

HUMOUR OCTOBER 2014-10-30

AUTOSPELL

A man received the following text from his neighbour:

I am so sorry Bob. I've been riddled with guilt and I have to confess.

I have been helping myself to your wife, day and night when you're not around.

In fact, more than you. I do not get it at home, but that's no excuse.

I can no longer live with the guilt and I hope you will accept my sincerest apology with my promise that it won't, ever happen again.

Bob, anguished and betrayed, went into his bedroom, grabbed his gun and, without a word, shot his wife.

A few moments later, a second text came in:

Bloody autospell!

I meant "wifí", not "wife"

THE FURNITURE DEALER

Murphy, a furniture dealer from Dublin, decided to expand the line of furniture in his store, so he decided to go to Paris to see what he could find.

After arriving in Paris, he visited with some manufacturers and selected a line that he thought would sell well back home. To celebrate the new acquisition, he decided to visit a small bistro and have a glass of wine.

As he sat enjoying his wine, he noticed that the small place was quite crowded, and that the other chair at his table was the only vacant seat in the house.

Before long, a very beautiful young Parisian girl came to his table, asked him something in French (which Murphy could not understand), so he motioned to the vacant chair and invited her to sit down.

He tried to speak to her in English, but she did not speak his language. After a couple of minutes of trying to communicate with her, he took a napkin and drew a picture of a wine glass and showed it to her. She nodded, so he ordered a glass of wine for her.

After sitting together at the table for a while, he took another napkin, and drew a picture of a plate with food on it and she nodded. They left the bistro and found a quiet cafe that featured a small group playing romantic music.

They ordered dinner, after which he took another napkin and drew a picture of a couple dancing. She nodded, and they got up to dance. They danced until the cafe closed and the band was packing up.

Back at their table, the young lady took a napkin and drew a picture of a four-poster bed.

To this day, Murphy has no idea how she figured out he was in the furniture business.

WHATS THE NAIL FOR

Carol, a blonde city girl, marries a Cornish dairy farmer.

One morning, on his way out to check on the cows, farmer John says to Carol, 'The insemination man is coming over to impregnate one of our cows today. I drove a nail into the rail above the cow's stall in the barn. You show him where the cow is when he gets here, OK?'

So then the farmer leaves for the fields.

After a while, the insemination man arrives and knocks on the front door.

Carol takes him down to the barn. They walk along the row of cows and when she sees the nail, she tells him, 'This is the one...right here.'

Terrribly impressed by what he seemed to think just might be another ditzy blonde, the man asks: 'Tell me lady, how did you know this is the cow to be bred?'

'That's simple; by the nail over its stall', Carol explains very confidently.

Then the man asks, 'What's the nail for?'

She turns and starts to walk away and with complete confidence, says over her shoulder,

'I assume it's to hang your trousers on.'

PUNS TO MAKE YOU CRINGE

- I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.
- When chemists die, they barium.
- Jokes about German sausages are the wurst
- I stayed up all night to see where the sun went. Then it dawned on me.
- This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.
- I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.
- I did a theatrical performance about puns. It was a play on words
- I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.
- Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?
- When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.
- England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool
- I used to be a banker, but then I lost interest.
- I dropped out of communism class because of lousy Marx.
- All the toilets in New York's police stations have mysteriously vanished. Now the police have nothing to go on.
- Haunted French pancakes give me the crêpes.
- Velcro — what a rip off!
- Venison for dinner again? Oh dear!