



# FREE

One afternoon a lawyer was riding in his limousine when he saw two men along the roadside eating

grass.

Disturbed, he ordered his driver to stop and he got out to investigate.

He asked one man, "Why are you eating grass?"

"We don't have any money for food," the poor man replied. "We have to eat grass."

"Well, then, you can come with me to my house and I'll feed you," the lawyer said.

"But sir, I have a wife and two children with me. They are over there, under that tree."

"Bring them along," the lawyer replied.

Turning to the other poor man he stated, "You come with us, also."

The second man, in a pitiful voice, then said, "But sir, I also have a wife and SIX children with me!"

"Bring them all, as well," the lawyer answered.

They all entered the car, which was no easy task, even for a car as large as the limousine was.

Once underway, one of the poor fellows turned to the lawyer and said, "Sir, you are too kind.

Thank you for taking all of us with you."

The lawyer replied, "Glad to do it. You'll really love my place. The grass is almost a foot high."

Of course, I won't laugh," the urologist said. "I'm a professional. In over twenty years, I've never laughed at a patient."

"Okay, then," Jack said, and proceeded to drop his trousers, revealing the tiniest penis the doctor had ever seen. It couldn't have been even the size of a peanut.

Unable to control himself, the urologist started giggling . . . and then fell, laughing, to the floor.

Minutes later, he was able to get to his feet and regain his composure.

"I'm so sorry," said the urologist. "I really am.

I don't know what came over me. As a professional and a gentleman, I promise it won't happen again.

Now, what seems to be the problem?"

"It's swollen."

He said . . . I don't know why you wear a bra; you've got nothing to put in it. She said . . . You wear pants don't you?

# RIDERS

On a farm lived a chicken and a horse, both of whom loved to play together.

One day, the two were playing when the horse fell into a bog and began to sink. Scared for his life, the horse whinnied for the chicken to go get the farmer for help!

Off the chicken ran, back to the farm.

Arriving at the farm, he searched and searched for the farmer, but to no avail, for he had gone to town with the only tractor.

Running around, the chicken spied the farmer's new Harley. Finding the keys in the ignition, the chicken sped off with a length of rope hoping he still had time to save his friend's life.

Back at the bog, the horse was surprised, but happy, to see the chicken arrive on the shiny Harley, and he managed to get a hold of the loop of rope the chicken tossed to him.

After tying the other end to the rear bumper of the farmer's bike, the chicken then drove slowly forward and, with the aid of the bike, rescued the horse!

Happy and proud, the chicken rode the Harley back to the farmhouse, and the farmer was none the wiser when he returned.

The friendship between the two animals was cemented: best buddies, best pals. A few weeks later, the chicken fell into a mud pit, and soon, he too, began to sink and cried out to the horse to save his life!

The horse thought a moment, walked over, and straddled the large puddle.

Looking underneath, he told the chicken to grab his cock and he would then lift him out of the pit. The chicken got a good grip, and the horse pulled him up and out, saving his life.

The moral of the story? (Yes, there's a moral): "When you're hung like a horse, you don't need a Harley to pick up chicks."

# HUMOR

(Why Men are Rarely Published in Dear Abby)

Dear Abby,

I've never written to you before, but I really need your advice on what could be a crucial decision. I've suspected for some time now that my wife has been cheating on me. The usual signs... phone rings but if I answer, the caller hangs up. My wife has been going out with the girls a lot recently although when I ask their names she always says, "Just some friends from work, you don't know them." I always stay awake to look out for her taxi coming home, but she always walks down the drive.

Anyway, I have never approached the subject with my wife. I think deep down I just didn't want to know the truth, but last night she went out again and I decided to really check on her. I decided I was going to park my Harley Davidson motor cycle next to the garage and then hide behind it so I could get a good view of the whole street when she came home. It was at that moment, crouching behind my Harley, that I noticed that the valve covers on my engine seemed to be leaking a little oil. Is this something I can fix myself or should I take it back to the dealer?

A man, his wife, and his mother-in-law went on vacation to the Holy Land.

While they were there, the mother-in-law passed away. The undertaker told them, "You can have her shipped home for \$5,000, or you can bury her here in the Holy Land for \$150.00."

The man thought about it and told him he would just have her shipped home.

The undertaker asked, "Why would you spend \$5,000 to ship your mother-in-law home, when it would be wonderful to have her buried here and spend only \$150.00?"

The man replied, "A man died here 2,000 years ago, was buried here, and three days later he rose from the dead. I just can't take that chance."

At the pharmacy, a man asked to talk to a male pharmacist.

The lady at the counter said that she herself was the pharmacist, and that she and her sister owned the store, so there were no male employees. She asked how she could help.

The man said that it was something he would be more comfortable discussing with a male pharmacist. She reminded him that she was completely professional, and he could speak with her.

"This is tough for me to discuss," he said, "but I have a permanent erection. So I was wondering what you could give me for it."

"Just a minute", said the pharmacist, " I'll go talk to my sister." She returned a few minutes later and said: "We discussed this at length.

The absolute best we can do is, 1/3 ownership of the shop, a company car, and \$3,000 a month living expenses."