

HUMOROUS QUOTES

1. Now that food has replaced sex in my life, I can't even get into my own pants.
2. Marriage changes passion. Suddenly you're in bed with a relative.
3. I saw a woman wearing a sweatshirt with "Guess" on it. So I said "implants?" She hit me.
4. I don't do drugs any more. I get the same effect just standing up fast.
5. Sign in a Chinese Pet Store: "Buy one dog, get one flea..."
6. If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?
7. I don't approve of political jokes. I've seen too many of them get elected.
8. I love being married. It's so great to find that one special person you want to annoy for the rest of your life.
9. I am a nobody, and nobody is perfect; therefore, I am perfect.
10. Everyday I beat my own previous record for number of consecutive days I have stayed alive.
11. How come we choose from just 2 people for president and 50 for Miss America?
12. A restaurant smoking section is pretty much like a swimming pool peeing section.
13. Most nudists are people you don't want to see naked.
14. Snowmen fall from Heaven, unassembled
15. Walking into any singles bar I can hear Mom's wise words: "Don't pick that up, you don't know where it's been!"
16. A good friend will come and bail you out of jail, but a true friend will be sitting next to you saying, "Damn - that was fun!"-
17. I signed up for an exercise class and was told to wear loose-fitting clothing. If I HAD any loose-fitting clothing, I wouldn't have signed up in the first place!
18. When I was young we used to go "skinny dipping," now I just "chunky dunk."
19. The worst thing about accidents in the kitchen is eating them.
20. Don't argue with an idiot - people watching may not be able to tell the difference.
21. Stress is waking up screaming and then realizing you haven't fallen asleep yet.
22. My husband says I never listen to him - at least I think that's what he said.
23. Why is it that our children can't read a Bible in school, but they can in prison?
24. If raising children was going to be easy, it never would have started with something called LABOR!
25. Wouldn't you know it: Brain cells come and go, but FAT cells live forever!
26. Why swear on the Bible in court when the 10 Commandments can't be displayed in a federal building?

I had amnesia once -- or twice.

I planted some bird seed. A bird came up. Now I don't know what to feed it.

I had amnesia once -- or twice.

I went to San Francisco. I found someone's heart.

Protons have mass? I didn't even know they were Catholic.

All I ask is a chance to prove that money can't make me happy.

I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous.

What is a "free" gift? Aren't all gifts free?

They told me I was gullible ... and I believed them.

Teach a child to be polite in the home and, when he grows up, he'll never be able to edge his car onto a freeway.

Two can live as cheaply as one, for half as long.

Experience is the thing you have left when everything else is gone.
What if there were no hypothetical questions?
One nice thing about egotists: They don't talk about other people.
When the only tool you own is a hammer, every problem begins to look like a nail.
A flashlight is a case for holding dead batteries.
What was the greatest thing before sliced bread?
My weight is perfect for my height -- which varies.
I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not sure.
The cost of living hasn't affected its popularity.
How can there be self-help "groups"?
Where do forest rangers go to "get away from it all"?
The speed of time is one-second per second.
Is it possible to be totally partial?
If swimming is so good for your figure, how do you explain whales?
Show me a man with both feet firmly on the ground, and I'll show you a man who
can't get his pants off.
It's not an optical illusion. It just looks like one.
Is it my imagination, or do buffalo wings taste like chicken?

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Check out this site for a great song parody:
<http://www.minibite.com/funstuff/youdont.htm>

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Here's a cute website for whiling away a bit of time:
<http://andrius.esu.lt/10/go2.htm>

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A 70 year-old extremely wealthy widower, shows up at the Country Club with a breathtakingly beautiful and very sexy 25 year-old blonde who knocks everyone's socks off with her charms and who hangs over Bob's arm and listens intently to his every word.

His buddies at the club are all amazed and envious. They corner him and ask, "Bob, how'd you get the trophy girlfriend?"

Bob replies, "Girlfriend? She's my wife!"

They're knocked over, but continue to ask. "So, how'd you persuade her to marry you?"

Bob says, "I lied about my age."

His friends respond, "What did you tell her, that you are only 50?"

"No," he replied, "I told her I was 90."

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Colored folks

When I born, I black,
when I grow up, I black,
when I go in sun, I black,
when I cold, I black,
when I scared, I black,
when I sick, I black,
and when I die, I still black.

You white folks...
when you born, you pink,
when you grow up, you white,

when you go in sun, you red,
when you cold, you blue,
when you scared, you yellow,
when you sick, you green,
when you bruised, you purple,
and when you die, you gray.
So who you callin' colored folk's ???

She spent the first day packing her belongings into boxes, crates and suitcases. On the second day, she had the movers come and collect her things. On the third day, she sat down for the last time at their beautiful dining room table by candlelight, put on some soft background music, and feasted on a pound of shrimp, a jar of caviar and a bottle of Chardonnay.

When she had finished, she went into each and every room and deposited a few half-eaten shrimp shells, dipped in caviar, into the hollow of the curtain rods. She then cleaned up the kitchen and left.

When the husband returned with his new girlfriend, all was bliss for the first few days. Then slowly, the house began to smell. They tried everything: cleaning and mopping and airing the place out. Vents were checked for dead rodents, and carpets were steam cleaned. Air fresheners were hung everywhere.

Exterminators were brought in to set off gas canisters, during which they had to move out for a few days, and in the end they even paid to replace the expensive wool carpeting.

Nothing worked. People stopped coming over to visit. Repairmen refused to work in the house. The maid quit. Finally, they could not take the stench any longer and decided to move.

A month later, even though they had cut their price in half, they could not find a buyer for their stinky house. Word got out, and eventually even the local realtors refused to return their calls.

Finally, they had to borrow a huge sum of money from the bank to purchase a new place.

The ex-wife called the man and asked how things were going. He told her the saga of the rotting house. She listened politely and said that she missed her old home terribly and would be willing to reduce her divorce settlement in exchange for getting the house back.

Knowing his ex-wife had no idea how bad the smell was, he agreed on a price that was about 1/10th of what the house had been worth - but only if she were to sign the papers that very day. She agreed and within the hour, his lawyers delivered the paperwork.

A week later, the man and his new girlfriend stood smirking as they watched the moving company pack everything to take to their new home ... including the curtain rods.

I LOVE A HAPPY ENDING, DON'T YOU?

"This Won't Hurt Much"

A piece by Terry Jones (from Monty Python)

For some time now, I've been trying to find out where my son goes after choir practice. He simply refuses to tell me. He says it's no business of mine where he goes after choir practice and it's a free country.

It may be a free country, but if people start going just anywhere they like after choir practice, goodness knows whether we'll have a country left to be free. I mean, he might be going to anarchist meetings or Islamic study groups. How do I know?

The thing is, if people don't say where they're going after choir practice, this country is at risk. So I have been applying a certain amount of pressure on my son to tell me where he's going. To begin with I simply put a bag over his head and chained him to a radiator. But did that persuade him? Does the Pope eat kosher?

My wife had the gall to suggest that I might be going a bit too far. So I put a bag over her head and chained her to the radiator. But I still couldn't persuade my son to tell me where he goes after choir practice.

I tried starving him, serving him only cold meals and shaving his facial hair off, keeping him in stress positions, not turning his light off, playing loud music outside his cell door - all the usual stuff that any concerned parent will do to find out where their child is going after choir practice. But it was all to no avail.

I hesitated to gravitate to harsher interrogation methods because, after all, he is my son. Then Donald Rumsfeld came to my rescue.

I read in the New York Times last week that a memo had been prepared for the Defense Secretary on March 6 2003. It laid down the strictest guidelines as to what is and what is not torture. Because, let's face it, none of us want to actually torture our children, in case the police get to hear about it.

The March 6 memo, prepared for Mr. Rumsfeld explained that what may look like torture is not really torture at all. It states that: if someone "knows that severe pain will result from his actions, if causing such harm is not his objective, he lacks the requisite specific intent even though the defendant did not act in good faith".

What this means in understandable English is that if a parent, in his anxiety to know where his son goes after choir practice, does something that will cause severe pain to his son, it is only "torture" if the causing of that severe pain is his objective. If his objective is something else - such as finding out where his son goes after choir practice - then it is not torture.

Mr. Rumsfeld's memo goes on: "a defendant" (by which he means a concerned parent) "is guilty of torture only if he acts with the express purpose of inflicting severe pain or suffering on a person within his control".

Couldn't be clearer. If your intention is to extract information, you cannot be accused of torture.

In fact, the report went further. It said, if a parent "has a good-faith belief [that] his actions will not result in prolonged mental harm, he lacks the mental state necessary for his actions to constitute torture".

So all you've got to do to avoid accusations of child abuse is to say that you didn't think it would cause any lasting harm to the child. Easy peasy!

I currently have a lot of my son's friends locked up in the garage, and I'm applying electrical charges to their genitals and sexually humiliating them in order to get them to tell me where my son goes after choir practice.

Dick Cheney's counsel, David S Addington, says that's just fine. William J Haynes, the US Defense department's general counsel, agrees it's just fine. And so does the US air force general counsel, Mary Walker.

In fact, practically everybody in the US administration seems to think it's just fine, except for the state department lawyer, William H Taft IV, who perversely claims that I might be opening the door to people applying electrical charges to my genitals and sexually humiliating me.

So I'm going to round up all the children in the neighborhood, chain them and set dogs on them. I might accidentally kill one or two - but I won't have intended to - and perhaps I'll take some photos of my wife standing on the dead bodies, and then I'll show the photos to the other kids, and finally, perhaps, I might get

to find out where my son goes after choir practice. After all, I'll only be doing what the US administration has been condoning since 9/11.

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Directions on "How to call the Police"

George Phillips of Meridian Mississippi was going up to bed when his wife told him that he'd left the light on in the garden shed, which she could see from the bedroom window. George opened the back door to go turn off the light but saw that there were people in the shed stealing things. He phoned the police and told them that there were burglars in his shed. The officer asked, "Is someone in your house?" and he said no. The officer replied that all patrols were busy, and that he should simply lock his door and an officer would be along when available.

George said, "Okay," hung up, counted to 30, and phoned the police again. "Hello I just called you a few seconds ago because there were people in my shed. Well, you don't have to worry about them now 'cause I've just shot them all." Then he hung up.

Within five minutes three police cars, an Armed Response unit, and an ambulance showed up at the Phillips residence. Of course, the police caught the burglars red-handed.

One of the Policemen said to George: "I thought you said that you'd shot them!"

George said, "I thought you said there was nobody available!"

(True Story) I LOVE IT!