



# FREE

Men and women have two dis-views about a wedding. The husband to be wakes up in the morning, plays a round of golf and counts the minutes until he has to be at the altar.

The wife to be on the other hand, wakes up in the morning and is panicking. She immediately begins to organize things, making sure everything is in proper order. In her mind she is repeating what she has to do. 'All I have to do is go down the aisle, get to the altar, and marry him.' She repeats this over and over again, until she begins to shorten it to three words which she continues to repeat.. 'Aisle, altar, him.' 'Aisle, altar, him.' 'Aisle, altar, him.'

For those who don't get the joke, say the last three words a couple of times real fast out loud.

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Yesterday I was buying a large bag of Purina dog chow for the puppies, Dallas and Smokey, at Wal-Mart and was about to check out. A woman behind me asked if I had a dog. On impulse, I told her no, I didn't have a dog, and that I was starting the Purina Diet again. Although I probably shouldn't, because I'd ended up in the hospital last time, but that I'd lost 50 pounds before I awakened in an intensive care ward with tubes coming out of most of my orifices and IVs in both arms. I told her that it was essentially a perfect diet and that the way that it works is to load your pants pockets with Purina nuggets and simply eat one or two every time you feel hungry and that the food is nutritionally complete so I was going to try it again. (I have to mention here that practically everyone in the line was by now enthralled with my story.) Horrified, she asked if I ended up in intensive care because the dog food poisoned me. I told her no; I stepped off a curb to sniff an Irish Setter's ass and a car hit us both. I thought the guy behind her was going to have a heart attack, he was laughing so hard! WAL-MART won't let me shop there anymore!!!

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A woman walks into her accountant's office and tells him that she needs to file her taxes. The accountant says: "Before we begin, I'll need to ask you a few questions." He gets her name, address, social security number, etc, and then asks, "what is your occupation?" "I'm a whore," she says.

# RIDERS

The accountant balks and says, "No, No, No, that won't work. That is too gross. Let's try to rephrase that." The woman says, "OK., I'm a high-end call girl." "No, that is still too crude. Try again." They both think for a minute, then the woman says, "I'm an elite chicken farmer." The accountant asks, "What does chicken farming have to do with being a whore & call girl?" "Well, I raised over a thousand little peckers last year." He replies: "Good enough."

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One day Ed, known for always being broke and shabby, walks into his regular bar. One of the other regulars, noticing his new clothes and brand new Harley Davidson asked him where he got it. Ed, with a big, proud smile on his face explained: "I was walking to the grocery store, when all of a sudden a girl rode up on this shining new Harley. She got off her bike, threw off all of her clothes and said 'take what you want.' So I did."

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A little boy was waiting for his mother to come out of the grocery Store. As he waited, he was approached by a man who asked, "Son, can You tell me where the Post Office is?" The little boy replied, "Sure! Just go straight down this street a Coupla blocks and turn to your right." The man thanked the boy kindly and said, "I'm the new pastor in town. I'd like for you to come to church on Sunday. I'll show you how to get To Heaven." The little boy replied with a chuckle. "Awww, come on... You don't even know the way to the Post Office."

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A big Texan stopped at a local restaurant following a day roaming around in Mexico.

# HUMOR

While sipping his tequila, he noticed a sizzling, scrumptious looking platter being served at the next table. Not only did it look good, the smell was wonderful. He asked the waiter, "What is that you just served?" The waiter replied, "Ah senior, sometimes the bull wins"

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A teacher gave her 5th grade class an assignment: They were to have their parents tell them a story with a moral. The next day the kids came to class, and one by one, told their stories:

Little Kathy raised her hand first and said, "We live on a farm and have hens that lay eggs for market. Once we were taking a basket of eggs to market on the front seat of the pickup truck and we hit a big bump in the road. The eggs went flying and broke all over everything."

And what is the moral to that story?" "Don't put all your eggs in one basket."

"Very good," said the teacher.

Then little Tammy raised her hand and said, "We live on a farm, too. But we raise chickens for the meat market. We had a dozen eggs once, but when they hatched, we got only ten live chicks. And the moral to that story is, don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

"That was a fine example, Tammy. Johnny, I believe you had your hand up next."

"Yes Ma'am. My daddy told me that my Aunt Karen was a flight engineer in Desert Storm and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory and all she had was a bottle of whiskey, a machine gun, and a machete. She drank the whiskey on the way down so it wouldn't break, and then she landed right in the middle of a hundred enemy soldiers. She killed seventy of them with the machine gun until she ran out of bullets, then she killed twenty more with the machete before the blade broke off. Then she killed the last ten with her bare hands."

"Good Heavens!" said the horrified teacher. "What did your daddy tell you was the moral to that terrible story?"

"Stay the hell away from Aunt Karen when she's been drinking."

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