

Morning Breaks

Volume 7 Number 49

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley

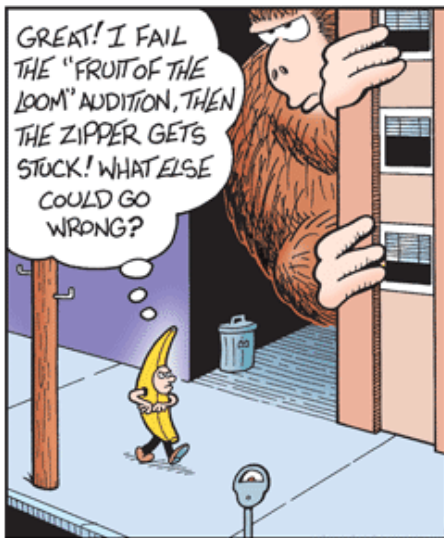
December 7, 2008

Our young daughter had adopted a stray cat. To my distress, he began to use the back of our new sofa as a scratching post.

"Don't worry," my husband reassured me. "I'll have him trained in no time."

For several days, my husband patiently "trained" our new pet. Whenever the cat scratched, my husband deposited him outdoors to teach him a lesson.

The cat learned quickly. For the next 16 years, whenever he wanted to go outside, he scratched the back of the sofa.



Trying to control my dry hair, I treated my scalp with olive oil before washing it. Worried that the oil might leave an odor, I washed my hair several times.

That night when I went to bed, I leaned over to my husband and asked, "Do I smell like olive oil?"

"No," he said, sniffing me. "Do I smell like Popeye?"

Things NOT to say or do at a job interview:

- ** See photo of interviewer's family on desk, point, start laughing uncontrollably.
- ** Ask if there is only one emergency exit, grin and say; 'Boy!, I bet this floor would be in trouble if someone barricaded that.'
- ** Inquire on office policy of friends staying over.
- ** Claim you wouldn't even need a 'sit-in' job if Al Einstein hadn't stolen your secret patent for '2000 Flushes'
- ** Over-emphasize your ability to use a copier.
- ** Ask if it's O.K. that you sit on the floor.
- ** Allow that you would little impact on the overhead budget, because you swiped all the supplies from your other job.
- ** Although parking was free, insist that they validate something or you're not leaving.
- ** Mention your resume would have been stronger, but you didn't feel like making anything else up.
- ** Walk into interviewer's office with a tape measure, measure office from a few angles, put away, declare; 'NOW we can begin.'
- ** Upon walking into the office for first time ask receptionist to hold all your calls.

Philadelphia's Highway Patrol officers hear all kinds of creative excuses that drivers give for speeding. Here are some of the officers' favorites. By the way, none of them worked.

A man told the officer he was rushing to the hospital because had been stung by a bee, and was allergic. "There's the bee right there," he said, pointing to his dashboard. The officer looked. The bee was not only dead, but in a advanced state of decomposition.

A man was doing 70 mph on the shoulder of I-95, avoiding the bumper-to-bumper traffic. After a third of a mile, he was stopped by an officer. He jumped out of the car, brushing off his pants, and told the cop he had dropped a cigarette on his lap. "I was looking for a place to park," he explained.

A speeder said that he and his wife were trying to have a baby. "My wife is ovulating," he told the officer. "I have to get home right now."

An officer stopped a man doing 80 mph. When he asked the driver whether he had seen the speed-limit signs, the man responded, "I went by them so fast I probably missed them."

A man going south on I-95 was stopped near Washington Avenue doing 79 mph. "My engine misses, and I'm trying to clean out the carburetor," he told the officer. For good measure, he added, "If I don't go this fast, my car won't go at all."

"I'm due in traffic court," one speeder said. "If I'm late they're going to enforce the bench warrant."

When an officer told a speeder that the speed limit on the Schuylkill Expressway was 50 mph, the driver responded, "Officer, where have you been? It's 65 now."

One speeder said simply, "I'm trying to beat my wife home. Don't ask."

An elderly person was stopped after doing 73 mph. When told he was getting a ticket, he asked the officer, "Is there a senior citizen's discount?"

Recently a friend and I went out to eat late one Sunday morning. I was torn between ordering from the restaurant's breakfast and lunch menus, and finally asked the server to bring me both a chicken sandwich and an order of scrambled eggs. When she left, I wondered aloud about whether I'd just committed a faux pas.

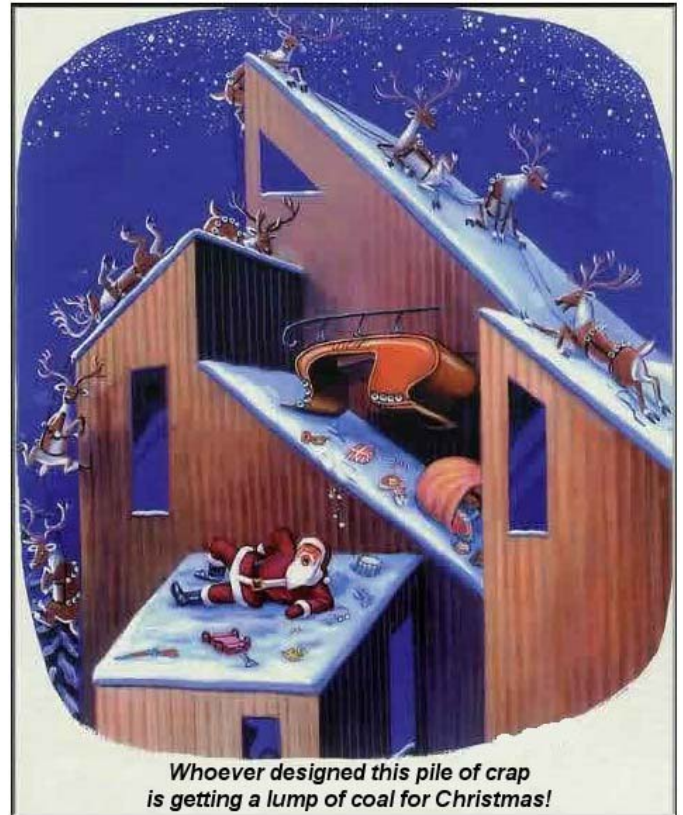
"I don't think so," said my friend. "But I AM wondering which one will come first."

Two women archeologists are down in Mexico excavating an ancient Mayan burial ground looking for some remains to take back to their museum.

Unfortunately, everything they run across is badly decomposed.

Says one: "We don't seem to be having much luck."

The other replies: "Keep on digging, honey, a good Mayan is hard to find!"



A man pacing back and forth glanced at his watch and yelled upstairs to his wife, "Honey, are you ready yet? We're going to be late for the costume party."

Shouting back, the woman replies, "For crying out loud, Ed, I've been telling you for the last half hour that I'll be ready in a minute!"

During my stay at an expensive hotel in New York City, I woke up in the middle of the night with an upset stomach. I called room service and ordered some soda crackers. When I looked at the charge slip, I was furious. I called room service and raged, "Hey, I know I'm in a luxury hotel, but \$11.50 for six crackers borders on the ridiculous!"

"The crackers are complimentary," the voice at the other end coolly explained. "I believe, sir, you are complaining about your room number."



Volume 7 Number 50

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December 14, 2008

After finishing an out-of-town errand, I discovered that my car wouldn't start because it was out of gas.

A passer-by told me there was a service station a half-mile away, so I took a gas can from the trunk and trudged the distance in the sweltering sun.

The attendant filled my two-gallon can, and I lugged it back and poured the gas into the tank. But when I tried to unlock the car door, it wouldn't open. Just then, I noticed an identical old car parked a short distance away. That was my car; I had filled a stranger's gas tank.

Wearily I walked back to the station. "You know," the attendant suggested helpfully, "instead of walking back and forth to fill the tank from the can, you could put a couple of gallons in the tank and then drive the car here."

The guy came hobbling into the doctor's waiting room, assisted by his wife, and in obvious pain. The poor man could hardly move. When the nurse called his name, he could barely walk. Bent over and grimacing with pain, he shuffled along, his hands like two rigid claws. The nurse looked on sympathetically. "Oh dear," she said, "What is it? Arthritis with complications?"

"No," said the guy's wife, "Do-It-Yourself with concrete blocks."

One day a little girl came home from school, and said to her mother, "Mommy, today in school I was punished for something that I didn't do."

The mother exclaimed, "But that's terrible! I'm going to have a talk with your teacher about this ... by the way, what was it that you didn't do?"

The little girl replied, "My homework."



In Florida, an atheist created a case against the upcoming Easter & Passover holy days. He hired an attorney to bring a discrimination case against Christians, Jews & observances of their holy days. The argument was it was unfair that atheists had no such recognized day(s).

The case was brought before a judge. After listening to the passionate presentation by the lawyer, the judge banged his gavel declaring, 'Case dismissed.'

The lawyer immediately stood objecting to the ruling saying, 'your honor, how can you possibly dismiss this

case? The Christians have Christmas, Easter & others. The Jews have Passover, Yom Kippur & Hanukkah. Yet my client & all other atheists have no such holidays.'

The judge leaned forward in his chair saying, 'But you do. Your client, counsel, is woefully ignorant.' The lawyer said, 'Your Honor, we are unaware of any special observance or holiday for atheists.'

The judge said, 'The calendar says April 1st is 'April Fools Day.' Psalm 14:1 states 'The fool says in his heart, there is no God.' Thus, it is the opinion of this court, that if your client says there is no God, then he is a fool. Therefore, April 1st is his day. Court is adjourned.'



While working at Baskin-Robbins, I helped a woman, who was full of questions about the flavors and types available, pick out an ice-cream cake.

As I was boxing it up for her, she had one last question:

"How long do I bake this?"

One day my mother was out and my dad was in charge of me. Someone had given me a little 'tea set' as a get-well gift and it was one of my favorite toys.

Daddy was in the living room engrossed in the evening news when I brought Daddy a little cup of 'tea', which was just water. After several cups of tea and lots of praise for such yummy tea, my Mom came home.

My Dad made her wait in the living room to watch me bring him a cup of tea, because it was 'just the cutest thing!' My Mom waited, and sure enough, here I come down the hall with a cup of tea for Daddy and she watches him drink it up.

Then she says, (as only a mother would know) "Did it ever occur to you that the only place she can reach to get water is the toilet?"

While hiking in the mountains one day I came across a gorgeous gorge that I thought was an echo canyon. I shouted, "Hello there." But the response sounded to me like, "Hello where?"

I tried again. "How do you do?"

A moment later the report came back sounding like, "How do I do what?"

Baffled and amused I decided to give it the ultimate test. "You're not really an echo canyon, are you?"

The response from the big ditch confirmed my suspicions. "Brilliant deduction, Einstein."

The Dean of admissions at Bates College in Maine reads through reams of applications from nervous high school seniors, some maybe a little more nervous than others. Here are a few...

"If there is a single word to describe me, that word would be 'profectionist'."

"I was abducted into the National Honor Society."

"I function well as an individual and a group."

"Mathematics has hung like a stork around my neck."

Chris and Pat are in their residence listening to the neighbor's dog, who has been barking for hours and hours. Finally, Chris jumps up and says, "I've had enough of this!"

He rushes downstairs and a bit of time passes before he finally returns.

Pat says, "The dog is still barking, What have you been doing?"

Chris says, "I've put the dog in our backyard. Let's see how they like it!"



Volume 7 Number 52

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December 21, 2008

According to the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, while both male and female reindeer grow antlers in the summer each year (which are the only members of the deer family, Cervidae, to have females do so). Male reindeer drop their antlers at the beginning of winter, usually late November to mid-December.

Female reindeer retain their antlers till after they give birth in the spring.

Therefore, according to every historical rendition depicting Santa's reindeer, every single one of them, from Rudolf to Blitzen.....had to be a female.

We should have known this when they were able to find their way.

Hello out there all people of the world.

This is Santa and I just wanted to let you know that Christmas may be a little late this year. See after checking all the boxes and tallying them up, I found some problems with the results.

The first result showed:

428,534,120 Good

428,523,119 Bad

The second result showed:

428,534,118 Good

428,523,121 Bad

So you see, I can't, with good faith, go out and deliver presents while knowing I could have made a mistake. Maybe Little Johnny was good for once, then again, maybe not. So, I have enlisted the help of all my elves and the Mrs. To help do a recount. We hope to have this finished up by 5pm on the 24th of December, but there is a possibility that it might take longer. You see the tally cards were not quite clear to me, although I made them my-self, I forgot what they meant.

You know, Good...and Bad??? And the check marks I used were not all the same, some went left, some right, some were just a mark. some went through both boxes, and some didn't even have much of a mark on them. I leave it up to them to decide what I meant.

So if you wake up on Christmas morning, and there are no presents under your tree, at least you can tell the kids the story. Thank you for your patience and understanding in these times,

Sincerely
Santa



Twenty Ways To Confuse Santa:

Instead of milk and cookies, leave him a salad, and a note explaining that you think he could stand to lose a few pounds.

While he's in the house, go find his sleigh and write him a speeding ticket.

Leave him a note, explaining that you've gone away for the holidays. Ask if he would mind watering your plants.

While he's in the house, replace all his reindeer with exact replicas. Then wait and see what happens when he tries to get them to fly.

Keep an angry bull in your living room. If you think a bull goes crazy when he sees a little red cape, wait until he sees that big, red Santa suit!

Build an army of mean-looking snowmen on the roof, holding signs that say "We hate Christmas," and "Go away Santa."

Leave a note by the telephone, telling Santa that Mrs. Claus called and wanted to remind him to pick up some milk and a loaf of bread on his way home.

Throw a surprise party for Santa when he comes down the chimney. Refuse to let him leave until the strippers arrive.

While he's in the house, find the sleigh and sit in it. As soon as he comes back and sees you, tell him that he shouldn't have missed that last payment, and take off.

Leave a plate filled with cookies and a glass of milk out, with a note that says, "For The Tooth Fairy. :)" Leave another plate out with half a stale cookie and a few drops of skim milk in a dirty glass with a note that says, "For Santa."

Take everything out of your house as if it's just been robbed. When Santa arrives, show up dressed like a policeman and say, "Well, well. They always return to the scene of the crime."

Leave out a copy of your Christmas list with last-minute changes and corrections.

While he's in the house, cover the top of the chimney with barbed wire.

Leave lots of hunting trophies and guns out where Santa's sure to see them. Go outside, yell, "Ooh! Look! A deer! And he's got a red nose!" and fire a gun.

Leave Santa a note, explaining that you've moved. Include a map with unclear and hard-to-read directions to your new house.

Set a bear trap at the bottom of the chimney. Wait for Santa to get caught in it, and then explain that you're sorry, but from a distance, he looked like a bear.

Leave out a Santa suit, with a dry-cleaning bill.

Paint "hoof-prints" all over your face and clothes. While he's in the house, go out on the roof. When he comes back up, act like you've been "trampled." Threaten to sue.

Instead of ornaments, decorate your tree with Easter eggs.

Dress up like the Easter Bunny. Wait for Santa to come and then say, "This neighborhood ain't big enough for the both of us."



When you stop believing in Santa Claus is when you start getting clothes for Christmas.



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December 28, 2008

From British Newspapers :

* Commenting on a complaint from a Mr Arthur Purdey about a large gas bill, a spokesman for North West gas said, "We agree it was rather high for the time of year. It's possible Mr Purdey has been charged for the gas used up during the explosion that destroyed his house." (The Daily Telegraph)

* Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van, because they cannot issue a description. It's a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like. (The Guardian)

* A young girl who was blown out to sea on a set of inflatable teeth was rescued by a man on an inflatable lobster. A coastguard spokesman commented, "This sort of thing is all too common". (The Times)

* At the height of the gale, the harbourmaster radioed a coastguard on the spot and asked him to estimate the wind speed. He replied he was sorry, but he didn't have a gauge. However, if it was any help, the wind had just blown his Land Rover off the cliff. (Aberdeen Evening Express)

* Mrs Irene Graham of Thorpe Avenue, Boscombe, delighted the audience with her reminiscence of the German prisoner of war who was sent each week to do her garden. He was repatriated at the end of 1945, she recalled "He'd always seemed a nice friendly chap, but when the crocuses came up in the middle of our lawn in February 1946, they spelt out "Heil Hitler." (Bournemouth Evening Echo)

Never having learned to ride a bicycle as a child, I finally decided to do it in my late twenties. My boyfriend, William, offered to teach me, and we headed to the park for my first lesson. He held on to the seat as I wobbled down a path. My self-consciousness was just

beginning to disappear when I saw a father, teaching his little daughter to ride a bike, approaching.

As we passed, I was mortified when William said to the dad, "They grow up so fast, don't they?"



Taking after-Christmas returns to a new low.

During my surgical residency I was called out of a sound sleep to the emergency room. Unshaven and with tousled hair, I showed up with an equally unpresentable medical student. In the ER we encountered the on-call medical resident and his student, both neatly attired in clean white lab coats.

The resident said to his student, "You can always tell the surgeons by their absolute disregard for appearance."

Two evenings later, I was at a banquet when called to the ER to suture a minor laceration.

I was stitching away -- wearing a tuxedo -- when I encountered that same medical resident. He looked at me, then said to his student, "Sure is sensitive to criticism, isn't he?"



Best picture taken at just the right angle.

Early in the Civil War, when the Union armies were suffering repeated defeats, Abraham Lincoln was discussing the war situation with his cabinet.

"How many men do you estimate are in the Confederate army?" a cabinet member asked.

"About a million and a half," said Lincoln.

"That many?" said another member. "I thought the number was considerably less."

"So did I," said Lincoln, "but every time one of our generals lose a battle, he insists that he was outnumbered three to one - and we have about 500,000 men."

The local high school has a policy that the parents must call the school if a student is to be absent for the day. Alice deciding to skip school and go to the mall with her friends. So she waited until her parents had left for work and called the school herself.

"Hi, I'm calling to report that Alice is unable to make it to school today because she is ill."

Secretary at high school answered, "I'm sorry to hear that. I'll note her absence. Who is this calling please?"

"This is my mother."

Proud and pleased as she could be, the new, young bride, Mrs. Stanford Strothers, strode briskly up to the teller's cage at the bank to cash her husband's pay check for the first time.

When the teller told her the check would have to be endorsed, the bride grabbed the pen and unhesitatingly wrote on the back, "I heartily recommend my husband, Stanford Strothers."

Marketing Guy: Why haven't you kept me up-to-date on this account?

Ops Guy: I've cc'd you on every e-mail I sent to them!

Marketing Guy: I don't have time to read my e-mails. There's too much information in them. If you send me an important e-mail, give me a call to let me know I need to check it.

Blonde: Mmmm, it smells so good in here! Doesn't it smell good in here? I love it! I just want to eat what's in my nose right now!

Friend: I know.

Sales Guy, entering a meeting: Sorry I'm late....

Director of Marketing: You brought doughnuts? Coffee?

Sales Guy: Nooooo....

Director of Marketing: Then you're dead to us. Get out.

Father: You see, girls, there is an election coming up, and so far we have only had boring white men. This time we could have a black man or a woman as our president!

Four-year-old Daughter: But Daddy, we're white!

Father: Yes, but we aren't boring.

Teen, trying on a jacket: How does this look on me, on a scale of one to ten, with five being in the middle?