

A little boy happened to walk in on his parents last night while they were making love. "What are you doing?", asked the little boy. "Why we're making a little sister for you to play with", the father said. Well, the next day when the father got home from work the little boy was sitting on the porch crying his poor little eyes out. "What's wrong?", asked the father. To that the little boy replied: "You know the little sister you were making for me?" "Yes", said the father. And the little boy said: "well, this morning the mailman ate her!!!!"

It has come to the attention of the management that some certain personnel have been using abusive language in the exchange of some normal communication with the relation to the performance of routine activities.

This code list is provided to permit individual freedom and originality of our fellow workers to alleviate frustration and provide a clearer, precise and effective means of communication to one another

and not damage customer relationships or hurt other individuals with sensitive ears that may be within hearing distance.

To preclude mistaking the communication codes with department numbers and telephone extensions, management has assigned '800' numbers to be utilized for our convenience and clarity:

801 You've got to be shitting me. 837 The fucking thing won't work
802 Get off my fucking back. 838 Go pound sand up your ass.
803 Beats the shit out of me. 839 Fuck off.
804 What the fuck. 840 Who called this fucking
805 It's so fucking bad, I can't meeting?
believe it. 841 I'm free this weekend.
806 I hate this fucking place! 842 Help me dump this mother.
807 You're ass sucks bananas. 843 Let's fuck.
808 Fuck you very much. 844 Same shit, different day
809 Lovely, simply fucking lovely! (SSDD)
810 Fucked up beyond all belief. 845 Use your fucking imagination.
811 Beautiful, just fucking 846 Let's take off sick together.
beautiful. 847 Up your ass!
812 Fuck, shit, piss, damn, hell. 848 Kiss my ass.
813 Hair pie, Fur burgers. 849 Ask me again in a couple of
814 I just got fucked. days.
815 Big fucking deal. 850 Far fucking out (FFO)
816 Hang it in your fucking ear. 851 Let's split this joint, but
817 Get Bent! not in office.
818 I don't give a shit. 852 You play ball with us or we'll
819 Oh shit! shove the bat up your ass.
820 Horny Bastard 853 Simply piss on it.
821 Fuck it, just fuck it. 854 Who is fucking who?
822 Blow it out your ass. 855 Dip me in shit.
823 Hot shit. 856 Your ass sucks bilge water.
824 Bitchin' 857 Adios - Mother Fucker!
825 Tell someone who gives a shit. 858 Go shit in your hat.
826 Don't get fucking wise. 859 Go shit in the lake and wipe
827 I don't give a fuck. your ass with a bubble.
828 Pardon me sir, but you've 860 If you don't have a wall
obviously mistaken me for some- locker, hang it in your ass.
one who gives a fuck. 861 Yal Rahl Lizard Shit!
829 As long as I don't stand up, 862 I'd like to kiss your belly
I'm alright. button from the inside.
830 Fuck the phones. 863 Love me - I have an 18 inch
831 Fucking follow ups. tongue and I can breath
832 Let's have oral gratification. through my ears.
833 No fucking shit. 864 I didn't design the fucking
834 Fuck You!! thing
835 I just sell the mother fucker. 865 Eat shit and die!!
836 Your ass sucks wind. 866 Suck my cock!

The Deer Hunt

1:00 am Alarm clock rings
2:00 am Hunting partners arrive, drag you out of bed
2:30 am Throw everything except the kitchen sink in the pick-up
3:00 am Leave home for deep woods
3:15 am Drive back home and pick up gun
3:30 am Drive like hell to get to the woods before daylight
4:00 am Set up camp - Realize that you forgot the damned tent
4:30 am Head out into woods
6:05 am See eight (8) deer
6:06 am Take aim and squeeze trigger
6:07 am "Click"
6:08 am Load gun while watching deer go over the hill
8:00 am Head back to camp
9:00 am Still looking for camp
10:00 am Realize you don't know where camp is
Noon- Fire gun for help - eat some wild berries
12:15 pm Ran out of bullets - 8 deer come back
12:20 pm Strange feeling in stomach
12:30 pm Realize you ate poison berries
12:45 pm Rescued!!
12:55 pm Rushed to the hospital to have stomach pumped
3:00 pm Arrive back at camp
3:30 pm Leave camp to kill deer
4:00 pm Return to camp for bullets
4:01 pm Load gun - leave camp again
5:00 pm Empty gun on squirrel that is bugging the shit out of you
6:00 pm Arrive at camp. See deer grazing in camp.
6:01 pm Load Gun
6:02 pm Fire gun
6:03 pm One Dead Truck
6:05 pm Hunting partner returns to camp dragging deer!
6:06 pm Suppress strong desire to shoot partner
6:07 pm In doing so, stumble and fall into fire
6:10 pm Change clothes, throw burned ones into fire
6:15 pm Take pick-up, leave partner and his God Damn deer in woods
6:25 pm Pick-up boils over - Damn hole shot in the block!
6:26 pm Start walking
6:30 pm Started crying, stumble and fall, drop gun in mud
6:35 pm Meet great big Bear!
6:35 1/2 pm Take aim
6:36 pm Fire gun, blow up barrel plugged with mud.
6:36 1/2 pm Shit in pants
6:37 pm Climb tree
9:00 pm Bear departing wraps gun around the tree
9:03 pm Take off shitty pants

9:04 pm Try to wipe tail on leaves
9:05 pm Fall out of tree
-MidNight- Home at last

Sunday -- Setting in bed with cast on leg watching TV, slowly tearing license into little bitty pieces, place into envelope, mail to Game Warden with Very Clear instructions on where to place it!!

COUNSELING SHEET

"Under the Freedom of Information Act of and the Fedral Privacy Act of 1974, I understand my performance is being documented.

Name: _____ SSN: _____ Date: _____

Knowledge: ___ The son of a bitch really knows his shit.

___ Knows just enough to be dangerous.

___ Only half a brain and is dangerous.

___ Fucking brain damaged, His coffee cup has a higher I.Q.

Accuracy: ___ Does pretty good work if not pre-occupied with pussy.

___ Pretty Good; only occasionally blows it out his ass.

___ Has to take off his shoes to count higher than ten.

___ Couldn't count his balls and get the same number twice.

Attitude: ___ Extremely cooperative (If you kiss his ass frequently).

___ Brown Noser in good standing.

___ Often pisses off his co-worker, thinks it's his shop.

___ Doesn't give a shit, never did, never will.

Reliability: ___ Really dependable little cocksucker.

___ Can rely on him at eval time.

___ Can rely on him to be the first one out the fucking door.

___ Totally worthless.

Appearance: ___ Extremely neat - even combs his pubic hairs.

___ Looks great at eval time.

___ Flies leave fresh dogshit to follow him.

___ Dirty, filthy, smelly son of a bitch.

Performance: ___ Goes like a S.O.B. (if there's money in it for him).

___ Does all kinds of good shit at eval time.

___ Works only if kicked in the ass every two (2) mins.

___ Couldn't do less if he were in a fucking coma.

Leadership: ___ Carries a chain saw and gets good results.

___ Better leader than fucking MacArthur at eval time.

___ Only occasionally gets told to get fucked.

___ Mother Theresa told him to get fucked.

"I understand that I have been counseled and know my rights under the Privacy Act of 1974. I further acknowledge that i am as fucked up as a football bat and will attempt to correct my performance."

Counselee: _____

Counselor: _____

Witness: _____

Dear Tax Payers:

The only thing that the IRS has not taxed is your pecker. This is due to the fact that 40% of the time it is hanging around, unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up, and 10% of the time it is employed, but operates in the hole. Furthermore, it has two dependents and they aare both nuts.

Accordingly, after 1 March 1989, your pecker will be taxed based on its size, using the "Pecker-Checker Scale" below. Determine your category and insued the additional tax under "other taxes", page 2, part V, line 61 of your standard income tax return.

Pecker-Checker
Scale

10 to 12 inches	Luxury Tax	\$50.00
8 to 10 inches	Pole Tax	\$25.00
6 to 8 inches	(Privelege)	\$15.00
4 to 6 inches	Nuisance Tax	\$ 5.00

NOTE: Anyone under 4 inches is entitled to a refund. Please do not ask for an extension.....

Males with peckers in excess of 12 inches should be filed under "Capital Gain". If unsure of your correct (size) category, call our office and we will send out a Pecker Meter Reader.

A Polish Mother Writing Her Son

Dear Son,

Just a few words to let you know that I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know that you cannot read that fast. You won't know the house when you come home. . . we've moved.

I won't be able to send you the address, as the last Polish family that lived here took the numbers with them for thier next house so they wouldn't have to change thier address.

About your father. . . he has a lovely new job. He now has over 500 men working under him. He is cutting grass at the cemetary.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, but it still isn't working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts into it, pulled the chain, and haven't seen them since.

Your sister Mary, had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether it is a boy or a girl, so I don't know whether you are an aunt or an uncle.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in a Doblin brewery. Some of his fellow workers dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely. We cremated his body, and it took three days to put the fire out.

Your father didn't have much to drink at Christmas. I put Castor Oil in his pint of whiskey. It kept him going until New Year's Day. I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father came with me. The doctor put a small tube into my mouth and told me not to open my mouth for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice this week, once for three days and once for four days. Monday it was so windy that one of our chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker. He said if the last installment wasn't paid on your grandmother within 7 days, Up she comes!

Your Loving Mother,

P.S. I was going to send you \$10.00, but I had already sealed the envelope.

Construction project, Atomic Bomb

The following paper is taken from The journal of Irreproducible Results, Volume 25/Number 4/1979. P.O. Box 234 Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411 Subscription's 1 year for \$3.70

1. INTRODUCTION

Worldwide controversy has been generated recently from several court decisions in the United States which have restricted popular magazines from printing articles which describe how to make an atomic bomb. The reason usually given by the courts is that national security would be compromised if such information were generally available. But, since it is commonly known that all of the information is publicly available in most major metropolitan libraries, obviously the court's officially stated position is covering up a more important factor; namely, that such atomic devices would prove too difficult for the average citizen to construct. The United States courts cannot afford to insult the vast majorities by insinuating that they do not have the intelligence of a cabbage, and thus the "official" press releases claim national security as a blanket restriction.

The rumors that have unfortunately occurred as a result of widespread misinformation can (and must) be cleared up now, for the construction project this month is the construction of a thermonuclear device, which will hopefully clear up any misconceptions you might have about such a project. We will see how easy it is to make a device of your very own in ten easy steps, to have and hold as you see fit, without annoying interference from the government or the courts.

The project will cost between \$5,000 and \$30,000 dollars, depending on how fancy you want the final product to be. Since last week's column, "Let's Make a Time Machine", was received so well in the new step-by-step format, this month's column will follow the same format.

2. CONSTRUCTION METHOD

1. First, obtain about 50 pounds (110 kg) of weapons grade Plutonium at your local supplier (see NOTE 1). A nuclear power plant is not recommended, as large quantities of missing Plutonium tends to make plant engineers unhappy. We suggest that you contact your local terrorist organization, or perhaps the Junior Achievement in your neighborhood.

2. Please remember that Plutonium, especially pure, refined Plutonium, is somewhat dangerous. Wash your hands with soap and warm water after handling the material, and don't allow your children or pets to play in it or eat it. Any left over Plutonium dust is excellent as an insect repellent. You may wish to keep the substance in a lead box if you can find one in your local junk yard, but an old coffee can will do nicely.

3. Fashion together a metal enclosure to house the device. Most common varieties of sheet metal can be bent to disguise this enclosure as, for example, a briefcase, a lunch pail, or a Buick. Do not use tinfoil.

4. Arrange the Plutonium into two hemispherical shapes, separated by about 4 cm. Use rubber cement to hold the Plutonium dust together.

5. Now get about 100 pounds (220 kg) of trinitrotoluene (TNT). Gelignite is much better, but messier to work with. Your helpful hardware man will be happy to provide you with this item.

6. Pack the TNT around the hemisphere arrangement constructed in

step 4. If you cannot find Gelignite, feel free to use TNT packed in with Playdo or any modeling clay. Colored clay is acceptable, but there is no need to get fancy at this point.

7. Enclose the structure from step 6 into the enclosure made in step 3. Use a strong glue such as "Crazy Glue" to bind the hemisphere arrangement against the enclosure to prevent accidental detonation which might result from vibration or mishandling.

8. To detonate the device, obtain a radio controlled (RC) servo mechanism, as found in RC model airplanes and cars. With a modicum of effort, a remote plunger can be made that will strike a detonator cap to effect a small explosion. These detonator caps can be found in the electrical supply section of your local supermarket. We recommend the "Blast-O-Mactic" brand because they are no deposit-no return.

9. Now hide the completed device from the neighbors and children. The garage is not recommended because of high humidity and the extreme range of temperatures experienced there. Nuclear devices have been known to spontaneously detonate in these unstable conditions. The hall closet or under the kitchen sink will be perfectly suitable.

10. Now you are the proud owner of a working thermonuclear device! It is a great ice-breaker at parties, and in a pinch, can be used for national defense.

3. THEORY OF OPERATION

The device basically works when the detonated TNT compresses the Plutonium into a critical mass. The critical mass then produces a nuclear chain reaction similar to the domino chain reaction (discussed in this column, "Dominos on the March", March, 1968). The chain reaction then promptly produces a big thermonuclear reaction. And there you have it, a 10 megaton explosion!

4. NEXT MONTH'S COLUMN

In next month's column, we will learn how to clone your neighbor's wife in six easy steps. This project promises to be an exciting weekend full of fun and profit. Common kitchen utensils will be all you need. See you next month!

5. NOTES

1. Plutonium (PU), atomic number 94, is a radioactive metallic element formed by the decay of Neptunium and is similar in chemical structure to Uranium, Saturnium, Jupiternium, and Marisum.

6. PREVIOUS MONTH'S COLUMNS

1. Let's Make Test Tube Babies! May, 1979
2. Let's Make a Solar System! June, 1979
3. Let's Make a Economic Recession! July, 1979
4. Let's Make an Anti-Gravity Machine! August, 1979
5. Let's Make Contact with an Alien Race! September, 1979

Make an Anti-Gravity Machine! August, 1979

5. Let's Make Contact with an Alien Race

25 GOOD REASONS WHY BEER IS BETTER THAN WOMEN

1. YOU CAN ENJOY A BEER ALL MONTH LONG.
2. BEER STAINS WASH OUT.
3. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WINE AND DINE BEER.
4. YOUR BEER WILL ALWAYS WAIT PATIENTLY FOR YOU IN THE CAR WHILE YOU PLAY FOOTBALL.

5. WHEN YOUR BEER GOES FLAT, YOU TOSS IT OUT.
6. BEER IS NEVER LATE.
7. A BEER DOESN'T GET JEALOUS WHEN YOU GRAB ANOTHER BEER.
8. HANGOVERS GO AWAY.
9. BEER LABELS COME OFF WITHOUT A FIGHT.
10. WHEN YOU GO TO A BAR, YOU KNOW YOU CAN ALWAYS PICK UP A BEER.
11. BEER NEVER HAS A HEADACHE.
12. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRIVE A BEER HOME IN THE MORNING.
13. A BEER WON'T GET UPSET IF YOU COME HOME WITH ANOTHER BEER.
14. IF YOU POUR A BEER RIGHT, YOU'LL ALWAYS GET GOOD HEAD.
15. A BEER ALWAYS GOES DOWN EASY.
16. YOU CAN HAVE MORE THAN ONE BEER IN A NIGHT AND NOT FEEL GUILTY.
17. YOU CAN SHARE A BEER WITH YOUR FRIENDS.
18. YOU ALWAYS KNOW YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO POP A BEER.
19. BEER IS ALWAYS WET.
20. BEER DOESN'T DEMAND EQUALITY.
21. YOU CAN HAVE A BEER IN PUBLIC.
22. A BEER DOESN'T CARE WHEN YOU COME.
23. A FRIGID BEER IS A GOOD BEER.
24. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WASH A BEER BEFORE IT TASTES GOOD.
25. IF YOU CHANGE BEERS YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY ALIMONY.

10 Reasons Why I Drink

1. I love to Vomit.
2. It makes my children respect me.
3. My wife loves my whiskey breath and beer-bleary eyes.
4. Drunkards and saloon-keepers make the best citizens.
5. It helps me win the safe-driving award.
6. I want to encourage juvenile delinquency.
7. It helps me think more clearly.
8. It's my way of saving money.
9. I hope to live in a 'flophouse' on Skid Row.
10. It's my way of obeying God, Who says, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." - Proverbs 20:1

"I know when to stop!"

Sure. You're smart. You can take it. You know when you've had enough. That's what every drunken bum said at one time. But the time to stop was before he took the first drink. Now he's lost his money, his home, his family, his respect, his health. And his mind's going. Visit him at 5th and Wisconsin, or on the Skid Row of your city. See him begging for money. Look at his eyes, his shaking fingers. Talk to him. He was a doctor, a lawyer, a real estate broker, a college graduate and an athlete. Now he's an alcoholic. He didn't want to be a wallflower. He wanted to sow his wild oats. He got too big for Sunday School. He listened to an atheistic, evolutionist, college professor educated beyond his intelligence. "The Bible?" Full of fairy tales. Read Tom Paine instead. Or Robert Ingersoll. Or Eleanor Roosevelt. Or Harry Emerson Fosdick. Or sex books. You're only an animal. Live like one."

Now look in the Mirror!

You are that person - 5, 10, 20 years from now - or sooner. Unless you wake up. God declares, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Galatians 6:7. You are on the toboggan. So is America. Americans drank 83 million barrels of beer in 1 year. Americans spent in 1 year \$8,760,000,000 for intoxicating liquors against \$5,010,236,000 for public school education. Unless we stop, God will curse America!

How to quit!

Be converted to Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Accept Him as your Saviour. Ask Him to forgive you for your sins and make you a real Christian. Read your Bible daily and urge others to give their hearts to Christ. Write and tell us of your decision. We will send you a free booklet.

The Conversion Center, Drawer V, Havertown, Penn., 19083
From the S.O.N. BBS, WI

EMP-EVAL

TO: All Department Heads
FROM: Personnel Department
SUBJ: New Employee Evaluation Forms

NAME: _____ DATE: _____
JOB TITLE: _____ DATE HIRED: _____
DEPARTMENT: _____ SUPERVISOR: _____

ACCURACY DOES SHITTY WORK AND CONSTANTLY FUCKS UP
 DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT IF OUTPUT IS RIGHT OR WRONG
 PRETTY GOOD, ONLY AN OCCASIONAL SCREW-UP
 DOES GOOD WORK IF NOT PRE-OCCUPIED WITH BROADS/STUDS

RATE OF DOESN'T DO A FUCKING THING ALL DAY LONG
WORK WORKS ONLY IF KICKED IN THE ASS VERY OFTEN
 DOES A LOT OF WORK AT REVIEW TIME
 GOES LIKE A SON-OF-A-BITCH IF HE THINKS HE'LL GET A RAISE
 FASTEST MOTHER-FUCKER IN THE WEST

DEPENDABILITY
 COMPLETELY INCOMPETENT MOTHER-HUMPING JERK
 NEEDS FREQUENT THREATS AND ASS CHEWINGS
 CONSCIENTIOUS ONLY IF SEX URGE IS SATISFIED
 USUALLY DEPENDABLE AT SALARY REVIEW TIME
 REALLY A RELIABLE COCK-SUCKER

KNOWLEDGE STUPID BASTARD, DOESN'T KNOW HIS ASS FROM FIRST BASE
 KNOWS JUST ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS
 ADEQUATE BRAIN POWER, BUT DOESN'T USE IT
 KNOWS MOST PHASES OF THE JOB
 SON-OF-A-BITCH REALLY KNOWS HIS SHIT

COOPERATION
 PISS POOR ATTITUDE, THINKS HE IS BEING SHIT ON
 OFTEN PISSES OFF CO-WORKERS
 COOPERATIVE ONLY IF ASS IS KISSED FREQUENTLY
 BROWN NOSER FIRST CLASS
 COOPERATIVE IF PAID ENOUGH

ORDERLINESS

- SLOPPY, DIRTY, FILTHY BASTARD-WORSE THAN OSCAR
- PISSES IN ASH TRYS, SHITS IN THE CORNER
- SOMETIMES EMPTIES ASH TRAYS AND HITS THE WASTBASKET
- NEAT AND ORDERLY
- NEATER THAN FELIX

HANDLING CONSTANTLY PISSES OFF THE TROOPS
AND FREQUENTLY GETS THE FINGER
DEVELOPING OCCASIONALLY GETS TOLD TO GET FUCKED
PEOPLE ONLY THE JANITORS OBEY HIM
 CARRIES HATCHET AND GETS EXCELLENT RESULTS

EMPLOYEE'S SIGNATURE

SUPERVISOR'S SIGNATURE

... we are
meeting again this year at Englishtown (same place...next year?)

After going to the trouble of thinking up an original opening line,

the most common responses are:

"Do you come here often?"
and
"Where do you live?"

My favorite "famous line" is one that appeared in this very newsgroup some months ago:

"I'd really like to lick apricot brandy out of your navel."

Other opening lines that I have heard recently (that are famous or near-famous):

"Hi. I'm Big Brother. I've been watching you..."
"Where have you been all my life?"

And one that I used recently, as I was standing next to a woman looking out the window at Rochester's first snowstorm:

"Would you like to join me in the Bahamas next week?"

My only defense is that it was said in a way that made it clear that I wasn't serious and that seemed like the thing to say at the time... (She said yes, by the way).

"Would you like to see my Congressional Medal of Honor?"
...then, after fumbling with finding it,
"Oops! I must have left it at home."

This can only be used in certain situations, but it worked on me:
"You shouldn't run around looking like that or one of us sex-starved young men might attack you." This was said with a grin. I was wearing a halter top with a blouse open over it and jeans. He didn't attack, but we ate dinner together and were good friends through college.

Think you can dance in those shoes?
(Nice, macho line. Works best on mean women you've seen once or twice before, instead of "Have I seen you somewhere?")

Ok, you can stand next to me, as long as you don't talk about the heat!
(From "Body Heat". Perfect if you've obviously gone waaay out of your way to talk to a woman standing somewhere else.)

Did you have a color television when you were a kid?
(Flesh this out with the old "settle an argument" trick, ask her what color Fred Flintstone's dog Dino is. This has *never failed* to generate further conversation.)

You're "no parking", aren't you?
(Another two-parter. Explain that you're trying to guess her sign. This is so stupid that it's almost bulletproof in the right kind of bars.)

Excuse me, I don't want you to think I'm ridiculous or anything, but you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I just felt like I had to tell you.
(Then walk away!! Casual sincerity is crucial. Next time you walk by, you can go for something mundane: "What's your name, occupation, have you lived in fooville long, etc". This works best on well-scrubbed ex-cheerleader types.)

The cutest one I've ever gotten (from my current girlfriend) was after our first date. She got up and turned off the light, and then said,

"Why don't you surprise your roommate and not come home tonight?"

One that I'm stealing from "Red Bricks", an op-ed comic strip formerly seen at Purdue, is:

"What's your blood type?"

"I'm into semiology. What's your sign?"

My favorite lines:

In the produce department, "How can you tell if these things are ripe?"

At the laudromat, "How much bleach should I put in with my good suit?"

"You don't sweat much for a fat girl."

"Hey, doll, is this guy boring you? Try me instead! I'm from a different planet!"

-Zaphod Beeblebrox, Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy.

Once, I was in a coffee shop and while the waitress was pouring my cup of coffee she said, "Say when." Response: "As soon as I finish this coffee." All it got me was a nasty look.

I liked the pick up lines used in the movie Gregory's Girl:

"You know when you sneeze, it comes out of your nose at a hundred miles per hour. Choo! just like that."

and,

"D'ya know how they make veal? They hang baby calves upside down and slit them from top to bottom and let the blood drip out."

Needless to say, both were useless.

We musn't forget the one used by Les Nessman in WKRP:

"Hi, I'm incredibly rich."

Well, ok, I'll tell a story on myself. I once had a lover confide to me that she had had many men tell her that she had a beautiful smile, but that I was the first to tell her she had a "terrific grin". I guess it worked!

overheard in a rural bar:

"Hey, I know you! You were Miss Ohio last year, weren't you?"

overheard on a NYC street:

"Wow, I like your jeans. Did you design them yourself?"

"What a lovely dog! Does it have a phone?"

The next one maybe doesn't qualify, except as a counterexample. College cafeteria, enormously long tables with benches for seating 40 on each side. Girl alone at one end of bench, no one else sitting at either side of the table. Prospective picker upper(?) approaches, carrying tray with lunch.

- "Excuse me, is this seat free?"

Girl looks slowly over him, from head to toe, waits till he's almost ready to put tray down.

- "No."

Girl lowers her eyes back into book.

"Lie down; I think I love you."

"Want to go to my place for some data? 1600 BPI -- the good stuff!"

Gee, you look like my sister

For example, if you are italian, you would say:

Want a little italian in you?

Holds true for whatever ethnic group you belong to.

'Course there's always "Your face or mine?"

What's a nice girl like you doing on a face like this?

>We at the NA40 Institue for Advanced Research in Pop Culture have come
>up with the following classick lines:

>If I told you you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?

>I can sense that you're a terrific lover, and it intimidates me a little.

>Let's have breakfast together; shall I call you or nudge you?

>If I weren't so romantic, I'd shoot you.

>I can't help noticing that you left your peas.

>The first time I saw you, I could sense that there was a strong emotional
bond between the two of us.

>Isn't my father your tax attorney?

>I bet you have delicious thighs.

>If you went swimming with me, I'd lick you dry.

>Do you believe in love at first sight? How about the synchronicity of multiple orgasms?

>You've got the bluest eyes I've ever seen.

>My lenses turn dark in the sunshine of your love. [from the forthcoming album]

>My friend and I have a fifty-cent bet that you won't take off your blouse in a public place.

>I only have a month to live, and I feel like I've never really lived before.

>My appendix is about to burst, would you drive me to the hospital?

>I've just received government funding for a four-hour expedition to find your G-spot.

>Not only am I rude and tasteless and trying to get you into bed, but I'm also being paid for it.

>Can you believe that just a few hours ago we'd never even been to bed together?

>Have you ever had sex underwater?

>You look remarkably like our gardener.

>Shall I wait for you in my car or will the closet suffice?

>I know a great way to burn off the 300 calories in that pastry you just ate.

>I'm learning Latin; would you like to come home with me and help me practice

oral declinations?

>Nothing you've ever done before counts. The only thing that matters now is that we're together.

>I've been slightly depressed ever since my vasectomy.

>Do you wanna fuck or do you have herpes?

>You look nice and clean.

>You've got nice tits; wanna fuck?

TO: All Employees

RE: Special High Intensity Training

DATE: Any Time

In order to assure that we continue to produce the highest quality work possible, it will be our policy to keep all employees well trained through our program of Special High Intensity Training (S.H.I.T.). We are giving our employees more S.H.I.T. than any other company in the country.

If you feel you do not receive your share of S.H.I.T. on the job, please see your supervisor. You will be placed on top of the S.H.I.T. list for special attention.

All of our supervisors are particularly well qualified to see that you get all the S.H.I.T. you can handle at your own speed.

If you consider yourself to be trained enough already, you may be interested in helping us to train others. We can add your name to our Basic Understanding Lecture List, Special High Intensity Training (B.U.L.L.S.H.I.T.).

If you have further questions, please address them to our Head

of Training (H.O.T.S.H.I.T.) Program.

Thank You!

Boss in General
Special High Intensity Training
(B.I.G.S.H.I.T.)

P.S. With the personality some of you display around here, you could easily become the Director of Intensity Programming (D.I.P.S.H.I.T.).

For those of you that are of a medical turn, here are some norwegian medical terms, Courtesy of the Naughty Nautical BBS, Tampa, Fl.

Norwegian Medical Terminology

Artery=The study of paintings

Barium=What you do when CPR fails

Ceasarean Section=A district in Rome

Colic=A sheep dog

Coma=A punctuation mark

Congenital=Friendly

Dilate=To live long

Fester=Quicker

G.I. Series=Baseball games between teams of soldiers.

Grippe=A suit case

Hangnail=A coat hook

(43 left) More: (Enter) or (Y)es, (N)o, (F)lag, (NS)non-stop? Medical staff=A doctor's cane

Morbid=A higher offer
Nitrate=Lower than the day rate
Node=Was aware
Outpatient=A person who fainted
Post-operative=A letter carrier
Protein=In favor of young people
Secretion=Hiding anything
Serology=Study of English Knighthood
Tablet=A small table
Tumor=An extra pair
Urine=Opposite of you're out
Varicose Veins=Veins which are very close together.

Thanks are not necessary.

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A little boy happened to walk in on his parents last night while they were making love. "What are you doing?", asked the little boy. "Why we're making a little sister for you to play with", the father said. Well, the next day when the father got home from work the little boy was sitting on the porch crying his poor little eyes out. "What's wrong?", asked the father. To that the little boy replied:"You know the little sister you were making for me?" "Yes", said the father. And the little boy said: "well, this morning the mailman ate her!!!!"

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It has come to the attention of the management that some certain personnel have been using abusive language in the exchange of some normal communication with the relation to the performance of routine activities.

This code list is provided to permit individual freedom and originality of our fellow workers to alleviate frustration and provide a clearer, precise and effective means of communication to one another and not damage customer relationships or hurt other individuals with sensitive ears that may be within hearing distance.

To preclude mistaking the communication codes with department numbers and telephone extensions, management has assigned '800' numbers to be utilized for our convenience and clarity:

801 You've got to be shitting me. 837 The fucking thing won't work
802 Get off my fucking back. 838 Go pound sand up your ass.

803 Beats the shit out of me. 839 Fuck off.
804 What the fuck. 840 Who called this fucking
805 It's so fucking bad, I can't meeting?
believe it. 841 I'm free this weekend.
806 I hate this fucking place! 842 Help me dump this mother.
807 You're ass sucks bananas. 843 Let's fuck.
808 Fuck you very much. 844 Same shit, different day
809 Lovely, simply fucking lovely! (SSDD)
810 Fucked up beyond all belief. 845 Use your fucking imagination.
811 Beautiful, just fucking 846 Let's take off sick together.
beautiful. 847 Up your ass!
812 Fuck, shit, piss, damn, hell. 848 Kiss my ass.
813 Hair pie, Fur burgers. 849 Ask me again in a couple of
814 I just got fucked. days.
815 Big fucking deal. 850 Far fucking out (FFO)
816 Hang it in your fucking ear. 851 Let's split this joint, but
817 Get Bent! not in office.
818 I don't give a shit. 852 You play ball with us or we'll
819 Oh shit! shove the bat up your ass.
820 Horny Bastard 853 Simply piss on it.
821 Fuck it, just fuck it. 854 Who is fucking who?
822 Blow it out your ass. 855 Dip me in shit.
823 Hot shit. 856 Your ass sucks bilge water.
824 Bitchin' 857 Adios - Mother Fucker!
825 Tell someone who gives a shit. 858 Go shit in your hat.
826 Don't get fucking wise. 859 Go shit in the lake and wipe
827 I don't give a fuck. your ass with a bubble.
828 Pardon me sir, but you've 860 If you don't have a wall
obviously mistaken me for some- locker, hang it in your ass.
one who gives a fuck. 861 Yal Rahl Lizard Shit!
829 As long as I don't stand up, 862 I'd like to kiss your belly
I'm alright. button from the inside.
830 Fuck the phones. 863 Love me - I have an 18 inch
831 Fucking follow ups. tongue and I can breath
832 Let's have oral gratification. through my ears.
833 No fucking shit. 864 I didn't design the fucking
834 Fuck You!! thing
835 I just sell the mother fucker. 865 Eat shit and die!!
836 Your ass sucks wind. 866 Suck my cock!

The Deer Hunt

1:00 am Alarm clock rings
2:00 am Hunting partners arrive, drag you out of bed
2:30 am Throw everything except the kitchen sink in the pick-up
3:00 am Leave home for deep woods
3:15 am Drive back home and pick up gun
3:30 am Drive like hell to get to the woods before daylight
4:00 am Set up camp - Realize that you forgot the damned tent
4:30 am Head out into woods
6:05 am See eight (8) deer
6:06 am Take aim and squeeze trigger
6:07 am "Click"
6:08 am Load gun while watching deer go over the hill
8:00 am Head back to camp
9:00 am Still looking for camp
10:00 am Realize you don't know where camp is
Noon- Fire gun for help - eat some wild berries
12:15 pm Ran out of bullets - 8 deer come back
12:20 pm Strange feeling in stomach
12:30 pm Realize you ate poison berries
12:45 pm Rescued!!
12:55 pm Rushed to the hospital to have stomach pumped
3:00 pm Arrive back at camp
3:30 pm Leave camp to kill deer
4:00 pm Return to camp for bullets
4:01 pm Load gun - leave camp again
5:00 pm Empty gun on squirrel that is bugging the shit out of you
6:00 pm Arrive at camp. See deer grazing in camp.
6:01 pm Load Gun
6:02 pm Fire gun
6:03 pm One Dead Truck
6:05 pm Hunting partner returns to camp dragging deer!
6:06 pm Suppress strong desire to shoot partner
6:07 pm In doing so, stumble and fall into fire
6:10 pm Change clothes, throw burned ones into fire
6:15 pm Take pick-up, leave partner and his God Damn deer in woods
6:25 pm Pick-up boils over - Damn hole shot in the block!
6:26 pm Start walking
6:30 pm Started crying, stumble and fall, drop gun in mud
6:35 pm Meet great big Bear!
6:35 1/2 pm Take aim
6:36 pm Fire gun, blow up barrel plugged with mud.
6:36 1/2 pm Shit in pants
6:37 pm Climb tree
9:00 pm Bear departing wraps gun around the tree
9:03 pm Take off shitty pants
9:04 pm Try to wipe tail on leaves

9:05 pm Fall out of tree
-MidNight- Home at last

Sunday -- Setting in bed with cast on leg watching TV, slowly tearing license into little bitty pieces, place into envelope, mail to Game Warden with Very Clear instructions on where to place it!!

COUNSELING SHEET

"Under the Freedom of Information Act of and the Fedral Privacy Act of 1974, I understand my performance is being documented.

Name: _____ SSN: _____ Date: _____

Knowledge: ___ The son of a bitch really knows his shit.

___ Knows just enough to be dangerous.

___ Only half a brain and is dangerous.

___ Fucking brain damaged, His coffee cup has a higher I.Q.

Accuracy: ___ Does pretty good work if not pre-occupied with pussy.

___ Pretty Good; only occasionally blows it out his ass.

___ Has to take off his shoes to count higher than ten.

___ Couldn't count his balls and get the same number twice.

Attitude: ___ Extremely cooperative (If you kiss his ass frequently).

___ Brown Noser in good standing.

___ Often pisses off his co-worker, thinks it's his shop.

___ Doesn't give a shit, never did, never will.

Reliability: ___ Really dependable little cocksucker.

___ Can rely on him at eval time.

___ Can rely on him to be the first one out the fucking door.

___ Totally worthless.

Appearance: ___ Extremely neat - even combs his pubic hairs.

___ Looks great at eval time.

___ Flies leave fresh dogshit to follow him.

___ Dirty, filthy, smelly son of a bitch.

Performance: ___ Goes like a S.O.B. (if there's money in it for him).

___ Does all kinds of good shit at eval time.

___ Works only if kicked in the ass every two (2) mins.

___ Couldn't do less if he were in a fucking coma.

Leadership: ___ Carries a chain saw and gets good results.

___ Better leader than fucking MacArthur at eval time.

___ Only occasionally gets told to get fucked.

___ Mother Theresa told him to get fucked.

"I understand that I have been counseled and know my rights under the Privacy Act of 1974. I further acknowledge that i am as fucked up as a football bat and will attempt to correct my performance."

Counselee: _____
Counselor: _____
Witness: _____

Dear Tax Payers:

The only thing that the IRS has not taxed is your pecker. This is due to the fact that 40% of the time it is hanging around, unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up, and 10% of the time it is employed, but operates in the hole. Furthermore, it has two dependents and they aare both nuts.

Accordingly, after 1 March 1989, your pecker will be taxed based on its size, using the "Pecker-Checker Scale" below. Determine your category and insued the additional tax under "other taxes", page 2, part V, line 61 of your standard income tax return.

Pecker-Checker
Scale

10 to 12 inches	Luxury Tax	\$50.00
8 to 10 inches	Pole Tax	\$25.00
6 to 8 inches	(Privelege)	\$15.00
4 to 6 inches	Nuisance Tax	\$ 5.00

NOTE: Anyone under 4 inches is entitled to a refund. Please do not ask for an extension.....

Males with peckers in excess of 12 inches should be filed under "Capital Gain". If unsure of your correct (size) category, call our office and we will send out a Pecker Meter Reader.

Very Truly,

Your Tax Woman

A Polish Mother Writing Her Son

Dear Son,

Just a few words to let you know that I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know that you cannot read that fast. You won't know the house when you come home. . . we've moved. I won't be able to send you the address, as the last Polish family that lived here took the numbers with them for thier next house so they wouldn't have to change thier address.

About your father. . . he has a lovely new job. He now has over 500 men working under him. He is cutting grass at the cemetary.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, but it still isn't working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts into it, pulled the chain, and haven't seen them since.

Your sister Mary, had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether it is a boy or a girl, so I don't know whether you are an aunt or an uncle.

Your Uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whiskey in a Doblin brewery. Some of his fellow workers dived in to save him, but he

fought them off bravely. We cremated his body, and it took three days to put the fire out.

Your father didn't have much to drink at Christmas. I put Castor Oil in his pint of whiskey. It kept him going until New Year's Day. I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father came with me. The doctor put a small tube into my mouth and told me not to open my mouth for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him.

It only rained twice this week, once for three days and once for four days. Monday it was so windy that one of our chickens laid the same egg four times.

We had a letter yesterday from the undertaker. He said if the last installment wasn't paid on your grandmother within 7 days, Up she comes!

Your Loving Mother,

P.S. I was going to send you \$10.00, but I had already sealed the envelope.