



A man who was involved in a serious accident was unable to speak when he regained consciousness. Wishing to know how long he had been unconscious, he took a piece of paper and a pencil from the bed stand, wrote "Date?" on it and gave it to his nurse.

She handed it back to him - after she had replied with the word "Married."



HONEY! You didn't roll the car windows up again last night, did you?

Rules for Writers:

1. Verbs HAS to agree with their subjects.
2. Prepositions are not words to end sentences with.
3. And don't start a sentence with a conjunction.
4. It is wrong to ever split an infinitive.
5. Avoid cliches like the plague. (They're old hat.)

6. Be more or less specific.
7. Parenthetical remarks (however relevant) are (usually) unnecessary.
8. Also too, never, ever use repetitive redundancies.
9. No sentence fragments.
10. Don't use no double negatives.
11. Proffered carefully to see if you any words out.

Sam, an 80 year-old man, was a witness in a burglary trial.

The defense lawyer asked Sam, "Did you see my client commit this burglary?"

"Yes," said Sam, "I saw him plainly take the goods."

"Sam, this happened at night. Are you sure you saw my client commit this crime?"

"Yes," replied Sam, "I know I saw him do it."

"Sam listen, you are 80 years old and your eyesight is probably bad. Just how far can you see at night?"

"I can see the moon. How far is that?"

One of my friends works in the customer service call center of a national pager company. He deals with the usual complaints regarding poor pager operation, as well as the occasional crank caller demanding to be paged less often, more often, or by more interesting people.

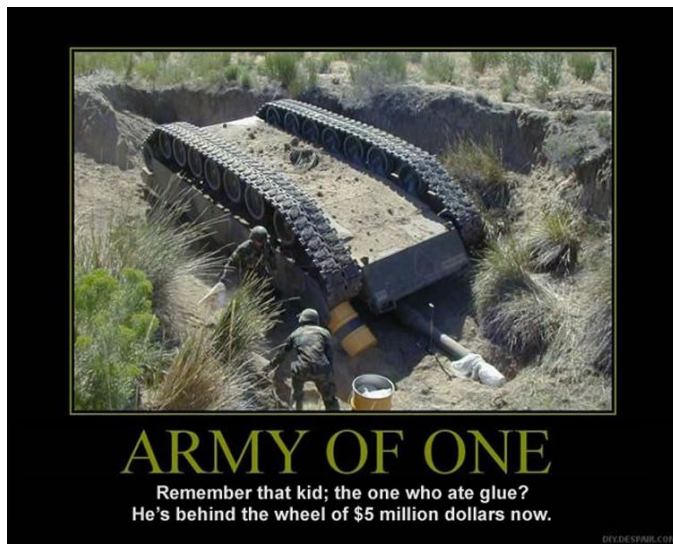
The best call came from a man who repeatedly complained that he was being paged by "Lucille". He

was instructed that he would have to call her and tell her to stop paging him.

"She don't never leave no number, so I can't call her back," he said. After three such calls, someone thought to ask how he knew it was Lucille if she didn't leave a number.

"She leaves her name" was the reply. After establishing that the customer had a numeric-only pager, the light bulb came on. "How does she spell her name?" the service rep asked.

"L-O-W C-E-L-L"



At 3 AM in the morning, a young wife shook her husband awake.

Groggily he asked "What is it?"

"The baby," she reminded him.

The husband sat up and listened intently.

"But I don't hear her crying," he protested.

"I know, and it's your turn to see why not!"

During a conference, I was pleasantly surprised to be seated next to a very handsome man. We flirted casually through dinner, then grew restless as the dignitaries gave speeches. During one particularly long-winded lecture, my new friend drew a # sign on a cocktail napkin. Excited, I wrote down my phone number.

Looking startled for a moment, he flipped the napkin over and drew another # sign, this time adding an X to the upper-left-hand corner.

Members of the Methodist women's church circle in one Wisconsin town some years ago were disturbed because a widowed church member and her three small daughters were staying away from services. Finding the reason to be a lack of suitable clothes, the ladies' group corrected the situation in a generous manner.

When the little girls still failed to appear at Sunday School, some of the ladies called to inquire about their absence. The mother thanked them sweetly for the clothing and explained: "The girls looked so nice, I sent them to the Presbyterian church!"

My father is a skilled CPA, but is not great at self-promotion. So when an advertising company offered to put my father's business placard in the shopping carts of a supermarket, my dad jumped at the chance. Fully a year went by before we got a call that could be traced to those placards.

"Richard Larson, CPA?" the caller asked.

"That's right," my father answered. "May I help you?"

"Yes," the voice said. "One of your shopping carts is in my yard and I want you to come and get it."

Back at my high school for the tenth reunion, I met my old coach, Mr. Carlier. Walking through the gym, we came upon a plaque on which I was still listed as the record holder for the longest softball throw.

Noticing my surprise, Coach Carlier said, "That record will stand forever."

I was about to make some modest disclaimer that records exist to be broken, when he added, "We stopped holding that event years ago."

Misers aren't much fun to live with, but they make great ancestors.



A midwest farmer was describing his lifestyle to a touring group of city folks. "One of the benefits of this profession," he explained, "is that we have built-in weather predictions."

"What do you mean by that?" asked one inquisitive visitor.

"When the cows are standing," the farmer explained, "it means no rain is likely for the next twenty-four hours. When they're lying down, it means it's going to rain."

"On our bus trip," another visitor piped in, "I saw half the herd standing and the other half lying down. What does this mean?"

The farmer flashed a smile and answered, "That means half of them are wrong."



His take-off was great . . . but his landing?

"The grocer game me a phony quarter this morning. You can't trust anyone these days!"

"Let me see it."

"I can't. I used it at the drug store."

After a basketball game, the coach found a cell phone on the gym floor. He picked it up and handed it to one of the referees, saying "Here's your phone."

"What makes you think it's mine?" the referee asked.

"Easy," the coach replied. "It says you missed 13 calls."

In a restroom at IBM's Watson Center, a supervisor had placed a sign directly above the sink. It had a single word on it:

"THINK!"

The next day, when he went to the restroom, he looked at the sign and right below, immediately above the soap dispenser, someone had carefully lettered another sign which read:

"THOAP!"

Morris had just been hired as the new CEO of a large high tech corporation. The CEO who was stepping down met with him privately and presented him with three numbered envelopes....#1,#2,#3. "Open these if you run up against a problem you don't think you can solve," the departing CEO said.

Well, things went along pretty smoothly, but six months later, sales took a downturn and Morris was really

catching a lot of heat. About at his wit's end, he remembered the envelopes. He went to his drawer and took out the first envelope. The message read, "Blame your predecessor."

Morris, the new CEO called a press conference and tactfully laid the blame at the feet of the previous CEO. Satisfied with his comments, the press -- and Wall Street -- responded positively, sales began to pick up and the problem was soon behind him.

About a year later, the company was again experiencing a slight dip in sales, combined with serious product problems. Having learned from his previous experience, the CEO quickly opened the second envelope. The message read, "Reorganize." This he did, and the company quickly rebounded.

After several consecutive profitable quarters, the company once again fell on difficult times. Morris went to his office, closed the door and opened the third envelope.

The message said, ..."Prepare three envelopes."



Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighborhood. They parked their truck at the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house a woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter.

Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger co-worker to a foot race down

the alley back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one.

As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong.

Gasping for breath, she replied, "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"

A small town prosecuting attorney called his first witness to the stand in a trial--a grandmotherly, elderly woman. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy. And frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a rising big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?"

She again replied, "Why, yes I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. I used to baby-sit him for his parents. And he, too, has been a real disappointment to me. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. The man can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the shoddiest in the entire state. Yes, I know him."

At this point, the judge rapped the courtroom to silence and called both counselors to the bench. In a very quiet voice, he said with menace, "If either of you asks her if she knows me, you'll be jailed for contempt!"

Working at an airline ticket counter, I pulled up a passenger's reservation that showed his name as "Cole, Pheven."

"I'd like to be certain our information is correct," I said to him. "What is your first name?"

"It's Stephen," he replied. "I hope the reservation agent got it right. I told him it's spelled with a ph."



The other night, three-year-old Billy was showing the terra cotta Nativity scene in his living room to his stuffed dragon.

"This is an Activity scene," he said to the dragon.

"It's when they put breakable things out to watch the Baby Jesus sleep."



Fruitcake Recipe

1. Go to the crafts store.
2. Purchase one or more bags of dried fruit, some plaster of paris, brown paint and a disposable cake pan.
3. Return home.
4. Unwrap the dried fruit, carefully folding the wrapper inside-out and placing it at the bottom of your trash can. Better yet, send it

through your personal paper shredder and use it for insulation in the attic.

5. Mix the plaster of paris with water and pour into the disposable cake pan. Place dried fruit on top, gently pushing in so it looks "baked" in the "batter." Let dry.
6. Take your "fruitcake" out of the disposable cake pan.
7. Cover the top, bottom and sides with brown paint, avoiding the fruit.
8. Wrap your "fruitcake" in festive, colored saran wrap and finish with a bow. I like using red wrap because it gives a warm glow to the "fruitcake."
9. Give your "fruitcake" to someone you want to impress. When they lift it, they'll say, "Wow! You must have made a really rich fruitcake!" Don't forget to smile and say, "Oh, its Paris-style fruitcake."
10. Don't worry about someone trying to eat your fruitcake. Nobody actually eats fruitcake ... that's just a rumor. Just so you know, the dried fruit won't go "bad" because it has the same preservatives as Twinkies, which have a shelf-life of about 237 years.

Planning a Christmas weekend of entertaining guests, I made a list of things I needed to do, including taking food out of the freezer and grocery shopping.

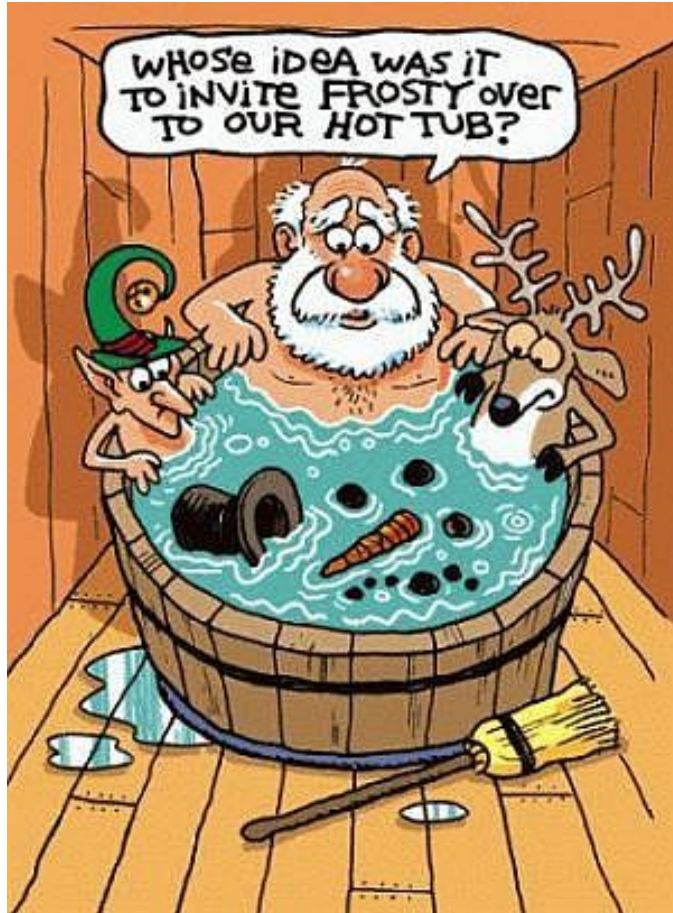
As it happened, a friend whom I had been promising to take to lunch asked if we could make it that Friday.

So, hopping into the car, I taped my "to do" list to the dashboard and went and picked her up.

As she settled into the car, her face dropped.

"Thanks a lot!" she sulked.

Then I glanced at my list and saw the first item: "Take out the Turkey."



It was the beginning of December. The trip had gone reasonably well, and he was ready to go back. The airport on the other hand had turned a tacky red and green with loudspeakers blared annoying elevator renditions of cherished Christmas carols.

Being someone who took Christmas very seriously, and being slightly tired, he was not in a particularly good mood.

Going to check in his luggage, he saw hanging mistletoe. Not real mistletoe, but very cheap plastic with red paint on some of the rounder parts and green paint on some of the flatter and "pointier" parts, that could be taken for mistletoe only in a very Picasso sort of way.

With a considerable degree of irritation and nowhere else to vent it, he said to the lady attendant, "Even if I were not married, I would not want to kiss you under such a ghastly mockery of mistletoe."

"Sir, look more closely at where the mistletoe is."

(pause)

"Ok, I see that it's above the luggage scale, which is the place you'd have to step forward for a kiss."

"That's not why it's there."

(pause)

"Ok, I give up. Why is it there?"

"It's there so you can kiss your luggage goodbye."

Two young boys were spending the night at their grandparents the week before Christmas.

At bedtime, the two boys knelt beside their beds to say their prayers when the youngest one began praying at the top of his lungs.

"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..."

"I PRAY FOR A NEW NINTENDO..."

"I PRAY FOR A NEW VCR..."

His older brother leaned over and nudged the younger brother and said, "Why are you shouting your prayers? God isn't deaf."

To which the little brother replied, "No, but Grandma is!"

A kindly 90-year-old grandmother found buying presents for family and friends a bit much one Christmas, so she wrote out checks for all of them to put in their Christmas cards.

In each card she wrote, "Buy your own present" and then sent them off.

After the Christmas festivities were over, she found the checks in her desk!

Everyone had gotten a Christmas card from her with "Buy your own present" written inside, but without the checks!



A man goes to the doctor with a swollen foot. After a careful examination, the doctor hands the man a pill big enough to choke a horse.

"I'll be right back with some water," the doctor tells him.

The doctor has been gone a while and the man loses patience. He hobbles out to the drinking fountain, forces the pill down his throat and gobbles down water until the pill clears his throat. He hobbles back into the examining room.

Just then the doctor comes back with a bucket of warm water. "Ok, after the tablet dissolves, soak that foot for about 20 minutes."



As a realtor in Salt Lake City, I deal with all types of people. Recently, I showed a home to a couple who seemed eager to check out the magnificent view from the living room.

But when I dramatically pulled back the drapes, the disappointed husband remarked, "Where is the view? Those mountains must be blocking it."

A woman received a phone call that her daughter was very sick with a fever. She left work and stopped by the pharmacy for some medication for her daughter. When she returned to her car she was dismayed to find she had locked her keys inside. Somehow she had to get home to her sick daughter, but she didn't know what to do.

She called home to the baby sitter, who told her that her daughter was getting worse. However, the baby sitter did offer some advice.

"If you could find a coat hanger you may be able to use that to open the door."

The woman obtained an old rusty coat hanger from the pharmacy, but when she got back to her car she looked at the hanger and realized she didn't have a clue how to use the hanger to open the door.

Feeling quite hopeless, she bowed her head and asked God for help. Almost immediately an old rusty car pulled up, driven by a dirty, greasy, bearded man with a rag on his head.

The woman thought to herself, "Great. Is THIS what you sent to help me?" But she was desperate, and decided any help was better than no help at all.

The man got out of his car and asked if he could help.

"Yes, my daughter is very sick," the woman replied. "I must get home to her with this medicine, but I can't because I locked my keys in the car. Is there any way you can use this hanger to unlock my car?"

The man walked over to the car and in seconds the car was opened. Almost in tears, the woman expressed her appreciation.

"THANK YOU SO MUCH.....You are such a very nice man, and an answer to prayer!"

The man replied, "Lady, I ain't a nice man. I just got out of prison for car theft."

In even greater appreciation, the woman cried out loud, "THANK YOU FOR SENDING ME A PROFESSIONAL!"



My wife, a registered nurse, once fussed over every pain or mishap that came my way. Recently, however, I got an indication that the honeymoon is over.

I was about to fix the attic fan, and as I lifted myself from the ladder in the attic, I scratched my forehead on a crossbeam. Crawling along, I picked up splinters in both hands and I cut one hand replacing the fan belt. On the way down the ladder, I missed the last two rungs and turned my ankle.

When I limped into the kitchen, my loving wife took one look and said, "Are those your good pants?"

On duty as a customer-service rep for a car-rental company, I took a call from a driver who needed a tow. He was stranded on a busy highway, but he didn't know the make of the car he was driving.

I asked again for a more detailed description beyond "a blue four-door."

After a pause, the driver replied, "It's the one on fire."

To: All Employees

From: Management

Subject: Office conduct during the Christmas season

Effective immediately, employees should keep in mind the following guidelines in compliance with FROLIC (the Federal Revelry Office and Leisure Industry Council).

1. Running aluminum foil through the paper shredder to make tinsel is discouraged.
 2. Playing Jingle Bells on the push-button phone is forbidden. (It runs up an incredible long distance bill.)
 3. Egg nog will NOT be dispensed in vending machines.
 4. Company cars are not to be used to go over the river and through the woods to Grandma's house.
 5. All fruitcake is to be eaten BEFORE July 25.
 6. Work requests are not to be filed under "Bah humbug."
 7. In spite of all this, the staff is encouraged to have a Happy Holiday.
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At my granddaughter's wedding, the DJ polled the guests to see who had been married longest. It turned out to be my husband and I. The DJ asked us, "What advice would you give to the newly-married couple?"

I said, "The three most important words in a marriage are, 'You're probably right.'"

Everyone then looked at my husband. He said, "She's probably right."