

IS GOD A WOMAN?

A woman and a man are involved in a major car accident on a snowy, cold and windy morning. It's a very bad accident. Both of their cars are totally demolished, but amazingly neither of them is hurt.

After they crawl out of their cars, the man is distraught, screaming and yelling about women drivers.

The woman calmly says, 'So, you're a man, I'm a woman, and we're both drivers. But just look at our cars! There's nothing left, but mercifully we're both unhurt. This must surely be a sign from God that we should be friends and live in peace for the rest of our days.'

Flattered, but still outraged the man replies, 'Oh yes, I agree completely, this must be a sign from God! But you're still at fault, and if God really cared women wouldn't be allowed to drive.'

Undeterred the woman continues, 'And look at this, here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely a sign that God wants us to drink the wine and celebrate our good fortune.'

She hands the bottle to the man. He nods his head in agreement, opens it and drinks half the bottle, then hands it back to the woman.

The woman takes the bottle, puts the cap back on and hands it back to the man.

The man asks 'Aren't you having any?'

The woman replies 'No I think I'll just wait for the police...'

AN ORIENTAL JEW?

A Chinese market stall holder goes to a Jewish trader and asks if he can buy some larger sized black brassieres.

The Jew, known for his skills as a businessman, says that the larger size black bras are fairly rare. He is finding it very difficult to buy them from his suppliers and to cover his costs has to charge \$50.00 for them. The Chinese shopper buys 25.

He returns a few days later and this time orders fifty.

The Jew tells him that they have become even harder to get and charges him \$60.00 each.

The Chinese trader returns a month later and buys the Jew's remaining stock of 50, this time paying \$75.00 each.

The Jew is somewhat puzzled by the demand for these larger sized black bras and asks his oriental customer to please explain where he is able to sell them all.

The Chinaman answers:

'I cut them in half, trim off the straps, and sell the halves as skull caps to the Jews for \$200.00 each'.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

The school inspector is on his annual visits and is checking on the year 4 classes in one of the local state schools.

The teacher, who introduces him to the class says, "Let's show the inspector just how clever you are by allowing him to ask you a question".

The inspector is aware that at this school classes generally start with religious instruction each morning, so he decides to pose a biblical question.

He asks: "Class, who broke down the walls of Jericho?"

For a full minute there is absolute silence. The children all just stare at him blankly. Eventually, little Bruce raises his hand. The inspector points to him.

Bruce stands up and replies: "Sir, I don't know who broke down the walls of Jericho, but it definitely wasn't me".

Of course the inspector is shocked by the answer and looks at the teacher for an explanation. Realising that he is perturbed, the teacher says: "Well, I've known Bruce since he started school here and I believe that if he says that he didn't do it, then he didn't do it".

The inspector is even more shocked at this and storms down to the principal's office and tells him what happened, to which the principal replies: "I don't know the boy, but I have worked with his teacher for some time and I trust her implicitly. If she feels that the boy is innocent, then he must be innocent".

The inspector can't believe what he is hearing. He grabs the phone on the principal's desk and in a rage dials the prime minister's office. He relates the entire occurrence to her and asks her, in the light of this, what she thinks of the educational standards in the State, and what is she going to do about it.

The PM sighs heavily and replies: **"I don't know the boy, the teacher or the principal, but just get two quotes and have the walls fixed!!"**

IRISH GOLFER

A golfer playing in Ireland hooked his drive into the woods. Looking for his ball, he found a little Leprechaun flat on his back, a big bump on his head and the golfer's ball beside him.

Horrified, the golfer got his water bottle from the cart and poured it over the little guy, reviving him. 'Arrgh! What happened?' the Leprechaun asked.

'I'm afraid I hit you with my golf ball,' the golfer says.

'Oh, I see. Well, you got me fair and square. In Ireland that means you get three wishes, so what do you want?'

'Thank God, you're all right!' the golfer answers in relief. 'I don't want anything, I'm just glad you're OK, and I apologise.' And with that the golfer walks off.

'What a nice guy', the Leprechaun says to himself. 'I have to do something for him. I'll give him the three things that all men want - a great golf game, all the money he ever needs, and a fantastic sex life.'

A year goes by and the golfer is back. On the same hole, he again hits a bad drive into the woods and the Leprechaun is there waiting for him.

'Twas me that made you hit the ball here" the little guy says. 'I just wanted to ask you, how's your golf game?'

'My game is fantastic!' the golfer answers. 'I'm an internationally famous golfer now.' He adds, 'By the way, it's good to see you're all right.'

'Oh, I'm fine now, thank you. I did that for your golf game, you know. Now tell me, how's your money situation?'

'Why, it's just wonderful!' the golfer states. 'When I need cash, I just reach in my pocket and pull out £100 notes I didn't even know were there!'

'I did that for you as well.' 'And tell me, how's your sex life?'

The golfer blushes, turns his head away in embarrassment, and says shyly, 'It's OK I guess'

'C'mon, c'mon now urged the leprechaun I'm wanting to know if I did a good job. How many times a week?'

Blushing even more, the golfer looks around then whispers 'Well, I appreciate your concern but nothing's really changed in the last year.'

'What' responds the Leprechaun in shock 'Not even once or twice a week?'

'Well' says the golfer 'What do you expect of a Catholic priest?'

ONLY THE IRISH

Paddy was waiting at the bus stop with his mate when a lorry went by loaded up with rolls of turf.

Paddy said, 'I'm going to do that when I win lottery'.

'What do you mean" replied his mate.

'Send my lawn away to be cut', says Paddy.