

Coco'Nut' Funnies

A young farm couple, Homer and Darlene, got married and just couldn't seem to get enough lovin'. In the morning, before Homer left the house for the fields, they made love. When Homer came back from the fields, they made love. And again, at bedtime, they made love.

The problem was their nooner - it took Homer a half hour to travel home and another half hour to return to the fields and he just wasn't getting enough work done. Finally, Homer asked the town doctor what to do.

"Homer," said the doctor, "just take your rifle out to the field with you and when you're in the mood, fire off a shot into the air. That will be Darlene's signal to come out to you. Then you won't lose any field time."

They tried Doc's advice, and it worked well for a while. Homer came back to the doctor's office...


"What's wrong?" asked the Doc "Didn't my idea work?"

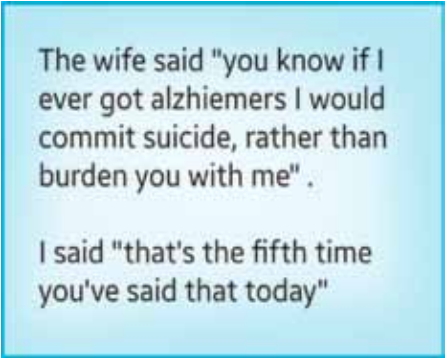
"Oh, it worked really good," said Homer. "Whenever I was in the mood, I fired off a shot like you said and Darlene'd come runnin'. We'd find a secluded place, make love, and then she'd go back home again."

"Good, Homer. So, what's the problem?" asked the Doc.

"I ain't seen her since huntin' season started.

Dr. Oz says rubbing coffee grounds on your naked body will get rid of cellulite. Apparently, you can't do this in Starbucks. And now the cops are here.

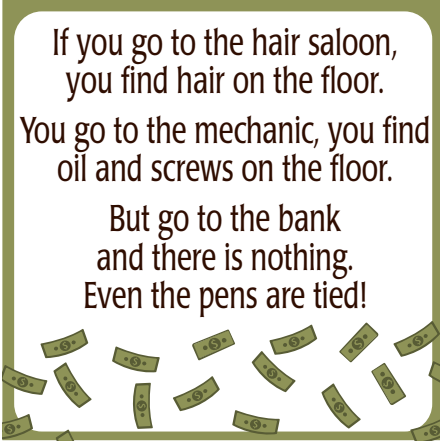




After my prostate exam, the doctor left. Then the nurse came in. As she shut the door, she whispered the three words no man wants to hear: Who was that?"

Had two people from the local church knock on my door earlier. They said, "You could be at risk of spending eternity with the Antichrist"

I said, "I think you're too late, have you met the wife?!"



For anybody else that's getting coal for Christmas, maybe we can link up and get the grill going or something.



"The bone, chew toy and treats are not a problem. Getting your testicles back will pose a challenge."



I don't mean to be a grinch... however... to those of you who are placing Christmas lights in your yards, would you please avoid anything that has red & blue flashing lights?

Every time I come around the corner, I think it's the police and have a panic attack. I have to brake hard, toss my wine out the window, fasten my seat belt, throw my phone on the floor, turn my radio down, and push the gun under the seat. All while trying to drive.

It's just too much drama, even for Christmas. Thank you for your cooperation!

The Presbyterian church called a meeting to decide what to do about their squirrel infestation. After much prayer and consideration, they concluded that the squirrels were predestined to be there, and they should not interfere with God's divine will.

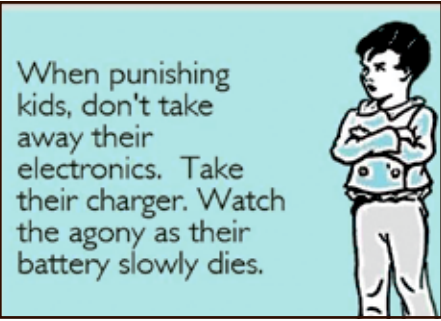
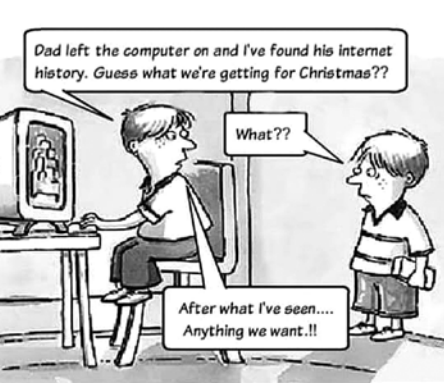
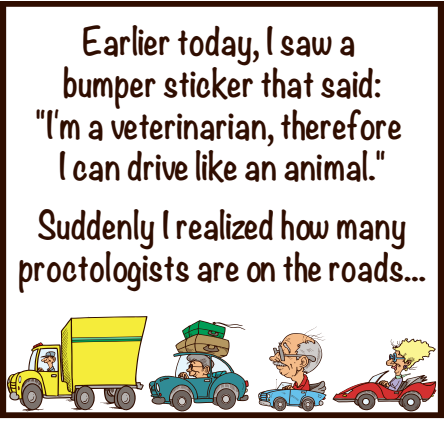
At the Baptist church, the squirrels had taken an interest in the baptistry. The deacons met and decided to put a water-slide in the baptistry and let the squirrels drown themselves. Turns out, the squirrels liked the slide and, unfortunately, knew instinctively how to swim, so twice as many squirrels showed up the following week.

The Lutheran church decided that they were not in a position to harm any of God's creatures. So, they humanely trapped their squirrels and set them free near the Baptist church. Two weeks later, the squirrels were back when the Baptists took down the water-slide.

The Episcopalians tried a much more unique path by setting out pans of whiskey around their church in an effort to kill the squirrels with alcohol poisoning. They sadly learned how much damage drunk squirrels can do.

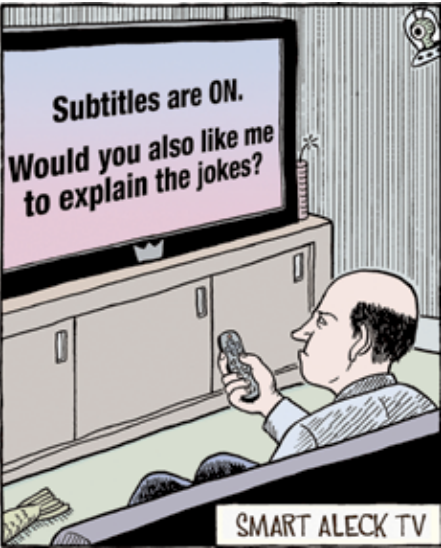
But the Catholic church came up with a more creative strategy. They baptized all the squirrels and made them members of the church. Now they only see them at Christmas and Easter.

Not much was heard from the Jewish synagogue. They took the first squirrel and circumcised him. They haven't seen a squirrel since.



I never run with scissors.

Those last two words were unnecessary.



I Don't Know If I'm Losing My Memory Or If I'm Really Good At Letting Go Of The Past

A golfer hooked his tee shot over a hill and onto the next fairway. Walking toward his ball, he saw a man lying on the ground, groaning with pain.

"I'm an attorney," the wincing man said, "and this is going to cost you five grand!"

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," the concerned golfer replied. "But I did yell 'fore'."

"I'll take it," the attorney said.