

A German shepherd, a doberman, and a cat died. In heaven, all three faced God, who wanted to know what they believed in.

The German shepherd said, “I believe in discipline, training, and loyalty to my master.”

“Good!” said God. “Sit at my right side.”

“Doberman, what do you believe in?” asked God.

The doberman answered, “I believe in the love, care, and protection of my master.”

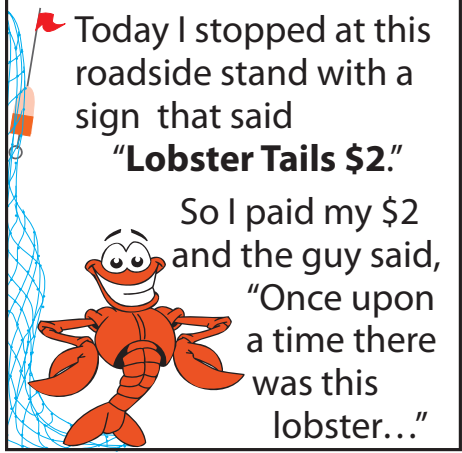
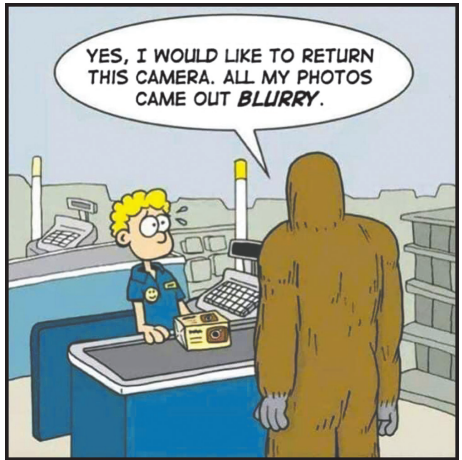
“Aha,” said God. You may sit at my left.”

Then God looked at the cat and asked, “And what do you believe in?”

The cat replied, “I believe you are sitting In my seat.”

I've just watched a documentary on marijuana.

I think all documentaries should be watched this way.



Put bubble wrap under your mattress before sex... Sounds like fireworks, makes a more festive mood!

Thanks to Kathy Miller

Coco‘Nut’ Funnies



After 20 years of marriage, a couple was lying in bed one evening, when the wife felt her husband begin to fondle her in ways he hadn't in quite sometime. It almost tickled as his fingers started at her neck, and then began moving down past the small of her back.

He then caressed her shoulders and neck, slowly worked his hand down over her breasts, stopping just over her lower stomach. He then proceeded to place his hand on her left inner arm, caressed past the side of her breast again, working down her side, passed gently over her buttock and down her leg to her calf. Then, he proceeded up her inner thigh, stopping just at the uppermost portion of her leg. He continued in the same manner on her right side, then suddenly stopped, rolled over and started to watch the TV.

As she had become quite aroused by this caressing, she asked in a loving voice, "That was wonderful. Why did you stop?"

He said, 'I found the remote'.

So, today I went over to the local gun shop to get a Colt 9mm handgun for home/personal protection. When I was ready to pay for the pistol and ammo, the cashier said, “Strip down, facing me.”

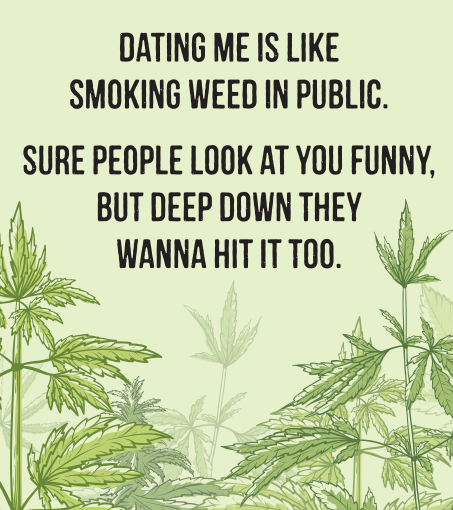
Making a mental note to complain to the government about gun control wackos running amok, I did just as she had instructed. When the hysterical shrieking and alarms finally subsided I found out she was referring to how I should place my credit card in the card reader!

As a senior citizen, I do not get flustered often, but this time it took me a while to get my pants back on. I’ve been asked to shop elsewhere in the future.

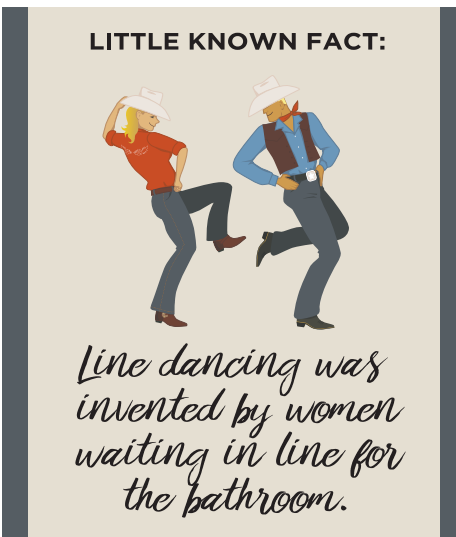
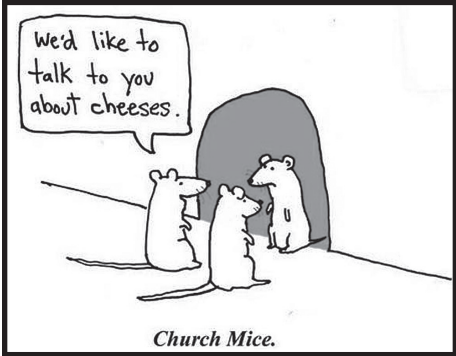
They need to make their instructions to seniors a little more clear. I still don't think I looked that bad! I just need to wear underwear more often.



I'm starting up a new restaurant that serves curry poured over french fries. It's called "Curry On My Wayward Spud." And yes... There'll be peas when you are done.



Thanks to Karen Beal



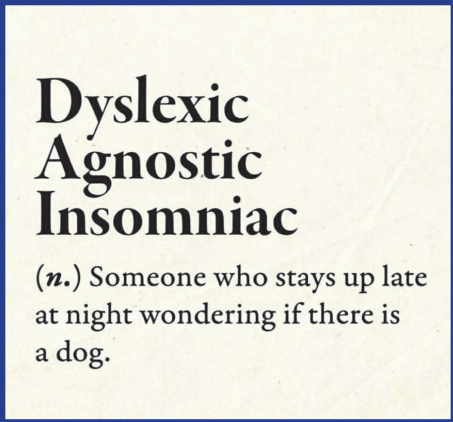
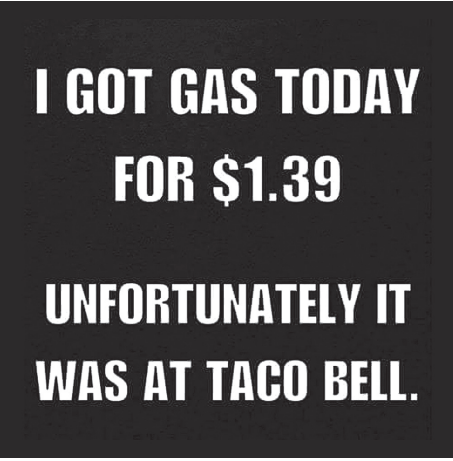
After a tiring day, a commuter settled down in his seat and closed his eyes.

As the train rolled out of the station, a woman sitting next to him pulled out her mobile phone.

She started talking in a loud voice: "Hi sweetheart. It's Sue. I'm on the train". "Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting. No, honey, not with that Kevin from the accounting office. It was with the boss. No sweetheart, you're the only one in my life. Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart!"

Fifteen minutes later, she was still talking loudly. When the man sitting next to her had enough, he leaned over and said into the phone, "Sue, hang up the phone and come back to bed."

Sue doesn't use her mobile phone in public any longer.



I went to my nearby pharmacy and asked to speak to the pharmacist on duty.

As I waited, I took out my little brown bottle, along with a tea-spoon, and set them up on the counter.

The pharmacist came over, smiled, and asked if he could help me.

J said, “Yes! Could you please taste this for me?”

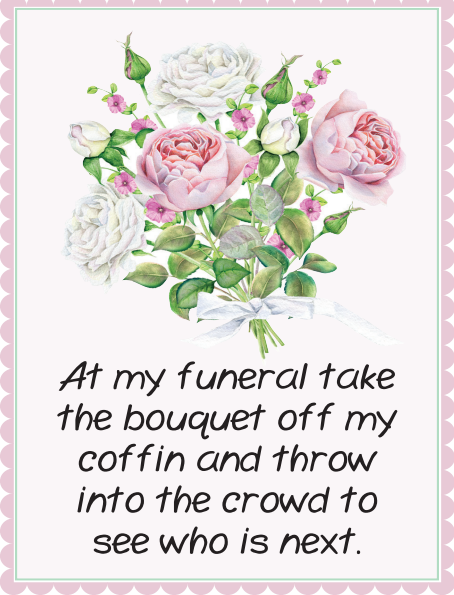
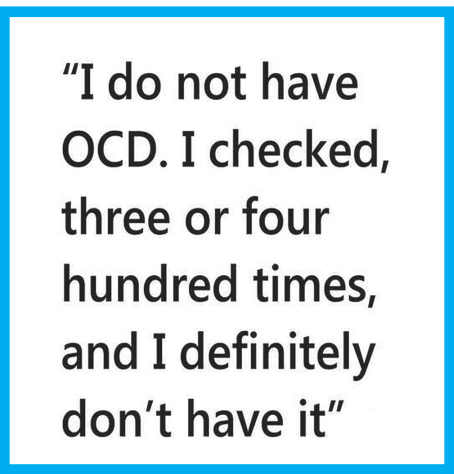
Seeing a senior citizen, the Pharmacist went along. He took the spoon, put a tiny bit of the liquid on it, put it on his tongue and swilled it around.

Then, with a stomach-churning look on his face, he spat it out on the floor and began coughing.

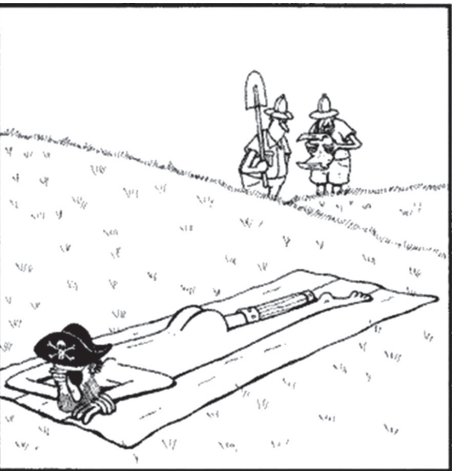
When he was finally finished, I looked him right in the eye and asked, “Now, does that taste sweet to you?”

The pharmacist, shaking his head back and forth with a venomous look in his eyes yelled, “HELL NO!!!”

1 said, “Oh, thank God! That’s a real relief! My doctor told me to have a pharmacist test my urine for sugar!”



ABOUT THE CARTOONIST, RODNEY NELSON: After coming to the Keys many times, he moved here in 1969 at age 11. He tried different jobs before becoming a full-time artist in his late twenties. He enjoys the versatility it requires to survive as an artist in such a small community, and does airbrushing to glass etching; cartoons to fine art.



In a small town, a man opened a small store where he sold trumpets and guns. One day his neighbor pays him a visit and says, "So how is your strange business going?"

"What do you mean strange?" "Because you sell only trumpets and guns!" "So?"

"Well, let me put it this way... What do you sell the most, trumpets or guns?"

"Actually, it pretty much evens itself out. Each time a customer buys a trumpet, one of his neighbors buys a gun."

Thank you Thad Bowling

