

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was and I told him, "62."

He was quiet for a moment, then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

CHEROKEE LANGUAGE

A Cherokee Indian was a special guest at an elementary school. He talked to the children about his tribe and its traditions, then shared with them this fun fact: "There are no swear words in the Cherokee language."

One boy raised his hand, "But what if you're hammering a nail and accidentally smash your thumb?"

"That," the man answered, "is when we use your language."

SPEEDING

Two priests were riding very fast on a motorcycle.

They were promptly stopped by a policeman who said, "What do you think you are doing? What if you have an accident?"

The priests say, "Don't worry, my son. Jesus is with us."

The policeman says, "In that case, I have to book you. Three people are not allowed to ride on a motorcycle."

UPGRADING HER LIFE

A 45-year-old woman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital. While on the operating table she had a near-death experience. Seeing God she asked, "Is my time up?"

God said, "No, you have another 43 years, 2 months and 8 days to live."

After she recovered, the woman decided to extend her hospital stay, so she could have a face-lift, liposuction, breast implants and a tummy tuck. She even had someone come in and change her hair color and whiten her teeth. Since she had so much more time to live, she figured she might as well make the most of it!

After healing up from her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While crossing the street on her way home, she was hit by an ambulance and killed.

Arriving in front of God, she demanded, "I thought you said I had another 43 years? Why didn't you pull me from out of the path of the ambulance?"

God replied: "I didn't recognize you."

AS I'VE MATURED

As I have matured, I have learned that:

you cannot make someone love you. All you can do is stalk them and hope they panic and give in.

one good turn gets most of the blankets.

no matter how much I care, some people are just jerks.

it takes years to build up trust, and it only takes suspicion, not proof, to destroy it.

whatever hits the fan will not be evenly distributed.

you shouldn't compare yourself to others, because they're more screwed up than you think.

depression is merely anger without enthusiasm.

it's not what you wear, it's how you take it off.

you can keep vomiting long after you think you're finished.

to not sweat the petty things, and not to pet the sweaty things.

age is a very high price to pay for maturity.

I don't suffer from insanity, I enjoy it.

we are responsible for what we do, unless we are celebrities.

the people you care most about in life are taken from you too soon and all the less important ones just never go away. And the ones who are real pains, well, they're permanent.

BRAIN TRANSPLANT

In the hospital the relatives gathered in the waiting room, where their family member lay gravely ill.

Finally, the doctor came in looking tired and somber. "I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad news," he said as he surveyed the worried faces. "The only hope left for your loved one at this time is a brain transplant. It's an experimental procedure, very risky but it is the only hope. Insurance will cover the procedure, but you will have to pay for the brain yourselves."

The family members sat silent as they absorbed the news. After a great length of time, someone asked, "Well, how much does a brain cost?"

The doctor quickly responded, "\$1,000 for a male brain, and \$100 for a female brain."

The moment turned awkward. Men in the room tried not to smile, avoiding eye contact with the women, but some actually smirked. A man unable to control his curiosity, blurted out the question everyone wanted to ask, "Why is the male brain so much more?"

The doctor smiled at the childish innocence and explained to the entire group, "It's just standard pricing procedure. We have to mark down the price of the female brains, because they've actually been used."

EXERPTS FROM THE DIARIES OF DOGS & CATS

Excerpts From A Dog's Diary

Day number 180:

8:00 am - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

9:30 am - OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

9:40 am - OH BOY! A WALK! MY FAVORITE!

10:30 am - OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

11:30 am - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

12:00 noon - OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!

1:00 pm - OH BOY! THE YARD! MY FAVORITE!

4:00 pm - OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!

5:00 pm - OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

5:30 pm - OH BOY! MOM! MY FAVORITE!

Excerpts From A Cat's Diary

DAY 752: My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant.

DAY 761: Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded, must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair. Must try this on their bed.

DAY 766: Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in an attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good little cat I am. Hmmm. Not working according to plan.

DAY 768: I am finally aware of how sadistic they are. For no good reason I was chosen for the water torture. This time however it included a burning foamy chemical called "shampoo". What sick minds could invent such a liquid? My only consolation is the piece of thumb still stuck between my teeth.

DAY 771: There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the foul odor of the glass tubes they call "beer". More importantly I overheard that my confinement was due to my power of "allergies". Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

DAY 774: I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and maybe snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit. The bird on the other hand has got to be an informant, and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room, his safety is assured. But I can wait, it is only a matter of time.

IF...

If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that:

electricians can be delighted,
musicians denoted,
cowboys deranged,
models deposed,
tree surgeons debarked,
and dry cleaners depressed?

ARE YOU REALLY SURE?

A blind guy on a bar stool shouts to the bartender, "Wanna hear a blonde joke?"

In a hushed voice, the guy next to him says, "Before you tell that joke, you should know something."

Our bartender is blonde, the bouncer is blonde. I'm a 6' tall, 200 lb black belt. The guy sitting next to me is 6'2", weighs 225, and he's a rugby player. The fella to your right is 6'5" pushing 300 and he's a wrestler. Each one of us is blonde. Think about it, Mister. Do you still wanna tell that joke?"

The blind guy says, "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times."

BLONDE CAR ACCIDENT

One day, while a blonde was out driving her car, she ran into a truck.

The truck's driver made her pull over into a parking lot and get out of the car.

He took a piece of chalk and drew a circle on the pavement. He told her to stand in the middle and not leave the circle.

Furious, he went over to her car and slashed the tires.

The blonde started laughing.

This made the man angrier so he smashed her windshield.

This time the blonde laughed even harder.

Livid, the man broke all her windows and keyed her car.

The blonde is now laughing hysterically, so the truck driver asks her what's so funny.

The blonde giggles and replies, "When you weren't looking, I stepped out of the circle three times!"

I'M GOING ICE FISHING!

A blonde who got a fishing rod for her birthday decided to go ice fishing to make good use of her gift. Early the next morning, she got all her gear together and headed out to the ice.

When she reached her final destination, she cut a large hole in the ice and dipped the rod in. Then suddenly she heard a voice that said: "There are no fish in there".

So she moves to another spot and cuts another hole, but then the same voice spoke again and told her there were no fish in there.

So she moves again, and the voice tells her there are no fish in there. So she looks up and sees an irritated man staring down at her.

"How do you know there are no fish there?" asks the blonde.

Coolly the man says, "Well first of all, this is a hockey rink, and second of all, you're going to have to pay for those holes."

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE BLONDE?

who took an hour to cook Minute Rice?

who got into the taxi, and the driver kept the "Vacant" sign up?

who was an M.D.--Mentally Deficient?

who thought nitrates was cheaper than day rates?

who after watching the ballerinas, wondered why they didn't get taller girls?

who went to a nudist camp for a game of strip poker?

who brought her cosmetics with her for a make-up exam?

ENGINEERING TALK

I work as a Design Engineer. While driving I seldom slow down at the road breakers and bumps.

One day out of exasperation my wife sitting next to me said, " You know Honey, if you don't slow down you're going to damage your shock absorbers and your bearings and you will soon have to do a wheel alignment again."

I was surprised by her knowledge of the technical words and told her so.

She replied, "Sweetheart, for years I've been telling you in plain English to slow down but you aren't listening. I thought maybe some engineering talk might help you see your foolishness."

Well it did.

COMPUTER HELP

Last week my wife and I purchased a new computer. We ran into some difficulties while setting it up, so we decided to call the customer support phone number we found in the manual.

I picked up the phone and called the number. A man answered the phone and I explained the problem to him.

He began rattling off computer jargon. This confused us even more.

"Sir," I said politely, "Can you explain what I should do as if I were a small child?"

"Okay," the computer support guy said, "Son, could you please put your mommy on the phone?"

FRIENDLY SKIES

An award should go to the United Airlines gate agent in Denver for being smart and funny, and making her point, when confronted with a passenger who probably deserved to fly as cargo.

During the final days at Denver's old Stapleton airport, a crowded United flight was canceled.

A single agent was re-booking a long line of inconvenienced travelers. Suddenly an angry passenger pushed his way to the desk. He slapped his ticket down on the counter and said, "I HAVE to be on this flight and it has to be FIRST CLASS."

The agent replied, "I'm sorry sir. I'll be happy to try to help you, but I've got to help these folks first, and I'm sure we'll be able to work something out."

The passenger was unimpressed. He asked loudly, so that the passengers behind him could hear, "Do you have any idea who I am?"

Without hesitating, the gate agent smiled and grabbed her public address microphone. "May I have your attention please?" she began, her voice bellowing throughout the terminal. "We have a passenger here at the gate WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHO HE IS. If anyone can help him find his identity, please come to the gate."

With the folks behind him in line laughing hysterically, the man glared at the United agent, gritted his teeth and swore, "(Expletive) you."

Without flinching, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to stand in line for that, too."

The man retreated as the people in the terminal applauded loudly. Although the flight was canceled and people were late, they were no longer angry at United.

HANDY AROUND THE HOUSE

Eleven Step Guide to Being Handy Around the House

If you can't find a screwdriver, use a knife. If you break off the tip, it's an improved screwdriver.

Try to work alone. An audience is rarely any help.

Despite what you may have been told by your mother, praying and cursing are both helpful in home repair, but only if you are working alone.

Work in the kitchen whenever you can. Many fine tools are there, it's warm and dry, and you are close to the refrigerator.

If it's electronic, get a new one, or consult a twelve-year-old.

Stay simple minded: Get a new battery; replace the bulb or fuse; see if the tank is empty; try turning it to the "on" switch; or just paint over it.

Always take credit for miracles. If you dropped the alarm clock while taking it apart and it suddenly starts working, you have healed it.

Regardless of what people say, kicking, pounding, throwing, and sharing sometimes DOES help.

If something looks level, it is level.

If at first you don't succeed, redefine success.

Above all, if what you've done is stupid, but it works, then it isn't stupid.

KANGAROOS

A kangaroo kept getting out of his enclosure at the zoo.

Knowing that he could hop high, the zoo officials put up a ten-foot fence.

He was out the next morning, just sauntering around the zoo.

A twenty-foot fence was put up. Again he got out.

When the fence was forty feet high, a camel in the next enclosure asked the kangaroo, "How high do you think they'll go?"

The kangaroo said, "About a thousand feet, unless somebody locks the gate at night!"

ZIPPERS

A mother was showing her son how to zip up his coat. "The secret," she said, "is to get the left part of the zipper to fit in the other side before you try to zip it up."

The boy looked at her quizzically. "Why does it have to be a secret?"

DEAR BANK MANAGER

Dear Bank Manager,

I am writing to thank you for bouncing the check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations some three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check, and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire salary, an arrangement, which, I admit, has only been in place for eight years.

You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account with \$50 by way of penalty for the inconvenience I caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to re-think my errant financial ways.

You have set me on the path of fiscal righteousness. No more will our relationship be blighted by these unpleasant incidents, for I am restructuring my affairs in 2007, taking as my model the procedures, attitudes and conduct of your very bank. I can think of no greater compliment, and I know you will be excited and proud to hear it. To this end, please be advised about the following changes.

First, I have noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you I am confronted by the impersonal, ever-changing, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh and blood person.

My mortgage and loan repayments will, therefore and hereafter, no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee of your branch, whom you must nominate. You will be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contact Status, which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative.

Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Justice of the Peace, and that the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course I will issue your employee with a PIN number, which he/she must quote in all dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me level the playing field even further by introducing you to my new telephone system, which you will notice, is very much like yours. My Authorized Contact at your bank, the only person with whom I will have any dealings, may call me at any time and will be answered by an automated voice. By pressing Buttons on the phone, he/she will be guided thorough an extensive set of menus:

- 1 - To make an appointment to see me.
- 2 - To query a missing repayment.

3 - To make a general complaint or inquiry.

4 - To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there;

Extension of living room to be communicated at the time the call is received.

5 - To transfer the call to my bedroom case I am still sleeping.

Extension of bedroom to be communicated at the time the call is received.

6 - To transfer the call to my bathroom in case I am attending to nature. Extension of toilet to be communicated at the time the call is received.

7 - To transfer the call to my mobile phone in case I am not at home.

8 - To leave a message on my computer. To leave a message a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated at a later date to the contact.

9 - To return to the main menu and listen carefully to options 1 through 8. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service. While this may on occasion involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration. This month I've chosen a refrain from The Best Of Woody Guthrie:

Oh, the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are filled with silver
That the miners sweated for.

After twenty minutes of that, our mutual contact will probably know it by heart.

On a more serious note, we come to the matter of cost. As your bank has often pointed out, the ongoing drive for greater efficiency comes at a cost - a cost which you have always been quick to pass on to me. Let me repay your kindness by passing some costs back.

First, there is the matter of advertising material you send me. This I will read for a fee of \$20 per page. Inquiries from your nominated contact will be billed at \$5 per minute of my time spent in response. Any debits to my account, as, for example, in the matter of the penalty for the dishonored check, will be passed back to you.

My new phone service runs at 75 cents a minute (even Woody Guthrie doesn't come for free), so you would be well advised to keep your inquiries brief and to the point.

Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever-so-slightly less prosperous, New Year.

Your humble client.

FAIRY TALES

A little girl asked her father, "Daddy? Do all Fairy Tales begin with Once Upon A Time?"

He replied, "No, there is a whole series of Fairy Tales that begin with 'If elected I promise...'"

GOLF PARTNERS

A fellow comes home after his regular Saturday golf game and his wife asks why he doesn't include Tom O'Brien in the games anymore.

The husband asks, "Would you want to play with a guy who regularly cheats, swears up a storm over everything, lies about his score, and has nothing good to say about anyone else on the course?"

"Of course I wouldn't," replies the wife.

"Well," says the husband, "Neither would Tom O'Brien."

A MODERN MARRIAGE

I stopped at a florist shop after work to pick up roses for my wife. As the clerk was putting the finishing touches on the bouquet, a young man burst through the door, breathlessly requesting a dozen red roses.

"I'm sorry," the clerk said. "This man just ordered our last bunch." The desperate customer turned to me and begged, "May I please have those roses?"

"What happened?" I asked. "Did you forget your wedding anniversary?"

"It's even worse than that," he confided. "I broke my wife's hard drive!"