

## HUMOUR OCTOBER 2015

### THE GOLFING PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Two women are playing golf on a sunny afternoon when one of them slices her shot into a foursome of men. To her horror, one of the men collapses in agony with both hands in his crotch. She runs to him apologising profusely, explaining that she is a physiotherapist and can help ease his pain.

"No thanks... just give me a few minutes... I'll be fine..." he replies quietly with his hands still between his legs.

Taking it upon herself to help the poor man, she gently undoes the front of his pants and starts massaging his genitals. "Doesn't that feel better?" she asks.

"Well... yes... That feels pretty good," he admits.

**"But my thumb still hurts like hell."**

### THE SON-IN-LAW

As a woman passed her daughter's closed bedroom door, she heard a strange buzzing noise coming from within. Opening the door, she observed her daughter with a vibrator.

Shocked, she asked: 'what in the world are you doing?'

The daughter replied: 'Mum, I'm thirty-five years old, unmarried, and this thing is about as close as I'll ever get to a husband. Please, go away and leave me alone.'

The next day, the girl's father heard the same buzz coming from the other side of the closed bedroom door. Upon entering the room, he observed his daughter making passionate love to her vibrator.

To his query as to what she was doing, the daughter said: 'dad I'm thirty-five, unmarried, and this thing is about as close as I'll ever get to a husband. Please, go away and leave me alone.'

A couple days later, the wife came home from a shopping trip, placed the groceries on the kitchen counter, and heard that buzzing noise coming from, of all places, the living room. She entered that area and observed her husband sitting on the couch, downing a cold beer, and staring at the TV.

The vibrator was next to him on the couch, buzzing like crazy.

The wife asked:

'What the hell are you doing?'

The husband replied:

**'I'm watching football with my son-in-law.'**

## THE ITALIAN MAMA

Mrs. Ravioli comes to visit her son Anthony for dinner. He lives with a female roommate, Maria.

During the course of the meal his mother can't help but notice how pretty Anthony's roommate is.

Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she started to wonder if there was more between Anthony and his roommate than met the eye.

Reading his mom's thoughts, Anthony volunteered, "I know what you must be thinking but I assure you that Maria and I are just roommates."

About a week later, Maria came to Anthony saying, "Ever since your mother came to dinner, I've been unable to find the silver sugar bowl. You don't suppose she took it, do you?"

"Well, I doubt it, but I'll email her, just to be sure."

So he sat down and wrote an email: *Dear Mama, I'm not saying that you "did" take the sugar bowl from my house; I'm not saying that you "did not" take it. But the fact remains that it has been missing, ever since you were here for dinner.*

*Your loving son Anthony*

Several days later, Anthony received a response email from his Mama which read:

*Dear son, I'm not saying that you "do" sleep with Maria, and I'm not saying that you "do not" sleep with her. But the fact remains that if she was sleeping in her OWN bed, she would have found the sugar bowl by now.*

Your loving Mama

***Moral: Never Bulla-Shita you Mama***

## CUCKOO CLOCK

The other night I was invited out for a night with 'the guys'.

I told my wife that I would be home by midnight, 'I promise!'

Well, the hours passed and the beers went down way too easily. Around 3 am, a bit loaded, I headed for home.

Just as I got in the door, the cuckoo clock in the hallway started up and cuckooed 3 times. Quickly, realizing my wife would probably wake up, I cuckooed another 9 times. I was really proud of myself for coming up with such a quick-witted solution, in order to escape a possible conflict with her.

(Even when totally smashed.... 3 cuckoos plus 9 cuckoos total 12 cuckoos = MIDNIGHT!)

The next morning my wife asked me what time I got in? I told her 'MIDNIGHT'... she didn't seem pissed off in the least. Whew, I got away with that one! Then she said 'We need a new cuckoo clock!'

When I asked her why, she said, 'Well, last night our clock cuckooed three times, then said 'oh shit' cuckooed 4 more times, cleared its throat, cuckooed another three times, chuckled, cuckooed twice more, and then tripped over the coffee table and passed out.'