



FREE

Our teacher asked what my favorite animal was, and I said, "Fried

chicken."

She said I wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right, because everyone else laughed.

My parents told me to always tell the truth. I did. Fried chicken is my favorite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA.

He said they love animals very much.

I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef. Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, too. Then he told me not to do it again.

The next day in class my teacher asked me what my favorite live animal was.

I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken..

She sent me back to the principal's office.

He laughed, and told me not to do it again.

I don't understand.

My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am.

Today, my teacher asked us to tell her what famous person we admire most.

I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where I am now...

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A dad buys a lie detector robot which slaps people when they lie. He decides to test it at dinner.

"Son, where were you today?"

The son says "at school dad." Robot slaps the son! "Ok, I watched a DVD at my friends house!"

"What DVD?"

"Toy Story." Robot slaps the son again! "Ok, it was a porno" cries the son.

"What! When I was your age I didn't know what porn was" says the dad. Robot slaps the dad!

Mom laughs "Ha Ha Ha! He's certainly your son." Robot slaps her.

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Marriage is like a deck of cards, in the beginning all you need is two hearts and a diamond.

By the end you'll wish you had a club and a spade...

Q: What is a man's Ultimate embarrassment?

A: Running into a wall with an erection and breaking his nose.

RIDERS

Three old-timers were relating their most exciting experiences.

The first, a retired sheriff, described the terrifying excitement of a shoot-out with the Dalton gang. The others agreed it sounded pretty exciting.

The second gentleman was a retired fireman. He told about a huge fire at the university, where young coeds jumped naked from their dorm windows into his arms. The other gentlemen all agreed that sounded pretty exciting.

The third retiree began his story, "I was an undertaker. One night I got a call to pick up a body that was under a sheet in a hotel room. When I got there, the guy had a huge erection sticking straight up. I knew I couldn't take him through the lobby that way, so I found an old broom handle and hit that erection just as hard as I could." The old man paused. "You talk about excitement," he continued, "I was in the wrong damn room !"

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A group of Alabama friends went deer hunting and paired off in twos for the day. That night, one of the hunters returned alone, staggering under the weight of an eight-point buck.

"Where's Henry?" the others asked.

"Henry had a stroke o' some kind. He's a couple of miles back up the trail," the successful hunter replied .

"You left Henry layin' out there and carried the deer back?" they inquired.

"A tough call," nodded the hunter. "But I figured no one's gonna steal Henry!"

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After closing time at the bar, a drunk was proudly showing off his new apartment to a couple of his friends. He led the way to his bedroom where there was a big brass gong and a mallet.

"What's up with the big brass gong?" one of his guests asked.

"It's not a gong. It's a talking clock," the drunk replied.

"A talking clock? Seriously?" asked his astonished friend.

"Yup," replied the drunk.

"How's it work?" the friend asked, squinting at it.

"Watch," the drunk replied. He picked up the mallet, gave the gong an ear-shattering pound and stepped back.

The three stood looking at one another for a moment. Suddenly a voice on the other side of the wall screamed "You asshole! It's three-fifteen in the morning!"

HUMOR

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Harlequin Novel, Updated.... 2011 Version

He grasped me firmly, but gently, just above my elbow and guided me into a room, his room. Then he quietly shut the door and we were alone. He approached me soundlessly, from behind, and spoke in a low, reassuring voice close to my ear. "Just relax."

Without warning, he reached down and I felt his strong, calloused hands start at my ankles, gently probing, and moving upward along my calves, slowly but steadily. My breath caught in my throat. I knew I should be afraid, but somehow I didn't care. His touch was so experienced, so sure. When his hands moved up onto my thighs, I gave a slight shudder, and partly closed my eyes. My pulse was pounding. I felt his knowing fingers caress my abdomen, my ribcage. And then, as he cupped my firm, full breasts in his hands, I inhaled sharply. Probing, searching, knowing what he wanted, he brought his hands to my shoulders, slid them down my tingling spine and into my panties. Although I knew nothing about this man, I felt oddly trusting and expectant. This is a man, I thought. A man used to taking charge. A man not used to taking 'No' for an answer. A man who would tell me what he wanted. A man who would look into my soul and say . . . "Okay ma'am, you can board your flight now."

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T here was this small church down in Texas that had a very big-busted Organist. Her breasts were so huge that they bounced and jiggled while she played the organ. Unfortunately, she distracted the congregation considerably.

The very proper church ladies were appalled. They said something had to be done about this or they would have to get another Organist.

So, one of the ladies approached her very discreetly and told her to Mash up some green Persimmons and rub them on the nip*ples of her bre*asts and maybe they would shrink in size, but warned her not to eat any of the green Persimmons, though, "because they are so sour they will make your mouth pucker up and you won't be able to talk properly for a while'.

She agreed to try it.

The following Sunday morning the minister got up in the pulpit and said....

'Dew to thircumsthanthis bewond my contwol, we will not hath a thermon tewday.'