

RUGBY PASSION

Wiremu, a New Zealander, was living in Australia and about to fly home to watch the Rugby World Cup. He was not feeling well, so he decided to see a doctor.

"Hey doc, I don't feel so good, and I need to fly to New Zealand," said Wiremu.

The doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had an advanced prostate problem and that the only cure was testicular removal.

"No way doc, no way" replied Wiremu "I'm getting a second opinion"

The second Aussie doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him that testicular removal was the only cure, and the sooner they operated the better. Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment.

Wiremu was devastated, but with the Rugby World Cup just weeks away he found an expat Kiwi doctor who was a specialist and decided to get one last opinion from someone he thought he could trust.

The Kiwi doctor examined him and said: "Wiremu my brother, you have very serious Prostate problems ""

"What's the cure then doc?" asked Wiremu hoping for a different answer.

"Well,' Wiremu, said the Kiwi doctor "We don't have many options I'm afraid we will have to cut off your balls."

"Phew, thank God for that!" said Wiremu, **"those Aussie supporters wanted to take my test tickets off me!"**

SOME WISE ADVICE FROM THE SCOTS

1. Money cannot buy happiness but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Mercedes Benz than on a bicycle
2. Forgive your enemy but remembers the bastard's name.
3. Help a man when he is in trouble and he'll remember you when he's in trouble again.
4. Alcohol will not solve your problems, but then again neither will milk.

TEMPER CONTROL FOR GRANDPARENTS

A woman in a supermarket is watching a grandfather and his very badly behaved 3-year-old grandson.

It's obvious to her that he has his hands full with the child screaming for sweets in the sweet aisle, biscuits in the biscuit aisle, and for fruit, cereal and pop in the other aisles.

Meanwhile, the grandfather is working his way around, saying in a controlled voice, Tasy, William, we won't be long, easy, boy."

Another outburst from the kid and she hears the grandfather calmly say, "It's okay, William, just a couple more minutes and we'll be out of here. Hang in there, boy."

At the checkout, the little terror is throwing items out of the cart, and the grandfather says again in a controlled voice, "William, William, relax, buddy, don't get upset. We'll be home in five minutes; stay cool, Williarn."

Very impressed, the woman goes outside where the grandfather is loading his groceries and the boy into the car.

She said to the elderly gentleman, "It's none of my business, but you were amazing in there. I don't know how you did it. That whole time, you kept your composure, and no matter how loud and disruptive he got, you just calmly kept saying things would be okay. William is very lucky to have you as his grandpa."

"Thanks," said the grandfather, "but I'm William. This little bugger's name is Kevin."

TENDER MOMENTS

A woman's husband had been slipping in and out of a coma for several months, yet she had stayed by his bedside every single day. One day when he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer.

As she sat by him, he whispered, eyes full of tears:

'You know what? You have been with me all through the bad times.

When I got fired, you were there to support me.

When my business failed, you were there.

When I got shot, you were by my side.

When we lost the house, you stayed right here.

When my health started failing, you were still by my side...

You know what Martha?'

'What dear?' she gently asked, smiling as her heart began to fill with warmth.

'I'm beginning to think you're bloody bad luck...'

GARDENING THE EASY WAY

An old Italian lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato crop but it was very difficult work, as the ground was so hard. His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament:

Dear Vincent, I am feeling pretty sad because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomatoes this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here my troubles would be over. I know you would be happy to dig the plot for me, like in the old days.
Love, Papa

A few days later he received a letter from his son.

"Dear Papa, Don't dig up that old garden area under any circumstances. That's where the bodies are buried, with some of the loot. Love, Vinnie"

At 4 a.m. The next morning without any warning FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area of the old man's garden, without finding any bodies or anything else. They apologized to the old man and left.

That same day and before the old man had a chance to contact his son he received another letter.

“Dear Papa

Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do under the circumstances.

Love Vinnie”

THE DEAD DUCK

A woman brought a very limp duck into a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest.

After a moment or two, the vet shook his head and sadly said, "I'm sorry, your duck, Cuddles, has passed away."

The distressed woman wailed, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. Your duck is dead," replied the vet..

"How can you be so sure?" she protested. I mean you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet rolled his eyes, turned around and left the room.

He returned a few minutes later with a black Labrador Dog . As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table and sniffed the duck from top to bottom.

He then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room. A few minutes later he returned with a cat. The cat jumped on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot. The cat sat back on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly and strolled out of the room.

The vet looked at the woman and said, "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiably, a dead duck."

The vet turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to the woman.

The duck's owner, still in shock, took the bill. ‘\$150' she cried, \$150 just to tell me my duck is dead!"

The vet shrugged, "I'm sorry. If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20, but with the Lab Report and the Cat Scan, it's now \$150."