



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (2) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (3) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ½Next set (4) >>İ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ½ Bonus round İ½!Jl(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus1')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



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**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (5) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (6) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĵ½Next set (7) >>İĵ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĵ½ Bonus round İĵ½!Jl(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus2')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



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it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (8) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĉ½Next set (9) >>İĉ½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (10) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!Jl(^bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus3')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



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it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ÿ¿½Next set (11) >>ÿ¿½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (12) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (13) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!Jl(^bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus4')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (14) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (15) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (16) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!Jl(^bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus5')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (17) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (18) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (19) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!Jl(^bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus6')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



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**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (20) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (21) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (22) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!Jl(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus7')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (23) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (24) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (25) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!Jl(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus8')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (26) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (27) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (28) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!Jl(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus9')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (29) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (30) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½Next set (31) >>î¿½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½ Bonus round î¿½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus10')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (32) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (33) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĵ½Next set (34) >>İĵ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĵ½ Bonus round İĵ½!JI('bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus11')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
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**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (35) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (36) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ÿ¿½Next set (37) >>ÿ¿½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ÿ¿½ Bonus round ÿ¿½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus12')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (38) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (39) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ;½Next set (40) >>ĩ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ;½ Bonus round ĩ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus13')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (41) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (42) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½Next set (43) >>î¿½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½ Bonus round î¿½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus14')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (44) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (45) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ;½Next set (46) >>ĩ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ;½ Bonus round ĩ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus15')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (47) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (48) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (49) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus16')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (50) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (51) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ÿ¿½Next set (52) >>ÿ¿½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ÿ¿½ Bonus round ÿ¿½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus17')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (53) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (54) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (55) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus18')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (56) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (57) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½Next set (58) >>î¿½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î¿½ Bonus round î¿½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus19')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (59) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (60) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (61) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus20')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (62) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (63) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (64) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus21')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (65) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (66) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (67) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus22')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (68) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (69) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (70) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus23')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (71) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (72) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (73) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus24')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (74) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (75) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (76) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus25')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (77) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (78) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (79) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus26')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (80) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (81) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (82) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus27')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (83) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (84) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (85) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus28')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (86) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (87) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½Next set (88) >>İİ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İİ½ Bonus round İİ½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus29')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (89) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (90) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

```
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (91) >>İ;½!Next()}\n{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus30')}
```



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (92) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (93) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (94) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus31')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen**

t

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (95) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (96) >>î;½!Next() }



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½Next set (97) >>İ;½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İ;½ Bonus round İ;½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus32')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (98) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,î;½Next set (99) >>î;½!Next()}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĭ½Next set (100) >>İĭ½!Next()}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,İĭ½ Bonus round İĭ½!JI(`bigstupe.dat>long';`bonus33')}



**It's a loong
story.**



Quickies



**In uncertain
terms**



**"They said it,
I didn't"**



**I swear
it's true...**



**Fer them
intalekshuls**



**According
to Murphy**



**Virtual
entertainmen
t**

{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ½Back to startĩ½!JI(';'MAIN100')}
{ewc HLP_CTRL.DLL,EWnd,ĩ½ Bonus round ĩ½!JI('bigstupe.dat>long';'bonus34')}







Contents table

Click the joke set number you want or return to the previous set of jokes by [clicking here](#).

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The Stupid Help Menu

(Somehow that doesn't look quite right...)

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{ewc LZANI.DLL,LZANIMATE,GRAPHICS.DAT;melting.bmp}

Copy Print Close

How to use The Big Stupid



Since this is the first time you have used The Big Stupid (either that or you're having a bit of trouble with one of its features), we'd like to acquaint you with a few of its options.

How it selects jokes



Jokes are selected in sets, one for each button on the main menu. Every time you start The Big Stupid or move to the **Next set**, a new set of jokes is loaded for each button. So if you didn't catch all the jokes in the set the first time through, well....

You can also read The Big Stupid like a kamikaze book that reincarnates (what a concept!). You can't go back a page unless you're a hacker who knows how to pull off such wizardry, but the book will start all over again once you're through, or start from zero using the appropriate menu options.

What to do if you want to print or copy a joke



Jokes are made for sharing. They're no damned good if you can't copy them and send them to others or print them. We may or may not have supplied buttons for doing just that, but we *did* build in special hotkeys for the job. If you have Windows 95, you won't need this section; you already have the tools you need in the new Windows Help. (Despite its appearance, this software was designed and constructed in Windows Help.)

All of which is just a convoluted way of saying *use the buttons*. Once a joke is on the clipboard it can be copied into another document. However, the only way you can save a copy of a joke window with graphics is to print it.



This is shareware, not free software. The jokes themselves are, to the best we have been able to determine, free for you to copy and share with others but the registration instructions that unlock the extra features in this software are *not* free to share. [Click here](#) to learn how to register this software and find out what registration can add -- *instantly* -- to The Big Stupid.

 Done

About The Big Stupid

What is The Big Stupid?



This is a collection of some of the finest humor circulated on USENET and BITnet from the late 1980s and early 1990s. It contains an assortment of over 3,000 one-liners, shaggy dog stories, offensive remarks, slogans, quotes and non-sequiturs guaranteed to force a smile, in an interface that lends itself to a wide variety of uses. It was not authored by the editors at Dynamic Living. Well, *some* of it (about fifteen percent) was created in-house. The vast majority of it was compiled or plagiarized outright and meticulously edited to bypass copyright restrictions from a vast (more like “reasonably mediocre” -*Ed.*) collection of USENET archives and reformatted for this enhanced Windows Help interface.

Does it contain offensive material?



Our power and light bill contains material offensive to many Christian sects. Yes, it contains offensive material, but no one has been spared. Although any attempt is doomed to fail, we did try to insure that no particular group was singled out.



“Cute” humor about kids *always* insults childhood in some way. Cosmic laughter insults God. Humor in all forms is offensive in some way to some thing, being or group; there are no exceptions.

The question then becomes, who will it offend *most*?

Hopefully everyone.

On a legal note...



That said, we did make every attempt to insure that this material falls within the narrow boundaries of legality in Canada and the US in regard to its legality for distribution. Although we make no guarantees, we believe it will pose no threat to anyone posting it on a bulletin board or online service. We’ve seen far worse language than the jokes contain in **README.TXT** files in widely-available shareware packages.

We used the following benchmark to determine the suitability of a joke for the main body of the book: *is this too raunchy for prime time network television?* Anything raunchier went into the adult section, which can only be accessed by licensed, registered users of legal age to possess the material. While it *is* possible to access the material through decompiling the software, this is a violation of copyright and not something we can take responsibility for, just as corner grocers who may sell Playboy can’t take responsibility for a 16-year-old who steals a copy.

And we deeply resent having to take the time to write this disclaimer when we could

have devoted the time to working on the software itself.

How to use The Big Stupid



The Big Stupid can be used in many ways. Using the installation option designed for the task, it can be configured to run automatically each time you start Windows, displaying a different palette of jokes each time it runs, much like the old-fashioned “cookie files” used in DOS. It can be read like a book, since each time it is run you’ll have the option of viewing only the selected set of jokes or moving on to the next set. It can be used to enhance your email. Quotes and one-liners can be copied to the clipboard for pasting into your email messages or sig blocks. Individual jokes can be printed for posting on bulletin boards. Finally, you can keep opening new copies of *The Big Stupid* to see how many copies can be open at once before Windows crashes, making it a valuable diagnostic tool no serious hacker should be without.

What's the dirty secret?



You don't want to know. I mean, unless you're already a misanthrope with a death wish and know what this phrase means, you *really* don't want to know. But just in case you *have* to find out, [click here](#). I promise you, if you put what you learn here to the test, you will never be the same. Innocence can never be regained, and it can be a terrible thing to lose.

 **End of section**



This is not a joke. After a rigorous course of psychotherapy, a hermitage lasting several years and an intensive and extremely painful study of both Eastern and Western philosophies, the editor of this work arrived at the following conclusion, a conclusion which he has set before some of the sharpest minds in the virtual world and has not yet had disproven or even challenged to the point of doubt, despite the most ardent wish that it will *be* disproven.

The secret is this: All laughter has its basis in fear. There are no exceptions. Humor is a device all humans use to cope with that which they cannot master. There are no exceptions.

The *dirty* secret is this: the development of this piece of software represents a heinous hypocrisy, made even more severe by the hundreds of additions and original quips and tales added by the editor to this work.

Having laid bare my soul to you, and given you the secret of laughter in the bargain, you should now feel morally obligated to register this software...but you probably won't.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Copyright and licensing information

Dynamic Living usually strives at all time for factual accuracy and takes pains to avoid misunderstandings. Not this time...humor is a contact sport. Someone always gets hurt. There are no exceptions. We are aware that this is a society in which frivolous and destructive lawsuits over trivial mistakes and omissions are a daily occurrence, so we reluctantly make the following disclaimer as a means of protecting ourselves from nuisance suits:

The information contained in this and any accompanying files is presented for entertainment purposes only. It is not to be construed as accurate or factual, even if it is represented as such in the text. Neither the authors, the publisher, nor the provider of this information makes any claim regarding the truth of any statement herein, including this one. Neither the author, the publisher nor the provider of this information accept any responsibility for damages or inconvenience resulting either directly or indirectly from the use of this file or any accompanying files nor the information they contain.

**“In a litigious society, only the saints, the dim
and the legal community sleep soundly...”**

- Steve Winter -

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IMPORTANT NOTE: If you do not agree to the terms of this license, do not use this software.



Information about the Windows Help extensions used in this product can be viewed at the topic linked to this help button.

Terms of your software license:

(Legalese with English subtitles; click the BACK or CONTENTS button when you've had enough)

1. This license is limited to the terms and conditions described herein. Its permissions extend for the life of the copyright holding to the work licensed. Its prohibitions and restrictions extend for the life of the copyrighted work or two years following the release date of the software, whichever comes first, except where noted.

Plain English

2. As a paid user you are permitted to install and use this file and all files accompanying it in the

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Plain English

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Tips for using The Big Stupid

The Find button



This special feature, activated by the button on the button bar, lets you track down any word or phrase in the book in a matter of seconds. This feature also lets you print topics and copy information to the clipboard for pasting into other documents. (Please respect copyrights when doing this. **Activated on registration only; not available to unregistered users.**)

Bookmarks and annotations



Annotations are a different matter. Windows Help's built-in **Annotations** feature can be more of a pain than a pleasure, so we just knocked it out. Murdered it for the sheer pleasure of it. Same with bookmarks. Instead we provide a handy utility you can use to supplement or replace it. If you installed the Optional Extras, you should have a **Notes** button on your button bar. This button loads a copy of Gregg Braun's NoteBook utility with our ready-made Internet Notes "scratch pad". You should find this much more convenient for keeping scraps of information from First Train than the standard annotations feature, and you can use NoteBook

anywhere within Windows, not just with first Train.

Pop on in to our Web site.

<http://www.firsttrain.com/bigstupe>

Okay, so it's a plug, not a tip. Sue us.



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Published April, 1996 by: Dynamic Living Media,
104 N. Grosvenor Ave., Burnaby, BC V5B-1J2

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A note to help authors

“How did you do that?”



Please don't write to ask this. We have no intention of sharing our secrets via email. Instead we encourage you to find out for yourself, and there's a fairly easy way to do this.

There is now an excellent free decompiler available which will convert Windows Help binaries to RTF formatted text and extract all bitmaps and baggage, and even write a project file. If you decompile this software you'll learn precisely how we did our stuff, what DLLs we used, and if you care to spend a few hours FTPing, we'll even tell you where to get the tools.

The two FTP sites we relied upon most for developing this software were [ftp.onyxgfx.com/pub/winhelp](ftp://onyxgfx.com/pub/winhelp) and [ftp.gmu.edu/pub/winhelp](ftp://gmu.edu/pub/winhelp). If your FTP client doesn't like these URLs, try them in your browser. If they still don't work, try capitalized directories in the URLs (e.g. [ftp.whoever.wherever/Pub/Winhelp](ftp://whoever.wherever/Pub/Winhelp)) in case the site has switched operating systems. The **HELPDECO** decompiler was most recently filenames **HELPDC15.ZIP**.

“How can I do that?”



Just follow our examples. Anything more than that would be spoonfeeding.

“Why are you doing this?”



If you had gone through half of the heartache we experienced when developing an authoring system and toolkit which allows us to do with Winhelp what this software can do, you'd probably feel the same way. Damned if we'll watch *anyone* go through that kind of pain and frustration if we can help it.

Besides, they call it *winhelp*, not *winhoard*, and we had a lot of assistance from other Winhelp authors in developing and fine-tuning this project.

Extension software



Some or all of the following Windows Help extension libraries and miscellaneous utilities may have been utilized in enhancing the look, feel and functionality of The Secret World of Night. Check your installation directory to determine which of these files were used. **Note:** The publisher reserves the right to alter this list without notice.

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See the documentation NOTEBOOK.WRI/NOTEBOOK.HLP for information regarding Gregg Braun's NOTEBOOK.EXE. It is freely distributable with other projects.



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Quickies

A certain retired dentist loves to fish.

“Open wide,” he mutters to the unseen fish as he waits for a tug on the line.

“Now bite down. This may sting just a little bit.”

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Quickies

A piece of bacon and a sausage are in a frying pan.

“Hot in here, isn’t it?” says the sausage.

The bacon replies “Wow! A talking sausage!”

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Quickies

Question on an application form for a newspaper:

You have the choice of saving a drowning man or getting a Pulitzer Prize winning photograph. What type of film would you use?

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Quickies

“Your birthday is coming up, dear, can you give me some idea of what you’d like for your birthday?”

“I want a divorce!”

Pause.

“I’m really sorry, dear, but I hadn’t planned to spend that much.”

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Quickies

If you refuse to fly due to fear over the probability that there will be a bomb on your plane, rethink your tactics...take a bomb with you. The probability of there being *two* bombs on any given flight is very low.

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Quickies

Q: What is the difference between a university and a polytechnic?

A: At a polytechnic they teach you to wash your hands after going to the toilet. At a university they teach you not to pee on your hands in the first place.

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Quickies

Q: How do you confuse a stupid person?

A: 7.

Q: How many lightbulbs does it take to change a human?

A: It depends on whether or not they think lightbulbs' rights are worth fighting for.

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Quickies

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Death.
Death wh....

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Quickies

How do you tell the difference between an optimist, a pessimist and a nihilist?

An optimist believes that in 20 years a pair of shoes will cost only 100 dollars.

A pessimist believes that in 10 years a pair of shoes will cost only 100 rubles.

A nihilist believes that tomorrow they won't have feet.

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Quickies

The difference between the 1990s and the 1950s is that in the 90s, a man walks into a drugstore and states loudly, "I'd like some condoms," then whispers, "and some cigarettes."

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Quickies

Immigration official: “Do you advocate the overthrow of the government by violence or subversion?”

Applicant (after a lengthy pause): “If I have to choose, violence.”

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Quickies

A fellow lost on the Mall by the Washington Monument stopped a policeman and asked, "What side is the State Department on?"

"Ours, I hope," replied the cop.

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Quickies

Two cannibals had just cooked a missionary and were having dinner.

“So what do you think of this missionary?” the first asks the second.

“Quite tasty,” the second replies. “Much better than those porkpies they served at the London School of Economics.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Do you know why the new all-volunteer navy is buying glass-bottom boats for their new fleet?

So they can see the *old* all-volunteer navy.

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Quickies

You have to admire trees. Even though they start to lose their leaves, they never consider growing a beard.

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Quickies

In heaven, the old joke goes, the police are British, the cooks French, the lovers Italian, and it's all organized by the Germans. In hell, the police are French, the cooks British, the lovers German, and it's all organized by the Italians.

Why didn't you hear about this before? The Soviets got the advertising contract.

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Quickies

“What is a million years to you, God?”

“Like one second, mortal.”

“What is a million dollars to you?”

“Like one penny.”

“God, can I have a penny?”

“Just a second...”

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Quickies

A man goes into a pub with a pig under his arm. As he walks in, the barman spots him and exclaims, "Hell fire, that's an ugly looking animal you've got there. Where on Earth did you get it?"

"I won 'im in a raffle," says the pig.

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Quickies

“Well,” snarled the tough old sergeant to the bewildered private, “I suppose after you get discharged from the Army, you’ll just be waiting for me to die so you can come and spit on my grave.”

“Not me, Sarge.” the private replied. “Once I get out of the Army, I ain’t never going to stand in line again.”

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Quickies

An Australian farmer is sitting on a stone near his farm, all bloodied and crying.

“What’s wrong?” asks a passing neighbor.

“I bought a new boomerang,” the fellow answered.

“So why are you crying?” the neighbor asks again.

“Try as I might, I just cannot throw away the old one....”

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Quickies

Somewhere in the middle of Spain, a Lada is driving along and meets a donkey.

The donkey, never having seen a lada before, asks: "What are you?"

"I'm a car," replies the Lada. "What are you?"

"I'm a racehorse," replies the donkey.

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Quickies

A brontosaurus is a salamander designed to military specifications.

It explains a lot when you realize that God did not create the world in seven days. He partied for six and then pulled an all-nighter.

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Quickies

A leading defense analyst claims to have discovered the reasoning behind current US foreign policy.

He says that the US were late for the last two world wars and want to make up for it by being *really punctual* this time.

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Quickies

A chic young woman walking down Main Street with one breast hanging loose outside her dress. An officer of the law walks up to her.

“I’m arresting you for indecent exposure,” says the cop.

The young woman looks down in horror and exclaims, “Oh my gosh, left the baby on the bus!”

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Quickies

A Canadian is someone who drinks Brazilian coffee from a French-designed cup and munches Mexican food while sitting on Danish furniture, having just come home from an Italian movie in his Japanese car. He picks up his Malaysian-made pen and writes to his Queen's representative to complain about the American takeover of the Canadian publishing business.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

The man fell overboard from his little boat and was thrashing around in the water when another pulled up.

“Jump in,” shouted the boater. “We’ll save you.”

“No”, cried the drowning man, “God will save me”.

The scene was repeated twice more before a helicopter finally arrived and hovered over him, and once again the man refused help on the same grounds...God would save him.

The man drowned, and as he crossed the Pearly Gates he gazed into Jesus’ eyes with obvious confusion.

“I placed my faith in you and you let me drown” he complained.

“Let you drown?”, exclaimed Jesus. “I sent three boats and a helicopter.”

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Quickies

Insanity is making the same mistake over and over again, and expecting different results each time.

Reality is getting those different results.

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Quickies

The patient shook his doctor's hand in gratitude. "Since we are the best of friends, I would not want to insult you by offering payment. But I would like for you to know that I have mentioned you in my will."

"That is very kind of you," said the doctor. "Can I see that prescription I just gave you? I'd like to make a little change...."

Copy Print Close

Quickies

On the steps of this church two pan handlers were doing their daily business. One wore a large cross on his chest, and the other a Star of David. Of course, most of the churchgoers generously gave to the cross wearer while the other was overlooked.

Finally the pastor approached the Jew and suggested that if he take off the Star of David maybe he'd get more handouts.

"Get this guy," laughs the pan handler as the pastor leaves. "Trying to teach *us* how to do business."

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Quickies

A good-looking woman walked into an orchard, found a lovely pool and decided to take a swim. She looked around, didn't see anyone and undressed. Just as she was about to dive in, the watchman appeared from behind the bush where he had been hiding and told her that swimming was prohibited.

"You could have told me that before I undressed!" she scolded him.

"Why?" he replied. Only swimming is prohibited. Undressing isn't."

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Quickies

One attractive young businesswoman to another, over lunch:

“My life is all math. I am trying to add to my income, subtract from my weight, divide my time, and avoid multiplying.”

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Quickies

“I’d give a thousand dollars to the man who would worry for me!”

“You’re on. Now, where is that thousand dollars?”

“That is your first worry!”

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Quickies

Jesus gets on the ferry to cross the Dead Sea.

“That’ll be 40 sestertci for the crossing,” chimes the ferryman.

Realizing he can’t afford the fee, Jesus shakes his head at the boatman.

“Sorry, friend,” Jesus says to the boatman as he steps out. “I guess I’ll have to walk.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A woman goes into a greengrocer and is looking round anxiously at a pile of oranges.

“Can I help you madam?” asks the shopkeeper.

“Well, I was looking for some fruit for my husband. Have these oranges been treated with any poisonous fertilizer or weedkiller?” she replies.

“No madam, you’ll have to get that from the chemist’s.”

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Quickies

Seen on a birthday card

Outside: “Forget about the past. You can’t change it. Forget about the future. You can’t predict it.”

Inside: “Forget about the present. I didn’t buy you one.”

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Quickies

“Good morning Tommy, and why weren’t you in school yesterday?”

“I’m sorry, teacher, but my Grandad got burnt.”

“He wasn’t too badly hurt was he?”

“Oh aye Miss, that he was. They don’t mess around at these crematoriums you know.”

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Quickies

Two rookie cops are patrolling the airport one day, when one points to a nearby plane on the ground and says to the other

“Look, these planes are so big and heavy, how do they manage to get off the ground?”

The second policeman points to a distant airborne plane and answers “Well, you have to remember how small they get once they start flying.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Soviet Official: What is the corn production like this year?

Collective Farmer: The corn stalks are like telegraph poles.

Soviet Official: You mean they are tall and strong?

Collective Farmer: No. They are thin, far apart and are of no use to anyone.

On bottom of committee-designed milk carton:

“Open other end”

On top of committee-designed milk carton:

“See other end for instructions”

Did you know that the word “gullible” is not in the most dictionaries?

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Quickies

A student is looking for work over the summer vacation, and decides to try his luck as a labourer on a building site. The site gaffer says,

“Before I take you on, can you tell me the difference between ‘joist’ and a ‘girder’?”

“Well”, says the student, “Joyce wrote Finnegans Wake, and Goethe wrote...”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Q: How many of El Generalissimo's private guard does it take to break an egg?

A: None. It fell down the stairs.

The difference between boogers and brocolli is that kids don't eat brocolli.

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Quickies

A condo committee was screening a couple interested in renting an apartment:

“What kind of work do you do?” they were asked.

“My husband is an engineer and I’m a schoolteacher,” the wife replied.

“Any children?” asked a committee member.

“Yes, 7 & 8 years old,” the wife replied.

“Animals?” asked another committee member.

“Oh no! They’re very well-behaved!”

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Quickies

A cannibal was walking through the jungle and came upon a restaurant opened by a fellow cannibal. Feeling somewhat peckish he sat down and looked over the menu...

Broiled Missionary: \$25.00

Fried Explorer: \$35.00

Baked Politician: \$100.00.

The cannibal called the waiter over and asked "Why such a price difference for the politician?"

The cook replied "Have you ever tried to clean one of them?"

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Quickies

A small boy stands agasp on the stairway overlooking the living room. A largish man in a big red suit with white fur trim and a red and white toque hunches over the fireplace, filling stockings with gifts. He sees the boy over his shoulder. The old man sighs and shakes his head.

“I’m sorry you’ve seen me, Billy. Now I’ll have to kill you.”

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Quickies

One day at the Vatican, a papal aide rushes in to the Pope's office and says, "Your Holiness! Good news and bad news!"

"What's the good news?" the Pope inquires.

"Jesus Christ is on the phone."

"That's great news. What can be so bad after that?"

"Well, Holiness, He's calling from Utah."

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Quickies

“What is the Perestroika, grandfather?”

“You see these two buckets of coal? One is full and the other one is empty.”

The boy nods. His grandfather walks to the buckets and drops the coal from the full bucket into the empty one

“This is the Perestroika.”

“But grandfather, this is the same thing.”

“Yes, but did you hear the noise?”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

An elderly woman went into the doctor's office.

"I'd like to have some birth control pills."

Taken aback, the doctor thought for a minute and then said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Smith, but you're 75 years old. What possible use could you have for birth control pills?"

"They help me sleep better," replied the woman.

The doctor thought some more and continued, "How in the world do birth control pills help you to sleep?"

"Well Doctor, when I put them in my granddaughter's orange juice, I sleep *much* better at night."

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Quickies

God wanted to have a holiday, so He asked St. Peter for suggestions on where to go.

“Why not go to Jupiter?” asked St. Peter.

“No, too much gravity,” said God.

“How about Mercury?”

“Too hot.”

“Okay,” said St. Peter, “What about Earth?”

“Not a chance,” said God. “When I was there 2000 years ago, I had an affair with a Jewish woman and they’re *still* talking about it.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Pocket Reference to Modern Science

1. If it's green or it wriggles, it's biology.
2. If it stinks, it's chemistry.
3. If it doesn't work, it's physics.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A bather whose clothing was strewed
By breezes that left her quite nude,
 Saw a man come along
 And, unless I'm quite wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A beat schizophrenic said, "Me?
I am not I, I'm a tree."
But another, more sane,
Shouted, "I'm a Great Dane!"
And covered his pants leg with pee.

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Quickies

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was much faster than light;
She went out one day,
In a relative way,
And came back the previous night.

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Quickies

The kings of Peru were the Incas,
Who were known far and wide as great drincas.
They worshipped the sun
And had lots of fun,
But the peasants all thought they were stincas.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Money can't buy happiness -- but somehow it's more comfortable to cry in a Porsche than in a Lada.

Money is better than poverty, if only for financial reasons.

Money is the root of all evil, and man needs roots.

Money is the root of all evil.

Money is the sixth sense that makes it possible to enjoy the five others.

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Quickies

Q: Do you know how to tell a local politician at a cockfight?

A: He's the only one with a duck.

Q: Do you know how to tell a state politician at a cockfight?

A: He's the only one who bets on the duck.

Q: And do you know how to tell the Mafia is at the cockfight?

A: The duck wins.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Scientists were preparing an experiment to ask the ultimate question. They had worked for months gathering one each of every computer that was built. Finally the big day was at hand. All the computers were linked together. They asked the question, "Is there a God?"

Suddenly there was a loud crash, and in a brilliant explosion of silicon and plastic the computers fused into what appeared to the scientists to be one large computer in place of the many smaller ones. One of the scientists raced to the printer as it finally output its answer

"There is now", read the printout.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

The Real Man's Arctic Breakfast: one bottle of whisky, ten pounds of raw meat.
Throw the meat to huskies. Drink the whisky.

A diplomat is a man who can convince his wife she'd look stout in a fur coat.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

The church is near but the road is icy; the bar is far away but I will walk carefully.

Russian proverb

A conservative is one who is too cowardly to fight and too fat to run.

Advertisement from British Airways:

**“Breakfast in London,
Lunch in New York,
Luggage in Berlin”**

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Quickies

The defense attorney was hammering away at the plaintiff:

“You claim,” he jeered, “that my client came at you with a broken bottle in his hand. But is it not true, that you had something in your hand too?”

“Yes,” he replied indignantly, “his wife. Very charming, of course, but she’s hardly any good in a fight!”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

The greatest lies of all time:

1. I love you.
2. This won't hurt a bit.
3. The Mercedes is paid for.
4. The check is in the mail.
5. I was just going to call you.
6. I've always worn cowboy boots.
7. I swear I won't (you know...)
8. Of course I'll respect you in the morning.
9. We have a really challenging assignment for you.
10. I'm from the government, and I'm here to help you.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

This limerick is so filthy that XXXX has been substituted for the filthy words:

XXXX, XXXX, XXXX XXXX XXXX,
XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX, XXXX XXXX.
XXXX XXXX XXXX?
XXXX-XXXX XXXX XXXX...
XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX, XXXX XXXX shit.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

We've just recieved the results of a survey conducted to ascertain the various reasons men wake up in the middle of sound sleep. According to the report, 2% are motivated by a bladder urge, 3% have an urge to raid the refrigerator, and the other 95% get up to leave the workplace.

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Quickies

"I've struck oil!" Tom gushed.

"I hate Victor Hugo," said Les miserably.

"I just ate a fishing lure," said Tom with baited breath.

"I'll have the dark bread," said Tom wryly.

"I've lost my flower," said Tom lackadaisically.

"Let's visit the tomb," said Tom cryptically.

"Look at those newborn kittens," said Tom literally.

"My stereo's half fixed," said Tom monotonously.

"Ships ahoy!" yelled Tom fleetingly.

"That makes 144," said Tom grossly.

"The maid has the night off," said Tom helplessly.

"This meat is hard to chew," Tom beefed jerkily.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

One evening Mr. Rudolph Block, of New York, found himself seated at dinner alongside Mr. Percival Pollard, the distinguished critic.

“Mr. Pollard,” said he, “my book, ‘The Biography of a Dead Cow’, is published anonymously, but you can hardly be ignorant of its authorship. Yet in reviewing it you speak of it as the work of the Idiot of the Century. Do you think that fair criticism?”

“I am very sorry, sir,” replied the critic, amiably, “but it did not occur to me that you really might not wish the public to know who wrote it.”

Ambrose Bierce

Copy Print Close

Quickies

tongue

A variety of meat, rarely served because it clearly crosses the line between a cut of beef and a piece of dead cow.

yogurt

Semi-solid dairy product made from partially evaporated and fermented milk. Yogurt is one of only three foods that taste exactly the same as they sound. The other two are goulash and squid.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

recipe

A series of step-by-step instructions for preparing ingredients you forgot to buy, in utensils you don't own, to make a dish the dog won't eat the rest of.

porridge

Thick oatmeal rarely found on American tables since children were granted the right to sue their parents. The name is an amalgamation of the words "Putrid", "hORRRid" and "sluDGE".

Copy Print Close

Quickies

preheat

To turn on the heat in an oven for a period of time before cooking a dish, so that the fingers may be burned when the food is put in, as well as when it is removed.

oven

Compact home incinerator used for disposing of bulky pieces of meat and poultry.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

microwave oven

Space-age kitchen appliance that uses the principle of radar to locate and immediately destroy any food placed within the cooking compartment.

calorie

Basic measure of the amount of rationalization offered by the average individual prior to taking a second helping of a particular food.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

arab coffee

Thick, black, bitter coffee, traditionally served in tiny cups at gunpoint.

Q: How does a blind parachutist know when he is about to land?

A: The lead goes slack.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Do you know why surgeons use masks? So as not to be recognized after the fact..

Actress 1: "At one time my breasts were insured for \$2 million".

Actress 2: "So how did you spend the settlement?"

Q: Why don't blind people sky-dive?

A: Because it scares the ca-ca out of the dog.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

I heard about a fellow that was so rich, when his someone asked for a Mickey Mouse outfit for his birthday, the old man bought him IBM.

The chief defect of democracy is that the only political party that knows how to run the place is always the one that's out of office.

A Swiss-cheese sandwich goes into a bar and orders a beer. The bartender says, "I'm sorry: we don't serve food here."

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

Q: What's the difference between a chain saw and an accordian?

A: The chainsaw has a dynamic range.

Q: What do a SCUD missile and a knuckleball pitcher have in common?

A: They're both offensive and inaccurate.

Q: How many drummers does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None, they have machines that do that now.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Q: What's the difference between a viola and a vacuum cleaner?

A: You have to plug in a vacuum cleaner before it sucks.

Q: What is the definition of a gentleman?

A: One who knows how to play the saxophone, but doesn't.

Democracy is a form of government that permits all people to say what they think, even if they don't think.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A mathematician is a machine for converting coffee into theorems.

A student who changes the course of history is probably taking an exam.

“All snakes who wish to remain in Ireland
will please raise their right hands.”

St. Patrick

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Always borrow money from a pessimist; he doesn't expect to be paid back.

Confucius say too much.

Recent Chinese Proverb

FLASH! Intelligence of mankind decreasing. Details at...uh, when the little hand is on the....

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Faith is the quality that enables you to eat blackberry jam on a picnic without looking to see whether the seeds move.

George Washington not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but he also admitted doing it. Now, do you know why his father didn't punish him? Because George still had the axe in his hand.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

I'd like to meet the person who invented sex and see what they're working on now.

If God doesn't destroy San Francisco, He should apologize to Sodom and Gomorrah.

"It took me fifteen years to discover that I had no talent for writing, but I couldn't give up because by that time I was too famous."

(unknown)

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Know thyself. If you need help, call the CIA.

People usually get what's coming to them...unless it's been mailed.

Quidquid latine dictum sit, altum viditur.

(Whatever is said in Latin sounds profound.)

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Revenge is sleeping with your enemy's wife. Sweet revenge is the discovery that she hates sex.

Self Test for Paranoia

You know you have it when you can't think of anything that's your own fault.

Slang is language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands, and goes to work.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

Fish philosophy: if there's no God, who changes the water?

Teach children to be polite and courteous in the home, and, when they grow up, they will never be able to edge a car onto a freeway.

The brain is a wonderful organ; it starts working the moment you get up in the morning, and does not stop until you get to work.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

The easiest way to figure the cost of living is to take your income and add ten percent.

There is no substitute for good manners, except, perhaps, fast reflexes.

There's a fine line between courage and foolishness. Too bad its not a fence.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

There's no real need to do housework...after four years it doesn't get any worse.

Time is nature's way of making sure that everything doesn't happen at 4:30 in the afternoon. Once again man has outwitted nature.

You think Oedipus had a problem? Adam was Eve's mother.

668 - Neighbor of the Beast

Copy Print Close

Quickies

As a little girl is coming out of school, a man pulls up in his car, winds down the window and says to her:

“I’ll give you a sweet if you’ll get in the car with me.”

The little girl says “No, I not getting in the car.”

The next day the man pulls up again, winds down the window and says

“I’ll give you two sweets if you’ll get in the car with me.”

The little girl says “No, I not getting in the car.”

“A whole bag?”

“No, Dad,” replies the girl, “There’s no way I’m going to let myself be seen in your Lada.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev and Foreign Secretary Eduard Shevardnadze met on the eve of the next-to-last super-power summit before the Soviet Union fell.

“What can we do to impress the Americans?” Gorbachev asked Shevardnadze.

Replied the foreign secretary: “Well, we could open the gates of the Soviet Union for 24 hours.”

“Don’t be crazy,” Gorbachev replied. “Everybody would go and it would leave only the two of us sitting here.”

“Speak for yourself,” shot back Shevardnadze.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Two men are in a hot air balloon. Soon they find themselves lost in a canyon.

One of the men says, "I've got an idea. We can call for help in this canyon and the echo will carry our voices far enough to be heard by someone in a position to help."

He leans over the basket and yells out, "Helllloooooo! Where are we?"

15 minutes later they hear a reply. "Helllloooooo! You're lost!!"

"That must have been a mathematician," sighs the other man.

"Why do you say that?" asks the first.

"Three reasons. First, he took a long time to answer. Second, he was absolutely correct. Third, his answer was completely useless."

Copy Print Close

Quickies

An old Jew and a young Jew are travelling on the train.

“Excuse me, what time is it?” asks the younger.

The old Jew does not answer, so the young man asks again.

“Sir, All I’m asking you is what time it is. Why don’t you answer?”

“Son, the next stop is the last on this route, so we must both be getting off in the same place. I don’t know you, so you must be a stranger. If I answer you now, I’ll have to invite you to my home. You’re handsome, and I have a beautiful daughter. You will both fall in love and you will want to get married. Tell me, why would I need a son-in-law who can’t even afford a watch?”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A student walks into a car showroom and after a long talk with a salesman, he picks the car he wants to buy.

“Do you have the cash to pay for it, Sir, or will you be making a hire purchase agreement?”

“I’ll buy it on HP, thanks.”

The student dictates his details to the salesman, who fills in the HP application. Then, to the salesman’s astonishment, he signs at the bottom of the form with a big cross and a little cross.

“What are these crosses?”

“Haven’t you ever dealt with an educated man?” asked the student, somewhat irked. “Obviously the big cross is my name, and of course the little cross stands for Bachelor of Arts.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A circus owner walked into a bar to see everyone crowded about a table watching a little show. On the table was an upside down pot and a duck tap dancing on it. The circus owner was so impressed that he offered to buy the duck from its owner. After some wheeling and dealing they settled for \$10000 for the duck and the pot.

Three days later the circus owner runs back to the bar in anger. "Your duck is a ripoff! I put him on the pot before a whole audience and he didn't dance a single step," he shouted.

"Oh?" replied the duck's former owner, "did you remember to light the candle under the pot?"

Copy Print Close

Quickies

An anthropologist was assigned to Borneo, where he found a guide with a canoe to take him up the river to the remote site he where he would make his collections. At noon on the second day of travel up the river they began to hear drums.

“What are those drums?” asked the anthropologist, knowing he was in cannibal country.

The guide turned to him and said “No worry. Drums OK, but very bad when they stop.”

They both went ghostly pale when the drums suddenly stopped. The guide crouched in the belly of the canoe and covered his ears.

“Do as I do! Very important!” intoned the guide with great urgency.

“Why? What does this mean?” asked the panicked anthro.

“Drums stop! Next come guitar solo!”

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

One evening a husband comes home to his apartment very roughed up. When his wife sees him she asks, "What happened to you?"

"I got into a fight with the apartment manager."

"Whatever for?"

"He said he had slept with every woman in the complex except one!"

"Hmmm. I bet it's that snooty Mrs. Green on the third floor."

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

Three men strolled leisurely along a glacier, enjoying the warm weather and cool footing. Suddenly one of the men fell into a deep hole in the ice.

“We’re going for some help!” one of the others said. The two men walked away to find help. After several miles, they met the Red Cross, and they agreed to save their comrade. The rescue workers proceeded back without the fellow’s exhausted companions, and when they found the crevice shouted “Hey! This is the Red Cross! Anyone home?”

“I’m already a supporter, thank you!” came the reply.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Q: What does friendship among Soviet nationalities mean?

A: It means that the Armenians take the Russians by the hand; the Russians take the Ukrainians by the hand; the Ukrainians take the Uzbeks by the hand; and they all go and beat up the Jews.

Q: What's meant by an exchange opinions in the Communist party of the Soviet Union?

A: It's when I come to a party meeting with my own opinion, and I leave with the party's.

Copy Print Close

Quickies

Three prison inmates were locked in the same cell. They soon began talking.

“What are you here for?” asked one inmate of another.

“They put me in for beating up some old Jew named Khaimovich,” snarled one man.

“And why are you here?” asked the second of the first.

“For having defended some old Jew named Khaimovich in a fight,” he replied.

“And what were you arrested for?” the third inmate was asked.

“For being Khaimovich,” he sighed.

*From ‘The Jokes of Oppression:
The Humor of Soviet Jews’.*

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A 97-year-old man comes to his doctor looking depressed.

“Doc,” he says, “I think I’m impotent.”

The doctor sits him down and begins the standard speech he gives to senior citizens, about how as the body ages bodily functions slow down and how completely normal it is to suffer some decrease in sexual desire, how the man shouldn’t worry or become upset about it, but should just accept it as part of the passage of years.

Finally the doctor asks “When did you first begin to think you were impotent?”

“Three times last night, and again this morning.”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A buxom blonde wore, at a charity ball, an enormous diamond. “It happens to be the third most famous diamond in the whole world,” she boasted. “The first is the Hope Diamond, then comes the Kohinoor, and then comes the Liepschitz.”

“How lucky you are!” blurted an onlooker.

“Unfortunately,” adds the lady, “this diamond also comes with the Liepschitz curse.”

“And what’s the Lipshitz curse?”

“Liepschitz,” sighed the lady, pointing to her escort.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Quickies

Two friends are discussing politics on Election Day, each trying to no avail to convince the other to switch sides.

Finally, one says to the other, "Look, it's clear that we are unalterably opposed on every political issue. Our votes will surely cancel out. Why not save ourselves some time and both agree to not vote today?"

The other agrees enthusiastically and they part. Shortly after that, a friend of the first one who had heard the conversation says, "That was a sporting offer you made."

"Not really," says the second. This is the third time I've made the same offer today."

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A young priest was having difficulty keeping his audience awake. He asked an elder colleague for some help.

“Well,” said the other priest “I like to shock’em awake. Once I told them ‘Last night I held another man’s wife in my arms.’ When the furor died down I added, “It was my own dear mother.”

Much impressed the younger, more boring, priest resolved to give it a try. Sure enough, minutes into the sermon he heard snoring and immediately skipped to his ‘zinger’.

“Last night” he bellowed, “I held another man’s wife in my arms.”

There was a gasp, and a hush.

“She was”...the priest stammered and turned to the choirmistress...”oh dear, I’m forgotten your name.”

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Quickies

A priest and a rabbi found themselves sharing a compartment on a train. After a while, the priest opened a conversation by saying “I know that, in your religion, you’re not supposed to eat pork...have you actually ever tasted it?”

The Rabbi said, “I must tell the truth. Yes, I have, on the odd occasion.”

Then the Rabbi had his turn of interrogation. He asked, “Your religion, too...I know you’re supposed to be celibate. But...”

The priest replied, “Yes, I know what you’re going to ask. I have succumbed once or twice.”

There was silence for a while. Then the rabbi peeped around the newspaper he was reading and said, “Better than pork, isn’t it?”

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A senior pilot was explaining his emergency equipment to some cadets touring a US Air Force base. He showed them his parachute, emergency radio, signal mirror and other survival items. A cadet noticed a pack of playing-cards and asked what they were for.

“Oh,” replied the pilot, “these are my last resort. If nothing else works and nobody comes to the rescue, I take these, lay out a game of patience and wait. In a few minutes someone will be looking over my shoulder saying, ‘No...put that card over there.’”

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Quickies

Three engineering students were gathered together discussing the possible designers of the human body.

One said, "It was a mechanical engineer. Just look at all the joints."

Another said, "no, it was an electrical engineer. The nervous system has many thousands of electrical connections."

The last said, "Actually it was a civil engineer. Who else would run a toxic waste pipeline through a recreational area?"

Copy Print Close

Quickies

A lawyer has died and gone to heaven. And no, this isn't the joke. When he gets at the gate to heaven, he sees St. Peter and lodges a complaint.

"Why have I died? I'm only 39, and I could easily have lived to be 80."

"According to the number of hours you charged your clients," St. Peter replies, "you *are* 80."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

An American, an Englishman and a Japanese fellow were discussing their respective countries over drink at a London pub one evening.

The English fellow mentioned how that British medicine had progressed so far that doctors recently had taken a single liver and cut it into six pieces then transplanted it into six separate men in need of a healthy liver. This had resulted in six new workers in the job market.

At this, the Japanese guy said that in his country doctors had cut a lung into twelve pieces, transplanted these into twelve people in need of healthy lungs, thereby putting twelve new people in the job market.

Not to be outdone, the American said "That's nothing. In the U.S. we took a piece of plastic, made it President, and now there are 10 million people in the market for a job."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man had a parrot who knew only one sentence, which was "Let's make love." The parrot said it all the time, embarrassing the owner to no end. Finally he went to his parish priest and told him of his parrot problem.

"I have a parrot who also only knows one sentence," replied the priest. "He always says, 'Let us pray.' Bring your parrot over Sunday after mass, and I'm sure your parrot will be praying by the end of the day."

As directed, the owner brought the parrot to the rectory after mass. The parrot, spying the priest's parrot, opened his mouth and blurted out "Let's make love."

The priest's parrot closed its eyes, turned its beak heavenward and said, "thank you, Lord, my prayers have been answered."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A political activist named Dave was just arriving in Hell, and was told he had a choice to make. He could go to Capitalist Hell or to Communist Hell. Naturally, Dave wanted to compare the two, so he wandered over to Capitalist Hell. There outside the door was Adam Smith, looking bored. "What's it like in there?" asked Dave.

"Well," replied Adam, "In Capitalist Hell, they flay you alive, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and let a vulture tear your liver out, and cut you up into small pieces with sharp knives."

"That's terrible!" gasped Dave. "I'm going to check out Communist Hell before I decide." In Communist Hell he discovered a huge line of people waiting to get in; the line circled around the lobby seven times before receding off into the horizon.

Dave pushed his way through to the head of the line, where he found Karl Marx busily signing people in. Dave asked Karl what Communist Hell was like.

"In Communist Hell," said Marx impatiently, "they flay you alive, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and let vultures tear out your liver, and cut you up into small pieces with sharp knives."

"But...but that's the same as Capitalist Hell!" protested Dave.

"True," sighed Marx, "but sometimes we don't have oil, sometimes we don't have knives..."

It's a long story...

An American General, a Russian General and a British General are standing on the deck of a ship watching war exercises. The topic of discussion turns to human courage, and the Russian General boasts,

“Russians are the most courageous people on Earth!”.

Upon which the American (naturally) challenges him: “Oh yeah?”.

The Russian says, “Sure! Here, Yuri! Jump off the deck and swim around the ship!”

Yuri marches off into the freezing Atlantic without a word and does as he is told. The Russian turns around and says: “See, there’s an example of courage!”

The American has to top this, so he calls up one of his underlings and gives him the order:

“Jack, Jump off the main mast into the ocean, and swim around the ship seven times!”

Poor Jack goes off without a murmur, and he too does as he is told. The American General says: “Now top that for courage!”

So they both turn around to the British General who has been standing around watching these antics silently. They ask him: “What about *your* people?”.

The British General calls up one of his people and says: “Trevor, jump off the mast and swim under the keel of the ship, will you, old chap?”

Trevor stares at his general.

“Let me get this right. You want me to jump off the mast.”

“Yes.”

“And swim under the keel?”

“Yes.”

“General. you must be daft!”

And so saying, Trevor turns around and saunters off. Whereupon the British General turns to the other two and says,

“Now there’s an example of true courage.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A tourist in a strange town notices that her watch is broken. She starts looking for a repair shop. After a long and frustrating search she finds herself in an area where many shop signs are in Hebrew. Finally, she notices that one of the stores has all kinds of clocks and watches ticking merrily in the window. She walks into the shop and puts her watch on the counter in front of the proprietor.

"Would you please repair this watch?" asked the tourist.

"Madam, I cannot repair your watch," replied the man.

"But why not? It is an ordinary model"

"Madam, I do not repair watches. I am a *moel*, I perform circumcisions"

"Then why on earth do you have all these clocks in your window?"

"Well, and what should I have in my window?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

An old man is lying on his deathbed with all his children, grandchildren and his older great-grandchildren all around, teary-eyed at the approaching finale of a very long and productive life. The old man is in a terminal coma, and the doctors have confirmed that the waiting will be over within the next twenty-four hours. Suddenly, the old man opens his eyes and croaks: "I must be dreaming of heaven. I smell your grandmother's strudel."

"No, grandfather, you are not dreaming. Grandmother is baking strudel now."

"I know I will never have another taste of her delicious strudel after this one. Could you please go down and get me a sliver?" the old man begs with what is left of his final breath.

One of the grandchildren is immediately dispatched to honor the old man's last request. After a long time, he returns empty-handed.

"Did you bring me one last piece of your grandmother's delicious strudel?" the old man plaintively queries?

"I'm very sorry, grandfather, but she says it's for the funeral."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man and woman marry after a brief courtship and all is well for a time. Eventually they are blessed with child. The woman's time comes, and as she is taken into the operating room, she calls the husband over.

"Honey, there's something I really have to tell you. There is as an very old tradition in our families that the oldest living male gets to name any new children born to anyone in the family. That means my brother must name our first child. I know this comes as a shock, but I couldn't tell you earlier, because I didn't want to upset you."

"But, but..." sputters the husband "I know your brother. Wasn't he injured in the war? There's no question but that he'll screw this up!"

"I'm sorry" says the wife, "but that's the way it has to be."

"all right" he sighs, "what did your brother name our daughter?"

"Denise" says the mother, quietly, and the husband sighs in relief.

Just then the doctor informs them that they are about to be parents of male and female twins.

"Oh no", sighs the woman."

"What is it, love?"

"The boy's name is Denephew."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Arthur was sitting outside his local pub one day, enjoying a quiet pint and generally feeling good about himself, when a nun suddenly appears at his table and starts decrying the evils of drink.

“You should be ashamed of yourself young man! Drinking is a Sin! Alcohol is the blood of the devil!”

Now Arthur gets pretty annoyed about this, and goes on the offensive. “How do you know about drinking, Sister?”

“My Mother Superior told me.”

“But have you ever had a drink yourself? How can you be sure that what you are saying is right?”

“Don't be ridiculous. Of course I have never taken alcohol myself”

“Then let me buy you a drink. If you still believe afterwards that it is evil I will give up drink for life”

“How could I, a nun, sit outside this public house drinking?!”

“I'll get the barman to put it in a teacup for you, then no-one will know”

The Nun reluctantly agreed. Arthur wandered inside to the bar.

“Another pint for me, and a triple vodka on the rocks...and could you put the vodka in a teacup?”

“Oh no,” replied the bartender. “It's not that bloody Nun again is it?”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Don and Mario went to spend a weekend in the forest, hunting bear. They hired a log cabin, and when they got there, took their backpacks off and put them inside. "You unpack while I go and find us a bear," Don says to Mario. The analyst finished unpacking and then went and sat outside to await events. He did not have to wait too long. Soon he could hear noises in the forest. The noise grew nearer...and suddenly there was the salesman, running across the clearing toward the cabin, pursued by one of the largest and most ferocious brown bears Mario had ever seen.

"Open the door!" shouted Don.

Mario opened the door. Don ran to the door, suddenly stopped, and then stepped aside, toreador-fashion. The bear, carried by its momentum, continued through the door and disappeared inside. Don promptly shut the door behind him, turned, and as he started running back into the woods, shouted

"OK, Mario, you skin that one while I go rustle us up another."

It's a long story...

A businessman was feeling rather ill and went to see the Doctor about it.

"Well, it must be your diet," reported the doctor. "what sort of greens do you eat?"

"Well," the man replies. "I only eat peas. I hate all other green foods".

"Well man, that's your problem...legume intolerance. Those peas will be clogging up your system, you'll have to give them up."

"But how long? I mean, I *really* like peas!"

"Forever, I'm afraid," intoned the doctor.

The man was shocked by this, but vowed to make the break. Sure enough, his condition improved, and he eventually realized he could never eat a pea again.

One night, years later, we find him talking with his fellows at a boozy convention reception. One of his drinking partners says "Well, actually, I'd love a cigarette, because I haven't had a smoke in four years...had to give it up".

"Really," retorts another, nonplused. "I haven't had a game of golf in three years. Golf cost me my first marriage."

Our hero felt the wind quickly going out of his sails. "You call that sacrifice? That's nothing," he exclaimed. "I haven't had a pea in six years."

Aghast, the first man jumps up and screams loud enough for the whole room to hear.

"Quickly! Everyone who can't swim, grab a table!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Moses, Jesus and an old man are golfing. Moses steps up to the tee and hits the ball. It goes sailing over the fairway and lands in the water trap. Moses parts the water and chips the ball onto the green.

Jesus steps up to the tee and hits the ball. It goes sailing over the fairway and lands in the water trap. Jesus just walks on the water and chips the ball onto the green.

The old man steps up to the tee and hits the ball. It goes sailing over the fairway and heads for the water trap. But just before it falls into the water, a fish jumps up and grabs the ball in its mouth. As the fish is falling back down to the water, an eagle swoops down and grabs the fish in its claws. The eagle flies off over the green, where a lighting bolt shoots from the sky and barely misses it. Startled, the eagle drops the fish. When the fish hits the ground, the ball pops out of its mouth and rolls into the hole for a hole-in-one.

Jesus turns to the old man and says, "Dad, if you don't stop screwing around, we won't bring you next time."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A financial magnate was on his death bed. He was under an Oxygen tent. At his side stood his loyal subordinate, tears streaming down his face.

"Do not grieve," whispered the expiring tycoon, with considerable effort. "I want you to know that I appreciate your faithful services to me over the years. I am leaving you my money, my plane, my estates, my yacht... everything I have."

"Thank you sir" cried the subordinate. "You have always been so good to me all these years. If only there were something I could do for you in these last moments."

There is...there is..." gasped the half-dead man.

"Then tell me what it is," implored the faithful servant, "tell me before it's too late!"

"...stop pressing your foot so hard on the oxygen line..."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A magician working on a small cruise ship has been doing the same routines every night for a year or two now. The audiences still appreciate him, as they change over often enough that he doesn't have to worry about learning new tricks. However, the ship's parrot sits in the back row of every show and watches him night after night, year after year.

Finally, the parrot figures out how the tricks work and starts giving it away for the audience. When the magician makes a bouquet of flowers disappear, the parrot squawks "Behind his back! Behind his back!"

The magician gets quite annoyed at this, but doesn't know what to do. As ship's mascot, it could not be barred from the lounge, even for the duration of his shows.

One day the ship sprang a leak and sank. The magician managed to swim to a plank of wood floating by and grabbed on. Who should be there but the parrot, sitting on the other end of the plank.

"OK, I give up," says the parrot after a moment. "Where did you hide the ship?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A rich American tourist was holidaying in Rome, intent on seeing the Pope just once in his life. He was made to stand in a long queue, but wore a rather expensive suit hoping the Pope would notice how influential he was and perhaps take a few words with him.

As the Pope made his way slowly down the queue, he walked right past the man, hardly noticing him. The Pope then stopped next to a tramp, leaned over and whispered something in the tramp's ear, and continued down the queue.

The American offered to pay 1000 dollars to the tramp in exchange for the tramp's old suit in hopes that the Pope would speak to him the next day.

The following morning the American stood in the queue, waiting to see the Pope. As the Pope passed, he spotted the American and ambled up to him. The Pope leaned over spoke softly into the American's ear.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday to get lost?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Dale Rosenberg and Hsi Chu are traveling on a train together. After a while, Rosenberg stands up and gives his companion a tremendous slap.

"What are you doing?" says the startled Chinese gent.

"That's for Pearl Harbour!" says Dale.

"But I am Chinese! The Japanese were responsible for that!"

"Japanese, Chinese, all the same to me."

They resume their seats. Several minutes later, Chu gets up and mightily kicks the Jew.

"Hey! what's going on?" demands Rosenberg.

"That's for the Titanic!" says the Chu.

"But the Titanic was hit by an Iceberg! The Jews had nothing to do with it!"

"Iceberg, Rosenberg," replied Chu, "all the same to me."

It's a long story...

Andy wants a job as a signaller on the railways. He is told to meet the inspector at the signal box. The inspector puts this question to him.

"What would you do if you realized that 2 trains were heading for each other on the same track?"

"I would switch the points for one of the trains," Andy replies.

"What if the lever broke?" asked the inspector.

"Then I'd dash down out of the signal box," said Andy, "and I'd use the manual lever over there."

"What if that had been struck by lightning?"

"Then," Andy continues, "I'd run back into the signal box and phone the next signal box."

"What if the phone was engaged?"

"Well in that case, I'd rush down out of the box and use the public emergency phone at the level crossing up there."

"What if that was vandalized?"

"Oh well then I'd run into the village and get my uncle Silas."

This puzzles the inspector, so he asks, "Why would you do that?"

Came the answer, "Because he's never seen a train crash."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A short excerpt from the first solo Canadian space flight. The lone Canadian is guided by NASA and the ship contains himself and two pigs. Naturally the NASA ground technicians are upset over the lack of an American. During the flight the following conversation was recorded between ground control and the crew:

NASA: Hello, this is Ground Control for Pig 1. Pig 1, are you reading me?

CP1: This is pig 1 for Ground Control. Reading you loud and clear.

NASA: Pig 1, how is everything?

CP1: Everything under control Ground Control. No problems.

NASA: OK, Pig 1. Just to check: can you repeat your mission instructions.

CP1: Yes Ground Control, mission instructions for Pig 1: when coming in orbit, press the square button, and depress the round one.

NASA: OK pig 2, That's right. Over and out.

CP1: Hello, here is pilot for Ground Control.

NASA: Captain Harris, how is everything?

CP1: Everything is going fine Ground Control. No problems.

NASA: Captain, please repeat your instructions.

CP1: Again? Haven't we been over this often enough?

NASA: Remember who paid for the ride, Captain.

CP1: Okay, okay...mission instructions for Captain Harris: feed the pig twice a day and don't touch the freaking controls.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A cowboy rides into town, hitches up his horse and walks into a bar. He goes up, gets a beer, drinks it, and walks out. Half a second passes and he bursts back into the bar and says "All right which one of you mule patoots painted my horse's face yellow?"

A huge man-mountain stands up, looks down at the cowboy and says "I did".

The cowboy looks up at him and whispers "The first coat's dry"

The same cowboy rides into another town, goes into a bar, has a beer, walks outside and finds his horse has been stolen.

He walks into the bar, and fires his gun through the ceiling.

"Which one of you coyote scatts stole my hoss?" he yells. No one answers. "All right, I'm gonna have another beer, and if my hoss ain't outside by the time I finish, I'm gonna do what I dun in Texas".

He gets another beer, walks outside, and his horse has been returned. Just as he settles into the saddle, the bartender flies out the front door asks "Say, cowboy, what happened in Texas?"

Turning his horse into the street, the cowboy says "I walked home."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, and Mikhail Gorbachev went down when the helicopter they were flying in undershot the university landing pad where they were to speak, and all three died instantly.

God, sitting on his throne, called up Reagan.

“Ronald, my son, I have always loved fools, drunks and little children, and two out of three is enough to pass here. Go and play now. But “Mikhail, my son, what have you to say for yourself?”

“I tried to make Soviet society more open”, replied Gorbachev, “and I did my best to improve the Soviet economy.”

“Very well, my son, come up and sit beside me at my left hand. You have done much to aid my flock. Now, Margaret, my daughter, what have you to say for yourself?”

“Only two things”, replied Thatcher. “First of all, I’m not your daughter. Secondly, get out of my chair!”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Once upon a time there was a stork family...papa stork, mama stork and baby stork. One evening papa stork didn't show up for dinner. Mama stork and baby stork left the food out for him but he didn't come home at all that night.

When papa stork finally did come home the next day, baby stork asked "Papa stork, "Where were you last night?"

"Out making a young couple very happy," replied papa stork.

Several weeks later, mama stork was late making dinner. Baby stork and papa stork waited a while, and then gave up and ordered pizza. Mama stork didn't come home until late the next morning.

When mama stork did come in, baby stork asked "Mama stork, where were you last night?"

"Out making a young couple very happy," replied mama stork.

Later in the fall, baby stork was late for dinner. Papa stork and mama stork were worried. Their anxiety increased when baby stork still wasn't home by sunset. They both waited up late for baby stork but he didn't come in until early in the morning. His feathers were rumpled and unkempt.

"Where the hell were you, baby stork?" barked papa stork, as only a stork can bark.

"Out scaring the hell out of college students," replied baby stork.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Kentucky Fried Chicken publicity department comes up with a new way to promote sales. Change the words of the Lord's prayer to read:

"Give us each day our daily chicken."

They arrange an audience with the Pope to propose the change. Naturally the Pope is lukewarm to the idea, so to sweeten the deal the Kentucky Fried Chicken representative offers to make a large contribution to the Catholic church.

The Pope once again considers the proposal and rejects it. The KFC rep now proposes to feed the starving millions and make an even larger contribution to the church. Now the Pope is interested but warns that he must get the approval of the Vatican council first.

At the next meeting of the bishops the Pope stands and gazes ruefully over the assembly.

"I have some good news, and some bad news," he began. "The bad news is that we will be losing the Burger King account."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Two English yuppies notice that an Irishman of all creatures has decided to visit their local pub. They decide to convince themselves that this guy is indeed as stupid as their prejudices would have it. One of them walks up to the Irishman and says "Say, Paddy, did you know that St. Patrick was a whore's son?"

"No," says the Irishman, "but thanks for telling me."

"Paddy, did you also know that he failed second form?"

"No," repeats the Irishman, "but thanks again for telling me."

"And did you know that he slept with half the women in Ireland whether they were willing or not?"

"No," says the Irishman, "but thanks for telling me."

The first yup leaves and motions to the second to finish the poor Irishman off.

"Paddy," says the second, "did you know that your beloved St. Patrick was English?"

"Not until I spoke with your friend," replied the Irishman.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

There once was five year old boy who enjoyed playing with his train set. One afternoon, his mother happened to be standing by the door listening to the boy play. She was shocked when she heard him saying,

“All right, all of you son of a bitches who want to get on the train, get on the train. And all of you son of a bitches who want to get off the train, get off the train. And all of you son of a bitches who want to change seats, change seats now ‘cause the trains getting ready to leave. Whoo whooooo.”

The mother was devastated. She scolded her son and said to him,

“Now son, I want to go upstairs and take your nap, and when you get up, you can’t play with your train set for two hours.”

So the boy took his nap and didn’t even mention his train set for two hours. After the two hours were up, the boy asked his mom if he could play with his train set again. She said yes, and asked him if he understood why he was punished. He nodded his head yes, and off he went. The mother stood by door to listen to what her son would say. The boy sat down to his train set and calmly said,

“Whoo whooooo. All of you ladies and gentlemen who want to get on the train, get on the train. All of you ladies and gentlemen who want to get off the train, get off the train. And all you son of a bitches who are pissed ‘cause the train is two hours late, go talk to the lady in the kitchen.”

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It's a long story...

There were two young brothers talking in their backyard waiting for their mother to make them lunch.

Billy: "I'm getting pretty old now, I think I can start cussing."

Bobby: "Oh yeah?"

Billy: "Yeah, I think I am going to start saying 'damn' whenever I feel like it."

Bobby: "You know what?"

Billy: "What?"

Bobby: "I think I am getting pretty old, I'm going to start cussing too."

Billy: "Oh yeah? what are you going to say?"

Bobby: "I'm going to say 'ass'"

Then their mother calls them in for lunch.

The mother asks the four year old: "What do you want for lunch?"

Billy: "Oh, damn, I think I'll have some Spaghetti-O's"

At this point, the mother was aghast. She quickly took the four year old by the ear to the bathroom, washed his mouth out with soap, spanked him and put him in his room and slammed the door.

She returned to the kitchen and asked the three year old: "What do you want for lunch?"

Bobby: "I don't know mom, but you can bet your ass it wont be Spaghetti-O's!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A Protestant moved into an all-Catholic community. The locals, being good Catholics, welcomed him to their community. But, also because they were good Catholics they did not eat red meat on Fridays. So when their neighbor began barbecuing steaks on Friday evenings the gossip started to fly. Eventually the priest became so upset that he urged the fellow to convert to Catholicism. In the interest of good relations, he consented. The next Sunday he appeared before the priest, who sprinkled holy water on him in the presence of the congregation and said:

“You were born Protestant, you were raised Protestant, but now you are Catholic.”

The next Friday the neighbors sat down to eat their fish in peace and were disturbed by the smell of roast beef from the neighboring house. As one of them leaned out the window to scream curses at the fellow, he could hear the man faintly speaking:

“You were born a cow, you were raised a cow, but now you are fish.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A father had two sons, one of whom was an eternal optimist while the other was a perpetual pessimist. One Christmas he decided try to temper both of their proclivities, so in addition to their standard gifts, he told them they'd each get something "chosen especially for them". His plan was to give the pessimist every toy and game he could possibly desire, while the optimist would be given a shovel and directed to the basement, which was filled with manure.

On Christmas, after the normal presents were opened, the father sent the optimist to the cellar, while leading the pessimist to the room filled with presents.

After the pessimist opened all the gifts, he turned to his father with a sad face.

"How can I possibly use all these? The TV will wear out, the Nintendo will get smashed, and all the other toys will be broken."

Disturbed that his plan had half-failed, he quickly dashed to the basement to see how the other half was progressing. There in the basement was his other son, shoveling the manure with a gleeful smile. The incredulous father asked him why he was so happy,

"Father, with this much manure, there must be a pony in here somewhere!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

The Pope died. Like all good Christians he went to heaven and knocked on the door. Peter opened. Not recognizing the knocker, Peter picked up the phone and rang Jesus. "I have someone here who says he's the pope, do you know him?"

"No, never heard of him," Jesus answered. "Send him to hell."

"That can't be right," responded the Pope. "Ring God himself," the pope said.

Peter rang God and said "Here's someone who says he's the pope, do you know him? He says he knows you."

"No, never heard of him," God replied. "And he claims to be a confidant of mine? Send him to hell."

Again Peter told the Pope the bad news.

"The last chance I have is the Holy Spirit," the pope said. Peter agreed to give him one last chance. He rang the Holy Spirit and said "I have someone here who says he's the pope, you know him?"

"Yes," he said, "I know him. He's the son of a bitch who told everyone I got Mary of Nazareth pregnant. Send him to hell".

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man in a Porsche stops at a light. A fellow on a scooter pulls up next to him. The fellow on the scooter leans over and takes an admiring look at the inside of the Porsche and tells the driver that he has a really hot car.

The light turns green and the driver of the Porsche decides to show off. He peels away and leaves the guy on the scooter in the dust. All of a sudden, he sees the scooter zip on past him.

A little flustered, the Porsche driver floors it and blows past the scooter. Seconds later the scooter zips past him again. He then decides to find out what that scooter really is and slams on his breaks.

The scooter crashes into the Porsche's rear end. When the dust settles the Porsche driver goes over to him and asks how it is that he can pass a Porsche on a motor scooter.

The man gasps for air, rubs his bruises and replies, "Normally I can't...my suspenders were caught on your side mirror..."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Two old ladies were walking down the street one wintry day when they heard a voice calling for help. They looked around and saw a little green leg sticking out from beneath a snowbank. One of the ladies digs down and pulls out a very cold frog and starts warming it up in her hands.

“Oh thank you, thank you,” says the frog. “I was freezing to death under that snowbank before you came along and saved me.”

The ladies are, of course, amazed by the fact that this frog can talk. The frog continues, “You know, I’m not actually a frog, and if you kiss me I’ll turn back into a handsome prince.”

The lady nods at this but just slips the frog into her pocket. The other lady looks puzzled and asks, “Well, aren’t you going to kiss him and see if it works?”

The first lady replies, “Certainly not! I can make a whole lot more money with a talking frog.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

It seems that a devout, good couple was about to get married, but a tragic car accident ended their lives.

When they got to heaven, they asked St. Peter if he could arrange for them to be married, saying that it was what they had hoped for in life, and they still desired wedded union. He thought about it and agreed, but said they would have to wait.

It was almost one hundred years later when St. Peter sent for them. They were married in a simple ceremony.

Thirty years later they returned to St. Peter, determined that eternity was best not spent in matrimonial chains.

They went back to St. Peter, and said, "We thought we would be happy forever, but now we believe that we have irreconcilable differences. Is there any way we can get divorced?"

"Are you kidding?" said St. Peter. "It took me a hundred years to get a priest up here to marry you. I'll never get a lawyer!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Two men were walking in the woods one day when they came across a bear. The bear noticed them and started growling. The bear started to chase one of the men, who, as it turns out, was raised in Czechoslovakia. The bear soon caught up with him, and ate him alive. The other turned and ran for his life.

Eventually he found a park ranger and told his story. The ranger took his gun, and they both went out in search of the bear, in order to destroy it. Soon, they came across two bears, one male, and one female. The ranger turned to the other guy and said: "Quick...tell me which bear ate your friend!"

"The male! Shoot the male!"

The ranger promptly aimed and shot the female bear.

"why didn't you shoot the male? It was the male who ate my friend!" the other man asked.

"Tell me," said the ranger, "Would you trust someone who said that the Czech's in the male."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Dear Son,

I am writing this slow, 'cause I know you can't read fast.

There are a few things happening here at home. We don't live where we did when you left. Your father read in the paper that most car accidents happen within twenty miles of home, so we moved. I won't be able to send you the address because we moved into your cousin's old house and they took the numbers with them so they wouldn't have to change their address.

The new place has a washing machine! It's in a small room that also has a shower in it. The first day, I put four shirts in. I pressed the lever and I haven't seen them since.

The weather is nice here. It rained twice this week, three days the first time and four days the second time.

I enclosed the coat you wanted sent to you. Your aunt said that it would be too heavy to send in the mail, so we cut the buttons off and put them in the pocket.

Monday we got a bill from the funeral home. It said if we don't make the last payment on Grandma's funeral, up she comes, so I hope you don't mind if she lives in your room for a while.

Your father has a lovely new job. He has over 500 people under him. He's cutting grass at the cemetery.

Your brother's wife had a baby this morning. We don't know whether it's a boy or a girl, so we don't know if you are an aunt or an uncle.

Your uncle fell in the whiskey vat at the local distiller's and drowned. We cremated him. He burned for three days.

Also I have some bad news. Last week three of your friends went off the bridge in a pickup truck. One was driving and the other two were riding in the back. The driver rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other two drowned. They couldn't get the tailgate down.

Not much else. Write more often. If you don't, you might get out of practice.

Love,
Mom

P.S. We would have sent the money you asked for, but the envelope was already sealed.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

There was once a wealthy man who owned a nail company. His only son had just graduated from college and the father wanted to get him involved in the company.

He initially farmed the young man out to each of the departments; first research & development, then manufacturing, then sales, and in each the son was a dismal failure. Determined to find a place for his offspring, the father decided that his son needed his own project.

The father placed his son in charge of the new advertising campaign. He told him that he would have no supervision and that any and all resources which he needed would be placed at his disposal. The son was elated and immediately set off to make his father proud.

Four weeks later the son proudly proclaimed, "I have finished!" and he and his father went out to examine the first product of the new campaign: a billboard.

As they drove to the sight, the son explained how he had been blocked until a sudden insight had leaped into his head. They turned the corner and to the father's horror the billboard portrayed Christ on a cross with the caption: "Even Then They Used Hardhead Brand Nails."

The father explained to the son that they couldn't portray Christ on a cross as it might offend their Christian clients. Dejected, the son said that he would fix the problem and report back to his father.

One week later the son again exclaimed that he had corrected his mistake and took his father off to see the billboard. Sure enough, Christ was no longer on the cross; he was lying at the base of the cross.

The caption read:

"This Would Never Have Happened With Hardhead Brand Nails"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

The car suddenly grinds to a halt on a lonely country road. The driver tries to restart it but to no avail. He gets out, lifts the hood and starts fiddling with the plugs. Suddenly he hears a voice.

"The left hand carburetor is blocked. Why don't you drain it? The muck should come out too and your car will start."

He turns round and sees no one, so he shrugs and goes back to what he was doing.

"Drain the muck out of the left hand carburetor, you fool", says the voice again.

When he turns to look, all he can see is a black horse with its head over the hedge, gazing down the road in another direction. He suddenly realizes that the horse is the one giving him instructions.

Too shocked to argue, he does as he is told, drains the carb starts the car and sure enough it works.

He drives down to the nearest pub for a stiff drink.

"Problem, friend?" asks the barman.

"Not sure. My car broke down up the road a bit and if I'm not mistaken a horse told me how to repair it".

The barman looks at him and laughs. "And was it a white one, friend?"

"No..." replied the man, sensing an insult.

"And was it engine trouble?"

The man nods and feels that bit more ashamed.

The barman slaps him on the shoulder and grins.

"You were lucky, mister. The white one only knows transmissions."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Two men who had died were given the option to stay either in heaven or hell for the rest of eternity. They asked if they could “window shop” first, and St. Peter told them that they could go right ahead.

First they went to Heaven. All around them they saw happy people dressed in white, sitting on clouds and playing harps. Quite a boring place, they thought..

Next stop, Hell. As you can imagine, the scene was quite different. It was all bars, casinos and amusement parks, free drinks for everyone and a lot of people having a really good time.

Returning from hell, they told St. Peter they had made their choice.

“Sorry, St. Peter, but Heaven came in a poor second.”

Returning to Hell, they were immediately scuffled into the back of a sub-surface car and driven to a coal mine. Someone gave each of them a shovel and ordered them to start digging.

“What’s this?” asked the first man. “The last time we were here we saw a completely different picture of Hell.

“That’s true,” replied the man. “Then you were tourists, now you are immigrants.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

An American tourist is on holiday in a Great Lakes port town when he spots what is obviously the village idiot teetering on the edge of the town square's water fountain. In his hand is an old stick, and tied to the end is a piece of string which is dangling in the water.

The tourist asks a passing old-timer and asks, "What can you catch here?"

"Well," replied the old-timer, "since all the pollution killed the perch, the only thing that survives around here is sucker."

The tourist decides to h the fellow and asks: "Have you caught any perch yet?"

The village idiot looks up and studies the stranger, and says

"I perch."

"Okay," snickers the American, "you perch. Catch any sucker?"

"You seventh one since I perch," he replied.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Boz hears that a fortune could be made by working as a lumberjack in Canada. So, off he goes. After some weeks, he arrives at a lumberjack-camp and asks the foreman for a job.

“Okay sonny,” says the foreman, “but you’ll have to do a test first. If you can chop down 100 trees tomorrow you’re hired”.

The next day Boz gets his chainsaw and happily saws away all day. When trees are counted Boz only has 90.

“Oh well” says the foreman, “You’ll get another chance tomorrow.”

Next day, same story, 95 trees.

“I don’t believe this” says the foreman, “A big strong fella like yourself should be able to cut down 200 trees in a day. You get one more chance, and I’ll join you to show you the trick of it”.

Next day, Boz and the foreman go into the forest. On arrival at the previous day’s clearing the foreman puts the chainsaw on the ground, and starts the engine.

“For crying out loud!” exclaims Boz, who has had his back to the foreman. “How can you cut trees with all that racket?”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

On his 1988 tour of America, in the middle of a three-day stop in New York, the Pope stopped into a diner, feeling too peckish to wait until his limousine reached the hotel.

"Evening, you Holiness," says the waitress. "And what would you like tonight?"

"Well, daughter, I have this terrible craving for a nice steak," he responded.

"Would you like it well done, medium or rare?"

"I think I'd like a very rare one please."

The waitress wandered toward the counter and shouted "One bloody steak!"

The Pope was horrified. "My daughter, you mustn't swear!"

"You don't understand, father. Bloody describes how you will get the steak. Bloody means 'Very rare'."

The Pope smiled, acknowledging his misunderstanding of dialect.

The next day the Pope returned to the diner, joined by 31 of his cardinals. "As you've all done a fine job today, I'll treat you to a dinner at this place I discovered."

So the Pope took his cardinals to the diner. As he sat down, he called to the waitress.

"Can I have 32 bloody steaks please?" Remembering his thirst, he added, "And bring a large jug of water."

One of the cardinals slapped his knee and looked aghast at the pope. "With all respect, Holiness, is this some sort of sick joke? What the hell are you doing ordering 32 steaks and no damn beer?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Three men, two locals and an out-of-towner, are standing at the top of tallest building in town on a windy day, showing off the skyline to their visitor.

"I bet the wind is so strong that if I threw myself from the building, the wind would stop me halfway down and carry me all the way back up here."

"Sure it would," says the visitor.

The American throws himself from the building, and sure enough, when halfway down his fall is stopped and he rises to the top of the building. He lands softly on his feet mere inches from where he had jumped.

"Wow!" shouts the visitor. "I can't go home without being able to say I tried this!"

He jumps, and is smashed to pulp against the pavement.

The second fellow, who has been silent until this moment, rolls his eyes and turns in disgust to the other fellow.

"You know, Superman, sometimes you can be a real jerk."



It's a long story...

World War III. The US has succeeded in building a computer able to solve any strategic or tactical problem. Military leaders are assembled in front of the new machine and instructed to feed a difficult tactical problem into it. They describe a hypothetical situation to the computer and then ask the pivotal question: attack or retreat?

The computer hums away for an hour and then comes up with the answer: YES.

The generals look at each other, somewhat stupefied. Finally one of them submits a second request to the computer: YES WHAT?

Instantly the computer responded: YES SIR.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

All of a sudden, the saloon door opens with a kick, and a cowboy in black enters. Everyone looks at him with fearful eyes. He approaches the barman, and bellows

“Gimme a bucket.”

The barman runs into the back, finds a wooden bucket and drops it at the cowboy's feet. The cowboy looks in the bucket and grimaces.

“It's empty. Bring me three bottles of whisky.”

Seconds later the barman returns with three bottles of whiskey.

“Pour them into the bucket.”

The barman complied.

“Take this to my horse.”

The surprised barman does what he's told. Outside he sees a jet-black stallion, obviously the cowboy's, and drops the bucket near its head. The horse drinks all the whisky and snorts at the barman who grabs the bucket and scurries back inside.

“What do I owe you for this?” asks the cowboy.

“Three dollars seventy-five,” replies the barman. “Nothing for you, sir?”

The cowboy grabs the barman by the collar and hoists him over his head.

“For me?!? Are you insinuating that I would drink and drive?”

It's a long story...

Erich Honnecker, former president of East Germany, was invited to Moscow by Gorbachev for a visit. After weeks of preparation, Honnecker arrives in Moscow. As part of celebration activities, there is a big parade through the streets of Moscow.

While the two are watching the parade, Gorbachev takes a small boy aside and asks him, "Who is your mother?"

The child replies, "Mother Russia."

"And who is your father?", asks Gorbachev.

The boy answers, "Why, its you Uncle Gorbachev!".

Finally Gorbachev asks the boy, "and what do you want to be when you grow up?".

The boy proudly replies, "a good communist!".

Erich Honnecker is so impressed, that he decides to invite Gorbachev to Berlin for a visit. Again, after weeks of preparation, Gorbachev's plane lands in Berlin. And again, part of the celebration includes a parade.

Honnecker takes the opportunity to show off his own country's nationalism, and asks a little boy in the crowd, "Who is your mother?"

The child replies "the German Democratic Republic."

"And who is your father?", asks Honnecker.

"Why, its you Uncle Honnecker!", replies the child.

"And what do you want to be when you grow up?" queries Honnecker.

Without hesitation, the boy replies "an orphan, sir."

It's a long story...

A bright, well-behaved little boy lived with his parents and grandparents in suburbia.

One evening, the boy's father passed outside his bedroom and was pleased to hear him kneeling beside his bed saying his prayers. He finished off with:

God bless mummy

God bless daddy

God bless grandma

Ta ta grandpa

The father thought this form of prayer a little strange, but was so pleased that his son was praying of his own accord that he thought nothing more of it...until he was awakened by the news that his wife's father had passed away from a stroke.

A few weeks later, he again overheard his son's prayers:

God bless mummy

God bless daddy

Ta ta grandma

Sure enough, the next morning he discovered that his wife's mother had had a heart attack in the middle of the night and had passed away peacefully.

Baffled by this turn of events, he wondered if he was the father of a gifted son. He made a point to eavesdrop more often to see what other mystical secrets might be revealed. Less than a week later he overheard his son praying

God bless mummy

Ta ta daddy

Stricken with grief, he wondered what had he done to deserve such a short life. His parents may have died young, but he was still in his prime. So great was his turmoil that he didn't get a wink of sleep all night. He awoke the next morning expecting disaster to strike at any time. He left the car in the garage, closed the garage door, and waited.

Well after sunset he returned inside and poured out his worries to his wife. She was entirely unaffected.

"You think you've had a bad day? While you've been sulking in the garage, I've been waiting for you to get back to help *me*. I woke up this morning to find the milkman lying dead on the front porch!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Philosophy is like looking for a black cat in a dark room.

Marxist philosophy is like looking for a black cat in a dark room, but the cat isn't there.

Soviet philosophy is like looking for a black cat in a dark room, the cat isn't there, but you keep shouting "I've found it! I've found it!"

New age philosophy is like finding a black cat in dark room and wondering what bad thing you may have done (or was done to you) that keeps you from seeing it.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man took his dog into a pub, bought a pint and settled down to watch the football on the TV set above the bar. As luck would have it, it was a Fulham home game. After a one-sided match Fulham lost, and the dog said, quite clearly, "Oh, no...not again!"

The barman, startled, walked over to the owner.

"Did your dog just say 'Oh, no -- not again'?"

"Yes," replied the owner blandly, "he always says that when Fulham lose."

"What does he say when Fulham win?"

"Don't know," replied the dog's owner. "I've only had this cur five years."

Incidentally, during the match the police caught a Fulham fan climbing over the stadium wall. They were strict...they made him go back in.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Scientist discovers new element - administratium

?P--The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered by University physicists. The element, tentatively named Administratium (AD), has no protons or electrons, which means that its atomic number is 0. However, it does have 1 neutron, 125 assistants to the neutron, 75 vice-neutrons and 111 assistants to the vice-neutrons. This gives it an atomic mass number of 312. The 312 particles are held together in the nucleus by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called memos.

Since it has no electrons, Administratium is inert. However, it can be detected chemically because it seems to impede every reaction in which it is present. According to one of the discoverers of the element, a very small amount of Administratium made one reaction that normally takes less than a second take over four days.

Administratium has a half-life of approximately 3 years, at which time it does not actually decay. Instead, it undergoes a reorganization in which assistants to the neutron, vice-neutrons, and assistants to the vice-neutrons exchange place. Some studies have indicated that the atomic mass number actually increases after each reorganization.

Administratium was discovered by accident when a researcher angrily resigned from the chairmanship of the physics department and dumped all of his papers in the intake hatch of the University's particle accelerator. "Apparently, the interaction of all of those reports, grant forms, etc. with the particles in the accelerator created the new element." an unnamed source explained.

Research at other laboratories seems to indicate that Administratium might occur naturally in the atmosphere. According to one scientist, Administratium is most likely to be found on college and university campuses, and in large corporation and government centers, near the best-appointed and best-maintained building.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

It was a boring Sunday afternoon in the jungle so the Elephants decided to challenge the Ants to a game of soccer. The game was going well with the Elephants beating the Ants ten goals to nil, when the Ants gained possession. The Ants' star player was dribbling the ball towards the Elephants' goal mouth when the Elephants' left back came lumbering towards him. The elephant trod on the little ant, killing him instantly.

The referee stopped the game.

"What do you think you're doing? Do you call that sportsmanship, killing another player?"

"I didn't mean to kill him," replied the elephant, "I was just trying to trip him up."

It's a long story...

I was driving through North Wales one day last summer, when I had the misfortune to run out of petrol right out in the sticks. It was about 5 miles to the nearest house, but when I got there the farmer who lived in it was very hospitable and offered to drive me back to my car with a can of petrol as long as I stayed to have a bite to eat first.

I accepted gratefully, and upon entering the parlor I was amazed to see a pig with a wooden leg reclining in a rocking chair, reading the "Cwm Penmachno Evening Courier" and smoking a pipe. I asked the farmer about this.

"Oh, that's a fine pig," he told me. "One day my wife was driving out of our gate onto the road when a bloody great lorry which she hadn't noticed -- we tend to forget to look out for traffic up here, you know -- came tearing along and smashed into the side of her car. The lorry driver was killed and my wife was pinned into her seat. Some petrol was leaking out of her tank and the pig here could see that there was a danger the car would go up in flames if he didn't do something pretty quickly. So he leapt over the fence, sprinted over to the car, wrenched the door off its hinges and pulled my wife away just in time to save her from a horrible death."

"My goodness, that's certainly a very fine pig!" I exclaimed. "Now I can understand why you treat him so well. But one thing is still puzzling me. Tell me, how does he come to be wearing that wooden leg?"

"Ah well", said the farmer, "when you've got a pig like that you don't want to eat him all at once."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A city slicker drives through a little town, and stops at a gas station to fill up. Going into the station to pay he sees a man playing checkers with a dog.

“Utterly fantastic”, he gasps, “a dog who plays checkers. You could take him to the city and make piles of money with him.”

After his next move the man looks up and says , “Aw, he ain’t so smart. I can beat him two out of three.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

An American tourist is visiting Russia, and he's talking with a Russian about the fact that not many people in Russia own cars.

"I can't believe you don't have cars here! How do you get to work?"

"We take bus."

"Well, how do you go on vacations?"

"We take train."

"Well, what if you want to go abroad?"

"We don't want go abroad."

"Well, what if you really *have* to go abroad?"

The Russian replies, "We take tanks."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

**ESD product service support subject:
new retain tip**

Record number:	H031944
Device:	D/T8550
Model:	M
Hit count:	UHC00000
Success count:	USC00000
Publication code:	PC50
Tip key:	025
Date created:	O89/02/14
Date last altered:	A89/02/15
Owning B.U.:	USA

**Abstract:
MOUSE BALLS NOW AVAILABLE AS FRU
(Field Replacable Unit)**

TEXT: MOUSE BALLS ARE NOW AVAILABLE AS A FRU. IF A MOUSE FAILS TO OPERATE, OR SHOULD PERFORM ERRATICALLY, IT MAY BE IN NEED OF BALL REPLACEMENT. BECAUSE OF THE DELICATE NATURE OF THIS PROCEDURE, REPLACEMENT OF MOUSE BALLS SHOULD BE ATTEMPTED BY TRAINED PERSONNEL ONLY.

BEFORE ORDERING, DETERMINE TYPE OF MOUSE BALLS REQUIRED BY EXAMINING THE UNDERSIDE OF EACH MOUSE. DOMESTIC BALLS WILL BE LARGER AND HARDER THAN FOREIGN BALLS. BALL REMOVAL PROCEDURES DIFFER, DEPENDING UPON MANUFACTURER OF THE MOUSE. FOREIGN BALLS CAN BE REPLACED USING THE POP-OFF METHOD, AND DOMESTIC BALLS REPLACED USING THE TWIST-OFF METHOD. MOUSE BALLS ARE NOT USUALLY STATIC SENSITIVE, HOWEVER, EXCESSIVE HANDLING CAN RESULT IN SUDDEN DISCHARGE. UPON COMPLETION OF BALL REPLACEMENT, THE MOUSE MAY BE USED IMMEDIATELY.

IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT EACH SERVICER HAVE A PAIR OF BALLS FOR MAINTAINING OPTIMUM CUSTOMER SATISFACTION, AND THAT ANY CUSTOMER MISSING HIS BALLS SHOULD SUSPECT LOCAL PERSONNEL OF REMOVING THESE NECESSARY FUNCTIONAL ITEMS.

P/N33F8462 -- DOMESTIC MOUSE BALLS
P/N33F8461 -- FOREIGN MOUSE BALLS

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Amos is getting on in years and his family decides that he is just too much of a burden anymore. Time to put him in a retirement home. So they take him out to Sunny Hills Retirement Community and install him in his new home. Early afternoon on his first day, a lovely young nurse comes and asks if he would like to spend a while on the sun porch. Amos says

“Sure...hrmmmp (hack).”

So Amos and the nurse are on the sun porch enjoying the sun, when Amos begins to lean to his left. The nurse, thinking that he is going to fall, pushes him back upright. A few minutes pass, and Amos again begins to lean, this time to his right. The nurse pushes him back upright. A few minutes later the scene is repeated. Finally, the nurse takes Amos back to his room.

The next day, Amos' friend Bob comes to visit. “How do you like it here?” asks Bob.

“Well” says Amos “it's OK, I guess. The bed ain't too soft and it ain't too hard. The food is good. The people are nice. But I got to warn you about something. They don't want you to break wind on the sun porch.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

One night, East Germany's last leader, Erich Honnecker, was in the bedchamber having some pillow talk with his mistress. He was in a magnanimous mood and offered her a present of her choice.

She thought about his offer for a moment and then replied, "Oh, Erich, if there is one thing I would like you to do for me, it is this: open the borders just for one day."

Honnecker said, "Of course, my dear," but was a bit puzzled by her request. He asked, "But why would you have me do such a thing?"

The mistress replied, "I want to be alone with you."

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It's a long story...

A dejected Communist Party candidate trudges home after the polls close.

“So, Marek, how many votes did you get?” asks his wife.

“Two,” he responds.

His wife slaps him hard across the face.

“What was that for?” asks Marek, incredulous.

“So, you have a mistress!”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

For three years the young attorney had been taking brief vacations at a country inn. The last time he'd finally managed an affair with the innkeeper's daughter. Looking forward to an exciting few days, he dragged his suitcase up the stairs of the inn, then stopped short. There sat his lover with an infant on her lap.

"Helen, why didn't you write when you learned you were pregnant?" he cried. "I would have rushed up here, we could have gotten married, and the baby would have my name!"

"Well," she said, "when my folks found out about my condition, we sat up all night talkin' and talkin' and decided it would be better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

It's a little-known historical fact that America, Russia and Japan held a joint two-year shuttle/Skylab mission with one astronaut from each country. Since it was a full year in the lab, each astronaut was permitted to take any form of entertainment they wished weighing 150 pounds or less.

The American was permitted to take his 125 lb. wife. The Japanese astronaut was allowed 150 lb. of books. The Russian astronaut took 150 pounds of Cuban cigars.

A year later, when the shuttle landed, the Japanese and American astronauts emerged pleased to be home and none too worse for the experience. The Russian astronaut, on the other hand, was a wreck.

Concerned for his health, he was immediately approached by a medical team. They stopped short when they noticed the murderous gleam in his eye.

"Don't want doctors!" he bellowed. "Want lighter!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Everyone wondered how Ronald Reagan picked George Bush for Vice President in the first place. Apparently Reagan knew he had to make a choice

"Mommy, I can't make the decision. What do you suggest?"

Nancy replied that he should act like the kings of old and use a riddle to test their cleverness. The next day Reagan put the riddle to George Bush.

"I've got a question, George. Who is it," read Reagan from cards Nancy had supplied, "who is your father's son, but not your brother?"

George said he'd call back after pondering the question for a few moments.

Moments later, the Reagans' phone rings.

"I got it, Ron!" blurted George. "I've got the answer to your problem. It's me! It's me!"

That night at dinner, when Nancy asked if her husband had made his choice of running mates yet, the future president replied "It's George Bush, dear, but you know, I'm not exactly sure why."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Stan and Ed were worked in excavation. The foreman was at them all the time to keep busy. No breaks, just work, work, work. Finally it dawned on them that the foreman left every day at 3:00 in the afternoon, so they decided to start leaving at 3:15.

The very next day when the foreman left at 3:00, Stan and Ed left at 3:15. Stan went home, and just as he arrived at his home he saw his foreman leaving by the front door and his wife waving goodbye.

Stan quickly ran back to the job and dug like a madman until 5:00.

The next day when Ed arrived at work, Stan put an end to the early exits.

"Listen Ed, we can't knock off work any more at 3:15. You don't know how close I came yesterday to getting caught!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

{ewc LZANI.DLL,LZANIMATE,GRAPHICS.DAT;quotleft.bmp}

For many years, I've battled with the infamous "Dunlop's Disease", a condition caused by age and lake of proper maintenance in which your "stomach 'done lopped' over your belt." I had noticed that most women do not suffer from this condition, many of them accumulating any excess weight on the hips and thighs, and/or under the belt.

"I've recently discovered, however, that some women also suffer from a malady similar to Dunlop's disease in that it is also caused by age and lack of maintenance called "Bureau Breakdown", in which your chest falls into your drawers."

Emmett

{ewc LZANI.DLL,LZANIMATE,GRAPHICS.DAT;quotrite.bmp}

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A city boy went duck hunting in the country one day. While hunting he shot a duck which fell on the property of a farmer. The boy crawled over the fence to claim his kill. But, the farmer, seeing what had happened rushed out with his shotgun and yelled, "See here! That duck belongs too me!"

The city boy replies, "But I shot the duck, therefore it belongs to me!"

The farmer says, "It fell on my property so it belongs to me!" They continue to argue, each claiming ownership of the duck. After a while, the farmer says, "We should settle this the old-fashioned way."

The city boy asks, "What is the 'old-fashioned way'?"

The farmer explains, "First, I belt you in the kidneys. Then, you belt me in the kidneys and we continue in this fashion until one of us gives up. The one who wins gets the duck."

The city boy, willing to do anything to get his duck and leave, agrees to the contest. The farmer draws back his fist and buries it in the city boy's side. The city boy, in horrible pain, falls to the ground moaning and groaning. After about 10 minutes, he manages to stand up and croaks, "My turn."

The farmer says, "Oh, you can have the duck", and leaves.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man walks into a very posh Rodeo Drive furrier with a gorgeous blonde on his arm. "Show the lady your finest mink!" the fellow exclaims. So the owner of the shop goes in the back and comes out with an absolutely gorgeous full-length coat. As the lady tries it on, the furrier sidles up to the guy and discreetly whispers, "Ah, sir, that particular fur goes for \$65,000."

"No problem! I'll write you a check!"

"Very good, sir." says the shop owner. "Today is Saturday. You may come by on Monday to pick it up, after the check has cleared."

The man and the woman leave. On Monday, the fellow returns.

The store owner is outraged: "How dare you show your face in here?! There wasn't a single penny in your checking account!"

"I just had to come by," he grinned, "to thank you for the most wonderful weekend of my life!"



It's a long story...

A distinguished-looking man entered a Geneva bank and inquired about taking out a loan for 1000 Swiss francs.

“What security can you offer?” the banker asked.

“My Rolls-Royce is parked out front,” he said. “I will be away for a few weeks. Here are the keys.”

The bank granted the loan. A month later, the man returned to the bank and paid off the loan, 1017 francs with interest.

“Pardon me for asking,” the banker said, “but why a one-thousand franc loan for a man of your obvious means?”

“Very simple,” he replied. “Where else can you store a Rolls for a month for seventeen francs?”

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It's a long story...

One day in Paradise, God called Adam to him and said "Now I will teach you how to kiss".

"Lord, what is a kiss?" asked Adam.

"I will show you" said God and taught Adam everything about kissing. Adam went to Eve and kissed her for a while.

Then God called Adam back and said "Now I will teach you how to make love".

"Lord, what is make love?" asked Adam.

"I will show you," said God, and then he taught Adam everything about making love.

Adam went to Eve but came back shortly with another question.

"Lord, what is a headache?"

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It's a long story...

A woman asks her husband "If I died, would you marry again?"

The husband pauses a moment, and replies "I would."

"And would you let her come into my house?"

"I would."

"Would she be working in my kitchen?"

"She would."

"Would she sleep in my bed?"

"She would."

"Would she put her clothes in my press?"

"She would."

"Would she have my car?"

"She would."

"Would she use my golf clubs?"

"Definitely not."

"Why not?"

"She's left-handed."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Imagine the surprise of a European tourist in America who ends up in Mexico after taking the wrong bus from the Los Angeles airport. The fellow debarks in a sleepy pueblo community...three people, one tumbleweed. The bus roars off and he hears the driver shout back something about returning in three hours.

Fine. He can amuse himself for three hours. He heads for the bar and tries to talk to the only patron not asleep at their table, but after five minutes which seemed like five hours, had had just about enough, even if the fellow was English-speaking, an erstwhile extra from a 1970's Eastwood movie who missed his own bus home years ago.

"The time, me friend, what is it?"

The gringo reached out to the sleeping man-mountain to the left of him and lifts his shirtless right arm to reveal a tropically lush growth of underarm hair. He looked thoughtfully in the direction of the tangle of hair and then let the fellow's arm drop. "About two thirty" he announces.

"Astonishing", avers our hero. "Ow'd you manage that?"

"Juan," he urges, waking the man-mountain, "lift your arm for the tourist, would you?"

Without opening his eyes, Juan lifts his arm, and once again the mat of hair unfolds like a child's pop-up book. The tourist shakes his head, unable to divine how the fellow managed to do it. Sweat? Smell? Giving up, he finally asks outright.

"Well, hombray, you see that clock tower over there?"

"Yes guv?"

"So can I, now that Juan's elbow is out of the way."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

The priest was teaching the Ten Commandments to the Church. At the Fourth Commandment "Thou shalt not steal", he observed a man in the front row suddenly become very uneasy. At the Sixth Commandment, the man's face turned from beet red to ghostly pale, and seconds later he keeled over and passed out. When the service was over, the priest went to the man, and asked for an explanation of his distress.

"Well, you see," said the man, "when you said the Fourth Commandment 'Thou shalt not steal', I recognized that my wallet was gone. At the sixth Commandment, I suddenly remembered, where I'd left it. That reminded me of the First Commandment, and as you know, my wife is an atheist."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A boy scout was out doing his bob-a-job ("change for chores") stint one Saturday in Farmborough. He walked up to the front door of one particularly palatial house and rang the doorbell.

It being the weekend, the owner himself appeared. "Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Bob-a-job week, sir!"

At first the man didn't want anything to do with the lad, but eventually he agreed to give him a job.

"You can paint my porch for me", he said. "The paint and brushes are in the garage. Here's the key."

The boy scout toddled off to do the job.

Two hours later, he rang the doorbell. "Job's done, sir," he said, his palm outstretched.

"Harumph. Took your time, didn't you? Well, okay, here's five pence for being so slow...you'll have to learn that you can't slack like you did today in the real world."

The boy took the money with a frown and started to walk away. After a few paces he turned around and said,

"Oh, by the way, guv, you ought to know something. It isn't a porch, it's a Ferrari."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

One rainy night Jim was out on the town and after a couple of pints decided to make his way home. Unable to get a cab, he was, well, forced into a pub for shelter. As soon as Jim went into the pub he met a few friends and so he had a few drinks, and a few more, and a few more....

Midnight came and Jim started to stagger home through the rain wearing a rather large smile. Jim remembered, as he always did in this state, that nothing went better with rain and a good glow than an Indian curry. He ducked into the nearby curry take-Away and ordered an extra-extra-hot Vindaloo.

Some time later Jim arrived home with his treasure. He placed the curry on the kitchen table and headed upstairs to get out of his wet clothes. While he changed the cat, who had not yet been fed, mistook the curry for its own dinner.

Just as the cat was licking the plate, in strode Jim, raging as only a gin-drunk can. Jim grabbed the cat by scruff of the neck and dragged it outside.

"You horrible little moggie, you're dead now," he ranted. He filled a dustbin with water and threw the hissing cat into the bin. He retired to his bedroom and discovered that even with a full load, he couldn't sleep for the guilt.

A few minutes later he heard a knock on the window. Who should be there but the cat, steam rising off its fur, covered in bits of melted plastic, looking up at him in the neediest way.

"More water...please?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A woman decides to buy a new self-assembly chest of drawers and have it built in time to surprise her husband. She reads the instructions carefully and assembles the chest in the bedroom. A train passes nearby and the whole cupboard collapses. Undaunted, she re-reads the instructions and reassembles the cupboard. Another train passes and the whole cupboard collapses.

Fed up, she calls client service. She is told that the store will send out a technician to have a look. The technician arrives and assembles the cupboard. Another train passes, and the cupboard collapses again.

Completely baffled, the technician decides to reassemble the cupboard one final time and sit inside it to see whether he can find the cause of the collapse.

At this moment the woman's husband arrives home, sees the cupboard and beams at his wife. Opening the top drawer, he is shocked to see the man sitting inside.

"You might find this hard to believe," says the flustered technician, "but I'm actually waiting for the train."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

The scene: a train in Poland. In one coach are an old woman, a pretty girl, an army officer, and a Solidarity worker. The train goes through a dark tunnel, and in the darkness a kiss is heard, followed by a slap.

The old woman thinks, "What a brave girl. The officer made a pass at her, and she defended her honor."

The girl thinks, "How strange. The officer must have tried to kiss me, and got the old woman instead."

The officer thinks, "What bad luck. The worker kissed the girl, and she slapped me instead."

The worker thinks, "Neat trick. I kiss the back of my hand, hit the officer and get away with it."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A teacher and his wife had just launched their children and the wife had returned to work as a chartered accountant. During the summer holiday the wife still had to work, so the husband decided to take a week to do all the household chores that had been left during the year.

The first day he went down and cleaned out the basement, stacked boxes, and swept the floor. That night when his wife came home he fixed her a sumptuous meal, and washed all the dishes while his wife watched television. Soon they both went to bed.

The next day he shampooed all the rugs, mopped and waxed all the floors, and washed all the windows. That night he fixed his wife another sumptuous meal, and washed the dishes while she watched television. Soon they both went to bed.

On the third day he scoured the bathrooms, even grubbing out under the toilet bowl rims and pulling all the hair out of the shower and bathtub drains. Then he showered and shaved and dressed up a bit. That night he fixed his wife another sumptuous meal. This time, right before they went to bed, the man decided he just couldn't stand it any more.

"Honey," he said, "haven't you noticed how I cleaned out the basement and shampooed the rugs and mopped the floors and washed the windows and scoured the bathrooms? Haven't you noticed all the sumptuous meals I've fixed for you and all the dishes I've washed?"

His wife turned to him with half a smile. "Yes, I noticed. Thankless job, isn't it?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A man walks along a lonely beach.

Suddenly he hears a deep voice commanding DIG!

He looks around...no one there. "I'm hallucinating," he thinks.

He hears the voice again. I SAID, DIG!

He starts to dig in the sand with his bare hands, and after some inches, he finds a small chest with a rusty lock.

The deep voice says OPEN!

He finds a rock and uses it to destroy the lock. The open chest is discovered to be chock with gold coins.

The deep voice says TO THE CASINO!

The man takes the chest and walks several miles to the casino.

The deep voice says ROULETTE!

He changes the gold into a huge pile of roulette tokens and goes to one of the tables. The players gaze at him with disbelief.

The deep voice says 27!

He takes the whole pile and drops it at the 27. The table nearly bursts. Everybody is quiet when the croupier throws the ball.

The ball drops on 26.

The deep voice says DAMMIT!

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Did you hear about the (minority of choice) who...

Spent four days in Sears looking for wheels for a miscarriage?
Looked in the lumber yard for the draft board?
Tried to throw himself on the ground and missed?
Took a roll of toilet paper to a crap game?
Put iodine on his paycheque because he got a salary cut?
Was so lazy he married a pregnant woman?
Lost his girlfriend because he forgot where he laid her?
Thought asphalt was a rectum disease?
Wouldn't go out with his wife because he knew she was married?
Thought the typewriter was pregnant because it missed a period?
Called his girlfriend 'Tapioca' because she could be made in a minute?
Thought Peter Pan was a wash basin in a brothel?
Studied five days for a urine test?
Went in an outhouse; put one leg in each hole and s#@! himself?
Thought a mushroom was a place to neck?
Applied for a job as a lifeguard in a car wash?
Thought 'Manual Labor' was the president of Mexico?
Took his pregnant wife to a grocery store because he heard they had free delivery?
Told better jokes than these about the minority *you* belong to?

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A blind man was seen waiting at a street corner with his seeing eye-dog. After a short wait the dog started leading the blind man across the street against the red light. First a car came screeching to a halt inches away from him, but still the dog led on. A bicyclist almost wiped them out and its rider cursed as he passed. As they strode the last lane a truck swerved, barely missing them. After they reached the far corner the blind man pulled a cookie from his pocket and offered it to the seeing-eye dog.

At this point a bystander who had watched the entire episode approached, curious about why he was rewarding the dog after it had endangered his life.

"I'm not rewarding him," the blind man responded. "I'm just trying to find out which end is his head so I can kick his butt."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Tom and Katie decided after a few dates that they were going to sleep together, so Tom went to the local pharmacy to buy condoms.

Tom strode up to the pharmacy counter and asked the pharmacist for condoms, which were on racks behind the counter, not in front.

The pharmacist glared at Tom. "What's wrong with you kids today? Two dates and you want to go to bed with each other."

Tom explained that he and his girlfriend were merely trying to act responsibly and take precautions against pregnancy and disease. The pharmacist conceded that times were changing and finally sold him the condoms.

That same night Tom was invited over to Katie's house for dinner. When they all sat down, Tom asked Katie's father if he could say grace. Her father consented and Tom proceeded to say a beautiful eleven-minute grace, thanking everyone from the Pilgrims to the President for the meal they were about to eat.

After dinner Katie took Tom aside. "Tom, you never told me you were so religious!"

"Well, Katie," replied Tom nervously, "you never told me your father was a pharmacist."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A farmer decides that his three sows should be bred, and contacts his neighbor down the road, who owns three male pigs. They agree on a stud fee, and the farmer puts the sows in his pickup and brings them down the road to the males. He leaves them all day, and when he picks them up that night, asks the man how he can tell if it 'took' or not. The breeder replies that if, the next morning, the sows were grazing on grass, they were pregnant, but if they were rolling in the mud as usual, they probably weren't.

Comes the morn, the sows are rolling in the mud as usual, so the farmer puts them in the truck and brings them back for a second full day of frolic. This continues for a week, since each morning the sows are rolling in the mud.

About the sixth day, the farmer wakes up and tells his wife, "I don't have the heart to look again. You check today." With that, the wife peeks out the bedroom window and starts to laugh.

"What is it?" asks the farmer excitedly. "Are they grazing at last?"

"Nope." says the wife. "Two of them are jumping up and down in the back of your truck, and the other one is honking the horn!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

The Eighteen Bottles

I had eighteen bottles of whiskey in my cellar and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else... I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with it, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, and sinks with the other, which were twenty-nine, and as the houses came by I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses in one bottle, which I drank. I'm not under th' affluence of incohol as some tinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.

Author unknown

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It's a long story...

An old man was walking on the beach with his only grandson, when a giant wave crashes onshore, sweeping the boy out to sea.

The man looks up to the heavens and says "Oh Lord, this is my only grandson, how can you take him away from me like this? My son will not understand! My daughter-in-law will die from grief!"

Another wave comes by, and deposits the boy at the old man's feet.

The grandfather looks to the heavens again and says, "He had a hat, you know."

It's a long story...

A farmer is about to visit his wife at hospital. He enters (at non-visiting hours), and is asked to sit down and wait. After half an hour, he began to feel a bit nervous, so he started walking. After another half-hour of pacing in the waiting room he began to explore the corridors.

At the end of the first corridor there was a door. Next to the door was a push button, and a sign saying "push the button".

"Why should I push the button?", the man thinks, and turns around to continue his vigil. But after two or three steps, he thinks "Maybe it's best to do as the sign says". He turns around again and pushes the button.

Five seconds later, the door opens and a man asks "Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Do for me? I just pushed the button, the man says pointing at the sign."

"Was there nothing you wanted?"

"No. I just pushed the button."

The man behind the door shakes his head and closes the door. The expectant father wanders back to the waiting room.

After a few minutes he enters the corridor again and can't resist pushing the button a second time.

Out comes the same man with the same question: "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir, I just pushed the button."

A third time he enters the corridor again, a third time he finds the door, a third time wonders, gives in to curiosity and pushes the button, and a third time the same man pops out.

"Ye...? You again! What's the matter with you? Do fools grow on trees where you were born?"

"Perhaps," replies the man, "but you seem to have it much easier here. Why look, all I have to do is push a button and out they pop."

It's a long story...

Piping specifications

- 1.5.2 All pipe is to be made of a long hole, surrounded by metal centered around the hole.
2. All pipe is to be hollow throughout the entire length.
3. All pipe is to be of the very best quality, preferably tubular or pipular.
- 4.3 All acid-proof pipe is to be made of acid-proof material.
5. O.D. of all pipe must exceed the I.D. Otherwise the hole will be on the outside of the pipe.
6. All pipe is to be supplied with nothing inside the hole so that water, steam, or other stuff can be put inside at a later date.
- 7.76 All pipe is to be supplied without rust, as this can be more readily put on at the jobsites.
8. All pipe is to be cleaned free of any covering such as mud, tar, barnacles or any form of manure before putting up, otherwise it will make lumps under the paint.
9. All pipe over 500 feet in length must have the words "Long Pipe" clearly painted on each end so that the fitter will know that it is long pipe.
10. Pipe over two miles in length must also have these words painted in the middle so that the fitter will not have to walk the full length of pipe to determine if it is long pipe or not.
11. All pipe over six inches in diameter is to have the words "Large Pipe" painted on it, so that the fitter will not use it for small pipe.
12. All pipe fittings are to be made of the same stuff as the pipe.
13. All pipe closers are to be open on one end.
14. No fittings are to be put on pipe unless specified. If you do, straight pipe becomes crooked pipe.

It's a long story...

A burly hunter walks into this sporting goods store in Alaska, immediately spies a rather haggard-looking old salt of a store clerk sitting by the cash register.

"Hear ya got a lotta' bears 'round here?"

"Yep," answers the clerk.

"Big bears?"

"Yep."

"Mean bears?"

"Black bears?"

"Yep."

"Grizzers?"

"Yep."

"Got any bear bells?"

"What's dat?"

"You know, them little dingle-bells ya put on yer backpack so bears know yer in the perimeter so's they can runs away ..."

"Yep. Over yonder ..."

"Great. I'll take one fer black bears, and one fer grizz. Say, how'd you know if yer in black bear country anyway?"

"Look fer scatt."

"Oh. Well, how how'd you know if there's grizz?"

"Look fer scatt."

"You just said that!"

"Yeah. But grizzly scatt's different."

"Well now, just what's in grizzly scatt that's different?"

"Bear bells."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A computer salesman, a hardware engineer, and a software engineer are driving in a car together. Suddenly the right rear tire blows out and the car rolls to a stop. The three pile out to investigate.

The salesman shakes his head sadly. "Time to buy a new car," he announces.

Says the hardware engineer, "Well, first let's try swapping the front and rear tires and see if that fixes it."

Replies the software engineer, "Nah, let's just try driving the car again, and maybe the problem will go away by itself."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

One day a gringo rides into a dusty little Mexican town. He ties up his horse outside the saloon where a couple of crusty Mexicans are sitting.

"Do either of you know the Cisco Kid?" he asks.

The first one says "Did you ask if I knew the Cisco Kid? Well let me tell you if I know the Cisco Kid or not.

"One day as I was riding across the desert, I meet up with this man wearing nothing but his underwear. I stop to see what is up, maybe help him out. But when I got down off my horse he jumps me, steals my gun and pushes me to the ground.

"OK senor, you take off all your clothes and give them to me', he says to me, so I did.

"Then he says "Do you see that big slimy lizard sitting on that rock over there? Well, go get it and eat it. If you kill it first I kill you too."

"I ate the lizard. Then I asked who are you who would do this to a man? He laughed and said 'I am the infamous Cisco Kid and I have gotten the best of you, you stupid little man!'

"Little did he know that my horse, was raised by a cruel man and would buck whenever anyone said 'stupid'. He bucks. The Cisco Kid goes down. His gun flies over to me. Then I make him take off his clothes and eat a live lizard, just like he made me do.

"And now you come around asking if I know the Cisco Kid! Si, I know the Cisco Kid! We had lunch together!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A lady is having a bad day at the roulette tables. She's down to her last \$50. Exasperated, she exclaims, "I'm out of luck. I need a system." A man standing next to her suggests "Why don't you play your age?"

The man walks away but wheels around a moment later when he hears a commotion at the table he just left. Pushing his way through the crowd, he sees the lady is lying limp on the floor.

The man is stunned. He asks, "What happened? Is she all right?" The operator replies, "I don't know. She put all her money on 29. When 36 came up she just fainted."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A British naval flyer was assigned to Pakistan to teach the natives the fine art of skydiving. At the first briefing he informed his charges of the nature of the task ahead, outlined the basics of parachute assembly and fielded questions.

“Commander,” asked one cadet, “what do we do if the rip cord doesn’t work?”

“Then you pull the backup cord.”

“And if that doesn’t work?”

Thinking quickly, he altered his usual reply to fit the local mindset.

“You pray to Allah for deliverance.”

Sure enough, at the first live parachute drop, one of the chutes failed to open...the commander’s. Reflexively he reached for the emergency cord and again the chute failed to open.

Just as reflexively he blurted out, “Allah, deliver me.”

A large, brown, ethereal hand came out of the sky, palm up, caught the commander and set him gently on the ground.

Incredulous at his good fortune, he dropped to his knees, weeping “Thank you Lord Jesus, Mother Mary...”

Again the large, brown ethereal hand emerged from out of the sky...palm down.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

They never said it...

“Works well under pressure”

One more thing you can say about my pillow

“Did not...Did too”

Originally suggested title for F. Lee Bailey Autobiography

“Lucky Monday”

Number one on list of concepts least likely to catch on

“Have a nice day”

The Devil schmoozing

“Eagle, beagle, seagull...”

Webster on a roll

“Too dumb to live”

Most ego-deflating jury verdict

“Eek! A mouse!”

One more thing Al Capone never said

“Moonlight madness sale”

Marketing technique least favored by national society of psychiatry

“That moment between the explosions and the blackouts”

The fun part of Hell

“For pampering and personal attention, there’s no place like it.”

Saint Peter

“You can watch excessive amounts of television”

The dark side of heaven

“The fatter the people, the longer the line”

One more thing Mister Wizard never thought of

**“He who controls the universe doesn’t have
to take any lip from the gas company”**

Betty Sears in Apt. 346

**“Look very carefully and very cautiously before you so much as
THINK about taking even the most rudimentary leap...”**

Ben Franklin if he were paid by the word

“Maybe it’s VENUS that’s the round one”

Columbus, four days out

“The Golden Age of Comedy”

Political science textbook covering the years 1972-1992

“A blister...hurts bad...feels terrible...gives you a headache”

*Four unused choices to “Amore” from the song lyric
“When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie that’s...”*

**“If you can’t write about something you know,
write about things you know no one knows anything about.”**

First page, National Enquirer reporters’ guidelines.

“Is that a real gun?” “Do you have a permit for that?”

Two things people said that most irritated Billy the Kid

“The Lord moves in mysterious ways”

One more reason he has a hard time finding chess partners

“More, more, much more!”

The rich at prayer

“Let’s call it a day”

Shop talk at the calendar factory

“Crickets, crickets, all the time crickets...don’t they ever sleep?”

Thoreau before the mellowing

It's a long story...

More things they never said

“They know where we live!”

The single biggest complaint about the I.R.S.

**“The yellow covers in one coat, doesn’t drip,
and dries fast...I use it whenever I can.”**

Vincent Van Gogh on painting

**“David Lynch, director of “Blue Velvet”, “Eraserhead”,
“Twin Peaks”, and “Wild at Heart”, is the son of the man
who designed and set up the guidelines
for the Federal and State tax forms.”**

Plausible Theories, Oct. '95

“If you can’t beat ‘em, kill ‘em.”

Paleolithic business philosophy

“Remove the word “dude” from your vocabulary.”

Best advice ex-Vice President Dan Quayle ever got

“We’ll call you if it’s ready sooner.”

Seven words no honest mechanic can say with a straight face

“No clumsy cord always underfoot”

Another good reason for hospital births

“Yo, bonehead, bite this!”

The one thing Aristophanes said that most irritated Socrates

“What’s the hurry?”

Common saying before time began

“Ever want something so bad you had to ask for it twice?”

The Sultan of Brunei

“Probably just something they ate”

My grandmother explaining the mysteries of the Universe

“I’m not wearing any underwear”

Donald Duck

“Shut up and eat”

Freud...before the glory days

“Put a sock in it”

Five words a trial attorney will never say to a judge

“No, what I said was ‘the Earth is a-round’”

Columbus, during moment of self-doubt

“Mints on the pillows would be a lovely touch.”

Idea rejected by Hell’s welcoming committee

“Easy to assemble”

Most often-missed fine print in owner’s manuals of Eastern European cars.

“Hear the ocean”

A 900 number that never made it

“It was late...It was dark...things happened fast and consequences were the last thing anyone was thinking about.”

The apologists’ theory of the creation of the Universe

“It’s better to be an ‘ac’ or an ‘ist’ than an ‘oid’.”

Smart Shopper’s Guide to Psychotherapy

“Want some gum?”

Yet another question no one ever asked Satan

“Avoid eye contact”

First thing they teach astronauts about UFO and alien encounters (this one is true)



It's a long story...

A doctor, an architect, and a computer scientist were arguing about whose profession was the oldest. In the course of their arguments, they got all the way back to the Garden of Eden, whereupon the doctor broke the conversation open.

“The medical profession is clearly the oldest, because Eve was made from Adam’s rib, as the story goes, and that was a simply incredible surgical feat.”

The architect did not agree. “But if you look at the Garden itself, in the beginning there was chaos and void, and out of that, the Garden and the world were created. God must have been an architect.”

The computer scientist, who had listened to all of this, simply smiled and said, “Yes, but where do you think the chaos came from?”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

An old woman is riding a crowded bus and has to stand with her heavy packages. Finally, someone in front of her gives up a seat and so she grabs it. "Thank God," she says.

A man in the seat behind her says "Excuse me comrade, but this is an atheist society. You should say 'Thank Stalin,' not 'Thank God.'"

"Of course you are right," the old woman says. "Thank Stalin." She is silent for a moment, then says: "Comrade, I have just had a terrible thought: What shall we say when Stalin dies?"

The man behind her replies "In that case I think we can safely say 'Thank God.'"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A ventriloquist in a nightclub is telling a series of ethnic jokes. He plays straight man while the dummy on his knee poses the riddles and answers the questions.

After a dozen or so of these jokes, a doddering old man gets up from his chair and shouts "Will you just knock it off?"

Everyone in the room turns to look and the ventriloquist stops.

"I'm just sick and tired of all these idiotic ethnic jokes that try to make people look so stupid! 'How many this does it take to screw in a lightbulb?' 'There was an Italian, a Jew and a Martian...' and so on! Well just stop it, because we are proud of our multicultural heritage here!"

The club is silent as the old man sits down angrily. Finally, the ventriloquist speaks, and in a most conciliatory tone.

"Sir, I am really sorry to cause such an offense. I really didn't intend to hurt anybody's feelings at all. I just want everyone to have a nice time and enjoy themselves, and the last thing I want to do is make someone upset. Would you accept my apology?"

To which the old man exclaims, "It's not you I'm talking to, you fool, it's that mouthy little jerk on your knee!"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Three boys are bragging in the schoolyard about their fathers.

“My father runs the fastest. He can fire an arrow, and start to run, and he gets there before the arrow,” says the first.

“Ha!” shouts the second. “You think that’s fast? My father is a hunter. He can shoot his gun and be there before the bullet.”

“You guys are dopes,” says the third. “My father is a civil servant. He’s so fast that he stops working at five and he gets home by 4:30.”

At this moment, a filing clerk in Washington is enlightened.

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Three corporate types, one French, one Japanese and one American, were on their way to an international business conference when they were kidnapped by terrorists and taken to a secret hideout.

"You, your companies and your countries are enemies of the Revolution," screamed the terrorist leader, "and you're going to be executed! Do you have any last requests?"

The Frenchman said, "I want to honor my country before I die by singing "The Marseillaise" to your men."

"Agreed," replied the terrorist. "You, Japanese, what do you want?"

The Japanese suit replied, "Before I die, I wish to honor MY country by giving the lecture I was going to present on the Japanese style of industrial management."

The terrorist turned finally to the American.

"And you, Yankee dog, what is your last request?"

The American replied, "I want you to kill me right now so I don't have to listen to another lecture on the Japanese style of industrial management."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A judge, a bishop and an orchestra conductor were having a discussion. All three were rather vain men, and their talk soon turned to the question of which of them was the greatest.

"Well," said the judge, "my position is one of dignity and power. When I walk into the courtroom, the bailiff says 'All rise!' and all the people stand to pay me honor."

"That's very nice," said the bishop. "People may stand in your honor, but when people have an audience with me they kneel, kiss my ring, and they address me as 'Your Holiness.'"

The conductor snorted and said, "I think I got you both beat; when I step onto the podium for the first time, the people in front of me look down, put their hands over their eyes, and say 'Oh, my God!'"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Four Oxford professors were taking their evening walk together and as usual, were engaged in casual but learned conversation. On this particular evening, their conversation was about the terms used to describe groups of animals, such as a “pride of lions” or a “gaggle of geese.”

One of the professors noticed a group of prostitutes down the block, and posed the question, ‘What name would be given to that group?’ The four fell into silence for a moment as they pondered the possibilities. At last, one spoke.

“How about ‘a pan of tarts’?”

The others nodded in half-hearted acknowledgment as they continued to consider the problem.

Said a second professor, “I’d suggest ‘an essay of trollops.’”

Again, the others nodded.

Added a third, “I propose ‘a flourish of strumpets.’”

They continued their walk in silence, until the first professor remarked to the remaining professor, who was the most senior and learned of the four, “You haven’t suggested a name for our ladies. What are your thoughts?”

The fourth professor replied, “I don’t at all like the idea of applying a zookeeper’s terminology to groups of people, but if you must coin a phrase here, I must inform you that what we observed was quite clearly an anthology of pro’s.”

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A great Soviet general was once asked by his adjutant, "Comrade General, what is the meaning of Marxist dialectic?"

The general replied, "I will explain it to you with an example. A filthy man is standing outside a bath house. Will he go in?"

"Of course," replied the adjutant.

"No, you're wrong," said the general. "A filthy man is filthy by his nature, and will not go in to the bath house. Only clean men, knowing the virtues of cleanliness, will bathe."

"I understand, comrade general."

"Now, let me give you another example. A filthy man is standing outside a bath house. Will he go in?"

"Absolutely not," replied the adjutant immediately.

"You're wrong again," said the general. "Why should a filthy man not enter a bath house? He is dirty, the bath house is there to enable him to become clean, and he will use it."

"I think I understand, comrade."

"Now, one last example. A filthy man is standing outside a bath house. Will he go in?"

"How should I know?"

"Now, comrade, you truly understand the meaning of Marxist dialectic."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A Scotsman was sick and in hospital. His doctors were afraid that this was to be the end of him since nothing they did could do anything to make him healthy. His physician asked him if there was anything that he could do to make him more comfortable in his final hours. The Scot replied, "If I could only hear the pipes one more time it would make me very happy." So the doctor arranged for a piper to come into the room and play for the dying man.

When the Scot heard the pipes the color came back into his cheeks, his eyes became bright, his breathing was easier, and he got up and danced around the room. He was completely cured.

Later, while recounting the tale to his fellows over lunch the doctor confessed that this was a miracle cure that he couldn't explain. All he knew was that when the pipes began to play the Scotsman was cured.

"That explains it," replied an intern, who appeared as if he had just received the meaning of life.

"Did this occur at precisely 11:45?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "How did you know?"

"It was the strangest thing," replied the intern. "They were only here for routine tests, but at that very moment, a pair of Englishmen in the waiting room dropped dead."



It's a long story...

A young worker from Australia Post was sorting through her regular envelopes, when she discovered a letter addressed to:

GOD
c/o Heaven

Upon opening the envelope, a letter enclosed told of how a little old lady who had never asked for anything in her life, was desperately in need of \$100 and was wondering if God could send her the money.

Well the young lady was deeply touched and made a collection from her fellow workmates and collected \$90 and sent it off to the old lady. A few weeks later another letter arrived addressed to God, so the young lady opened it. It read "Thank you for the money, God, I deeply appreciate it, however I only received \$90. It must have been those bastards at the Post Office."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

Two hunters hire a small plane to take them to a remote area of Canada. Upon dropping off the hunters, the pilot tells them, "Remember now, only one moose, because the plane won't be able to take off with more weight than that."

Off go the hunters. A week later when the plane returns to pick them up, the two hunters are standing by the lake with two moose.

The pilot fumes, "I told you guys, only one moose. You'll have to leave one, because we won't be able to take off with that much weight."

"Oh, come on," begs one of the hunters. "Last year the pilot let us take two moose on. You're just chicken."

Not wanting to be accused of cowardice in the bush, the pilot allows the two to bring both moose on the craft. The plane starts across the lake, straining to take off. Eventually they run out of room and the plane crashes into the trees at the end of the lake.

A few moments later, after picking themselves out of the wreckage, the dazed pilot gets up and looks at the scattered debris of the wreck and says to the hunters "Where are we?"

Replies one of the hunters, "Oh, I'd say about a hundred yards farther than we got last year."

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

One day an older fellow was in for a checkup. After his examination, his doctor was amazed.

"Mr. Edwards, I must say that you are in the greatest shape of any 64-year-old I have ever examined!"

"Did I say I was 64?"

"Well, no, did I read your chart wrong?"

"You did...I'm 85."

"85? Unbelievable! You would be in great shape if you were 25! How old was your father when he died?"

"Did I say he was dead?"

"You mean..."

"He's 106 and going strong."

"My Lord! What a healthy family you must come from. How long did your grandfather live?"

"Did I say he was dead?"

"No...you can't mean..."

"He's 126, and getting married next week."

"126? Truly amazing, Mr. Edwards. But I wouldn't think a man would want to get married at that age."

"Did I say he *wanted* to get married?"

Copy Print Close

It's a long story...

A parrot fancier who happened into a London pet shop noticed a particularly colorful bird and asked its price.

"Five thousand pounds," the shop owner replied.

"Five thousand pounds?" the man asked. "Why so much?"

"Well, this bird speaks fluent Italian, Spanish and French, is brushing up on his German and starting to study English," came the reply. "With the European Community's unification due in 1992, he'll be a great asset."

"I don't care about the Common Market," the parrot fancier said. "What about that gray one in that other cage?"

The gray one was 15,000 pounds, he was told, because the bird spoke Arabic, Chinese, and Korean and was learning Japanese, the "languages of the 21st century."

"I'm too old to worry about the 21st century," the frustrated parrot lover replied. "What about that mangy brown one up on that perch in the corner?"

The brown one, said the shopkeeper, was 25,000 pounds.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds!" exclaimed the customer. "What does he do to merit that kind of price tag?"

"We're not sure," the pet-shop owner replied. "But the other two call him 'chairman'."

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“Transquips” from actual court records

Q: Have you ever beaten your wife?

A: No. I might slap her around a little, but I never beat her.

Q: Just what did you do to prevent the accident?

A: I closed my eyes and screamed as loud as I could.

Q: What can you tell us about the truthfulness and veracity of this defendant?

A: Oh, she'll tell you the truth. She said she was going to kill the son of a gun -- and she did.

Q: And another reason that you didn't want to go out there was because you feared for your life?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Why?

A: That's a rowdy neighborhood, and there are very, very bad persons that will do bodily harm and seriously kill someone.

Q: Where were you on the bike at the time?

A: On the seat.

Q: I meant where is the street.

Q: And lastly, Gary, all your responses must be oral, O.K.?

A: Oral.

Q: How old are you?

A: Oral.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Advertising in a newspaper:

**Big dog for sale
eats anything
fond of children**

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Choice words

“This paper needs a few comas.”

“When papa passed away they burned his ashes and brought them home in a urinal.”

“We sat down to a picnic dinner of fricken chicasee.”

“You shake milk in a big stirrer machine to make it homicidal.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

It's in the newspaper, so it's got to be true...

“It was so hot during football practice that a lot of kids keeled over from nervous prostitution. Rusty Banazek broke his clavichord in scrimmage.”

“At the Knights of Columbus dinner, they will serve the same fish as last year.”

“Tomorrow Helen Henry visits the home of a retired Navy Captain and his wife, an exotic U-shaped structure.”

“LOST: Male cat. Needs medication. Owner very worried, neutered and declawed.”

“Winners at the card party were William Davenport, a turkey, and Mrs. Trudy Baker, a chicken.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“Dear Teacher”

“Stanley had to miss some school. He had an attack of whooping cranes in his chest.”

“Lynda was away as she had stripe infection.”

“Please excuse the stink on Bill’s clothes. We’ve been spraying the garden because it is full of abnoxus incests.”

“Please excuse Jane. She had an absent tooth. Wednesday she will have an appointment with the orinthologist.”

“Please excuse my daughter’s absence for the past week, as she had a case of the fool.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

The self-destruct mechanism is extra...

Mr. Jones related an incident from “some time back” when IBM Canada Ltd. of Markham, Ont., ordered some parts from a new supplier in Japan. The company noted in its order that acceptable quality allowed for 1.5 percent defects (a fairly high standard in North America at the time).

The Japanese sent the order, with a few parts packaged separately in plastic. The accompanying letter said: “We don't know why you want 1.5 percent defective parts, but for your convenience, we've packed them separately.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Police blotter

A man was fined \$58 after failing to persuade a judge that the four frozen corpses in his van qualified him for life in the fast lane.

Robert Hanshew, 25, of Westminster, who transports cadavers for a mortuary service, was stopped March 21 for using a freeway car pool lane reserved for vehicles carrying two people or more.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Whose reputation is at stake?

“The report that important decisions in the White House were based on astrological advice is most disturbing. The results could undermine faith in astrology.”

Letter to the Editor New York Times 15 May 1988

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Campaign tail

Michael Dukakis and his wife, Kitty, are frequently quite affectionate in public. Reporters asked D. if he thought that Bush and his wife would have to behave more affectionately in response.

Dukakis responded that to his knowledge most democrats preferred double beds, while most republicans preferred two singles. After a pause he said , ``Maybe that's why there are more democrats.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Gurkhas - the martial race

Now that an accord has been signed between the GNLF of Subhash Ghising and the Government of India, it might be appropriate to recollect an interesting anecdote regarding these doughty warriors.

In World war II, an English reporter who had heard so much about the bravery and elan of the Gurkhas visited a camp just in front of the enemy lines (Germans). During the course of his reporting, he had occasion to observe a mission being conducted. The mission was to airdrop a bunch of soldiers behind enemy lines to conduct some relatively light action. He watched the commander of the Gurkhas (a British soldier) pitch the mission and then ask for volunteers.

To his surprise, only about half the Gurkhas volunteered and were sent off. Thoroughly disillusioned with the legends of Gurkha bravery, the reporter went back home.

After the war, he happened to run into a Gurkha who had been there, and asked him why half the troops had failed to volunteer. It turned out that none of the squad, both those who volunteered and those who did not, were aware that they would get a parachute for the drop. Hence the low turnout.

Mukund Srinivasan Department of Civil Engineering, Johns Hopkins

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

The following is a courtroom exchange between a defense attorney and a farmer with a bodily injury claim. It came from a Houston, Texas insurance agent.

Attorney: “At the scene of the accident, did you tell the constable you had never felt better in your life?”

Farmer: “That’s right.”

Attorney: “Well, then, how is it that you are now claiming you were seriously injured when my client’s auto hit your wagon?”

Farmer: “When the constable arrived, he went over to my horse, who had a broken leg, and shot him. Then he went over to Rover, my dog, who was all banged up, and shot him. When he asked me how I felt, I just thought under the circumstances, it was a wise choice of words to say I’ve never felt better in my life.”

Copy Print Close

"I swear it's true..."

Odd-vertising

Lost: small apricot poodle. Reward. Neutered. Like one of the family.

A superb and inexpensive restaurant. Fine foods expertly served by waitresses in appetizing forms.

Dinner Special - Turkey \$2.35; Chicken or Beef \$2.25; Children \$2.00

For sale: antique desk suitable for lady with thick legs and large drawers.

For sale: a quilted high chair that can be made into a table, pottie chair, rocking horse, refrigerator, spring coat, size 8 and fur collar.

Four-poster bed, 101 years old. Perfect for antique lover.

Now is the perfect time to get your ears pierced and get an extra pair to take home, too!

Wanted: 50 girls for stripping machine operators in factory

Wanted: Unmarried girls to pick fresh fruit and produce at night.

We do not tear your clothing with machinery. We do it carefully by hand.

No matter what your topcoat is made of, this miracle spray will make it really repellent

For Sale. Three canaries of undetermined sex.

For Sale - Eight puppies from a German Shepherd and an Alaskan Huskey.

Creative daily specials, including select offerings of beef, fowl, fresh vegetables, salads, quiche.

7 ounces of choice sirloin, steak, boiled to your likeness and smothered with golden fried onion rings.

Great Dames for sale.

Have several very old dresses from grandmother in beautiful condition.

Tired of cleaning yourself? Let me do it.

NEWBURY STREET COIFFURE AFFORDABLE
An Alternative to Looking Good.

“I swear it's true...”

Rules for bank robbers

According to the FBI, most modern-day bank robberies are “unsophisticated and unprofessional crimes,” committed by young male repeat offenders who apparently don’t know the first thing about their business. This information was included in an interesting, amusing article titled “How Not to Rob a Bank,” by Tim Clark, which appeared in the 1987 edition of The Old Farmers Almanac.

Clark reported that in spite of the widespread use of surveillance cameras, 76 percent of bank robbers use no disguise, 86 percent never study the bank before robbing it, and 95 percent make no long-range plans for concealing the loot. Thus, he offered this advice to would-be bank robbers, along with examples of what can happen if the rules aren’t followed:

- 1. Pick the right bank.** Clark advises that you don’t follow the lead of the fellow in Anaheim, CA., who tried to hold up a bank that was no longer in business and had no money. On the other hand, you don’t want to be too familiar with the bank. A California robber ran into his mother while making his getaway. She turned him in.
- 2. Approach the right teller.** Granted, Clark says, this is harder to plan. One teller in Springfield, Mass., followed the holdup man out of the bank and down the street until she saw him go into a restaurant. She hailed a passing police car, and the police picked him up. Another teller was given a holdup note by a robber, and her father, who was next in line, wrestled the man to the ground and sat on him until authorities arrived.
- 3. Don’t sign your demand note.** Demand notes have been written on the back of a subpoena issued in the name of a bank robber in Pittsburgh, on an envelope bearing the name and address of another in Detroit, and in East Hartford, Conn., on the back of a withdrawal slip giving the robber’s signature and account number.
- 4. Beware of dangerous vegetables.** A man in White Plains, NY, tried to hold up a bank with a zucchini. The police captured him at his house, where he showed them his “weapon.”
- 5. Avoid being fussy.** A robber in Panorama City, CA., gave a teller a note saying, “I have a gun. Give me all your twenties in this envelope.” The teller said, “All I’ve got is two twenties.” The robber took them and left.
- 6. Don’t advertise.** A holdup man thought that if he smeared mercury ointment on his face, it would make him invisible to the cameras. Actually, it accentuated his features, giving authorities a much clearer picture. Bank robbers in Minnesota and California tried to create a diversion by throwing stolen money out of the windows of their cars. They succeeded only in drawing attention to themselves.
- 7. Take right turns only.** Avoid the sad fate of the thieves in Florida who took a wrong turn and ended up on the Homestead Air Force Base. They drove up to a military police guardhouse and, thinking it was a tollbooth, offered the security men money.
- 8. Provide your own transportation.** It is not clever to borrow the teller’s car, which she carefully described to police. This resulted in the most quickly solved bank robbery in the history of Pittsfield, Mass.
- 9. Don’t be too sensitive.** In these days of exploding dye packs, stuffing the cash into your

pants can lead to embarrassing stains, Clark points out, not to mention severe burns in sensitive places--as bandits in San Diego and Boston painfully discovered.

10. Consider another line of work. One nervous Newport, RI, robber, while trying to stuff his ill-gotten gains into his shirt pocket, shot himself in the head and died instantly. Then there was the case of the hopeful criminal in Swansea, Mass., who, when the teller told him she had no money, fainted. He was still unconscious when the police arrived.

In view of such ineptitude, it is not surprising that in 1978 and 1979, for example, federal and state officers made arrests in 69 percent of the bank holdups reported.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“I've had rhythm...”

These are stories and test questions accumulated by music teachers in the state of Missouri.

Agnus Dei was a woman composer famous for her church music.

Refrain means don't do it. A refrain in music is the part you better not try to sing.

A virtuoso is a musician with real high morals.

John Sebastian Bach died from 1750 to the present.

Handel was half German, half Italian, and half English. He was rather large.

Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling him. I guess he could not hear so good. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died from this.

Henry Purcell is a well known composer few people have ever heard of.

Aaron Copland is one of your most famous contemporary composers. It is unusual to be contemporary. Most composers do not live until they are dead.

An opera is a song of bigly size.

In the last scene of Pagliacci, Canio stabs Nedda who is the one he really loves. Pretty soon Silvio also gets stabbed, and they all live happily ever after.

When a singer sings, he stirs up the air and makes it hit any passing eardrums. But if he is good, he knows how to keep it from hurting.

Music sung by two people at the same time is called a duel.

I know what a sextet is but I had rather not say.

Caruso was at first an Italian. Then someone heard his voice and said he would go a long way. And so he came to America.

A good orchestra is always ready to play if the conductor steps on the odium.

Morris dancing is a country survival from times when people were happy.

Most authorities agree that music of antiquity was written long ago.

Source: Missouri School Music Newsletter, collected by Harold Dunn.

“I swear it's true...”

Greatest hits

Many have experienced the confusion of traffic accidents and have had to summarize correctly what happened in a few words or less on insurance or accident forms. The following quotes were taken from those forms and were eventually published in the Toronto Sun newspaper.

1. Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.
2. The other car collided with mine without giving warning of it's intentions.
3. I thought my window was down, but I found out it was up when I put my hand through it.
4. I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.
5. A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.
6. A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.
7. The guy was all over the road, I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.
8. I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and headed over the embankment.
9. In my attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole.
10. I had been shopping for plants all day and was on my way home, as I reached an intersection, a hedge sprang up, obscuring my vision.
11. I had been driving for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident.
12. I was on my way to the doctors with rear end trouble, when my universal joints gave way, causing me to have an accident.
13. As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared to stop in time to avoid the accident.
14. To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front, I struck the pedestrian.
15. My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle.
16. An Invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my car and vanished.
17. I told the police that I was not injured, but on removing my hat, I found that I had a skull fracture.
18. I was sure the old fellow would not make it to the other side of the street when I struck him.
19. The pedestrian had no idea which way to go, so I ran over him.
20. I saw the slow moving, sad faced gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car.
21. I was thrown from my car as it left the road, I was later found in a ditch by some stray cows.
22. The telephone pole was approaching fast, I attempted to swerve out of it's way, when it struck the front of my car.

“I swear it's true...”

“Transquips” from actual court records:

Q: What is your brother-in-law's name?

A: Borofkin

Q: What is his first name?

A: I can't remember.

Q: He's been your brother-in-law for 45 years, and you can't remember his first name?

A: No. I tell you I'm too excited. (Rising from the witness chair and pointing to Mr. Borofkin). Nathan, for God's sake, tell them your first name!

Q: Did you stay all night with this man in New York?

A: I refuse to answer that question.

Q: Did you stay all night with this man in Chicago?

A: I refuse to answer that question.

Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in Miami?

A: No.

Q: James stood back and shot Tommy Lee?

A: Yes.

Q: And then Tommy Lee pulled out his gun and shot James in the fracas?

A: (After a hesitation) No sir, just above it.

Q: Doctor, did you say he was shot in the woods?

A: No, I said he was shot in the lumber region.

Q: Now, Mrs. Johnson, how was your first marriage terminated?

A: By death.

Q: And, by whose death was it terminated?

Q: What is your name?

A: Ernestine McDowell.

Q: What is your marital status?

A: Fair.

Q: Are you married?

A: No, I'm divorced.

Q: What did your husband do before you divorced him?

A: A lot of things that I didn't know about.

Q: And who is this person you are speaking of?

A: My ex-widow said it.

Q: How did you happen to go to Dr. Cheney?

A: Well, a gal down by the road had had several of her children by Dr. Cheney and said he was really good.

Q: Do you know how far pregnant you are right now?

A: I will be three months November 8th.

Q: Apparently then, the date of conception was August 8th?

A: Yes.

Q: What were you and your husband doing at that time?

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Excerpts from student science exams (1)

Vegetative propagation is the process by which one individual manufactures another individual by accident.

A super-saturated solution is one that holds more than it can hold.

A triangle which has an angle of 135 degrees is called an obscene triangle.

Blood flows down one leg and up the other.

A person should take a bath once in the summer, and not quite so often in the winter.

The hookworm larvae enters the human body through the soul.

When you haven't got enough iodine in your blood you get a glacier.

It is a well-known fact that a deceased body harms the mind.

Humans are more intelligent than beasts because the human brains have more convulsions.

For fainting: rub the person's chest, or if a lady, rub her arm above the hand instead.

For fractures: to see if the limb is broken, wiggle it gently back and forth.

For dog bite: put the dog away for several days. If he has not recovered, then kill it.

For nosebleed: put the nose much lower than the body.

For drowning: climb on top of the person and move up and down to make artificial perspiration.

To remove dust from the eye, pull the eye down over the nose.

For head colds: use an agonizer to spray the nose until it drops in your throat.

For snakebites: bleed the wound and rape the victim in a blanket for shock.

For asphyxiation: apply artificial respiration until the patient is dead.

Before giving a blood transfusion, find out if the blood is affirmative or negative.

Bar magnets have north and south poles, horseshoe magnets have east and west poles.

When water freezes you can walk on it. That is what Christ did long ago in wintertime.

When you smell an odorless gas, it is probably carbon monoxide.

“I swear it's true...”

English is tough stuff

Multi-national personnel at NATO headquarters near Paris found English to be an easy language...until they tried to pronounce it. To help them discard an array of accents, the verses below were devised. After trying them, a Frenchman said he'd prefer six months at hard labor to reading six lines aloud. Try them yourself.)

Dearest creature in creation,
Study English pronunciation.
I will teach you in my verse
Sounds like corpse, corps, horse, and worse.
I will keep you, Suzy busy,
Make your head with heat grow dizzy.
Tear in eye, your dress will tear,
So shall ! Oh hear my prayer.

Just compare heart, beard, and heard,
Dies and diet, lord and word,
Sword and sward, retain and Britain.
(Mind the latter, how it's written.)
Now I surely will not plague you
With such words as plaque and ague.
But be careful how you speak:
Say break and steak, but bleak and streak;
Cloven, oven, how and low,
Script, receipt, show, poem, and toe.

Hear me say, devoid of trickery,
Daughter, laughter, and Terpsichore,
Typhoid, measles, topsails, aisles,
Exiles, similes, and reviles;
Scholar, vicar, and cigar,
Solar, mica, war and far;
One, anemone, Balmoral,
Kitchen, lichen, laundry, laurel;
Gertrude, German, wind and mind,
Scene, Melpomene, mankind.

Billet does not rhyme with ballet,
Bouquet, wallet, mallet, chalet.
Blood and flood are not like food,
Nor is mould like should and would.
Viscous, viscount, load and broad,
Toward, to forward, to reward.
And your pronunciation's OK
When you correctly say croquet,
Rounded, wounded, grieve and sleeve,
Friend and fiend, alive and live.

Ivy, privy, famous; clamor
And enamor rhyme with hammer.
River, rival, tomb, bomb, comb,
Doll and roll and some and home.
Stranger does not rhyme with anger,
Neither does devour with clangor.
Souls but foul, haunt but aunt,
Font, front, wont, want, grand, and grant.
Shoes, goes, does. Now first say finger,
And then singer, ginger, linger,
Real, zeal, mauve, gauze, gouge and gauge,
Marriage, foliage, mirage, and age.

“I swear it's true...”

Always darkest before the verdict

Last year closed out with good news for your friend and mine, The Insurance Company. Until recently, all we heard was the sound made by companies being crunched by devastating lawsuits brought by injured persons aided by my avaricious colleagues.

So upset was one company that it began paying for advertisements in newspapers around the country to marshal opposition to what it called “lawsuit abuse.” Although not stated in the ad I saw, implicit was the notion that, if we would quit dreaming up lawsuits, people and insurance companies would be better off. As a result of a recent court decision, one kind of case will no longer cost the insurance company any money. That will make the insurance companies very happy.

Before I tell you about that case, however, let me tell you about something else that makes insurance companies very happy - income taxes. I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that if income taxes make insurance companies happy, it must be because they earn the same amount of money your Aunt Minnibelle earns, and she likes income taxes because she never has to pay them. If you think that, consider this.

In 1986, fifteen insurance companies paid no federal income taxes. Nonetheless, among the fifteen, the one with the lowest net income (Ohio Casualty Insurance) had a net income of more than \$139 million and the one with the highest net income (State Farm) had a net income in excess of \$1.6 billion. In 1987, State Farm's net income jumped by an additional billion and it paid a half million in federal taxes. Your Aunt Minnibelle would be tickled pink if she had that kind of income and those kinds of taxes. So, for that matter, would I.

But I digress. Here is what was added to the insurance companies' federal income taxes to bring them joy during the recent holiday season - *Andino v. Dupont Plaza Hotel*. Not being a reported case, this is probably one of the few places you can read about it. It is nonetheless of some significance, since it establishes conclusively that there is at least one area of the law that is not developing.

Juanita Andino was injured in the 1986 fire at the Dupont Plaza Hotel that killed ninety-seven people. A suit was brought against the hotel on account of her injuries. One of the plaintiffs (if not the only one) was Juanita's husband, Valeriano.

The complaint alleged that as a result of injuries Juanita sustained in the fire, she was “unable to perform her duties as a spouse.” In addition it was alleged that Valeriano had suffered a loss of income to the marital partnership because of Juanita's lost earnings. Here is why the insurance companies are happy.

The judge threw the lawsuit out and fined each of the lawyers who brought the lawsuit \$5,000. He did that because Mr. Andino, who the lawsuit alleged suffered from his wife's inability to perform her duties as a spouse and suffered loss of income to the marital partnership, was dead. Not only was he dead, he had been dead for 12 years before the fire occurred. The judge ruled that, in order to recover damages for an injury, the plaintiff must be alive at the time of the injury is alleged to have occurred. Imagine that!

Now, in addition to the pleasure they receive from tax laws, which are kinder to them than to you and me, insurance companies need no longer live in fear that the graveyard is the

home of potential plaintiffs. The Andino case stands for the proposition that people who lie moldering in graves may, in some parts of this country, still exercise the right to vote. They do not as they lie in repose, however, have standing to sue.

For this bit of information I am indebted to John Salmon, who published it in ads in the Denver media. He thought the public should be aware of the full extent of hardships suffered by insurance companies.

One of the lawyers was Melvin Belli. He is fondly remembered in Colorado for his kind remarks about the Colorado Trial Lawyers' Association. He made those remarks after leaders of CTLA suggested that Belli's trip to Bhopal, India, to represent what, when he left, were best described as "Unknown Plaintiffs," was not, ostensibly, propelled by eleemosynary engines.

Contrary to the opinion of some wag I know, this case does not stand for the proposition that the object of a necrophiliac's attention cannot recover damages if a necrophiliac sustains injuries. This case has nothing to do with necrophilia. It has to do with sloppy lawyering.

“I swear it's true...”

The World According to Student Bloopers (1)

One of the fringe benefits of being an English or History teacher is receiving the occasional jewel of a student blooper in an essay. I have pasted together the following “history” of the world from certifiably genuine student bloopers collected by teachers throughout the United States, from eighth grade through college level.

The inhabitants of Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube. The Pramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinnesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked “Am I my brother’s son?” God asked Abraham to sacrifice Issac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Issac, stole his brother’s birthmark. Jacob was a partiararch who brought up his twelve sons to be partiararchs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob’s sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharaoh forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Philatelists, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David’s sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines.

Without the Greeks, we wouldn’t have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns - Corinthian, Doric and Ironic. They also had myths. A myth is a female moth. One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intolerable. Achilles appears in “The Illiad”, by Homer. Homer also wrote the “Oddity”, in which Penelope was the last hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits, and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath. The government of Athen was democratic because the people took the law into their own hands. There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn’t climb over to see what their neighbors were doing. When they fought the Parisians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men.

*Richard Lederer, St. Paul’s School
(Reprinted without permission, and so funny it’s worth
risking a copyright suit for the opportunity to share it with you. -Ed.)*

“I swear it's true...”

More bloopers from history tests and essays:

Those who forget history -- and the English language -- may be condemned to mangle both. Historian Anders Henriksson, a five- year veteran of the university classroom, has faithfully recorded his freshman students' more striking insights into European history. Possibly as an act of vengeance, Henriksson has assembled these fractured fragments into a chronological narrative from the Middle Ages to the present.

During the Middle Ages, everyone was middle aged. Church and state were co-operated. Middle Evil society was made up of monks, lords, and surfs. After a revival of infantile commerce, merchants appeared. Those roamed from town to town exposing themselves and organizing big fairies in the countryside. The Crusades were expeditions by Christians who were seeking to free the holy land (the “Home Town” of Christ) from the Islams. In the 1400 hundreds most Englishmen were perpendicular. A class of ycowls arose. Finally, Europe caught the Black Death. It was spread from port to port by inflected rats. The plague also helped the emergence of English as the national language of England, France, and Italy.

The Middle Ages slimpared to a halt. The renesance bolted in from the blue. Life reeked with joy. Italy became robust, and more individuals felt the value of their human being. Italy, of course, was much closer to the rest of the world, thanks to northern Europe. Man was determined to civilise himself and his brothers, even if heads had to roll! It became sheik to be educated. Europe was full of incredible churches with great art bulging out of their doors. Renaissance merchants were beautiful and almost lifelike. The Reformnation happened when German nobles resented that tithes were going to the pope, thus enriching Catholic coiffures. The popes were usually Catholic. An angry Martin Luther nailed 95 theocrats to a church door. Theologically, Luthar was into reorientation mutation. Anabaptist services tended to be migratory. Monks went right on seeing themselves as worms. The last Jesuit priest died in the 19th century. After the refirmation were wars both foreign and infernal. If the Spanish could gain the Netherlands they would have a stronghold throughout northern Europe that would include Italy, Burgangy, central Europe and India thus surrounding France. The German Emperor's lower passage was blocked by the French for years and years. Louis XIV became King of the Sun. He gave people food and artillery. If he didn't like someone, he sent them to the gallows to row for the rest of their lives. Vauban was the royal minister of flirtation. In Russia, the 17th century was known as the time of the bounding of the serfs. Russian nobles wore clothes to humor Peter the Great. Peter filled his government with accidental people; orthodox priests became government antennae. The enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltaire wrote a book called Candy that got him into trouble. Philosophers were unknown yet, and the fundamental stake was one of religious tolerance slightly confused with defeatism.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Out of the mouths of Groucho's....

On the old “*You Bet Your Life*” program, Groucho Marx was getting to know one of his contestants. The man told Groucho that he had 10 children.

“Why so many children?” Groucho asked.

“Well, I love my wife”, the man answered.

Groucho paused but a second, then said “I love my cigar but I take it out of my mouth once in a while.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“My skies were never *this* friendly...”

In the late 1980s Eastern Airlines introduced a special half fare for wives who accompanied their husbands on business trips. Expecting valuable testimonials, the PR department sent out letters to all the wives of businessmen who had used the special rates, asking how they enjoyed their trip.

Letters poured in for weeks asking, “What trip?”

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“I swear it's true...”

One day the President and Mrs. Coolidge were visiting a government farm. Soon after their arrival they were taken off on separate tours. When Mrs. Coolidge passed the chicken pens she paused to ask the man in charge if the rooster copulates more than once each day. “Dozens of times,” was the reply. “Please tell that to the President,” Mrs. Coolidge requested.

When the President passed the pens and was told about the roosters, he asked “Same hen every time?”

“Oh no, Mr. President, a different one each time.”

The President nodded slowly, then said, “Tell that to Mrs. Coolidge.”

Bermant, G. (1976). Sexual behavior: Hard times with the Coolidge Effect. In M. H. Siegel & H. P. Zeigler (Eds.), /Psychological Research: The inside story/ (pp. 76-103). New York: Harper & Row.

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“I swear it's true...”

12 Year Old Guinness Record Holder Dead

AP--December 18, 1988 - Streetly, England - Mario Morby, a 12 year old record holder in the “Guinness Book of World Records”, was killed yesterday when he asphyxiated under the weight of hundreds of thousands of postcards that accidentally toppled on him. Morby, a cancer patient currently in remission, collected the postcards from supporters all over the world who took sympathy on his condition. The bulk of Morby’s collection, estimated at over 2 million with 30,000 arriving daily, was turned over to an auction house for disposal. Morby had retained about 500,000 of the nicer ones.

Florida Child’s Wish Come True, Inc. publicized Mario’s wish for postcards. “Had we realized the trouble that we caused, we would have never gotten involved,” said Frances Keefe, the founder of the Spring Hill, Florida organization that specializes in satisfying the last wishes of dying children. They used the pseudonym “David” when requesting postcards on Morby’s behalf. “It makes us heartsick,” Keefe continued, “to realize that we have contributed to this gentle child’s death. He was in remission, and his spirits were up. Those postcards were his life.”

Morby’s body was discovered by the family dog, who notified the district constable. Foul play is not suspected.

Ross McWhirter, author of the “Guinness Book of World Records”, said in a prepared statement that “it is ironic that Morby’s record has been overshadowed by that of another boy named ‘David’ who is dying of leukemia. In tribute to Morby, however, we have decided to enter him in a new category in the mid-year 1989 update edition: ‘Most Senseless Death’.”

From the Winchendon Observer, 19 December 1988:

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“Just following orders, George...”

“In our image processing lab we recently had a chance to digitize and then re-view some of the Presidential campaign speeches. Of particular interest was George Bush’s famous “Read my lips, No New Taxes” speech.

“We hired a speech specialist and showed the tape to her over and over several times. Not only was the tape played back slowly, but we performed a zoom operation on the (now) President’s face. As she read his face for clues, it became painfully obvious to her that George Bush was saying -- “Read my lips, No Nude Taxes”.

“With this subjective information, we called the White House for an explanation. Reluctantly the White House Staff admitted that yes, that was correct - “The President planned to clothe new taxes as user fees”.

Joe Miller PRIP Lab Michigan State University

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

[Background: Stephen Rice, a Seattle man, is charged with shooting at the windows of a local Exxon station. Jonathan Love is the prosecutor for the case]

(From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, page B1, Wednesday, April 19th:)

“Love requested bail be set at \$5000 pending arraignment tomorrow and expressed concerns about the release of Rice.

“The defendant stated he would continue to shoot at Exxon stations until they did something in Alaska about the oil spill,’ Love told the court. ‘At the rate Exxon is progressing, it is best that Mr. Rice remain in jail.’”

Greg Barnes greg@cs.washington.edu

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Excerpts from student science exams (2)

Charles Darwin was a naturalist who wrote the organ of the species.

Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backwards.

The theory of evolution was greatly objected to because it made man think.

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, vanes and caterpillars.

The dodo is a bird that is almost decent by now.

To remove air from a flask, fill it with water, tip the water out, and put the cork in quick before the air can get back in.

The process of turning steam back into water again is called conversation.

A magnet is something you find crawling all over a dead cat.

The Earth makes one resolution every 24 hours.

The cuckoo bird does not lay his own eggs.

To prevent conception when having intercourse, the male wears a condominium.

To collect fumes of sulfur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube.

Parallel lines never meet, unless you bend one or both of them.

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

“I swear it's true...”

Computer Charged with Murder After Frying Chess Champ by Ragan Dunn

A Soviet super-computer has been ordered to stand trial for the murder of chess champion Nikolai Gudkov -- who was electrocuted when he touched the metal board that he and the machine were playing on.

“This was no accident -- it was cold-blooded murder,” Soviet police investigator Alexei Shainev told reporters in Moscow.

“Niko Gudkov won three straight games and the computer couldn't stand it. When the chess master reached for his knight to begin play in the fourth game, the computer sent a lethal surge of electricity to the board surface. The computer had been programmed to move its chess pieces by producing a low-level electric current.

“Gudkov was electrocuted while a gallery of hundreds watched.”

The decision to put the computer on trial stunned legal experts around the world. But the Soviets are convinced that the computer had the pride and intelligence to develop a hatred for Gudkov -- and the motive and means to kill him.

The mind-boggling murder drama unfolded during a six-day chess marathon between the M2-11 supercomputer and Gudkov, a world class chess player.

According to reports, Gudkov defied all odds and beat the machine in three consecutive games. And when they prepared to begin their fourth, a deadly dose of electricity flowed up into the electronic board and zapped Gudkov dead.

Soviet authorities initially thought that the surge of electricity was caused by a short-circuit. But an examination of the computer revealed no problems.

It was later determined that the machine diverted the flow of electricity from its brain to the chess board to ensure a victory over Gudkov.

“The computer was programmed to win at chess and when it couldn't do that legitimately, it killed its opponent,” said investigator Shainev.

“It might sound ridiculous to bring a machine to trial for murder. But a machine that can solve problems and think faster than any human must be held accountable for its actions.”

Rudi Hagemann, the Swiss legal scholar, agreed with the Soviet cop.

He said that the development of artificial intelligence has come so far in recent years that certain computers and some robots “must be considered human.”

It isn't clear how the Soviets will punish the computer if it is found guilty when it goes to court this spring.

But Hagemann says the machine will probably be reprogrammed or dismantled altogether.

“Weekly World News, 14 March 1989

(Before you dismiss this as a hoax, consider the fact that tabloids reported that bacteria caused most ulcers, years before the American public at large came to hear about it. -Ed.)

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“We have a survivor!”

MOSCOW--A lottery in the Ukrainian city of Stakhanov didn't top the \$115 million jackpot offered last week in Pennsylvania, but the winners seemed happy with their prizes: rolls of toilet paper.

The newspaper “Literary Gazette told the story of Ira, a girl who bought three tickets and walked away with several rolls of toilet paper, a towel and a small bowl.

The lottery tickets cost 50 kopecks - about 81 cents - more than the actual price of many of the prizes.

“But don't forget that there are great shortages,” Wednesday's article read. “In the city of Stakhanov, except for the lottery, one cannot get these goods.”

Other lucky ticket holders in Stakhanov won hens, pigs, goats, detergent, and bath soap.

“Soviet lotto jackpot features toilet paper” (various sources)

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Not on the map...yet

No international laws govern the christening of countries; the label that sticks is determined by the tastes or even the sanity of its rulers. Anticolonialism, however, is the most common rationale for national renaming.

Filipinos have long bristled at the colonialist implications of calling their country the Philippines, in honor of Philip II of Spain. During the regime of Ferdinand Marcos, there was a campaign to rename the country “Maharlika”, a native word meaning noble and aristocratic.

Plans for the rechristening proceeded apace until an academic pointed out that the word was probably derived from Sanskrit.

Fine, its proponents said, Sanskrit is a non-imperialist language.

Yes, replied the scholar, but “Maharlika” was most likely derived from the words “maha lingam,” meaning “great phallus.”

That was the end of the campaign.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Expendable

The White House is allegedly sending Dan Quayle to People's Republic of China to find out who is really in charge. Asked whether in the current reign of terror it might be unsafe for our beloved VP to go, John Sununu, the White House Chief of Staff, answered : 'Oh no no, in China they only persecute intellectuals.'

(From 1989)

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Excerpts from student science exams (3)

Geometry teaches us to bisex angles.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

The pistol of a flower is its only protection against insects.

The moon is a planet just like the Earth, only it is even deader.

Artificial insemination is when the farmer does it to the cow instead of the bull.

An example of animal breeding is the farmer who mated a bull that gave a great deal of milk with a bull with good meat.

We believe that the reptiles came from the amphibians by spontaneous generation and study of rocks.

English sparrows and starlings eat the farmers grain and soil his corpse.

By self-pollination, the farmer may get a flock of long-haired sheep.

If conditions are not favorable, bacteria go into a period of adolescence.

Dew is formed on leaves when the sun shines down on them and makes them perspire.

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“I swear it's true...”

More from music class

These are stories and test questions accumulated by music teachers in the state of Missouri.

Probably the most marvelous fugue was the one between the Hatfields and McCoys.

My very best liked piece of music is the Bronze Lullaby.

My favorite composer is Opus.

A harp is a nude piano.

A tuba is much larger than its name.

Instruments come in many sizes, shapes and orchestras.

You should always say celli when you mean there are two or more cellos.

Another name for kettle drums is timpani. But I think I will just stick with the first name and learn it good.

A trumpet is an instrument when it is not an elephant sound.

While trombones have tubes, trumpets prefer to wear valves.

The double bass is also called the bass viol, string bass, and bass fiddle. It has so many names because it is so huge.

When electric currents go through them, guitars start making sounds.

So would anybody.

Question: What are kettle drums called? Answer: Kettle drums.

Cymbals are round, metal CLANGS!

A bassoon looks like nothing I have ever heard.

Last month I found out how a clarinet works by taking it apart. I both found out and got in trouble.

Q: Is the saxophone a brass or a woodwind instrument?

A: Yes.

The concertmaster of an orchestra is always the person who sits in the first chair of the first violins. This means that when a person is elected concertmaster, he has to hurry up and learn how to play a violin real good.

For some reason, they always put a treble clef in front of every line of flute music. You just watch.

Source: Missouri School Music Newsletter, collected by Harold Dunn.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Ten point bonus if it involves a UFO...

A friend of mine worked as a State Highway patrolman in Wyoming for several years. Whenever he pulled someone over for speeding, he would always ask them why they were exceeding the speed limit. If the excuse was original, he would usually let them off with a warning. He said the best excuse he ever got was the following:

“Well, officer, my wife is going to get pregnant in 30 minutes and I want to be there when it happens.”

Norm Gee

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Odd-vertising

Our experienced Mom will care for your child. Fenced yard, meals and snacks included.

Our bikinis are exciting. They are simply the tops.

Auto Repair Service. Free pick-up and delivery. Try us once, you'll never go anywhere again.

See ladies blouses. 50% off!

Holcross pulletts. Starting to lay Betty Clayton, Granite 5-6204

Wanted. Preparer of food. Must be dependable like the food business, and be willing to get hands dirty.

Illiterate? Write today for free help.

Girl wanted to assist magician in cutting-off-head illusion.

Blue Cross and salary.

Wanted. Widower with school-age children requires person to assume general housekeeping duties. Must be capable of contributing to growth of family.

Mixing bowl set designed to please a cook with round bottom for efficient beating

Mother's helper - peasant working conditions.

Semi-Annual after Christmas Sale.

And now, the Superstore - unequaled in size, unmatched in variety, unrivaled inconvenience.

We will oil your sewing machine and adjust tension in your home for \$1.00

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

“I swear it's true...”

“Transquips” from actual court records:

Q: Mrs. Smith, you do believe that you are emotionally unstable?

A: I used to be.

Q: How many times have you committed suicide?

A: Four times.

Q: Did he pick the dog up by the ears?

A: No.

Q: What was he doing with the dog's ears?

A: Picking them up in the air.

Q: Where was the dog at the time?

A: Attached to the ears.

Q: Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?

A: All my autopsies have been on dead people.

Q: Were you acquainted with the decedent?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Before or after he died?

Q: Officer, what led you to believe the defendant was under the influence?

A: Because he was argumentary, and he couldn't pronounce his words.

Q: What happened then?

A: He told me, he says, “I have to kill you because you can identify me.”

Q: Did he kill you?

A: No.

Q: Mrs. Jones, is your appearance this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

A: No. This is how I dress when I go to work.

Q: Have you ever been arrested?

A: Yes.

Q: What for?

A: Aggravating a female.

Q: You say you're innocent, yet five people swore they saw you steal a watch.

A: Your Honor, I can produce 500 people who didn't see me steal it.

Judge: Well, gentlemen of the jury, are you unanimous?

Foreman: Yes, your Honor, we're all alike -- temporarily insane.

The court: Now, as we begin, I must ask you to banish all present information and prejudice from your mind if you have any.

Q: When he went, had you gone and had she, if she wanted to and were able, for the time being excluding all the restraints on her not to go also, would he have brought you, meaning you and she, with him to the station?

A: Mr. Brooks. Objection. That question should be taken out and shot.

“I swear it's true...”

Sign Inklish dominates in world habit speaking:

In a Zurich hotel: “Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.”

In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist: “Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.”

A translated sentence from a Russian chess book: “A lot of water has been passed under the bridge since this variation has been played.”

In a Rome laundry: “Ladies, leave your clothes here and spend the afternoon having a good time.”

In a Czechoslovakian tourist agency: “Take one of our horse-driven city tours -- we guarantee no miscarriages.”

Advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand: “Would you like to ride on your own ass?”

On the faucet in a Finnish washroom: “To stop the drip, turn cock to right.”

In the window of a Swedish furrier: “Fur coats made for ladies from their own skin.”

On the box of a clockwork toy made in Hong Kong: “Guaranteed to work throughout its useful life.”

Detour sign in Kyushi, Japan: “Stop: Drive Sideways.”

In a Swiss mountain inn: “Special today: no ice cream.”

In a Bangkok temple: “It is forbidden to enter a woman even a foreigner if dressed as a man.”

In a Tokyo bar: “Special cocktails for the ladies with nuts.”

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office: “We take your bags and send them in all directions.”

On the door of a Moscow hotel room: “If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.”

In a Norwegian cocktail lounge: “Ladies are requested not to have children in the bar.”

At a Budapest zoo: “Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.”

In the office of a Roman doctor: “Specialist in women and other diseases.”

In an Acapulco hotel: “The manager has personally passed all the water served here.”

In a Tokyo shop: “Our nylons cost more than common, but you'll find they are best in the long run.”

From a Japanese information booklet about using a hotel air conditioner: “Cooles and Heates: If you want just condition of warm in your room, please control yourself.”

From a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo: “When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigor.”

Two signs from a Majorcan shop entrance:

“English well talking.” Also, “Here speeching American.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Police Blotter

Larry Tubbs, twenty-nine, was sentenced to thirty days in jail in Lawrence, KS., for a November incident in which he bit a woman on the leg and stomach during a church service.

In Prague, a 506 pound man identified as Zbynek M., aged fifty-two, was sentenced to twelve years in prison for stealing \$120,000 worth of food.

Salt Lake City police found a pair of severed legs, each wearing a different colored sock, in a garbage can behind a grocery store.

Marlene T. Sipes, a Columbia SC lawyer, was suspended for a year in March by the state supreme court on charges that she pocketed \$1,819 in 1986 from her daughter's Girl Scout troop cookie fund.

Los Angeles police Daryl Gates suspended officer Juan Gomez in December for having broken wind in the faces of two arrestees in September. Gomez blamed the problem on indigestion, but his supervisor called Gomez “feloniously flatulent.” One arrestee accused Gomez of preceding one blast with the words, “Check this out.”

Willie Carrol Williams, thirty-seven, was arrested in Sarasota, Fla., for bank robbery in December. According to police, he had no getaway car but hailed a taxicab outside the bank and paid the driver to take him to local malls for a Christmas shopping spree. After police trapped him an hour later, the taxi driver quoted Williams as saying, “When you've got the money, you might as well spend it.”

News of the Weird

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

It's in the paper, so it's got to be true...

“Teen-age Prostitution Problem is Mounting”

Tonawanda [N.Y.] News Frontier 1/18/75

“Legalized Outhouses Aired by Legislature”

Hartford, CT. Courant 3/10/73

“One witness told the commissioners that she had seen sexual intercourse taking place between two parked cars in front of her house”

Atlantic City Press 6/14/79

“The Assembly passed and sent to the Senate a bill requiring dog owners in New York City to clean up after their pets, on penalty of a \$100 fine. The bill also applies to Buffalo.”

New York Times 5/24/77

“New Missouri U. Chancellor Expects Little Sex”

St Louis Post-Dispatch 2/26/78

“The University of Wisconsin presented nearly 4,000 diplomas to graduates in May, but it took six months for someone to notice that the name of the state was misspelled ‘Wisconson’.”

The Seattle Times, Saturday, Dec 17th, 1988

“I swear it's true...”

Gotcha...

Two nineteenth-century US congressmen were traversing a board across a muddy section of the street, but in opposite directions. One said to the other as they stood facing one another “I never stand aside for a bastard, sir.”

The other replied “I, on the other hand, always do”, and he stepped off the plank into the mud.

A great insult in the British parliament: “The honorable minister disagrees. I can hear him shaking his head.”

George Bernard Shaw once sent Churchill two tickets for the opening of his new play, with the invitation: “Bring a friend...if you have one.”

Churchill regretted that he was engaged, and asked for tickets for the second performance...If there was one.

An admirer of Sir Winston Churchill gushed, “Doesn't it thrill you to know that every time you make a speech, the auditorium is filled to overflowing?”

“It's flattering,” he admitted, “but then I always realize that if, instead of making a speech, I was being hanged, the crowd would be three times as big.”

An exchange between Winston Churchill and Lady Astor (a person of great snootiness), who said of Churchill

“Mr. Speaker, If the honorable member was my husband, I would give him poison.”

Churchill replied “And if the honorable member was my wife, I would take it.”

Churchill had submitted a draft of an important wartime speech to the Foreign Office for comment. The draft was returned with no comment whatever on content; but where he had ended a sentence with a preposition a Foreign Office purist had transferred the preposition to its stiffly grammatical position. At this, Churchill flew into a lather. To the offending purist, he dispatched a note:

“This is the type of arrant pedantry,” read the note, “up with which I will not put.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

So now you know...

I am afraid that I have to blame Alice Dunsmuir for this one. She was the occasional secretary and booking agent for Fat Moose. One passenger was very worried about getting on an airplane that had a bomb on board. The argument that this was less than a one in a million chance really was not working. So Alice suggested that the passenger carry a bomb on board, for the chance of getting on an airplane with two bombs on board was so small as to be almost never.

Ed Gauss, Fat Moose Flying Service, retired

A group of lions is called a pride, a flock of quail a covey. What do you call a group of computer dealers? This was answered recently when computer dealers on the US East Coast organized a convention for dealers and called it the

**Long
Island
Computer
Exposition**

The Bank of England decided to replace the one pound banknote with a coin. In an apparent attempt to make the new coin look like the traditional one pound gold coin (referred to as a “sovereign”), it was to be thick, and was to be made out of a nickel-copper alloy, which had a yellowish color. When the new “round pound” was issued, it quickly garnered the nickname “Maggie Thatcher” because it was “round, thick, brassy, and acted like a sovereign.”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

It's in the paper, so it's got to be true...

A flying mattress carried a 79-year-old Crystal Lake, Illinois man to safety as his suburban home was leveled by a natural gas explosion. The incident occurred as James Steurer was sitting on his bed putting on his shoes.

Moments later he was still sitting on his mattress - outside on the driveway, blown out of side wall of his home by the force of the explosion, which also threw a side wall of the home against a next-door garage, and gave off a blast of heat that melted the siding on a neighboring house.

Recently, in an archeological excavation in the middle east, a large stone tablet was unearthed. Scholars determined that it was an ancient audit report, complaining about the use of papyrus scrolls by the scribes. It was clear that such scrolls lacked the evidential integrity of stone and clay tablets, and could not be trusted as transaction records.

A radio program about Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young aired recently in Philadelphia. The documentary outlined their dramatic impact on the world of music and focused some on the bands social commentaries.

The program was sponsored by the US Navy.

The lead article of the March 1989 Home Entertainment Special issue of Consumer Reports magazine was an evaluation and rating of condoms.

“(Mayor Lee) Cooke said he started actual salary negotiations with Barnett a week ago because, “I just wanted to have all my ducks in a row so if we did get into a posture we could pretty much slam dunk this thing and put it to bed.”

Austin American-Statesman, 2/18/89

“I swear it's true...”

The ever-popular toilet tale

A most unusual French loo is located at the Argentiere Hut, in the Alps near Chamonix. It is a small cabin at the edge of a ledge, and the pans open directly onto a drop of several hundred meters onto a glacier. I noticed the climbers who went into it would pick up a few pebbles or shards of granite, which struck me as a particularly severe alternative to toilet paper, but it turned out they were for a different purpose. The toilet was effectively pressurized by the wind blasted up from below, so that when the job was done the uninitiated would step through the door accompanied by a cloud of used tissues and exclamations of horror.

Unless the Mujahideen have blown it up, the world's most threatening bathroom plumbing is in a block of several storeys not far from the main market in Kabul. It had several name changes, but for a while this nasty, bug-ridden hovel was called the Ambassador Private Hotel.

The Ambassador had the most basic of loos, a hole in the floor (outhouse-style). It became infamous among overland adventure tour operators before the Soviet invasion as more than one troubled guest settled down to the urgent task only to have their attention drawn to a sound from above. In their tentative incursion into high-rise accommodation, the builders had put each bathroom above one another!

Rev. Dr. Phil Herring, University of Wollongong

“I swear it's true...”

Computer stories from a field service engineer

When I worked for a company that had a contract with 3M, 3M had asked me to write them a memo describing why we were having problems with diskette failures. I said in the memo that the disks were failing due to head crashes. “If the customers would just clean their heads periodically, we wouldn't have these problems,” I said in the memo. One customer responded with “What kind of shampoo do you recommend?”

An end-user hotline received a call about a bad software disk. They asked the customer to make a copy of the disk and mail it in to the hotline.

A few days later, they received a letter with a mimeographed copy of the disk. Since it was a double-sided disk, both sides of the disk had been photocopied.

A Computer Operator says as she is lifting an RP06 disk pack from the drive:

“Gee, how much does one of these weigh?”

“It depends on how much data is on the disk,” was the reply.

The operator believed it...and in all likelihood, so will some of those reading this joke.

I had a similar experience while working as a student operator at Michigan Tech. One particularly trying afternoon, the computer was merrily crashing for a number of reasons. After about four such spectacles, we broadcast that the computer would be down for the remainder of the afternoon.

There was a resigned groan from the users and they began to file out of the Center, except for one comely young woman with wide blue eyes who wandered up to the counter and queried: “What's wrong with the computer?”

Too tired and irritated to give her a straight answer, I looked her straight in the eye and replied: “Broken muffler belt.”

A look of deep concern wafted into her expression as she asked: “Oh, that's bad. Can you call Midas?”

I work for University Computing Services answering questions about any and all aspects of computing here, and as a result I run into some truly astonishing mental densities... A few excerpts from the Helpdesk:

Caller: “What's the name for when you're entering data into the computer?”

HD: “Data Entry.”

Caller: “Thank you!”

Overheard in a student computer lab:

Client (raising hand and waving frantically): “The computer says ‘Enter your name and press RETURN.’ What do I do??”

Lab Assistant: “Enter your name and press RETURN.”

Client (as if a revelation has struck): “Oh!”

Another friend of mine in a similar situation reports having a student in the lab one day, who had to abort out of the **SET PASSWORD** sequence because he couldn't think of a six-letter word.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

The price of peace in one's own home...

My grandmother had been bothered by calls coming in after midnight, waking her, and forcing her out of bed and across the house to answer. Invariably, they were from the same man, seemingly slightly intoxicated, with bar-crowd noises in the background. He wanted to speak to Peggy, whoever that was, and my grand mother would tell him there was no Peggy

living there, and that he must have the wrong number. But he wouldn't believe her, and kept insisting, begging, pleading, etc. to talk to Peggy. My Grandmother would have to just hang up finally.

This went on for a few days, and late one night, when the phone rang, my Grandfather held back his wife, and said, “I'll take care of this”, and got out of bed to answer the phone. The ensuing conversation was short and quick, and went something like this:

“Hello?”

“Hello, Can I speak to Peggy?”

“No, I'm sorry, she can't come to the phone right now. She's nursing the baby.”

(unknown)

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

“Sorry to have bothered me...”

A recent posting by Duke McMullan requested ways to repel telephone solicitors. My friend Pepe Tres from Texas told me this one and gave permission to post it:

“My time is billed at \$125 per hour. To continue this conversation, I must have your MasterCard or Visa number, card type and date of expiration.”

Pepe says it usually leaves them speechless.

One guy replied, “Hey, that’s good; I’ll have to remember it.”

Once a supervisor of telephone solicitors called back and asked him if he was “some kind of high-powered lawyer.”

Everybody gets and dials wrong numbers. It’s good to be nice about it. What goes around comes around, right? so, I try to reassure the apologetic and embarrassed wrong dialers that will actually converse once the error is discovered, with it going something like this:

Caller with wrong number: “Gee, I’m sorry...”

Me: “That’s OK, I was going to pick up the phone anyway.”

“I swear it's true...”

Some of Mark Twain's best quips

A Plan for the Improvement of English Spelling

For example, in Year 1 that useless letter “c” would be dropped to be replaced either by “k” or “s”, and likewise “x” would no longer be part of the alphabet. The only case in which “c” would be retained would be the “ch” formation, which will be dealt with later. Year 2 might reform “w” spelling, so that “which” and “one” would take the same konsonant, wile Year 3 might well abolish “y” replasing it with “i” and lear 4 might fiks the “g/j” anomali wonse and for all. Jenerally, then, the improvement would kontinue iear bai iear with lear 5 doing awai with useless double konsonants, and lears 6-12 or so modifaiing vowlz and the rimeining voist and unvoist konsonants. Bai lear 15 or sou, it wud fainali bi posibl tu meik ius ov thi ridandant letez “c”, “y” and “x” -- bai now jast a memori in the maindz ov ould doderez -- tu riplais “ch”, “sh”, and “th” rispektivli. Fainali, xen, aafte sam 20 iers ov orxogrefkl riform, wi wud hev a lojikl, kohirnt speling in ius xrewawt xe Ingliy-spiking werld.

A banker is a fellow who lends you his umbrella when the sun is shining and wants it back the minute it begins to rain.

A classic is something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

A solemn, unsmiling, sanctimonious old iceberg who looked like he was waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

More of Mark Twain's best picked-up lines

All the modern inconveniences.

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar.

By trying, we can easily learn to endure adversity
...another man's, I mean.

Clothes make the man.
Naked people have little or no influence on society.

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly,
and I did. I said I didn't know.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you.
This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

Man is the only animal that blushes...or needs to.

Reader, suppose you were an idiot.
And suppose you were a member of Congress.
But I repeat myself.

The human race has one really effective weapon,
and that is laughter.

The surest protection against temptation is cowardice.

The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice.

Truth is the most valuable thing we have...so let us economize it.

Wagner's music is better than it sounds.

When in doubt, tell the truth.

Whenever you find that you are on the side of
the majority, it is time to reform.

Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral?
It is because we are not the person involved.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

W.C. Fields' best pick-me-up lines

Hey! Who took the cork off my lunch?

Horse sense is the thing a horse has
which keeps it from betting on people.

I know what you're up to, you white-feathered fiend!

Go release your bowels on some lesser personage!
(upon seeing a bird overhead)

If you're a real good kid,
I'll give you a piggy-back ride on a buzz-saw.

The best cure for insomnia is to get a lot of sleep.

Women are like elephants to me: I like to look at them,
but I wouldn't want to own one.

From “My Little Chickadee”:

Once...in the wilds of Afghanistan, I lost my corkscrew,
and we were forced to live on nothing but food and water for days.

I always keep a supply of stimulant handy
in case I see a snake, which I also keep handy.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Some of the best of Oscar Wilde

A virtuous abstinence from the joys of pederasty comes most easily to those who have no taste for it.

Alas, I am dying beyond my means.
(sipping champagne on his deathbed)

As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people.

Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.

The only way to behave to a woman is to make love to her if she is pretty and to someone else if she is plain.

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

Whenever people agree with me I always feel I must be wrong.

Why was I born with such contemporaries?

Young men want to be faithful and are not;
old men want to be faithless and cannot.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

“I swear it's true...”

Church bulletin and sermon excerpts

This afternoon there will be a meeting in the South and North ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.

Tuesday at 4 P.M. there will be an ice cream social. Will ladies giving milk, please come early.

Wednesday the Ladies Literary Society will meet. Mrs. Johns will sing “Put Me In My Little Bed” accompanied by the Pastor.

Thursday at 5 P.M. there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All wishing to become Little Mothers will please meet the Minister in his study.

This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Jackson to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.

The service will close with “Little Drops of Water.” One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join her.

On Sunday a special collection will be taken to defray the expenses of the new carpeting. All wishing to do something on the carpet, please come forward and get a piece of paper.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7 P.M. there will be a hymn sing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Quotes from Samuel Goldwyn, immigrant turned famous movie producer:

Bookkeeper: Mr. Goldwyn, our files are bulging with paperwork we no longer need. May I have your permission to destroy all records before 1945?

Goldwyn: Certainly. Just be sure to keep a copy of everything.

Anyone who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

Goldwyn (on a film set of a tenement): Why is everything so dirty here?

Director: Because it's supposed to be a slum area.

Goldwyn: Well, this slum cost a lot of money. It should look better than an ordinary slum.

Gentlemen, listen to me slowly.

That's the trouble with directors...
always biting the hand that lays the golden egg.

Keep a stiff upper chin.

We have all passed a lot of water since then.

... we have that Indian scene.
We can get the Indians from the reservoir.

Goldwyn (discussing Lillian Helman's play, "The Children's Hour"): Maybe we ought to buy it?

Associate: Forget it, Mr. Goldwyn, its about Lesbians.

Goldwyn: That's okay, we'll make them Americans.

Don't worry about the war. It's all over but the shooting.

Associate: Its too caustic for film.

Goldwyn: To hell with the cost, if it's a good story, I'll make it.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

More from the music room

I can't reach the brakes on this piano!

The main trouble with a French horn is it's too tangled up.

Anyone who can read all the instrument notes at the same time gets to be the conductor.

Instrumentalist is a many-purposed word for many player-types.

The flute is a skinny-high shape-sounded instrument.

The most dangerous part about playing cymbals is near the nose.

A contra-bassoon is like a bassoon, only more so.

Tubas are a bit too much.

Music instrument has a plural known as orchestra.

I would like for you to teach me to play the cello. Would tomorrow or Friday be best?

My favorite instrument is the bassoon. It is so hard to play people seldom play it. That is why I like the bassoon best.

It is easy to teach anyone to play the maracas. Just grip the neck and shake him in rhythm.

Just about any animal skin can be stretched over a frame to make a pleasant sound once the animal is removed.

“I swear it's true...”

More “transquips” from court records

Q: At the time you first saw Dr. McCarty, had you ever seen him prior to that time?

JUDGE: I rarely do so, but for whatever purpose it may serve, I will indicate for the record that I approached this case with a completely open mind.

Q: Did the lady standing the driveway subsequently identify herself to you?

A: Yes, she did.

Q: Who did she say she was?

A: She said she was the owner of the dog's wife.

Q: I understand you're Bernie Davis's mother.

A: Yes.

Q: How long have you known him?

Q: Now, I'm going to show you what has been marked as State's Exhibit No. 2 and ask if you recognize the picture?

A: John Fletcher.

Q: That's you?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: And you were present when the picture was taken, right?

Q: As a officer of the Dodge City Police Department, did you stop an automobile bearing Kansas license plates SCR446?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: Was the vehicle occupied at the time?

Q: Please state the location of your right foot immediately prior to impact.

A: Immediately before the impact, my right foot was located at the immediate end of my right leg.

Q: Have you ever beaten your wife?

A: No. I might slap her around a little, but I never beat her.

Q: Just what did you do to prevent the accident?

A: I closed my eyes and screamed as loud as I could.

Q: What can you tell us about the truthfulness and veracity of this defendant?

A: Oh, she'll tell you the truth. She said she was going to kill the son of a gun -- and she did.

Q: And another reason that you didn't want to go out there was because you feared for your life?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Why?

A: That's a rowdy neighborhood, and there are very, very bad persons that will do bodily harm and seriously kill someone.

Q: Where were you on the bike at the time?

A: On the seat.

Q: I meant where is the street.

Q: And lastly, Gary, all your responses must be oral, O.K.?

A: Oral.

Q: How old are you?

A: Oral.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Odd-vertising

The hotel has bowling alleys, tennis courts, comfortable beds and other athletic facilities.

Get rid of aunts: Zap does the job in 24 hours.

Toaster: A gift that every member of the family appreciates.

Automatically burns toast.

Sheer stockings. Designed for fancy dress, but so servicable that lots of women wear nothing else.

Save regularly in our bank. You'll never regret it.

We build bodies that last a lifetime.

Offer expires December 31 or while supplies last.

This is the model home for your future. It was panned by Better Homes & Gardens.

For Sale - Diamonds \$20,00; microscopes \$15.00.

For Rent: 6 room hated apartment.

Man, honest. Will take anything.

Wanted: chambermaid in rectory. Love in, \$200.00 a month.

References required.

Wanted: Part-time married girls for soda fountain in sandwich shop.

Man wanted to work in dynamite factory. Must be willing to travel.

Used Cars: Why go elsewhere to be cheated? Come here first!

Christmas tag-sale. Handmade gifts for the hard-to-find person.

Modular Sofas. Only \$299.00. For rest or fore play.

Wanted: Hair-cutter. Excellent growth potential.

Wanted. Man to take care of cow that does not smoke or drink.

3-year old teacher needed for pre-school. Experience preferred.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

...And did they also veto a 20th hole?

There was a country club which didn't allow women on the golf course. Eventually, there was enough pressure that they decided to allow women on the course during the week.

The ladies were satisfied with this arrangement, formed a women's club, and became active. After about 6 months, the club board received a letter from the women's club complaining about the men urinating on the golf course. Naturally, they just ignored the matter. After another 6 months, they received another letter reminding them of the previous letter and demanding action.

After due deliberation they sent the women a letter advising them that they had been granted equal privileges.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Examples of unclear writing

Sentences taken from actual letters received by a local welfare department to applications for support

I am writing the Welfare Department to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?

Mrs. Jones has not had any clothes for a year and has been visited by the clergy regularly.

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why?

I am glad to report that my husband who was missing is dead.

This is my ninth child. What are you going to do about it?

Please find for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am now living with can't eat or do “anything” until he knows for sure.

I am very annoyed to find you have branded my son illiterate. This is as dirty lie, as I was married a week before he was born.

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and three children, one of which is a mistake as you can see.

My husband got his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since. What are you going to do about it?

Unless I get my husband's money pretty soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life.

You have changed my little boy to a little girl. Will this make any difference.

I have no children yet as my husband is a truck driver and works day and night.

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

I want my money as quick as I can get it. I've been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things do not improve, I will have to send for another doctor.

“I swear it's true...”

The difference between right and accurate...

These are from Flumen and Flumen, Journal of School Psychologists, 17, 82-84, 1979. The questions are those from the WISCR and WPPSI (IQ Tests for little people)

Q: In what way are an apple and a banana alike?

A: Both give me diarrhea

Q: What is the color of rubies?

A: My sister, Ruby, is black like me.

Q: What should you do if you see thick black smoke coming from the window of your neighbor's house?

A: I would probably cough. I'm lergic to smoke.

Q: What do you call this finger?

A: It's your sucker.

Q: What does contagious mean?

A: Don't go near the baby. She might throw up.

Q: What does the stomach do?

A: It makes food so it can come out of my rear end smoother.

Q: Why do we have to put stamps on letters?

A: I don't know where else to put them.

Q: If I cut an apple in half, how many pieces will I have?

A: One.

Q: Are you sure I will only have one piece?

A: Yes. I will have the other piece.

Q: Name 2 things that are round.

A: Boobs

Q: What is the thing to do if you were sent to buy a loaf of bread and the grocer says he does not have any more?

A: Call him a liar and ask him what he's trying to pull.

Q: In what ways are paperback books better than hardcover books.

A: More dirty pictures.

Q: What is a donkey?

A: I'm not allowed to say that word.

Q: What do we call a baby cow?

A: (long pause)...a bully?

Q: Now I'm gong to say some numbers, but this time when I stop I want you to say them backwards. For example, if I say 9-2-7, what would you say?

A: I'd say, you've got to be kidding.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

...And the parachute was out being waxed...

A photographer from a well know national magazine was assigned to cover the fires at Yellowstone National Park. The magazine wanted to show some of the heroic work of the fire fighters as they battled the blaze.

When the photographer arrived, he realized that the smoke was so thick that it would seriously impede or make it impossible for him to photograph anything from ground level.

He requested permission to rent a plane and take photos from the air. His request was approved, and arrangements were made. He was told to report to a nearby airport where a plane would be waiting for him. He arrived at the airport and saw a plane warming up near the gate.

He jumped in with his bag and shouted, “Let’s go!” The pilot swung the little plane into the wind, and within minutes they were in the air.

The photographer said, “Fly over the park and make two or three low passes so I can take some pictures.”

“Why?” asked the pilot.

“Because I am a photographer,” he responded, “and photographers make photographs.”

The pilot was silent for a moment; finally he stammered, “You mean you’re not the flight instructor?”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Credit where due

This story has made the rounds for years; what most of the tellers don't know is that it is based on a true story.

A farmer purchases an old, run-down, abandoned farm with plans to turn it into a thriving enterprise. The fields are grown over with weeds, the farmhouse is falling apart, and the fences are collapsing all around.

During his first day of work, the town preacher stops by to bless the man's work, saying, “May you and God work together to make this the farm of your dreams!”

A few months later, the preacher stops by again to call on the farmer. Lo and behold, it's like a completely different place -- the farm house is completely rebuilt and in excellent condition, there is plenty of cattle and other livestock happily munching on feed in well-fenced pens, and the fields are filled with crops planted in neat rows.

“Amazing!” the preacher says. “Look what God and you have accomplished together!”

“Yes, reverend,” says the farmer, “but remember what the farm was like when God was working it alone!”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Who remembers dates under this much pressure?

It's report card time around here and my junior-high-school-aged daughter was preparing me for her soon-to-be-delivered grade slip.

After telling me about her solid A in math, an almost-as-solid A in both science and English, a hoped-for A in Phys. Ed., and “pretty certain” A in choir, she had to inform me that she would only be getting a “low B” in history. I asked her “Why don't you do as well in history as in your other subjects?”

After a bit of a pause she replied, “I don't remember.”

Keith Ericson

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Notice

Any member introducing a dog into the Society's premises shall be liable to a fine of one pound.

Any animal leading a blind person shall be deemed to be a cat.

Rule 46, Oxford Union Society, London:

“I swear it's true...”

The World According to Student Bloopers (2)

Eventually, the Romans conquered the Greeks. History call people Romans because they never stayed in one place for very long. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlic in their hair. Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March killed him because they thought he was going to be made king. Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

Then came the Middle Ages. King Alfred conquered the Domes, King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery, King Harold mustered his troops before the Battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc was canonized by George Bernard Shaw, and the victims of the Black Death grew boils on their necks. Finally, the Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In medieval times most of the people were illiterate. The greatest writer of the time was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verse and also wrote literature. Another tale tells of William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenberg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatello's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance. It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the world with a 100-foot clipper.

The government of England was a limited monarchy. Henry VIII found walking difficult because he had an abscess on his knee. Queen Elizabeth was the “Virgin Queen.” As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted “hurrah.” Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armada.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespeare. Shakespeare never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He lived in Windsor with his merry wives, writing tragedies, comedies and errors. In one of Shakespeare's famous plays, Hamlet ratiocates out his situation by relieving himself in a long soliloquy. In another, Lady Macbeth tries to convince Macbeth to kill the King by attacking his manhood. Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet. Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote “Don Quixote”. The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote “Paradise Lost.” Then his wife dies and he wrote “Paradise Regained.”

During the Renaissance America began. Christopher Columbus was a great navigator who discovered America while cursing about the Atlantic. His ships were called the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Fe. Later the Pilgrims crossed the Ocean, and their ship was called the Pilgrim's Progress. When they landed at Plymouth Rock, they were greeted by Indians, who came down the hill rolling their war hoops before them. The Indian squaws carried porpoises on their back. Many of the Indian heroes were killed, along with their cabooses, which proved very fatal to them. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

*Richard Lederer, St. Paul's School
(Reprinted without permission, and so funny it's worth
risking a copyright suit for the opportunity to share it with you. -Ed.)*

“I swear it's true...”

The World According to Student Bloopers (3)

One of the causes of the Revolutionary Wars was the English put tacks in their tea. Also, the colonists would send their parcels through the post without stamps. During the War, Red Coats and Paul Revere was throwing balls over stone walls. The dogs were barking and the peacocks crowing. Finally, the colonists won the War and no longer had to pay for taxis.

Delegates from the original thirteen states formed the Contented Congress. Thomas Jefferson, a Virgin, and Benjamin Franklin were two singers of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin had gone to Boston carrying all his clothes in his pocket and a loaf of bread under each arm. He invented electricity by rubbing cats backwards and declared “a horse divided against itself cannot stand.” Franklin died in 1790 and is still dead.

George Washington married Martha Curtis and in due time became the Father of Our Country. Then the Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility. Under the Constitution the people enjoyed the right to keep bare arms.

Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest Precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. When Lincoln was President, he wore only a tall silk hat. He said, “In onion there is strength.” Abraham Lincoln write the Gettysburg address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope. He also signed the Emasculation Proclamation, and the Fourteenth Amendment gave the ex-Negroes citizenship. But the Clue Clux Clan would torcher and lynch the ex-Negroes and other innocent victims. On the night of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. The believed assinator was John Wilkes Booth, a supposedly insane actor. This ruined Booth's career.

Meanwhile in Europe, the enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltare invented electricity and also wrote a book called “Candy”. Gravity was invented by Issac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the Autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

Bach was the most famous composer in the world, and so was Handel. Handel was half German, half Italian and half English. He was very large. Bach died from 1750 to the present. Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling for him. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died for this.

France was in a very serious state. The French Revolution was accomplished before it happened. The Marseillaise was the theme song of the French Revolution, and it catapulted into Napoleon. During the Napoleonic Wars, the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes. Then the Spanish gorrilas came down from the hills and nipped at Napoleon's flanks. Napoleon became ill with bladder problems and was very tense and unrestrained. He wanted an heir to inheret his power, but since Josephine was a baroness, she couldn't bear him any children.

The sun never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West. Queen Victoria was the longest queen. She sat on a thorn for 63 years. Her reclining years and finally the end of her life were exemplary of a great personality. Her death was the final event which ended her reign.

The nineteenth century was a time of many great inventions and thoughts. The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up. Cyrus McCormick invented the McCormick Raper, which did the work of a hundred men. Samuel Morse invented a code for telepathy. Louis Pastuer discovered a cure for rabbis. Charles Darwin was a naturalist who wrote the "Organ of the Species". Madman Curie discovered radium. And Karl Marx became one of the Marx Brothers.

The First World War, cause by the assignation of the Arch-Duck by a surf, ushered in a new error in the anals of human history.

*Richard Lederer, St. Paul's School
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risking a copyright suit for the opportunity to share it with you. -Ed.)*

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“I swear it's true...”

More student history bloopers

France was in a serious state. Taxation was a great drain on the state budget. The French revolution was accomplished before it happened. The revolution catapulted into Napoleon. Napoleon was ill with bladder problems and was very tense and unrestrained. History started in 1815. Industrialization was precipitating in England. Problems were so complicated that in Paris, out of a population of 1 million people, 2 million able bodies were on the loose.

The middle class was tired and needed a rest. The old order could see the lid holding down new ideas beginning to shake. Among the goals of the chartists were universal suferage and an anal parliment. A new time zone of national unification roared over the horizon. Founder of the new Italy was Cavour, an intelligent Sardine from the north. Culture formented from its tip to its top. Dramatized were adventures in seduction and abortion.

Music reeked with reality. Wagner was master of music, and when he died they labeled his seat “historical.” World War I broke out about 1912-1914. At war people get killed, and then they aren't people any more, but friends. Peace was proclaimed at Versigh, which was attended by General Loid, Primal Minister of England. President Wilson arrived with 14 pointers. In 1917, Lenin revolted Russia.

Germany was displaced after WW1. This gave rise to Hitler, who remilitarized the Rineland over a squirmish between Germany and France. Mooscalini rested his foundations on 8 million bayonets and invaded Hi Lee Salasy. Germany invaded Poland, France invaded Belgium, and Russia invaded everybody. War screeched to an end when a nukleer explosion was dropped on Heroshima. A whole generation had been wipe out, and their forlorne families were left to pick up the peaces. The last stage is us.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

More Student Bloopers (science class)

Q: What is one horsepower?

A: One horsepower is the amount of energy it takes to drag a horse 500 feet in one second.

You can listen to thunder after lightning and tell how close you came to getting hit. If you don't hear it you got hit, so never mind.

South America has cold summers and hot winters, but somehow they still manage.

Most books now say our sun is a star. But it still knows how to change back into a sun in the daytime.

There are 26 vitamins in all, but some of the letters are yet to be discovered. Find them all means living forever.

Water freezes at 32 degrees and boils at 212 degrees. There are 180 degrees between freezing and boiling because there are 180 degrees between north and south.

A vibration is a motion that cannot make up its mind which way it wants to go.

There is a tremendous (sic) weight pressing down on the centre of the Earth because of so much population stomping around here these days.

Many dead animals of the past changed to fossils while others preferred to be oil.

In some rocks you can find the fossil footprints of fishes.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

...And Inklisch is more here than before...

Outside a Hong Kong tailor shop: Ladies may have a fit upstairs.

In a Rhodes tailor shop: Order your summers suit. Because is big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.

Similarly, from the Soviet Weekly: There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years.

In an East African newspaper: A new swimming pool is rapidly taking shape since the contractors have thrown in the bulk of their workers.

In a Vienna hotel: In case of fire, do your utmost to alarm the hotel porter.

A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest: It is strictly forbidden on our black forest camping site that people of different sex, for instance, men and women, live together in one tent unless they are married with each other for that purpose.

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Sick humor (1)

alopecia walkmania

Loss of hair from prolonged use of personal stereo headphones.

(Journal of the American Medical Association, 1984)

artic temper

Extreme irritability developing amongst arctic explorers exposed to darkness, monotony, isolation and sensory deprivation.

(Lancet, 1910)

beer drinkers finger

Swelling, bluish discoloration and wasting of finger caused by placing pop-top beer can rings on finger.

(JAMA, 68)

birdwatchers twitch

The nervous excitement of spotting a species for the first time.

(New Scientist, 1982)

booksellers bends

Sickness caused by changes in atmospheric pressure as the book the customer wants is always on the top shelf.

(unknown)

casino feet

Soreness of the feet caused by standing in front of slot machines for long periods of time.

(Wilmington Morning Star, 1981)

christmas depression

Psychological stress during holidays related to the use of alcohol and social pressures.

(JAMA, 1982)

disco digit

A sore finger from snapping fingers while dancing.

(New England Medical Journal)

video-game epilepsy

Epilepsy caused by the flashing lights of electronic video games.

(BMA Journal, 1982)

flip-flop dermatitis

Skin disease on feet from wearing rubber thongs.

(BMA Journal, 1965)

genu amoris

Swelling and pain in the knee from making love in an unusual position.

(Arthritis and Rheumatism Journal, 1976)

hookers elbow

Painful shoulder swelling suffered by fishermen repeatedly jerking upwards on a fishing line.

(New England Medical Journal, 1981)

humpers lump

Swelling suffered by hotel porters from lugging heavy bags.

(Diseases of Occupations, 1975)

jazz ballet bottom

Painful abscesses suffered by dancers who frequently spin on their bottoms.

(Daily Telegraph, 1987)

*Real conditions from "The Complete Hypochondriac"
(Robert Hale) by the Dr. E.R. Plunkett.*

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“I swear it's true...”

Sick humor (2)

air controllers syndrome

Peptic ulcers occurring among air traffic controllers, as a result of job stress

(Illinois Medical Journal, 72)

anchorman glaze

Glazed-eye look of TV anchorman caused by looking at the teleprompter through glaring camera lights.

(Syracuse, New York, TV station, 1960)

barbers breasts

Irritation of female hairdressers' nipples caused by penetrating hair clippings.

(Clinical and Experimental Dermatology, 1982)

bingo brain

The headache associated with carbon monoxide intoxication which occurs after spending long hours in smoke filled bingo halls.

(Canadian Medical Association, 1982)

body builders psychosis

Psychotic episodes associated with the use of anabolic steroids; causing hallucinations, paranoid delusions, grandiose beliefs and manic-depressive symptoms.

(Lancet, 1987)

bullmen's hand

Numbness and pain in the index and middle fingers amongst artificial inseminators of cattle due to the constrictive effect of the rubber gloves and sleeve worn for this purpose.

(Irish Medical Association, 1974)

chicken neck wringer's finger

Partial dislocation and arthritis of middle finger joint from continued use of this finger to dislocate chickens necks for slaughtering.

(BMA Journal, 1955)

credit-card-itis

Pain over the buttock and down thigh due to pressure on nerve from a wallet stuffed with credit cards.

(New England Medical Journal, 1966)

dog walkers elbow

Pain caused by constant tension and tugs from a dog leash.

(New England Medical Journal, 1979)

espresso wrist

Pain in espresso coffee machine operators from strong wrist motions required to make the coffee.

(JAMA, 1956)

Frisbee finger

Cutting of finger from strenuous throwing of a Frisbee

(New England Medical Journal, 1975)

golf arm

Shoulder and elbow pain after too many rounds of golf.

(BMA Journal, 1896)

guitarists groin

Inflammation of veins on inside of thigh caused by pressure of guitar.

(BMA Journal, 1974)

houswifitis

Nervous symptoms related to spending too much time managing a busy household.

(Centrescope, 1976)

ice-cream frostbite

Frostbite on the lips from prolonged contact with ice-cream.

(New England Medical Journal, 1982)

jeans folliculitis

Irritation of the hair follicles on the bottom, groin, and thighs caused by ultra-tight jeans.

(New England Medical Journal, 1981)

*Real conditions from "The Complete Hypochondriac"
(Robert Hale) by the Dr. E.R. Plunkett.*

“I swear it's true...”

“Thanks Dan...every time” (1)

“Every once in a while, you let a word or phrase out
and you want to catch it and bring it back.
You can't do that. It's gone, gone forever.”

How could we leave this treasury without a tribute to Dan Quayle, the only Vice President of the United States who was never Vice President of the United States? Here are some of his most classic non-sequiturs, lest we forget. (By the way, do not underestimate the man's native intelligence; while he is still a Republican, don't forget that he did not run in the 1996 elections.)

“I happen to be a Republican president...ah, the vice president.”

“I'm glad you asked me that. This gives me the perfect opportunity
to talk about the problems with this Congress...”

*Vice President Dan Quayle responding to reporter's questions
about his use of Air force 2 to go on golf trips at the cost of \$26,000/hour*

“I love California, I practically grew up in Phoenix.”

“My friends, no matter how rough the road may be,
we can and we will never, never surrender to what is right.”

*Vice President Dan Quayle speaking to the Christian Coalition
about the need for abstinence to avoid AIDS, 11/15/91*

“A low voter turnout is an indication
of fewer people going to the polls.”

“Sometimes cameras and television are good to people and sometimes
they aren't. I don't know if its the way you say it, or how you look.”

“I should have caught the mistake on that spelling bee card.
But as Mark Twain once said,
“You should never trust a man
who has only one way to spell a word.”

*Vice President Dan Quayle,
actually quoting from President Andrew Jackson.*

“I should have remembered that was Andrew Jackson
who said that, since he got his nickname ‘Stonewall’
by vetoing bills passed by Congress.”

*Vice President Dan Quayle, confusing Andrew Jackson
with Confederate General Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson,*

who actually got his nickname at the first Battle of Bull Run.

“This president is going to lead us out of this recovery.
It will happen.”

“I was a less than serious student in college.
If I had it to do over again, I would be far more serious.
I did play a lot of golf. But I don’t think that’s any reflection
on my ability to lead this nation.”

“I swear it's true...”

More quotes from Samuel Goldwyn

Quick as a flashlight.

It rolled off my back like a duck.

(When told his son was getting married):

“Thank heaven. A bachelor’s life is no life for a single man.”

A hospital is no place to be sick.

Our comedies are not to be laughed at.

I can give you a definite perhaps.

(when told a script was full of old cliches):

“Let’s have some new cliches.”

(“You say you’ve never made a picture before?”)

“Yes, but that’s our strongest weak point.”

Gentleman, include me out.

A verbal contract isn’t worth the paper its printed on.

I can tell you in two words: im possible.

(on being told that a friend had named his son Sam, after him)

“Why did you do that? Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named Sam.”

I paid too much for it, but its worth it.

Gentlemen, for your information, I have a question to ask you.

I read part of it all the way through.

If I could drop dead right now, I’d be the happiest man alive.

I never put on a pair of shoes until I’ve worn them at least five years.

Let’s bring it up to date with some
snappy nineteenth century dialogue.

Goldwyn: What kind of dancing does Martha Graham do?

Associate: Modern dancing.

Goldwyn: I don’t want her then, modern dancing is so old fashioned.

I don’t think anyone should write their autobiography
until after they’re dead.

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“I swear it's true...”

Sick humor (2)

joggers nipple

Nipple irritation caused by shirt friction when women joggers don't wear a bra.

(New England Medical Journal, 1977)

knife sharpeners cramp

Painful hand swelling from sharpening too many knives.

(Diseases of Occupations, 1975)

lovers palsy

Numbness of forearm from compression of nerve trapped in an unusual position.

(Western Journal of Medicine, 1977)

motorway blues

The sort of headaches noted by drivers on congested motorways.

(BMA Journal, 1963)

oyster shuckers keratitis

Eye irritation from contact with fragments of oyster shells.

(BMA Journal, 1896)

players liver

The hazard of spending too long in the bar instead of playing the game.

(Encyclopedia of Sports, 1971)

reflex horn syndrome

Tendency for drivers waiting in traffic jams to toot horns.

(New England Medical Journal, 1976)

seamstresses bottom

Hardening of skin following long-term trauma of rocking on the hips while operating a sewing machine.

(American Family Physician, 1979)

syndrome syndrome

Any medical reaction to reading about other people's syndromes.

(British Medical Journal)

toilet seat dermatitis

Skin irritation on buttocks from spending too much time on the toilet.

(Archive of Dermatology, 1933)

Volkswagen dermatitis

Allergic skin reaction caused by rubber bumper guards.

(Archive of Dermatology, 1971)

working wife syndrome

Fatigue, irritability, headaches and diminished sex drive from strain of doing two jobs.

(Lancet, 1966)

zip injury

Injury to the penis from entrapment in zipper.

(BMJ, 1977)

*Real conditions from "The Complete Hypochondriac"
(Robert Hale) by the Dr. E.R. Plunkett.*

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“I swear it's true...”

More church bloopers

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24th in the church. So ends a friendship that began in school days.

The Reverend Merriwether spoke briefly, much to the delight of the audience.

Thursdays at 5 p.m. there will be a meeting of the Little Mother's Club. All wishing to become little mothers will please meet with the minister in the study.

Due to the rector's illness, Wednesday's healing services will be discontinued until further notice.

Today's sermon : “How much can a man drink?”, with hymns from a full choir.

On a church bulletin board:

GOD IS GOOD
Dr. Hargreaves is better”

Don't let worry kill you - let the church help

“I swear it's true...”

Excerpts from the Quarterly Review of Doublespeak

A reader reports that when the patient died, the attending doctor recorded the following on the patient's chart: “Patient failed to fulfill his wellness potential.”

Another doctor reports that in a recent issue of the *American Journal of Family Practice* fleas were called “hematophagous arthropod vectors.”

The letter from the Air Force colonel in charge of safety said that rocket boosters weighing more than 300,000 pounds “have an explosive force upon surface impact that is sufficient to exceed the accepted overpressure threshold of physiological damage for exposed personnel.” In other words, if a 300,000-pound booster rocket falls on someone, he or she is not likely to survive.

A reader reports that the Army calls them “vertically deployed anti-personnel devices.” You probably call them bombs.

At McClellan Air Force base in Sacramento, California, civilian mechanics were placed on “non-duty, non-pay status.” That is, they were fired.

A personal ad from an unidentified newspaper announces that a “formerly single man” seeks a single or married woman.

After taking the trip of a lifetime, our reader sent his twelve rolls of film to Kodak for developing (or “processing,” as Kodak likes to call it) only to receive the following notice: “We must report that during the handling of your twelve 35mm Kodachrome slide orders, the films were involved in an unusual laboratory experience.” The use of the passive is a particularly nice touch, don't you think? Nobody did anything to the films; they just had a bad experience. Of course our reader can always go back to Tibet and take his pictures all over again, using the twelve replacement rolls Kodak so generously sent him.

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“I swear it's true...”

Odd-vertising

20 dozen bottles of excellent Old Tawney Port, sold to pay for charges, the owner having been lost sight of, and bottled by us last year.

Dog for sale: eats anything and is fond of children.

Vacation Special: Have your house exterminated.

If you think you've seen everything in Paris, visit the Pere Lachesis Cemetery. It boasts such immortals as Moliere, Jean de la Fountain and Chopin.

Mt. Kilimanjaro, the breathtaking backdrop for the Serena Lodge.

Swim in the lovely pool while you drink it all in.

And these beauties from the radio:

Ladies and gentlemen, now you can have a bikini for a rediculous figure.

Be with us again next Saturday at 10:00 P. M. for “High Fidelity,” designed to help music lovers increase their reproduction.

When you are thirsty, try 7-Up, the refreshing drink in the green bottle with the big 7 on it and u-p after.

Tune in next week for another series of classical music programs with the Canadian Broadcorping Castration.

“I swear it's true...”

“Thanks Dan...every time”

“Lookit, I’ve done it their way this far and now it’s my turn.
I’m my own handler. Any questions? Ask me.
There’s not going to be any more handler stories
because I’m the handler. I’m Doctor Spin.”

“Let me just tell you how thrilling it really is, and how,
what a challenge it is, because in 1988 the question is whether
we’re going forward to tomorrow or whether we’re
going to go past to the...to the back.”

“I have made good judgements in the past.
I have made good judgements in the future.”

“The future will be better tomorrow.”

“We’ll let the sunshine come in and shine on us,
because today we’re happy and tomorrow we’ll be even happier.”

*Vice President Dan Quayle to students at a high school in Miami
with the highest dropout rate of the city, 10/26/88*

“It isn’t pollution that’s harming the environment.
It’s the impurities in our air and water that are doing it.”

“We have a firm commitment to NATO, we are a part of NATO.
We have a firm commitment to Europe. We are a part of Europe.”

“I could take this home, Marilyn.
This is something teenage boys might find of interest.”

*Vice President Dan Quayle, when purchasing a South African
Indian Doll that, when lifted, displays an erection, 3/11/90*

“I am not part of the problem. I am a Republican.”

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“I swear it's true...”

More is Inklish in the world which is speaking

In a Tokyo Hotel: Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please. If you are not person to do such thing is please not to read notis.

In another Japanese hotel room: Please to bathe inside the tub.

In a Bucharest hotel lobby: The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable.

In a Leipzig elevator: Do not enter the lift backwards, and only when lit up.

In a Belgrade hotel elevator: To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.

In a Paris hotel elevator: Please leave your values at the front desk.

In a hotel in Athens: Visitors are expected to complain at the office between the hours of 9 and 11 A.M. daily.

In a Yugoslavian hotel: The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid.

In a Japanese hotel: You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.

In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from a Russian Orthodox monastery: You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists, and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

In an Austrian hotel catering to skiers: Not to perambulate the corridors in the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant: Our wines leave you nothing to hope for.

On the menu of a Polish hotel: Salad a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; roasted duck let loose; beef rashers beaten up in the country people's fashion.

In a Hong Kong supermarket: For your convenience, we recommend courteous, efficient self-service.

"I swear it's true..."

English is tough stuff

Multi-national personnel at NATO headquarters near Paris found English to be an easy language...until they tried to pronounce it. To help them discard an array of accents, the verses below were devised. After trying them, a Frenchman said he'd prefer six months at hard labor to reading six lines aloud. Try them yourself....there are more elsewhere.

Query does not rhyme with very,
Nor does fury sound like bury.
Dost, lost, post and doth, cloth, loth.
Job, nob, bosom, transom, oath.
Though the differences seem little,
We say actual but victual.
Refer does not rhyme with deafer.
Feoffer does, and zephyr, heifer.

Mint pint, senate and sedate;
Dull, bull, and George ate late.
Scenic, Arabic, Pacific,
Science, conscience, scientific.
Liberty, library, heave and heaven,
Rachel, ache, mustache, eleven.
We say hallowed, but allowed,
People, leopard, towed, but vowed.

Mark the differences, moreover,
Between mover, cover, clover;
Leeches, breeches, wise, precise,
Chalice, but police and lice;
Camel, constable, unstable,
Principle, disciple, label.
Petal, panel, and canal,
Wait, surprise, plait, promise, pal.

Worm and storm, chaise, chaos, chair,
Senator, spectator, mayor.
Tour, but our and succor, four.
Gas, alas and Arkansas.
Sea, idea, Korea, area,
Psalm, Maria, but malaria.
Youth, south, southern, cleanse and clean.
Doctrine, turpentine, marine.

Compare alien with Italian,
Dandelion and battalion.
Sally with ally, yea, ye,
Eye, I, ay, aye, whey and key.
Say aver, but ever, fever,

Neither, leisure, skein, deceiver.
Heron, granary, canary.
Crevice and device and aerie.

Face, but preface, not efface.
Phlegm, phlegmatic, ass, glass, bass.
Large, but target, gin, give, verging,
Ought, out, joust and scour, scouring.
Ear, but earn and wear and tear
Do not rhyme with here but ere.

Seven is right, but so is even,
Hyphen, roughen, nephew Stephen,
Monkey, donkey, Turk and jerk,
Ask, grasp, wasp, and cork and work.
Pronunciation -- think of Psyche!
Is a paling stout and spiky?

Won't it make you lose your wits,
Writing groats and saying grits?
It's a dark abyss or tunnel:
Strewn with stones, stowed, solace, gunwale,
Islington and Isle of Wight,
Housewife, verdict and indict.

Finally, which rhymes with enough --
Though, through, plough, or dough, or cough?
Hiccough has the sound of cup.
My advice is to give up!!!

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

Sick humor (3)

joystick digit

Trigger finger pain following prolonged use of video game joysticks.

(JAMA, 1987)

label licker's tongue

Ulcers in mouth from sensitivity to stick labels

(Dangerous Trades, 1902)

money counters cramp

Painful seizure of muscles from counting too much cash.

(English University Press, 1975)

nuns knee

Swelling of kneecap from repeated kneeling in prayer.

(Diseases of Occupations, 1975)

panty girdle syndrome

Tingling or swelling of feet from wearing a too-tight panty girdle.

(BMA Journal, 1972)

quick-draw leg

Bullet wound in leg from practicing fast draw from gun in belt holster.

(JAMA, 1966)

retired husband syndrome

Tension, headaches, depression and anxiety felt by women whose husbands have just retired.

(Western Journal of Medicine, 1984)

sick Santa's syndrome

Low back pain from lifting heavy children and parcels and acquired illnesses from multiple contact with kids.

(JAMA, 1986)

slot machine tendonitis

Tenderness of the shoulder from playing slot machines.

(New England Medical Journal, 1981)

television legs

Loss of normal flexibility of the legs from being slumped in a chair in front of the box for too long.

(JAMA, 1958)

uniform rash

Skin irritation of neck, chest and arms from wearing new uniforms.

(BMJ, 1973)

wellie throwers finger

Injury to finger joints sustained in wellie throwing contests.

(BMJ, 1986)

yoga foot drop

Paralysis of foot due to compounded pressure from practicing Yoga positions.

(JAMA, 1971)

*Real conditions from "The Complete Hypochondriac"
(Robert Hale) by the Dr. E.R. Plunkett.*

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“I swear it's true...”

So what's the penance for pishtosh?

Back in the late 1940's, when my mother was growing up in Buffalo, New York (USA), all the pubescent lads in her (Roman Catholic) church would make certain that when Confession time rolled around, it was a certain elder priest from the Old Country (Poland), whose English was not the best, who was attending the Confessionals.

When confessing, each guy would say, “Well, I diddled a little” to describe recent intimate acts with ladies. The priest, not entirely conversant with English idiom, would let this slip by, and the guy would receive a relatively light Penance.

Well, one day during Confession hour, near the end of attending to a group of guys (most of whom remained in the Church afterwards, since the tendency was to arrive and leave as a group), somebody finally told the priest what was meant by the phrase “I diddled a little.”

The priest immediately leaped out of the Confessional and cried out, “Okay, all you diddlers, get back here!”

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“I swear it's true...”

More from the Quarterly Review of Doublespeak

The description on the package of Stouffer's Veal Tortellini with Tomato Sauce says it contains “exquisite egg pasta.” The list of ingredients, however, includes “cooked noodle product.”

In St. Louis there is an oriental rug store that advertises “semi-antique” rugs.

The Minnesota Board of Education voted to consider requiring all students to do some “volunteer work” as a prerequisite to high school graduation.

Senator Orrin Hatch said that “capital punishment is our society's recognition of the sanctity of human life.”

According to the tax bill signed by President Reagan on December 22, 1987, Don Tyson and his sister-in-law Barbara run a “family farm.” Their “farm” has 25,000 employees and grosses \$1.7 billion a year. But as a “family farm” they get tax breaks that save them \$135 million a year.

Scott L. Pickard, spokesperson for the Massachusetts Department of Public Works, calls them “ground-mounted confirmatory route markers.” You probably call them road signs, but then you don't work in a government agency.

It's not “elderly” or “senior citizens” anymore. Now it's “chronologically experienced citizens.”

According to the FAA, the propeller blade didn't break off, it was just a case of “uncontained blade liberation.”

A collection of “Union Yes!” commercials being shown on TV some years back were delayed in production five months because of a writers' strike.

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“I swear it's true...”

...So where do old bathtubs go?

An 8-foot fluorescent light in a New York City office burned out, and the Big Boss said, ‘Fix it’. Naturally the job fell to the low man on the T.P., who obtained a new one and replaced the burned-out one without too much trouble. All he had to do now was throw out the old one.

He took it out into the alley and tossed it in a dumpster. One of the building’s janitors saw him and said, ‘You can’t put that there. There’s poisonous stuff in it and it’s against the law.’ He tried to sneak it into somebody else’s dumpster but didn’t get away with it.

So, pretty soon he was walking down the sidewalk with a burned-out 8-foot fluorescent tube in one hand wondering how the hell he could get rid of it. It wouldn’t fit in a trash can and after the ‘poisonous’ warning he wasn’t about to break it. Finally he got on a subway to try and find a dump.

Picture a New York subway. How do you carry an 8-foot-long glass tube on the subway? You stand it on end and hold onto it. Pretty soon somebody else grabbed on, and presently there were four or five people holding onto the light. The man thought about it for a minute and....got off at the next stop!

As far as anybody knows that light tube is still on the subway somewhere.

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“I swear it's true...”

Cheaper by the dozen

A Dublin lawyer died in poverty and many barristers of the city subscribed to a fund for his funeral. The Lord Chief Justice of Orbury was asked to donate a shilling.

“Only a shilling?” said the Justice, “only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here’s a guinea; go and bury 20 more of them.”

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“I swear it's true...”

The money rewards of service...

“How can I ever thank you?” gushed a woman to the famous attorney Clarence Darrow, after he had solved her legal troubles.

“My dear woman,” Darrow replied, “ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question.”

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“I swear it's true...”

Pleading the ‘blink defense’

Scene: A court room in Oklahoma where a person is on trial for murder. There is strong evidence indicating guilt; however, there is no corpse.

In the defense’s closing statement the lawyer, knowing that his client is guilty and that it looks like he’ll probably be convicted, resorts to a clever trick.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have a surprise for you all,” the lawyer says as he looks at his watch. “Within 1 minute, the person presumed dead in this case will walk into this court room,” he says and he looks toward the courtroom door. The jury, somewhat stunned, all look on eagerly. A minute passes. Nothing happens.

Finally the lawyer says: “Actually, I made up the previous statement. But you all looked on with anticipation. I, therefore, put it to you that there is reasonable doubt in this case as to whether anyone was killed and insist that you return a verdict of not guilty.”

The jury, clearly confused, retires to deliberate. A few minutes later, the jury returns and a representative pronounces a verdict of guilty.

“But how?” inquires the lawyer. “You must have had some doubt; I saw all of you stare at the door.”

Answers the representative: “Oh, we did look. But your client didn’t.”

“I swear it's true...”

“Thanks Dan...every time”

“When you make as many speeches and you talk as much as I do and you get away from the text, it's always a possibility to get a few words tangled here and there.”

“Mars is essentially in the same orbit... Mars is somewhat the same distance from the Sun, which is very important. We have seen pictures where there are canals, we believe, and water. If there is water, that means there is oxygen. If oxygen, that means we can breathe.”

“Hawaii has always been a very pivotal role in the Pacific. It is in the Pacific. It is a part of the United States that is an island that is right here.”

“You all look like happy campers to me. Happy campers you are, happy campers you have been, and, as far as I am concerned, happy campers you will always be.”
Vice President Dan Quayle, to the American Samoans, whose capital Quayle pronounces “Pogo Pogo,” 4/25/89

“The Holocaust was an obscene period in our nation's history. I mean in this century's history. But we all lived in this century. I didn't live in this century.”

“We should develop anti-satellite weapons because we could not have prevailed without them in ‘Red Storm Rising’.”
“If we do not succeed, then we run the risk of failure.”

“Certainly, I know what to do, and when I am Vice President, and I will be, there will be contingency plans under different sets of situations. And I tell you what, I'm not going to go out and hold a news conference about it. I'm going to put it in a safe and keep it there. Does that answer your question?”
Vice President Dan Quayle, when asked what he would do if he assumed the Presidency, 10/10/88

“And here, good friends is where reality ends and the real world begins.”
- Steve Winter, not Dan Quayle -

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“I swear it's true...”

A “brothel of lawyer jokes”

Q: What do you call 5000 dead lawyers at the bottom of the ocean?

A: A good start!

Q: How can you tell when a lawyer is lying?

A: His lips are moving.

Q: What's the difference between a dead dog in the road and a dead lawyer in the road?

A: There are skid marks in front of the dog.

Q: Why won't sharks attack lawyers?

A: Professional courtesy.

Q: What do you have when a lawyer is buried up to his neck in sand?

A: Not enough sand.

(They get better...but you've got to start with the classics.)

Q: How do you get a lawyer out of a tree?

A: Cut the rope.

Q: Do you know how to save a drowning lawyer?

A: Take your foot off his head.

Q: What's the difference between a lawyer and a bucket of shit?

A: The bucket.

Q: What is the definition of a shame (as in “that's a shame”)?

A: When a busload of lawyers goes off a cliff.

Q: What is the definition of a “crying shame”?

A: There was an empty seat.

Q: What can a goose do, a duck can't, and a lawyer should?

A: Stick his bill up his ass.

Q: What do you get when you cross the Godfather with a lawyer?

A: An offer you can't understand

Q: Why is it that many lawyers have broken noses?

A: From chasing parked ambulances.

Q: Where can you find a good lawyer?

A: In the cemetery.

Q: What's the difference between a lawyer and a gigolo?

A: A gigolo only screws one person at a time.

Q: What's the difference between a lawyer and a vampire?

A: A vampire only sucks blood at night.

Q: How many law professors does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Hell, you need 250 just to lobby for the research grant.

Q: If you see a lawyer on a bicycle, why don't you swerve to hit him?

A: It might be your bicycle.

“I swear it's true...”

Washington State Attorney Season and Bag Limits

1300.01 GENERAL

1. Any person with a valid Washington State hunting license may harvest attorneys.
2. Taking of attorneys with traps or deadfalls is permitted. The use of currency as bait is prohibited.
3. Killing of attorneys with a vehicle is prohibited. If accidentally struck, remove dead attorney to roadside and proceed to nearest car wash.
4. It is unlawful to chase, herd, or harvest attorneys from a snow machine, helicopter, or aircraft.
5. It shall be unlawful to shout “whiplash”, “ambulance”, or “free Perrier” for the purpose of trapping attorneys.
6. It shall be unlawful to hunt attorneys within 100 yards of BMW dealerships.
7. It shall be unlawful to use cocaine, young boys, \$100 bills, prostitutes, or vehicle accidents to attract attorneys.
8. It shall be unlawful to hunt attorneys within 200 yards of courtrooms, law libraries, warehouses, health spas, gay bars, ambulances, or hospitals.
9. If an attorney is elected to government office, it shall be a felony to hunt, trap, or possess it.
10. Stuffed or mounted attorneys must have a state health department inspection for rabies and vermin.
11. It shall be illegal for a hunter to disguise himself as a reporter, drug dealer, pimp, female legal clerk, sheep, accident victim, bookie, or tax accountant for the purpose of hunting attorneys.

BAG LIMITS

1. Yellow Bellied Sidewinder	2
2. Two-faced Tort Feasor	1
3. Back-stabbing Divorce Litigator	4
4. Small-breasted Ball Buster (Female only)	3
5. Big-mouthed Pub Gut	2
6. Straight-back hipshooter	EXTINCT
7. Cut-throat	2
8. Back-stabbing Whiner	2
9. Brown-nosed Judge Kisser	2
10. Silver-tongued Drug Defender	\$100 BOUNTY

11. Hairy-assed Civil Libertarian 7

Prepared by Ben Dover and C. Howlett Fields, Attorneys At Law.

“I swear it's true...”

Bad Lawyer Jokes (we found no jokes about good lawyers)

A grade school teacher was asking students what their parents did for a living. “Tim, you be first,” she said. “What does your mother do all day?”

Tim stood up and proudly said, “She’s a doctor.”

“That’s wonderful. How about you, Amie?”

Amie shyly stood up, scuffed her feet and said, “My father is a mailman.”

“Thank you, Amie,” said the teacher. “What about your father, Billy?”

Billy proudly stood up and announced, “My daddy plays piano in a warehouse.”

The teacher was aghast and promptly changed the subject to geography.

Later that day she went to Billy’s house and rang the bell. Billy’s father answered the door. The teacher explained what his son had said and demanded an explanation.

Billy’s father said, “I’m actually an attorney, but how can I explain a thing like that to a seven-year-old?”

A housewife, an accountant and a lawyer were asked “How much is 2+2?”

The housewife replies: “Four!”

The accountant says: “I think it’s either 3 or 4. Let me run those figures through my spreadsheet one more time.”

The lawyer pulls the drapes, dims the lights and asks in a hushed voice, “How much do you want it to be?”

A man went to a brain store to get some brain for dinner. He sees a sign remarking on the quality of professional brain offered at this particular brain store. So he asks the butcher: “How much for engineer brain?”

“3 dollars an ounce.”

“How much for executive brain?”

“4 dollars an ounce.”

“How much for lawyer brain?”

“100 dollars an ounce.”

“Why is lawyer brain so much more?”

“Do you know how many lawyers you need to kill to get one ounce of brain?”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

More Bad Lawyer Jokes

A lawyer and a physician had a dispute over precedence. They referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favor of the lawyer as follows:

“Let the thief go first, and the executioner follow.”

Diogenes went to look for an honest lawyer.

“How’s it going?”, someone asked.

“Not too bad”, said Diogenes. “I still have my lantern.”

Carlson was charged with stealing a Mercedes Benz. After a long trial, the jury acquitted him. Later that day Carlson came back to the judge who had presided at the hearing.

“Your honor,” he said, “I want to swear out a warrant for that dirty lawyer of mine.”

“Why?” asked the judge. “He won your acquittal. What do you want to have him arrested for?”

“Well, your honor,” replied Carlson, “I didn’t have the money to pay his fee, so he went and took the car I stole.”

“You seem to have more than the average share of intelligence for a man of your background,” sneered the lawyer at a witness on the stand.

“If I wasn’t under oath, I’d return the compliment,” replied the witness.

“I swear it's true...”

More Roasted Lawyer

A lawyer's dog, running about unleashed, beelines for a butcher shop and steals a roast. The butcher went to lawyer's office and asked, “If a dog running unleashed steals a piece of meat from my store, do I have a right to demand payment for the meat from the dog's owner?”

“Absolutely,” responded the lawyer.

“Then you owe me \$8.50. Your dog was loose and stole a roast from me today.”

The lawyer, without a word, writes the butcher a bill for \$41.50.

“What is this?” demanded the butcher.

“Your \$8.50,” replied the lawyer, “minus \$50.00 for consultation.”

The Pope and a lawyer find themselves together before the Pearly Gates. After a small quantum of time which was spent discussing their respective professions, St. Peter shows up to usher them to their new Heavenly stations.

Only a brief flight from the welcome, Pete brings them down on the front lawn of a palatial estate with all sorts of lavish trappings. This, St. Peter announces, is where the lawyer will be spending eternity.

“My my,” the Pope says to himself, “If he's getting a place like this, I can hardly wait to see my eternal home.”

They take flight once again, and as St. Pete leads on, the landscape below begins to appear more and more mundane until they finally land on a street lined with brownstone houses. St. Pete indicates the third walkup on the left as the Pope's new domicile and turns to leave, wishing the pontiff his best.

The Pope, more than mildly astonished, cries out “What is this about? You put the lawyer in a beautiful estate home and I, spiritual leader of millions, end up in a tenement?”

St. Peter looks at the pontiff and replies: “Look here. old fellow. Heaven is full of spiritual leaders and we can't afford palaces for each of you. The lawyer, on the other hand, is the first of his kind we've seen up here.”

At a convention of biological scientists one researcher remarks to another, “Did you know that in our lab we have switched from mice to lawyers for our experiments?”

“Really?” the other replied, “Why did you switch?”

“Well, for three reasons. First we found that lawyers are far more plentiful, second, the lab assistants don't get so attached to them, and third, there are some things even a rat won't do.”

“Any drawbacks?”

“Yes, one serious one. We've discovered that it's nearly impossible to extrapolate our test results to human beings.”

“I swear it's true...”

Tort(oise) law

A judge in a small city was hearing a drunk driving case. The defendant, who had both a record and a reputation for driving under the influence, demanded a jury trial. It was nearly 4 p.m. and getting a jury would take time, so the judge called a recess. He wandered into the hall, looking to impanel anyone available for jury duty. He found a dozen lawyers in the main lobby and told them that they were a jury.

The lawyers thought this would be a novel experience and so followed the judge back to the courtroom. The trial was over in about ten minutes and it was very clear that the defendant was guilty. The jury went into the jury-room. The judge started preparing to leave, expecting a hasty verdict.

Three hours later the judge ran out of patience and sent the bailiff into the jury-room to see what was holding up the verdict.

The bailiff returned and shook his head at the judge. “Your honor,” he said, “you’ll have to hold over.”

“Why? Haven’t they reached a verdict?”

“Sir, they’re still making nominating speeches for the foreman’s position.”

“I swear it's true...”

Lawyer on the Half-shell

A woman and her little girl were visiting the grave of the little girl's grandmother.

On their way through the cemetery back to the car, the little girl asked, “Mommy, do they ever bury two people in the same grave?”

“Of course not, dear.” replied the mother, “Why would you think that?”

“The tombstone back there said ‘Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.’”

The defendant who pleads their own case has a fool for a client, but at least there will be no problem with fee-splitting. God decided to take the devil to court and settle their differences once and for all.

When Satan heard this, he laughed and said, “And where do you think you're going to find a lawyer?”

Santa Claus, the tooth fairy, an honest lawyer and an old drunk are walking down the street together when they simultaneously spot a hundred dollar bill. Who gets it?

The old drunk, of course, the other three are mythological creatures.

When a lawyer tells his clients he has a sliding fee schedule what he means is that after he bills you it's financially hard to get back on your feet.

It was so cold last winter that I saw a lawyer with his hands in his own pockets.

A man walked into a bar with his alligator and asked the bartender, “Do you serve lawyers here?”

“Sure do,” replied the bartender.

“Good,” said the man. “Give me a beer, and I'll have a lawyer for my ‘gator.”

“I swear it's true...”

Lawyer money-side-up

The lawyer is standing at the gate to Heaven and St. Peter is listing his sins:

1. Defending a large corporation in a pollution suit where he knew they were guilty.
2. Defending an obviously guilty murderer because the fee was high.
3. Overcharging fees to many clients.
4. Prosecuting an innocent woman because a scapegoat was needed in a controversial case.

The list goes on.

The lawyer objects and begins to argue his case. He admits all these things, but argues, “Wait, I’ve done some charity in my life as well.”

St. Peter looks in his book and says, “Yes, I see. Once you gave a dime to a panhandler and once you gave an extra nickel to the shoeshine boy, correct?”

The lawyer gets a smug look on his face and replies, “Yes.”

St. Peter turns to the angel next to him and says, “Give this guy 15 cents and tell him to go to hell.”

If you laid all of the lawyers in the world end-to-end on the equator it would be a good idea to just leave them there.

“A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.”

Benjamin Franklin.

Q: what do you call 500 lawyers at the bottom of the ocean?

A: A good start.

A lawyer was approached by the Prince of Darkness, who informed him that he could arrange it so that he would win all of his court cases, make twice as much money, work half as hard, be appointed to the Supreme Court by the age of 49, and live to be 90. All he had to do was promise the devil his soul, the soul of his wife, his children, and the souls of all of his ancestors.

The lawyer thought for a minute, and then responded: “So what’s the catch?”

A lawyer and an engineer were fishing in the Caribbean.

“I am here because my house burned down and everything I owned was burned. The insurance company paid for everything and I’m on holiday until I find a new home,” said the lawyer.

“That is quite a coincidence”, said the engineer. “I’m here because my house and all my belongings were destroyed by a flood, and my insurance company also paid for everything.”

“I don’t get it,” said the lawyer, obviously confused. “How do you start a flood?”

An anxious woman goes to her doctor. "Doctor," she asks nervously, "can you get pregnant from anal intercourse?"

"Certainly," replies the doctor, "Where do you think lawyers come from?"

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

The parade goes on...

In the wake of the recent court victory by Lotus over concerning copyright infringement, Microsoft Inc. announced today that they are suing Lotus for infringing on their lawsuit copyrights.

“We have examined the text of the Lotus lawsuits and have determined that they violate our copyright on look-and-feel lawsuits,” a spokesman for Microsoft said.

“A lot of effort was spent developing the concept of look-and-feel lawsuits and Lotus is capitalizing on our work.”

At the same time, Microsoft filed for a patent on look-and-feel lawsuits. A federal judge granted a preliminary injunction against Lotus, preventing them from pursuing further lawsuits on the basis of copyright infringement until formal briefs could be filed by both sides.

Borland stock jumped 1 5/8 on the news.

A Rabbi, a Hindu and a lawyer were driving late at night in the country when their car expired. They set out to find help, and came to a farmhouse. When they knocked at the door, the farmer explained that he had only two beds, and one of the three had to sleep in the barn with the animals. The three quickly agreed.

The Rabbi said he would sleep in the barn and let the other two have the beds.

Ten minutes after the Rabbi left, there was a knock on the bedroom door. The Rabbi entered exclaiming “I can’t sleep in the barn; there is a pig in there. It’s against my religion to sleep in the same room with a pig!”

The Hindu said he would sleep in the barn, as he had no religious problem with pigs. However, about five minutes later, the Hindu burst through the bedroom door saying “There’s a cow in the barn! I can’t sleep in the same room as a cow! It’s against my religion!”

The lawyer, anxious to get to sleep, said he’d go to the barn, as he had no problem sleeping with animals.

In two minutes, the bedroom door burst open and the pig and the cow entered...

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

We reserve the right to define truth in this context.

In the Middle of the night in the middle of nowhere, two cars both cross over the white line in the center of the road. They collide and a fair amount of damage is done, although neither driver is hurt. It's impossible to assess blame for the accident.

Both drivers get out. One is a doctor, one is a lawyer. The lawyer calls the police on his car phone; they'll be there in twenty minutes. It's cold and damp, and both men are shaken up. The lawyer offers the doctor a drink of brandy from his hip flask. The doctor accepts, takes a drink and hands it back to the lawyer, who promptly puts the flask back in his pocket.

“Aren't you going to have a drink?” the doctor asks.

“Yes, *after* the police get here,” replies the lawyer.

A lawyer died and arrived at the pearly gates. To his dismay, there were thousands of people ahead of him in line to see St. Peter.

To his surprise, St. Peter left his desk at the gate and came down the long line to where the lawyer was, and greeted him warmly. Then St. Peter and one of his assistants took the lawyer by the hand and guided him up to the front of the line and into a comfortable chair by his desk.

The lawyer said, “I don't mind all this attention, but what makes me so special?” St. Peter replied, “I assumed you would need the help, considering your age.

I've added up all the hours for which you billed your clients, and by my calculation you must be about 193 years old!”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

We reserve the right to define truth in this context.

For three years the young attorney had been taking his vacations at a country inn. The last time he'd finally managed an affair with the innkeeper's daughter. Looking forward to an exciting few days, he dragged his suitcase up the stairs of the inn, then stopped short. There sat his lover with an infant on her lap.

“Helen, why didn't you write when you learned you were pregnant?” he cried. “I would have rushed up here, we could have gotten married, and the baby would have my name!”

“Well,” she said, “when my folks found out about my condition, we sat up all night talkin' and talkin' and decided it would be better to have a bastard in the family than a lawyer.”

A lawyer named Strange was shopping for a tombstone. After he had made his selection, the stonecutter asked him what inscription he would like on it.

“Here lies an honest man and a lawyer,” responded the lawyer.

“Sorry, but I can't do that,” replied the stonecutter. “In this state, it's against the law to bury two people in the same grave. However, I could put ‘here lies an honest lawyer’.”

“But that won't tell people know who it is,” protested the lawyer.

“Certainly it will,” retorted the stonecutter. “People will read it and exclaim, ‘An honest lawyer? That's Strange!’”

Copy Print Close

“I swear it's true...”

We reserve the right to define truth in this context.

It had to happen sooner or later. Lawyer Dobbins was wheeled into the emergency room on a stretcher, rolling his head in agony. Doctor Green came over to see him.

“Dobbins,” he said, “What an honor. The last time I saw you was in court when you accused me of malpractice.”

“Doc, my side is on fire. The pain is right here. What could it be?”

“How would I know? You told the jury I wasn't fit to be a doctor.”

“I was only kidding, Doc. When you represent a client you don't have to believe what you're saying. Could I be passing a kidney stone?”

“Your diagnosis is as good as mine.”

“What are you talking about?”

“When you questioned me on the stand you indicated you knew everything there was to know about the practice of medicine. Let's say I give you something for a kidney stone and it turns out to be a gallstone. Who is going to pay for my court costs?”

“I'll sign a paper that I won't sue.”

“Do you mind getting up on the scale first then?”

“Why do you need to know my weight?”

“I have to be prepared in case I get sued and the lawyer asks me if I knew how heavy you were. In court the first question you asked me was if I had examined the patient completely. It would be negligent of me if I didn't do it now.”

“I'm not going to sue you.”

“You say that now. But how can I be sure you won't file a writ after you pass the kidney stone?”

A Russian, a Cuban and two Americans were riding a train. The Russian took a bottle of the best Vodka out of his pack, poured some into a glass and said “In USSR, we have the best vodka of the world. Nowhere in the world you can find Vodka as good as we produce in Ukrainska. And we have so much of it, that we can just throw it away.”

At that he opened the window and threw out the bottle without pouring another ounce.

The Cuban grimaced and took a box of Havana cigars out of his bag, lit one and began to smoke it saying: “In Cuba, we have the best cigars of the world. Nowhere in the world there is so many and so good cigar and we have them so much that we just one puff and throw them away.”

At that he threw the lit cigar out the window without taking another puff.

At this time, the American stood up, opened the window, and threw his countryman through it.

The Cuban was aghast. “Why you do that?”

“Oh, it was nothing. That was my lawyer.”

“I swear it's true...”

We reserve the right to define truth in this context.

Q: How many lawyers does it take to change a light bulb?

lb?

A1: It only takes one lawyer to change your light bulb to his light bulb.

A2: You won't find a lawyer who can change a light bulb. Now, if you're looking for a lawyer to *screw* a light bulb...

A3: Whereas the party of the first part, also known as “Lawyer”, and the party of the second part, also known as “Light Bulb”, do hereby and forthwith agree to a transaction wherein the party of the second part (Light Bulb) shall be removed from the current position as a result of failure to perform previously agreed upon duties, i.e., the illumination of the area ranging from the front (north) door, through the entryway, terminating at an area just inside the primary living area, demarcated by the beginning of the carpet, any spillover illumination being at the option of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and not required by the aforementioned agreement between the parties.

The aforementioned removal transaction shall include, but not be limited to, the following steps:

1. The party of the first part (Lawyer) shall, with or without elevation at his option, by means of a chair, stepstool, ladder or any other means of elevation, grasp the party of the second part (Light Bulb) and rotate the party of the second part (Light Bulb) in a counter-clockwise direction, this point being non-negotiable.
 2. Upon reaching a point where the party of the second part (Light Bulb) becomes separated from the party of the third part (“Receptacle”), the party of the first part (Lawyer) shall have the option of disposing of the party of the second part (Light Bulb) in a manner consistent with all applicable state, local and federal statutes.
 3. Once separation and disposal have been achieved, the party of the first part (Lawyer) shall have the option of beginning installation of the party of the fourth part (“New Light Bulb”). This installation shall occur in a manner consistent with the reverse of the procedures described in step one of this self-same document, being careful to note that the rotation should occur in a clockwise direction, this point also being non-negotiable.
-

NOTE: The above described steps may be performed, at the option of the party of the first part (Lawyer), by any or all persons authorized by him, the objective being to produce the most possible revenue for the party of the fifth part, also known as “Partnership.”

Murphy's laws

Murphy's Laws

1. If anything can go wrong, it will.
2. If there is a possibility of several things going wrong, the one that will cause the most damage will be the first one to go wrong.
3. If anything just cannot go wrong, it will anyway.
4. If you perceive that there are four possible ways in which something can go wrong, and circumvent these, then a fifth way, unprepared for, will promptly develop.
5. Left to themselves, things tend to go from bad to worse.
6. If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.
7. Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.
8. Mother nature is a bitch.

O'Toole's Commentary on Murphy's Laws

Murphy was an optimist.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Wethern's Law:

Assumption is the mother of all screw-ups.

Westheimer's Discovery:

A couple of months in the laboratory can frequently save a couple of hours in the library.

Any sufficiently advanced bug is indistinguishable from a feature.

Rich Kulawiec

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Murphy's laws

Lynch's Law:

When the going gets tough, everyone leaves.

Weiner's Law of Libraries:

There are no answers, only cross references.

Any sufficiently advanced technology
is indistinguishable from a rigged demo.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Silver's Law:

If Murphy's law can go wrong it will.

Arnold's Laws of Documentation:

1. If it should exist, it doesn't.
2. If it does exist, it's out of date.
3. Only documentation for useless programs transcends the first two laws.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Herblock's Law:

If it is good, they will stop making it.

Weinberg's Principle:

An expert is a person who avoids the small errors while sweeping on to the grand fallacy.

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Murphy's laws

Zymurgy's Law of Volunteer Labor:

People are always available for work in the past tense.

Weinberg's First Law:

Progress is made on alternate Fridays.

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Murphy's laws

Principle of paradoxical proposition

Tell a man there are 300 billion stars in the universe and he'll believe you. Tell him a bench has wet paint on it and he'll have to touch to be sure.

Weiler's Law:

Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

The First Myth of Management

Management can be defined in terms of things that actually exist.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Faber's Law:

If there isn't a law, there will be.

Watson's Law:

The reliability of machinery is inversely proportional to the number and significance of any persons watching it.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Velilind's Laws of Experimentation:

1. If reproducibility may be a problem, conduct the test only once.
2. If a straight line fit is required, obtain only two data points.

Van Roy's Law:

An unbreakable toy is useful for breaking other toys.

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Murphy's laws

Ross' Law:

Never characterize the importance of a statement in advance.

Vail's Second Axiom:

The amount of work to be done increases
in proportion to the amount of work already completed.

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Murphy's laws

Secretary's Rule of Meetings:

The time taken up by a meeting will always be at least five times the time needed by the secretary to do the job.

The Roman Rule

The one who says it cannot be done should never interrupt the one who is doing it.

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Murphy's laws

Lea's observation on cranial capacity:

The thickness of the skull is inversely proportionate to the value of its contents.

Stult's Report:

Our problems are mostly behind us.
What we have to do now is fight the solutions.

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Murphy's laws

Winter's economic hypothesis:

Everything you sell is worth more than you get for it; conversely, everything you buy is worth less than the purchase price. The difference between what the seller should have gotten and what the buyer should have paid is what causes inflation.

Lea's correction of Winter's economic hypothesis:

Everything you sell is worth more than you get for it; conversely, everything you buy is worth less than the purchase price. The difference between what the seller should have gotten and what the buyer should have paid is what causes inflation.

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Murphy's laws

Speer's 1st Law of Proofreading:

The visibility of an error is inversely proportional to the number of times you have looked at it.

Slick's Three Laws of the Universe:

1. Nothing in the known universe travels faster than a bad check.
2. A quarter-ounce of chocolate = four pounds of fat.
3. There are two types of dirt: the dark kind, which is attracted to light objects, and the light kind, which is attracted to dark objects.

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Murphy's laws

Shaw's Principle:

Build a system that even a fool can use,
and only a fool will want to use it.

Skinner's Constant (or Flannagan's Finagling Factor):

That quantity which, when multiplied by, divided by, added to, or subtracted from the answer you get, gives you the answer you should have gotten.

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Murphy's laws

Second Law of Business Meetings:

If there are two possible ways to spell a person's name, you will pick the wrong one.

Corollary:

If there is only one way to spell a name, you will spell it wrong anyway.

Serocki's Stricture:

Marriage is always a bachelor's last option.

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Murphy's laws

Scott's first Law:

No matter what goes wrong, it will probably look right.

Scott's second Law:

When an error has been detected and corrected, it will be found to have been wrong in the first place.

Corollary:

After the correction has been found in error, it will be impossible to fit the original quantity back into the equation.

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Murphy's laws

Sattinger's Law:

It works better if you plug it in.

Barber's Law

Any stone in your boot always migrates against the pressure gradient to exactly the point of most pressure.

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Murphy's laws

Rhode's Law:

When any principle, law, tenet, probability, happening, circumstance, or result can in no way be directly, indirectly, empirically, or circuitously proven, derived, implied, inferred, induced, deducted, estimated, or scientifically guessed, it will always for the purpose of convenience, expediency, political advantage, material gain, or personal comfort, or any combination of the above, or none of the above, be unilaterally and unequivocally assumed, proclaimed, and adhered to as absolute truth to be undeniably, universally, immutably, and infinitely so, until such time as it becomes advantageous to assume otherwise, maybe.

Schapiro's Explanation:

The grass is always greener on the other side, but that's because they use more manure.

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Murphy's laws

Quigley's Law:

Whoever has any authority over you, no matter how small,
will attempt to use it.

Renning's Maxim:

Man is the highest animal. Man does the classifying.

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Murphy's laws

Pohl's law:

Nothing is so good that somebody, somewhere, will not hate it.

Putt's Law:

Technology is dominated by two types of people:
Those who understand what they do not manage.
Those who manage what they do not understand.

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Murphy's laws

Lea's Law of Comedic Conservation:

Any witticism which has outlived its original target can, when given an official-sounding name and credited to a real or imagined author, be recycled as a Murphyism.

Lea's proof:

See Lea's Law of Comedic Conservation

Any small object that is accidentally dropped will hide under a larger object.

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Murphy's laws

Parkinson's Fourth Law:

The number of people in any working group tends to increase regardless of the amount of work to be done.

Parkinson's Fifth Law:

If there is a way to delay in important decision, the good bureaucracy, public or private, will find it.

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Murphy's laws

Paulg's Law:

In America, it's not how much an item costs, it's how much you save.

Parker's Law:

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly goes clean to the bone.

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Murphy's laws

Ginsberg's Theorems

1. You can't win.
2. You can't break even.
3. You can't even quit the game.

Freeman's Commentary on Ginsberg's theorem:

Every major philosophy that attempts to make life seem meaningful is based on the negation of one part of Ginsberg's Theorem. To wit:

1. Capitalism is based on the assumption that you can win.
2. Socialism is based on the assumption that you can break even.
3. Mysticism is based on the assumption that you can quit the game.

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Murphy's laws

Forsyth's Second Corollary to Murphy's Laws

Just when you see the light at the end
of the tunnel, the roof caves in.

Rule of Feline Frustration:

When your cat has fallen asleep on your lap
and looks utterly content and adorable,
you will suddenly have to go to the bathroom.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Weiler's Law

Nothing is impossible for the man who doesn't have to do it himself.

Rule of Defactualization:

Information deteriorates upward through bureaucracies.



Murphy's laws

The Laws Of Computer Programming

1. Any given program, when running, is obsolete.
2. Any given program costs more and takes longer each time it is run.
3. If a program is useful, it will have to be changed.
4. If a program is useless, it will have to be documented.
5. Any given program will expand to fill all the available memory.
6. The value of a program is inversely proportional to the weight of its output.
7. Program complexity grows until it exceeds the capability of the programmer who must maintain it.



Murphy's laws

Pierce's Law

In any computer system, the machine will always misinterpret, misconstrue, misprint, or not evaluate any math or subroutines or fail to print any output on at least the first run through.

Corollary to Pierce's Law

When a compiler accepts a program without error on the first run, the program will not yield the desired output.

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Murphy's laws

Pardo's First Postulate:

Anything good in life is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

Arnold's Addendum:

Anything not fitting into these categories causes cancer in rats.

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Murphy's laws

Rocky's Lemma of Innovation Prevention

Unless the results are known in advance,
funding agencies will reject the proposal.

Addition to Murphy's Laws

In nature, nothing is ever right.
Therefore, if everything is going right...
something is wrong.

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Murphy's laws

Non-Reciprocal Laws of Expectations:

Negative expectations yield negative results.

Positive expectations yield negative results.

O'Riordan's Theorem:

Brains x Beauty = Constant.

Purmal's Corollary

As the limit of (Brains x Beauty) goes to infinity,
availability goes to zero.

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Murphy's laws

Grosch's Law

Computing power increases as the square of the cost.

Ninety-Ninety Rule of Project Schedules:

The first ninety percent of the task takes ninety percent of the time, and the last ten percent takes the other ninety percent.

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Murphy's laws

Golub's Laws of Computerdom

1. Fuzzy project objectives are used to avoid embarrassment of estimating the corresponding costs.
2. A carelessly planned project takes three longer to complete than expected; a carefully planned project takes only twice as long.
3. The effort required to correct course increases geometrically with time.
4. Project teams detest weekly progress reporting because it so vividly manifests their lack of progress.

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Murphy's laws

Osborn's Law

Variables won't; constants aren't.

Naeser's Law:

You can make it foolproof, but you can't make it damnfoolproof.

In any human endeavor, once you have exhausted all possibilities and fail, there will be one solution, simple and obvious, highly visible to all but the individual requiring the solution.

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Murphy's laws

Gilb's Laws of Unreliability

1. Computers are unreliable, but humans are even more unreliable.
2. Any system that depends upon human reliability is unreliable.
3. Undetectable errors are infinite in variety, in contrast to detectable errors, which by definition are limited.
4. Investment in reliability will increase until it exceeds the probable cost of errors, or until someone insists on getting some useful work done.

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Murphy's laws

Lubarsky's Law of Cybernetic Entomology

There's always one more bug.

Murphy's Law of Research:

Enough research will tend to support your theory.



Murphy's laws

Troutman's Postulates

1. Profanity is the one language understood by all programmers.
2. Not until a program has been in production for six months will the most harmful error be discovered.
3. Job control cards that positively cannot be arranged in improper order will be.
4. Interchangeable tapes won't.
5. If the input editor has been designed to reject all bad input, an ingenious idiot will discover a method to get bad data past it.
6. If a test installation functions perfectly, all subsequent systems will malfunction.

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Murphy's laws

Mollison's Bureaucracy Hypothesis:

If an idea can survive a bureaucratic review and be implemented, it wasn't worth doing.

Mr. Cole's Axiom:

The sum of the intelligence on the planet is a constant; the population is growing.

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Murphy's laws

Gumperson's Law

The probability of anything happening
is in inverse ratio to its desirability.

Miksch's Law:

If a string has one end, then it has another end.

After designing a useful routine that gets around
a familiar bug in the system, the system is revised,
the bug is taken away, and you're left with a useless routine.

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Murphy's laws

Gummidge's Law

The amount of expertise varies in inverse ratio to the number of statements understood by the general public.

Micro Credo:

Never trust a computer bigger than you can lift.

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Murphy's laws

Zymurgy's First Law of Evolving System Dynamics

Once you open a can of worms, the only way to re-can them is to use a larger can. (Old worms never die, they just worm their way into larger cans).

McGowan's Madison Avenue Axiom:

If an item is advertised as "under \$50", you can bet it's not \$19.95.

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Murphy's laws

Harvard's Law, as applied to computers

Under the most rigorously controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity and other variables, the computer will do as it damn well pleases.

Main's Law:

For every action there is an equal and opposite government program.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Sattinger's Law

It works better if you plug it in.

Maier's Law:

If the facts don't conform to the theory,
they must be disposed of.

Corollaries:

1. The bigger the theory, the better.
2. The experiment may be considered a success if no more than 50% of the observed measurements must be discarded to obtain a correspondence with the theory.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Lubarsky's Law of Cybernetic Entomology:

There's always one more bug.

Jenkinson's Law of Finality

It won't work.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Lowery's Law:

If it jams, force it. If it breaks, it needed replacing anyway.

Horner's Five Thumb Postulate

Experience varies directly with equipment ruined.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Cheop's Law

Nothing ever gets build on schedule or within budget.

Anthony's Law of Force:

Don't force it; get a larger hammer.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Lockwood's Long Shot:

The chances of getting eaten up by a lion on Main Street aren't one in a million, but once would be enough.

Rule of Accuracy

When working toward the solution of a problem, it always helps if you know the answer.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Zymurg's Seventh Exception to Murphy's Law

When it rains, it pours.

Lewis's Law of Travel:

The first piece of luggage out of the chute
doesn't belong to anyone, ever.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Pudder's Laws

1. Anything that begins well ends badly
2. Anything that begins badly ends worse.

If the odds are a million to one against something occurring,
chances are 50-50 it will.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Westheimer's Rule

To estimate the time it takes to do a task: estimate the time you think it should take, multiply by two and change the unit of measure to the next highest unit. Thus, we allocate two days for a one hour task.

Lazlo's Chinese Relativity Axiom:

No matter how great your triumphs or how tragic your defeats, approximately one billion Chinese couldn't care less.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Law of Selective Gravity:

An object will fall so as to do the most damage.

Jenning's Corollary:

The chance of the bread falling
with the buttered side down
is directly proportional to the cost of the carpet.

Law of the Perversity of Nature:

You cannot successfully determine beforehand
which side of the bread to butter.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Stockmayer's Theorem

If it looks easy, it's tough.
If it looks tough, it's damn near impossible.

Atwood's Corollary

No books are lost by lending except
those you particularly wanted to keep.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Law of Probable Dispersal:

Whatever it is that hits the fan will not be evenly distributed.

Law of Communications:

The inevitable result of improved and enlarged communications between different levels in a hierarchy is a vastly increased area of misunderstanding.

As soon as a still-to-be-finished computer task becomes a life-or-death situation, the power fails.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Johnson's Third Law

If you miss one issue of any magazine,
it will be the issue that contains the article, story or installment
you were most anxious to read.

Corollary:

All of your friends either missed it, lost it or threw it out.

Harper's Magazine Law

You never find the article until you replace it.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Kinkler's First Law:

Responsibility always exceeds authority.

Kinkler's Second Law:

All the easy problems have been solved.

Any device requiring service or adjustment will be least accessible.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Katz' Law:

Man and nations will act rationally
when all other possibilities have been exhausted.

Brooke's Law

Adding manpower to a late software makes it later.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Jones' Motto

Friends come and go, but enemies accumulate.

Jones' First Law

Anyone who makes a significant contribution to any field of endeavor, and stays in that field long enough, becomes an obstruction to its progress...in direct proportion to the importance of their original contribution.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Ducharme's Precept:

Opportunity always knocks at the least opportune moment.

Featherkile's Rule

Whatever you did, that's what you planned.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Jone's Law:

The man who smiles when things go wrong
has thought of someone to blame it on.

An object or bit of information most needed will be least available.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Issawi's Laws of Progress

The Course of Progress:

Most things get steadily worse.

The Path of Progress:

A shortcut is the longest distance between two points.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Flap's Law

Any inanimate object, regardless of its position, configuration or purpose, may be expected to perform at any time in a totally unexpected manner for reasons that are either entirely obscure or else completely mysterious.

Hartley's First Law

You can lead a horse to water, but if you can get him to float on his back, you've got something.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Imbesi's Law with Freeman's Extension:

In order for something to become clean,
something else must become dirty;
but you can get everything dirty
without getting anything clean.

Cole's Law:

Thinly slic'd cabbage.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Leibowitz' Rule:

When hammering a nail, you will never hit your finger
if you hold the hammer with both hands.

The probability of someone watching you
is proportional to the stupidity of your action.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Johnson's First Law:

When any mechanical contrivance fails,
it will do so at the most inconvenient possible time.

You always find something in the last place you look.

If I traveled to the end of the rainbow
As Dame Fortune did intend,
Murphy would be there to tell me
The pot's at the other end.

Bert Whitney

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Howe's Law:

Everyone has a scheme that will not work.

The number of people watching you is directly proportional to the stupidity of your action.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Horngren's Observation:

Among economists, the real world is often a special case.

The remaining work to finish in order to reach your goal increases as the deadline approaches.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Hofstadter's Law:

It always takes longer than you expect,
even when you take Hofstadter's Law into account.

Adding manpower to a late software project makes it later.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Heller's Law:

The first myth of management is that it exists.

Johnson's Corollary:

Nobody really knows what is going on
anywhere within the organization.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Consultants' bastardization of Barnum's credo:

It is morally wrong to allow computer owners to possess
both a working computer and money.

When all else fails, read the instructions.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Harvard Law:

Under the most rigorously controlled conditions of pressure, temperature, volume, humidity, and other variables, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.

Any sufficiently advanced technology
is indistinguishable from magic.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Hanlon's Razor:

Never attribute to malice
that which is adequately explained by stupidity.

The higher the "higher-ups" are who've come to see your demo,
the lower your chances are of giving a successful one.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Grinnell's Law of Labor Laxity:

At all times, for any task, you have not got enough done today.

Every task takes twice as long as you think it will take.
If you double the time you think it will take,
it will actually take four times as long.

Efforts in improving a program's "user friendliness"
invariably lead to work in improving user's "computer literacy".

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Rule of the Great:

When people you greatly admire appear to be
thinking deep thoughts,
they probably are thinking about lunch.

There is always one item on the screen menu
that is mislabeled and should read
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO PRESS **ENTER** HERE.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

G's Third Law

In spite of all evidence to the contrary,
the entire universe is composed of only two basic substances:
magic and bulls***.

H's Dictum:

There is no magic.

Any system which depends on human reliability is unreliable.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Fourth Law of Applied Terror:

The night before the English History mid-term,
your Biology instructor will assign 200 pages on planaria.

Corollary:

Every instructor assumes that you have nothing
else to do except study for that instructor's course.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

First Rule of History:

History doesn't repeat itself.
Historians merely repeat each other.

To study an application best,
understand it thoroughly before you start.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

First Law of Socio-Genetics:

Celibacy is not hereditary.

First Law of Hacking

Leaving is much more difficult than entering.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

First Law of Bicycling:

No matter which way you ride, it's uphill and against the wind.

Law of Consistent Failure:

Program results should always be reproducible.
They should all fail in the same way.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Finagle's Creed:

Science is true. Don't be misled by facts.

Finagle's first Law:

If an experiment works, something has gone wrong.

Finagle's second Law:

No matter what the anticipated result, there will always be someone eager to

- (a) misinterpret it
- (b) fake it
- (c) believe it happened according to his own pet theory.

Finagle's third Law:

In any collection of data, the figure most obviously correct, beyond all need of checking, is the mistake.

Corollaries:

1. Nobody whom you ask for help will see it.
2. The first person who stops by, whose advice you really don't want to hear, will see it immediately.

Finagle's fourth Law:

Once a job is fouled up, anything done to improve it only makes it worse.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

IBM's Rule of Determinism:

No matter how large and standardized the marketplace is,
IBM can redefine it.

At the source of every error which is blamed on the computer
you will find at least two human errors,
including the error of blaming it on the computer.

That's not a bug, that's a feature!

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Anthony's Law of the Workshop:

Any tool when dropped,
will roll into the least accessible corner of the workshop.

Corollary:

On the way to the corner, any dropped tool will first strike your toes.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Emersons' Law of Contrariness:

Our chief want in life is somebody
who shall make us do what we can.
Having found them, we shall then hate them for it.

Undetectable errors are infinite in variety,
in contrast to detectable errors,
which by definition are limited.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Ehrman's Commentary:

1. Things will get worse before they get better.
2. Who said things would get better?

Investment in reliability will increase
until it exceeds the probable cost of errors
or until someone insists on getting some useful work done.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Ducharm's Axiom:

If you view your problem closely enough
you will recognize yourself as part of the problem.

The amount of expertise varies in inverse proportion
to the number of statements understood by the general public.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Conway's Law:

In any organization there will always be one person
who knows what is going on.
This person must be fired.

Your "IBM PC-compatible" computer grows more incompatible
with every passing moment.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Colvard's Logical Premises:

All probabilities are 50%.

Either a thing will happen or it won't.

Colvard's Unconscionable Commentary:

This is especially true when dealing with someone you're attracted to.

Grelb's Commentary:

Likelihoods, however, are 90% against you.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Brooke's Law:

Whenever a system becomes completely defined,
some damn fool discovers something which either
abolishes the system or expands it beyond recognition.

Any given program, when running, is obsolete.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Brook's Law:

Adding manpower to a late software project makes it later.

If a program is useful, it will have to be changed.
If a program is useless, it will have to be documented.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Bradley's Bromide:

If computers get too powerful, we can organize them into a committee. That will do them in.

Any given program will expand to fill all available memory.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Boren's Laws:

1. When in charge, ponder.
2. When in trouble, delegate.
3. When in doubt, mumble.

Program complexity grows until it exceeds the capability
of the programmer who must maintain it.

An expert is a person who avoids the small errors
while sweeping on to the grand fallacy.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Boob's Law:

You always find something in the last place you look.

Make it possible for programmers to write programs in English,
and you will find that programmers cannot write in English.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Bombeck's Rule of Medicine:

Never go to a doctor whose office plants have died.

Inside every large program
is a small program struggling to get out.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Fifth Law of Procrastination:

Procrastination avoids boredom;
one never has the feeling that there is nothing important to do.

There's never time to do it right, but always time to do it over.

The solution to a problem changes the problem.
Inside every complex and unworkable program
is a useful routine struggling to be free.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Boling's postulate:

If you're feeling good, don't worry. You'll get over it.

Give any problem containing N equations,
there will $N+1$ unknowns.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Blore's Razor:

Given a choice between two theories,
take the one which is funnier.

Brady's First Law of Problem Solving:

When confronted by a difficult problem,
you can solve it more easily by reducing it to the question,
"How would the Lone Ranger have handled this?"

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Beifeld's Principle:

The probability of a young man meeting a desirable and receptive young (fe)male increases by pyramidal progression when he is already in the company of:

1. a date
2. their spouse
3. a better looking and/or richer friend.

The man who can smile when things go wrong has thought of someone he can blame it on.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Baruch's Observation:

If all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail.

Weinberg's Second Law:

If builders built buildings the way programmers wrote programs, then the first woodpecker that came along would destroy civilization.

Copy Print Close

Murphy's laws

Barth's Distinction:

There are two types of people:
those who divide people into two types,
and those who don't.

Judgment comes from experience;
experience comes from poor judgment.

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Murphy's laws

Arthur's Laws of Love:

1. People to whom you are attracted invariably think you remind them of someone else.
2. The love letter you finally got the courage to send will be delayed in the mail long enough for you to make a fool of yourself in person.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

beta test

To voluntarily entrust one's data, one's livelihood and one's sanity to hardware or software intended to destroy all three. In earlier days, virgins were often selected to beta test volcanoes.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

bit

A unit of measure applied to color. Twenty-four-bit color refers to expensive \$3 color as opposed to the cheaper 25 cent, or two-bit, color that use to be available a few years ago.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

buzzword

The fly in the ointment of computer literacy. Synonymous with baffle and bulls%&@.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

clone

1. An exact duplicate, as in “our product is a clone of their product.”
2. A shoddy, spurious copy, as in “their product is a clone of our product.”

Copy Print Close

Definitions

enhance

To tamper with an image, usually to its detriment.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

guru

A computer owner who can read the manual.

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Definitions

handshaking protocol

A process employed by hostile hardware devices to initiate a terse but civil dialogue, which, in turn, is characterized by occasional misunderstanding, sulking, and name-calling.

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Definitions

hard disk

A difficult disk, usually made of rigid metal that 1) refuses to bend to the owner's will, and 2) encased in a heavy metal sheath to deny the owner the satisfaction of using it as a flying disc when 1 above occurs.

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Definitions

italic

Slanted to the right to emphasize key phrases. Unique to Western alphabets; in Eastern languages, the same phrases are often slanted to the left.

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Definitions

Japan

A fictional place where elves, gnomes and economic imperialists create electronic equipment and computers using black magic. It is said that in the capital city of Akihabara, the streets are paved with gold and semiconductor chips grow on low bushes from which they are harvested by the happy natives, all of whom look down on the Internet as "primitive".

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Definitions

kern

1. To pack type together as tightly as the kernels on an ear of corn.
2. In parts of Brooklyn and Queens, NY, a small, metal object used as part of the monetary system.

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Definitions

modem

Up-to-date, newfangled, as in “Thoroughly Modem Millie.” An unfortunate byproduct of kerning.

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Definitions

pixel

A mischievous, magical spirit associated with screen displays. The computer industry has frequently borrowed from mythology: Witness the sprites in computer graphics, the demons in artificial intelligence, and the trolls in the marketing department.

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Definitions

programming

A compulsive disorder characterized primarily by an understanding in the afflicted individual of the meaning of life and an utter inability to channel this wisdom into anything more productive than a game.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

prototype

First stage in the life cycle of a computer product, followed by pre-alpha, alpha, beta, release version, corrected release version, upgrade, corrected upgrade, etc. Unlike its successors, the prototype is not expected to work.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

public domain

A free-access method for distributing software that no one in their right mind would purchase.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

revolutionary

Repackaged.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

shareware

A method of software distribution in which all monies received are distributed equally between dealers who sell disks containing other authors' software and the computer store where the author purchases the supplies necessary to create it.



Definitions

Unix

A computer operating system, once thought to be flabby and impotent, that now shows a surprising interest in making off with the workstation harem.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

lawyer

One skilled in the circumvention of the law. (*Bierce*)

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Definitions

adolescence

The stage between puberty and adulthood.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

adultery

Putting yourself in someone else's position.

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Definitions

ambition

That which serves only to frustrate, as in an ant crawling up an elephant's leg with rape on its mind.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

antonym

The opposite of the word you're trying to think of.

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Definitions

automobile

A four-wheeled vehicle that runs up hills and down pedestrians.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

bagbiter

1. *n*: Equipment or program that fails, usually intermittently.
2. *adj*: Failing hardware or software. "This bagbiting system won't let me get out of Spacewar." Usage: verges on obscenity. Grammatically separable; one may speak of "biting the bag". Synonyms: Loser, Losing, Cretinous, Bletcherous, Barfucious, Chomper, Chomping.

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Definitions

Basic

A programming language. Related to certain social diseases in that those who have experienced it will not admit it in polite company.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

C

A programming language that is sort of like Pascal except more like assembly except that it isn't very much like either one, or anything else. It is either the best language available to the art today, or it isn't. (Ray Simard)

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Definitions

chemicals

Noxious substances from which modern foods are made.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

Christ

A man who was born at least 5,000 years ahead of his time.

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Definitions

Christian

One who believes that the New Testament is a divinely inspired book admirably suited to the spiritual needs of his neighbor. One who follows the teachings of Christ insofar as they are not inconsistent with said individual's personal

Copy Print Close

Definitions

cold

When your dog sticks to the fire hydrant.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

confusion

Father's Day in San Francisco.

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Definitions

conservative

One who admires radicals centuries after they're dead. (Leo C. Rosten)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

critic

A person who boasts himself hard to please because nobody tries to please him.
(Bierce)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

cynic

A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision. (*Bierce*) One who looks through rose-colored glasses with a jaundiced eye.

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Definitions

dawn

The time when men of reason go to bed.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

death wish

The only wish that always comes true whether one is the wisher or wishee.

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Definitions

deliberation

The act of examining one's bread to determine which side it is buttered on.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

die

To stop sinning suddenly. (Elbert Hubbard)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

distress

A disease incurred by exposure to the prosperity of a friend. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

egotist

A person of low taste, more interested in himself than me. (*Bierce*)

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Definitions

etymology

Some early etymological scholars come up with derivations that were hard for the public to believe. The term 'etymology' was formed from the Latin 'etus' ("eaten"), the root 'mal' ("bad"), and 'logy' ("study of"). It meant "the study of things that are hard to swallow." (Mike Kellen)

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Definitions

fairy tale

A horror story to prepare children for the newspapers.

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Definitions

forgetfulness

A gift of God bestowed upon debtors in compensation for their destitution of conscience.

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Definitions

fornication

Term used by people who don't have anybody to have fun with.

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Definitions

frisbeetarianism

The belief that when you die, your soul goes up the on roof and gets stuck.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

hangover

The burden of proof; the wrath of grapes.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

happiness

An agreeable sensation arising from contemplating the misery of another.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

heavy

Seduced by the chocolate side of the Force.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

idiot

A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling. (*Bierce*)

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Definitions

immortality

A fate worse than death.

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Definitions

incumbent

Person of liveliest interest to the outcumbents.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

infatuation

When you're in love, there's a lump in your throat. When you're infatuated, there's a lump in your pants.

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Definitions

ingrate

A man who bites the hand that feeds him, and then complains of indigestion.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

ink

A villainous compound of tannogallate of iron, gum arabic, and water, chiefly used to facilitate the infection of idiocy and promote intellectual crime. (*Bierce*)

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Definitions

interpreter

One who enables two persons of different languages to understand each other by repeating to each what it would have been to the interpreter's advantage for the other to have said.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

justice

A decision in your favor. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

kleptomaniac

A rich thief.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

knowledge

Things you believe, whether or not they have bases in fact. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

labor

One of the processes by which A acquires property for B. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

lie

A very poor substitute for the truth, but the only one discovered to date. (*Bierce*)

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

life

A sexually transmitted disease which afflicts some people more severely than others.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

machine-independent

Does not run on any existing machine.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

majority

That quality that distinguishes a crime from a law.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

manual

A unit of documentation. There are always three or more on a given item. One is on the shelf; someone has the others. The information you need in the others. -- *Ray Simard*

Copy Print Close

Definitions

meeting

An assembly of people coming together to decide what person or department not represented in the room must solve a problem. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

millihelen

Beauty enough to launch one Greek warship.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

Pascal

A programming language named after a man who would turn over in his grave if he knew about it.

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Definitions

quality control

The process of testing one out of every 1,000 units coming off a production line to make sure that at least one out of 100 works.

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Definitions

sadism

Refusing to whip a masochist.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

spouse

Someone who'll stand by you through all the trouble you wouldn't have had if you'd stayed single.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

sweater

A garment worn by a child when its mother feels chilly.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

tact

The unsaid part of what you're thinking.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

taxes

Of life's two certainties, the only one for which you can get an extension.

[Copy](#) [Print](#) [Close](#)

Definitions

transfer

A promotion you receive on the condition that you leave town.

Copy Print Close

Definitions

virtue

That which is its own punishment. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

academy

A modern school where football is taught. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

accomplice

One associated with another in a crime, having guilty knowledge and complicity, as an attorney who defends a criminal, knowing him guilty. This view of the attorney's position in the matter has not hitherto commanded the assent of attorneys, no one having offered them a sufficient fee for assenting. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

accuse

To affirm another's guilt or unworth; most commonly as a justification of ourselves for having wronged them. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

alliance

In international politics, the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted into each others' pockets that they cannot separately plunder a third. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

backbite

To speak of a man as you find him, when he can't find you. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

beauty

That power by which a woman charms a lover and terrifies a husband. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

belldonna

In Italian, a beautiful lady. In English, a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

bigot

One who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain.
(Bierce)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

cannon

An instrument used in the rectification of national boundaries. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

childhood

The period of human life intermediate between the sin of manhood and the remorse of age. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

corporation

An ingenious device for obtaining individual profit without individual responsibility.
(Bierce)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

day

A period of twenty-four hours, mostly misspent. This period is divided into two parts; the day proper, and the night, or day improper -- the former devoted to sins of business, and the latter consecrated to the other sort. These two kinds of social activity overlap.

(Bierce)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

diplomacy

The patriotic art of lying for one's country. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

education

That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the fool their lack of understanding.
(Bierce)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

emotion

A prostrating disease caused by the determination of the heart to the head. It is sometimes accompanied by a copious discharge of hydrated chloride of sodium from the eyes. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

eulogy

Praise of a person who has either the advantages of wealth and power, or the consideration to be dead. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

fidelity

A vice peculiar to those who are about to be betrayed. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

gallows

A stage for the performance of miracle plays, in which the leading actor is transported to heaven. In this country, the gallows is chiefly remarkable for the number of persons who escape it. (*Bierce*)

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Definitions

hatred

A sentiment appropriate to the occasion of another's superiority. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

incompatibility

In matrimony a similarity of tastes, particularly the taste for domination. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

influence

In politics, a visionary 'quo' given in return for a substantial 'quid'. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

intimacy

A relation into which fools are providentially drawn for their mutual destruction. (*Bierce*)

Copy Print Close

Definitions

justice

A commodity which (in a more or less adulterated condition) the State sells to the citizen as a reward for his allegiance, taxes, and personal service. (*Bierce*)

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If you have the mind...

*There is no door. There is no ceiling.
There is no floor.
And your meditation instructor
has just had a heart attack.
What do you be?*

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If you have the mind...

*Have you tried McSquared,
the pure energy fast-food?*

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If you have the mind...

Three statisticians go out hunting together.
After a while they spot a solitary rabbit.
The first statistician takes aim and overshoots.
The second aims and undershoots.
The third shouts out "We got him!".

If you have the mind...

Scene: It's a fine sunny day in the forest, and a rabbit is sitting outside his burrow, tippy-tapping on his typewriter. Along comes a fox, out for a walk.

"What are you working on?" asks the fox.

"My thesis," replies the rabbit.

"Hmm. What's it about?"

"Oh, I'm writing about how rabbits eat foxes."

"That's ridiculous!" retorts the fox after an incredulous pause, "any fool knows that rabbits don't eat foxes."

"Sure they do, and I can prove it. Come with me."

They both disappear into the rabbit's burrow. After a few minutes, the rabbit returns, alone, to his typewriter and resumes typing.

Soon, a wolf comes along and stops to watch the hardworking rabbit.

"What's that you're writing?" asks the wolf.

"I'm doing a thesis on how rabbits eat wolves."

"You don't expect to get such rubbish published, do you?" the wolf laughs.

"With no problem. Do you want to see why?"

The wolf nods smugly. The rabbit and the wolf go into the burrow, and again the rabbit returns by himself, after a few minutes, and goes back to typing.

Scene: Inside the rabbit's burrow. In one corner, there is a pile of fox bones. In another corner, a pile of wolf bones. On the other side of the room a huge lion is belching and picking his teeth.

Moral: It doesn't matter what you choose for a thesis subject. It doesn't matter what you use for data. What does matter is who you have for a thesis advisor.

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

A linguistics professor was lecturing to his class one day about the fact that in many languages, such as English, a double negative forms a positive, while in other languages, such as Russian, a double negative is still a negative. “However,” he pointed out, “in no language can a double positive form a negative.”

A bored voice from the back of the room responded, “Yeah, yeah....”

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

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A programmer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out, after innumerable punching, an infinite series of incomprehensive answers calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive documents and carried out on instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of dubious reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly defenseless department that was unfortunate enough to ask for the information in the first place.”

IEEE Grid news magazine

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If you have the mind...

Q: How many people belonging to a certain ethnic group does it take to perform a particular menial activity?

A: A finite positive integer. One to perform the activity, and the rest to behave in a manner stereotypical of their ethnic group.

Q: Can you prove this?

A: Yes, but not now. We're still waiting for the research grant.

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If you have the mind...

An economist is back in his old college town many years after graduation and decides to drop in on one of his old professors. He happens to see a copy of an exam sitting on the desk so he picks it up to look at it. Upon deciding that it looks familiar he comments to the professor that it is the same exam that he had taken 10 years ago. The professor assures him that this is correct but adds that this time the answers are different.

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If you have the mind...

April 1, 1988: The heaviest element known to science was recently discovered by physicists at Turgid University. The element, tentatively named Administratium (Ad), has no protons or electrons, which means that its atomic number is 0. However, it does have 1 neutron, 125 assistants to the neutron, 75 vice-neutrons, and 111 assistants to the vice-neutrons. This gives it an atomic mass number of 312. The 312 particles are held together in the nucleus by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called *memons*.

Since it has no electrons, Administratium is inert. However, it can be detected chemically because it seems to impede every reaction in which it is present. According to Dr. M. Languor, one of the discoverers of the element, a very small amount of Administratium made one reaction that normally takes less than a second take over four days.

Administratium has a half-life of approximately 3 years, at which time it does not actually decay. Instead, it undergoes a reorganization in which assistants to the neutron, vice-neutrons, and assistants to the vice-neutrons exchange places. Some studies have indicated that the atomic mass number actually increases after each reorganization.

Administratium was discovered by accident when Dr. Languor angrily resigned from the chairmanship of the physics department and dumped all of his papers into the intake hatch of the university's particle accelerator. "Apparently, the interaction of all of those reports, grant forms, etc. with the particles in the accelerator created the new element," Dr. Languor explained.

Research at other laboratories seems to indicate that Administratium might occur naturally in the atmosphere. According to one scientist, Administratium is most likely to be found on college and university campuses, near the best-appointed and best-maintained buildings.

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

...and life is a bitch...

Three English gentlemen, all properly attired, were sitting in a train compartment while traveling through the English countryside. All three busily engrossed in reading their London Times. Naturally, not having been properly introduced, they did not speak to each other. The quiet in the compartment was disturbing.

Finally, one gentleman, put his paper down and declared, (in a 'veddy British' accent), "Sir James Hyde-White, here. Brigadier, retired. Oxford, '59. Married. Two sons, both Royal Marine officers," and promptly went back to reading his paper.

A short while later, the second gentleman put down his paper and declared, (again, in very upper class British accent), "Sir Jonathan Colin-Simpson, here. Brigadier, retired. Eton, '61. Married. Two sons, both Royal Air Force pilots," and he promptly went back to reading his paper.

A few miles down the track, the elder gentleman put down his paper and stated, "Ian McTavish 'ere. Sergeant Major, retired. Coldstream Guards 1940 through 45. Not married. Two sons. Both Brigadiers."

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

An engineer, a physicist and a mathematicians have to build a fence around a flock of sheep, using as little material as possible.

The engineer forms the flock into a circular shape and constructs a fence around it.

The physicist builds a fence with an infinite diameter and pulls it together until it fits around the flock.

The mathematicians thinks for a while, then builds a fence around himself and defines himself as being outside.

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

The structure of the deuterium (heavy hydrogen) nucleus can be described as “a proton married to two neutrons.”

Maybe that’s why the cold fusion experiments only work in Utah.

Government’s handling of a difficult matter by appointing a Commission of Enquiry is just like a person going to the toilet.

There is a sitting, a report, and then the matter is dropped.

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

A “classified government laboratory” in Great Britain has allegedly reported successful replication of the “Fleischmann/Pons Cold Fusion Effect”, with some subtle difference in technique. The principal difference appears to be that the electrolytes were “shaken, not stirred.”

A British officer spotted a “busker” (street singer) at the bottom of the escalator of the London Underground. The busker had a sign which read: “VETERAN SOLDIER OF THE FALKLANDS WAR.” The officer thought, “Poor chap, I was there and it was awful!” Feeling sorry for a fellow veteran, the officer took 20 pounds out of his wallet and gave it to the busker.

The officer was greeted with a hearty: “Gracias, Señor!”

At that moment, a fourth-form maths teacher in a school several miles away was enlightened.

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

A Zen teacher saw five of his students returning from the market, riding their bicycles. When they arrived at the monastery and had dismounted, the teacher asked the students, "Why are you riding your bicycles?"

The first student replied, "The bicycle is carrying the sack of potatoes. I am glad that I do not have to carry them on my back!" The teacher praised the first student, "You are a smart boy! When you grow old, you will not walk hunched over like I do."

The second student replied, "I love to watch the trees and fields pass by as I roll down the path!" The teacher commended the second student, "Your eyes are open, and you see the world."

The third student replied, "When I ride my bicycle, I am content to chant *nam myoho renge kyo*." The teacher gave praise to the third student, "Your mind will roll with the ease of a newly trued wheel."

The fourth student replied, "Riding my bicycle, I live in harmony with all sentient beings." The teacher was pleased, and said to the fourth student, "You are riding on the golden path of non-harming."

The fifth student replied, "I ride my bicycle to ride my bicycle."

The teacher sat at the feet of the fifth student and said, "I am your student."

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

Three squaws were each preparing for the birth of their first child. The first squaw placed a large bear hide by a river, the second squaw placed an elk hide by a tree by a river, and the third squaw placed a hippopotamus hide by a path, near the river and the tree so that the three formed a triangle.

It just so happens that all three women gave birth on the same day. The first squaw on the bear hide had a 5-lb son, the second squaw on the elk hide had a 6-lb son, and the third squaw on the hippopotamus hide had an 11 lb. son.

To this day, mathematicians credit these three women with the first proof of the Pythagorean Theorem: "The son of the squaw of the hippopotamus is equal to the sons of the squaws of the two adjacent hides."

If you have the mind...

In Hindu mythology, we come across the idea that gods can be pleased by praying to them in difficult conditions such as in harsh weather, etc. Perhaps the idea was that if one can concentrate the mind on deity in spite of the distraction, it will be pleased.

An acolyte makes up his mind to please one particular god, Yama. So he prays while standing on one leg, in rain, in snow, any inclement weather. But Yama takes his time. A full five years pass before Yama appears, in which time the poor acolyte has lost his fingers to frostbite and his hair to the sunlight, and witnessed the promise of his youth pass unfulfilled.

“Son,” announces Yama at last, riding out of the sky on the bull by which he is known to mortals. “I am very pleased with your devotion. You can have 3 boons. You may ask for wealth, women, immortality, anything.”

“I have always been fascinated by your bull, Lord Yama. Let his two horns become one.”

“You are wasting 1 of your boons, but your wish is granted.” The bull’s horns became one before the acolyte.

“Lord Yama, I have always wondered what it will be like to have that horn shoved up someone’s ass. Can you handle it?”

“You have been a devout acolyte. Your boon is granted,” replied Yama, forcing the horn into the requested orifice. “Now what is your final wish?”

“Why, look at your bull; my first boon has brought your bull misery, for its bull nature has been changed,” replied the acolyte.

“You have learned well,” Yama assured the acolyte.

“I have,” he replied. “Let his horn again become two.”

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

A student pushes a loaded shopping cart up to the express checkout lane at a Cambridge grocery store. The cashier looks at the cart, looks at the student, looks at the EXPRESS -- EIGHT ITEMS OR LESS sign, and says to the student, "Are you from Harvard, where they don't know how to count? Or MIT, where they don't know how to read?"



If you have the mind...

Comments on the future evolution of languages:

There are consistent trends in the past evolution of languages, and in all likelihood they will continue to change in the same fashion in the future.

In 200 years, spoken French will have only one sound, a vowel. All consonants and gaps between words and sentences will disappear, leaving only an extended "Eauuuuuuuuuuuu..." Meaning will be inferred from facial expression. Written French will stay exactly the same.

These consonants will not be entirely forgotten; they will migrate to Russian republics, which by that time will have no use for vowels.

In 200 years, the English vocabulary will be the union of all other vocabularies, but the spelling will be entirely original.

Similarly, the Japanese alphabet will be the union of all other alphabets in the world.

The Cyrillic alphabet will eventually be the same as the Latin alphabet, only backwards. A mirror will suffice for translating Russian into Polish.

Finally, in 200 years, entire books in Germany will be one word. Plus a verb at the end, of course.

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If you have the mind...

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Philip Agee, former CIA agent turned intelligence community watchdog and whistle-blower, spoke in April at Reed College in Portland. He quoted Manuel Noriega: “I’ve got George Bush by the balls,” and noted that the quote was “one of those rare statements that contains *two* revelations.”

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If you have any mind left...

The great logician Alfred North Whitehead once claimed that he could prove anything if given that $1+1=1$.

One day, some smart-aleck asked him, "OK, prove that you're the Pope."

He thought for a while and proclaimed, "I am one. The Pope is one. Therefore, the Pope and I are one."

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If you have the mind...

An engineer and a mathematician are in a room with one door. Both of them are asked, one at a time, to go into the next room, where they will find a pot of water and a stove, and boil the pot of water. The engineer goes into the next room, sees the pot of water sitting on a table, puts it on the stove, turns on the stove, and waits until it boils. A little bit later the room is reset for the mathematician, who enters and sees the pot sitting on the table. He puts it on the stove, turns on the stove, and waits until it boils.

Now both of them are asked to do this again. However, this time the pot of water is on the floor. The engineer sees the pot of water on the floor, puts it on the stove, and waits until it boils. The mathematician, however, sees the pot of water on the floor, puts it on the table and proclaims, "I've solved this problem already."

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If you have the mind...

This woman lands at Logan Airport in Boston. She gets her luggage and jumps into a cab. She tells the cabby, "Take me to a place where I can get scrod."

The cabby turns around and says, "That's the first time I've heard that said in the pluperfect subjunctive."

If you have the mind...

Practical word problems

Scene: There is a dead man in a garage surrounded by 51 bicycles and an over turned table. What happened?

Answer: The bicycles were playing cards and a fight ensued after cheating was discovered.

Scene: A man is found dead in a locked room in a puddle of water.

Answer: The poor guy died of starvation; the room was locked, right? The water? Oh, the roof leaked.

Scene: A man gets out of bed, and kills himself.

Answer: The man was a midget for the circus, and had just gotten fed up with his bleak and demeaning lifestyle.

Scene: There is a dead man in a cage surrounded by 51 cats, an overturned table, and an empty gun. What happened?

Answer: A depressed midget switched blanks for the live ammo in the lion tamer's gun.

Scene: A man goes into a restaurant and orders some albatross. After some delay, the food arrives. He takes a taste, and then kills himself. Why?

Answer: Obviously a whacko. I mean, who orders albatross in a restaurant? I say "good riddance to bad garbage."

If you have the mind...

The topic for today is quantum physics. Quantum physics was developed in the 1930s, as a result of a bet between Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr to see who could come up with the most ridiculous theory and still have it published. Most people agree that Bohr won hands down, although Einstein did very well in the swimsuit competition.

One of the most important researchers in quantum physics is Werner Heisenberg, a man with a wonderful sense of humor, who was always cracking one-liners, like “delta-p times delta-x is less than h!” What a card! This is known as Heisenberg’s Uncertainty Principle, which is closely related to Goedel’s Incompleteness Theorem, which says that some things are true, but you can’t prove them, like when my wife and I argue over whether it’s her turn to take out the garbage or not.

What Heisenberg’s Uncertainty Principle says is that if something is small enough, you can’t say anything about it. Anyone with the IQ of baking powder immediately understood that this means that if you look at something so small that you can’t even see it, for example my dog’s brain, then you obviously can’t say what color it is.

But some people didn’t get the joke and decided to investigate this principle further. They would gather and sit around all day, drinking beer and performing “Gedankesexperimenten,” or “Thank God we’re theoretical physicists so we don’t have to get our hands dirty with particle accelerators and other heavy machinery.” The most famous of these is Schroedinger’s Cat, where several physicists kidnap Erwin Schroedinger’s cat Fluffi and lock it up in a box with a radioactive source such as Fruit Loops. Then they walk around with concerned expressions on their faces, commenting about how they don’t know what’s going on inside the box. This goes on until the cleaning lady discovers the box, opens it and tells the physicists whether the cat is dead, or whether it has mutated into a man-eating flea the size of Norway.

The point of this experiment is to show that uncertainty at the quantum level can be detected in the macroscopic world and produce widespread anxiety and paranoia. It also explains why paper clips just lie there while you look at them, but as soon as you turn your back, they run away, giggling wildly, and transform themselves into coat hangers.

Another famous researcher is Richard Feynman, who invented Feynman diagrams, which are bunches of squiggly lines with Greek letters next to them. Here’s how they were discovered.

One day Hans Bethe came in to Feynman’s office to say that some of the guys down in particle research were having a jam session by the cyclotron, and would Richard like to come over and bring his bongos? Feynman was cracking a safe at the time, so Bethe tried to leave him a note. On the desk, he found one of Feynman’s daughter’s kindergarten drawings. Bethe couldn’t make head or tail of it, and figured that if even he couldn’t understand it then it must be something terribly clever, and promptly named it a Feynman diagram.

This was a major scientific breakthrough, and ever since proud parents have been hanging their children’s Feynman diagrams on refrigerators with little muon-shaped magnets, confident that their Little Darlings are developing important scientific theories every day. It’s a reasonable assumption, because they are, after all, Gifted Children.

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If you have the mind...

A collection of scientific and futuristic graffiti

Microwaves frizz your hair.

Got Mole problems? Call Avogadro: 6.02×10^{-23} .

Reality is for people who can't face science fiction.

God didn't create the world in seven days.
He rested for six and then pulled an all-nighter.

Biology grows on you.

Going the speed of light is bad for your age.

White dwarf seeks red giant for binary relationship.

Klein bottle for rent. Inquire within.

Vacuum for rent. Inquire without.

James Watt is so dense he absorbs neutrinos.

Quasars shift red, hot stars burn blue,
space is warped and so are you.

There's no future in time travel.

Warning: Due to the robot shortage, some of our bartenders are human
and will react unpredictably when insulted.

Cloning is the sincerest form of flattery.

Entropy isn't what it used to be.

Moebius strippers never show you their backside.

Invest in physics...own a piece of Dirac.

Health is simply the slowest possible rate at which one can die.

The reason computer chips are so small
is that computers don't eat much.

186,000 mps: it isn't just a good idea, it's the law.

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If you have the mind...

Survey of proof techniques (1)

Proof by example:

The author gives only the case $n=2$ and suggests that it contains most of the ideas of the general proof.

Proof by intimidation:

'Trivial.'

Proof by vigorous handwaving:

Works well in a classroom or seminar setting.

Proof by cumbersome notation:

Best done with access to at least four alphabets and special symbols.

Proof by exhaustion:

An issue or two of a journal devoted to your proof is useful.

Proof by omission:

"The reader may easily supply the details."

Proof by obfuscation:

A long plotless sequence of true and/or meaningless syntactically related statements.

Proof by wishful citation:

The author cites the negation, converse, or generalization of a theorem from the literature to support his claims.

Proof by funding:

How could three different government agencies be wrong?

Proof by eminent authority:

"I saw Karp in the elevator and he said it was probably NP-complete."

Proof by personal communication:

"Eight-dimensional colored cycle stripping is NP-complete [Karp, personal communication]."

Proof by reduction to the wrong problem:

"To see that infinite-dimensional colored cycle stripping is decidable, we reduce it to the halting problem."

If you have the mind...

Survey of proof techniques (2)

Proof by reference to inaccessible literature:

The author cites a simple corollary of a theorem to be found in a privately circulated memoir of the Slovenian Philological Society, 1883.

Proof by importance:

A large body of useful consequences all follow from the proposition in question.

Proof by accumulated evidence:

Long and diligent search has not revealed a counterexample.

Proof by cosmology:

The negation of the proposition is unimaginable or meaningless. Popular for proofs of the existence of God.

Proof by recursive reference:

In reference A, Theorem 5 is said to follow from Theorem 3 in reference B, which is shown to follow from Corollary 6.2 in reference C, which is an easy consequence of Theorem 5 in reference A.

Proof by metaproof:

A method is given to construct the desired proof. The correctness of the method is proved by any of these techniques.

Proof by picture:

A more convincing form of proof by example. Combines well with proof by omission.

Proof by vehement assertion:

It is useful to have some kind of authority relation to the audience, preferably one which endures the application of flails and take-out food.

Proof by ghost reference:

Nothing even remotely resembling the cited theorem appears in the reference given.

Proof by forward reference:

Reference is usually to a forthcoming paper of the author, which is often not as forthcoming as at first.

Proof by semantic shift:

Some standard but inconvenient definitions are changed for the statement of the result.

Proof by appeal to intuition:

Cloud-shaped drawings frequently help here.

If you have the mind...

The staff of St. Elsewhere (an old medical euphemism for some unspecified hospital not as good as yours) go for a duck shoot with the departments of medicine, surgery, pathology and psychiatry all in difference boats in different parts of the marsh.

In the early morning calm, a rustle of wings suddenly erupts near the medicine boats.

“A sonological pattern consistent with the aerial movement of ducks!” shouts the chief resident.

“But wait, replies the attending physician. Ducks may very well occupy the top of the differential diagnosis but this pattern is by no means pathognomonic. One must also keep in mind geese, swans, herons, egrets, radio controlled model aircraft with engine difficulty, digital Dolby recordings of actual water fowl flight, not to mention...”

Well of course the ducks are long past by this point and heading over the psychiatrists' boats. They, however, are too engrossed in their own discussions to notice.

“What do you suppose one should make of this highly suspect activity whereby a largely male group competing for intra-group dominance ventures into an extremely womblike marsh brandishing long, phallic weaponry and transferring their own feelings of impotent rage into a symbolic penetration of the elusive, feminine flight motif...”

The ducks pass, amused but unharmed, but it is their misfortune then to fly nearby the surgery staff who, at the first flutter of sound, grab their rifles and fill the air with lead shot and smoke, removing everything down to the last dragonfly from the dawning, rose-colored sky.

“Hey, fellas!”, the chief of surgery shouts over to the pathologists' boats. “Go see if those things were ducks, will ya?”

If you have the mind...

Impure maths

Once upon a time (1/t) pretty little Polly Nomial was strolling across a field of vectors when she came to the edge of a singularly large matrix.

Now Polly was convergent and her mother had made it an absolute condition that she must never enter such an array without her brackets on. Polly, however, who had changed her variables that morning and was feeling particularly badly behaved, ignored that condition on the grounds that it was sufficient and made her way among the complete elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly three branches of a hyperbola touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point she tripped over a square root which was protruding from the erf and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more she found herself, apparently alone, in a non-Euclidean space.

She was being watched however. That smooth operator, Curly Pi, was lurking inner product. As his eyes devoured her curvilinear coordinates a singular expression crossed his face. "Was she still convergent?" he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned round and saw Curly Pi approaching with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once by his degenerate conic and his dissipative terms that he was bent on no good.

"Eureka!" she gasped.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "What a symmetric little polynomial you are. I can see you're absolutely bubbling over with secs".

"O Sir," she protested, "keep away from me. I haven't got my brackets on".

"Calm yourself, my dear", said our suave operator, "your fears are purely imaginary".

"i,i" she thought, "perhaps he is homogeneous then."

"What order are you?" the brute demanded.

"Seventeen," replied Polly.

Curly leered, "I suppose you've never been operated on yet."

"Of course not," Polly cried indignantly, "I am absolutely convergent."

"Come, come," said Curly, "Let's go to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit."

"Never!" gasped Polly.

His patience was gone. Coshing her over the coefficient with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He stared at her proportional parts and significant places. He then began smoothing her points of inflection and she felt his hand tending to her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever.

There was no mercy, for Curly was a Heavyside operator. He integrated by parts. He

integrated by partial functions. The complex beast even went all the way round and did a contour integration.

What an indignity! To be multiply connected on her first integration. Curly went on operating until he was absolutely and completely orthogonal!

(Derived by Chris Bollinger)

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If you have the mind...

Horoscopes for philosophy graduate students

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Emphasis on work, deadlines. Now would be a good time to do more reading. Drinking more than 7 cups of coffee today probably not a good idea. Be trenchant!

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Carefully check the premises and inferences of your latest argument. Don't neglect your foreign languages. Do more work on your papers or your thesis.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

You find yourself fantasizing about leaving grad school and becoming a carpenter, or even a lawyer. You're behind schedule. Today would be a good day to try to get more work done.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

Your arguments are subtly flawed, and everything you're doing is worthless. Today would be a good day to get more work done. Dead philosopher plays role.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22)

Beware of sectionees' sexual harassment grievances. Today would be a good day to suck up to a professor. Job market fears figure prominently. Get back to work!

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)

Emphasis on thesis, work, classes, incompletes, procrastination. Depression not at all inappropriate at this time. Stress careful exegesis and critical assessment of texts. Libra native finds devastating objection to your best argument.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22)

Don't bother preparing for section, you can wing it anyway. Hours will be wasted gossiping in lounge. Lunar aspect highlights unfinished books...you'll need to buckle down to keep up with workload.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

Problems in love relationship due to being a philosophy grad student. Adopt air of bored sophistication, even though added workload stresses. Grade term papers! Leo native begs question.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

Green light flashes for trying to get more work done. Member of opposite sex annoyed by focus on work. Career prospects unpromising. Cancer would be better.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)

Deep-seated confusion pervades your philosophical views. Careful attention to Wittgenstein

may induce writing block. Spread rumors about who's getting jobs where. Requirements figure prominently. Try to get more work done.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)

Thesis looms, considerations from seemingly distant areas of philosophy relevant. Take advantage of greater work capacity. A little hand-waving goes a long way. Back up your discs! Moon in Gemini means this time, like all other times, is inauspicious.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20)

Now is time to 'go meta', question what you're doing and why you're doing it. Undermine philosophical motivations, theories. Regress threatens; balance by getting more work done. Study Cancer message for valuable clue.

By Lije

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If you have the mind...

The following unpunctuated passages are tongue twisters and brain teasers. First see how fast you can read them aloud, then reread them with the expression of an elocution student. Finally, explain the situations described without laughing or even smiling. You won't find this easy to do.

Why Went Went Without Go

Mr. Go and Mr. Went had a date to see a ball game, so...Go knew Went wanted to go but it depended upon when Went went so Go went to Went to get Went to go but Went told Go to go so Go went after Go went. Went went after Go to tell Go to go not knowing Go went to phone Went not to go when Went went to tell Go to go, and when Go went to let Went know Go wanted Went not to go is not known and that's why Go went without Went and Went went without Go.

See, Sore and a Seesaw

Mr. See and Mr. Sore were old friends See owned a saw and Sore a seesaw. Now See's saw sawed Sore's seesaw before Sore saw See which made Sore sore with See. Had Sore seen See's saw before See's saw sawed Sore's seesaw then See's saw would not have sawed Sore's seesaw. But See saw Sore and Sore's seesaw before Sore saw See and See's saw so you see how See's saw could saw Sore's seesaw. It was a shame to see See see Sore so sore with See just because See's saw sawed Sore's seesaw.

If you have the mind...

How many generic chickens can you fit in a generic Pontiac?

A while back, someone asked how many generic chickens would fit into a generic Pontiac. This question has been on my mind recently, so I decided to work out this problem, for the benefit of all humanity.

I. It has been proven successfully that chickens have a definite wave-like nature. In reproducing Thomas Young's famous double-slit experiment of 1801, Sir Kenneth Harbour-Thomas showed that chickens not only diffract, but produce interference patterns as well. (This experiment is fully documented in Sir Kenneth's famous treatise "Tossing Chickens Through Various Apertures in Modern Architecture", 1897)

II. It is also known, as any farmhand can tell you, that whereas if one chicken is placed in an enclosed space, it will be impossible to pinpoint the exact location of the chicken at any given time t . This was summarized by Helmut Heisenberg (Werner's younger brother) in the equation: $d(\text{chicken}) \cdot dt \geq b$ (where b is the barnyard constant; 5.2×10^{-14} domestic fowl \cdot seconds)

III. Whatever our results, they must be consistent with the fundamentals of physics, so energy, momentum and charge must all be conserved.

A. Chickens (fortunately) do not carry electric charge. This was discovered by Benjamin Franklin, after repeated experiments with chickens, kites, and thunderstorms.

B. The total energy of a chicken is given by the equation $E = K + V$, where V is the potential energy of the chicken, and K is the kinetic energy of the chicken, given by $(.5)mv^2$ or $(p^2) / (2m)$.

C. Since chickens have an associated wavelength, w , we know that the momentum of a free chicken (that is, a chicken not enclosed in any sort of Pontiac) is given by: $p = b / w$.

IV. With this in mind, it is possible to come up with a wave equation for the potential energy of a generic chicken. (A wave equation will allow us to calculate the probability of finding any number of chickens in automobiles.) The wave equation for a non-relativistic, time-independent chicken in a one-dimensional Pontiac is given by $[V \cdot P] - [(b^2) / (2m)] \cdot D^2(P) = E \cdot P$

P is the wave function, and $D^2(P)$ is its second derivative. The wave equation can be used to prove that chickens are in fact quantized, and that by using the Perdue Exclusion formula we know that no two chickens in any Pontiac can have the same set of quantum numbers.

V. The probability of finding a chicken in the Pontiac is simply the integral of $P \cdot P \cdot d\text{Chicken}$ from 0 to x , where x = the length of the Pontiac. Since each chicken will have its own set of quantum numbers (when examining the case of the three-dimensional Pontiac) different wave functions can be derived for each set of quantum numbers.

It is important to note that we now know that there is no such thing as a generic chicken. Each chicken influences the position and velocity of every other chicken inside the Pontiac, and each chicken must be treated individually.

It has been theorized that chickens do in fact have an intrinsic angular momentum, yet no experiment has been yet conducted to prove this, as chickens tend to move away from

someone trying to spin them.

Curious sidenote: Whenever possible, any attempt to integrate a chicken should be done by parts, as most people will tend to want the legs (dark meat), which can lead to innumerable family conflicts which are best avoided if at all possible.

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If you have the mind...

Poor Pure Percy P

Percy P was a mathematician
whose "pureness" was never denied.
But he found one day, to his sorrow,
that his theorems had been applied!

He had used all the standard precautions;
his papers were pointedly dry,
But his own esoteric notation
had been solved by a physicist spy.

The colloquium buzzed with the gossip;
he could offer no valid excuse.
Percy P was a traitor of traitors,
for his work was of practical use!

Nobody dared to defend him.
Could it be that he'd plead the crime
That his work was just then needed
to effect quantization of time?

Ignored when he joined conversations;
one would think that he poisoned the air.
And he felt on his way to the office -
a new man might be in his chair.

A committee was in operation,
working twenty four hours a day,
Deleting his name from the journals,
and throwing his reprints away.

He knew where his future was leading,
no sense in prolonging the pain;
He left with a handful of papers,
and never was heard from again.

So take heed all you mathematicians
who pretend your endeavor is pure;
Tho' your luck may hold for a decade,
in the end you can never be sure.

[Acquired many years ago from the Math Department at Brigham Young University. They credited it to the Princeton Tiger]

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (1)

(The author of these math gems, which proved to me for the first time that numbers can be hilarious in the right context, has been lost...but we extend a hearty thanks for this material. - Ed.)

Overheard at a supervision : Supervisor : Do you think you understand the basic ideas of Quantum Mechanics?

Supervisee : Ah! Well, what do we mean by "to understand" in the context of Quantum Mechanics?

Supervisor : You mean "No", don't you?

Supervisee : Yes.

The Tautology prize goes to the lecturer who uttered the gem:

"If we complicate things they get less simple."

This year's modesty award is given for a phrase spoken by a lecturer after a rather difficult concept had just been introduced:

"You may feel that this is a little unclear but in fact I am lecturing it extremely well."

Overheard at last year's Archimedean's Garden Party:

"Quantum Mechanics is a lovely introduction to Hilbert Spaces!"

A Senior mathematician was asked which language he used for some of his computing. He replied that he used a very high level language: Research Student.

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (2)

From an algebra lecture:

“A real gentleman never takes bases unless he really has to.”

From the same lecturer:

“This book fills a well needed gap in the literature.”

And another encouraging book review:

“This book is only for the serious enthusiast; I haven’t read it myself.”

Two quotes from an electrical engineer (but former mathematician):

“...but the four-colour theorem was sufficiently true at the time.”

“The whole point of mathematics is to solve differential equations!”

And, as a contrast, a quote from a well known mathematician/physicist:

“Trying to solve [differential] equations is a youthful aberration
that you will soon grow out of.”

While on the subject, how about this fundamental law of physics heard in General Relativity this year:

“Nature abhors second order differential equations.”

A perplexing quote from a theoretical chemist:

“...but it might be a quasi-infinite set.”

What is a “quasi-infinite set?” An engineer actually gave an answer to the question of “quasi-infinite” sets: “It’s one with more than ten elements.”

And they wonder why buildings fall over...

This year’s Modesty Prize is awarded to the lecturer who said:

“Of course, this isn’t really the best way to do it. But seeing as you’re not quite as clever as I am -- in fact none of you are anywhere near as clever as I am -- we’ll do it this way.”

From the same lecturer:

“Now we’ll prove the theorem. In fact I’ll prove it all by myself.”

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If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (3)

From a particle physics course:

“This course will contain a lot of charm and beauty but very little truth.”

A comparison between the programming languages BCPL and BSPL:

“Like BCPL you can omit semicolons almost anywhere.”

At the beginning of a course it is important to reassure the audience about how straight-forward the course is and about how good the lectures are going to be. But what about this quote from the beginning of the Galois Theory course:

“This is going to be an adventure for you...and for me.”

Or this one from Statistical Physics:

“At the meeting in August I put my name down for this course because I knew nothing about it.”

In the middle of the Stochastic Systems course the lecturer offered this piece of careers advice:

“If you haven’t enjoyed the material in the last few lectures then a career in chartered accountancy beckons.”

A lecturer of Linear Systems found the following on his board when he arrived one morning:

“Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Green’s functions are boring,
And so are Fourier transforms.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (4)

From a supervisor :

“Any theorem in Analysis can be fitted onto an arbitrarily small piece of paper if you are sufficiently obscure.”

No matter how elegant a course is there will always be occasions when a certain amount of arithmetic is called for:

“I just want you to have a brief boggle at the belly-busting complexity of evaluating this.”

A lecturer recently started to use runes in his course! His justification:

“I need an immediately distinguishable character... so I'll use something that no one will recognise.”

From a Special Relativity lecture:

“...and you find you get masses of energy.”

It's nice to see the general-purpose “nobbling constant” making a welcome return to Cambridge lectures:

“This must be wrong by a factor that oughtn't to be too different from unity.”

A flattering comment by a student for his GR supervisor:

“She's the only person in DAMTP who's a real person rather than an abstract machine for doing tripos questions.”

A worrying thought from the same student:

“Sex and drugs?
They're nothing compared with a good proof!”

A description of a lecturer:

“G----'s a maniacal pixie!”

A less polite description of a famous (and notorious) mathematician:

“I personally think he's the greatest fraud since Cyril Burt!”

...any guesses ?

Renormalization holds no fears for this lecturer of Plasma Physics:

“...and divergent integrals need really sleazy cutoffs.”

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If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (5)

In the true style of Cambridge Maths Tripos we have the following:

“Proof of Thm. 6.2 is trivial from Thm. 6.9”

Can anybody guess the context in which the following is correct?

“This theorem is obviously proved as 13 equals 15.”

Why do mathematicians insist on using words that already have another meaning?

“It is the complex case that is easier to deal with.”

And from various seminars in the King's College Research Centre:

“...the non-uniqueness is exponentially small.”

“I'm not going to say exactly what I mean
because I'm not absolutely certain myself.”

“It's dangerous to name your children until
you know how many you are going to have.”

“You don't want to prove theorems that are false.”

A slightly more honest version of “The student can easily see that...”:

“If you play around with your fingers for a while,
you'll see that's true.”

Suggestions are welcome on the meaning of this:

“If it doesn't happen at a corner, but at an edge,
it nonetheless happens at a corner.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (6)

In a Complex Variables course a long, long time ago a lecturer wanted to swap the order of an integral and an infinite sum:

“To do this we use a special theorem...
the theorem that says that secretly this is an applied maths course.”

I never name my lecturers but he's now head of the Universities Grant Commission And a lot of universities would like to swap him for an infinite sum.

From an Algebra III lecturer:

“If you want to prove it the simplest thing is to prove it.”

This year's Honesty Prize goes to the natural sciences supervisor, who replied to a question with:

“Don't ask me. I'm not a mathmo.”

And from Oxford...

“This does have physical applications. In fact it's all tied up with strings.”

Good heavens, do I see a lecturer actually noticing the existence of his audience!

“Was that clear enough?
Put up your hand if that wasn't clear enough.
Ah, I thought not.”

Snobbery or what?

“In the sort of parrot-like way you use to teach stats
to biologists, this is expected minus observed.”

Also from statistics:

“I too would like to know what a statistician actually does.”

“We're not doing mathematics; this is statistics.”

“You could define the subspace topology this way,
if you were sufficiently malicious.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (7)

“You mustn’t be too rigid when doing fluid mechanics.”

Talk about ulterior motives...

“This handout is not produced for your erudition
but merely so I can practice the TeX word processor.”

From 1A NatSci “Cells” course:

“There are two proteins involved in DNA synthesis,
they are called DNAsynthase 1 and DNAsynthase 3”

From a Part 2 Quantum Mechanics lecture:

“Just because they are called ‘forbidden’ transitions
does not mean that they are forbidden.
They are less allowed than allowed transitions,
if you see what I mean.”

From an IBM Assembler lecture:

“If you find bear droppings around your tent,
it’s fairly likely that there are bears in the area.”

A Biochemistry paper included an analysis of a previously undiscovered sugar named by the researchers “godnose”.

From a 1B Electrical Engineering lecture:

“This isn’t true in practice.
What we’ve missed out is Stradivarius’ constant.
For those of you who don’t know,
that’s been called by others the fiddle factor...”

One from a 1A Engineering maths lecture :

“Graphs of higher degree polynomials
have this habit of doing unwanted wiggly things.”

“Apart from the extra line that’s a one line proof.”

“This is a one line proof...if we start sufficiently far to the left.”

A slight difficulty occurred with geometry in an Engineering lecture one day:

“This is the maximum power triangle,”

...said a lecturer, pointing to a rectangle.

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If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (8)

This year the Computer Scientists seem to be in the running for the Honesty Award:

“Sorry, I should have made that completely clear.
This is a shambles.”

From a Computer Sciences Protection lecture:

“Who should be going to this lecture? Everyone...
apart from the third year of the two-year CompSci course.”

“I don’t want to go into this in detail,
but I would like to illustrate some of the tedium.”

Oh those poor CompScis....

“I’m not going to get anything more useful done in this lecture,
so I might as well talk.”

...later followed by...

“Well there you are, one lecture with no useful content.”

Three from a NatSci Physics lecturer:

“You don’t have to copy that down
-- there’s no wisdom in it --
it only repeats what I said. “

“We now wish to show that they are not
merely equal but the same thing.”

“And before I leave this subject,
I would like to tell you something interesting.”

From a first year chemistry lecture some personal problems of the lecturer:

“Before I started this morning’s lecture
I was going to tell you about my third divorce
but on reflection I thought I’d better tell my wife first.”

From a single research seminar at the King’s College Research Centre:

“I’m sure it’s right whether it’s valid or not.”
“WARNING: There is no reason to believe this will work.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (9)

From a single seminar at the King's College Research Centre:

"I'm sure it's right whether it's valid or not."

"Damn the torpedoes. Full speed ahead."

"I can see T is tending to infinity for you as well."

"If I am incomprehensible then stop me,
but if it's simply wrong then I don't think that it matters."

From a supervisor:

"It's a standard question,
made a bit harder by adding some A-level stuff."

An introduction to the summation convention:

"If you've got a problem with this then go back,
write the whole thing out using sigma notation
and convince yourself that it's better not to have problems."

And from the University of Bath...

"A one by one matrix has one column and one row,
and the same number in both."

"Using some hand-waving and symmetry ideas... "

"You haven't written it in green -- your notes will be wrong."

"Any Questions? [pause] You all look asleep.

What is it, hyperglucocemia?

Too much sugar on your cornflakes?

Not any cornflakes?

Never mind, I'm bright eyed and bushy tailed, so let's continue."

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If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (10)

Meanwhile, back in Cambridge...

“This is known as the ‘Toytown solution’.
Actually, there is a more technical term for it...”

And from the DPMMS common room...

“Of course this is true for more general values of 5”
“Not so much a double coset table, more a pile of junk”

A brief conversation...

“What have we not got?”
“No we have not”
“No we don’t”
“We have not got not”
“Ah, Not is what we have not got!”

Agreement followed...what do they put in the coffee?

From an applied maths supervisor (a part III student):

“All numbers are totally irrelevant,
unless you’re doing Astrophysics.”
“However well you do [in your Tripos exams]
you always find there’s someone from Trinity who’s beaten you.”

I’m told that countability isn’t taught in IA anymore. It doesn’t seem to have been taught to this Part III lecturer at all!

“Damn! I’m running out of integers!”

Anonymous supervisor, talking about Relativistic Electrodynamics:

“There are some bits at the end of the course
I don’t really understand, but the students
don’t normally get that far.”

From an EIST lecturer:

“When you stick your fingers in the mains,
its not the imaginary component which you will feel”

From substitute lecturer, replacing the scheduled appearance by Dr. X:

“Good morning. For those of you who don’t know me,
I am not Dr. X; I am Dr. X’s representative on Earth.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (11)

And from my source in Bath...

“Now, I want you to look very carefully at what we have just proved.

What we have just proved is false.”

[slight pause while what he has just said sinks in]

“Oh dear, that’s going to go onto the computer, isn’t it.”

Lecturer to a 1st year problem class:

“I’ll give you a clue. It begins with ‘f’ and rhymes with ‘factor’.”

“The object of this lecture is to frighten half of you away.”

“I wrote my first program in 1954, and that didn’t work either.”

“That is the total and absolute generalization...well, almost.”

Back in Cambridge, explanations are up to their usual standards...

“Perhaps it would be best if this argument remained a deep mystery to you.”

“One property which we know very well happens; $a+b=b+c$.”

“I shall explain this by waving my hands about in an appropriate manner.”

“What I’ve talked about today seems to be uniquely incoherent...I never know if you’re as baffled as me, or if you’re getting along fine.”

And our first candidate for the Sybil Fawltly prize for “Stating the Bleeding Obvious”:

“g inverse is called an inverse to g.”

“This is not really a convention, it’s just the normal way of doing things.”

The things Cambridge does to a lecturer...

“Dr. X hasn’t lectured a Cambridge group before, so he might be quite interesting.”

“Some students may feel that the contents of Question 33 are both dull and useless. I must confess that my first impulse is to reply that it serves them right for doing the fast course.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (12)

From the wonderful world of IA Natsci:

“Whenever the maths turns out to be impossible,
you have to invent new physics.”

A depressed first year...

“I used to be without hope...but now
various people have assured me that failing the exams
is more difficult than Green’s functions.”

IB Complex variable, October 1979:

“There are ways of managing without cuts,
but I do not think the present Government is going to find them.”
“I’ve never tried dividing both sides by infinity before, so here goes.”
“It’s OK to divide by zero, provided you don’t cancel it.”
“It’s a *real* integer, not just any old integer.”

For once a quote meant to be humorous:

“To a mathematician, π is 1 and π^2 is 10.
 2π we’re not quite sure about.”

Descriptions of assorted mathematicians:

“He’s not just an experimentalist. He’s an antitheorist!”
“He gets lost on random walks.”
“Some inspired joker...probably Maxwell.”

“This is the simple form. [pause] Well, it’s simple
in the sense that it leaves out all the really important bits.”

“...as Poincare proved at the beginning of this talk...”

“This is obvious. But don’t look at it too carefully,
or it becomes unobvious, until you look at it for a long time
when it becomes obvious again.”

“I need two hands to wave, not just one.”

“FORTRAN... then, as now, the language
used by scientists with real problems.”

“Suitably interpreted, this is an exact value.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (13)

Supervisor (drawing a graph):

“This function has no nodes.” (Pause) “How does it smell?”

A good enough philosophy of life:

“Theoretical physicists tend to assume that Nature isn’t as malevolent as our pure mathematical examiners.”

“Bear with me until my starting transient has settled down into doing things properly from the notes.”

“And now, a few examples of fatigue from [my] vast experience.”

Do we have a Dr. Hobson in the faculty?

“If there is a choice, you’ve got to do it.”

“Different may mean the same.”

Picture this...

“A sphere isn’t that simple when you get into higher dimensions...it’s a bit non-flat.”

And those fascinating results come thick and fast in this course:

“There are 9 results in there...
it looks like it’s going to be tedious, and indeed it is.”

Sometimes I think they make Quantum Mechanics deliberately obscure...

“There’s a number down here which,
for the sake of argument, we can call 1.”

Precision? What precision?

“We have a correspondence that’s nearly one-to-one.”

And a couple of remarks from the students...

“Mathmos think of engineers a bit like lemmings...
they’re both woolly and jump to the wrong conclusions.”

“I don’t see the point of lecturers talking,
except to resolve some of the ambiguities in their handwriting.”

“Various people with suicidal tendencies
can even integrate elliptic functions”

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If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (14)

Said of Algebra III:

“This course could be viewed as
1001 Things to Do with Your Favourite Matrix”

The problems that the maths societies have to overcome to get their audience!

“Why weren’t you at the meeting?”

“Because it was boring.”

“No it wasn’t.”

“Well, it should have been!”

Oh, the joys of dual lecturing!

“I was going to say ‘the cream of the nation’s youth’,
but they’re probably at the other lecturer.”

The secret of Pure Mathematics:

“...interpreting out of all recognition...”

The black art of applied mathematics...

“It is traditional to leave the notation ambiguous.”

....and talking about the black arts...

“For non-deterministic read ‘Inhabited by pixies’.”

And if that wasn’t confusing enough...

“I thought I understood Newton’s Third Law before that lecture.”

“This is equation 2, which implies that
equation 3 comes someplace earlier.”

“Unless x is a banana or some other
such object that commutes with A .”

And this year’s honesty award must surely go for the following two gems from the same lecturer...

“I’m going to make a small point in the corner of the board
[does so], and come back to it later.”

And later...

“The thing which caused me to write ‘lies’ in extremely small letters in the corner of the board was...”

And later still...

“When you see this, you are entitled to go ‘Y’what?!”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (15)

A possible candidate for the Tautology Award?

“If we want to take the westerly winds into account,
we could also do that using this method,
but then we’d have to take the westerly winds into account.”

“This type of rotor is known as a squirrel-cage rotor
because the way it’s wound looks like a bird cage.”

CompSci meets Zoology?

“What we’re trying to do is work things out about elephants.”

A nomination for the Sybil Fawly “Stating the Bleedin’ Obvious” Prize:

“A polynomial f is said to have degree m ,
written $\deg f = m$, if it does have degree m .”

Now it is fairly well known that lectures are not supposed to be copied down mindlessly. But...

“Recall word 2 of defn 2.1”

But then again...

“I know you all have very innocent minds,
but occasionally a word should be allowed to wander through
before reaching the paper.”

And on the subject of teaching styles:

“Proof left as an exercise for your supervisor.”

And this year’s first contenders for the Tautology award:

“It’s obvious that what I’ve just written down is obvious.”

“The fixed element can be said to be exactly what it is.”

If you have the mind...

Mathematical humor (16)

And with the reading problems come the corresponding writing ones suffered by these lecturers:

“My script ‘y’s always end up looking like rabbits.”

“Little mouse tensored with piece of cheese.”

However, good notation has its rewards as described by this lecturer:

“The prime leaps on to the other factor in a most convenient fashion.”

And now, back to the content of the lecture courses:

“You can hardly underestimate the importance of this.”

“I’ve got a lot to say about this theorem,
so don’t stop me if I go too fast.”

“Sometimes it’s useful to know how large your zero is”

Three from the same lecturer who is clearly having real problems...

“What am I doing?
I haven’t written any damn thing yet...
I’ve just written total rubbish.”

“What am I talking about?
Does anyone know what I’m talking about?
This is rubbish.”

“Every time I go to the board with these notes
I write down something completely different.”

Hmmm...do I detect someone almost as cynical as myself?

“Theoretical physicist: a physicist whose existence
is postulated to make the numbers balance,
but who is never actually observed in the laboratory.”

A IB Chemistry lecturer, referring to a previously derived equation.

“This is rigorous. Well, it’s rigorous in the sense that...
all right, it’s not rigorous.”

Certain calculations will always be CPU intensive...

“This principle is sometimes known as
assuming the CIA is paying our computing bills.”

Letter from an editor:

“I very much regret to inform you that the review procedure of your paper ‘Approximation of Delay systems by Fourier-Laguerre series’, is incurring a delay...”

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If you have the mind...

The latest sports news:

**Real
Madrid**

1

**Surreal
Madrid**

Fish

Copy Print Close

If you have the mind...

Given:

- a) There exists a single god called God.
- b) God created the world in his own image.
- c) The world is round.

Therefore, God is round.

Given:

- d) There is no edge of the world.
- e) The world is round from all points on the surface of the world.

Therefore, the world is spherical.

Therefore, God is actually spherical.

Given:

- f) The world is not smooth, but, rather, it is lumpy.

Therefore, the world is closer to the shape of a golfball than that of a perfect, smooth sphere.

Therefore, God is a golfball.

Given:

- g) The world is not uniformly lumpy.
- h) The world is covered in parts by bodies of liquid.
- i) Inconsistencies in a surface are created by chewing.
- j) Sloppy chewing leaves saliva on that which has been chewed.

Therefore, the world is even closer in shape to a golfball which has been chewed on sloppily.

Therefore, God is a golfball which has been chewed on sloppily.

Given:

- k) A golfball is a sports ball.
- l) Dogs chew on sports balls.
- m) No other being chews on sports balls.
- n) Dogs are sloppy chewers.

Therefore, God is a golfball which has been chewed upon by a dog.

Given:

- o) God is omnipotent.

Therefore, God is not impotent.

Given:

- p) God is referred to as "He" in most literature.
- q) God is omnisexual.

Therefore, God is male.

Given:

- r) God required a mate to reproduce his image.
- s) God is heterosexual.

Therefore, God created a female.

Given:

- t) In the beginning, there was only God.

Therefore, God created the dog which chewed Him.

Given:

- u) God created life.
- v) God created only one thing (proposition).

Therefore, God created a female dog to represent life.

Therefore, life is a bitch.

If you have the mind...

Reforming the teaching system is a subject of constant controversy. A group of high-level highly-qualified teachers studied this problem, especially a question that was worrying the large majority of future students (well...er...their parents): The evolution of a mathematical problem. You can feel the problem through this comparison:

Teaching in the 60's:

A farmer sells a bag of potatoes for \$100. Production costs used $\frac{4}{5}$ of the sales price. What was his profit?

Traditional teaching in the 70's:

A farmer sells a bag of potatoes for \$100. Production costs used $\frac{4}{5}$ of sales price, that is, \$80. How much was his profit?

Modern teaching in the 70's:

A farmer exchanges a set "P" of potatoes for a set "M" of money. The order of the set "M" is 100 and each element is worth \$1. Make a draw of 100 dots representing the elements of the set "M". The set "C" of the production costs has 20 dots less than the set "M", so answer now the next question: What is the order of the set "B" of profits? (draw its elements in red).

New teaching system of the 80's:

A farmer sells a bag of potatoes for \$100. Since the production costs were \$80, the profit was \$20.

Now, underline the word "potatoes" and discuss it with your class neighbor.

Reformed system of the 80's

A privileged Kapitalist steals injustly \$20 over a beg of patatous analyze the text and find out gramatik. ortografya and ponctuation erros and say something about dis process of getting reach.

Computer Aided Instruction in the 90's:

A sells engineer of an agriculture facility consults the Agro-BBS which he accesses through a PS/2 running OS/2 (50Mb hard disk, 4Mb 80 ns RAM, 25 MHz 80386) to find out the current day's price of potatoes. He introduces the value in his spreadsheet program, analyses linear regression tendencies in his FARMANAGER expert system, and after seeing the results in his new VGA-compatible multisync monitor, and saving the results in the disk (not forgetting to back up the data) he outputs the result to a color laser printer (using Post Script).

Make a drawing with your mouse of the 3-D integrated contour of a bag of potatoes. Next, log into the Agro-BBS and follow the instructions of the menu.

Teaching in 2000:

What's a farmer?

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If you have the mind...

Two male mathematicians are in a bar. The first one says to the second that the average person knows very little about basic mathematics. The second one disagrees, and claims that most people can cope with a reasonable amount of math. The first mathematician goes off to the washroom, and in his absence the second calls over the waitress. He tells her that in a few minutes, after his friend has returned, he will call her over and ask her a question. All she has to do is answer one third x cubed.

She repeats "one thir...dex cue..." So he repeats "one third x cubed".

Her: "Oh, one third ex-queue?"

"Yes, that's right," he says, satisfied that it will be close enough. She wanders off mumbling "one third ex-queue".

The first mathematician returns and the second proposes a bet to prove his point, that most people do know something about basic math. He says he will ask the blonde waitress an integral, and if the answer is wrong, he'll slap a tenner on the table.

He calls over the waitress and asks "what is the integral of x squared?"

The waitress says "one third x cubed" and while walking away, turns back and says over her shoulder "Oh, plus a constant."

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If you have the mind...

And Jesus said unto them, "And whom do you say that I am?"

They replied, "You are the eschatological manifestation of the ground of our being, the ontological foundation of the context of our very selfhood revealed."

And Jesus replied, "What?"

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If you have the mind...

**Logic is a systematic method
of coming to the wrong conclusion
with confidence.**

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If you have the mind...

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**Mathematicians are like Frenchmen.
Whatever you say to them they translate into their
own language, and forthwith it is something entirely different.**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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If you have any mind left...

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Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.
It did not last; the devil howling "Ho!
Let Einstein be!" restored the status quo.

(unknown)

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If you have the mind...

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This isn't right. This isn't even wrong."

Wolfgang Pauli on a paper submitted by a physicist colleague

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If you have the mind...

Q: How many surrealists does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Two. One to hold the giraffe and the other to fill the bathtub with brightly colored machine tools.

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If you have the mind...

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Take your dying with some seriousness, however. Laughing on the way to your execution is not generally understood by less advanced life forms, and they'll call you crazy.

"Messiah's Handbook: Reminders for the Advanced Soul"

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If you have the mind...

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The capacity of human beings to bore one another seems to be vastly greater than that of any other animals. Some of their most esteemed inventions have no other apparent purpose, for example, the dinner party of more than two, the epic poem, and the science of metaphysics.

H.L. Mencken

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If you have the mind...

The men sat sipping their tea in silence. After a while one said, "Life is like a bowl of sour cream."

"Like a bowl of sour cream?" asked the other. "Why?"

"How should I know? What am I, a philosopher?"

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If you have the mind...

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The primary purpose of the DATA statement is to give names to constants; instead of referring to pi as 3.141592653589793 at every appearance, the variable PI can be given that value with a DATA statement and used instead of the longer form of the constant. This also simplifies modifying the program, should the value of PI change.”

FORTRAN manual for Xerox Computers

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If you have the mind...

There are some micro-organisms that exhibit characteristics of both plants and animals. When exposed to light they undergo photosynthesis; and when the lights go out, they turn into animals. But then again, don't we all?

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If you have the mind...

There are two ways to make perfect law.
Only the third one works.

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If you have the mind...

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Try to find the real tense of the report you are reading: Was it done, is it being done, or is something to be done? Reports are now written in four tenses: past tense, present tense, future tense, and pretense. Watch for novel uses of CONGRAM (CONtractor GRAMmar), defined by the imperfect past, the insufficient present, and the absolutely perfect future.

Amrom Katz

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If you have the mind...

Vote anarchist

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If you have the mind...

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When you have shot and killed a man you have in some measure clarified your attitude toward him. You have given a definite answer to a definite problem. For better or worse you have acted decisively. In a way, the next move is up to him.

R.A. Lafferty

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If you have the mind...

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With every passing hour our solar system comes forty-three thousand miles closer to globular cluster M13 in the constellation Hercules, and still there are some misfits who continue to insist that there is no such thing as progress.

Ransom K. Ferm

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If you have any mind left...

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**You should never bet against anything in science
at odds of more than about 10^{12} to 1.**

Ernest Rutherford

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If you have the mind...

An engineer, a physicist, and a mathematician are attending a convention at some hotel. A fire breaks out when everyone is asleep. The engineer wakes up, smells the smoke, gets up, runs out into the hallway, grabs the nearest firehose and douses the room with water. All of the engineer's possessions are wet, but at least he is safe.

The physicist wakes up, smells the smoke, whips out pencil and paper, writes a few equations down, then rushes into the bathroom to fill a cup of water, and then throws the cup of water in the exact spot in the room to douse all the flames.

The mathematician wakes up, smells the smoke, thinks for a minute, then rushes into the bathroom, fills a cup of water, lights a match and sticks the match in the cup. Seeing that flame was extinguished, he proclaims "Ah! A solution exists," and goes back to sleep.

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If you have the mind...

How many AI people does it take to change a lightbulb?

At least 55. Breakdown is as follows:

The problem space group (5):

One to define the goal state.

One to define the operators.

One to describe the universal problem solver.

One to hack the production system.

One to indicate about how it is a model of human lightbulb changing behavior.

The logical formalism group (16):

One to figure out how to describe lightbulb changing in first order logic.

One to figure out how to describe lightbulb changing in second order logic.

One to show the adequacy of FOL.

One to show the inadequacy of FOL.

One to show that lightbulb logic is non-monotonic.

One to show that it isn't non-monotonic.

One to show how non-monotonic logic is incorporated in FOL.

One to determine the bindings for the variables.

One to show the completeness of the solution.

One to show the consistency of the solution.

One to show that the two just above are incoherent.

One to hack a theorem prover for lightbulb resolution.

One to suggest a parallel theory of lightbulb logic theorem proving.

One to show that the parallel theory isn't complete. ...ad infinitum (or absurdum, as you will). ...

One to indicate how it is a description of human lightbulb changing behavior.

One to call the electrician.

The robotics group (10):

One to build a vision system to recognize the dead bulb.

One to build a vision system to locate a new bulb.

One to figure out how to grasp the lightbulb without breaking it.

One to figure out how to make a universal joint that will permit the hand to rotate 360+ degrees.

One to figure out how to make the universal joint go the other way.

One to figure out the arm solutions that will get the arm to the socket.

One to organize the construction teams.

One to hack the planning system.

One to get Westinghouse to sponsor the research.

One to indicate about how the robot mimics human motor behavior in lightbulb changing.

The knowledge engineering group (6):

One to study electricians' changing lightbulbs.

One to arrange for the purchase of the lisp machines.

One to assure the customer that this is a hard problem and that great accomplishments in theory will come from his support of this effort. (The same one can arrange for the fleecing.)

One to study related research.

One to indicate about how it is a description of human lightbulb changing behavior.

One to call the lisp hackers.

The Lisp hackers (13):

One to bring up the chaos net.

One to adjust the microcode to properly reflect the group's political beliefs.

One to fix the compiler.

One to make incompatible changes to the primitives.

One to provide the Coke.

One to rehack the Lisp editor/debugger.

One to rehack the window package.

Another to fix the compiler.

One to convert code to the non-upward compatible Lisp dialect.

Another to rehack the window package properly.

One to flame on BUG-LISPM.

Another to fix the microcode.

One to write the fifteen lines of code required to change the lightbulb.

The Psychological group (5):

One to build an apparatus which will time lightbulb changing performance.

One to gather and run subjects.

One to mathematically model the behavior.

One to call the expert systems group.

One to adjust the resulting system, so that it drops the right number of bulbs.

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If you have the mind...

The death of innocence

Here's our revenge for having to endure the creation of a set of jokes for intellectuals:

Mommy, Mommy! I don't like Sis!

Shut up, and keep eating!

Mommy, Mommy, I don't like running in circles!

Shut up, or I'll nail your other foot to the floor.

Mommy, Mommy! Why is daddy running away?

Shut up, and help me reload the shotgun!

Mommy, Mommy, I don't want to go to England.

Shut up and keep swimming.

Mommy, Mommy, I don't want to see daddy again.

Shut up and keep digging.

Mommy, Mommy, I want to play with Grandpa now!

Keep quiet, the coffin stays closed today!

Mommy, Mommy, I'd like to play marbles now!

Keep quiet, you can't use Grandpa's glass eye today!

Mommy, Mommy, I don't like the crunchy stuff in my pea soup!

Keep quiet and eat what is on the table or do you think I pour Grandpa's vomit through a sieve?

Mommy, Mommy, I wanted to lick the bowl this time.

Shut up and flush.

Mommy, Mommy, I don't know how to play poker.

Shut up and deal.

Mommy, Mommy, can I wear a bra now? I'm 16..

Shut up Albert...

Mommy, Mommy! I don't like this spaghetti!

Shut up or I'll rip the veins out of your other arm!!!

Mummy, Mummy, Sally won't come skipping with me.

Don't be cruel dear, you know it makes her stumps bleed.

Mummy, Mummy, what's for dinner?

Shut up and get back in the oven.

Mommy, Mommy, why do other kids tell me I have a big head?

Don't worry. Take your cap and go get me 40 lb. of potatoes at the store.

Mommy, Mommy, why do other kids tell me I have a long nose?

You don't, but lift your head up or you'll scrape the floor.

Mommy, Mommy, what's a vampire?
Shut up, kid, and drink your soup before it clots!

Mommy, Mommy, what's a werewolf?
Shut up, kid, and go comb your face

Mommy, Mommy, are you sure this is how to learn to swim?
Shut up and get back in the sack!

Mommy, Mommy! How come sis gets to watch TV and I can't?
Shut up or I'll cut your ears off too!

Mommy, Mommy, I don't want any more hamburger!
Shut up and stick your arms back into the meat grinder.

Mummy, Mummy, I don't like grandma.
Well leave her on the side of your plate then.

Mommy, Mommy, Auntie threw up and Sis is getting all of the BIG pieces!
Mommy, Mommy, don't push to the elevator shAAAAAAAAFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTT!

Mommy, Mommy, are you sure this is the right way to cook Beijing Duck?"
Shut up and close the microwave oven door behind you!

Mommy, Mommy, what's a nymphomaniac?
Shut up kid and help me get granny off the doorknob.

Mummy, mummy, what's an orgasm?
I don't know dear, ask your father.

Daddy Daddy what is queer?
Shut up and unhook my bra.

Mommy, Mommy! Why don't I have a big thing like Daddy's between my legs?
You will when you're older, dear!

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If you have half a mind...

Q: How many psychoanalysts does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: How many do you think it takes?

Q: How many Zen masters does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Five. Two to argue over whether the Buddha nature already resides in the empty socket, one to light a candle instead, and two to shovel out the outhouses.

Q: How many actors does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Only one. They don't like to share the spotlight.

Q: How many Americans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: One. We invented the damn things, chrissakes...

Q: How many Bratzlaver Chassidim does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None. They will never find one that burned as brightly as the first one.

Q: How many brewers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: One third less than for a regular bulb.

Q: How many Christians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Three. But they're really only one.

Q: How many Christian Scientists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: None, but it takes at least one to sit and pray for the old one to go back on.

Q: How many civil servants does it take to change the light bulb?

A: 45. One to change the bulb, and 44 to do the paperwork.

Q: How many editors of Poor Richard's Almanac does it take to replace a light bulb?

A: Many hands make light work.

Q: How many efficiency experts does it take to replace a light bulb?

A: None. Efficiency experts replace only dark bulbs.

Q: How many psychoanalysts does it take to screw in a light bulb?

N: How many do you think it takes?

Q: How many Radcliffe girls does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: It's "*Radcliffe women*", and it's not funny!

Q: How many Roman Catholics does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Two. One to screw it in, and another to repent the abandonment of the traditional bulb.

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If you have half a mind...

Q: How many Romulans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: 151, one to screw the light-bulb in, and 150 to self-destruct the ship out of disgrace.

Q: How many Russians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: That's a military secret.

Q: How many supply-siders does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None. The darkness will cause the light bulb to change by itself.

Q: How many surgeons does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Why don't you just let us take out the socket? You aren't using it anyway, and it will only cause you trouble later.

Q: What's the difference between a pregnant woman and a light bulb?

A: You can unscrew a light bulb.

Q: How many board meetings does it take to get a light bulb changed?

A: This topic was resumed from last week's discussion, but is incomplete pending resolution of some action items. It will be continued next week.

Q: How many accountants does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: What kind of answer did you have in mind?

Q: How many Presidential aides does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None: They like to keep him in the dark.

Q: How many drunks does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One. He holds the bulb and the world spins around him.

Q: How many Amish does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Amish don't have light bulbs, they bake pies.

Q: How many anarchists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: All of them.

Q: Apple and IBM users are meeting and the room goes dark. How many does it take to change the bulb?

A: An infinite number or zero: nothing useful gets done while they're arguing. Finally a disgusted generic computer user (who will use any type that is in front of him) gets up and changes the bulb, elbowing the participants aside. The size of the crowd arguing seems to be a function of time, although whether or not the function is exponential is not known. Since this user is no longer considered by his fellows to be either a true Apple or IBM user as a result of his actions, neither an Apple nor an IBM user has changed the bulb.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many astronomers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None: they prefer the dark.

Q: How many atheists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None: They're never in the dark.

Q: How many light bulbs does it take to fix an atheist?

A: It doesn't matter. They wouldn't glow anyway.

Q: How many auto mechanics does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to try to put in the wrong bulb, and one to replace the socket.

A: Six: One to force it with a hammer, and five more to go out for more bulbs.

Q: How many Ayatollahs does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. There were no light bulbs in the 13th century.

Q: How many babysitters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. Pampers aren't made small enough.

Q: How many bankers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Four. One to hold the bulb, and three to try to remember the combination.

Q: How many believable, competent, "just right for the job" presidential candidates does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: It's going to be a dark 4 years, isn't it?

Q: How many Beverly Hills realtors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to screw it in and two to learn Arabic.

Q: How many big black monoliths does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Sorry, light bulbs are an evolutionary dead end.

Q: How many bikers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to change the bulb, the other to kick the switch.

Q: How many brokers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 100. 99 to climb the staircase and one to say he wasn't hurt in the crash.

A: Two. One to take the bulb out and drop it and one to try to sell it before it crashes.

Q: How many bureaucrats does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. "We contract out for things like that."

A: Two. One to screw it in and one to screw it up.

A: Two. One to assure that everything possible is being done while the other screw the bulb into the water faucet.

A: Five. One to change the bulb and four to write an environmental impact report.

A: An infinite number. One to spot the burned out bulb, his supervisor to authorize a requisition, a requisition typist, twelve clerks to file the requisition copies, a mail clerk to deliver the requisition to the purchasing department, a purchasing agent to order the bulb, a clerk to forward the purchasing order, a clerk to mail-order a receiving clerk to receive the

new bulb....

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many Cabbage Patch Dolls does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: The question is irrelevant since you couldn't find the dolls even if you knew the answer.

Q: How many Californians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Seven. One to screw in the bulb, six to experience it.

A: Six. One to turn the bulb, one for support, and four to relate to the experience.

A: They don't screw in light bulbs, they screw in hot tubs.

Q: How many capitalists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw in the new bulb, one to market the old one.

Q: How many Carl Sagans does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Billions and billions.

Q: How many Chinese Red Guards does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: 10,000 to give the bulb a cultural revolution. Then it won't need electricity...it can survive off other lightbulbs.

Q: How many chiropractors does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Only one, but it takes nine visits.

Q: How many Christians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Three, but they're really only one.

Q: How many Christian Scientists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: None, but it takes at least one to sit and pray for the old one to go back on.

Q: How many circus performers does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Four. One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go!

Q: How many civil servants does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 45. One to change the bulb, and 44 to do the paperwork.

Q: How many "Cliffie Girls" does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: It's "Radcliffe women", and it's not funny!

Q: How many college students does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two, but they both get 10 credits for doing it.

Q: How many computer security experts does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "That depends on the TCSEC rating of the object light bulb. If it's a C2 bulb (or below), one. If a B1 bulb, just one, but he/she must document the potential covert channel. If a B2 bulb, he/she must also audit the covert channel. If a B3/A1 bulb, none, since covert channels are not allowed. [See also the "Orange Book"]

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If you have half a mind...

Q: How many conservatives does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. they liked the old one so much that nothing could compare to it.

Q: How many consultants does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: I'll have an estimate for you a week from Monday.

A: We don't know. They never get past the feasibility study.

A: Two. One always leaves in the middle of the project.

Q: How many online help authors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, and here's how. Next time call the support department.

Q: How many online help authors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One. Can you tell me why you couldn't figure it out from the documentation? And please call the support department next time.

Q: How many online help authors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Try to work in the dark for now. The instructions will be included in the next revision.

Q: How many online help authors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: It's not a problem related to our product.

Q: How many online help authors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Not possible until you've learned how to navigate the help system.

A: "No!!! Not another procedure!"

A: Forget it...I'll walk you through it on the phone.

A: Two tech writers, a graphic artist, a C programmer and a learning psychology consultant. It will take approximately three months.

A: Not sure. Programming still hasn't told us what "light bulb" does.

A: Online help authors don't change lightbulbs without the permission of the marketing department. Can you work in the dark for a while?

A: It should only take one, but in field tests two were required. In some cases it may not be possible at all without replacing your city's hydroelectric system with nuclear or coal-fired power.

A: None. The department was downsized for failing to route calls to the support department.

Q: How many cops does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. It turns itself in.

A: One, but he's always at the donut shop when you need him.

Q: How many country singers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to change it, two to sing about the old one.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many Dadaists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: To get to the other side?

Q: How many Daleks does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Daleks don't change light bulbs, they level the building.

A: 1,500,000 to conquer a race than can climb ladders.

Q: How many dBase people does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to write the light bulb removal program, one to write the bulb insertion program, and one to act as the bulb administrator to make sure nobody else tries to change the bulb at the same time.

Q: How many doctors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to find a bulb specialist, one to find a bulb installation specialist, and one to bill it all to Medicare.

A: That depends on whether it has health insurance.

A: One, but he has a nurse tell him which end to screw in.

Q: How many drummers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Only one, but he'll break ten bulbs before figuring out that they can't just be pushed in.

Q: How many economists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. If the government would just leave it alone, it would screw itself in.

Q: How many editors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to change the bulb, and one to issue a rejection slip to the old bulb.

Q: How many ergonomicists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Five. Four to decide which way it ought to turn, and one to actually place the bulb where it ought to have been all along.

Q: How many ethnic minorities does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None, but one is enough to screw up the joke.

Q: How many evolutionists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. It takes over eight million years for a new one to develop naturally.

Q: How many existentialists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw it in and one to observe how the light bulb itself symbolizes a single incandescent beacon of subjective reality in a nether world of endless absurdity reaching out toward a maudlin cosmos of nothingness.

Q: How many fatalists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "What does it matter? We're all going to die anyway."

Q: How many federal employees does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Sorry, that's been cut from the budget.

Q: How many feminists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "That's not funny!"

A: Two. One to change the bulb, and one to write about how it feels.

A: Two. One to screw it in, and one to kick the balls off any man trying to help the first.

A: Three. One to screw it in, and two to talk about the sexual implications.

A: Three. One to change the bulb, and two to secretly wish they were the socket.

A: Four. One to change it, and three to write about how the bulb is exploiting the socket.

Q: How many field service engineers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Five. one to hold it, and four to pound it in.

A: That's indeterminate. It depends on how many dead bulbs they've brought with them.

Q: How many football players does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: The whole team, and they all get a semester's credit for it.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many fundamentalists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "The Bible/Quran/etc. doesn't mention light bulbs."

Q: How many gardeners does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One. The new light bulbs are just as easy to change as the old ones.

Q: How many gas fitters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to turn it up the day before when you're out, one to change the switch, and one to bring along the wrong kind of bulb.

Q: How many gay rights activists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. The bulb shouldn't have to change for society to accept it.

Q: How many gorillas does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, but it takes tons of light bulbs.

Q: How many graduate students? does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: I don't know, but make my stipend tax-free, give my advisor a \$100,000 grant of the taxpayer's money, and I'm sure he can tell me how to do the work for him so he can take the credit for answering this incredibly vital question.

A: One, but it may take him upward of five years to do it.

Q: How many gypsies? does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, but you lose a lot of light bulbs.

Q: How many hackers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "You mean it's dark in here?"

Q: How many homophobics does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. They refuse to do it because they're terrified that the sockets aren't really female.

A: It obviously has to be done by just one. They don't screw around with other men.

A: Two. One to do it, and one to get the sterile rubber gloves because it's possible that a gay touched the bulb before him.

A: None. They prefer that the bulb stay in the closet.

Q: How many insects does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Only two. Well, how many do you think it should take?

Q: How many Japanese industrialists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to make sure that the new bulb is not foreign made, one to change it, and one to look into the export potential of the old bulb.

Q: How many Jewish mothers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. "That's all right, I'll just sit in the dark...."

Q: How many lawyers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: How many can you afford?

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many liberals does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. They can't remove the old ones since they are already part of the environment.

Q: How many Libertarians does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. They don't change them because someone might enter the room who wants to sit in the dark.

Q: How many light bulbs does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One if it knows its own Goedel number.

Q: How many magicians does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: That depends on what you want to change it into.

Q: How many Mahayana Buddhists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Four. One to screw in the light bulb, one to not screw in the light bulb, one to not not screw in the light bulb, and one to not do any of these.

Q: How many marginals does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw it in real good, and one to call the proctologist.

Q: How many Martians does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 1.5.

Q: How many Marxists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. the bulb contains the seeds of its own revolution.

Q: How many Mathematicians does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. It's left as an exercise to the reader.

A: One: He gives it to six Californians, thereby reducing the problem to an earlier joke.

Q: How many members of the USS Enterprise does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Seven. Scotty will report to Captain Kirk that the light bulb in engineering has burned out, to which Kirk will send Bones to pronounce the bulb dead. Scotty, after checking around, notices that they have no more new light bulbs, and complains that he can't see in the dark to tend to his engines. Kirk must make an emergency stop at the next uncharted planet, Alpha Regula IV, to procure a light bulb from the natives. Kirk, Spock, Bones, Sulu, and 3 red-shirt security officers beam down. The three security officers are promptly killed by the natives, and the rest of the landing party is captured. Mean- while, back in orbit, Scotty notices a Klingon ship approaching and must warp out of orbit to escape detection. Bones cures the native King who is suffering from the flu, and as a reward the landing party is set free and given all of the light bulbs they can carry. Scotty cripples the Klingon ship and warps back to the planet just in time to beam up Kirk et. al. The new bulb is inserted, the Enterprise continues with its five year mission, and five years later one of the security officers resurfaces as a costar of a CBS situation comedy.

Q: How many men does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, and one more to change it, and one more to keep track of how many there are, and a woman to soothe their minds and provide wax jobs.

Q: How many mice does it take to screw in lightbulb?

A: Two, but the hard part is getting them into the bulb.

Q: How many missionaries does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: 101. One to change the bulb, 100 to convince everyone else to change light bulbs too.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many mystery writers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw it almost all the way, and the other to give it an exciting and surprising twist at the end.

Q: How many National Security Council members does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "We can't say."

Q: How many New Jerseyans does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to change the bulb, one to be a witness, and one to shoot the witness. That was *none*, got it? Damn right you do.

Q: How many New Yorkers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None o' yo' damn business!

A: Fifty.

Q: Fifty?

A: Yeah; it's in the freakin' contract.

A: Yeah, fifty. You have a *problem* with that?

Q: How many Nuclear Engineers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Seven. One to install the new bulb, and six to figure out what to do with the old one for the next 10,000 years.

A: Ten. One to change the bulb, nine to lie to the NRC about what exactly was changed and why.

Q: How many nuclear War Survivors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. People who glow in the dark don't need light bulbs.

Q: How many Oregonians does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Five. One to change the bulb, and four to chase off the Californians who came up to relate the experience.

A: Nine. One to change the bulb, and eight to protest the nuclear power plant that generates the electricity that powers it.

Q: How many people does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: It takes two to screw anywhere, stupid.

Q: How many pessimists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "None. The old one is probably screwed in too tightly."

Q: How many Platonists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: They don't change bulbs. They have nice fires in their caves and if they need light they go out and look at the sun.

Q: How many pollsters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. They prefer to work in the dark.

Q: How many procrastinators does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, but he has to wait until the light is better.

Q: How many professors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, provided he gets three technical reports out of it.

Q: How many Pro-Lifers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Six. Two to screw in the new light bulb, and four to testify that it was lit from the moment that they began screwing.

Q: How many Reaganist Republicans does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Ten. One to deny that the bulb is burned out, one to clarify the denial ("The bulb is really just dim"), one to blame the bulb burning out on the Democratic Congress, one to ask for a Constitutional amendment that will prohibit bulbs from burning out, one to replace the bulb with a kerosene lamp, one to borrow money from the Japanese to pay for the kerosene, one former Reaganist to lobby his old colleagues for a special favor for the kerosene importer, one to cash the check for investing in the kerosene importer, one to send the bill to the next generation.

Q: How many Real Men does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. Real men aren't afraid of the dark.

Q: How many Real Women does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. A real woman has plenty of real men around to do the job.

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If you have half a mind...

Q: How many referral agents does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw you out of a fee, and the other to send you to a store where they ran out of bulb weeks ago.

Q: How many running-dog lackeys of the Bourgeoisie does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to exploit the proletariat, one to control the means of production. Bulb? Oh, *that...*

Q: How many sex therapists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw it in and one to tell him he's screwing it in the wrong way.

Q: How many singers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "Impossible. The altitude may put unnecessary strain on my vocal chords. Have the bassist do it."

Q: How many sound men does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: "Hey man, I just do sound."

Q: How many straight San Franciscans does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Both of them.

Q: How many software engineers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. "We'll document it as a feature."

A: One, but if he changes it, the whole building will probably collapse.

A: Two. One will always leave in the middle of the project.

Q: How many stock brokers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to take out the bulb and drop it, and the other to try to sell it before it crashes.

Q: How many teachers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One if at home, but on school time, four.

Q: How many Teamsters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Twelve. Ya got a problem with that?

Q: How many televangelists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: None. They screw in hotel rooms.

Q: How many Thought police does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. There never was a light bulb.

Q: How many tourists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Six. One to hold the bulb and five to ask for directions.

Q: How many UNIX gurus does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One, but first he has to determine the correct path.

Q: How many UNIX Hackers does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: As many as you want...they're all virtual anyway.

Q: How many Vulcans does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Approximately 1.000000000000000000000000000000000001.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many waiters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None. Even a burned out bulb can't get the waiter's attention.

Q: How many Zen Masters does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: A tree in a golden forest.

A: Two. One to change it, and one not to change it.

A: One to change it and one not to change it is fake Zen. The true Zen answer is four. One to change it.

A: ...

Q: How many Christian Scientists does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: None, but it takes at least one to sit and pray for the old one to go back on.

Q: How many contras does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Only one, but he needs one Iranian, one Israeli, four Canadians, an Arab, twenty Swiss, and Afghan, and Oliver North to help him.

Q: How many cops does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Just one, but he is never around when the light burns out.

Q: How many disarmament folks does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: They won't, because:

1. "If we change our bulb, they will just change theirs to a brighter one, so where will it all end?"
2. "We already have enough bulbs to illuminate the entire world three times over."
3. "We shouldn't spend money for light bulbs as long as anyone is hungry anywhere."
4. "We don't know what effect all of this artificial light will have on the future of mankind."
5. "Nature provides us with all the light we need; we just haven't learned to husband it yet."
6. "Artificial light isn't aesthetically correct."
7. "The candle is more traditional, and it uses no electricity."
8. "It is the responsibility of the Federal Government to provide light to all Americans, without regard to race, age, creed, color, sex, religion, socioeconomic status, national origin, or need."
9. "I'm not about to touch anything that has WATT written on it!"

Q: How many IBM-compatible owners does it take to screw in light bulb?

A: Only one, but he'll have to go out and buy the light bulb adapter card first, which is extra.

Q: How many Indiana University students does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: You ever wonder why it's so dark in Bloomington?

Q: How many jerks who ask stupid questions does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Change it to what?

Q: How many Mid-Westerner's does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Five. One to change the light bulb, four to read the directions.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How many modern artists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: Four. One to throw bulbs against the wall, one to pile hundreds of them in a heap and spray-paint it orange, one to glue light bulbs to a cocker spaniel, and one to put a bulb in the socket and fill the room with light while all the critics and buyers are watching the fellow smashing the bulbs against the wall, the fellow with the spray-gun, and the cocker spaniel.

Q: How many Nebraskans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: What's a light bulb?

Q: How many New Yorkers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: 201. One to put it in and 200 to watch it happen without trying to stop it.

Q: How many members of the PLO does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: 45. One to drive the car, four to shoot the bodyguards of the president of Sylvania, three to kidnap the president of Sylvania, five to think up the ransom demands, ten to paste up the ransom note, eight to cut little eye-holes in the cloth sacks, one to drive a truck with 2000 kilos of dynamite into the American embassy, one to claim responsibility for the bombing, and twelve to commandeer a building with working lights.

Q: How many pre-med students does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None. Pre-meds don't screw, they study.

Q: How many professors does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: None. That's what grad students are for.

Q: How many USENET joke posters does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: 1000. And they change the same bulb over and over and over again.

A: 565. 1 to put in a trick bulb (say, a flash bulb). 6 to flame the first, pointing out that this bulb is different from the old one. 29 to counter-flame, pointing out that the new bulb is *deliberately* different, and is parodying the old one. 7 to leave the room, citing the extreme density of the 6. 12 to demand that this commentary be redirected to the other room. 14 to ask that the bulb be changed again, since they missed seeing it the first time. 496 to climb all over each other, trying to put the old bulb back in.

Q: How many social scientists does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: They do not change light bulbs; they search for the root cause as to why the last one went out.

Q: How many Romanians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: How many packs of cigarettes are you willing to give them?

If you have half a mind...

Q: What's grey on the inside and pink and white on the outside?

A: An inside-out elephant.

Q: What is grey and not there?

A: No elephants.

Q: Why are elephants large, grey and wrinkled?

A: Because if they were small, white and smooth they'd be aspirins.

Q: Why are elephants wrinkled?

A: Have you ever tried to iron one?

Q: Why do elephants wear small green hats?

A: So they can sneak across snooker tables unobserved.

Q: How does an elephant hide in the jungle?

A: He paints his chuckies red and climbs up a cherry tree.

Q: What's the loudest noise in the jungle?

A: A giraffe eating cherries.

Q: How did Tarzan die?

A: You guessed it...picking cherries.

Q: How many legs does an elephant have?

A: Four, two in the front, two in the back.

Q: How do you get eight elephants in a fridge, with only enough room for two?

A: Put four in a Volkswagen, four in another VW, put the two Bugs in the fridge, as a fridge large enough to hold two elephants surely can hold two Bugs!

Q: How do you get Tarzan in the fridge?

A: Open door, take two mini's out, put Tarzan in, close door.

Q: How do you get two Tarzans in the fridge?

A: You cant, silly, there is only one Tarzan!

Q: Why are there so many elephants running around free in the jungle?

A: Tarzan's fridge is not large enough to hold them all.

Q: How many elephants can you actually put in a fridge?

A: Depends on the number of elephants.

Q: What has the fifth elephant in a Beetle discovered ?

A: The sunroof.

Q: What do you call two elephants on a bicycle ?

A: Optimistic

Q: What do you get if you take an elephant into the city ?

A: Free Parking.

Q: What do you get if you take an elephant into work ?

A: Sole use of the lift.

If you have half a mind...

Q: How do you know if there is an elephant in the pub?

A: Its bike is outside.

Q: How do you know if there are two elephants in the pub?

A: There is a dent in the cross-bar.

Q: How do you know if there are three elephants in the pub?

A: Stand on the bike and have a look in the window.

Q: How does an elephant get down from a tree?

A: It doesn't, You get down from birds.

Q: How do you get an elephant out of a tree?

A: Stand it on a leaf and wait 'till autumn.

Q: What do you get when you cross an elephant with a kangaroo?

A: Bloody great holes all over Australia.

Q: How do you know if there is an elephant under the bed?

A: Your nose is touching the ceiling.

Q: Why do elephants wear sandals?

A: So that they don't sink in the sand.

Q: Why do ostriches stick their head in the ground?

A: To look for the elephants who forgot to wear their sandals.

Q: What did Hannibal say when he saw 1,000 elephants coming over the hill?

A: "Look, There's 1,000 elephants coming over the hill."

Q: What did he say when he saw 1,000 elephants with sunglasses on, coming over the hill?

A: Nothing, he didn't recognize them.

Q: Why shouldn't you go into the woods at 5 o'clock?

A: Because that's when the elephants do their parachute jumping.

Q: What is a furry alligator?

A: A bear that went into the woods at 5 o'clock.

Q: Why do elephants paint the soles of their feet yellow?

A: So that they can hide upside-down in bowls of custard.

Q: Did you ever find an elephant in your custard?

A: No? Well, it must work so.

Q: How do you make a dead elephant float?

A: Well, you take 10 dead elephants, 10 tonnes of chocolate ice cream, 5 tonnes of bananas,.....

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If you have half a mind...

MEMORANDUM

From: Headquarters - New York

To: General Managers

Next Thursday at 10:30 Halley's Comet will appear over this area. This is an event which occurs only once every 75 years. Notify all directors and have them arrange for all employees to assemble on the Company lawn and inform them of the occurrence of this phenomenon. If it rains, cancel the day's observation and assemble in the auditorium to see a film about the comet.

MEMORANDUM

From: General Manager

To: Managers

By order of the Executive Vice President, next Thursday at 10:30, Halley's Comet will appear over the Company lawn. If it rains, cancel the day's work and report to the auditorium with all employees where we will show films: a phenomenal event which occurs every 75 years.

MEMORANDUM

From: Manager

To: All Department Chiefs

By order of the phenomenal Vice President, at 10:30 next Thursday, Halley's Comet will appear in the auditorium. In case of rain over the Company lawn, the Executive Vice President will give another order, something which occurs only every 75 years.

MEMORANDUM

From: Department Chief

To: Section Chiefs

Next Thursday at 10:30 the Executive Vice President will appear in the auditorium with Halley's Comet, something which occurs every 75 years. If it rains, the Executive Vice President will cancel the comet and order us all out to our phenomenal Company lawn.

MEMORANDUM

From: Section Chief

To: All EA's

When it rains next Thursday at 10:30 over the Company lawn, the phenomenal 75 year old Executive Vice President will cancel all work and appear before all employees in the auditorium accompanied by Bill Halley and his Comets.

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If you have half a mind...

Around Holiday time we all get to see the family and pass on lore and gossip. One day a little girl was watching her mother make a great roast beef. She cut off the ends, wrapped it in string, seasoned it and set it in the great roasting pan.

The little girl asked her mother why she cut off the end of the roast. The mother said after some thought that it was the way that her mother had done it.

That weekend grandma came over to visit and the little girl and the mother went to her and asked why she had cut the end off of the roast before cooking. After some thought she replied that it was because that was the way her mother had done it.

Now, great-grandmother was quite old and in a nursing home. But the little girl had the chance the next weekend to see her and asked again the questions.

She looked at the child, a bit annoyed, and said, "Why so it would fit in the pan, of course."

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If you have half a mind...

“How did it happen?” the doctor asked the middle-aged farmhand as he set the man’s broken leg.

“Well, doc, 25 years ago...”

“Never mind the past. Tell me how you broke your leg this morning.”

“Like I was saying...25 years ago, when I first started working on the farm, that night, right after I’d gone to bed, the farmer’s beautiful daughter came into my room. She asked me if there was anything I wanted.

I said no, everything is fine. “Are you sure?”, she asked. “I’m sure, I said.

“Isn’t there anything I can do for you?” she wanted to know. “I reckon not” I replied...

“Excuse me,” said the doctor, “What does this story have to do with your leg?”

“Well, this morning,” the farmhand explained, “when it dawned on me what she meant, I fell off the roof!”

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If you have half a mind...

One night in the pub, the publican (pub owner) is lamenting the fact that business is so quiet on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. As he moans to some of the regulars a stranger, dressed in a tweed jacket and wearing glasses, wanders over and says,

“I’m sorry, but I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation. I’m a doctor at the psychiatric hospital up the road and I’m trying to integrate some of the more sane individuals into the community. Why don’t I bring some of my patients along, say, next Tuesday. You’ll have some customers and my patients will have a night out!”

Well, the publican isn’t sure but the thought of more paying customers on a quiet night appeals to him so he agrees.

The following Tuesday the guy in the tweed jacket and glasses shows up with about ten lunatics. He says to the publican,

“Give them whatever they want, put it on a tab and I’ll settle up at closing time.”

The publican has a great time selling loads of drinks and encouraging the patients to eat crisps and peanuts. The patients have a great time, getting drunk but they behave themselves. At closing time the publican adds up the bill and it comes to just over a hundred pound. The fellow with the glasses and tweed jacket starts to organize everyone to take them back to the hospital. Finally he comes over and asks for the bill.

The publican, feeling that he’s charged them rather a lot and feeling he should do his bit to help these poor unfortunate people gives him a discount.

“Its eighty quid,” he says.

The man in the tweed jacket smiles and says, “That’s fine. Have you got change for a cat?”

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If you have half a mind...

Two anthropologists were in South America & they heard about this legendary green gorilla. They asked the local people where it was. The locals told them where the gorilla was, but made them promise not to touch it.

Well, they searched long & hard for the gorilla & everywhere they went, people would tell them, "Don't touch the gorilla!"

They finally spotted it in a remote part of the forest. One of the anthropologists in his glee forgot about the warning, ran up and touched the beast.

The gorilla turned and gave chase after them, destroying everything in its path. Mile after mile, the gorilla chased them, across the savannah, across the border, down through Botswana and all the way to Johannesburg. Eventually the gorilla trapped them on a pier at Johannesburg's harbor.

The gorilla approached slowly, reaching out with a single hand to the man who hadn't touched it, tapped the man on the shoulder and shouted "Tag. You're it!"

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If you have any mind left...

Before he went off to the wars, King Arthur locked his lovely wife, Guinnevere, into her chastity belt. Then he summoned his loyal friend and subject Sir Lancelot.

“Lancelot, noble knight,” said Arthur, “within this sturdy belt is imprisoned the virtue of my wife. The key to this chaste treasure I will entrust to only one man in the world. To you.”

Humbled before this great honor, Lancelot knelt, received his king’s blessing and took charge of the key. Arthur mounted his steed and rode off.

Not half a mile from his castle, he heard hoofbeats behind him and turned to see Sir Lancelot riding hard to catch up with him.

“What is amiss, my friend?” asked the king.

“My lord,” gasped Lancelot, “you have given me the wrong key!”

If you have any mind left...

Pachydermic Personnel Prediction by Peter C. Olsen

A bold new proposal for matching high-technology people and professions

Over the years, the problem of finding the right person for the right job has consumed thousands of worker-years of research and millions of dollars in funding. This is particularly true for high-technology organizations where talent is scarce and expensive. Recently, however, years of detailed study by the finest minds in the field of psychoindustrial interpersonnel optimization have resulted in the development of a simple and foolproof test to determine the best match between personality and profession. Now, at last, people can be infallibly assigned to the jobs for which they are truly best suited.

The procedure is simple: Each subject is sent to Africa to hunt elephants. The subsequent elephant-hunting behavior is then categorized by comparison to the classification rules outlined below. The subject should be assigned to the general job classification that best matches the observed behavior.

CLASSIFICATION GUIDELINES

Mathematicians hunt elephants by going to Africa, throwing out everything that is not an elephant, and catching one of whatever is left. Experienced mathematicians will attempt to prove the existence of at least one unique elephant before proceeding to step 1 as a subordinate exercise. Professors of mathematics will prove the existence of at least one unique elephant and then leave the detection and capture of an actual elephant as an exercise for their graduate students.

Computer scientists hunt elephants by exercising **Algorithm A**:

1. Go to Africa.
2. Start at the Cape of Good Hope.
3. Work northward in an orderly manner, traversing the continent alternately east and west.
4. During each traverse pass,
 - a. Catch each animal seen.
 - b. Compare each animal caught to a known elephant.
 - c. Stop when a match is detected.

Experienced computer programmers modify Algorithm A by placing a known elephant in Cairo to ensure that the algorithm will terminate. Assembly language programmers prefer to execute Algorithm A on their hands and knees.

Engineers hunt elephants by going to Africa, catching gray animals at random, and stopping when any one of them weighs within plus or minus 15 percent of any previously observed elephant.

Economists don't hunt elephants, but they believe that if elephants are paid enough, they will hunt themselves.

Statisticians hunt the first animal they see **N** times and call it an elephant.

Consultants don't hunt elephants, and many have never hunted anything at all, but they can be hired by the hour to advise those people who do. Operations research consultants can also measure the correlation of hat size and bullet color to the efficiency of elephant-hunting strategies, if someone else will only identify the elephants.

Politicians don't hunt elephants, but they will share the elephants you catch with the people who voted for them.

Lawyers don't hunt elephants, but they do follow the herds around arguing about who owns the droppings. Software lawyers will claim that they own an entire herd based on the look and feel of one dropping.

Vice presidents of engineering, research, and development try hard to hunt elephants, but their staffs are designed to prevent it. When the vice president does get to hunt elephants, the staff will try to ensure that all possible elephants are completely pre-hunted before the vice president sees them. If the vice president does see a nonpre-hunted elephant, the staff will (1) compliment the vice president's keen eyesight and (2) enlarge itself to prevent any recurrence.

Senior managers set broad elephant-hunting policy based on the assumption that elephants are just like field mice, but with deeper voices.

Quality assurance inspectors ignore the elephants and look for mistakes the other hunters made when they were packing the jeep.

Salespeople don't hunt elephants but spend their time selling elephants they haven't caught, for delivery two days before the season opens. Software salespeople ship the first thing they catch and write up an invoice for an elephant. Hardware salespeople catch rabbits, paint them gray, and sell them as desktop elephants.

Copy Print Close

If you have any mind left...

Quasimodo was getting too old to ring the bells of the cathedral so he started looking for an apprentice to do the job. After having put in a placard in the steeple advertising the position, he received a visit from a young man who wanted the job.

The young man was also a hunchback and looked strikingly similar to Quasimodo with the added deformity of having no arms. When Quasimodo looked puzzled as to how this young man was going to pull the ropes to ring the bells, the young hunchback offered to show him.

After climbing to the top of the steeple, the young hunchback ran at the bell, smashing his head into it, making a beautiful sound. Unfortunately, the bell swung back and hit the hunchback while he was still dazed, making him fall out of the steeple to the pavement far below. Two Noblemen walked by:

“I can’t figure out where I’ve seen that man before but his face rings a bell,” he said.

“Hmm, you’re right,” said the second. “I’ve got it! He’s a dead ringer for Quasimodo!”

Copy Print Close

If you have any mind left...

The Creation of Policy

In the beginning there was the Plan. With the Plan, there were objectives and a specification. but the objectives were without form and the specification was meaningless. Thus there was darkness upon the faces of the Engineers.

The Engineers, therefore, spoke unto their Project Leaders, "This is a crock of s#@! and it stinks."

The Project Leaders went unto their Unit Managers and said "It is a pail of dung, and none may abide the odor thereof."

And the Unit Managers spoke unto their Section Managers, "This is a vessel of excrement and none may abide its strength."

And the Section Managers spoke unto their Division Managers, "This vessel is full of that which makes things grow and the characteristics thereof are exceedingly strong."

And the Division Managers spoke unto the Vice President, "The contents of this vessel are very powerful and will promote strong growth of the company."

And the Vice president went unto the President of the corporation: "This powerful new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency of the division and this department in particular."

And the President looked at the Plan and saw that it was good, and the plan became policy.

(author unknown; apocryphal)

Copy Print Close

If you have any mind left...

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I am writing in response to your request for additional information in block number three of the accident reporting form. I put quote - poor planning - unquote as the cause of my accident. You said in your official letter that I should explain more thoroughly, and I trust that the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of bricks left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley, which fortunately was attached to the side of the building at the top floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went back to the ground and I untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note in block number 11 of your accident-reporting form that I weigh 135 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and I forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and the broken collarbone.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and I was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain. At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately fifty pounds. I refer you again to my weight in block number 11 of your form. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, which I was getting to hate the sight of, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the damage to my unmentionables as well as to the lacerations of my legs and body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks, and fortunately only one brick needed to be extracted. I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks in excessive pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my presence of mind and I let go of the rope.

Fortunately I was still wearing most of my hard hat when the barrel returned to the ground, as this surely avoided a loss-time injury.

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If you have any mind left...

A rose by any other name...*any other name*

Everybody who has a dog calls him Spot or Blackie or Fido. I call my dog Sex. Now, Sex has been very embarrassing to me. When I went to City Hall to renew his license, I told the clerk that I would like to have a license for Sex. He replied, "I'd like to have one too". "But this is a dog". I said. He said he didn't care what she looked like. Then I said, "you don't understand. I've had Sex since I was nine years old. " He said that I must have been quite a kid.

When I got married and went on my honeymoon, I took the dog with me. I told the hotel clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex. He said that every room in the place was for Sex. I said, "You don't understand, Sex keeps me awake at night". The clerk said "me too".

One day, I entered Sex in a contest, but before the competition began, he ran away. Another contestant asked me why I was standing there looking around. I told him that I planned to have Sex in the contest. He told me that I should have sold tickets. "But you don't understand", I said, "I had hoped to have Sex on TV." He called me a show off.

When my wife and I separated, we went to court to fight for custody of the dog, I said, "Your honor, I had Sex before I was married." He said, "me too". I told him after I married Sex left. He said, "Me too."

Last night, Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking around town for him. A cop came over and asked, "what are you doing in this alley at 4:00 in the Morning?" I said, "I'm looking for Sex". My court date is Friday.

Copy Print Close

If you have any mind left...

Not how we do things around here

On the opening day of fishing season in Idaho, an old man in a pickup truck bearing Wyoming license plates unloaded a birch bark canoe, a one-piece bamboo rod and a beat-up tackle box and headed out to the lake. Several hours later he returned with 50 large lake trout. The local fisherman, who had barely a nibble, asked the old man his secret, but he ignored them, loaded up his truck and drove away.

The scenario was repeated for the next several days. Finally, the Department of Fish and Game was called in to investigate. When the old man arrived on schedule one day, the Fish and Game officer asked to join him. He shrugged and motioned him into the canoe. After an hour of paddling, he reached into his tackle box, pulled out a stick of dynamite, lit the fuse and threw it into the water. The officer watched in shock as the old man netted several stunned fish.

“Sir, I don’t know what the laws are in Wyoming,” the officer said, “but here in Idaho, it’s illegal to dynamite fish.”

The old man pulled out another stick of dynamite, lit the fuse, threw it into the officer’s lap and growled, “Boy, you gonna sit there and talk or are you gonna fish?”

If you have any mind left...

Clergy say the cutest things...

The new priest was so nervous at his first mass, he could hardly speak. Before his second appearance in the pulpit, he asked the Monsignor how he could relax. The Monsignor said, "Next Sunday, it may help if you put some vodka in the water pitcher. After a few sips, everything should go smoothly."

The next Sunday, the new priest put the suggestion into practice and was able to talk up a storm. He felt great. However, upon returning to the rectory, he found a note from the Monsignor:

1. Next time sip rather than gulp.
2. There are 10 Commandments, not 12.
3. There are 12 Disciples, not 10.
4. We do not refer to the cross as the "Big T".
5. The recommended grace before meals is not, "Rub-a-dub-dub, thanks for the grub, yeah God!"
6. Do not refer to our Savior, Jesus Christ and his Apostles as "JC and the Boys".
7. David slew Goliath, he did not kick the snot out of him.
8. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost are never referred to as "Big Daddy, Junior and the Spook."
9. It is always the Virgin Mary, never "Mary with the Cherry".
10. Last, but not least, next Wednesday, there will be a Taffy-Pulling Contest at St. Peter's, not a Peter-Pulling Contest at St. Taffy's.

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So they say...

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Never be a pioneer. It's the early Christian that gets the fattest lion.

H.H. Munro, Reginald

Dying is a very dull, dreary affair.

And my advice to you is to have nothing whatever to do with it.

Somerset Maugham

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So they say...

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You're not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on.

Dean Martin

Garbage is garbage. But the history of garbage is scholarship.

Burton Breben, Harvard Logician

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So they say...

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**I'd rather be black than gay because
when you're black you don't have to tell your mother.**

Charles Pierce

**In the first place, God made idiots.
That was for practice. Then he made school boards.**

Mark Twain

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So they say...

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Three o'clock is always too late or too early for anything you want to do.

Jean-Paul Sartre

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So they say...

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**One of the symptoms of an approaching nervous breakdown
is the belief that one's work is terribly important.**

Bertrand Russel

**Whatever their other contributions to our society,
lawyers could be an important source of protein.**

Robert Byrne.

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So they say...

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You see, wire telegraph is a kind of a very, very long cat. You pull his tail in New York and his head is meowing in Los Angeles. Do you understand this? And radio operates exactly the same way: you send signals here, they receive them there. The only difference is that there is no cat.

Albert Einstein, when asked to describe radio

**Nolan Ryan is pitching much better
now that he has his curve ball straightened out.**

Joe Garagiola

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So they say...

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That man has missed something who has never left a brothel at sunrise feeling like throwing himself into the river out of pure disgust.

Gustave Flaubert

**He, in a few minutes ravished this fair creature,
or at least would have ravished her, if she had not,
by a timely compliance, prevented him.**

Henry Fielding, Jonathan Wild

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So they say...

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**Fall is my favorite season in Los Angeles,
watching the birds change color and fall from the trees.**

David Letterman

**In the topsy-turvy world of heavy rock, it's often useful
to have a nice, solid piece of wood in your hands.**

Ian Faith, manager of Spinal Tap

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So they say...

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**The brain is a wonderful organ; it starts working
the moment you get up in the morning
and does not stop until you get to the office.**

Robert Frost

**Ya gotta feel sorry for all them convicts in New Hampshire,
stampin' out license plates that say "Live free or Die."**

unknown

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So they say...

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Platitudes are the Sundays of stupidity.

unknown

The genius of you Americans is that you never make clear-cut stupid moves, only complicated stupid moves which make us wonder at the possibility that there may be something to them we are missing.

Gamel Abdel Nasser

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So they say...

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Never eat more than you can lift

Miss Piggy

Life's a bitch, and life's got lots of sisters.

Ross Presser

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So they say...

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**The writing of more than 75 poems in any fiscal year
should be punishable by a fine of \$500.**

Ed Sanders

Go! And never darken my towels again!

Groucho Marx, Duck Soup

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So they say...

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If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he next comes to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination.

Thomas De Quincey

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So they say...

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The patient is not likely to recover who makes the doctor his heir.

Thomas Fuller

**I like pigs. Dogs look up to us. Cats look down on us.
Pigs treat us as equals.**

Winston Churchill

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So they say...

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**Why is it that we rejoice at a birth and grieve at a funeral?
It is because we are not the person involved.**

Mark Twain

**Sometimes I think the surest sign that intelligent life exists
elsewhere in the universe is that none of it has tried to contact us.**

Bill Watterson, cartoonist

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So they say...

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**Under certain circumstances, profanity
provides a relief denied even to prayer.**

Mark Twain

**After two years of trying, scientists at the Yerkes Regional
Primate Center have managed to get a chimpanzee pregnant.
Which proves that no task is repugnant to a true scientist.**

unidentified scientist

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So they say...

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**He was of the faith chiefly in the sense that the church
he currently did not attend was Catholic.**

Kingsley Amis

**Ask five economists and you'll get five different explanations
(six if one went to Harvard).**

Edgar R. Fiedler

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So they say...

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Gladstone: “You will either be shot for treason, or die of a grievous disease.”

Disraeli: “That depends, sir, on whether I embrace your morals or your mistress.”

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So they say...

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In England there are sixty different religions and only one sauce.

Francesco Caracciolo

**The chicken probably came before the egg
because it is hard to imagine God wanting to sit on an egg.**

unknown

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So they say...

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**How can I believe in God when just last week I got my
tongue caught in the roller of an electric typewriter**

Woody Allen

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So they say...

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**Things are more like they are now
than they have ever been in the past.**

Ronald Reagan

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So they say...

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**Cocaine habit-forming? Of course not.
I ought to know. I've been using it for years.**

Tallulah Bankhead

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So they say...

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I feel like a 20-year old! Unfortunately, there aren't any here.

Milton Berle, at his 80th birthday party:

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So they say...

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**A priest advised Voltaire on his death bed to renounce the devil.
Voltaire said, "This is no time to make new enemies".**

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So they say...

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**George is always prepared, always ready.
In fact, He was ready for Pearl Harbor
three months before it happened!**

Alan Pratt, Atari Corp., at a roast for George Bush

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So they say...

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I am just a nice, clean-cut Mongolian boy.

Yul Brynner, 1956

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So they say...

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It is the ability to foretell what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, and next year. And to have the ability afterwards to explain why it didn't happen.

Sir Winston Churchill, on the requirements of a good politician

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So they say...

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**When asked what he thought of modern civilization,
Mahatma Gandhi once replied "That would be a good idea."**

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So they say...

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**All I can say is that if, whenever you are asked where you live,
you seize yourself by the throat and start choking,
it is apt to cause comment.**

R. Hull

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So they say...

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**I don't practice what I preach because
I'm not the kind of person I'm preaching to.**

J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

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So they say...

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A sine curve goes off to infinity or at least the end of the blackboard.

Prof. Steiner

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So they say...

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**A vacuum is a hell of a lot better than some
of the stuff that nature replaces it with.**

Tennessee Williams

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So they say...

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**About the time we think we can make ends meet,
somebody moves the ends.**

Herbert Hoover

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So they say...

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**Acceptance without proof is the fundamental characteristic
of Western religion. Rejection without proof is the
fundamental characteristic of Western science.**

Gary Zukav, The Dancing Wu Li Masters

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So they say...

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**After all, all he did was string together
a lot of old, well-known quotations.**

H.L. Mencken, on Shakespeare

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So they say...

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**All my life I wanted to be someone;
I guess I should have been more specific.**

Jane Wagner

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So they say...

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**All progress is based upon a universal innate desire
on the part of every organism to live beyond its income.**

Samuel Butler

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So they say...

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**Anyone can do any amount of work provided it isn't
the work he is supposed to be doing at the moment.**

Robert Benchley

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So they say...

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**At no time is freedom of speech more precious
than when a man hits his thumb with a hammer.**

Marshall Lumsden

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So they say...

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**Be wary of strong drink.
It can make you shoot at tax collectors and miss.**

Lazarus Long, Time Enough for Love

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Copy Print Close

So they say...

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**By working faithfully eight hours a day,
you may eventually get to be boss and work twelve.**

Robert Frost

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So they say...

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**Children are unpredictable.
You never know what inconsistency
they're going to catch you in next.**

Franklin P. Jones

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So they say...

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**Christianity has not been tried and found wanting;
it has been found difficult and not tried.**

G. K. Chesterton

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So they say...

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**Democracy is a form of government that substitutes election
by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.**

G.B. Shaw

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So they say...

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**He who trains his tongue to quote the learned sages,
will be known far and wide as a smart ass.**

Howard Kandel

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So they say...

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**History has the relation to truth that theology has to religion,
i.e. one to speak of.**

Lazarus Long

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So they say...

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Humility is the first of the virtues...for other people.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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So they say...

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**I don't mind arguing with myself.
Its when I lose that it bothers me.**

Richard Powers

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So they say...

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I drink to make other people interesting.

George Jean Nathan

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So they say...

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I have seen the future and it is just like the present, only longer.

Kehlog Albran

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So they say...

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**I regret to say that we of the F.B.I. are powerless to act
in cases of oral-genital intimacy, unless it has in some
way obstructed interstate commerce.**

J. Edgar Hoover

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So they say...

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**I wouldn't mind dying. It's that business of having
to stay dead that scares the shit out of me.**

R. Geis

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So they say...

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**If someone had told me I would be Pope one day,
I would have studied harder.**

Pope John Paul I

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So they say...

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**If you think nobody cares if you're alive,
try missing a couple of car payments.**

Earl Wilson

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So they say...

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**It is easier for a camel to pass through
the eye of a needle if it is lightly greased.**

Kehlog Albran

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So they say...

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**It is generally agreed that "Hello" is an appropriate greeting
because if you entered a room and said "Goodbye,"
it could confuse a lot of people.**

Dolph Sharp

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So they say...

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**Just once, I wish we would encounter an alien menace
that wasn't immune to bullets.**

The Brigader, from Dr. Who

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So they say...

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**Love is an ideal thing, marriage a real thing;
a confusion of the real with the ideal never goes unpunished.**

Goethe

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So they say...

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**Love your enemies: they'll go crazy
trying to figure out what you're up to.**

Unknown

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So they say...

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Military justice is to justice what military music is to music.

Groucho Marx

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So they say...

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**Misery no longer loves company.
Nowadays it insists on it.**

Russell Baker

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So they say...

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Nature abhors a hero. For one thing, he violates the law of conservation of energy. For another, how can it be the survival of the fittest when the fittest keeps putting himself in situations where he is most likely to be creamed?

Solomon Short

Never try to outstubborn a cat.

Lazarus Long, Time Enough for Love

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So they say...

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Nothing is illegal if one hundred businessmen decide to do it.

Andrew Young

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So they say...

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**Outside of a dog, a book is a man's best friend;
and inside a dog, it's too dark to read.**

Groucho Marx

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So they say...

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**Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation...
the other eight are unimportant.**

Henry Miller

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So they say...

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**So far as I can remember, there is not one word
in the Gospels in praise of intelligence.**

Bertrand Russell

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So they say...

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Some points to remember (about animals):

1. Don't go to sleep under big animals, e.g. elephants, rhinoceri, hippopotamuses;
2. Don't put animals with sharp teeth or poisonous fangs down the front of your clothes;
3. Don't pat certain animals, e.g. crocodiles and scorpions or dogs you have just kicked.

Mike Harding, The Armchair Anarchist's Almanac

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So they say...

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Success is like a fart. Only your own smells nice.

James P. Hogan

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So they say...

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**The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost would never
throw the Devil out of Heaven as long as they
still need him as a fourth for bridge.**

Letter in New Libertarian Notes #19

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So they say...

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**The Law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich,
as well as the poor, to sleep under the bridges,
to beg in the streets, and to steal bread.**

Anatole France

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So they say...

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**The very powerful and the very stupid have one thing in common.
Instead of altering their views to fit the facts,
they alter the facts to fit their views...
which can be very uncomfortable if you happen to be
one of the facts that needs altering.**

Doctor Who, Face of Evil

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So they say...

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The volume of paper expands to fill the available briefcases.

Jerry Brown

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So they say...

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**There are those who claim that magic is like the tide;
that it swells and fades over the surface of the earth,
collecting in concentrated pools here and there,
almost disappearing from other spots,
leaving them parched for wonder.
There are also those who believe that if you stick your fingers
up your nose and blow, it will increase your intelligence.**

The Teachings of Ebenezum, Volume VII

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So they say...

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**There cannot be a crisis next week.
My schedule is already full.**

Henry Kissinger

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So they say...

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**This novel is not to be tossed lightly aside,
but to be hurled with great force.**

Dorothy Parker

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So they say...

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**Utility is when you have one telephone, luxury is when
you have two, and paradise is when you have none.**

Doug Larson

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So they say...

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**We are all agreed that your theory is crazy.
The question which divides us is whether it is crazy enough
to have a chance of being correct.
My own feeling is that it is not crazy enough.**

Niels Bohr

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So they say...

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**We can't really be wrong if we're just following Gods orders,
you know, He wrote this book here. And in this book
He says that He made us to be just like Him.
So if we're dumb, then God's dumb,
and perhaps a little ugly on the side.**

Frank Zappa

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So they say...

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**Welcome thy neighbor into thy fallout shelter.
He'll come in handy if you run out of food.**

Dean McLaughlin.

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So they say...

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What's another word for Thesaurus?

Steven Wright

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So they say...

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**When a banker jumps out of a window,
jump after him -- that's where the money is.**

Robespierre

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So they say...

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**When choosing between evils,
I always like to take the one I've never tried before.**

Mae West

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So they say...

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**While it may be true that a watched pot never boils,
the one you don't keep an eye on
can make an awful mess of your stove.**

Edward Stevenson

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So they say...

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**Yesterday I was a dog. Today I'm a dog.
Tomorrow I'll probably still be a dog.
Sigh! There's so little hope for advancement.**

Snoopy

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So they say...

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**You can't teach people to be lazy...
either they have it, or they don't.**

Dagwood Bumstead

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So they say...

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**You know the great thing about TV?
If something important happens anywhere at all in the world,
no matter what time of the day or night,
you can always change the channel.**

Jim Ignatowski

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So they say...

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**You should never wear your best trousers when you
go out to fight for freedom and liberty.**

Henrick Ibsen

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So they say...

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**My karma just ran over your dogma,
and now it smells like a dead catechism.**

Cub Lea

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So they say...

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Nothing increases your golf score like witnesses.

Bits & Pieces

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So they say...

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**There is no better cure for a finicky palate
than a few missed meals...
unless of course the palate is yours.**

Cub Lea

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So they say...

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**Major Chaos actually outranks General Weirdness.
Corporeal Existence just pushes Private Reality around.**

Moliulah Groiantrimbula

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So they say...

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Rain was trouble enough when containing only water.

Quote Magazine, original source unattributed

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So they say...

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Any philosophy put in a nutshell belongs there.

Sydney J. Harris, Leaving the Surface

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So they say...

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Where there's smoke, there's toast

J.C. Thomas

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So they say...

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**It doesn't much signify whom one marries,
for one is sure to find out next morning it was someone else.**

Will Rogers

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So they say...

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**The great question...which I have not been able to answer...
is, "What does a woman *want*?"**

Sigmund Freud

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So they say...

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I always thought that guy was a few poodles short of a pet shop.

Cub Lea (paraphrasing)

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So they say...

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Never argue with anyone who buys ink by the barrel.

Basic Black (CBC Radio)

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So they say...

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**Waldo is one of those people
who would be enormously improved by death.**

H.H. Munro, The Feast of Nemesis

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So they say...

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**Television? The word is half Latin and half Greek.
No good can come of it.**

C.P. Scott

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The Twelve Days of Christmas

Miss Agnes McHolstein
69 Cash Ave.
Beaver Valley, CO
Dec. 14, 1986

My Darling,

I went to the door today and the postman delivered a "partridge in a pear tree". What a thoroughly delightful gift. I couldn't have been more surprised. You're an angel.

With all my love and devotion,

Agnes

Miss Agnes McHolstein
Dec. 15, 1986

Darling,

Today, the postman brought your very sweet gift. Just imagine "Two turtle doves". I'm delighted at your very thoughtful gift. They are adorable and I love you for them.

All my love,

Agnes

Dec. 16, 1986

Dear Fred,

Oh! Aren't you the extravagant one? Now I really must protest. I don't deserve such generosity as "Three French hens". They are just darling but I must insist, you've been too kind.

Love,

Agnes

Dec. 17, 1986

Dear Fred,

Today the postman delivered "Four calling birds". Now really, they are beautiful but don't you think enough is enough? You're being too romantic.

Affectionately,

Agnes

Dec. 18, 1986

Dearest Fred,

What a surprise! The postman just delivered the "Five golden rings"; one for every finger. You're just impossible, but I love it. Frankly, all those birds squawking were beginning to get on my nerves.

All my love,
Agnes

Dec. 19, 1986

Dear Fred,

I couldn't believe my eyes this morning as I walked out onto the front porch and there were "Six geese a laying" on my front steps. So you're back to the birds again, huh? Those geese are huge. Where will I ever keep them? The neighbors are complaining and I can't sleep through the racket. I love your thoughtfulness, but...please stop!

Cordially,
Agnes

Dec. 20, 1986

Fred,

What's with you and those f#@! birds?? Today I received "seven swans a swimming". What kind of a joke is this? These birds crapped all over the house and they never stop with that racket. I can't sleep at night and I'm a nervous wreck. Knock it off, OK?

Sincerely,
Agnes

Dec. 21, 1986

OK buster,

I think I prefer the birds to this torture. What the hell am I going to do with "Eight maids a milking"? It's not enough with all those birds and eight maids to feed, but they had to bring their damn cows! There is manure all over the lawn and I can't even move in my own house. Just lay off me, smart-guy!

Agnes

Dec. 22, 1986

Hey butthead,

What are you? Some kind of sadist? Now I've got "Nine pipers playing" and lord do they play! They haven't stopped chasing those maids since they've arrived this morning. The cows are getting upset and they're stepping all over the birds. What the hell am I going to do?? The neighbors have already started a petition to have me evicted.

You'll get yours, bastard,

Dec. 23, 1986

You Rotten Prick,

Who in hell needs "Ten ladies dancing"?? I can't imagine why I call these tramps "ladies". They've been up messing with the pipers all night long. Now the cows can't sleep and all the bloody racket around here has given them diarrhea. My living room is a river of manure! The Commisioner of Buildings has subpoenaed me to give cause why the building should not be condemned! I'm sicking the police on you, pal!

One who means it!

Dec. 24, 1986

Listen good.

What's with the "Eleven lords a leaping" on those maids and ladies? Some of these poor women may never walk again. The pipers ravaged the maids, and are starting to eye the cows. All 23 birds are dead...they were trampled to death in the orgy. I hope you're satisfied, you vicious jerk.

Lay the hell off.

Law Offices
Badger, Bender & Cahole
303 Knave Street
Chicago, IL
December 26, 1986

Dear Sir:

This is to acknowledge your latest gift "Twelve fiddlers fiddling" which you have seen fit to inflict on our client, Miss Agnes McHolstein. As you no doubt have guessed, the destruction of her property was total. You are advised that all future correspondence with our client should be cleared through this office.

I feel compelled to warn you that if you should attempt to reach Miss McHolstein at Happydale Private Hospital, the attendants of that institution have instructions to shoot you on sight for the sake of our client's mental stability. With this letter please find attached a warrant for your arrest.

Season's Greetings,
J. Frank Cahole
Attorney

50 ways to confuse your roommate

by Brian and Andy

1. Smoke jimson weed. Do whatever comes naturally.
2. Switch the sheets on your beds while s/he is at class.
3. Twitch a lot.
4. Pretend to talk while pretending to be asleep.
5. Steal a fishtank. Fill it with beer and dump sardines in it. Talk to them.
6. Become a subgenius.
7. Inject his/her twinkies with a mixture of Dexatrim and MSG.
8. Learn to levitate. While your roommate is looking away, float up out of your seat. When s/he turns to look, fall back down and grin.
9. Speak in tongues.
10. Move you roommate's personal effects around. Start subtly. Gradually work up to big things, and eventually glue everything s/he owns to the ceiling.
11. Walk and talk backwards.
12. Spend all your money on Jolt Cola. Drink it all. Stack the cans in the middle of your room. Number them.
13. Spend all your money on Transformers. Play with them at night. If your roommate says anything, tell him/her with a straight face, "They're more than meets the eye."
14. Recite entire movie scripts (e.g. "The Road Warrior," "Repo Man," Casablanca,") almost inaudibly.
15. Kill roaches with a monkey wrench while playing Wagnerian arias on a kazoo. If your roommate complains, explain that it is for your performance art class (or hit him/her with the wrench).
16. Collect all your urine in a small jug.
17. Chain yourself to your roommate's bed. Get him/her to bring you food.
18. Get a computer. Leave it on when you are not using it. Turn it off when you are.
19. Ask your roommate if your family can move in "just for a couple of weeks."
20. Buy as many back issues of Field and Stream as you can. Put hooks in your cheeks while reading them.
21. Fake a heart attack. When your roommate gets the paramedics to come, pretend nothing happened.
22. Eat glass.
23. Smoke ballpoint pens.
24. Smile. All the time.
25. Pray to the Gods in Toledo. When asked if it's Toledo, Ohio, exclaim "How could *you* understand?"
26. Burn all your waste paper while eying your roommate suspiciously.
27. Hide a bunch of potato chips and Ho Hos in the bottom of a trash can. When you get hungry, root around in the trash. Find the food, and eat it. If your roommate empties the trash before you get hungry, demand that s/he reimburse you.
28. Leave a declaration of war on your roommate's desk. Include a list of grievances.

29. Paste pre and post nasal drips on the windows in occult patterns.
30. Shoot rubber bands at your roommate while his/her back is turned, and then look away quickly.
31. Dye all your underwear lime green.
32. Spill a lot of beer on his/her bed. Swim.
33. Bye three loaves of stale bread. Grow mold in the closet.
34. Hide your underwear and socks in your roommate's closet. Accuse him/her of stealing it.
35. Remove your door. Ship it to your roommate's parents (postage due).
36. Pray to Azazoth or Zoroaster. Sacrifice something nasty.
37. Whenever your roommate walks in, wait one minute and then stand up. Announce that you are going to take a shower. Do so. Keep this up for three weeks.
38. Array thirteen tooth brushes of different colors on your dresser. Refuse to discuss them.
39. Paint your half of the room black. Or paisley.
40. Whenever he/she is about to fall asleep, ask questions that start with "Didja ever wonder why..." Be creative.
41. Shave one eyebrow.
42. Put your mattress underneath your bed. Sleep down under there and pile your dirty clothes on the empty bedframe. If your roommate comments, mutter "Gotta save space," twenty times while twitching violently.
43. Put horseradish in your shoes.
44. Shelve all your books with the spines facing the wall. Complain loudly that you can never find the book that you want.
45. Always flush the toilet three times.
46. Subsist entirely on pickles for a week. Vomit often.
47. Buy a copy of Frankie Yankovic's "Pennsylvania Polka," and play it at least 6 hours a day. If your roommate complains, explain that it's an assignment for your primitive cultures class.
48. Give him/her an allowance.
49. Listen to radio static.
50. Open your window shades before you go to sleep each night. Close them as soon as you wake up.

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Acronymically speaking...

Adidas

Advertising Does Influeance Dumb A**hole's Selection,
All Day I Dream About Sex.

Audi

Accelerates Under Demonic Influence.

Bitch

Beautiful, Intelligent, Talented, Charming and Horny.

BMW

Babbling Mechanical Wrench
Basic Marin (county CA) Wheels
Beastly, Monstrous Wonder,
Beautiful Masteriece on Wheels
Beautiful Mechanical Wonder,
Big Money Waste,
Blasphemous Motorized Wreck,
Born Moderately Wealthy,
Break My Window,
Broken Money Waster,
Brutal Money Waster,
Bumbling Mechanical Wretch.
BNR
Built, Never Runs.
Buick
Big Ugly Import Car Killer,
Big Ugly Indestructable Compact Killer.

CBM

Crash-prone Buggy Machines.

CCBS

Close Cover Before Striking.

Chevrolet

Car Has Extensive Valve Rattle On Long Extended Trips.

Chevy

Charged HEaVilY.

Dodge

Dead On Delivery, Go Easy,
Dying Garbage Emitter, Guarantee Expired,
Drips Oil, Drops Grease Everywhere.

Fiat

Failure In Automotive Technology,
Fix It Again, Tony
Feeble Italian Attempt at Transportation.

Fila (shoes)

First In Ladies Attention,
Found In Lowlife's Apparel.

Ford

First On Race Day,
Fix Or Repair Daily,
Found On Road Dead,
Fraternal Order of Restored DeSoto's.

GM

General Maintenance.

GMC

Garage Man's Companion,
Generally Mediocre Cars,
Get More Chicks,
Got a Mechanic Coming,
Got More Crap.

IBM PC

I've Blown My Power Circuits.

IMHO

Idiots Manage High Office,
Individual Maintenance Health Organization.

Iowa

Idiots Out Wandering Around,
I Owe the World an Apology.

IROC

I'm Really Out of Cash,
I Race Other Cars,
Run Over Children,
It's Really Only a Camaro.

IRS

Income Reduction Service.

Jeep

Just Eats Every Part.

Mac

Malformed Apple Computer,
Monstrously Aggravating Coding,
Mouse Activated Computer.

Mazda

Most Always Zipping Dangerously Along.

MG

Money Guzzler.

Mopar

Miscellaneous Oddball Parts Assembled Ridiculously,
Mostly Old Parts (Paint) And Rust,
Most Often Passed At Races.

Olds

Oil Leak, Dead Starter.

Oldsmobile

Oh, Look, Dammit! Some Massive Oil Burning Idiot's Leaking Everywhere.
Old Ladies Driving Slowly Make Others Behind Infuriatingly Late Everyday
Old Loose Dented Sheet Metal Out-dated By Infamies Like Edsel.

PC

Primitive Calculator,
Pseudo-Computer.

Pinto

Put In Nickel To Operate.

Plymouth

Please Let Your Mother Out from Under The Hood.

Pontiac

Poor/Overworked Nerd-types Think It's A Cadillac.

Porsche

Piece Of Retired Scrap, Continually High Expense.

Procrastinate

People Rarely Obtain Coveted Rewards After Scheduling Tasks Into Never-Attainable
Time Elements.

PTL (Praise the Lord)

Pacify The Loonies,
Pardon The Lies,
Pass The Ladies/Lobster/Loot/Lubricant,
Pathetic, Those Losers,
Pay The Lady/Lawyers/Liar/Lord,
Pray To Lucifer,
Plunder The Laymen/Losers,
Poverty To Luxury,
Predisposed To Larceny,
Pretend To Love,
Pretzels To Lobsters,
Price The Lord,
Prison Term Likely,
Privy To Larceny,
Promise Them Lies,
Prone To Lust,

Propositional Temporal Logic,
Pry The Loot.

Russia

Rape Until She Screams In Agony.

Saab

Send Another Auto Back,
Such An Arrogant Bastard,
Swedish Auto Always Broken.

SPSF (Southern Pacific Santa Fe railroad; never merged)
Shouldn't Paint So Fast.

Toyota

Too Often Yankees Overprice This Auto.

UCI (University of California at Irvine)
Under Construction Indefinitely.

UP (railroad)
Union (like onion) Pathetic.

USC (Univ. of Southern Calif.)
University of Spoiled Children.

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The new and improved “You know it’s going to be a bad day when...”

You receive a \$300 bill from your tree surgeon and you live in an apartment.

The plumber tells you it would be cheaper to install a diving board than to drain the cellar.

You bear a striking resemblance to this week’s prime suspect on America’s Most Wanted.

The Dialing for Dollars host quizzes you about the only John Wayne film you haven’t seen.

Your heart medication has been replaced with sugar pills and a note that says “April fools!”

You read that the author who developed your current diet just died of malnutrition.

You wake up to discover that your carpet and wallpaper has been replaced by tufted upholstery and iron bars.

The morning news reveals that your home wasn’t built on a toxic waste site...because they can’t store toxic waste on a native burial ground.

You’re being laid off to make room for the new person you just finished training.

The morning newspaper feels oily and your kippers taste like ink.

Your breakfast cereal makes its own gravy.

You sleep in and dream of being a private eye...the “gorgeous blonde with the problem” turns out to be Lassie.

You brush your teeth with Ben-Gay.

Your clothes smell like baby shampoo and your hair is remarkably free from static cling.

The company’s monthly report shows that production rose at a record rate during the only vacation you’ve had in ten years.

You receive a letter notifying you that your health insurance is cancelled. The paper cut you get opening the envelope requires 20 stitches and three pints of blood.

Your name appears on the company’s vacation schedule for all 52 weeks

Your winning entry in the American Family Sweepstakes is invalid because you can’t prove your name is “Occupant”.

There’s a pink slip on your desk in the morning...and you’re self-employed.

Your burly cab driver starts telling you how he “dealt with” the last person who

stiffed him and you realize you forgot your wallet.

You've driven halfway to work before you realize you don't own a car.

Your skirt feels a little tight as you get on the subway - and suddenly you remember that your name is Roy.

You look out the window and notice the sun rising in the west.

You kiss your wife on the way out the door and realize she really needs a shave.

The humane society repossesses your dog.

You put your bra on backwards and it fits better

You call suicide prevention and they put you on hold

You get to work and find a 60 minutes news team waiting in your office

You turn on the evening news and they are showing emergency routes out of the city.

Your horn sticks on the freeway behind thirty-two Hell's Angels.

Your four-year-old tells you that it's almost impossible to flush a grapefruit down the toilet.

You realized that you just sprayed spot remover under your arms instead of deodorant.

The bird singing outside your window is a vulture

Your husband says "good morning Mary"...and your name is Sharon.

You call your wife and tell her that you would like to eat out tonight...and when you get home there is a sandwich on the front porch.

Your kids start treating you the same way you treated your parents.

You compliment the boss on her unusual perfume and she isn't wearing any.

People think you are 40 and you really are.

You realize that the phone number on the bathroom wall of the bar is yours.

You wake up face down on the pavement.

You want to put on the clothes you wore home from the party and they aren't there.

You wake up to discover your waterbed has broken, then remember you don't have a waterbed.

Your wife wakes up feeling amorous and you have a headache.

You call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.

Your blind date turns out to be your ex-wife.

Your income tax refund cheque bounces.

Your wife says, "Good morning, Bill" and your name is George.

Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.

Your twin sister forgets your birthday.

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Living in cages linked to cancer in laboratory rats

AP--The federal government today released the findings of a four year study that linked living in cages to increased potential of developing cancer in laboratory rats.

The study, which cost an estimated \$17 million, was started in 1983 when all the rats in a laboratory test control group contracted cancer.

Spokesperson John Smith explained: "We were running a test on the possible link between excess popcorn intake and increased incidence of colon cancer. The test group consisted of twenty rats who were forcefed three quarts (roughly one and a half times their body weight) of popcorn daily, a perfectly reasonable amount under laboratory conditions. The control group consisted of twenty rats who lived in cages carefully shielded from all known carcinogens. To our surprise, all twenty control rats developed cancer within six months."

Smith went on to say: "We had always had some trouble with control rats contracting cancer. But as long as more of the rats in the test group than the control group got cancer, we were able to feel pretty good about condemning whatever we were testing at the time."

Smith was then questioned about the possibility of test results being invalid if any of the control rats developed cancer. He responded: "Yeah, we had an scientist at the lab ask that once. We had to let him go when we found out he was a member of the Audubon Society. Conflict of interest. The last thing you want in a research lab is someone asking a lot of fool questions."

When asked if these results would change any previous findings Smith replied "This could blow our whole gig. I mean, if it's been the cages all along, this could mean that things like asbestos, smoking, even radiation are perfectly harmless."

"We may be forced to recall all our previous findings at a cost of billions of dollars. This says nothing of the possible lawsuits from individuals who contracted cancer while spending time in prison, or zoo workers forced to spend extended periods inside the animal's cages."

When asked why the study cost seventeen million dollars, Smith responded "Do you have any idea how expensive it is to provide food and living conditions for rats that doesn't expose them to any of the things we have determined to cause cancer? In fact right now we're in the middle of a two year study that may link breathing with lung cancer. You think the cost is bad now, just wait till we are forced to prevent the control rats From breathing so as not to invalidate the results by having more of the control rats get cancer than test rats."

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Cartoon Laws

Cartoon Law I.

Any body suspended in space will remain in space until made aware of its situation.

Daffy Duck steps off a cliff, expecting further pastureland. He loiters in midair, soliloquizing flippantly, until he chances to look down. At this point, the familiar principle of 32 feet per second² takes over.

Cartoon Law II.

Any body in motion will tend to remain in motion until solid matter intervenes suddenly.

Whether shot from a cannon or in hot pursuit on foot, cartoon characters are so absolute in their momentum that only a telephone pole or an outsize boulder retards their forward motion absolutely. Sir Isaac Newton called this sudden termination of motion the stooge's surcease.

Cartoon Law III.

Any body passing through solid matter will leave a perforation conforming to its perimeter.

Also called the silhouette of passage, this phenomenon is the speciality of victims of directed-pressure explosions and of reckless cowards who are so eager to escape that they exit directly through the wall of a house, leaving a cookie-cutout- perfect hole. The threat of skunks or matrimony often catalyzes this reaction.

Cartoon Law IV.

The time required for an object to fall twenty stories is greater than or equal to the time it takes for whoever knocked it off the ledge to spiral down twenty flights to attempt to capture it unbroken.

Such an object is inevitably priceless, the attempt to capture it inevitably unsuccessful.

Cartoon Law V.

All principles of gravity are negated by fear.

Psychic forces are sufficient in most bodies for a shock to propel them directly away from the earth's surface. A spooky noise or an adversary's signature sound will induce motion upward, usually to the cradle of a chandelier, a treetop, or the crest of a flagpole. The feet of a character who is running or the wheels of a speeding auto need never touch the ground, especially when in flight.

Cartoon Law VI.

As speed increases, objects can be in several places at once.

This is particularly true of tooth-and-claw fights, in which a character's head may be glimpsed emerging from the cloud of altercation at several places simultaneously. This effect is

common as well among bodies that are spinning or being throttled. A 'wacky' character has the option of self-replication only at manic high speeds and may ricochet off walls to achieve the velocity required.

Cartoon Law VII.

Certain bodies can pass through solid walls painted to resemble tunnel entrances; others cannot.

This trompe l'oeil inconsistency has baffled generation, but at least it is known that whoever paints an entrance on a wall's surface to trick an opponent will be unable to pursue him into this theoretical space. The painter is flattened against the wall when he attempts to follow into the painting. This is ultimately a problem of art, not of science.

Cartoon Law VIII.

Any violent rearrangement of feline matter is impermanent.

Cartoon cats possess even more deaths than the traditional nine lives might comfortably afford. They can be decimated, spliced, splayed, accordion-pleated, spindled, or disassembled, but they cannot be destroyed. After a few moments of blinking self-pity, they reinflate, elongate, snap back, or solidify.

Corollary: A cat will assume the shape of its container.

Cartoon Law IX.

For every vengeance there is an equal and opposite revengeance.

This is the one law of animated cartoon motion that also applies to the physical world at large. For that reason, we need the relief of watching it happen to a duck instead.

Contributed by Trevor Paquette & Lt. Justin D. Baldwin

The Etiology & Treatment of Childhood



Childhood is a syndrome which has only recently begun to receive serious attention from clinicians. The syndrome itself, however, is not at all recent. As early as the 8th century, the Persian historian Kidnomo made references to "short, noisy creatures," who may well have been what we now call "children."

The treatment of children, however, was unknown until this century, when so-called "child psychologists" and "child psychiatrists" became common. Despite this history of clinical neglect, it has been estimated that well over half of all Americans alive today have experienced childhood directly (Suess, 1983). In fact, the actual numbers are probably much higher, since these data are based on self-reports which may be subject to social desirability biases and retrospective distortion.

The growing acceptance of childhood as a distinct phenomenon is reflected in the proposed inclusion of the syndrome in the upcoming Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, 4th edition, or DSM- IV, of the American Psychiatric Association (1990). Clinicians are still in disagreement about the significant clinical features of childhood, but the proposed DSM-IV will almost certainly include the following core features:

1. Congenital onset
2. Dwarfism
3. Emotional lability and immaturity
4. Knowledge deficits
5. Legume anorexia

Clinical Features of Childhood



Although the focus of this paper is on the efficacy of conventional treatment of childhood, the five clinical markers mentioned above merit further discussion for those unfamiliar with this patient population.

Congenital onset

In one of the few existing literature reviews on childhood, Temple- Black (1982) has noted that childhood is almost always present at birth, although it may go undetected for years or even remain subclinical indefinitely. This observation has led some investigators to speculate on a biological contribution to childhood. As one psychologist has put it, "we may soon be in a position to distinguish organic childhood from functional childhood" (Rogers, 1979).

Dwarfism

This is certainly the most familiar marker of childhood. It is widely known that children are physically short relative to the population at large. Indeed, common clinical wisdom

suggests that the treatment of the so-called “small child” (or “tot”) is particularly difficult. These children are known to exhibit infantile behaviour and display a startling lack of insight (Tom and Jerry, 1967).

Emotional lability and immaturity

This aspect of childhood is often the only basis for a clinician’s diagnosis. As a result, many otherwise normal adults are misdiagnosed as children and must suffer the unnecessary social stigma of being labelled a “child” by professionals and friends alike.

Knowledge deficits

While many children have IQ’s with or even above the norm, almost all will manifest knowledge deficits. Anyone who has known a real child has experienced the frustration of trying to discuss any topic that requires some general knowledge. Children seem to have little knowledge about the world they live in. Politics, art, and science -- children are largely ignorant of these. Perhaps it is because of this ignorance, but the sad fact is that most children have few friends who are not, themselves, children.

Legume anorexia

This last identifying feature is perhaps the most unexpected. Folk wisdom is supported by empirical observation -- children will rarely eat their vegetables (see Popeye, 1957, for review).

Causes of Childhood

Now that we know what it is, what can we say about the causes of childhood? Recent years have seen a flurry of theory and speculation from a number of perspectives. Some of the most prominent are reviewed below.

Sociological Model

Emile Durkheim was perhaps the first to speculate about sociological causes of childhood. He points out two key observations about children: 1) the vast majority of children are unemployed, and 2) children represent one of the least educated segments of our society. In fact, it has been estimated that less than 20% of children have had more than fourth grade education.

Clearly, children are an “out-group.” Because of their intellectual handicap, children are even denied the right to vote. From the sociologist’s perspective, treatment should be aimed at helping assimilate children into mainstream society. Unfortunately, some victims are so incapacitated by their childhood that they are simply not competent to work. One promising rehabilitation program (Spanky and Alfalfa, 1978) has trained victims of severe childhood to sell lemonade.

Biological Model

The observation that childhood is usually present from birth has led some to speculate on a biological contribution. An early investigation by Flintstone and Jetson (1939) indicated that childhood runs in families. Their survey of over 8,000 American families revealed that over half contained more than one child. Further investigation revealed that even most non-child family members had experienced childhood at some point. Cross-cultural studies (e.g., Mowgli & Din, 1950) indicate that family childhood is even more prevalent in the Far East. For example, in Indian and Chinese families, as many as three out of four family members may have childhood.

Impressive evidence of a genetic component of childhood comes from a large-scale twin study by Brady and Partridge (1972). These authors studied over 106 pairs of twins, looking at concordance rates for childhood. Among identical or monozygotic twins, concordance was unusually high (0.92), i.e., when one twin was diagnosed with childhood, the other twin was almost always a child as well.

Psychological Models

A considerable number of psychologically-based theories of the development of childhood exist. They are too numerous to review here. Among the more familiar models are Seligman's "learned childishness" model. According to this model, individuals who are treated like children eventually give up and become children. As a counterpoint to such theories, some experts have claimed that childhood does not really exist. Szasz (1980) has called "childhood" an expedient label. In seeking conformity, we handicap those whom we find unruly or too short to deal with by labelling them "children."

Treatment of Childhood



Efforts to treat childhood are as old as the syndrome itself. Only in modern times, however, have humane and systematic treatment protocols been applied. In part, this increased attention to the problem may be due to the sheer number of individuals suffering from childhood. Government statistics (DHHS) reveal that there are more children alive today than at any time in our history. To paraphrase P.T. Barnum: "There's a child born every minute."

The overwhelming number of children has made government intervention inevitable. The nineteenth century saw the institution of what remains the largest single program for the treatment of childhood -- so-called "public schools." Under this colossal program, individuals are placed into treatment groups based on the severity of their condition. For example, those most severely afflicted may be placed in a "kindergarten" program. Patients at this level are typically short, unruly, emotionally immature, and intellectually deficient. Given this type of individual, therapy is essentially one of patient management and of helping the child master basic skills (e.g. finger-painting).

Unfortunately, the "school" system has been largely ineffective. Not only is the program a massive tax burden, but it has failed even to slow down the rising incidence of childhood.

Faced with this failure and the growing epidemic of childhood, mental health professionals are devoting increasing attention to the treatment of childhood. Given a theoretical framework by Freud's landmark treatises on childhood, child psychiatrists and psychologists claimed great successes in their clinical interventions.

By the 1950's, however, the clinicians' optimism had waned. Even after years of costly analysis, many victims remained children. The following case (taken from Gumbie & Poke, 1957) is typical.

Billy J., age 8, was brought to treatment by his parents. Billy's affliction was painfully obvious. He stood only 4'3" high and weighed a scant 70 lbs., despite the fact that he ate voraciously. Billy presented a variety of troubling symptoms. His voice was noticeably high for a man. He displayed legume anorexia, and, according to his parents, often refused to bathe. His intellectual functioning was also below normal -- he had little general knowledge and could barely write a structured sentence. Social skills were also deficient. He often spoke

inappropriately and exhibited “whining behaviour.” His sexual experience was non-existent. Indeed, Billy considered women “icky.” His parents reported that his condition had been present from birth, improving gradually after he was placed in a school at age 5. The diagnosis was “primary childhood.”

After years of painstaking treatment, Billy improved gradually. At age 11, his height and weight have increased, his social skills are broader, and he is now functional enough to hold down a “paper route.”

Prognosis

A

After years of this kind of frustration, startling new evidence has come to light which suggests that the prognosis in cases of childhood may not be all gloom. A critical review by Fudd (1972) noted that studies of the childhood syndrome tend to lack careful follow-up. Acting on this observation, Moe, Larrie, and Kirly (1974) began a large-scale longitudinal study. These investigators studied two groups. The first group consisted of 34 children currently engaged in a long-term conventional treatment program. The second was a group of 42 children receiving no treatment. All subjects had been diagnosed as children at least 4 years previously, with a mean duration of childhood of 6.4 years.

At the end of one year, the results confirmed the clinical wisdom that childhood is a refractory disorder -- virtually all symptoms persisted and the treatment group was only slightly better off than the controls.

The results, however, of a careful 10-year follow-up were startling. The investigators (Moe, Larrie, Kirly, & Shemp, 1984) assessed the original cohort on a variety of measures. General knowledge and emotional maturity were assessed with standard measures. Height was assessed by the “metric system” (see Ruler, 1923), and legume appetite by the Vegetable Appetite Test (VAT) designed by Popeye (1968). Moe et al. found that subjects improved uniformly on all measures. Indeed, in most cases, the subjects appeared to be symptom-free. Moe et al. report a spontaneous remission rate of 95%, a finding which is certain to revolutionize the clinical approach to childhood.

These recent results suggests that the prognosis for victims of childhood may not be so bad as we have feared. We must not, however, become too complacent. Despite its apparently high spontaneous remission rate, childhood remains one of the most serious and rapidly growing disorders facing mental health professional today. And, beyond the psychological pain it brings, childhood has recently been linked to a number of physical disorders. Twenty years ago, Howdi, Doodi, and Beauzeau (1965) demonstrated a six-fold increased risk of chicken pox, measles, and mumps among children as compared with normal controls. Later, Barby and Kenn (1971) linked childhood to an elevated risk of accidents -- compared with normal adults, victims of childhood were much more likely to scrape their knees, lose their teeth, and fall off their bikes.

Clearly, much more research is needed before we can give any real hope to the millions of victims wracked by this insidious disorder.

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Common sense word problems

Introduction



his file contains word problems that can be solved by using your common sense (assuming you HAVE any; avid Dedaparamaxxaginos Productions readers can safely assume they will FAIL this exam). Think before you answer the questions. There will be a quiz on this material sometime within the 21st century.

And now, on with the show.

Problem:

1. Suppose you are on an elevator on the 16th floor of a building, when the cable breaks. As you plummet toward the ground, you recall that you once heard that by jumping up FAST at the instant of impact, you can escape death. You also recall that the floors are twelve feet apart and that the speed of a falling object is 32 feet per second per second. When should you jump?

Solution:

You would impact between the 2nd and 3rd second after the cable broke, so you would want to jump 2 seconds after the break. However, considering the calculations involved, you would probably end up as a heap of screaming bloody mess at the bottom of the elevator shaft. Besides, there's no telling if jumping really works.

Problem:

2. A light year is 5.9×10^{12} miles and Alpha Centuri is 2.5×10^{14} miles away. If your friend stood on the surface of Alpha Centuri and waved, how long would it be until you could see it from the earth?

Solution:

From now until hell freezes over. NO telescope yet invented has THAT kind of magnification. Besides, Alpha Centuri is a star and your friend couldn't get within miles of it without being vaporized.

Problem:

3. Buildings A and B are adjacent buildings. The floors in Building A are 12 feet apart, and it is 16 stories high. If Ronald McDonald jumped out of the 20th story window of Building A, how far would he fall before hitting the roof of Building B?

Solution:

Far enough...

Problem:

4. The chance of rolling snake eyes is 1 in 36. If you roll snake eyes eight times in a row with the same pair of dice, what is the chance of rolling snake eyes on your ninth roll?

Solution:

Pretty good. The dice are obviously rigged.

Problem:

5. The human body holds nine quarts of blood. Suppose you were alone in the desert and accidentally cut a major artery. If you bleed at one cup a minute, how long will it take you to bleed to death?

Solution:

Apply a tourniquet and you won't.

	The UN-----	Communists	Facists	Krishnas			Computer
							Nerds
	The Military/Industrial	Complex	GM/Ford	TM	-----	Thelema	
			Crown of England	UFOs			
	Eastern Liberal Establishment					Great-Aunt Tillie	
			Republicans				
	The Medical Establishment			Science Fiction--	-----	Cthulhu	
			EEC				
	The Pyschiatric Establishment					Women's Lib	
				Gurus			
	Homosexuals		Nazi Pagans			--Atheists----	
			Identity----	-----	New Agers-		
	-----NAACP	Movement					-Abortionists
Black			Bar coding				
Muslims	California				Neo-	Criminals	
	NEA---	Liberals---	Ecologists--	Yuppies		Pagans	
	Moonies	--Animal Rights--	-----	Wicca-----	Renaissance		
					Faires		
	New World Order	Anybody not in your sect					
			-----	THE BEAST 666 ARMAGEDDON			

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Corporate structure

Chairman of the board:

Leaps tall building in a single bound, is more powerful than a locomotive, faster than a speeding bullet, walks on water, gives policy to God

President:

Leaps short buildings in a single bound, is more powerful than a switch engine, is just as fast as a speeding bullet, walks on water if the sea is calm, talks with God

Executive vice president:

Leaps short buildings with a running start and & favourable winds, is almost as powerful as a switch engine, is faster than a speeding BB, walks on water in an indoor swimming pool, talks with God if special request is approved

Vice president:

Barely clears a quonset hut, loses tug-of-war with a locomotive, can fire a speeding bullet, swims well, is occasionally addressed by God

General manager:

Makes high marks on the wall when trying to leap buildings, is run over by locomotive, can sometimes handle a gun without inflicting self-injury, dog paddles, talks to animals

Manager:

Runs into buildings, recognizes locomotive two out of three times, is not issued ammunition, can't stay afloat with a life preserver, talks to walls

Trainee:

Falls over doorsteps when trying to enter building, says "look at the choo-choo", wets himself with a water pistol, plays in mud puddles, mumbles to himself

Secretary:

Lifts buildings and walks under them, kicks locomotives off the tracks, catches speeding bullets in her teeth, freezes water with a single glance, she is God

New infants miracle diet for overweight people



labby Americans are always on the look out for a new diet. The trouble with most diets is that you don't get enough to eat (the starvation diet) or you don't get enough variation (the liquid diet) or you go broke (the all-meat diet).

Consequently, people tend to cheat on their diets, or quit after three days, or go right back to stuffing their faces after it is all over. Is there nothing you can do but give up and tell your friends that you've got a gland problem? Or is there a slim hope? Such is the Infants' Miracle Diet.

Over the years, you may have noticed, as I have, that most two-year olds are trim. It came to me one day over a cup of black coffee and a carrot that perhaps their diet is the reason. After consultation with pediatricians, X-ray technicians and distraught mothers, I was able to formulate this new diet. It is inexpensive, offers great variety and sufficient quantity. Before embarking on the diet however, be sure to check with your doctor, otherwise you might have to see him afterward.

First day

Breakfast: One scrambled egg, one peice of toast with grape jelly. Eat two bites of egg, using your fingers; dump the rest on the floor. Take one bite of toast, then smear the jelly over your face and clothes.

Lunch: Four crayons (any color), a handful of potato chips, and a glass of milk (three sips only, then spill the rest).

Dinner: A dry stick, two pennies and a nickle, four sips of stale beer. Before Bedtime, toast a piece of bread and toss it on the kitchen floor.

Second day:

Breakfast: Pick up stale toast off kitchen floor and eat. Drink half bottle of vanilla extract or one vial of vegetable dye.

Lunch: Half a tube of Pulsating Pink lipstick, and a cigarette (to be eaten not smoked). Ice cube if desired. After lunch, lick an all day sucker until sticky, take it outside and drop it in the dirt. Retrieve it and continue slurping until it is clean again. Bring it inside and drop it on the rug.

Dinner: A rock or and an uncooked bean, which should be thrust up your left nostril. Pour iced tea over mashed potatoes; eat with spoon.

Third day:

Breakfast: Two pancakes with plenty of syrup, eat with fingers, rub fingers in hair. Glass of milk, drink one-half, stuff pancakes in glass. After breakfast pick up sucker from rug, lick off fuzz and put on cushion of your best chair.

Lunch: Three matches, peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Spit several bites onto the floor. Pour milk on table and slurp up.

Dinner: dish of ice cream, handful of potato chips, some wine, coffee.

Last day:

Breakfast: a quarter tube of toothpaste (any flavor), bit of soap, an olive, pour glass of milk over bowl of cornflakes, add 1/2 cup sugar. When cereal is soggy, drink milk and feed cereal to dog.

Lunch: Eat crumbs off kitchen floor and dining room carpet, including bites of sandwich you spit out yesterday. One soft drink. Find sucker and finish eating it.

Dinner: A glass of spaghetti and chocolate milk. Leave meatball on plate. Stick of mascara for dessert.

(Weight_Loss VaxNotes - BP)

How do they do it?

AI hackers make a big production out of it.

Accountants are good with figures.

Actors do it in the lime light.

Actors do it on cue.

Advertisers use the “new, improved” method.

Agents do it undercover.

Air Traffic Controllers tell pilots how to do it.

Anarchists do it revoltingly.

Anglers do it with worms.

Anthropologists do it with culture.

Archeologists do it with their mummies.

Assembly line workers do it over and over.

Astronomers do it in the dark.

Astronomers do it while gazing at Uranus.

Attorneys make better motions.

Bailiffs always come to order.

Bakers knead it daily.

Barbers do it with shear pleasure.

Basketball players score more often.

Bookkeepers do it for the record.

Bosses delegate the task to others.

Boy Scouts do it in the woods.

Bus drivers come early and pull out on time.

Cartoonists do it with just a few good strokes.

Cheerleaders do it with more enthusiasm.

Chess players check their mates.

Chiropractors do it by manipulation.

Clowns do it for laughs.

Collectors do it in sets.

Communists do it without class.

Conductors do it rhythmically.

Congregationalists do it in groups.

Copier repairmen do it with duplicity.

Craftsmen do it by hand.

DJs do it on request.

Deep-sea divers do it under extreme pressure.
Dentists do it with filling.
Don't do it with a banker. Most of them are tellers.

Economists do it cyclically.
Electricians do it with no shorts.
Existentialists do it alone.
Farmers do it in the dirt.

Fed-Ex agents will absolutely, positively do it overnight.
Frank Sinatra does it his way.
Geologists get their rocks off.
Gymnasts practice the mount and dismount.
Ham radio operators do it till their GigaHertz
Heinz does it with relish.
Historians did it.

The IRS does it to everyone.
Insurance salesmen are premium lovers.
Jewelers mount real gems.
Kayakers do it, roll over, and do it again.
Lawyers do something, but we're not permitted to say what.
Lions do it with pride.

Machinists make the best screws.
Mathematicians do it to prove themselves.
Mathematicians have to prove they did it.
Milkmen deliver twice a week.
Missile engineers do it in stages.
Moonies do it within sects.
OS/2 users can do it many ways simultaneously.
Navigators can show you the way.
Nuns do it out of habit.
Oarsmen stroke till it hurts.

Painters use defter strokes.
Perfectionists can't do it any better.
Philosophers wonder why they did it.
Pilots stay up longer.
Polaroid does it in one step.
Procrastinators will do it when they get around to it.
Professors do it by the book.

Protestants do it unwillingly.

Quakers do it quietly.

Radio Engineers do it with Frequency.

Recyclers do it again.

Reporters do it for the sensation.

Retailers know how to move their merchandise.

When seismologists do it, the earth moves.

Senators do it on the floor.

Shakespearean scholars do it... or don't do it, that is the question....

Skeet shooters do it 25 times in 9 different positions

Sociologists do it with class.

Software Testers do it over and over again.

Sprinters do it in less than 10 seconds.

Statisticians do it when it counts.

Statisticians probably do it.

Surgeons are smooth operators.

Tailors will always provide a perfect fit.

Teddy Roosevelt did it softly, but with a big stick.

Test makers do it:

(a) sometimes

(b) always

(c) never

Vicars do it with amazing grace.

Zen Monks do it and don't do it.

How do they do it? (2)

AI hackers do it artificially.
AM Disc Jockeys do it with Modulated Amplitude.
Accountants do it with double entry.
Actors do it on camera.
Acupuncturists do it with a small prick.
Aerobics instructors do it until it hurts.
Air traffic controllers do it by radar.
Alvin Toffler will do it in the future.
Anesthetists do it painlessly.
Animators do it 24 times a second
Apologists do it orally.
Artists do it by design.
Astronomers do it all night.
Astronomers do it under the stars.
Astronomers do it with stars.
Auto makers do it with standard equipment

Bakers do it for the dough.
Bankers do it for money, but there is a penalty for early withdrawal.
Baseball players hit more home runs.
Beethoven was the first to do it with a full orchestra.
Bookworms only read about it.
Bowlers have bigger balls.
Buddhists imagine doing it.

Carpet layers do it on the floor.
Catholics talk about it afterwards.
Chemists do it reactively.
Chess players do it in their minds.
City Planners do it with their eyes shut.
Cockroaches have done it for millions of years, without apparent ill-effects.
Comedians do it for laughs.
Computer scientists do it bit by bit.
Confectioners do it sweetly.
Consultants tell others how to do it.
Cops do it by the book.
Cryptographers do it secretly.

Dancers do it in leaps and bounds.
Deer hunters will do anything for a buck.
Direct mailers get it in the sack.
Dyslexic particle physicists do it with hadrons.
Electrical Engineers do it with more frequency and less resistance.
Electrochemists have greater potential.
Faith healers do it with whatever they can lay their hands on.
Farmers spread it around.
Firemen find `em hot, and leave `em wet.
Gas station attendants pump all day.
Guitar players have their pick.

Hackers have better hardware.
Every handyman loves a good screw.
Hikers do it naturally.
Horseback riders stay in the saddle longer.
Illusionists only look like they're doing it.
Janitors clean up afterwards.
Jews worry about doing it.
Landlords do it every month.
Librarians do it by the book.

Machinists are better drillers.
Managers make you do it instead.
Mathematicians do it with odd functions.
Mechanics do it on their backs.
Ministers do it vicariously.
Modem manufacturers do it with all sorts of characters.
Morticians do it with grave interest.
Native Americans do it with reservations.
New users can't do it until they've read the helpfile.
Nurses call the shots.
Operators do it person-to-person.

Particle physicists do it energetically.
Pessimists can't do it.
Physicists do it at lightspeed.
Pizza delivery boys come in 30 minutes, or it's free.
Printers do it without wrinkling the sheets.
Proctologists do it in the end.
Programmers do it on command.
Psychologists think they do it.

Quantum mechanics do it in leaps.
Real estate people know all the prime spots.
Reporters do it daily.
Researchers are still looking for it.

Salespeople have a way with their tongues.
Semanticists do it with meaning.
Sergeants do it privately.
Shubert didn't finish it.
Skydivers are good 'til the last drop.
Sociologists do it with the standard deviations.
Sportscasters always have an instant replay.
Stammerers prefer to take their time.
Statisticians do it with 95% confidence.
Stutterers do it repeatedly.
Swimmers have better strokes.
Taxidermists mount anything.
Vacationers do it in a leisurely way.
Volunteer workers do it willingly.

Copy Print Close

Drinker's fault-finding guide

Symptom:

Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste; shirt front is wet.

Fault:

Mouth not open when drinking or glass being applied to wrong part of face.

Solution:

Buy another pint and practice in front of a mirror. Continue with as many pints as necessary until drinking technique is perfect.

Symptom:

Drinking fails to give satisfaction and taste; beer unusually pale and clear.

Fault:

Glass is empty.

Solution:

Find someone who will buy you another pint.

Symptom:

Feet cold and wet.

Fault:

Glass being held at incorrect angle.

Solution:

Turn glass so that open end is pointing at ceiling.

Symptom:

Feet warm and wet.

Fault:

Loss of self-control.

Solution:

Go and stand beside nearest dog - After a while complain to its owner about its lack of house training.

Symptom:

Bar blurred.

Fault:

You are looking through the bottom of your empty glass.

Solution:

Find someone who will buy you another pint.

Symptom:

Bar swaying.

Fault:

Air turbulence unusually high perhaps due to darts match in progress.

Solution:

Insert broom handle down back of jacket.

Symptom:

Bar moving.

Fault:

You are being carried out.

Solution:

Find out if you are being taken to another bar - if not complain loudly that you are being hi-jacked.

Symptom:

The opposite wall is covered in ceiling tiles and has a fluorescent strip across it.

Fault:

You have fallen over backwards.

Solution:

If glass is still full, and no one is standing on your drinking arm, stay put. If not, get someone to lift you up and lash you to the bar.

Symptom:

Everything has gone dim and you have a mouth full of teeth and dog-ends.

Fault:

You have fallen over forwards.

Solution:

Same as for falling over backwards.

Symptom:

You have woken up to find your bed cold, hard and wet. You cannot see your bedroom walls or ceiling.

Fault:

You have spent the night in the gutter.

Solution:

Check your watch to see if its opening time - if not treat yourself to a lie in.

Symptom:

Everything has gone dim.

Fault:

The pub is closing.

Solution:

Panic.

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A guide to understanding political double-talk

accountability

Something no politician has but every politician claims. Like integrity.

advance party

A group of people who precede politician to engagements in order to hire hookers and pump up crowds.

appropriations

Money up for grabs.

bribe

Anything that is "off the record." Cash only, no checks.

business as usual

What happened the day after an election or the day after being cleared of fraud charges. th of the likely outcome but unwilling to face facts.

character assassination

Telling the truth about a politician's personality and background.

clear the air

"Give me a chance to cook up some half-baked explanation." Officials usually say they want to clear the air after a series of denials and refusals to comment.

come clean

Blowing the whistle; ratting on political friends; stopping the lies-temporarily.

connections

People who are willing to lie, cheat and steal for personal gain.

constituents

The enemy.

credible sources

Information written on the bathroom walls.

crossover politician

One who isn't successful at getting rich while a member of one party; so he decidesource of

action when confronted with allegations of misconduct.

disinformation

The process of providing false facts in an effort to mislead the opposition; synonymous with press release.

election day

A time of judgment; the one day politicians try to tell the truth.

entrapment

Catching the politician with his hand in the cookie jar.

front runner

A politician who has the uncanny ability to obtain the most media attention, regardless of his voter appeal; also has the wife with the largest breasts.

good clean race

“My opponent was hit with more mud than he was able to sling at me.”

groundless assertions

Statements that make the politicians sweat.

ground rules

Guidelines for the opponent if he's stupid enough to subscribe to them.

hearing

A meeting designed to assess damage and assign blame.

honesty

Political definition not known. In crime; people who can tell the truth about a politician - but don't - as long as they are still on the take.

intelligence sources

Barroom buddies or Washington whores.

issues

Problems that politicians avoid discussing at all costs.

media phenomenon

A political victory unexpected by political writers, who believe that they can control elections through selective reporting.

misquoted

Somehow the truth got out.

no comment

“How did you find out about that?”

no recollection

“I won’t tell you, because it will prove I’m wrong.

not to my knowledge

“I don’t think anyone can prove I already know.”

off the record

Most of what politicians say and do is off the record. If it ever gets on the record, they are either forced to resign, impeached, or sent to jail.

pending

Nothing is being done.

political favors

Sex in the White House or Senate Chambers.

political football

Nude photos of the President’s mistress or secretary. Everybody loves them, but no one wants to be caught holding them.

political influence

Money.

political machine

A group of crooks.

political plus

A wife with big breasts.

political suicide

Telling the truth.

private sector

Those who do the government’s job when government is too wrapped up in red tape to do it itself.

rumour

Truth.

sanitize

To remove damaging references or facts from a political document before releasing it. Like cleaning the toilet.

security risk

A politician who talks during sex.

smear tactics

The usual method of getting the public's attention and their votes.

smokescreen

Getting a girl to run out of a room in her underware while the politician slips out the back way unnoticed.

taking steps

"We're thinking about doing something but want to see what happens first."

top secret

A classification for facts that could be embarrassing if they were made public.

unavailable for comment

"Give me time to think of something that will keep me from looking bad when I do talk."

underdog

The only guy who makes sense.

wiretap

Political research

What is electricity?

Today's scientific question is:
What in the world is electricity?
And where does it go after it leaves the toaster?

H

ere is a simple experiment that will teach you an important electrical lesson. On a cool, dry day, scuff your feet along a carpet, then reach your hand into a friend's mouth and touch one of his dental fillings. Did you notice how your friend twitched violently and cried out in pain? This teaches us that electricity can be a very powerful force, but we must never use it to hurt others unless we need to learn an important electrical lesson.

It also teaches us how an electrical circuit works. When you scuff your feet, you picked up batches of 'electrons', which are very small objects that carpet manufacturers weave into their carpet so that they will attract dirt. The electrons travel through your bloodstream and collect in your finger, where they form a spark that leaps to your friend's filling, then, travel down to his feet and back into the carpet, thus completing the circuit.

A

mazing electronic fact: If you scuffed your feet long enough without touching anything, you would build up so many electrons that your finger would explode. But this is nothing to worry about unless you have carpeting.

Although we modern people tend to take our electric lights, radios, mixers, etc. for granted, hundreds of years ago people did not have any of these things, which is just as well because there was no place to plug them in. Then along came the first Electrical Pioneer (EP), Benjamin Franklin, who flew a kite in a lightning storm and received a serious electrical shock. This proved that lightning was powered by the same force as carpets, but it also damaged Franklin's brain so severely that he started speaking only in incomprehensible maxims, such as, 'a penny saved is a penny earned.' Eventually he had to be given a job running the post office.

After Franklin, came a herd of Electrical Pioneers whose names have become part of our electrical terminology: Myron Volt, Mary Louise Amp, Jimmy Watt, Bob Transformer, etc. These pioneers conducted many important electrical experiments. Among them Galvani discovered (this is the truth) that when he attached two different kinds of metal to the leg of a frog, an electrical current developed and the frog's leg kicked, even though it was no longer attached to the frog. Galvani's discovery led to enormous advances in the field of amphibian medicine. Today, skilled veterinary surgeons can take a frog that has been seriously injured or killed, implant pieces of metal in its muscles, and watch hop back into the pond provided the leg is pointed in the right direction.

B

ut the greatest Electrical Pioneer of them all was Thomas Edison, who was brilliant inventor despite the twin handicaps of having little formal education and residing in New Jersey.

Edison's first major invention in 1877 was the phonograph, which could soon be found in thousands of American homes, where it was used primarily as furniture until 1923 when the record was invented. But Edison's greatest experiment came in 1879 when he invented the electric company (EC).

Edison's design was a brilliant adaptation of the simple electrical circuit: The electric company sends electricity through a wire to a customer, then immediately gets the electricity back through another wire, then (this is the brilliant part) sends it right back to the customer again.

This means that an electric company can sell a customer the same batch of electricity thousands of times a day and never get caught, since very few customers take the time to examine their electricity closely. In fact, the last year that any new electricity was generated was 1937.

Today, thanks to men like Edison and Franklin, and frogs of Galvani's we receive almost unlimited benefits from electricity -- For example, in the past decade scientists have developed the laser, an electronic appliance so powerful that it can vaporize a bulldozer 2,000 yards away, yet so precise that doctors can use it to perform delicate operations to the human eyeball, provided they remember to change the power setting from 'Bulldozer' to 'Eyeball'.

30 things to do on an exam when you know you're going to fail it anyway

1. Get a copy of the exam, run out screaming, "Andre, Andre, I've got the secret documents!"
2. Talk the entire way through the exam. Read questions aloud, debate your answers with yourself out loud. If asked to stop, yell out, "I'm sooo sure you can hear me thinking." Then start talking about what a jerk the instructor is.
3. Bring a Gameboy. Play with the volume at maximum level.
4. On the answer sheet, find a new, interesting way to refuse to answer every question. For example: "I refuse to answer this question on grounds of personal health; in that the notion suggested may result in a breach with consensus reality." Be creative.
5. Run into the exam room looking about frantically. Breathe a sigh of relief. Go to the instructor, say "They've found me; I have to leave the country!" and run off.
6. Fifteen minutes into the exam, stand up, rip up all the papers into tiny pieces, throw them in the air and yell out "Merry Christmas" If you're really daring, ask for another exam. Say you lost the first one. Repeat this process every 15 minutes.
7. Come into the exam wearing slippers, a bathrobe, a towel on your head, and nothing else.
8. After you get the exam, call the instructor over, point to any question, ask for the answer. Try to work it out of him/her.
9. Bring things to throw at the instructor when she's not looking. Blame it on the person nearest to you.
10. As soon as the instructor hands you the exam, eat it.
11. Every five minutes, stand up, collect your things, move to another seat and continue the exam.
12. Turn in the exam after 30 minutes. As you walk out, comment on how easy it was.
13. Get the exam. Twenty minutes into it, throw your papers down violently, scream out, "Screw this!" and walk out triumphantly.
14. Arrange a protest before the exam starts (e.g. threaten the instructor that whether or not everyone is done, they are all leaving after one hour to go drinking).
15. Show up completely drunk. (Completely drunk means that at some point during the exam, you should start crying for mommy.)
16. Comment on how sexy the instructor is looking that day.
17. Come to the exam wearing a black cloak. After about 30 minutes, put on a white mask and start yelling "I'm here, the phantom of the opera!" until they drag you away.
18. If the exam is math/science related, make up the longest proofs you could possibly think of. Get pi and imaginary numbers into most equations. If it is written, relate everything to your own life story.
19. Try to get the people in the room to do the wave.
20. Bring some large, cumbersome, ugly idol. Put it right next to you. Pray to it often. Consider a small sacrifice...lunch is good.
21. During the exam, take apart everything around you. Tables, chairs, anything you can reach.

- 22.** Puke into your exam booklet. Hand it in. Leave.
- 23.** Take 6 packs of rice cakes to the exam. Stuff at least two into your mouth at once. Chew, then cough. Repeat if necessary.
- 24.** Play with yourself. Loudly.
- 25.** Walk in, get the exam, sit down. After 5 minutes, yell to the instructor, "I don't understand any of this. I've been to every lecture and lab all semester. What's the deal? And who the hell are you? Where's the regular guy?"
- 26.** Do the entire exam in another language. If you don't know one, make one up.
- 27.** Bring a black marker. Return the exam with all questions and answers completely blacked out.
- 28.** Every now and then, clap twice rapidly. If the instructor asks why, tell him/her in a very derogatory tone, "the light bulb that goes on above my head when I get an idea is hooked up to a clapper. Duh!"
- 29.** From the moment the exam begins, hum the Jeopardy theme. Ignore the instructor's requests for you to stop. When they finally get you to leave one way or another, begin whistling the theme to the Bridge on the River Kwai.
- 30.** Time expired; unable to complete list.

Following directions quiz

This is a quiz to see how well you can follow directions.

Do not omit any instructions.

Read all directions carefully.

You will be timed.

1. Read everything once through before doing anything else.
2. Print your first name in the top right corner of this page.
3. Print your last name in the top left corner of this page.
4. Look at the teacher and give your biggest smile.
5. Print in capital letters on the back of this sheet, "I love school!".
6. Stand up on one foot and say the alphabet backwards.
7. Wink each eye ten times, alternately.
8. Put the date at the top of the page and underline it three times with a ruler.
9. Stand up, turn around three times and say, "I'm almost done this stupid quiz."
10. Put the six times tables on the back of this sheet in your very neatest printing.
11. If you have followed directions carefully, you will have reached this point without having done anything else. Please ignore all directions except number twelve.
12. Write your name on the back of this paper, sit quietly, and watch those who did not follow directions.

A guide to proper etiquette in the men's restroom



Ever since man crawled out of the primordial ooze, he has built himself structures to contain the processes of bodily waste removal. These have been known as “restrooms,” “bathrooms,” “outhouses,” “commodes,” “men’s rooms,” and several other names. As with any exclusive organization, wholly half the human race aren’t allowed through the door, and a number of exceedingly complicated customs have arisen to maintain a sense of order and dignity.

General rules:

1. Don’t talk to somebody you don’t know. You may chat quietly with an acquaintance, but must absolutely not call attention to yourself.
2. A quick glance in the mirror is permissible, but absolutely don’t spend a significant time arranging hair, clothing, etc. Zit popping is only permissible after checking to see nobody else is around.
3. No profanity of any kind. This is reserved for locker rooms, only.
4. If you must wait, form a single-file line, ragged, and be sure to keep looking around. Read graffiti.

Graffiti rules:

5. All graffiti is anonymous. If there’s any chance somebody can trace your graffiti back to you, don’t do it.
6. Writing graffiti in the open section of the bathroom is only acceptable if nobody can see you. Writing in the stalls is similarly acceptable.
7. If the bathroom is sufficiently public, feel free to insult different ethnic/racial/sexual groups. If the bathroom is used by a small few, restraint comments to amusing anecdotes or chit-chat about secretaries. If visiting dignitaries from other companies or the government may tend to use the bathroom, graffiti is forbidden.
8. Traditionally, all pictures feature women in various states of undress. Modern standards often include portions of male anatomy, discretely placed. Homosexual graffiti is generally frowned upon but is gaining popularity.
9. Pictures must only be drawn in toilet stalls.
10. Any sufficiently interesting graffiti will be painted over by the management of the bathroom.

Urinal rules:

11. Given a string of unoccupied urinals, you must choose one on the outside. When one outside urinal is occupied, use the other side, then middle. Avoid standing directly next to somebody at all costs.

For example, given seven urinals, here are acceptable configurations:

X..... (X == occupied, . == empty)

X.....X

X..X..X

X.X.X.X

XXX.X.X <--- These are only acceptable when significant

XXX.XXX <--- "privacy" dividers are available. If the
XXXXXXX <--- urinals aren't divided, use a toilet.

12. Always look at the wall. Looking down means you're obsessed or don't know what you're doing. Looking at other people is threatening.
13. Flushing is optional. Over time, the water will become a rich orange. At this point, flushing is mandatory.
14. Don't start unzipping until you're protected by the privacy of the urinal. Don't step back until you've closed your pants again.

Toilet rules:

15. Reduce noise at all costs. Grunting is not acceptable.
16. Always flush.
17. When you find an unflushed toilet, leave it alone and use another.

Special cases:

18. Some university dormitories have co-ed bathrooms. New rules apply for dealing with the females.
 - a. Never, ever, comment on how they look in the morning.
 - b. Don't ask what the little wastebasket is for.
 - c. If urinals are present, only use them when absolutely no females are around. If you are noticed by a female, try your best to ignore her presence until you're dressed again.
19. Port-O-Let's and similar constructions are evil. Use them only if absolutely no other option is available.
20. In the woods, far from civilization, restrooms typically aren't available. Get behind sufficient growth that you are completely invisible to the remainder of your party before you begin. Check carefully that you aren't near any sort of animal or insect den. Ants are especially bad. If you forgot toilet paper, bring a leaf identifying guide. Poison oak makes a poor substitute.

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Minnesota slogans and mottoes

1. I came, I thawed, I transferred....
2. Survive Minnesota and the rest of the world is easy.
3. If you love Minnesota, raise your right snowshoe.
4. Minnesota - where visitors turn blue with envy.
5. Save a Minnesotan - eat a mosquito.
6. If it was warm yesterday, don't worry...it'll be warm one day next year too.
7. Minnesota - home of the blonde hair and blue ears.
8. Minnesota - mosquito supplier to the free world.
9. Minnesota - come fall in love with a loon.
10. Land of many cultures - mostly throat.
11. Where the elite meet sleet.
12. Minnesota: closed for glacier repairs
13. Land of 2 seasons: Winter is coming, Winter is here.
14. Minnesota - glove it or leave it.
15. Minnesota - have you jumpstarted your kid today?
16. There are only 3 things you can grow in Minnesota: Colder, Older, & Fatter.
17. Many are cold, but few are frozen.
18. Proudly protecting Ontario from Iowa.
19. WARNING: You are entering Minnesota. Please use an alternate route
20. Minnesota: theater of sneezes
21. Jack Frost must like Minnesota - he spends half his life there
22. Land of 10,000 Petersons
23. Land of the ski and home of the crazed
24. Minnesota: home of the Mispi...Mipissi...Missismi...where the damn river starts
25. 10,000 lakes and not a single shark
26. In Minnesota ducks don't fly, people do

A score of musical jokes

Q: How do you know if there is a percussionist at the door?

A: The knocking gets slower.

Q: What is the true makeup of a string quartet?

A: A good violinist, a bad violinist, an ex-violinist, and someone who hates violinists.

Q: What is the definition of a Soviet String Quartet?

A: A Soviet Symphony Orchestra after a tour of the USA.

Q: How do you get 11 violinists to play in tune?

A: Shoot ten of them.

Q: What is the similarity between lightning and a violist's fingers?

A: They both never strike the same place twice.

Q: How do you keep your violin from getting stolen?

A: Put it in a viola case.

Q: What is the difference between a violist and a terrorist?

A: Terrorists have sympathisers.

Q: What's the difference between a violist and a dressmaker?

A: A dressmaker tucks up frills.

Q: What's the difference between a viola and a trampoline?

A: You take off your shoes to jump on a trampoline.

Q: What are burning oboes used for?

A: To set bassoons on fire.

Q: What's the difference between a trombone and a trumpet?

A: A trombone will bend before it breaks.

Q: How do you make a trombone sound like a French horn?

A: If a trombone sounded liked anything, it would seek out petrified bones and reunite with them.

Q: There was a frog driving east and a trombonist walking west. What can be surmised from this?

A: The frog's probably on its way to replace the trombonist.

Q: What's the difference between an alto trombone and a chainsaw?

A: You can tune the chain saw.

Q: What's the difference between a violist and a shaggy dog?

A: A shaggy dog knows when to stop scratching.

Q: What's the difference between a chain saw and a viola?

A: If you absolutely had to, you could use a chain saw in a string quartet.

Q: How can you tell when the stage is level?

A: The violists drool from both sides of their mouths.

Q: What's the difference between a viola and a lawnmower?

A: Vibrato.

Q: What do you call a violist with half a brain?

A: Gifted.

Q: What is the definition of perfect pitch?

A: When you get the viola into the toilet without hitting the sides.

Q: What do you call the folks who hang around the musicians at conservatories?

A: Violists.

Q: How is playing viola like peeing in a dark suit?

A: It gives you a warm feeling, but no one notices, and no one really cares.

Q: If, when driving a car you see a violist and a conductor walking along the side of the road, which one do you run down first?

A: The conductor. First things first; fun can wait.

Q: What is the range of a viola?

A: Thirty feet if you kick it hard enough.

Q: What's the difference between a viola and an onion?

A: Nobody cries when you cut a viola in half.

Q: Why are orchestra intermissions only twenty minutes long?

A: So the violists don't need to be retrained.

Q: When a 16-inch viola and a 17-inch viola are dropped simultaneously from a 30-story building, which one hits the pavement first?

A: It doesn't matter.

Q: How many bass players does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None. The piano player can do that with his left hand.

Q: How many sopranos does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: 1,001. The first to hold the lightbulb in the socket, stand still and let the world revolve around her, the next 999 to say "I could have done it better" and the last to push the ladder out from under the first.

Q: How can you tell when a tenor is really stupid?

A: When other tenors notice.

Q: How many conductors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Seven. (Indignant nose upturning) Of course, I wouldn't expect you to understand...

Q: How many bass players does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Only one, but the guitarist has to show him first.

Q: What do lead trumpet players use for birth control?

A: Their personality.

Q: How do you make a guitarist play quieter?

A: Put a sheet of music in front of him.

Q: How do you make him stop?

A: Put notes on it.

Q: How many jazz purists does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Ten. One to change the bulb and nine to complain that it's electric.

Q: How many musicians does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Twenty. One to hold the bulb, two to turn the ladder, and seventeen on the guest list.

Q: How many drummers does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Only one, but he'll break ten bulbs before figuring out that they can't just be pushed in.

Q: What's the difference between a saxophone and a chainsaw?

A: The grip.

Q: What happens if you play country music backwards?

A: You sober up, get a job, and your wife comes back.

Q: Why does everyone hate a banjo the first time they hear it?

A: Saves time.

Q: How many folk musicians does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Seven. One to change and the other six to sing about how good the old one was.

Q: How many bluegrass musicians does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: Two. One to screw it in, and one to complain that it's electrified.

Q: What do you do with an accordion player up to their neck in sand?

A: Find more sand.

Q: What do you say to the accordion player in a three piece suit?

A: Will the defendant please rise?

Q: What do you get when you cross a mafia lieutenant and a performance artist?

A: Someone who makes you an offer you can't understand.

Oxymoron: an exercise in creative plagiarism

**From the Greek *oxus* (sharp), *moros* (dull):
a sharp dullness or foolish wisdom.**

advanced basic	airline food	junk food
hospital food	alone together	black light
civil war	ethical government	criminal justice
crisis management	death benefits	divorce court
down escalator	dry wine	elementary calculus
extra time	fast idle	freezer burn
fresh frozen	gourmet pizza	great depression
guest host	half full	hopelessly optimistic
industrial park	irate patient	jumbo shrimp
lean pork	live recording	mandatory option
mild abrasive	military intelligence	minor disaster
non-stop flight	old news	original copy
partially completed	passive aggression	peacekeeper missile
plastic glasses	rap music	rock music
difficult music	scheduled play	standard deviation
sure bet	Turbo Diesel	unacceptable solution
work party	working vacation	soft rock
jumbo shrimp	little giant	restless sleep
hard pillow	same difference	rubber bone
bricked-up window	invisible ink	

People have one thing in common: they are all different.
Anyone who isn't confused here doesn't really know what's going on.
What is the world to a man whose wife is a widow?
A stone was placed at a ford in a river with the inscription:
"When this stone is covered it is dangerous to ford here."
It was as bad as being up a creek in a barbed wire canoe.
...about as useful as a chocolate teapot.

I want my bedroom painted sky-blue pink.
That shoe fits him like a glove.

**When large numbers of men are unable
to find work, unemployment results.**

Calvin Coolidge

**For those who like this sort of thing,
this is the sort of thing they like.**

Abraham Lincoln

**It usually takes more than three weeks
to prepare a good impromptu speech.**

Mark Twain

**The trouble with our times
is that the future is not what it used to be.**

Paul Valery

When one has good health it is not serious to be ill.

Francis Blanche

Often it is fatal to live too long.

Racine

The first condition of immortality is death.

Stanislaw Lec

I must follow the people. Am I not their leader ?

Benjamin Disraeli

**It is well to remember that the entire universe,
with one trifling exception, is composed of others.**

John Andrew Holmes

Beyond each corner new directions lie in wait.

Stanislaw Lec

My life has a superb cast but I can't figure out the plot.

Ashleigh Brilliant

A man can do what he wants, but not want what he wants.

Arthur Schopenhauer

Brain: an apparatus with which we think we think.

Ambrose Bierce

You can observe a lot just by watchin'.

Yogi Berra

In these matters the only certainty is that nothing is certain.

Pliny the Elder

**The English certainly and fiercely pride themselves
in never praising themselves.**

Wyndham Lewis

**I have made mistakes, but have never made the mistake
of claiming I never made one.**

James G. Bennet

**Hegel was right when he said that we learn from history
that man can never learn anything from history.**

George Bernard Shaw

I am not sincere, even when I say I am not.

Jules Renard

**You've no idea of what a poor opinion I have
of myself, and how little I deserve it.**

W.S. Gilbert

**There is only one difference between
a madman and me. I am not mad.**

Salvador Dali

**Just the omission of Jane Austen's books alone would make
a fairly good library out of a library that hadn't a book in it.**

Mark Twain

Advice for post-nuclear life (if you can call that living)

1. Never use an elevator in a building that has been hit by a nuclear bomb; use the stairs.
2. When you're flying through the air, remember to roll when you hit the ground.
3. If you're on fire, avoid gasoline and other flammable materials.
4. Don't attempt communication with dead people; it will only lead to psychological problems.
5. Food will be scarce; you will have to scavenge. Learn to recognize foods that will be available after the bomb: mashed potatoes, shredded wheat, tossed salad, ground beef, etc.
6. Put your hand over your mouth when you sneeze; internal organs will be scarce in the post-nuclear age.
7. Try to be neat; fall only in designated piles.
8. Drive carefully in "Heavy Fallout" areas; people could be staggering illegally.
9. Nutritionally, hundred dollar bills are equal to ones, but more sanitary due to limited circulation.
10. Accumulate mannequins now; spare parts will be in short supply on D-Day.

How to tell when you are dead.

1. Little things start bothering you: little things like worms, bugs, ants.
2. Something is missing in your personal relationships.
3. Your dog becomes overly affectionate.
4. You have a hard time getting a waiter.
5. Exotic birds flock around you.
6. People ignore you at parties.
7. You have a hard time getting up in the morning.
8. You no longer care about sex.

Santa Claus: the untold story

- 1689:** Spanish-German explorer Santa Claus discovers the North Pole and establishes a small base camp.
- 1691:** Harsh and meager living conditions cause Claus' crew to abandon him.
- 1692:** Claus is rescued by the Viking ship Hvorfor. He returns to Europe, bringing some items along with him from the North Pole. He finds he is able to sell them quite easily, making a small profit.
- 1703:** Claus saves up enough money to buy a small ship and crew, and returns to the North Pole. Upon arriving, he finds his base camp, half-buried but still intact.
- 1704:** Claus returns to Europe with a shipload of North Pole artifacts, and is successful in selling them. He makes enough profit to increase his crew, and buys building materials to expand his polar base.
- 1705:** Claus returns again to the North Pole, builds quarters for him and his crew and sets up the Polar Exports Company.
- 1716:** After six shiploads of exports, the European market is flooded with polar artifacts as well as the phony ones making charlatans rich. Seeing this decline, Claus decides to invest his money by starting a toy company in his native Germany.
- 1720:** Claus Toys becomes the largest toy company in Germany, but only because of Claus' underhanded business dealings. (It was also rumored that Claus was dealing with enemy countries as well). Competitors urged government officials to begin an investigation.
- 1721:** Enough evidence is found and charges are drawn up against the Claus Toys Company. Claus himself refuses to release his records.
- 1722:** The German Supreme Court finds Claus guilty of tax evasion and treason. When news of this breaks, Claus' employees all turn against him and his company.
- 1723:** Claus is exiled to Sicily. Shortly before leaving he absconds with all of the company's funds.
- 1724:** A search party is sent to the Mediterranean to recover the funds. Claus hears of this ahead of time and he and his Sicilian wife flee for their lives. (Some say he went into hiding in Northern Africa, but it is generally assumed that this was only a ruse to lure the searchers off course. He is believed to have returned to his North Pole base).
- 1725:** Claus II is born en route to the North Pole.
- 1725-1734:** The Claus' lay low. Claus teaches his son the arts of toymaking and business dealings.
- 1735:** Rumor has it that Claus has hired Scandinavian builders to construct a castle for him at the North Pole, making use of almost half of the company's funds.
- 1739:** The castle, one of the largest in the world, is finished. Claus II reaches his fifteenth birthday, and in the same year, Claus' wife dies, accidentally falling from a balcony in one of the castle's great halls.

- 1740:** Claus, mourning his wife, becomes increasingly ill.
- 1745:** Santa Claus II becomes of age and begins taking care of the castle and of his sick father.
- 1747:** Using the remaining company funds Claus II builds a small city around the castle to attract workers and craftsmen.
- 1748:** Word of the North Pole settlement reaches Europe. The Elves of Eastern Europe, quickly becoming political outcasts and striving for a better life, begin immigrating in waves to the North Pole.
- 1753:** All the elves have left Eastern Europe and have become firmly established at the North Pole. Claus II begins his father's toy company once again, with an estimated 30,000 elves employed. Claus I dies at age 89.
- 1755:** The North Pole officially becomes a nation, and Claus II and his wife take the throne. The toy business continues to flourish, and the elves enjoy prosperity. Claus III is born.
- 1757:** The great stables are built and scientists are secretly hired by Claus II to begin an ambitious project: that of breeding and training reindeer to fly.
- 1773:** Flying reindeer are achieved and become Claus II and III's major form of transportation.
- 1774:** A mutant reindeer named Rudolf is born whose nose emits light. He becomes an outcast of the reindeer society and is taken in by the Claus government. Claus II celebrates his 50th birthday, inviting several other world leaders for a stay at his castle. To impress them he displays a lavish show of wealth, all at the elves' expense. He gives the other leaders the impression of a dictatorship under the guise of royalty. The elves sense this and the seeds of rebellion are planted.
- 1777:** As conditions become increasingly strict, the elves begin to search for a leader to lead their revolt. Rudolf, still in the favor of the Claus government, sees their plight and begins thinking of ways to use it to his advantage.
- 1784:** On his 60th birthday, Claus II takes a sleigh ride down main street during the Christmas day parade, and is assassinated by a radical faction of elves. Claus III, now 29, takes over immediately and puts martial law into effect for the whole North Pole. Civil war breaks out as Rudolf leads the Elves in rebellion.
- 1785-1792:** The Seven-year Strike takes place. The elves refuse to make toys, and the Claus Toy Company nearly goes bankrupt, as the North Pole hits an economic low. Claus III, fearing for his life, becomes a prisoner of his own castle. Rudolf rises to the peak of his power and sets himself as leader of the elven community.
- 1796:** Rudolf and his army unsuccessfully attempt to invade Norway. Over 10,000 elves are killed.
- 1800:** Inside the castle, unbeknownst to the elves, Claus IV is born.
- 1802:** After a string of political blunders, Rudolf senses that he is quickly losing favor with the elves. Frosty the Snowman is built, brought to life and used as a political scapegoat.
- 1804:** Frosty the Snowman is melted at a public execution and the elves are calmed of their unrest for the moment.
- 1819-1826:** After a long period of unrest, Rudolf is finally ousted and Claus III, aged 71, regains the throne. Prince Claus IV is introduced to the elves publicly for the first time.
- 1827-1841:** The Renormalization years. Claus III brings the near-bankrupt Claus Toys Company out of dormancy and appoints his son as president. In order to clear their bad

name and make up for their out-of-the-way location, they decide to start the largest advertising campaign in history. Each Christmas, Claus IV will ride all over the world, distributing free toys to children everywhere. The ad campaign becomes a hit but is very costly to the Claus'.

1837: Claus III dies.

1851: As the annual ad campaign continues, deficits pile up and the elves are asked to work longer hours and take a pay cut. They complain but Claus assures them he will do all he can to help them. As a sign of goodwill, Claus IV takes an Elven wife, strengthening the bonds between the Claus family and the elves.

1856: Claus V is born. In order to celebrate, Claus IV decides to stay at home, and so he suggests that department stores use costumed employees to represent him. They do, and it works out so well that he decides to do it every year.

1857-1867: Claus V grows up and spends most of his time visiting elf relatives and friends. Claus IV, who spends most of his time building up the company, doesn't seem to mind and uses the younger's congeniality in the company's advertising.

1871: Working conditions continue to worsen for the elves. They try to convince Claus V to overthrow his father and give the government back to the elves.

1872: Claus V usurps his father's throne, sending him to live the remainder of his life under guard in the castle's west wing.

1875: After reading the works of Karl Marx, Claus V chooses communism as the new form of government for the North Pole. Some elves protest this but they are successfully quieted. (It is also because of communism that Santa Claus' suit, now trademarked worldwide, changes from beige to red.)

1881: Claus IV dies in captivity just as the new government gets underway.

1887: In order to keep up with growing populations, Claus Toys industrializes. The elves adopt production on the assembly line. A large percentage of the elf population is displaced; thousands more develop mysterious illnesses later discovered to be related to pollution in the polar region produced by the Claus' industrial output.

1893: Another mutant reindeer is born and is named Rudolf II in honor of the first one, whom the communist government now honors for "giving the government back to the elves."

1900: Sigmund Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" is published.

1902: After he had been presumed dead for years, Frosty the Snowman is claimed to have been sighted on several occasions. All throughout the kingdom, children claim that they all heard him say he'd be back again some day.

1906: Claus VI is born. The Claus family celebrates. Some elves talk of unionization in light of this news and are shipped out to work camps in New Jersey when their plans are discovered.

1909-1922: The toys distributed yearly begin to show signs of propaganda influence. Frosty the Snowman sighting rumors persist and Claus V begins to grow uneasy, fearing some sort of subterfuge inside his own top management.

1925: Claus V dies under mysterious circumstances. He is found buried in the snow in the castle garden frozen solid. Many claim it is the work of Frosty but no one can prove it. The hitherto unknown Elven Guard takes credit for the demise but no proof of foul play, or of the existence of the Elven Guard, is found.

- 1926:** Claus VI takes over, and immediately tightens up security. He rules with an iron hand, but a fair one. Electric lights are installed in the streets and the castle and the town get electricity. The factories are expanded and the toys continue to be used as propaganda for the world.
- 1929:** Angered by Claus' commercialization of Christmas, the Grinch attempts to remove the material goods to show the true meaning of Christmas. He fails, and later Claus commissions a cartoon which warps the story so that the Grinch is made out to be the villain. Frosty's role in polar is promptly revised by historians.
- 1949:** Claus VII is born.
- 1979:** Claus VI dies of natural causes.
- 1933-1990:** The North Pole remains stable, with everything running smoothly. Across the Western world, a pattern starts to emerge. Children receive Claus' toys each Christmas, but as they grow older their parents throw them away and discourage the belief that Claus even exists. When said children have offspring of their own, the propaganda is reinstilled until those children too reach the age of discernment and once again they are discouraged from belief in the existence of Claus. This entrenched pattern of behavior insures continued political stability in the polar region and Claus VII is groomed for diplomatic duties rather than corporate leadership.
- 1991:** First sightings of Anti-Claus.
- 1993:** Anti-Claus is observed closely with telescopes and photographed. His suit is like that of Santa Claus but with the reds and whites reversed. He carries a 3-ply garbage bag full of gifts no one wants or needs. And instead of using reindeer and a sleigh, he rides in a bathtub pulled by eight flying cows. His laugh is said by one observer to resemble "some Brooklyn matron cackling over winning a hand of bridge."
- 1997:** Anti-Claus is radar tracked and found to live in an underground hideout run by dwarves at the South Pole. Evidence suggesting a former connection with the Soviet Union is found in the ice near the site.
- 2002:** Communism fails utterly at the North Pole due to the nature of the elves. Claus VII, flying clockwise around the earth making the Christmas rounds, collides with Anti-Claus, who was flying counterclockwise. A huge explosion and blinding flash of light occurs, leading scientists to believe that they annihilated each other. This occurrence lights up the Christmas Eve night sky from Thailand to the American east coast, leading fundamentalist Christians to believe that the Second Coming has indeed occurred. Civil war ensues in the four remaining Western democracies not controlled by the Union of Pacific Industrial States. Remaining fundamentalist Christians finally flee to Canada where they are rounded up and finally exterminated in 2005.
- 2007:** The North Pole becomes a democracy, run wholly by the elves. Christmas is no longer commercialized or exploited. Happiness is finally achieved throughout the kingdom. The UPIS eventually removes Christmas from the calendar as a holiday.
- 2011:** It is discovered that Claus VII did not die in the explosion, but merely made it appear so. From there he went to live in the Phillipines. He is later found, penniless, lying dead on a dirt road, shot to death over a gambling debt.

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Rules for relationships

1. The female always makes the rules.
2. These rules are subject to change at any time without prior notification.
3. No male can possibly know all the rules.
4. If the female suspects that the male knows all the rules, she must immediately change some or all of the rules.
5. The female is never wrong.
6. If the female is wrong it is because of a vagrant misunderstanding which was a direct result of something the male said or did wrong.
7. If rule number six applies, the male must immediately apologize for causing the misunderstanding.
8. The female can change her mind at any given point in time.
9. The male must never change his mind without express written consent of the female.
10. The female has every right to be angry or upset at any time.
11. The male must remain calm at all times, unless the female wants him to be angry or upset.
12. The female must under no circumstances let the male know whether she wants him to be calm, angry or upset.
13. Any attempt to document these rules could result in bodily harm.
14. The female always gets the last word.
15. These rules are subject to change as the female sees fit.

Excuses that don't work

I have to floss my cat.
I've dedicated my life to linguini.
I want to spend more time with my blender.
The President said he might drop in.
The man on television told me to say tuned.
I've been scheduled for a karma transplant.
I'm staying home to work on my cottage cheese sculpture.
It's my parakeet's bowling night.
It wouldn't be fair to the other Beautiful People.
I'm building a pig from a kit.
I did my own thing and now I've got to undo it.
I'm enrolled in aerobic scream therapy.
There's a disturbance in the Force.
I'm doing door-to-door collecting for static cling.
I have to go to the post office to see if I'm still wanted.
I'm teaching my ferret to yodel.
I have to check the freshness dates on my dairy products.
I'm going through cherry cheesecake withdrawal.
I'm planning to go downtown to try on gloves.
My crayons all melted together.
I'm trying to see how long I can go without saying yes.
I'm in training to be a household pest.
I'm getting my overalls overhauled.
My patent is pending.
I'm attending the opening of my garage door.
I'm sandblasting my oven.
I'm worried about my vertical hold.
I'm going down to the bakery to watch the buns rise.
I'm being deported.
The grunion are running.
I'll be looking for a parking space.
My Millard Filmore Fan Club meets then.
The monsters haven't turned blue yet, and I have to eat more dots.
I'm taking punk totem pole carving.
I have to fluff my shower cap.
I'm converting my calendar watch from Julian to Gregorian.
I've come down with a really horrible case of something or other.

I made an appointment with a cuticle specialist.
My plot to take over the world is thickening.
I have to fulfill my potential.
I don't want to leave my comfort zone.
It's too close to the turn of the century.
I have some real hard words to look up in the dictionary.
My subconscious says no.
I'm giving nuisance lessons at a convenience store.
I left my body in my other clothes.
The last time I went, I never came back.
I've got a Friends of Rutabaga meeting.
I have to answer all of my "occupant" letters.
None of my socks match.
I have to be on the next train to Bermuda.
I'm having all my plants neutered.
People are blaming me for the Spanish-American War.
I changed the lock on my door and now I can't get out.
I'm making a home movie called "The Thing That Grew in My Refrigerator."
I'm attending a perfume convention as guest sniffer.
My yucca plant is feeling yucky.
I'm touring China with a wok band.
My chocolate-appreciation class meets that night.
I never go out on days that end in "Y."
My mother would never let me hear the end of it.
I'm running off to Yugoslavia with a foreign-exchange student named Basil Metabolism.
I just picked up a book called "Glue in Many Lands" and I can't put it down.
I'm too old/young for that stuff.
I have to wash/condition/perm/curl/tease/torment my hair.
I have too much guilt.
There are important world issues that need worrying about.
I have to draw "Cubby" for an art scholarship.
I'm uncomfortable when I'm alone or with others.
I promised to help a friend fold road maps.
I feel a song coming on.
I'm trying to be less popular.
My bathroom tiles need grouting.
I have to bleach my hare.
I'm waiting to see if I'm already a winner.
I'm writing a love letter to Richard Simmons.
You know how we psychos are.
My favorite commercial is on TV.
I have to study for a blood test.

I'm going to be old someday.
I've been traded to Cincinnati.
I'm observing National Apathy Week.
I have to rotate my crops.
My uncle escaped again.
I'm up to my elbows in waxy buildup.
I have to knit some dust bunnies for a charity bazaar.
I'm having my baby shoes bronzed.
I have to go to court for kitty littering.
I'm going to count the bristles in my toothbrush.
I have to thaw some karate chops for dinner.
Having fun gives me prickly heat.
I'm going to the Missing Persons Bureau to see if anyone is looking for me.
I have to jog my memory.
My palm reader advised against it.
My Dress For Obscurity class meets then.
I have to stay home and see if I snore.
I prefer to remain an enigma.
I think you want the OTHER [your name].
I have to sit up with a sick ant.
I'm trying to cut down.
... well, maybe.

100 excuses for skipping work

My kids are locked outside.

My kids are locked inside.

My kids are stuck in the door.

I have to help my grandmother bake cookies.

I have to help my Aunt Flo in Omaha bake cookies -- she's much better now and she wants to send thank-you cookies to everyone who came to see her when she thought she was dying.

The Water Department has to read my meter once a year and this was the only time they would come.

The gas company has to read my meter once a year and this was the only time they would come.

The water meter guy and the gas meter guy were both leaving cards on my door about me not being home, and they got into a fight about whose meter was better, and I have to go home and clean up.

My daughter is graduating from high school and I'd like to go to the ceremony.

My daughter is receiving a Nobel Prize and I'd like to go to the ceremony. (Do not use within one month of #9).

I have to pick up my car at the shop; if I don't get there in half an hour it'll be locked up all weekend.

I have to get my car to the shop; if I don't get it there in half an hour it'll be locked out all weekend. (Don't use if boss seems wide awake).

My dog has a rash all over, and the vet closes early today.

My cat has a rash all over, and the vet closes early today.

My kid has a rash all over, and the vet closes early today.

My truss snapped.

My support hose popped.

I got my fingers stuck together with Krazy Glue.

I'm arranging financing for a house.

I'm arranging financing for a car.

I'm arranging financing for a beef roast.

The couch I ordered umpteen weeks ago has arrived and this was the only time they could deliver it.

The refrigerator I ordered umpteen weeks ago has arrived and this was the only time they could deliver it.

The baby we arranged for nine months ago is arriving, and I think this is the time it's being delivered. (Note: This is an excuse that can't be used by just anybody. But if it's close to accurate, it's extremely effective.)

I have been asked to serve on a presidential advisory panel.

I'm being sent to the moon by NASA.

It's Dayton's Warehouse Sale.

My back aches.

My stomach aches.

My hair aches. (This is more acceptable than "I have a hangover," especially if offered in the early afternoon.)

My biological clock is ticking.

I have to take my biological clock in for service.

My furnace won't stop running, and the goldfish are getting poached.

My central air conditioning won't stop running, and the goldfish are getting freezer burn.

Both my furnace and my central air conditioning won't stop running. The goldfish are fine but my basement is about to explode.

I have to go to the airport to pick up my mother.

I have to go to the airport to pick up my minister.

I have to go to the airport to pick up my minister's mother.

I have to take my mother to the doctor.

I have to take my minister to the doctor.

I have to take my doctor to my minister.

I think I left the iron on.

I think I left the water on.

I think I left the refrigerator on.

I'm getting married, and I have to go pick out rings.

I'm getting married, and I have to take a blood test.

I'm getting married, and I have to figure out to whom.

I have to have my waistband let out.

I have to have my watchband let out.

I have to have my son's rock band let out.

I'm having my eyes checked this noon, and they put drops in them so I won't be able to work afterwards.

I'm having my ears checked this noon, and they put drops in them so I won't be able to work afterwards.

I'm having my hats checked this noon, and I'll be having a drop or two so I won't be able to work afterwards.

I'm having a root canal.

I'm having a tax audit.

I'm going on a date with a sadomasochistic necrophile. (Is that beating a dead horse?)

My broker needs to talk with me about diversification.

I have to rearrange my savings so that there is no more than \$100,000 in any one federally insured institution.

I need to break into my kid's piggy bank while he's not home.

I have to renew my driver's license.

I have to get new license plates.

I have to stand in a long line for no good reason, while petty bureaucrats take

inordinate amounts of time to work out the tiny problems that they detect in perfectly routine transactions. THEN I have to breeze by and renew my driver's license and get new license plates.

I've got an urgent session with my therapist.

I've got a really urgent session with my therapist.

I've...I...I'm not...I don't...I CAN'T COPE WITH THIS!!

I have to get my contact lenses fitted.

I have to get my hearing aid adjusted.

I have to get my big toe calibrated.

Hey, hey! The Monkees could be coming to our town.

My rheumatism is acting up; there's going to be a terrible tornado.

My arthritis is acting up; there's going to be a terrible blizzard.

The pharaoh is acting up; there's going to be a terrible rain of frogs.

I need to give blood.

I need to give evidence.

I need to give up.

I'm going to my best friend's engagement party.

I'm going to my best friend's wedding.

I'm going to my best friend's divorce. (We all knew it wouldn't last; at the wedding, everybody threw Minute Rice.)

I have a seriously overdue library book that I have to return.

I have a bunch of old parking tickets, and if I don't pay them I'm going to be arrested.

The police are at the back door. Cover me.

I'm having my nails done.

I'm having my colors done.

I'm having my head examined.

I'm going to the bank.

I'm going to sleep.

I'm going over the edge.

A friend of mine is dying and I have to go to the hospital.

A friend of mine has died and I have to go to the funeral parlor.

A friend of mine is being reincarnated and I have to go to the zoo.

I need to check out the hole in the ozone layer.

I need to check into a rest home

I'm breaking in my shoes.

I'm breaking up with my boyfriend.

I'm breaking out.

I have to pick up my dry cleaning.

I have to pick out a car.

I have to pick on my kids.

Salmon Rushdie is coming in to talk about his idea for a book on Christian fundamentalists.

I thought I'd go to a ball game instead.

Punk stress reduction tips

1. Jam miniature marshmallows up your nose and sneeze them out, see how many you can do at once.
2. Use your MasterCard to pay your Visa and vice-versa.
3. Pop some popcorn without putting the lid on.
4. When someone say, "Have a nice day." tell them you have other plans.
5. Make a list of things to do that you have already done.
6. Dance naked in front of your pets.
7. Put your toddler's clothes on backwards and send them off to pre-school as if nothing is wrong.
8. Fill out your tax from using roman numerals.
9. Tattoo "Out to lunch" on your forehead.
10. Tape pictures of your boss on watermellons and launch them from high places.
11. Leaf through a "National Geographic" and draw underwear on the natives.
12. Go shopping, buy everything, sweat in it, and return it the next day.
13. Bay a subscription to "Sleaziod Weekly" and send it to your bosses spouse.
14. Pay your electric bill in pennies.
15. Drive to work in reverse.
16. Find out what a frog in a blender really looks like.
17. Sit naked on a shelled hard boiled egg.
18. Tell your boss to "blow it out your mule" and let him figure it out.
19. Polish your car with ear wax.
20. Read the dictionary upside down and look for secret messages.
21. Start a nasty rumor and see if you recognize it when it comes back to you.
22. Braid your hair in each nostril.
23. Write a short story using alphabet soup.
24. Stare at people through the tines of a fork and pretend that they are in jail.
25. Make up a language and ask people for directions.

Ideas for beating up the blues

- Free your spider collection.
- Threaten bunnies.
- Short-sheet the bed.
- Gnash your teeth.
- Drive at 25 mph on the freeway.
- Snore loudly.
- Take the last cookie.

Jam the pay toilet door.
Put gummy stuff inside books.
Feign serious illness.
Unscrew the salt shaker lid.
Spraypaint someone's fluglehorn.
Drop bugs on passersby.
Step on some feet.
Pour honey in someone's hair. When they are visiting an ant farm.
Tickle people with a branch of poison ivy.
Soap windows.
Pour honey in the mailbox.
Rake the leaves into your neighbor's yard.
Put your sneakers in the refrigerator.
Ignore everybody.
Go to the grocery and squish the fruits.
Turn on the sprinkler at a lawn party.
Clog the sink.
Ruin the punchline.
Be obnoxious.
Spread vicious rumors.
Put Superglue(TM) on the keycaps.
Enroll your friends in record clubs.
Don't use deodorant.
Use all the hot water.
Call somebody up at 3am.
Don't wipe your feet.
Talk gibberish during serious conversation.
Shout in the library.
Forget your mother's birthday.
Toss babies.
Burp.
Stare at somebody.
Break something.
Snore in a church.
Spray-paint someone's eyeglasses.

Stomp through the flower bed.

Don't leave a tip.

Put ink in the White-Out bottle.

Eat onions.

Stand in front of the TV.

Sneak up on people.

Put piranhas in the swimming pool.

Stray into other people's snapshots.

Teach someone tape-based batch Fortran.

Reveal the ending.

Leave a cow on your neighbor's porch.

Litter.

Drop your hors d'oeuvre and grind it into the carpet.

Point at people.

Put stones in all the shoes.

Smoke large black cigars.

Scratch someone's favorite record.

Squirt water through your teeth.

Never remember anyone's name.

Clip your toenails in public.

Throw waterbombs.

Hoard overdue library books.

Wake someone up violently.

Eat someone else's lunch.

Demoralize your friends.

Take up two parking places.

Press all the buttons in the elevator.

Leave a ring in the bathtub.

Put salt in his contact-lens solution.

Constantly interrupt.

Use all the toilet paper.

Scrape your fingernails across the blackboard.

Go wild with shaving cream.

Saw the leg off a chair.

Write insincere love letters.

Throw a tomato.

Eat sloppily.

Copy Print Close

Top ten reasons to hate Windows

{ewl

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*As prepared by the creative department
of K'Blecch Advertising Inc.
Burnaby, BC, Canada*



10. Paintbrush program icon looks like PacMan after a bad accident



9. Using buggy calculator program for tax return means I am now solely responsible for Canada's national debt



8. Subliminal messages in screen savers turn users into cola-guzzling pizza addicts...oops, sorry, that's one of the reasons why I *love* Windows



7. Hitting computer with a mallet no longer stops it from crashing



6. Hitting self with mallet makes GPFs seem almost friendly



5. Free decoder ring was only included with first 500 copies



4. Windows 97 scheduled for early 1999 release pending outcome of libel suit against Microsoft by Lucifer



3. Computer talks to me but I can't turn off "don't touch that, you brainless weasel" message



2. After three years I still can't beat Solitaire



1. It was designed by space aliens as a way to control our minds

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The Fast Track to Lifelong Happiness



Some readers may find this offensive. (Right...like *now* we tell you...) We created this as a response to some of the many get-rich-quick schemes we've seen floating about the Internet. If you suspect they might work, you've got about as much chance of succeeding as you do with this plan. Presented for entertainment only; this is a parody and should in no way be construed as a serious solicitation. Parental guidance suggested; may confuse younger readers.



The original version of the Dave Rhodes "modern money" letter on which this work was based can be viewed or saved by clicking this button.

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**If I told you that lifelong ecstasy was just weeks away,
wouldn't you be just a tiny bit curious?**

...Now it can all be yours!



My name is Randy Rhodes. No, I have nothing to do with Satanic rock bands and I don't play guitar, but you might remember my brother Dave Rhodes. Dave was a man whose genius was never appreciated. His unusual moneymaking programs (he's known as Pharoah Rhodes in some circles, for his contribution to modern pyramid-building) helped hundreds of people to make mounds and mounds of money in a very short time with very little work, people from everyday Joes and Janes like you and me to US postal inspectors and even a few prison guards and public defenders.

Dave has since settled on a career in business. You might know of his current venture, "License Plates'R'US", run from his office in Leavenworth, Kansas. I worked with Dave for many years, but once he decided it was time for him to stop making money for others and take care of his own affairs, I was left with time to look carefully at both the good and not-so-good aspects of my brother's work. I really enjoyed working with Dave, but it was time for me to look for my own niche in life.

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Here's a special message just for you from a successful participant in the Randy Rhodes plan:

"I am astonished at how well this program works and I urge all of you reading this to give it a try. In three months my wildest dreams have come true! I have more women around me than I know what to do with and more money than I can spend. I count wealthy drug barons, oil sheiks and Middle Eastern heads of state as close friends and business partners, and I'm sure that if I can ever get myself out of bed (boy, I didn't know how exhausting this could be!), I'll call on them all. Please try it...you'll be amazed at the results. I was! Whew, was I! Mmph, was I ever!"

Yours truly,
Bennie Jaynes
A real person who actually exists

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“Thanks a million, Randy...”

Jeffrey Coxsacker, Apple Vomit, FL

Well, to make a long story short, I did finally find my calling. Sure, Dave made scads of money for a lot of people, but money can't buy happiness, and if there's one thing I always wanted to do in my life, it was to make people happy. So I thought to myself, “Randy, what could you do to spread as much happiness as possible to the world and keep some of it for yourself?”

As I thought, the phrase “spread happiness” kept running over and over in my mind...and suddenly it came to me. What is it that no man ever gets enough of?

Women! Of course! And looking back over Dave's many successful ventures, it all fell into place. I knew what I had to do for the sake of my own happiness...and more importantly, I also knew what I could do for you!

I don't play favorites... here's a special message just for you ladies!

“It really works!”

Toad, Toad Hall DC

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Are you ready to have more women than you know what to do with? Are you ready for more sex more often than you thought the male body could stand? Are you ready to have absolutely everything done for you? Are you ready for wealth and happiness beyond your wildest dreams, and a smile they'll have to chisel off your face when you die?

Probably not. This program is not for the timid. It works, make no mistake about it, but it is gruelling, time-consuming work. So lay in a supply of strong coffee, smelling-salts and heart stimulants, because heaven on earth is just around the corner!

The Plan



Follow these instructions exactly, and within 60 days, no fewer than 1,000 women of every description will be delivered to your door, ready to answer your every beckon and call.

1. First, look at the list of names farther down this file. Circle the top name.
2. Wrap your wife or girlfriend in some wrapping suitable for mailing through normal USPS channels. If you are using air mail, be sure to include at least a four-hour supply of oxygen. If necessary, use sedatives to overcome any difficulties in completing this part of the plan.
3. Mail your wife or girlfriend to the person at the top of the list. (Please note: No matter how much happier or wealthier this might make you, there is more, much more to come! This is not the end of the plan!)
4. Edit this textfile so that the top name is removed, and the second person's name is now at the

top of the list. When you get to position number five, substitute your name and address.

5. Send this file out to a maximum of five people on the net. If you'd like your women to come from exotic locations, spend a little time looking for overseas net addresses Be careful...under no circumstances should you e-mail more than 10 copies of this plan, and if you post it to a newsgroup you will not be able to deal with the response! One participant who mailed out 100 copies on a popular online service several years ago received so many replies he had to start his own village and change his name to Sri Rajneesh.
6. Get lots of rest, because within 60 days you'll have women arriving from all over the online world...dozens of them, in every shape and size. Hint: some participants have voluntarily entered sanatoriums for a short period after e-mailing their copies of the plan and report that this helped them to "charge up" in preparation for the arrival of the first returns.
7. Although I have done my utmost to make sure that this plan falls within all federal, state and local ordinances, it is important that you obey all statutes in carrying out this plan. This means that all women packaged for shipment overseas must be supplied with cellular telephones, walkmans and access to a salad bar for the duration of the flight. You must also provide ground transportation be supplied to all women who react adversely to air travel. Rail is best if you want to make sure she arrives in undamaged condition).

"I never would have believed it...it's all true"

Rev. Jasapheth Bubbhuh, Big Hate Hole AR

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--- Testimonials ---

Dear Randy;

I wouldn't have believed a plan this simple could work so well. I followed your instructions and what happened to me was hard to believe. I sent the plan to five people on America Online, and I guess things move fast on AOL because it was only two weeks before my women started arriving. It's been 45 days since I first saw the plan and they're still coming in. I had to hire an out-of-work post office employee because I don't even have time to unwrap them all. So far I've counted 342 women and I don't really know where I'm going to put them all, but one of them, I think her name is Tracey, has a six-figure bank account and we're thinking of buying the empty Air Force Base outside of town. I eat like a king five times a day, and I need it, believe me, because keeping all these women happy is hard work, just like you said it would be. But it's worth it! I apologize for the lousy

writing, but I've been in traction for two weeks and I can't see the paper as I write. Thanks, Randy, and say hi to Dave on visiting day.

John Apropos

Taurus, TX

Randy;

I have to hand it to you. You're one smart young fellow. I didn't really believe it, but your plan rattled down the road just perfect, just like old Molly's Studebaker! I miss the old dear every now and then, but I just lie down for a minute when that happens and someone always skitters in to make the feeling go away.

I can't tell you how grateful I am. You've made an old gent's declining years simply wonderful. I even recommended the plan to my pastor and he's just itching to try it. It's only been three months, but the 164 women I received through this plan make me feel like I've bundled years of living into a few short weeks. The two doctors in the bunch are telling me I have to take it easy for a while and stay away from the rich ones or it might kill me, but I ask you, could there be any better way to go? One of them's a probate lawyer who's helping me set up my will, but the hard part is deciding how much these ladies are going to get. They've all been so wonderful.

Once again, I want to thank you from the bottom of my p

Randy;

Ezekiel passed away while writing this letter. I guess Ophie was too much for him. But rest assured he died with a smile on his face and a song in his...well, you know! (giggle) --Gloria (#121)

Ezekiel Schroonz
Megawatt, ID

Randy;

Just a note to tell you I'm leaving Wall Street for good, thanks to your plan. Bulls and bears don't come close to this kind of fun. The ladies have finally stopped coming, and all 1,524 of us are buying an island off the coast. Susie 6 (it feels so impersonal to number them, but how else can I keep track?) jokes that we should start our own religious cult just to keep away the curious.

I followed your brother's advice about sharing and gave the other 563 away to friends and charitable organizations...it's a good feeling knowing I can bring that much happiness to others.

I have to admit, my wife and I had a terrific marriage and it took a real leap of faith to give your plan a try, but it paid off handsomely. Even Evelyn's happy. (She's my ex-wife.) She's living in Hawaii now with her new "husband" and 45 other women. (Guess he didn't work the plan as hard as he could have!) She says she's tickled pink (I bet!) to be in the tropics and have so little responsibility.

Financially, things couldn't be better. I've never been one for "big" women, so I have a deal cooking with a syndicate of wealthy Middle Eastern gents that could go middle eight figures for the 365 "queen-sized" ladies. I shake my head thinking of the years I spent sweating it out at Merrill Lynch and now this...so easy! I can't thank you enough.

Roland Brisebois III
(address withheld on request)

Randy;

There were so many...so many beautiful ones...so many ugly ones...so many blondes...so many redheads...so many brunettes...I put them all in the basement and they arrested me...did I do something wrong?

Bill Bibble
Ike Turner Memorial Correctional Facility

Lhasa Apso, MI

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The Fun Part

Step-by-step instructions:

1. Save a copy of this page using your web browser's File Save function.
2. Edit the page with your word processor, removing the top name and address from the list and moving everyone else's name up one space, so that the second name on the list becomes the first name, the third becomes the second, and so forth.
3. Place your name and address at the bottom of the list in Position 5.
4. Make sure your corrected name list appears on every copy of this plan before you make your copies. As each succeeding group of men get this letter, your name will move up on the list. When it reaches the top...ecstasy is yours!
5. E-mail five copies of the plan to men all over the world.

Position 5: Send this man a get well card!

Rayfield Farris
123 Punchbowl Circle
Alpha Centauri, OH 48970

Position 4: Scant days away from heaven on earth:

Jerry Cod
Box 409
Samores, ME 00425

Position 3: Getting lots of bed rest, I hope:

Mickey Fartbury
1107 Hellhaven Towers
Expatriate Dr. E.,
Godawful, CA 90342-3256

Position 2: Still dreaming:

PFC Rooney Gorp
APO 247
c/o Ft. Bedwetter
Oxnuggets, GA 36795

Position 1: You never would have heard about this plan if it hadn't been for:

Garfield Cloudhead
Apts. 206, 439 and 322
Goldwater Estates
12254 Tenement Grave
Harlem, NY 10454

Happiness...it won't be yours if you don't act now!

Attention ladies! A modified Randy Rhodes program just for you is now underway! Watch your e-mail for details...Mae West never had it so good! Now go back and take a look at what you can expect!

Radio teleplay draft: Where's Gracie?

First Draft

Scene one

(Camera spots the Doe family at the kitchen table. The announcer cuts in over the theme music.)

Announcer: Meet the Doe family. Take a good look, and ask yourself this question: Do you really know what's going on with the Middle Class?

(Mother, Jane; and son, Vito sit eating dinner. A white Corning-style casserole dish hovers over the center of the table. Mother is either a husky-looking woman or a transvestite; Vito is either black or an Oriental with a thick accent.)

Vito: But Mom, I don't want to practice because I don't like playing the glockenspiel!

(Cut to shot of a wincing Vito, playing a badly out-of-tune, out-of-time glockenspiel in the world's worst high school band. Bandmaster scowls at Vito; Vito breaks rank and tries to run but is dragged down by bandmaster's bullwhip. Band members trample Vito as formation march continues.)

Jane: Now, look. When I married your father, I felt the same way. But did that stop me? Look at me now. I'm a wife and a mother, and I'm even starting to like whips.

(John attempts to spoon dinner from the casserole dish, which sits in one place for everyone but him.)

Vito: But Mom, I have to wear this belt, an' it's to tight, an' my kidneys are starting to hurt real bad.

Jane: Are they bleeding yet?

Vito: Just a little, after practice sometimes

Jane: Honestly, Vito, look around you. Does it look like we're poor? Does it look to you like we couldn't afford a transplant if you really needed it?

Vito: Well, no, but...

Jane: But what!?

John: Now, that's enough, you two. Jane, I'm sorry about this, and I know how badly you wanted to be in the band, son, but if you insist on wearing that belt so tight that your kidneys bleed, then I'm afraid we *can't* afford a transplant. You're just going to have to quit.

Jane: What!?! After all the time and effort he put into it? You're breaking his heart, John! (Vito starts to grin)

John: Jane, you're the one who cashes my paychecks. You know how much an undercover middle-class citizen makes. We simply can't afford kidney transplants whenever we feel like it.

(Stop action; dramatic music as file is superimposed on frozen screen. File reads:

F.O.O.D. File, Operative # 30549
Subject: John Doe
Address: 592 No Comment Lane, Suburbainville, USA
Age: 41
Occupation: (classified) Officially none
ORG Status: Undercover middle-class citizen
Code name: Vitamin B-52

(Roll part of credits; Re-intro)

John: I'm sorry, Vito, but that's final. I won't have you wrecking your kidneys for no good reason. They cost us a lot of money, you know.

Vito: Does that mean we can't afford my tonsillectomy next month?

Jane: Now Vito, you remember what the doctor said. You'll have to wait until your voice stops changing, and that won't be for another five years yet. You're only 18, you know. (Jane winks at John; John winks at Vito; Vito winks at the stuffed dog; the stuffed dog pees on the carpet. Vito starts; looks back at his father)

Vito: But Pop! I've got leukemia, remember? I'll be dead in six months!

John: Then you won't need a tonsillectomy after all.

Vito: Aw pop....

John: You really want your tonsils out?

Vito: Yeah, Pop, they hurt!

John: Okay, son, you want your operation, you'll get your operation. Jane, scalpel. (Holds open palm towards Jane)

Vito: Okay, okay!

John: So you're *not* getting your tonsils out, you're *not* going to play that damn glockenspiel and I don't want to hear any more whining. Remember, when we found out you had leukemia, you promised your mother and I you'd let us watch you die in peace.

Vito: Okay, pop.

Jane: Now, John, let's not be too hasty.

(Dramatic music; Vito and John look alarmed; pan back to Jane and freeze frame; superimpose file on frozen screen. File reads:

F.O.O.D. File: Subversive #30549a
Subject: Jane Doe
Address: See file 30549
Age: 39 (believed to be an assumed age)
Occupation: pickle decontaminator
ORG Status: suspected radical Middle Class citizen.

(Continue credit roll)

John: But Jane, we simply can't afford a kidney transplant!

Jane: Who says he'll need a transplant? He has two of them, doesn't he? Couldn't we just take half of each one and make one good one for him?

Vito: Okay, okay, could we just eat? I had chemotherapy today and I'm really not in the mood for this.

John, Jane: Yes, son. We're sorry.

(Jane winks at John; John winks at Jane; Jane winks back at John; John "ahem's" and continues trying to spoon dinner from casserole dish. Pan to Vito, looking satisfied, as he continues eating. Music rises; freeze frame; superimpose file on frozen screen)

F.O.O.D. File #30549b

Subject: Vito Ying-Kie Doe

Address: Unknown

Age: 41

Occupation: High school student

ORG Status: none

Particulars: Believed to be an F.I.V.K. plant; not believed to be the real son of John and Jane Doe.

(Continue credit role)

John: By the way, son, did you walk the dish today?

Vito: Yeah, soon as I got home. But he won't sit still. I think he's trying to tell us something.

(All eyes intent on the hovering casserole dish. DeVol-style theme music rises; pan to dish, credits read: "Also starring Francis Cosworth III as Gaylord, the Insane Pyrex Dish. (Inanimate objects trained by Jim Smith)"

John: Don't be silly. Dishes can't talk. What they *can* do is keep a hard-working father from getting his dinner. (Angrily) Do you hear that, you brainless chunk of heat-resistant silica?

(The dish hovers over John's plate, the lid rises and the dish inverts; spilling its entire contents on John's plate, pants, and the surrounding table. John reaches fork into crotch, winces, and raises a forkful of food.)

John: What is this, by the way? (John takes a bite of food and grimaces.)

Jane: Alfalfa creole, dear. I wanted to try something different tonight.

John: Then let's try something different. This is terrible!

Vito: Maybe Cat will eat it. (Vito looks at stuffed dog) You hungry, Cat?

(Dramatic music rises, frame freezes, file superimposed on frozen screen.)

F.O.O.D. File #30549c

Name: Cat

Address: See file #30549

Age: 41

Occupation: Family stuffed dog

ORG status: F.O.O.D. counter-operative; reports on status of operatives #30549-#30549b.

Particulars: None. From all reports, a normal family stuffed dog.

(Continue credits roll)

(John carries plate to Cat; huge pile of leftovers spill from dog dish. John dumps plate onto pile and tilts Cat so hind legs are in air, balances on front legs with muzzle in dish of slop. Retching sound; Cat vomits.)

John: The recipe should have included Dramamine.

Jane: Dear! I guess that didn't come out too well, did it? Oh, well...I still have some leftover zucchiniburgers.

(Look of horror crosses faces of John, Vito. Rise ominous music. Cut to commercial.)

Scene Two

John: *(kissing Jane in vestibule of home)* Bye, honey. I'll be working late tonight.

Jane: Oh, John, how much longer are you going to have these night meetings?

John: I don't know, dear. *(John begins to climb stairs.)*

Jane: *(impatiently)* John, the garage is that way. *(Points to kitchen door)*

John: I know. I'm taking the shortcut. *(Under his breath: Alfalfa creole...yeesh!*

(Man in black suit runs onto screen right holding several 8x11 sheets)

Man: Fast Facts! In 1979, a whopping 40 tons of alfalfa was produced in the United States alone! Of this, 465,000 tons were used for livestock feed, 6.2 ounces for human consumption, and the remainder was exported for use in cheap Taiwanese textiles! Alfalfa was originally brought to the US from Scandinavia by Leonardo Da Vinci's younger brother Federico in the year 1932. It was originally intended to be used as a cheap alternative to cattle manure. In 1904, Thomas Edison Carver invented the alfalfa sprout, ushering in a new age of nuclear weapons research! Alfalfa became a traditional American symbol in 1965 when President Lyndon Johnson coined the slogan "A rocket in every pocket and a sprout in every lightbulb!" It's all true! *(Man exits quickly screen right)*

John: Honey, could you do me one favor before I get back?

Jane: What's that, dear?

John: Call the police and get that facts person out of my home.

(John climbs stair and opens door at right. Takes 1 step and falls directly out of house, through roof of garage, landing in wheelbarrow with steering wheel, gearshift lever, exhaust pipe, windshield and solar-panel roof. He pulls out of driveway and onto street. [Production note: a real wheelbarrow is a three-wheeled vehicle. Its speed and cornering ability are severely limited; for this reason, actual background traffic will have to be slowed to give impression of highway speeds.]

(Cut to inside shot of young man in business suit driving a beater VW Beetle on a freeway. He is sweating profusely and looks very concerned. Cut to outside shot of car as it passes several vehicles on the highway at high speed. Cut back to inside shot. The windshield is now cracked, the driver's collar is unravelling and the seatbelts snap away. Cut back to the Sunbarrow pulling into a low-rent district. John stops barrow and gets out. He hustles past a wino, graffiti-covered walls. He stops at a door that appears to be boarded up now. He knocks. Footsteps are heard on the other side of the door.

Voice of Bum #1: What's the password?

John: The frost is on the garlic. How many carrots can you put in a canoe?

(The door creaks open; a dirty character ushers John in.)

Bum 1: Come on back; we've started without you.

(John follows the bum to a sleazy, single-hanging-lightbulb-type room. Garbage is strewn about. Three similarly scruffy-looking characters sit on makeshift stools around table made from an overturned garbage can and a large sheet of cardboard or scrap wood.)

Bum 2: B-52, sit down. (Turning to others) As I was saying, from all reports the B Complex hasn't been able to infiltrate the Dawson Heights area. B-1 and B-6 are missing in action. (Looks at Bum #3) Anything for us on that situation?

Bum 3: (pulls out rumpled serviette, blows nose into it and begins reading from it) Yes. According to our information, B-1 was last seen entering a 7-Eleven store and B-6 hasn't been heard from since he signed up for yoga classes.

Bum 4: Now, I don't know if we can believe this or not, but I have an informant who claims the Positive Dharma Squash Club is somehow tied up in this.

Bum 2: I heard that too. B-52, we already sent our stealth agent in without success, so we're sending you in to investigate.

John: Not before we discuss my contract.

Bum 2: (Indignantly) Your contract.

John: That's right, my contract. I want a wage increase or I'm not going in. My son needs a kidney transplant if he's going to play the glockenspiel again.

Bum 2: But your son has leukemia!

John: So?

Bum 2: He'll be dead in six months!

John: By that time he might need *two* transplants. Do you have any idea how tight those glockenspiel belts are?

Bum 3: I thought you were happy with us, B-52.

John: I am. But consider my situation. I'm supposed to be middle class here. Even with Jane working it's still not enough, and you know how much a union pickle decontaminator makes.

(Bums 1 and 2 look at each other, look back at John and shake their heads.)

Bum 3: I don't know, John, how much *does* a union pickle decontaminator make?

John: About \$8.35 an hour.

(Laugh track)

Bum 4: Gentlemen, I think John has a legitimate beef here. He's got to entertain and keep up appearances, and the demographics in his neighborhood show an annual 11.6 percent rise in real spending power.

(Fast Facts man runs onto screen right)

FF Man: Fast Facts! The middle class was first identified in 1948 by Chinese astronomer Ralph Esteverry! Karl Marx...

Bum 2: (pounding large end of empty wine bottle in paper bag on table) ORDER!

(Bums 3 and 4 rise and attempt to restrain FF Man)

FF Man: ...considered the Middle Class a necessary evil in...

(Efforts to restrain FF Man fail. Bum 2 nods to John. John looks at Bum 2, then pulls revolver from inside sportcoat, aims and shoots FF Man.)

FF Man: (gasping)..capitalist societies (cough) because they push the paper...(John fires again) (gasp)...a capitalist bureaucracy produces in excess...(John fires a third shot)...long live the F.I.V.K....death to vegetables...(FF Man dies)

Bum 2: Okay, now that that's out of the way, let's get back to the matter at hand. Are there any questions on the floor? (All shake their heads) Okay, moved that we go into committee of the whole to discuss Agent B-52's pay increase.

Bum 4: Seconded.

Bum 2: All in favor?

All: Aye.

Bum 2: Okay, this meeting is adjourned; please take your places for committee of the whole.

(Everyone rises, takes a different seat, and sits down.)

Bum 2: Okay, this meeting is now in session. We have a motion on the floor, to wit, that the Federation of Organized Derelicts, herupon referred to as the party of the first part, agree to pay the average calculated income accepted as acceptable by acceptable standards set by the Suburbainville Parent/Teachers Association and Commuters for a Cleaner Community, said figures to be cross-referenced to state and local tax records in line with local wage and price guidelines as requested by John Doe, also known as Agent B-52, hereupon referred to as the party of the second part, with additional contributions scaled to the appropriate income-slash-outgo curve to the annuity fund for the child of the party of the second part, to wit, Gracie Doe, hereupon referred to as the party of the third part, not to mention part of every FOOD party held in the past year and a half (snickers all around) and part-private ownership of private parts or rental thereof notwithstanding. By the way, John, do you know what Gracie wants to be when she (wink) grows up? (Bums 1,3,4 snicker)

John: Not yet. She's at that difficult age, you know? But I'm sure it will be something that involves a lot of *contact* (winks) with her, uh, fellow *man*. (John grins slyly; then shakes his head and looks concerned.) Hey, wait a minute! What's all this sexual innuendo here? Gracie's only nine years old!

Bum 1: (with serious expression) That's true, John old boy, but you've got to admit she's got the body of a seven-year-old.

Bum 2: Enough, enough! Anyway, um, let's see...we've got a motion on the floor. Any questions.

Bum 4: Would the secretary repeat the motion?

Bum 1: The motion reads: 'What he said a minute ago'.

Bum 3: Just one second here! *I'm* the secretary!

Bum 2: Motion seconded by our secretary. All in favor raise your hands?

(Bum 2 holds a full magnum of cheap wine above the table; all bums reach for it.)

Bum 2: Motion carried.

(The bottle is quickly removed from sight; the other three bums look confused. A mood of sadness fills the room; John looks confused.)

Bum 1: B-52, there's something we've been wanting to tell you.

Bum 2: Yes, about the work you do for us.

(Tears begin falling from Bum 3's eyes)

Bum 1: We know the risks you encounter every day, we know the family pressures...

Bum 4: I had a family myself, once.

Bum 1: ...I know the bad gags the scriptwriters give you...

(A chorus of "amen's" from the bums; one bum crosses himself; violin music rises in the background)

Bum 1: ...I know the responsibilities you've had to live up to and the training you've had to endure...

(Bum 3 starts sobbing aloud)

Bum 4: That's right, John, and we know that you never see the fruits of your labors except on payday, but John, we want you know that your work is vitally...

(Bum 3 bawls; other bums now looking somewhat impatient)

Bum 4: ...important, and that it's only a small part of a complex system of intelligence your feeble brain couldn't even hope to understand. *(Under breath to Bum 3:)* Stop bawling, you wimp! B-52, we need you now more than we ever needed you before.

(Bum 3 bawls even louder and rests head on B-52's shoulder; streams of tears pour down John's jacket)

Bum 4: I said stop bawling! Okay, that's it, cut the music!

(Bum 3 continues to bawl; music stops abruptly; Bum 2 nods angrily at John; John pulls out revolver and shoots Bum 3 in chest. Bum 3 bolts upright with shocked look and falls backward on top of Fast Facts man.)

Bum 3: Oh, sorry, guys. Must have gotten carried away.

Bum 2: That's all right. It happens.

Bum 3: Thank you, sir.

(Bum 3 dies.)

Bum 4: Anyway, as I was saying, B-52, you are the product of extensive research and training. Your abilities were created in response to a very real need we found from our market research and Nielson ratings. You know the details. You have the skills! *(A Sousa march swells)* This isn't practise anymore, Johnny-boy, this is the Rose Bowl. Now get out there and take it to 'em, and win this one for the most important thing of all: F.O.O.D.!

John: *(with childlike earnesty)* You, got it coach! YAAAA!!!!

(John springs from his chair, grabs the bottle from under Bum 2's seat, knocking over his stool. He tucks it under his arm football-style and begins running out the door, straight-arming another

bum on his way in.)

Bum 2: B-52, wait! I didn't mean...aw dammit, I'm going to *have* to cut out those Vince Lombardi pep talks!

(John runs out onto the street. He kicks a sixth bum who is lying on the street in front of the hideout and blood explodes from the bum's chest. John pays no attention. He hops into the Sunbarrow, races onto the freeway. Camera shows him passing everything in sight.)

Scene Three

(Scene opens with Jane and neighbor-friend walking down supermarket aisle with carts.)

Jane: So how is your Johnny coming along in school?

Friend: Not so good, Jane. Actually, he's spending far too much time trying to get himself elected to city council and not enough time keeping his grades up. He's also been doing volunteer work with the Junior Fascists of Suburbainville on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so he hardly ever plays baseball any more.

Jane: Well, at least he's keeping busy, which is more than I can say for my Vito. So what sort of things is he doing in school?

Friend: Well, you'll never believe what he made for the school science fair. I was so proud. He took all his paper route money and even siphoned off some campaign contributions and built this thing, I think he called it a low-yield tactical neutron bomb coded for skin pigment. The judges were very impressed.

Jane: Is that so!

(In background, camera catches the Sunbarrow zipping by the front of the supermarket, taking out shoppers like bowling pins.)

Friend: Well, they were until he detonated it during Friday assembly. And I don't have to tell you that since then we don't have an integrated high school any more.

Jane: Yeah, I heard about that...what a prankster! Well, maybe now that there aren't as many students, he'll get a little more attention from the teachers.

Friend: Yes, you do have to look on the bright side sometimes.

Jane: Kind of sad, though, about the radiation. Did you hear that Lisa Bermovitz has sickle-cell anemia now?

Friend: No!

Jane: I swear it's true. They found out right after her bas-mitzvah.

(They pass by a pumpkin display. Jane knocks on one pumpkin and listens. She turns to her friend and they nod at one another. Jane takes a stethoscope from her purse and places the microphone on the pumpkin. She pulls out a physician's triangular reflex mallet from her purse, taps the pumpkin lightly in three places, then stands back. She replaces the mallet and pulls out a claw hammer. With a hard blow, she buries the claw hammer deep into the pumpkin at the precise point where she had been tapping it with the triangular mallet. Seeds and pulp fly, and blood oozes from the wound.)

Jane: Oh, my! That feels good!

Friend: Doesn't it, though? Whenever I do that I just feel like I'm doing my part in the war effort.

Jane: (sighs) I like to think that while we may not live to see the day, maybe our grandchildren can grow up in a vegetable-free world.

Friend: Kind of makes you feel all tingly inside.

Scene Four

(Cut to shot of man in Volkswagen, somewhere else on the same freeway. Man is still sweating. Jacket is now off, his shirt is torn. The roof of the Beetle is caved in and one fender is missing; the VW is travelling at very high speed. Crossfade shot of John, now racing up to the front door of the Positive Dharma Squash Club. He leaps from the Sunbarrow and races, still clutching the magnum bottle under his arm, toward the front door. Husky-looking doorman is wearing a Positive Dharma Squash Club t-shirt; arms crossed; stone-faced.)

Doorman: Hello, sir. Do you have your membershhh...IT!

(John straight-arms the doorman, rushes past the reception area, drops one secretary with a forearm. Nobody seems to pay notice. As camera position changes, John is observed suddenly wearing squash gear. John arrives in locker room, smashes magnum on the floor and does a touchdown dance. Looking around, he opens a locker labelled AGENT B-52, takes out a squash racquet and walks to the entrance of the spectators' lounge, where the camera picks up the same T-shirted doorman. John stands in line behind two other squash players.)

Doorman: Password.

Man 1: Death to cucumbers.

John: Sorry, I couldn't hear that. Could you say that again?

Doorman: Okay, you can go. Password.

Man 2: Death to cucumbers.

John: Excuse me, could you speak a little louder?

Doorman: Okay, you can go. Password.

John: Dead two-timers.

Doorman: Huh?

John: Death Tucumcari?

Doorman: Okay, close enough.

(John swaggers into the lounge and takes a seat. A man sits at his table.)

Player: Quite a match, isn't it?

John: Hmm? Oh, yeah, yes, I really like that one's style.

Player: He really goes for [player twitches neurotically as he says] *blood*, doesn't he?

John: That's how I like it.

Player: Hey, the next court's free. Want a [twitch] *match*? I don't think I've [twitch] *played* you before.

John: (steely-eyed) You're on, buddy.

(Both men rise and swagger to the open court wearing very determined looks. The player lobs a squash ball into the air and serves it at the wall. He winces as it rebounds; John smacks the ball, and the camera follows it as it makes a clean hole in a canteloupe on the floor at the end of

the court. A small amount of blood drips from the melon. The camera pulls back, showing the floor in front of the front wall lined from end to end with various melons, gourds, pumpkins and squashes.

Player: Good shot!

John: Thanks. Just getting warmed up, actually. Shall we start the match?

(John serves; the player hits his return and it rebounds harmlessly off a gourd. Rapid-fire sequence of shots follows; serves and volleys, rebounds and direct hits, each hit accompanied by juice and blood. The sequence stops with a shot of the scoreboard reading 14-14; camera pans down to the two players, who are standing in a mess of juice, pulp and blood. Their gear is stained)

Player: Match point, your serve.

John: Match point.

Spectators in lounge: (loudly, cupping hands) Match point! Match point!

(The back wall of the court opens out like a garage door, revealing a huge room-sized watermelon as the music rises. John leans forward and stares intently at the target. In slow motion, the camera follows the toss, serve, and shot as it sails into the center of the watermelon with a resounding "thunk". Bloody red juice begins pouring out all over the court.)

Player: (shaking John's hand) Excellent match! Went right down to the wire.

John: Thanks. You play a good game yourself. If this had been a grape match, you probably would have had me.

Player: Really unusual style, too. (Whispered into John's ear:) You didn't learn that in spy school, did you?

John: (loudly and with horrified expression) Oh, no! I've been exposed as a spy!

(Everyone in the spectator's lounge turns and looks at John.)

Player: (quietly) You idiot, I'm your contact!

John: (loudly) This mission is ruined! I'm on the job less than an hour and my cover is history! I'll never get that raise now! This was supposed to be the perfect cover, too!

Player: Jesus, shut up, would you? We've got to get you...

John: (playing to spectators) Now everyone here knows I'm a...

(Hard cut to dungeon scene. John is hanging naked, upside-down on the wall, Wizard of Id-style)

John: ...spy...

Announcer: Will Agent B-52 get out of this alive? Or will he be forced to watch innocent vegetables be mutilated in front of him until he cracks like a walnut? Stay tuned!

(Commercial break)

Announcer: We left Agent B-52 hanging out in the secret torture chamber underneath the Positive Dharma Squash Club, where he exposed himself not more than five minutes earlier!

John: How am I going to get out of this mess?

(Door to dungeon opens; a burly-looking man with B-movie Nazi manner and speech strides stiffly towards John.)

Torturer: Zo! You've been found out. How unfortunate...for you. (laughs)

John: You'll never get away with this!

Torturer: Enough! I will talk and you will anzer. Who do you work for?

John: You'll never get me to tell.

Torturer: Is that so. Vell, if you don't, I'll turn zis otherwise healthy apple into a mass of disgusting pulp!

John: How do I know you're not bluffing?

(Torturer sadistically pulls stem from apple; a drop of blood trickles out)

John: Okay, okay! (choked up) I work for F.O.O.D. But that's all you'll get out of me! The lives of too many other vegetables are at stake. You can try to break me if you want, but I warn you. I don't even know what I'm doing.

(The door opens again and a skinny 60's holdover with long hair, khaki pants, beard and T-shirt reading "STAFF CARNIVORE" walks in.)

Torturer: Max, goot to see you. (To John) Anyzing you are not telling us, Max vill find out. He has some very effective vays of sharing your headspace, if you know vat I mean.

Max: Hey, man, lay off my bro. This here's B-52, you know. (To John) So what's happenin', man? I ain't seen you since the Berkeley tomato fights in '68! Looks like you're dealin' with a real heavy hangup.

John: You! I thought you were on our side.

Max: Be cool, be cool, I dig where you're coming from, man. Hey, I used to be pro-vegetable to infinity, man, but these guys tuned me in and turned me on. Come on, man, why don't you be a part of the solution and join the revolution with us? Revolution's the only way, you know, and your headspace has to be really right on before you can make the scene in a vegetable-free world.

John: You'll never get me to change!

Max: Be cool! You gotta...you're way too uptight, brother; I can't get into this karma. It's way too heavy.

John: Oh, dear god, how am I going to get out of this one?

(Scene wavers and dissolves to flashback of black-suited, clean-cut teens in a classroom sitting bolt-upright, one hand inside blazer as if clutching a sidearm, with dead-serious looks. All are wearing aviator sunglasses and slicked-back haircuts, including the girls.)

Teacher: Let's turn to Undercover Middle Class Citizen's lesson 23: what to do if you find yourself chained naked to a wall in an anti-vegetable hideout and don't have a concealed master key wedged between your buttocks. Now, if you rattle your teeth at exactly 3,164 cycles per second, the chains should break apart, allowing you to break free. Kenneth, would you show the class?

(Student rises from first row, takes chain from teacher's desk, bares teeth and a humming sound is heard. The chain vibrates and breaks in half in Kenneth's hand. Cross-fade back to John who is baring his teeth)

Teacher: (voice-over with reverb) Now remember, class this is not to be attempted if you're hanging upside down unless you have been fitted with a titanium skull plate implant.

(Chains break and John falls to ground; metallic thud is heard as his head hits the floor.)

John: Thank God for metallic skull plates! Now to get out of here.

(John, still naked, runs through door, up stairs, through tunnel, through the squash club as onlookers applaud, as camera cuts from rear view of John exiting club to front view, John is back in his three-piece suit. John leaps into Sunbarrow and drives off. Cut to Volkswagen, showing more devastation, more sweat and ripped clothing, and moving even faster. Pan out to show Jane and her neighbor friend who have been watching the VW on TV. Jane changes channels.)

Interviewer: Hi, I'm Bill Buggery for Street scene, and this week I'm asking you what you'd like to see on television.

(Jane changes channels.)

Announcer: Hi, I'm Peter Penetro, and welcome once again to Celebrity Traffic Court, where each day our panel of celebrity judges determine your guilt or innocence on minor traffic offences. This week, Rodney Allen Rippy...

(Jane changes channels)

Announcer: There's the pass to Gomez, he splits Ying and Rushkov at center, over to Nagoomba, oh! And Sulieman made an excellent save. Heshi, what do you think the Maple Leafs' chances are this year?

Heshi: (with thick East Indian accent) Well, Sandra, that all-African second line should really help out on the scoresheet, but I don't know about Cordero, the rookie Nicaraguan defenceman...

Announcer: Yes, I imagine Canadian hockey is quite a change after playing his whole career on glazed clay rinks

Heshi: And I have to say that I think the new transvestite rule for referees is only going to...

(Jane changes channel)

Talkshow host: Tonight we have a very special guest. He's from Los Angeles and spent six years as Johnny Carson's chair on the Tonight Show. Please welcome veteran furniture impersonator James MacAdam! (Applause) James, I wonder if you could start by telling us what we all want to know. Is Johnny really the flatulent, pompous jerk that everyone...

(Screen goes black; newsman appears at desk with bulletin in hand.)

Newscaster: We've just received a report from Los Angeles that a bomb exploded only moments ago...I'm sorry, that bomb hasn't gone off yet. (Pause; boom is heard and news set shakes) Pardon me...only moments ago on the set of the Hung Wa Gitano show. According to eyewitness reports, all of the 350 people in the studio died instantly. Those with serious wounds are being taken to hospital. Geraldo McCovey is on the scene. Gerald, can you hear me?

Geraldo: Yes I can, Frank, and I'm here at the scene of the worst television disaster since the Jimmy Carter Inauguration Special. The only survivor so far is cameraman

John Short, who was urinating under the stage when the explosion occurred. And for that report, we're going to go to the Intensive Care unit at Suburbainville General Hospital and reporter Harry Dick. Harry?

Harry: Thank you, Geraldo. Mr. Short, can you tell us what happened.

Mr. Short: Everyone died.

Harry: Thank you, Mr. Short. Back to news central.

Newscaster: Harry, I wonder if you could ask Mr. Short what the explosion was like.

Harry: I'm sorry, Frank, but since I last talked to you, the situation here has changed. It seems there were only 349 casualties, so I had to kill Mr. Short to make it an even 350. But before he died, he whispered to me that the explosions seemed to originate from a row of five large casaba melons which were lying on one side of the stage. Geraldo, are you there?

Geraldo: Thanks, Harry. Yes, I heard that the melons were given to Hung Wa Gitano as a gift prior to the show.

Newscaster: I've just been given an update...we just received a phone call at the network...police were unable to trace it...it appears that a group calling themselves the Front for an Independent Vegetable Kingdom is taking responsibility for the blast. The caller referred to the casabas as a suicide squad. He also warned that similar strikes will be made in the future if the government does not take immediate action to curtail the activities of anti-vegetable factions.

(Jane turns off TV)

Jane: I wish they'd keep all that sex off the TV and in the movies where it belongs!

Neighbor: Yes, it's pretty bad, isn't it? I wonder what Ricky would think.

Jane: I wonder what *John's* doing with all this going on. I'm beginning to worry about him.

Neighbor: Well, John's on TV, isn't he?

Jane: Yeah, so?

Neighbor: Then why don't you turn on the TV and find out?

Jane: I promised I wouldn't do that. You know how men with IQ's under 90 are. But it's tempting, that's for sure. Just yesterday in fact, I found a pair of women's panties in his suit coat. Either he's seeing another woman, or he's a transvestite.

Neighbor: Oh, Jane, really, he could have been keeping them warm for his secretary, or he could have found them on the street and hadn't turned them in to lost and found yet. It could be anything, but John? A transvestite? You're not serious!

(Cut to shot of scriptwriters' meeting)

Head writer: You're not serious! I hired you as a scriptwriter, not a clown. John's not even smart enough to take off his wife's brassiere let alone dress in women's clothes. Besides, this gag has been done to death.

Writer #2: Well if it's been funny twice, it can be funny again. Some gags never die, you know, and I was thinking (winks) we could even take it further.

Head writer: Take it even further eh? I like it.

(Cut to John in Sunbarrow; looks down at what he's wearing and sees he's in full drag.)

John: You're not serious! *I'm gonna kill those scriptwriters!*

(Close on the Sunbarrow's radio as a newsflash sting is heard)

Announcer: Three hundred fifty dead on set of the Hung Wa Gitano Show. Kamikaze vegetables blamed.

(John looks startled, then shifts gears and zooms back to the ghetto hideout. John gets out and knocks on door.)

Voice: Password?

John: The frost is...

Voice: Wait, that was yesterday's. It's after midnight and I don't have today's password yet. We'll have to use the EPBS.

John: EPBS?

Voice: The Emergency Password Bypass System. Please step back three and one-half feet, just behind that rubber doggy-do.

John: It's not rubber.

Voice: Oops, sorry. By the way, that's a gorgeous dress.

Voice (casually): EPBS ready...okay, system one. Go. System two. Go. Ready to identify. Countdown. Three...two...one... *(door flies open, head peeks out for a split-second, door closes)* Okay, give me ten seconds to verify data...(wait) Good. *(door opens)* Come in, B-52. How did it go?

John: Well, it looks like the Front for an Independent Vegetable Kingdom is on the move again, and the Dawson Heights middle class has updated its torture systemsto around 1968 standards.

(Fast Facts man rises from pool of blood, speaks with great effort)

FF Man: Fast Facts: In 1968 the hippies invented...(John shoots) unh...macrobiotic diets thus providing society (John shoots) with perhaps its worst torture...dull diet (John shoots) vegetables must dies...(falls to floor dead)

(Cut to hospital; doctor looks at colleague over betubed body of FF man, says:"I'm afraid he's a vegetable.")

Bum #2: Nice work, John. What else have you found?

John: I don't know. I haven't got to the last page of the script yet. *(Cut to VW, driving on two flats, man rushes out with even more torn clothing, cut to back room where men turn to see man rushing into room with pages, hands last page of script to men)*

John: Let's see...this isn't the script! It's the producer's expense account!

Bum #1: Mine is an interoffice memo...

Bum #2: Aha, I have the answer. 'The Independent Vegetable Kingdom Front strikes again'. Says that cutting trees for paper is a violation of a tree's vegetable rights.

Bum #1: FIVK! (pronounced "fivvk") I might have known. (Stares wistfully)

Scene Five

(Shot of John driving home through city traffic, still in drag, with voice-over.)

John: Well, my work was cut out for me. The middle class was gearing up for all-out war against the vegetables, and we members of the B Complex were up a sitcom without a script. Where was that messenger in the Volkswagen who was supposed to arrive with the ending? Anyway, as if my job wasn't bad enough, I also had to deal with a casserole dish that thinks it's possessed by the devil, a son who thinks he's adopted, and a wife who might very well be a member of the other side. Add it all up, and you've got my life as John Doe, the spy with no name. And to think I could have joined the Teamsters.

Unused scenes, gags and ideas

RADIO SCRIPT: The Adventures of John Doe, Spy with No Dope

(Runs out; called by person)

Person: Sir...

(John stops, backs up)

Person: You're being a real pest, aren't you?

John: Well, yes...

Person: Well, could you please sign our pest book?

John: (beaming) Yes, why, sure! (Signs book, runs to sunbarrow)

(Cut to scriptwriters)

Scriptwriter # 1: Now where do we go?

S-2: I don't know.

(The two scriptwriters put on serious looks)

S-2: I've got it! Great Idea #1!

S-1: You sure? I mean, it's been done!

(Cut back to John, three more shots and F/F man topples.)

Bum 2: Thanks, John, you just earned your week's pay. That guy was driving us nuts!

Bum 1: Uh, John....

John: Why, thank you.

Bum 1: John, uh...we consulted the scriptwriters, and...uh...

(Guy half out of his business suit pries his way out of the VW, runs to the door)

Newsman: We have just received an important bulletin: The Hung Wa Gitano show has just been bombed. According to our most recent figures, 5428 people have been killed and injured, some seriously.

(Hung Wa Gitano comes onscreen)

Hung Wa: That's not true! It was just a firecracker!

Newsman: But that...can't be so! Those 42 watermelons you got as a kickback!

Hung Wa: They're innocent.

Newsman: Our correspondent claims they were kamikaze vegetables!

Hung Wa: They were given to me as gifts!

Talk Show Host: This *is* my show, you know!

(Another bulletin interrupts previous bulletin)

Newsman 2: Talk show host kills newscaster. Story in graphic detail at six.

Jane: (shutting off TV) They just can't keep sex off of TV.

Neighbor: Disgusting, isn't it?

Jane: While we're on the subject, did you hear (about) Jimmie's bomb?

Squash club scene

(Cut to: Scriptwriter in VW, front right fender now gone, gear shift knob taped on, clothing shredded)

(Cut to: Sunbarrow pulls up in front of the Squash Club. John gets out, already dressed in court clothes, and runs to the door. A door guard is there, he wears a T-shirt with the club insignia.)

John: And he's still on his feet at the 30 yard line...

Guard: Are you a member?

John: He fakes left! (John slugs guard) And he's still moving!

(John straight-arms the door, bursts into the lobby, smacks the receptionist with a forearm tackle and dodges the bodies in the hall a-la OJ Simpson in the Hertz airport commercial)

(Background dialogue in dressing room:)

Person 1: I don't know if I'll have time on Sunday. Kid plays soccer, you know.

Person 2: Oh, but Annie, Josh and the boys will miss you so much.

(John is approached by a man near the courts entrance)

Man: Are you with us?

John: The frost is on the garlic. How many fudgesicles can you put in a canoe?

Man: Hmm. Must be tomorrow's password. Do you know today's?

John: Yep.

Man: Okay, you're cool.

(Another athletic-looking man approaches John Doe)

Man: Care for a game??

John: (with determined look) Yes. *I'm ready!*

(The man opens a small door. They bend over and pass through into a brightly-lit, white

enamel, walled (??) room. At one end is a white table covered with assorted vegetables and fruits. A woman dressed like a stereotypical librarian stands to one side.)

Woman: Doe vs. Walker: Set One, Game One. Are you ready, gentlemen?

(Both nod in assent.)

Man: Would you like to serve?

John: Please...go ahead.

(Man stands behind serving line, lobs a ball in the air and winds up to serve. The ball drops to the floor as the man fires the racquet, which strikes and impales a watermelon sitting on the table. John offers a scoffing sneer, winds up and throws his racquet. It hits the leg of the table, overturning it and squashing all the fruits and vegetables. Blood and juice drip from under the table. John walks away with a self-satisfied smile and exits the court.)

(John looks over wine list. All drinks are made from artificial fruit and vegetable flavored crystals. A man joins John at the table.)

Man: Saw yer game. Not bad...(Man puts on an accusing face.) for a [ahem] beginner. Wanna learn how squash is really played?

John: (does R2-D2 sound effects to simulate deep thought) Sure!

Man: You're new to this club.

John: You might say that.

Man: Well, let's make it interesting, say, the winner has to give up pickles for life.

John: Does that include corned beef and other pickled meats, or just vegetables?

(Camera scans club as word spreads about "pickle match"; hushed exclamations of "Pickle! Pickle!" get louder)

Man: SHUT UP! According to club rules, if the winner of a pickle match catches the loser in possession of or conspiring to possess any vegetable or meat in or having been stored in an acetic acid solution for purposes other than torture or herbicide, the penalty shall be not less than death and not more than \$4 million and 1 year imprisonment. Wait. (Man motions to waitress.) Joan! (Waitress approaches.) Bring me the lie detector, will you?

(Waitress wheels in cart; on the cart is a cauliflower with several meters attached.)

Back to voxs

(Man looking VERY worried now; sweat pouring down his face. Big dent in roof of VW. Passenger seat is dislodged; man is leaning out the window. Cut to the Doeses's (Doe's?) livingroom. Jane is talking to a "real" woman; the insane pyrex pot hovers restlessly over the coffee table.)

Jane: Yes, I know exactly how you feel. I never seem to know exactly what's happening around the house either. Take the plants for example. The philodendron is driving me mad! Every morning I put him over in the corner, and when John gets home at night, wouldn't you know it, it's over by the curtains hogging the sunlight.

Guest: Really! You couldn't be having that kind of trouble with your fern, though?

Jane: Oh, you mean Albert.

Guest: You mean you've given it a name?

Jane: Not really, but Albert insisted he become a full member of the family.

Guest: Oh, how cute! (She motions as if to "chuck the plant under the chin". No clear guidelines as to what constitutes a fern's chin.)

Jane: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Guest: Oh, come on, it's such a cutie!

Jane: I'm warning you. It may look sweet, but don't try to pet it. Albert is very territorial.

(Jane's houseguest touches the fern; the fern attacks and deftly removes a finger at the knuckle.)

Jane: I warned you...

Guest: (with stump squirting blood) Why that damn plant! I'll...

(Guest reaches for the roots; Jane wags a finger)

Jane: Unh-unh-unh!

(Guest stops trying to grab plant)

Jane: Now you see what I mean? You want a cork for that finger? You're making a nasty mess of my doily.

Guest: That might be an idea.

(Jane pulls a winebottle cork from her bra and hands it to her guest. She twists it into the soggy stump, pulling skin around the cork to make a watertight seal. Just as the bleeding stops, a loud boom is heard which shakes the living room.)

Guest: What on earth was that!?

Jane: Oh, just little Jimmy from next door, blowing up some Catholics. Cute little Dickens, isn't he?

Guest: Yes, I just hope he doesn't go too far.

Jane: Did you hear about the science fair?

Guest: No, what about it?

Jane: Well, Jimmy built a radio-controlled selective tactical neutron missile coded for skin pigment, but it did have a few bugs.

Guest: Yeah, like what?

Jane: Well, Jimmy didn't have all the filter circuits worked out, and when his father pressed the button on the garage door opener, the entire Wilson family got sickle-cell anemia!

Guest: No! Oh dear, and just before little Shlomo's bris, too!

Jane: Yes, yes. (sigh) Guess who's school won't be integrated *this* fall?

(Jane and houseguest laugh merrily)

(Cut to scriptwriters arguing over the plot)

Scriptwriter #1: (slowing film to a halt) You can't do that!

- S-2:** Why not?
S-1: You are alienating the KKK audience!
S-2: Okay, but let's finish this damn script!

Miscellaneous unused gags

- man smokes cigarette but exhales no smoke.
- intellectual discussion of gourmet sandwiches; build a ridiculous 'wich; sight gag.
- man receives ticket for possession of vegetable matter with intent to traffick
- "In a high-speed collision, your head stands about as much of a chance as this egg."
(Announcer drops egg.) Don't forget to buckle your brain. (Shot of man buckling up wife; attaching skull restraint harness to whiplash guard)
- "How do you feel about capital punishment?" "I think I'd like to try it." "I find it a very rewarding hobby."
- the Strangle the Rooster Fund.
- "Someone's planted a low-yield tactical hydrogen bomb in the studio!" "Shouldn't we evacuate the place?" "No! You can't go around upsetting people for no reason!"
- "beats" Macaroni and Cheese? Sacrilege...NOTHING beats Mac & Cheese!
- John's family members all change completely without notice on orders from the bums; all carry on as usual...except...
- pickle match should be conducted with regal attention
- NEWS FLASH: Lincoln Continental gives birth to quintuplets. Story at 6.
- While mixing salad, chef keeps pulling utensils from mixing bowl
- there's a constant family debate about sending Grandpa to prison; neighbors/friends greet him with "Hi, Gramps. Still out of prison?"
- teenage son: "do you think he'll ever find out he's adopted?"
- announcer comes out on stage before commercial break: "What's wrong with this picture?"
- vitamin-fortified cardboard
- "Produced by John Gophuque"
- Pyrex pot or dish pees on food; or stuffed dog pees on carpet Grandpa: "Don't know how she does it...durned mongrel never drinks anything!"
- Telephone in oven "Hot Line" -Telephone rings by saying "This is your telephone, and I'm ringing."
- Celebrity Traffic Court, in which a celebrity panel determines guilt or innocence of contestants on minor highway offences.
- talk show host interviews chair: "How does it feel to be Johnny Carson's chair?"
- Kid doing study on flatulence follows sister around with notepad, tape recorder/mic aimed at crotch level and a gas collector jar
- corner grocer is a closet vegetable-lover
- late-70s dialogue: "I'm not sure about your space, man."
- All-Black/hispanic Maple Leafs: "Gomez shoots!"
- Man-in-the-street interviews: "What would you like to see in a sitcom?"
- two nurses talking; "They're calling in Malpractice Richardson?" "Yep, maybe he can get off with an out-of-court settlement." "If he survives." "Good point. Mal's sloppy on the table, but he leaves behind a clean O/R."
- Messages from aliens on the telephone
- Karma Hours

Movie bugs

This was taken from the program of the 14th Seattle International Film Festival, published anonymously under the title "Miss Dish's Lament"; as it addressed several of my personal film-viewing peeves in a particularly humorous manner, I thought you might enjoy it also.



Despite our continued efforts to teach basic manners to our patrons ("Minsky's Guide to Film Festival Etiquette," SIFF '86; "Joan's Rules," SIFF '87) it seems as though some people just won't learn. Or perhaps it's just that they already have their own innate habits which, to them, just seem *proper*. You know who we're talking about -- those people who seem to obey four rules, and four rules only:

- Wear a watch that beeps.
- Ask visiting filmmakers stupid questions.
- Hiss, to show how superior and politically correct they are.
- Don't bathe; always sit in the best seats.

One almost gets the feeling that these people are bringing about the end of civilized movie-going as we know it.



Well, we have news for you. They're not the only ones. In cinemas across the country, cretins of every size, sex and color are popping up, making movie-going less and less enjoyable, and video rentals more and more appealing (Heaven forbid!). I'm sure you know exactly what kind of people I'm talking about, but just in case you don't, my good friend Dale Thomajan has listed them in the following comprehensive -- but non-exclusive -- step-by-step guide to behavior in the theatre:

Young couples:

- Arrive late.
- Wonder why there's no line.
- Hug and kiss frequently during movie.
- Sit directly in front of me.

Single guys from the neighborhood:

- Talk to movie.
- Giggle during violent scenes.
- Curse during love scenes.
- Don't take no crap from *nobody*.

Single women over 40:

- Find that cellophane ball they lovingly constructed as a girl.
- Bring it to theatre.

Unwrap it during first film.
Re-wrap it during the second film.
Sit directly behind me.

Married couples:

Remain totally silent until picture starts.
During title credits, start a conversation; continue it until picture ends.
When lights go on, remain completely silent until next picture starts.

Senior citizens:

Announce first appearance of everyone in cast ("That's Greta Garbo... Melvyn Douglas... Ina Claire").
Read all on-screen signs, headlines, menus and letters out loud ("Danger -- Road Closed... Kane Elected").
Note major plot developments out loud ("He's got a gun... The sister is at the window").
Sing along with musical numbers.

Uppermiddlebrows:

Attend every European comedy they can, particularly the bad ones.
Laugh at the unsubtitled dialogue.
Never laugh at the subtitled dialogue.
If the director appears in a cameo, laugh loudly to show that they recognize them.
Talk softly so not to disturb others; fail.
Sit beside me.

Aging counterculturists:

Laugh at every American movie made before *Easy Rider*, except the comedies.
Affect bushy hairstyle.
Sit directly in front of me.
On the way out, ask manager to schedule Robert Downey (Sr.) festival.

Cineasts:

Enter theater shrieking "*Focus!*"
Race to your seat as credits begin.
Between films, look around theatre in search of blood brothers.
Carry latest issue of "Variety".

Overage collegians:

Refer to all movies as "flicks".
Bring dinner.
Eat it.

Strange middle-aged men:

Dress *very* casually.
Go to matinees.
Change seats frequently.

Talk to movie.

Get into long arguments with the similarly afflicted.

W

What's a proper lady or gentleman to do if this kind of etiquette continues to prevail at our movie houses? I say, don't sit back on your haunches and let such flagrant ignorance be paraded in front of you. If you're as mad as hell, chances are others are too, and whining to the manager, who's usually already overworked and underpaid, doesn't produce fast, absolute satisfaction. Direct action must be taken *immediately*, and this is what I'd suggest:



Facing the heathen head-on, assume a strong, threatening stance, with legs apart and the hair on your neck standing up. Then, curl your upper lip, grit your teeth, and emit a low, barely audible growl. If this doesn't elicit the proper response (i.e. silence and fear), then a quick, sharp bite on the offender's leg should do the trick -- this almost always prompts them to rush from the theatre immediately, thereby making it a safe place once again for all creatures great and small... of the correct persuasion.

"I have discovered that all human evil comes from this:
man's being unable to sit still in a room."

Blaise Pascal --- Moriarty, aka Jeff Meyer

Statement vs. interpretation



When reading scientific papers the language can be hard to interpret. Missing the intended meaning is easy. Here is a guide on how to interpret common statements.

S: is Statement, **I:** is interpretation.
(Yes, I thought of writing it in two columns...)

S: It has long been known...

I: I haven't bothered to find the original reference.

S: Although no definitive results were reached...

I: The experiments are not finished yet, but I can still do a potboiler

S: Finally, some typical results..

I: ...the best results...

S: Probably a prolonged series of experiments will show...

I: I couldn't spend too much time on this

S: Agreement with hypothesis is: excellent, good, satisfactory, uncertain

I: reasonable, doubtful, bad, non-existent

S: Agreement is as good as may be expected under the circumstances

I: The two variables have nothing to do with each other although I thought so when I started

S: Correct within the order of magnitude

I: Wrong.

S: The results of NN is probably the most dependable

I: NN is one of my students

S: It is probable that...

I: I personally think that

S: Against this it may be argued that..

I: I have a particularly good rejoinder to this one

S: Of course, much more work is necessary for a definitive answer

I: I can't really make head or tails of the whole thing

S: Unfortunately, no definitive answer is available

I: It seems nobody else understands it either

S: The consensus is that...

I: I know a couple of people who agree with me that...

S: I wish to thank NN for assistance and XX for valuable discussions

I: NN did the work and XX explained the results to me

Robin Rosenberg, Jbo Akademi, FINLAND



The "original" Dave Rhodes modem money letter

UPLOADER'S NOTE: Do not under ANY circumstances participate in this plan! Not only is it highly illegal, but unworkable as well. Believe me, I was sucker enough to go for it.

This is for information purposes only. Don't put it to use!!!!

Spreaded 22 July 1990 -Do it while it still works!- Print It out!

Letter from the Author:

Dear Friend,

My name is Dave Rhodes. In September 1988 my car was repossessed and the bill collectors were hounding me like you wouldn't believe. I was laid off and my unemployment checks had run out. The only escape I had from the pressure of failure was my Apple computer and my modem. I longed to turn my advocation into my vocation.

This January 1989 my family and I went on a ten day cruise to the tropics. I bought a Lincoln Town Car for CASH in Feburary 1989. I am currently building a home on the West Coast of Florida, with a private pool, boat slip, and a beautiful view of the bay from my breakfast room table and patio. I will never have to work again. Today I am rich! I have earned over \$400,000.00 (Four Hundred Thousand Dollars) to date and will become a millionaire within 4 or 5 months. Anyone can do the same. This money making program works perfectly every time, 100% of the time. I have NEVER failed to earn \$50,000.00 or more whenever I wanted. Best of all you never have to leave home except to go to your mailbox or post office.

In October 1988, I received a letter in the mail telling me how I could earn \$50,000 dollars or more whenever I wanted. I was naturally very skeptical and threw the letter on the desk next to my computer. It's funny though, when you are desparate, backed into a corner, your mind does crazy things. I spent a frustating day looking through the want ads for a job with a future. The pickings were sparse at best. That night I tried to unwind by booting up my Apple computer and calling several bulletin boards. I read several of the message posts and than glanced at the letter next to the computer. All at once it came to me, I now had the key to my dreams.

I realized that with the power of the computer I could expand and enhance this money making formula into the most unbelievable cash flow generator that has ever been created. I substituted the computer bulletion boards in place of the post office and electronically did by computer what others were doing 100% by mail. Now only a few letters are mailed manually. Most of the hard work is speedily downloaded to other bulletin boards throughout the world. If you believe that

someday you deserve that lucky break that you have waited for all your life, simply follow the easy instructions below. Your dreams will come true.

Sincerely yours,
Dave Rhodes

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MODEM USE

By Dave Rhodes

Follow these instructions EXACTLY, and in 20 to 60 days you will have received well over \$50,000.00 cash, all yours. This program has remained successful because of the honesty and integrity of the participants. Please continue its success by carefully adhering to the instructions.

Welcome to the world of Mail Order! This little business is a little different than most mail order houses. Your product is not solid and tangible, but rather a service. You are in the business of developing Mailing lists. Many large corporations are happy to pay big bucks for quality lists. (The money made from the mailing lists are secondary to the income which is made from people like yourself requesting that they be included in that list.)

<1> Immediately mail \$1.00 to the first 5 names listed below starting at number 1 through number 5. Send cash only please (total investment \$5.00). Enclose a note with each letter stating: "Please add my name to your mailing list." (This is a legitimate service that you are requesting and you are paying \$1.00 for this service).

<2> REMOVE the name that appears NUMBER * 1 * on the list. Move the other 9 names up one position. (Number 2 will become number 1 and number 3 will become number 2, number 4 will become 3, etc..) Place your name, address and zip code in the number 10 position (after doing all the operation at the beginning of the <2>).

<3> Post this new text file with your name in the number 10 position into 10 (Ten) separate bulletin boards in the message base or to the file section, call the file, MAKE.MONEY.FAST. (People without a modem will have to mail 100 Letters by hand or so! See how it can help to have a modem! Also, make sure you send this file to a bbs where it IS NOT there already!).

<4> Within 60 days you will receive over \$50,000.00 in CASH. Keep a copy of this file for yourself so that you can use it again and again whenever you need money. As soon as you mail out these letters you are automatically in the mail order business and people are sending you \$1.00 to be placed on your mailing list. This list can than be rented to a list broker that can be found in the Yellow Pages for additional income on a regular basis. The list will become more valuable as it grows in size. This is a service. This is perfectly legal. If you have any doubts, refer to Title 18, Sec. 1302 & 1341 of the postal lottery laws.

NOTE: Make sure you retain EVERY Name and Address sent to you, either on computer or hard copy, but do not discard the names and notes they send you. This is PROOF that you are truly providing a service and should the IRS or some other Government Agency question you, you can provide them with this proof! Remember as each post is downloaded and the instructions carefully followed, five members will be reimbursed for their participation as a List Developer with one dollar each. Your name will move up the list geometrically so that when your name reaches the number five position you will be receiving thousands of dollars in cash.

1. Name removed to protect the participant
 2. Name removed to protect the participant
 3. Name removed to protect the participant
 4. Name removed to protect the participant
 5. Name removed to protect the participant
 6. Name removed to protect the participant
 7. Name removed to protect the participant
 8. Name removed to protect the participant
 9. Name removed to protect the participant
 10. Name removed to protect the participant
-

The following letters were written by participating members in this program.

To Whom It May Concern: (he HAS a modem)

About six months ago I received the enclosed post in letter form. I ignored it. I received about five more of the same letter within the next two weeks. I ignored them also. Of course, I was tempted to follow through and dreamed of making thousands, but I was convinced it was just another gimmick and could not possibly work. I was wrong! About three weeks later I saw this same letter posted on a local bulletin board in Montreal. I liked the idea of giving it a try with my computer. I didn't expect much because I figured, if other people were as skeptical as I, they wouldn't be too quick to part with Five dollars. But, I buy lottery tickets weekly in my province and have nothing to show for it but ticket stubs. This week I decided to look at this as my weekly lottery purchase. I addressed the envelopes and mailed out one dollar in each as directed. Two weeks went by and I didn't receive anything in the mail. The fourth week rolled around and I couldn't believe what happened! I can't say I received \$50,000, but it was definitely well over \$35,000! For the first time in ten years, I got out of debt. It was great. Of course, it didn't take me long to go through my earnings so I am using this excellent money opportunity once again. Follow the instructions and get ready to enjoy.

Please send a copy of this letter along with the enclosed letter so together we can convince people who are skeptical that it really works!

Good Luck,

Charles Kust

St Agathe Que. July 89

Another letter (from someone WITHOUT a Modem)

I tried a similar program in which the cost was \$5.00 per response. In that one the return was about 3%. Since I did not have a modem I sent out letters regular mail. I created mailing labels with Appleworks and printed the labels on pressure sensitive tape. The first mailing that I used the \$1.00 dollar per reponse approach I started to get return mail in just over one week! I sent out 200 letters instead of 100 that is required if you use the mail instead of the bulletin boards. Additionally, I included as many friends, relatives, classmates, that I could think of in order to encourage their participation if they happened to recognize my name, so my percentage of gain was higher. I am trying again with 500 letters to see if I surpass the \$141,000 of the last time. You just won't believe it until you try.

Best Wishes,

Mark Garner

Dallas Texas

Additional Notes (For people who wish to use this but don't have a modem)

This system works equally well if mailed out manually. Mind you it takes more effort to hand address the envelopes and the cost goes up proportionately to cover the postage and envelopes. You must also photo copy the instructions, cross out the name in number one position, write in your name in the number ten slot and change the rest of the numbers accordingly. (It might be neater to use white out or paste over the names.) In order to achieve the same results you must send out the \$1.00 dollar to the first five names and then send out another 100 letters with copies of the program enclosed. It has been suggested not to put a return address on the outside of the envelope in order to encourage the recipient to open it. The return will approximate that then received from the posts listed on the bulletin boards.

Another letter (from somebody WITHOUT a modem)

I was working the grave yard night shift at the hospital administration office and was bored to tears. I saw this letter laying on my desk from the previous shift. I had nothing better to do so I figured, Why not? I ran off over 100 copies on the office copier. I found some blank envelopes in a desk drawer and began to hand write the addresses from the telephone book. I borrowed the postage meter and stamped the envelopes. Carefully I stuffed the

envelopes not forgetting to put in the five one dollar bills to the first five names. I put the entire lot in the mail bag. Total time from start to finish was three and one half hours which included several short stops to answer the telephone and fill out an admission slip. Total cost to me \$5.00 dollars.

Fourty two days later I gave notice to my employer and I will never have to work the night shift again.

Peggy Lou G.

Scottsdale Arizona

PS. I made a nice size donation to the hospital building fund. I figured it was the least I could do for the use of the postage and office supplies.

[**<- Last topic**](#)



McDonnell Douglas Warranty Registration Card

AIRCRAFT-SPACE SYSTEMS-MISSILES

Please fill out and mail this card within 10 days of purchase

Thank you for purchasing a McDonnell Douglas military aircraft. In order to protect your new investment, please take a few moments to fill out the warranty registration card below. Answering the survey questions is not required, but the information will help us to develop new products that best meet your needs and desires.

1. Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss Lt. Gen. Comrade Classified Other
First Name _____ Initial _____ Last Name _____

Latitude _____ Longitude _____

Altitude _____ Password, Code Name, Etc. _____

2. Which model aircraft did you purchase?

F-14 Tomcat F-15 Eagle F-16 Falcon F-19A Stealth Classified

3. Date of purchase: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

4. Serial Number _____

5. Please check where this product was purchased:

- Received as Gift/Aid Package
- Catalog Showroom
- Sleazy Arms Broker
- Mail Order
- Discount Store
- Government Surplus
- Classified

6. Please tell us how you became aware of the McDonnell Douglas product you have just purchased:

- Heard loud noise, looked up
- Store Display
- Espionage
- Recommended by friend/relative/ally
- Political lobbying by Manufacturer
- Was attacked by one

7. Please check the three (3) factors which most influenced your decision to purchase this McDonnell Douglas product:

- Style/Appearance

- Kickback/Bribe
- Recommended by salesperson
- Speed/Maneuverability
- Comfort/Convenience
- McDonnell Douglas Reputation
- Advanced Weapons Systems
- Price/Value
- Back-Room Politics
- Negative experience opposing one in combat

8. Please check the location(s) where this product will be used:

- North America
- Central/South America
- Aircraft Carrier
- Europe
- Middle East
- Africa
- Asia/Far East
- Misc. Third-World Countries
- Classified

9. Please check the products that you currently own, or intend to purchase in the near future:

Product	Own	Intend to purchase
Color TV		
VCR		
ICBM		
Killer Satellite		
CD Player		
Air-to-Air Missiles		
Space Shuttle		
Home Computer		
Nuclear Weapon		

10. How would you describe yourself or your organization? Check all that apply:

- Communist/Socialist
- Terrorist
- Crazy (Islamic)
- Crazy (Other)
- Neutral
- Democratic
- Dictatorship
- Corrupt (Latin American)
- Corrupt (Other)
- Primitive/Tribal

11. How did you pay for your McDonnell Douglas product?

- Cash
- Suitcases of Cocaine
- Oil Revenues
- Deficit Spending
- Personal Check
- Credit Card
- Ransom Money
- Traveler's Check

12. Occupation You Your Spouse

- Homemaker
- Sales/Marketing
- Revolutionary
- Clerical
- Mercenary
- Tyrant
- Middle Management
- Eccentric Billionaire
- Defense Minister/General
- Retired
- Student

13. To help us understand our Customers' lifestyles, please indicate the interests and activities in which you and your spouse enjoy participating on a regular basis:

Activity/Interest You Your Spouse

- Golf
- Boating/Sailing
- Sabotage
- Running/Jogging
- Propaganda/Disinformation
- Destabilizing/Overthrow
- Default on Loans
- Gardening
- Crafts
- Black Market/Smuggling
- Collectibles/Collections
- Watching Sports on TV
- Wines
- Interrogation/Torture
- Household Pets
- Crushing Rebellions
- Espionage/Reconnaissance
- Fashion Clothing

Border Disputes
Mutually Assured Destruction

Thanks for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire. Your answers will be used in market studies that will help McDonnell Douglas serve you better in the future -- as well as allowing you to receive mailings and special offers from other companies, governments, extremist groups, and mysterious consortia.

Comments or suggestions about our fighter planes?
Please write to:

McDONNELL DOUGLAS CORPORATION
Marketing Department
Military Aerospace Division
P.O. Box 800
St. Louis, MO 55500

