

HUMOUR DECEMBER 2016

DEAR SANTA

I don't want much for Christmas; I just want the person reading this to be happy.

Friends are the fruit cake of life - some nutty, some soaked in alcohol, some sweet but mix them together and they're my friends. Send this to all your fruit cakes.

FRUITCAKE RECIPE

3 cups flour	1 cup water
1 cup sugar	4 large eggs
2 cups dried fruit	1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup brown sugar
lemon juice, nuts	1 gallon whiskey

Sample the whiskey to check for quality.

Take a large bowl. Check the whiskey again to be sure it is of the highest quality.

Pour one level cup and drink. Repeat.

Turn on the electric mixer; beat 1 cup butter in a large, fluffy bowl.

Add 1 teaspoon sugar and beat again. Make sure the whiskey is still OK.

Cry another tup. Turn off mixer.

Break 2 legs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.

Mix on the turner. If the fried druit gets stuck in the beaterers, pry it loose with a drowscriver.

Sample the whiskey to check for tonsisticity.

Next, sift 2 cups of salt. Or something. Who cares? Check the whiskey.

Now sift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.

Add one table spoon of sugar or something, whatever you can find.

Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin to 350 degrees. Don't forget to beat off the turner.

Throw the bowl out of the window. Check the whiskey again.

Go to bed - who the hell likes fruitcake anyway?

COMING FOR CHRISTMAS

An elderly man in Adelaide calls his son in Sydney and says, "I hate to ruin your day, but I have to tell you that your mother and I are divorcing; forty-five years of misery is enough."

"Pop, what are you talking about?" the son screams. "We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the old man says.

"We're sick of each other, and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Brisbane and tell her," and he hangs up.

Frantic, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone. "Like heck they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this."

She calls her dad immediately, and screams at the old man, "You are NOT getting divorced! Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back, and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife. "Okay," he says, "they're coming for Christmas and paying their own airfares."

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

I love Christmas Lights, they remind me of politicians! They all hang together, half the suckers don't work, and the ones that do aren't that bright!

ENTRY TO HEAVEN

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the pearly gates.

'In honor of this holy season' Saint Peter said, 'You must each possess something that symbolises Christmas to get into heaven.'

The man from Scotland fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. 'It represents a candle', he said.

'You may pass through the pearly gates' Saint Peter said. The man from England reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, 'They're bells.' Saint Peter said 'You may pass through the pearly gates'.

The Irishman started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of women's panties. St. Peter looked at the man with a raised eyebrow and asked, 'And just what do those symbolise?' The Irishman replied, 'These are Carols.' And So The Christmas Season Begins.....

THE ANGEL ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

.When four of Santa's elves became ill, the trainee elves did not produce toys as fast as the regular ones and Santa began to feel the Pre-Christmas pressure.

Then Mrs Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit, which stressed Santa even more.

When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two others had jumped the fence and were out, Heaven knows where.

Then when he began to load the sleigh, one of the floorboards cracked, the toy bag fell to the ground and all the toys were scattered.

Frustrated, Santa went in the house for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had drunk all the cider and hidden the rum. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the cider jug, and it broke into hundreds of little glass pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found the mice had eaten all the straw off the end of the broom.

Just then the doorbell rang, and irritated Santa marched to the door, yanked it open, and there stood a little angel with a great big Christmas tree.

The angel said very cheerfully, 'Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?'

And so began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas tree.