

One for the road...

A yellow toad asked his fairy godmother to make him brown like the other toads. "I'm tired of being so visible to predators."

The fairy godmother waved her magic wand and Poof! he was brown, except for his willy, which remained yellow.

"Fairy godmother, wait! My willy is still yellow!"

The fairy godmother replied, "Sorry, I don't do willy's. You'll have to see the Wizard of Oz for that."

The toad thanked her and hopped off on his way.

An albino bear encountered the same fairy godmother.

"Fairy godmother, please make me brown like you did that toad. No lady bear will hang with me because hunters can spot us a mile away."

The fairy godmother waved her magic wand and Poof! he was brown, except for his willy, which remained snow white.

"Fairy godmother, wait! My willy is still white!"

The fairy godmother replied, "Sorry, I don't do willy's. You'll have to see the Wizard of Oz for that."

The disgruntled bear replied, "Well, dandy. How the hell do I find the Wizard of Oz?"

The fairy godmother replied, "That's easy: just follow the yellow dick toad!"

"My teacher is really giving me a tuff time!" Little Johnny was telling his father.

"Handle it this way Johnny," his father advised.

"Take special care with your personal appearance and attire, pay attention in class and do your assignments and homework promptly."

"I really don't think that'll help Dad," Johnny sighed.

"She hissed at me during study break that she's 3 weeks overdue."

A reporter was dispatched to interview a man celebrating his 115th birthday.

He noticed the yard was full of children of all ages. "Are these your great-grandchildren?" the reporter asked.

"Naw, they're my younguns," replied the old man with a sly grin.

"Your children?" exclaimed the reporter as a beautiful 19-year-old woman brought them tea. "And is this another of your children?"

"Naw, she's my wife."

"Your wife? Why, she can't be more than 19!"

"That's right," said the old man, with pride. "At your age, you couldn't have sex with a 19-year-old."

"Why not? We have sex every night. And every time, I have a couple of my sons help me on and then, a couple of hours later, I have six of my sons help me off."

"Wait one minute. It takes two sons to put you on, but six sons to take you off? Why six?"

The spry old guy balled up his fists and said, "Cuz I fights 'em!" (There's still hope Ian!)

Tracy, the nice Jewish girl from Essex, goes into her local sex shop and everyone notices how unstable she is on her feet.

You can see them thinking, drunk, blonde bimbo.

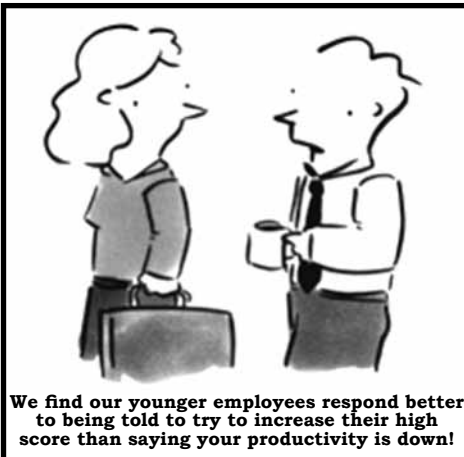
Very shakily, Tracy wobbles the few feet across the shop to the counter, grabs it for support, and asks the assistant behind the counter, "Dddoo youuu selll ddiilldoss?"

The assistant, trying not to laugh, replies, "Yes, we have many different types of dildo in stock."

"Ddddddooooo yyyouuuu ccaarrrry aaaa pppinkk onnee, tenn in chessss lllong aaandd aabboutt ttwoo in chessss ththiickk?" asks Tracy

The assistant replies, "Yes we do."

"Maazzeltovvv. Ddddooyouuu kknnooww hhowww tttooo tturrrnnn itt offfff?"



We find our younger employees respond better to being told to try to increase their high score than saying your productivity is down!

Two old friends were just about to tee off at the first hole of their local golf course.

Just then a chap carrying a golf bag called out to them, "Do you mind if I join you? My partner didn't show up."

"Sure," they said, "You're welcome."

Part way around the course, one of the friends asked the newcomer, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a hit man," was the reply. "You're joking!" was the response.

"No, I'm not," he said, reaching into his golf bag, and pulling out a beautiful Martini sniper's rifle with a large telescopic sight. "Here are my tools."

"That's a beautiful telescopic sight," said the other friend, "Can I take a look? I think I might be able to see my house from here."

So he picked up the rifle and looked through the sight in the direction of his house.

"Yeah, I can see my house all right. This sight is fantastic."

"I can see right in the window. Wow, I can see my wife in the bedroom."

"Ha, I can see she's naked!"

"Wait a minute, that's my neighbour in there with her... he's naked as well!"

He turned to the hit man, "How much do you charge for a hit?"

"I do a flat rate - for you, one thousand dollars every time I pull the trigger."

"Can you do two for me now?"

"Sure, what do you want?"

"First, shoot my wife, she's always been mouthy, so shoot her in the mouth."

"Then the neighbour, he's a friend of mine, so just shoot his John Thomas off to teach him a lesson."

The hit man took the rifle and took aim, standing perfectly still for a few minutes.

"Are you going to do it or not?" said the man impatiently.

"Just wait a moment, be patient," said the hit man calmly, "I think I can save you a grand here..."



Don't call me no ho, it ain't politickierly correct! I'm a testicle drainage technician.

Samantha, a buxom, blonde city-girl, went out for a drive in the country.

She marvelled at the wonders of nature and spotting a farmer standing with a farm animal, she stopped for a chat.

"Scuse me," she said, "Why doesn't this cow have any horns?"

The farmer cocked his head for a moment, and explained nicely, "Well, miss, cattle can do a powerful lot of damage with horns."

"Sometimes we keep 'em trimmed down with a hacksaw."

"Other times we can fix up the young 'uns by puttin' a couple drops of acid where their horns would grow in, and that stops 'em cold."

"Still, there are some breeds of cattle that never grow horns."

"But the reason this cow don't have no horns, miss, is 'cause it's a horse."

A rather drunken guest asked the host of the party, "Scuse me, but do you have green toilet paper that talks?"

The host looked with disdain at him and replied, "Certainly not!"

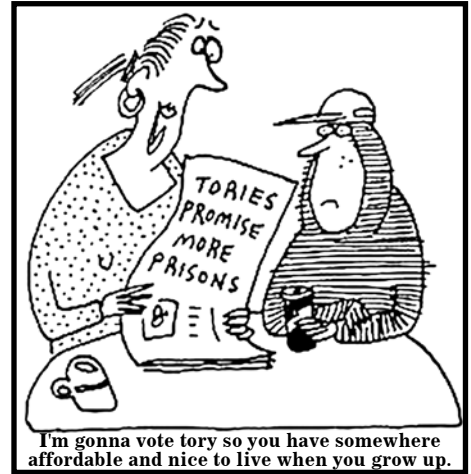
"Oh dear. Then I'm terribly sorry, I think I just used your parrot in the bog!"

A 'rule of thumb' for women, If it has tyres or testicles, you're going to have trouble with it!

Newlywed Barry wondered if having sex on the Sabbath is a sin because he is not sure if sex is work or play.

So Barry first of all goes to a catholic priest and asks for his opinion on this question.

After consulting the Bible, the priest says, "My son, after an exhaustive search, I am positive that sex is work and is therefore not permitted on Sundays."



I'm gonna vote tory so you have somewhere affordable and nice to live when you grow up.

Barry thinks: "What does a priest know about sex?"

So he goes to a protestant minister, who after all is a married man and experienced in this matter.

Barry puts the question to the minister and receives the same reply. "Sex is work and therefore not for the Sabbath."

Barry is not sure the replies are correct.

Barry then seeks out the opinion of a man with thousands of years' tradition and knowledge. He goes to a rabbi.

The rabbi ponders the question, then states, "My son, sex is definitely play."

Barry replies, "Thank goodness but rabbi, how can you be so sure when so many others tell me sex is work?"

The rabbi softly speaks, "If sex were work, my wife would have the maid do it."

A married couple in New York's "Little Italy" went to their priest to discuss birth control, since they already had five children.

The husband inquired if perhaps oral sex would be an acceptable substitute in the eyes of the Church.

The Priest explained that it was still considered a perverted act and a sin, totally banned according to their faith.

The wife spoke up fuming, "Look Father, how come you no play-a da game, but you get to make-a da rules?"

A Pole, an Italian, and a Jew, all first-time fathers, are pacing nervously in the maternity ward waiting room.

The door opens and a nurse rushes out of the delivery room holding a black baby.

"Is it yours?" she asks the Italian.

"Itsa not-a-mine," he replies.

"Yours?" she asks the Pole, who goes red with anger and vigorously denies the possibility.

"How about you?" she asks the Jewish guy.

"Maybe," he says glumly. "My wife burns everything."

And news just in...

- The BMA have announced today a new type of pregnancy protection. You simply opt out from having a stork bring the baby and settle for a swallow instead.

- Jason Everhard, the famous car designer, has unveiled his new car design. He crossed a Toyota with Quasimodo and came up with The Hatchback of Notre Dame.

- The Ministry of Defence have announced new pay scales for the army, heavily favouring the NCO's. Said a new recruit, It's all very well for the sergeants and the corporals, but it's a nasty blow to the privates.

- A new Danish sex whodunit has opened in London. Apparently, the butler was the only one who didn't do it.

- A juggernaut of onions has shed its load all over the M-1. Police advise motorists to find a hard shoulder to cry on.

Once upon a time there were two little skunks named "In" and "Out."

They lived in a hollow tree with their mother. Sometime In and Out played outside, but other times they played inside.

One day In was out and Out was in. Mother skunk told Out to go out and bring In in.

So Out went out and in a few minutes he came in with In.

"My my, Out," she said, "How did you find In so quickly?"

Out smiled and proudly told his mum, "Instinct."

An old maid wanted to travel by bus to the pet cemetery with the remains of her cat.

As she boarded the bus, she whispered to the driver, "I have a dead pussy."

The driver pointed to the woman in the seat behind him and said, "Sit with my wife. You two have a lot in common."

And finally, remember: "Bankruptcy is a legal proceeding in which you put your money in your trouser pocket and give your coat to your creditors". - Sam Goldwyn