwi boyfriend drug addict, and HIV-positive!!! Desperate, I begin to shout, cry, pull my hair and - Oh, no, no, I'm bald!!!

The telephone rings. It's my brother. He is saying, 'Since Mum and Dad died, the only thing you do is hang out, take drugs, and laze around all day doing nothing. Get a job, you worthless piece of crap... any job!'

Mum? Dad? - Oh no! Now I'm also an unemployed orphan!

I try to explain to my brother how hard it is to find a job when you are black, Jewish, disabled, gay with a Kiwi boyfriend, are a drug addict, HIV positive, bald, and an orphan, but he doesn't get it.

Frustrated, I hang up. It's then I realize I only have one hand!!! With tears in my eyes, I go to the window to look out. I see I live in a suburb full of cardboard and tin houses! There is trash everywhere.

Suddenly I feel a sharp pain near my pacemaker.... pacemaker??

Besides being black, Jewish, disabled, a fairy with a Kiwi boyfriend, a drug addict, HIV positive, bald, orphaned, unemployed, an invalid with one hand, and having a bad heart, I live in a shantytown.

At that very moment my boyfriend approaches and says to me, 'Sweetie pie, my love, my little black heartthrob, have you decided what you are going to wear to Canberra for our meeting with our friend Bob Brown.

Please no, say it isn't so! I can handle being a black, disabled, one armed, drug-addicted, Jewish homosexual on a pacemaker who is HIV positive, bald, orphaned, unemployed, lives in a slum, and has a Kiwi boyfriend, but please, please, **don't tell me I voted for the Greens.**

THE SOLICITOR'S PORSCHE

A solicitor parked his brand new Porsche in front of the office to show it off to his colleagues.

As he was getting out of the car, a truck came speeding along too close to the kerb and took off the door before zooming away at high speed.

More than a little distraught, the solicitor grabbed his mobile phone and called the police.

Within minutes the police arrived, but before the policeman had a chance to ask any questions, the man started screaming hysterically: "My Porsche, my beautiful silver Porsche is ruined. No matter how long it's at the panel beaters, it'll simply never be the same again!"

After the man finally finished his rant, the policeman shook his head in disgust.

I can't believe how materialistic you money hungry solicitors are" he said. "You are so focussed on your possessions that you don't notice anything else in your life."

"How can you say such a thing at a time like this?" sobbed the Porsche owner.

The policeman replied: "Didn't you realise that your arm was torn off when the truck hit you?"

The Solicitor looked down in horror. **"Bloody hell" he screamed "Where's my Rolex?"**

THE GYNAECOLOGIST WHO BECAME A MECHANIC

A gynaecologist had become fed up with malpractice insurance and paperwork and was emotionally burned out.

Hoping to try another career where skilful hands would be beneficial, he decided to become a mechanic. He went to the local technical college, signed up for evening classes, attended diligently and learned all he could.

When the time of the practical examination approached, the gynaecologist prepared carefully for weeks and completed the exam with tremendous skill.

When the results came back, he was surprised to find that he had obtained a score of 150%. Assuming this must be an error, he called the Instructor, saying, "I don't want to appear ungrateful for such an outstanding result but surely this grading must be an error?"

The instructor said. "During the examination you took the engine apart perfectly, which was worth 50% of the total mark. You put the engine back together again perfectly, which is also worth 50% of the mark."

After a pause, the instructor added, **"I gave you an extra 50% because you are the first person ever to do it all through the exhaust pipe"**.

THE IRISH SAWMILL

Paddy and Mick were working at the local sawmill

One day, Mick slipped and his arm was caught and severed by the big bench saw.

Paddy quickly put the limb in a plastic bag and rushed it and Mick to the local hospital.

Next day Paddy went to the hospital and asked after Mick. The nurse said, "Oh he's out in Rehab exercising" Paddy couldn't believe it, but there's Mick out the back exercising his now re-attached arm. The very next day he was back at work in the saw mill.

A couple of days go by when Mick slips and severs his leg on another of the big saws. So Paddy put 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, there's Mick out there doing some serious work on the treadmill. Within days Mick comes back to work.

But, as usual, within a couple of days he has another accident and this time 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 crying 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 idiot put his head in a plastic bag and he suffocated'.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY

A farmer called at the local garage to have his truck fixed. They couldn't do it while he waited, so he said he didn't live far and would just walk home and collect it later. .

On the way home he stopped at the hardware store and bought a new bucket and four litres of paint. He then stopped at the grocery store and picked up a couple of frozen chickens and a turkey. However, struggling outside the store he realized he now had a problem - how to carry his entire purchases home.

While he was scratching his head he was approached by a little old lady who told him she was lost. She asked 'Can you tell me how to get to 1603 Mockingbird Lane?'

The farmer said, 'Well, as a matter of fact, my farm is very close to that house. I would walk you there but I can't carry all these purchases.'

The old lady suggested, 'Why don't you put the can of paint in the bucket. Carry the bucket in one hand, put a chicken under each arm and carry the turkey in your other hand?' -

'Why thank you very much' he said. He adjusted his load accordingly and proceeded to walk home in company with the lady.

On the way he says 'Let's take my regular short cut and go down this alley. We'll be there in no time.'

The little old lady looked him over rather quizzically then said, 'I am a lonely widow without a husband to defend me. How do I know that when we get in the alley you won't hold me up against the wall, pull up my skirt and have your way with me?'

The farmer said 'Holy smokes lady! I'm carrying a bucket, four litres of paint, two chickens, and a turkey. How in the world could I possibly hold you up against the wall and do that?'

The old lady replied "You could set the turkey down, cover it with the bucket, put the paint on top of the bucket and I'll hold the chickens."

A YORKSHIRE LASS

A Mexican, an Arab and a Yorkshire Lass are in the same bar. When the Mexican finishes his beer, he throws his glass in the air, pulls out his pistol and shoots the glass to pieces.

He says, 'In Mexico our glasses are so cheap we don't need to drink with the same one twice.'

The Arab, obviously impressed by this, finishes his non-alcohol beer throws it into the air, pulls out his AK-47, and shoots the glass to pieces.

He says 'In the Arab World, we have so much sand with which to make glasses that we likewise don't need to drink with the same one twice.'

The Yorkshire lass, cool as a cucumber, picks up her pint, downs it in one gulp, throws the glass into the air, whips out her revolver, turns and shoots dead the Mexican and the Arab.

Catching her glass, setting it on the bar, and calling for a refill, she says,

'In Yorkshire, we have so many illegal immigrants that we don't have to drink with the same ones twice.'

APPLE DOES IT AGAIN

Apple announced today that it has developed a breast implant that can store and play music.

The newly developed **iTit** will cost from \$499 to \$699, depending on cup and speaker size.

This innovation is considered a major social breakthrough, because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts, and not listening to them.

WHERE DO TAXI DRIVERS COME FROM ?

A woman and her twelve-year-old son were riding in a taxi through some of Sydney's more infamous streets.

It was raining and all the prostitutes were standing under the awnings.

"Mum," said the boy, "What are all those women doing?"

"They're waiting for their husbands to get off work", she replied.

The taxi driver turns round and says, "Come on lady, why don't you tell him the truth? They're hookers, young man! They have sex with men for money."

The little boy's eyes widened and he said, "Is that true, Mum?"

His mother, glaring hard at the taxi driver, answers in the affirmative.

After a few minutes, the boy asked, "Mum, what happens to their babies?"

"Most of them become taxi drivers", she said.

GUTS and BALLS

People frequently ask what is the difference between the often-used terms of "Guts" and "Balls"

There is a significant difference between the two.

We've all heard about people having Guts or Balls. But do you really know the difference between them?

In an effort to keep you informed, and so that you may use the terms correctly here are two simple examples.

GUTS - is arriving home late after a night out with your mates, being met by your wife with a broom in her hand and having the Guts to ask: 'Are you still cleaning, or are you flying somewhere?'

BALLS - is coming home late after a night out, smelling of perfume and beer, lipstick on your collar, slapping your wife on the bottom and having the Balls to say: 'You're next, Chubby.'

I hope this clears up any confusion on the definitions.

Medically speaking, there is no difference in the outcome.

Both generally result in hospitalisation.

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS.

HOW TO SPEAK ABOUT WOMEN AND BE POLITICALLY CORRECT:

1. She is not a '*BABE*' or a '*CHICK*' - she is a '*BREASTED AMERICAN*'.
2. She is not '*EASY*'- she is '*HORIZONTALLY ACCESSIBLE*.'
- 3 She has not '*BEEN AROUND*'- she is a '*PREVIOUSLY ENJOYED COMPANION*'
4. She does not '*NAG*' you - she becomes '*VERBALLY REPETITIVE*'.
5. She is not a '*TWO-BIT HOOKER*'- she is a '*LOW COST PROVIDER*.'

HOW TO SPEAK ABOUT MEN AND BE POLITICALLY CORRECT:

1. He is not '*BALDING*'- he is in '*FOLLICLE REGRESSION*'.
2. He does not act like a '*TOTAL ASS*'- he develops a case of '*RECTAL-CRANIAL INVERSION*.'
3. It's not his '*CRACK*' you see hanging out of his pants - it's '*TROUSER CLEAVAGE*'.