

Cranky Chemist

Arriving home, a husband was met by his sobbing wife. Tearfully she explained, "The Chemist insulted me this morning on the phone. I had to call multiple times before he would even answer the phone."

The husband drove down to confront the Chemist to demand an apology.

Before he could say more than a word or two, the Chemist said "Now, just a minute mate . . . hear my side of it.

This morning the alarm failed to go off, so I was late. Without breakfast I hurried out to the car to realize I'd locked the house with the house and car keys inside.

I had to break a window to get my keys.

Driving a little too fast, I got a speeding ticket, then about three streets from the store, I had a flat tire.

When I finally got to the store, a crowd of people were waiting for me to open up. I started waiting on these people, all the time the damn phone never stopped ringing.

Then I had to break open a bag of one and two dollar coins against the cash register drawer to give change and they spilled all over the floor.

I had to get down on my hands and knees to pick up the dollar coins and the phone was still ringing.

When I came up I cracked my head on the open cash drawer which made me stagger back against a showcase with bottles of expensive perfumes on it.

Half of them hit the floor and broke.

Meanwhile, the phone is still ringing with no let up. And I finally got to answer it.

It was your wife. She wanted to know how to use a rectal thermometer.

And believe me mate, as God is my witness . . . all I did was tell her!"