

A farmer was milking his cow. He was just starting to get a good rhythm going when a bug flew into the barn and started circling his head. Suddenly, the bug flew into the cow's ear. The farmer didn't think much about it, until the bug squirted out into his bucket. It went in one ear and out the udder.

A farmer in the country has a watermelon patch and upon inspection he discovers that some of the local kids have been helping themselves to a feast. The farmer thinks of ways to discourage this profit-eating situation. So he puts up a sign that reads: "WARNING! ONE OF THESE WATERMELONS CONTAINS CYANIDE!" He smiled smugly as he watched the kids run off the next night without eating any of his melons.

The farmer returns to the watermelon patch a week later to discover that none of the watermelons have been eaten, but finds another sign that reads: "NOW THERE ARE TWO!"

A man from the city is out plowing his field and gets his tractor stuck in the wet ground. A farmer driving by stops his truck and walks to the fence to call over the city feller. "You need a mule to plow such wet ground" he says.

"Where can I buy one?" he is asked.

"Well, I just happened to have one for 100 dollars" he says.

"I'll take him," says the other man as he counts out the money.

I can't bring him over today. I don't work on Sunday morrow OK?

"Sure."

The next day the truck pulls up and the old farmer gets out. He says, "Sorry, bad news. I went out after breakfast and the mule was dead.

The city feller says "Just give me my money back then."

"Can't, spent it already!"

"Well... unload the mule then."

"What ya gonna do with him?"

"Raffle him off!"

"Naw, ya cant raffle off a dead mule!"

"Just watch me! Us city fellers know a few tricks."

One month goes by and the city feller and farmer run into each other at the barber shop. "What did ya do with that dead mule?"

"Raffled him off, sold 100 tickets at two dollars each and made 98 dollars profit."

"Didn't anyone complain?"

"Just one guy, so I gave him his two dollars back!"

A clergyman walking down a country lane and sees a young farmer struggling to load hay back onto a cart after it had fallen off. "You look hot, my son," said the cleric. "why don't you rest a moment, and I'll give you a hand."

"No thanks," said the young man. "My father wouldn't like it."

"Don't be silly," the minister said. "Everyone is entitled to a break. Come and have a drink of water."

Again the young man protested that his father would be upset. Losing his patience, the clergyman said, "Your father must be a real slave driver. Tell me where I can find him and I'll give him a piece of my mind!"

"Well," replied the young farmer, "he's under the load of hay."

The farmer's son was returning from the market with the crate of chicken's his father had entrusted to him, when all of a sudden the box fell and broke open. Chickens scurried off in different directions, but the determined boy walked all over the neighbourhood scooping up the wayward birds and returning them to the repaired crate. Hoping he had found them all, the boy reluctantly returned home, expecting the worst.

"Pa, the chickens got loose," the boy confessed sadly, "but I managed to find all twelve of them."

"Well, you did real good, son," the farmer beamed. "You left with seven."

A Newfoundlander calls 911. "Hello, is this the RCMP?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I'm calling to report about Mike Fitzpatrick! He is hiding marijuana inside his firewood."

"Thank you very much for the call, sir." The next day, the RCMP officers descended on Mike's house. They searched the shed where the firewood was kept. Using axes, they busted open every piece of wood but found no marijuana. They swore at Mike and left.

The next day the phone rang at Mike's house.

"Hey, Mike! Did the RCMP come to your house?"

"Yeah!"

"Did they chop all your firewood?"

"Yep."

"Happy Birthday, Buddy"

A big-city, California, lawyer went duck hunting in rural Texas. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmer's field on the other side of a fence. As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an elderly farmer drove up on his tractor and asked him what he was doing. The litigator responded, "I shot a duck and it fell into this field, and now I'm going to retrieve it."

The old farmer replied, "This is my property, and you are not coming over here."

The indignant lawyer said, "I am one of the best trial attorneys in the USA, and if you don't let me get that duck, I'll sue you and take everything you own."

The old farmer smiled and said, "You obviously don't know how we do things in Texas. We settle small disagreements like this with the Texas Three-Kick Rule."

The lawyer asked, "What is the Texas Three-Kick Rule?"

The Farmer replied, "Well, first I kick you three times and then you kick me three times, and so on, back and forth, until someone gives up."

The attorney quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take the old codger. He agreed to abide by the local custom. The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the city feller. His first kick planted the toe of his heavy work boot into the lawyer's groin and dropped him to his knees. His second kick nearly wiped the man's nose off his face. The barrister was flat on his belly when the farmer's third kick to a kidney nearly caused him to give up.

The lawyer summoned every bit of his will and managed to get to his feet and said, "Okay, you old coot! Now, it's my turn!"

The old farmer smiled and said, "No, I give up. You can have the duck!"

A man was about to tee off on the golf course when he felt a tap on his shoulder and a man handed him a card that read "I am a deaf mute. May I play through, please?"

The first man angrily gave the card back, and communicated that "No, he may NOT play through, and that his handicap did not give him such a right."

He then teed up his ball, and with a mighty swing of his pitching wedge lobbed the ball right on the green for a par three. Just as he was about to put the ball into the hole he was hit in the head with a golf ball, laying him out cold. When he came to a few minutes later, he looked around and saw the deaf mute sternly looking at him, one hand on his hip, the other hand holding up four fingers.

There were two Catholic boys, Timothy Murphy and Antonio Secola, whose lives parallel each other in amazing ways.

In the same year Timothy was born in Ireland, Antonio was born in Italy. Faithfully they attended parochial school from kindergarten through their senior year in high school. They took their vows to enter the priesthood early in college, and upon graduation, they both became priests. Their careers had come to amaze the world, but it was generally acknowledged that Antonio Secola was just a cut above Timothy Murphy in all respects. Their rise through the ranks of Bishop, Archbishop and finally Cardinal was swift to say the least, and the Catholic world knew that when the present Pope died, it would be one of these two who would become the next Pope.

In time the Pope did die, and the College of Cardinals went to work. In less time than anyone had expected, white smoke rose from the chimney and the world waited to see whom they had chosen. The world, Catholic, Protestant and secular, was surprised to learn that Timothy Murphy had been elected Pope!

Antonio Secola was beyond surprise. He was devastated, because even with all of Timothy's gifts, Antonio knew he was the better qualified. With gall that shocked the Cardinals, Antonio Secola asked for a private session with them in which he candidly asked, "Why Timothy?"

After a long silence, a Cardinal took pity on the bewildered man and rose to reply. "We knew you were the better of the two, but we just could not bear the thought of the leader of the Roman Catholic Church being called Pope Secola."

The blind farmer was often taken for a walk in the fields by a kind neighbor. However kindly the neighbor might have been, he was undoubtedly a coward. When a bull charged towards them one day, he abandoned the blind man. The bull, puzzled by a lack of fear, nudged the farmer in the back. He turned very quickly, caught the bull by the horns and threw it to the ground with a bump that left it breathless.

"Aidan," said the neighbor, "I never knew you were so strong."

"Faith, and if I could have got that fella off the handlebars of the bicycle, I'd have thrashed him properly."

A farmer and the storekeeper at the feed store were discussing the local election for tax collector. One of the candidates was named Harkins, who was also the operator of the drawbridge over the local river. "You gonna vote for Harkins?" the first storekeeper asked.

"No, I don't think so," the farmer replied.

"Why not?" the storekeeper asked.

"Well, you remember that prize bull I used to have? One day I looked in the barn and there's that bull lying down actin' strange. So I went to the vet and he gave me some medicine, and he said it had to be put in the bull's rectum. I took the medicine home but I couldn't find a funnel. So I seen this old army bugle hangin' on a nail in the barn and I used that. Only problem was that before I could get that bugle out, my bull passed some gas and made a loud toot on that bugle. Well sir, that scairt my bull somethin' awful and he busted out of the stall, made another toot, then busted through the fence and went runnin' down the road. He went down the road, runnin and tootin towards the bridge that Harkins runs. That fool old man opened the bridge as my bull ran across it, and the bull fell in the river and drowned.

Now," the farmer said, "Do you think I could vote for a man that's run that bridge for so many years but don't know the difference between a boat whistle and a bull blowin' a bugle out his ass?"

A Viking explorer arrived home after years of travel to find that his name was missing from the town's register. His wife insisted that he complain to the local civic official. The official apologized profusely, saying, "I must have taken Leif off my census."

Sam was sent to prison, and the warden made arrangements for him to learn a trade. In no time, Sam became known as one of the best carpenters in the area and often got passes to do woodworking jobs for people in the town.

When the warden started remodelling his kitchen, he called Sam into his office and asked him to build and install the cabinets and countertops."Gosh, I'd really like to help you," he said. "But counterfeiting is what got me into prison in the first place."

When the doctor finished examining his patient, he said: "I can't find a cause for your complaint. Frankly, I think it's due to drinking."

"In that case," the patient replied, "I'll come back when you're sober."

"Mom," Amber asked, "how old are you?"

"You're not supposed to ask a woman her age," her mother replied.

Later, Amber told a friend about the exchange. "Just take a look at her driver's license," the friend suggested. "It's like a report card for adults. Everything is on there."

That evening, Amber said, "Mom, you are 35 years old."

"How did you know that?"

"And you weigh 125 pounds."

"How did you find that out?"

"And that's not all," Amber went on triumphantly. "I know why you and daddy got a divorce."

"Really. Why is that?"

"Because you got an 'F' in sex."

A plane taxi down the runway, began its takeoff run, suddenly aborted, and returned to the gate where it sat for two hours. When it finally took off, a concerned passenger asked the stewardess, "What caused the delay?"

"The pilot heard a strange noise coming from the engine and refuse to leave until it was checked," she replied.

"So they found the problem?" The passenger asked.

"No, it took us that long to find a new pilot."

The groom and his bride are standing at the altar when the woman looks at her prospective husband and notices that he brought a set of golf clubs with him. "What on earth are you doing with those golf clubs in church?" She whispers.

"Well," he replies, "this won't take all afternoon, will it?"

A mom was telling her three children the story of the Nativity and how the Wise Men bought gifts of gold frankincense, gold, and myrrh for the infant Jesus. Clearly giving it a lot of thought, the six-year old observed. "Mom, a Wise Woman would have brought diapers."

The highlight of the zoo trip for her mother and her son was a peacock showing off its plumage. The 4-year-old son was particularly taken with it. That evening, he couldn't wait to tell his father: "Dad, guess what! I saw a Christmas tree come out of the chicken!"

Every December, it was the same excruciating tradition. A family would get up at the crack of dawn, go to a Christmas tree farm and tromp across acres of snow in search of the perfect tree. Hours later, their feet would be freezing, but the mom would press on, convinced that the tree of her dreams was "just up ahead."

One year, the teenage daughter snapped. "Mom, face it, the perfect tree doesn't exist. It's like looking for a man. Just be satisfied if you can find one that isn't dead, doesn't have too many bald spots, and is straight."

Some neighbors gave a pumpkin pie as a holiday gift to grandparents that lived beside them. As lovely as the gesture was, it was clear from the first bite that the pie tasted bad. It was so inedible that the grandmother had to throw it away. Ever gracious and tactful, she still felt obliged to send the neighbors a note. It read, "Thank you very much for the pumpkin pie. Something like that doesn't last very long in our house."

From a newspaper in Royal Leamington Spa, England: "The Crown Inn. Why not celebrate Christmas with us? Open every day except Christmas and Boxing Day."

After being with her all evening, the man couldn't take another minute with his blind date. Earlier, he had secretly arranged to have a friend call him to the phone so he would have an excuse to leave if something like this happened. When he returned to the table, he lowered his eyes, put on a grim expression and said, "I have some bad news. My grandfather just died, and I have to leave."

“Thank Heaven!” his date replied, “If yours hadn’t, mine would have had to.”

The husband, the owner of a new car, was somewhat reluctant to allow his wife to drive his prized possession even to the supermarket, which was a few blocks from the house. After she insisted, he finally relented, cautioning her as she departed, “Remember, if you have an accident, the newspaper will print your age!”

Joe was a single guy, living at home with his father and working in the family business. When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sick father died, he decided he needed a wife with whom to share his fortune. One evening at an investment seminar, he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever see; her beauty took his breath away. “I may look like just an ordinary man,” he said to her, “but in just a few years, my father will pass, and I’ll inherit his large fortune.”

Impressed, the woman took his business card. Three months later, she became Joe’s stepmother.
Women are so much better at Estate Planning than men!

During the first few weeks after quitting smoking, one fellow was difficult to live with. Apologizing to his wife for a short temper, he commented, “I’ve gone from ‘happy’ to ‘grumpy’. What’s next?”

“Lonely,” she replied.
