

HUMOUR DECEMBER 2017

FOR CAT LOVERS

Four men were bragging how smart their cats were.

To show off, the engineer called to his cat, "T-Square, do your stuff."

T-Square pranced over to the desk, took out some paper and a pen and promptly drew a circle, a square and a triangle. Everyone agreed that was pretty smart.

The accountant said his cat could do better.

He called his cat and said, "Spreadsheet, do your stuff."

Spreadsheet went into the kitchen and returned with a dozen Tim Tams, he divided them into four equal piles of three each. Everybody agreed that was good.

The chemist said his cat could do better.

He called his cat and said, "Measure, do your stuff."

Measure got up, walked over to the fridge, took out a litre of milk, got a 250ml glass from the cupboard and measured out 200mls without spilling a drop. Everyone agreed that was good.

Then the three men turned to the public servant and said, "What can your cat do?"

The public servant called to his cat and said, "Coffee Break, do your stuff."

Coffee Break jumped to his feet, ate the Tim Tams, drank the milk, pissed on the paper, sexually assaulted the other three cats, claimed that he had injured his back while doing so, filed a provisional improvement notice for unsafe working conditions, put in a claim for workers compensation and went home for the rest of the day on sick leave.

A BAD DAY

Moshe was sitting at the bar staring at his drink when a large, trouble-making biker steps up next to him, grabs his drink and gulps it down in one swig and menacingly says, "Thanks Jew Boy, whatcha 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 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. I found my wife in bed with the postman and then my dog bit me."

"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 watching the poison dissolve, then you show up and drink the whole thing!"

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

MARS BARS

The only way to pull off a Sunday afternoon 'quickie' with their 8-year old son in the apartment was to send him out on the balcony with a Mars Bar and tell him to report on all the street activities.

He began his commentary as his parents put their plan into operation. 'There's a car being towed from the parking lot,' he shouted. 'An ambulance just drove by!' 'Looks like the Anderson's have company,' he called out. 'Matt's riding a new bike!' 'Looks like the Sanders are moving!' 'Jason is on his skate board!'

After a few moments he announced, 'The Coopers are having sex!!' Startled, his mother and dad shot up in bed!

Dad cautiously called out, 'How do you know they're having sex?' 'Jimmy Cooper is standing on his balcony with a Mars Bar.'

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

A mother took her five-year-old son with her to the bank on a busy lunchtime. They got behind a very fat woman wearing a business suit complete with pager. After waiting patiently for a few minutes, the little boy said loudly, "Wow, She's fat!" The mother bent down and whispered in the little boy's ear to be quiet.

A couple more minutes passed by and the little boy stretched his arms out as far as they would go and announced; "Look how big her bum is!" The fat woman turned around and glared at the little boy. The mother gave him a good telling off, and told him to be quiet.

After a brief lull, the large woman reached the front of the queue... Just then her pager began to emit a "beep, beep, beep"

The little boy yelled out, "QUICK Mum, run for your life, she's reversing!!"

HEY! YOU'VE GOT MALE!

A little boy asks: "Daddy, how was I born?"

"Well, son, I guess one day you'll need to be told, so here we go ...

"Your Mum and I first got together in a Chat Room on Yahoo.

"I set up a date via e-mail.

"We met at a Cyber Cafe.

"There we sneaked into a secluded room.

"I upgraded my Floppy disc to a hard drive

"Then your Mum agreed to a Download from my Hard Drive.

"As soon as I was ready to Upload, we discovered neither of us had a Firewall.

"It was too late to hit the Delete button.

"So, nine months later, a blessed little Pop-up - you - appeared and yelled:

"Hey! You've Got Male!"