

HUMOUR – CHRISTMAS PARTY - DECEMBER 2010

THE ORIGINS OF THE INTERNET

In ancient Israel, it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Corn did take unto himself a young wife by the name of Dot. And Dot Corn was a comely woman, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she had often been called Amazon Dot Corn. And she said unto Abraham,, her husband: "Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?" And Abraham did look at her as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load but simply said: "How, dear?" And Dot replied: "I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale and they will reply telling you which hath the best price. And the sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by Uriah's Pony Stable (UPS)."

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success. Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever moving from his tent. But this success did arouse envy. A man named Maccabia did secrete himself inside Abraham's drum and began to siphon off some of Abraham's business. But he was discovered, arrested and prosecuted for insider trading. And the young men did take to Dot Corn's trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Siderites, or NERDS. And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to the drum maker, Brother William of Gates, who bought up every drum maker in the land. And indeed did insist on making drums that would work only with Brother Gates' drumheads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say: "Oh, Abraham what we have started is being taken over by others." And Abraham looked out over the Bay of Ezekiel or eBay as it came to be known. He said: "We need a name that reflects what we are." And Dot replied: "Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators." "YAHOO," said Abraham. And because it was Dot's idea they named it YAHOO Dot Corn.

And that is how it all began.

THANKS FROM TOM

The service was coming to a close when the pastor asked if anyone in the congregation would like to express their thanks for answered prayers.

Pearl Hubbard stood up and walked to the podium. Looking out at the Congregation, she said, 'I certainly do. Two months ago, my husband Tom was in a terrible accident and his scrotum was completely crushed. The pain was excruciating and the doctors didn't know if they could help him.'

Muffled gasps arose from the men in the congregation as they imagined the unbearable pain poor Tom must have experienced.

Tom was unable to hold me or the children," Pearl slowly continued. "Every move caused him terrible pain. We prayed as the doctors performed a delicate operation to try to repair the damage. and thanks to their specialist surgical skills, they were able to piece together the crushed remnants of Tom's scrotum, and by wrapping wire tightly around it,, to hold it in place'.

The male parishioners cringed and squirmed as they imagined the protracted and painful surgery Tom had been through.

"But now," Pearl announced in a quavering voice, thanks to our prayers, Tom is finally out of the hospital, and the doctors say that with time his scrotum should recover completely."

A unified sigh rose from the congregation, as the pastor rose with a pained look and tentatively asked if anyone else had something to say.

A man stood up and walked slowly to the podium.

"Hi," he said, "I'm Tom Hubbard." The entire congregation held its breath

"I just wanted to tell my wife the word is "sternum"'"

CHRISTMAS STAMPS

A blonde goes to the Post Office to buy stamps for her Christmas Cards.

She says to the postal officer "May I have 50 Christmas stamps please?"

The clerk says "What denomination" to which the blonde replies

"God help us, has political correctness come to this? Give me 22 Catholic, 12 Presbyterian and 16 Baptists"

A SMART BLONDE

A blonde walks into a bank in London and asks for the loan officer. She says she's going to Asia on business for two weeks and needs to borrow £5,000. The bank officer says the bank will need some kind of security for the loan, so the blonde hands over the keys to a new Rolls Royce. The car is parked on the street in front of the bank. She has the title and everything checks out. The bank agrees to accept the car as collateral for the loan.

The bank's president and its officers all enjoy a good laugh at the blonde for using a £250,000 rolls as collateral against a £5,000 loan. An employee of the bank then proceeds to drive the Rolls into the bank's underground garage and parks it there. Two weeks later, the blonde returns, repays the £5,000 and the interest, which comes to £ 15.41. The loan officer says, "Miss, we are very happy to have had your business, and this transaction has worked out very nicely, but we are a little puzzled. While you were away, we checked you out and found that you are a multimillionaire. What puzzles us is, why would you bother to borrow £5,000?"

The blonde replies "Where else in London can I park my car for two weeks for only £15.41 and expect it to be there when I return?"

WOMEN

(A couple of quotes - author not known)

Asked why women have no sense of humour she replied

God did it on purpose so that we may love men instead of laughing at them.

Being a woman is of special interest only to aspiring male transsexuals.

To actual women it is simply a good excuse not to play football.

NEW YEAR POEM

Another year has passed and we're all a little older, last summer felt hotter and winter seemed much colder.

There was time not long ago, when life was quite a blast, but now I think much more of living in the past.

We used to go to weddings, football games and lunches, now we go to funeral homes and after funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers from parties that were gay, now we suffer body aches and while the night away.

We used to go out dining and couldn't get our fill, now we ask for doggie bags, come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel to places near and far, now we get sore back ends from riding in the car.

We used to go to nightclubs and drink a little booze, now we stay in at night and watch the evening news.

That my friend is how life goes and now my tale is told, so enjoy each day and live it up ... before you're too damned old.

DO YOU HAVE A GOLDFISH?

Two builders are seated either side of a table in a pub when a well-dressed man enters, orders a beer and sits on a stool at the bar.

The two builders start to speculate about the occupation of the suit

I reckon he's an accountant.

No way - he's a stockbroker.

He's not a stockbroker! A stockbroker wouldn't come in here!

The argument repeats itself for some time until the volume of beer gets the better of Dave and he makes for the toilet.

On entering the toilet he sees that the suit is standing at a urinal.

Curiosity and the several beers get the better of him. Dave asks 'Scuse me.... no offence meant, but my mate and I were wondering what you do for a living'?

The Suit replied 'No offence taken! I'm a Logical Scientist by profession'

'Oh? What's that then?'

'I'll try to explain by example ... Do you have a goldfish at home?'

'Er mmm well yeah, I do as it happens!'

'Well, it's logical that you keep it either in a bowl or in a pond. Which is it?'

'It's in a pond!'

'Well it's reasonable to suppose that you have a large garden then? As it happens, yes I have got a big garden'.

'Well then it's logical to assume that, in this town, if you have a large garden then you have a large house?'

'As it happens I've got a five bedroom house built it myself!'

'Well given that you've built a five bedroom house it's logical to assume that you haven't built it just for yourself and that you are quite probably married? And with a family?'

'Yes I am married, I live with my wife and four children.'

'Well then it is logical to assume that you are sexually active with your wife on a regular basis?'

'Yep! Five times a week!'

‘Well then it is logical to suggest that you don't masturbate very often?’

‘Do what? Not me, mate!’

‘Well there you are! That's logical science at work!’

‘How's that then?’

‘Well from finding out that you had a goldfish, I've told you about your sex life!’

‘I see! That's pretty impressive.. Thanks mate!’

Both leave the toilet and Dave returns to his mate.

Stuart: ‘I see the suit was in there. Did you ask him what he does?’

‘Yep! He's a logical scientist!’

‘What's that then?’

‘I'll try and explain. Do you have a goldfish?’

‘Nope’

‘Well then, you're a wanker.’

A RABBIT AND A TOASTED SANDWICH

A rabbit walks into a pub and says to the barman, 'Can I have a pint of beer, and a ham and cheese toastie?’

The barman is amazed, but gives the rabbit a pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie. The rabbit drinks the beer and eats the toastie. He then leaves.

The following night the rabbit returns and again asks for a pint of beer, and a ham and cheese toastie. The barman, now intrigued by the rabbit and the extra drinkers in the pub, (because word gets round), gives the rabbit the pint and the toastie. The rabbit consumes them and leaves.

The next night, the pub is packed. In walks the rabbit and says, 'A pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie, please barman.' The room is hushed as the barman gives the rabbit his pint and toastie, and then the crowd bursts into applause as the rabbit wolfs them down.

The next night there is standing room only in the pub. Coaches have been laid on for the crowds of patrons attending. The barman is making more money in one week than he did all last year

In walks the rabbit and places his usual order. But to his horror the barman says, 'I'm sorry rabbit, old mate, old mucker, but we are right out of those ham and cheese toasties...'

The crowd has quietened to almost a whisper, when the barman clears his throat nervously and says, 'We do have a very nice cheese and onion toastie.' The rabbit looks him in the eye and says, 'Are you sure I will like it.' The masses' bated breath is ear shatteringly silent.

The barman, with a roguish smile says, 'Do you think that I would let down one of my best friends. I know you'll love it.' 'OK,' says the rabbit, 'I'll have a pint of beer and a cheese and onion toastie.'

The pub erupts with glee as the rabbit quaffs the beer and guzzles the toastie.

He then waves to the crowd and leavesNEVER TO RETURN!!!!!!

One year later, in the now impoverished public house, the barman, (who has only served 4 drinks all night) calls time. When he is cleaning up the now empty room sees a small white form, floating above the bar. The barman says, 'Who are you?' To which the wraith replies,

'I am the ghost of the rabbit that used to frequent your public house.'

The barman says, 'I remember you. You made me famous. You would come in every night and have a pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie. Masses came to see you and this place was famous.'

The rabbit says, 'Yes I know.'

The barman said, 'I remember, on your last night we didn't have any ham and cheese toasties. You had a cheese and onion one instead. The rabbit said, 'Yes, and you promised me that I would love it.

The barman said, 'You never came back, what happened?'

'I DIED', said the rabbit. 'NO' said the barman. 'What from?'

After a short pause, the rabbit said... 'Mixin-me-toasties.'

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS

In times of conflict it is re-assuring to note a child's viewpoint.

Little Melissa comes home from school and tells her father that they learned about the history of Valentine's Day.

'Since Valentine's Day is for a Christian saint and we're Jewish' she asks, 'Will God get mad at me for giving someone a Valentine?'

Melissa's father thinks a bit, then says: 'No, I don't think God would get mad. To whom do you want to give a Valentine message?'

'Osama Bin Laden,' she says.

'Why Osama Bin Laden?' her father asks, in shock.

'Well,' she says, 'I thought that if a little American Jewish girl could have enough love to give Osama a Valentine, he might start to think that maybe we're not all bad, and maybe start loving people a little bit.

And if other kids saw what I did and sent Valentines to Osama, he'd love everyone a lot. And then he'd start going all over the place to tell everyone how much he loved them, and how he didn't hate anyone anymore.'

Her father's heart swells and he looks at his daughter with new found pride. Melissa, that's the most wonderful thing I have ever heard.'

'I know,' Melissa says, 'and once that gets him out into the open, Royal Marines could shoot the rotten sod.'

HAVE A HAPPY DAY

Moshe was sitting at the bar staring at his drink.

A large, aggressive looking biker steps up next to him, grabs his drink, gulps it down in one swig and menacingly says, "Thanks Jew Boy, now what are you going to do about it?"

Moshe burst into tears.

"Come on, man," the biker says, "I didn't think you'd cry. I can't stand to see a grown man crying. What's your problem?"

"This is the worst day of my life," Moshe says. "I'm a complete failure. I was late to a meeting and my boss fired me. When I went to the parking lot, I found my car had been stolen and I don't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. When I got there I found my wife in bed with the postman, and then my dog bit me.11

"So I came to this bar to work up the courage to put an end to it all. I buy a drink; drop a capsule in and sit here waiting, and watching the poison dissolve; then you show up and drink the whole thing!

"But enough about me, how's your day going?"

RELIGIOUS PERSPECTIVE

Three Irishmen are sitting in the pub window seat, watching the front door of the brothel over the road. The local Methodist vicar appears, and quickly goes inside.

"Will you look at that, says the first Irishman, "and didn't I always say what a bunch of lying hypocrites they are".

No sooner are the words out of his mouth than a Rabbi also goes inside. "There's another bunch who try to fool everyone with their pious preaching and funny little hats", say the second Irishman.

They continue drinking their beer and roundly condemning the vicar and the rabbi when they see their Catholic Priest knock on the door and go inside.

"Oh, how sad!" says the third Irishman, "**One of the girls must have died!**"

TRUE LOVE

An elderly lady was invited to an old friend's home for dinner one evening.

She was impressed by the way her lady friend preceded every request to her husband with endearing terms such as: Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart, etc.

The couple had been married almost 70 years and, clearly, they were still very much in love.

While the husband was in the living room, her lady friend leaned over to her hostess to say, 'I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your husband all those loving names'.

The elderly lady hung her head. 'I have to tell you the truth,' she said, 'his name slipped my mind about 10 years ago, and I'm scared to death to ask the cranky old bugger what his name is.'

BLONDE EQUESTRIAN

A blonde decides to try horseback riding, even though she has had no lessons or prior experience.

She mounts the horse, unassisted, and the horse immediately springs into action... As it gallops along at its steady and rhythmic pace, the blonde begins to slip from the saddle.

In terror, she grabs for the horse's mane, but cannot seem to get a firm grip. She tries to throw her arms around the horse's neck, but despite her best efforts, slides down the horse's flanks.

The horse continues to gallop along, seemingly oblivious to its slipping rider. Finally, giving up her frail grip, the blonde attempts to leap away from the horse and throw herself to safety.

Unfortunately, her foot has become entangled in the stirrup

She is now at the mercy of the horse's pounding hooves as her head is struck against the ground time and time again.

As her head is battered against the ground, she is mere moments away from unconsciousness when to her great fortune, Frank, the Woolworth's trolley boy, sees her dilemma and unplugs the horse.

A GOLFER'S TALE

A group of men who had been friends for years virtually lived for their Saturday morning round of golf. When one guy was transferred to another city the foursome dropped to three and it just wasn't the same without him. A new woman who joined their Club overheard them talking about their golf round and the loss of their partner She said, "You know, I used to play on my golf team in college, and I was pretty good. Would you mind if I joined you next week?"

The three guys looked at each other. Not one of them wanted to say 'yes', but she had them on the spot. Finally, one man said it would be okay, but they would be starting early - a 6:30 am hit off. He figured the early tee time would discourage her.

The woman said this may be a problem, and asked if they could wait if she was 5 minutes late They rolled their eyes, but said okay. She smiled and said, "Good, I'll be there at 6:30 or 6:45 ."

She showed up at 6:30 sharp, and beat all three of them with an eye-opening 2 under par round. She was fun and a pleasant person, and the guys were impressed. Back at the clubhouse, they congratulated her and invited her back the next week. She smiled, and said, 'I'll be there at 6:30 or 6:45'.

The next week she again showed up at 6:30 sharp. Only this time, she played left-handed. The three guys were incredulous as she still beat them with an even par round, despite playing with her off-hand.

They were totally amazed and simply couldn't figure her out. She was again very pleasant, and didn't seem to be purposely showing them up. They invited her back again, but each man harboured a burning desire to beat her.

The third week the guys had their game faces on, but rather irritable when she was 15 minutes late. This time she played right-handed, and narrowly beat all three of them. The men mused that her late arrival was possibly due to petty gamesmanship on her part. However, she was so gracious and so complimentary of their strong play, they couldn't hold a grudge.

Back in the clubhouse, all three guys were shaking their heads, this woman was a riddle - no one could figure her out. They had a couple of beers, and finally, one of the men asked her point blank, "How do you decide if you're going to golf right-handed or left-handed?"

The lady blushed, and grinned. That's easy," she said "When my Dad taught me to play golf, I learned I was ambidextrous, and I liked to play golf with either hand.

Then when I got married I discovered my husband always sleeps in the nude and I developed a silly superstitious habit. Just before I left in the morning for golf practice, I would pull the covers off him. If his willy was leaning to the right, I golfed right-handed; if it was leaning to the left, I golfed left handed."

Astonished at this bizarre information, one of the guys shot back,

"But what if it's pointing straight up?"

She said, "Then, I'm fifteen minutes late!"

THE FUNERAL

An old hillbilly fanner had a wife who nagged him unmercifully. From morning till night (and sometimes later), she was always complaining about something. The only time he got any relief was when he was out ploughing with his old mule. He tried to plough as often as he could.

One day, when he was out ploughing, his wife brought him lunch in the field. He drove the old mule into the shade, sat down on a stump, and began to eat his lunch. Immediately, his wife began haranguing him again. Complain, nag, nag; it just went on and on. All of a sudden, the old mule lashed out with both hind feet; caught her smack in the back of the head. Killed her dead on the spot.

At the funeral several days later, the priest noticed something rather odd. When a woman mourner would approach the old farmer, he would listen for a minute, then nod his head in agreement; but when a man approached him, he would listen for a minute, then shake his head in disagreement.

This was so consistent, the priest decided to ask the farmer about it. So after the funeral, the priest approached him and asked why he nodded his head and agreed with the women, but always shook his head and disagreed with all the men.

The old farmer said: "Well, the women would come up and say something about how nice my wife looked, or how pretty her dress was, so I'd nod my head in agreement."

"And what about the men?" the priest asked.

Oh, he said "*They wanted to know if the mule was for sale*".

THE PRIEST, THE PREACHER AND THE RABBI

A Catholic Priest, a Baptist Preacher, and a Rabbi all served as school chaplains, and they would get together each week for coffee and a chat.

One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard - a real challenge would be to preach to some lesser being. One thing led to another, and they decided on an experiment.

They would all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it.

Seven days later, they all came together to discuss their experience.

Father Flannery, who had his arm in a sling, was on crutches, and had various bandages on his body went first. 'Well,' he said, 'I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him, I began to read to him from the Catechism. Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, praise the Lord, he became as gentle as a lamb. The Bishop is coming out next week for his confirmation.'

Reverend Billy Bob spoke next. He was in a wheelchair, had one arm and both legs in casts, and had an IV drip. In his best fire-and-brimstone oratory, he claimed, 'WELL, brothers, you KNOW that we don't sprinkle! I went out and I found me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's holy word. But that heathen bear would not listen. So I took hold of him and we began to wrestle. We wrestled down one hill, up another and down another until we came to a creek. So I quickly dunked him and baptised him. And just like you said, he became as gentle as a lamb. We spent the rest of **the day praising God Hallelujah!**

The priest and the reverend both looked down at the Rabbi, lying in his hospital bed. He was in a body cast and traction, with IVs and monitors running in and out of him. He was in really bad shape.

The Rabbi looked up and said: *"Looking back on it ... circumcision may not have been the best way to start."*

LETTER TO MUM

A mother passing by her son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed was nicely made, and everything was picked up. Then, she saw an envelope, propped up prominently on the pillow.

It was addressed, 'Mum' With the worst premonition, she opened the envelope and read the letter, with trembling hands. 'Dear, Mum. It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend, because I wanted to avoid a scene with Dad and you.

I've been finding real passion with Stacy, and she is so nice, but I knew you would not approve of her, because of all her piercings, tattoos, her tight Motorcycle clothes, and because she is so much older than I am. But it's not only the passion, Mum. She's pregnant. Stacy said that we will be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods, and has a stack of firewood for the whole winter.

We share a dream of having many more children. Stacy has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it for ourselves, and trading it with the other people in the commune, for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want. In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS, so Stacy can get better. She sure deserves it! Don't worry Mum, I'm 15, and I know how to take care of myself.

Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit, so you can get to know your many grandchildren.

Love, your son, Nicholas.

PS. Mum, none of the above is true. I'm over at Jason's house.

I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the school report that's on my desk.