

THE TRAIL  
GOTCHA!



# FREE

# RIDERS

# HUMOR

"Petishun"

We blonds at the ofise are tired of all the the dum stoopid jokes about us. We think this is hairassment.

It causes us grate stress and makes our roots turn dark. We have hired a loyer and he is talking to the loyers at Clairrol. We will take this all the way to the supream cort if we have two. Juj Thomas knos all about hairassment and he will be on are side.

We have also talked to the govner to make a new lo to stop this pursicushun. We want a lo that makes peepol tell brewnet jokes as much as blond jokes and every so often a red head joke. If we don't get our way we will not date anybody that ain't blond and we will make up jokes about you and we will laff.

Sined by the blonds at the ofise



A little old lady decides to join the Motorcycle Gang. One day she goes up and knocks on their clubhouse door. A big, hairy, bearded biker with tattoos all over his arms answers.

She boldly proclaims, "I want to join your club."

The guy is amused and decides to humor her a bit, so he says she needs

to meet certain biker requirements in order to join. The biker asks; "Do you have a motorcycle?"

The little old lady replies, "Yep... my bike's parked over there," and points to a flamed black Harley chopper in the driveway.

The biker asks, "Do you drink?"

She replies, "Yep, like a fish. I'll drink any man in your club under the table."

The biker then asks, "Do you smoke?"

The little old lady replies, "Yep, smoke like a chimney. At least 4 packs of cigarettes and three joints a day and a couple of cigars in the evening, while I'm shooting pool."

The biker is very impressed and asks, "You sound like one bad Mama. Tell me, have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

The little old lady thinks for a minute and says, "Nope, but I've been swung around by my nipples a few times....."



Bob calls his buddy Sam, the horse rancher, and says he's sending a friend over to look at a horse.

Sam asks "How will I recognize him?"

That's easy, he's a midget with a speech impediment."

So, the midget shows up, and Sam asks him if he's looking for a male or female horse.

"A female horth."

So he shows him a prized filly.

"Nithe lookin horth. Can I thee her eyeth"?

Sam picks up the midget and he gives the horse's eyes the once over.

"Nithe eyeth, can I thee her earzth"?

So he picks the little fella up again, and shows him the horse's ears.

"Nithe earzth, can I see her mouf"?

The rancher is gettin' pretty ticked off by this point, but he picks him up again and shows him the horse's mouth.

"Nithe mouf, can I see her twat"?

Totally mad at this point, the rancher grabs him under his arms and rams the midget's head as far as he can up the horse's twat, pulls him out and slams him on the ground.

The midget gets up, sputtering and coughing.

"Perhapth I should rephrase that. Can I thee her wun aound a widdlebit."



After their baby was born, the panicked father went to see the Obstetrician.

'Doctor,' the man said, 'I don't mind telling you, but I'm a little upset because my child has red hair. This child can't possibly be mine!!' 'Nonsense,' the doctor said. 'Even though you and your wife both have black hair, one of your ancestors may have contributed red hair to the gene pool.'

'It isn't possible,' the man insisted. 'This can't be, our families on both sides had jet-black hair for generations.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'let me ask you this. How often do you have sex?'

The man seemed a bit ashamed. 'I've been working very hard for the past year. We only made love once or twice every few months.'

'Well, there you have it!' The doctor said confidently. 'It's rust.'

There was a man who lost one of his arms in an accident. He became very depressed because he had loved to play guitar and a lot of things that took two arms. One day he had had it. He decided to commit suicide.

He got on an elevator and went to the top of a building to jump off. He was standing on the ledge looking down and saw this man skipping along, whistling and kicking up his heels. He looked closer and saw this man didn't have any arms at all.

He started thinking, what am I doing up here feeling sorry for myself, I still have one good arm to do things with. There goes a man with no arms skipping down the sidewalk happy and going on with his life.

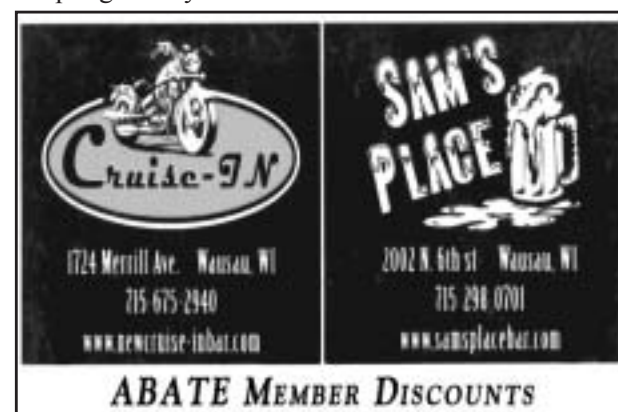
He hurried down and caught the man with no arms. He told him how glad he was to see him because he had lost one of his arms and felt ugly and useless and was going to kill himself. He thanked him again for saving his life and he knew he could make it with one arm if that guy could go on with no arms. The man with no arms began dancing and whistling and kicking up his heels again.

He asked, "Why are you so happy anyway?"

He said, "I'm NOT happy my ass itches."

GREAT NEWS !!!!!!!!!!!!!

I found a local prostitute who charges by the inch. Obviously, I can't afford her but thought it would be a cheap night for you



Just in case you ever get these two environments mixed up, this should make things a little bit clearer:

@ PRISON & @ WORK

@ PRISON -You spend most of your time in a 10X10 cell @ WORK You spend most of your time in an 6X6 cubicle

@ PRISON-You get three meals a day, fully paid for @ WORK You get a break for one meal and you have to pay for it

@ PRISON-you get time off For good behavior, @ WORK you get more work

@ PRISON -The guard locks and unlocks all the doors for you @ WORK -You must carry a security card and open all the doors yourself

@ PRISON -You can watch TV and play games @ WORK You could get fired for watching TV and playing games

@ PRISON -You get your own toilet @ WORK You have to share the toilet with people who pee on the seat

@ PRISON- They allow your family and friends to visit @ WORK -You aren't even supposed to speak to your family

@ PRISON- All expenses are paid by the taxpayers with no work required @ WORK You must pay all your expenses to go to work, and they deduct taxes from your salary to pay for prisoners

@ PRISON-You spend most of your life inside bars wanting to get out @ WORK You spend most of your time wanting to get out and go inside bars

@ PRISON You must deal with sadistic wardens @ WORK They are called "managers"

