

Coco'Nut' Funnies



Last night, my friends and I went to a Ladies Night Club. One of the girls wanted to impress the rest of us, so she pulled out a \$10 bill. When the male dancer came over to us, my friend licked the \$10 bill and stuck it to his butt cheek!

Not to be outdone, another friend pulls out a \$20 bill. She called the guy back, licks the \$20 bill, and sticks it to his other butt cheek. In another attempt to impress the rest of us, my third friend pulls out a \$50 bill and calls the guy over, and licks the \$50 bill. I'm worried about the way things are going, but fortunately, she just stuck it to one of his butt cheeks again. My relief was short-lived.

Seeing the way things are going, the guy gyrates over to me!!! Now everyone's attention is focused on me, and the guy is egging me on to try to top the \$50. My brain was churning as I reached for my wallet. What could I do????

The woman in me took over! I got out my ATM card, swiped it down the crack of his butt, grabbed the eighty bucks, and went home



I don't know if Facebook has ever caused the lame to walk but it has sure caused the dumb to speak.



An Irish painter by the name of Murphy, while not a brilliant scholar, was a gifted portrait artist. Over a short number of years, his fame grew, and soon people from all over Ireland were coming to him to get him to paint their likenesses

One day, a beautiful young English woman arrived at his house in a stretch limo, and asked if he would paint her in the nude. This being the first time anyone had made such a request, he was a bit perturbed, particularly when the woman told him that money was no object; moreover, she was willing to pay up to 10,000 pounds.

Not wanting to get into any marital strife, he asked her to wait while he went into the house to confer with Mary, his wife. They talked much about the Rightness and Wrongness of it. It was hard to make the decision but finally his wife agreed, on one condition.

In a few minutes he returned. "The wife says it's okay. T'would be me pleasure to paint yer portrait, missus," he said. "I'll paint you in the nude alright, but I have to leave me socks on, so I have a place to wipe me brushes!"

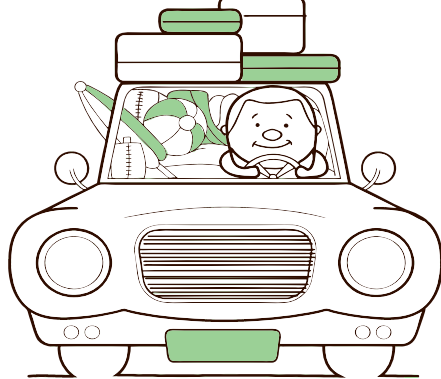
And that, me friends, is why we love the Irish so.



Protons have mass?
I didn't even know they were Catholic!



May the wind at your back not be the result of the corned beef and cabbage you had for lunch.



An Irish daughter had not been home for over three years. Upon her return, her father yelled at her, "Where have ye been all this time? Why did ye not write to us? Not even a line. Why didn't ye call? Can ye not understand what ye put yer old Mother thru?"

The girl, crying, replied, Sniff, sniff...."Dad.....I was too embarrassed, I became a prostitute."

"Ye what!!? Out of here, ye shameless hussy! Sinner! You're a disgrace to this Catholic family, so yer are."

"OK, Daddy...as ye wish...I just came back to give Mammy this luxurious fur coat, title deed to an eight-bedroom mansion plus a £5 million cheque. For me little brother Seamus, this gold Rolex. And for ye Daddy, the sparkling new Mercedes limited edition convertible that's parked outside, plus a membership to the Limerick Country Club."

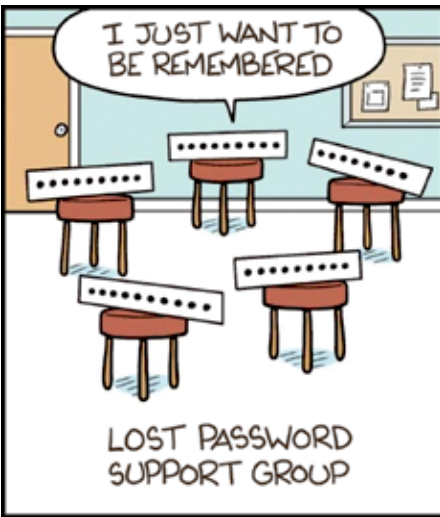
She takes a breath and continues, "and an invitation for ye all to spend New Year's Eve on board my new yacht in the Caribbeean "

"Now what was it ye said ye had become?" says Dad

Girl, crying again, Sniff, sniff..."A prostitute Daddy!" Sniff, sniff.

"Oh! Good heavens, Ye scared me half to death girl! I thought ye said a PROTESTANT. Come here and give yer old Daddy a big hug."

The fact that some people can't distinguish between etymology and entomology bugs me in ways I can't put into words



Don't you wish they made a "clap on, clap off" device for some people's mouths?



As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the back country. As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn't stop for directions.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.

I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

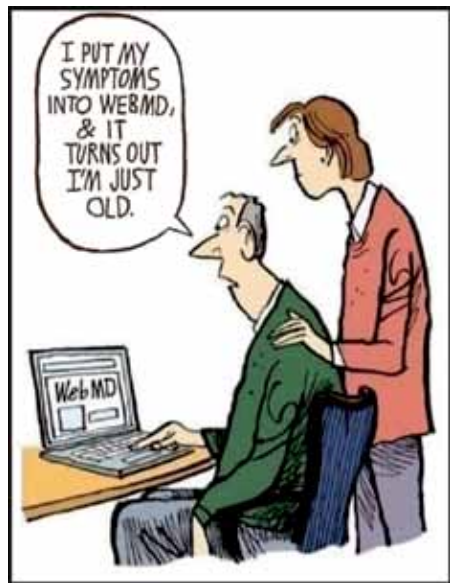
The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man.

And as I played 'Amazing Grace,' the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

"Charcuterie is French for 'I'd like a sandwich, but I don't have any bread.'"

At what age do you realize that
E.g means = "Example given"
I.e means = "In essence"
I bet your teachers told you
E.g means = "For example"
I.e means = "That is"



I don't know what my spirit animal is, but it's something that hibernates.

