

ALWAYS READ THE WRAPPER

This may be the last post I ever write as I may not survive the night.

I am a chiropractor that can detect many ailments, bugs and parasites. Using my skills and knowledge I can cure or alleviate these problems with my “zapper” machines.

However:

When I came home tonight my darling beautiful wife had prepared for me an incredibly delicious lamb shank.

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it, cooked to perfection.

You could say I woofed it down.

And that's when everything went horribly wrong.

“Andy, what did you do with the dog's dinner?” She asked.

“What do you mean? The lamb shank was for the dog?”



And then the laughter. “Did you not see I wrote ‘Dog’ on the wrapper?”

“Nope”

“I gave it to him earlier and he licked and chewed it out the back on the lawn for a bit before leaving it so I decided to cook it for him.”

I spent half the night on the “zapper” using every frequency known to man. Not sure if it will work !

A. J. W.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

The Queen, Princess Anne, and Kate are on the way to the Royal Wedding when a robber forces their Bentley off the road. 😊

"Where's your gold crown?" he says to Elisabeth.

"I left it on my dressing table."

"Where's your royal tiara?" he says to Princess Anne.

"I left it on my dressing table."

"Where's your diamond engagement ring?" he says to Kate.

"I left it on my dressing table."

"Get out of the car, I'm at least taking the Bentley."

As they walk down the road...

Elisabeth says, "I didn't really leave my crown on the dressing table, as the robber was approaching I put it in my yoo-hoo."

Princess Anne says, "I didn't really leave my tiara on the dressing table, as the robber was approaching I put it in my yoo-hoo."

Kate says, "I didn't really leave my engagement ring on the dressing table, as the robber was approaching I put it in my yoo-hoo."

They walk in silence and the Queen finally says...

"Too bad Camilla wasn't with us... we could have saved the Bentley..."

BEST DIVORCE LETTER EVER

Dear Wife,

I am writing you this letter to tell you that I am leaving you forever. I've been a good man to you for 7 years & I have nothing to show for it. These last 2 weeks have been hell. ... Your boss called to tell me that you quit your job today & that was the last straw. Last week, you came home & didn't even notice I had a new haircut, had cooked your favorite meal & even wore a brand new pair of silk boxers. You ate in 2 minutes, & went straight to sleep after watching all of your soaps. You don't tell me you love me anymore; you don't want sex or anything that connects us as husband & wife. Either you're cheating on me or you don't love me anymore; whatever the case, I'm gone.

Your EX-Husband

P.S. don't try to find me. Your SISTER & I are moving away to West Virginia together! Have a great life!

Dear Ex-Husband

Nothing has made my day more than receiving your letter. It's true you & I have been married for 7 years, although a good man is a far cry from what you've been. I watch my soaps so much because they drown out your constant whining & griping Too bad that doesn't work. I DID notice when you got a hair cut last week, but the 1st thing that came to mind was 'You look just like a girl!' Since my mother raised me not to say anything if you can't say something nice, I didn't comment. And when you cooked my favorite meal, you must have gotten me confused with MY SISTER, because I stopped eating pork 7 years ago. About those new silk boxers: I turned away from you because the \$49.99 price tag was still on them, & I prayed it was a coincidence that my sister had just borrowed \$50 from me that morning. After all of this, I still loved you & felt we could work it out. So when I hit the lotto for 10 million dollars, I quit my job & bought us 2 tickets to Jamaica But when I got home you were gone.. Everything happens for a reason, I guess. I hope you have the fulfilling life you always wanted. My lawyer said that the letter you wrote ensures you won't get a dime from me. So take care.

Signed, Your Ex-Wife, Rich As Hell & Free!

P.S. I don't know if I ever told you this, but my sister Carla was born Carl. I hope that's not a problem. 🍌

AN ARMY RECRUIT SENDS HOME A LETTER

Dear Mum & Dad,

I am well. Hope youse are too. Tell my big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm - tell them to get in quick smart before the jobs are all gone! I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, cuz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack - nothin'!! Ya haz gotta shower though, but its not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing!

At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs but there's no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like wot Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon and by that time all the city boys are dead because we've been on a 'route march' - geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock!!

This one will kill me brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' - dunno why. The bullseye is as big as a possum's bum and it don't move and it's not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year! All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target! You don't even load your own cartridges, they comes in little boxes, and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload!

Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful coz they break easy - it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster.

Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers - he's 6 foot 5 and 15 stone and three pick handles across the shoulders and as ya know I'm only 5 foot 7 and eight stone wringin' wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozier.

I can't complain about the Army - tell the boys to get in quick before word gets around how good it is.

Your loving daughter,
Sheila

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERS

Dave and Pete were a couple of drinking buddies who worked as aircraft engineers in Darwin, Australia.

One day the airport was fogged in and they were stuck in the hangar with nothing to do.

Dave said, 'Man, I wish we had something to drink!' Pete says, 'Me too. Y'know, I've heard you can drink jet fuel and get a buzz.

You wanna try it?'

So they pour themselves a couple of glasses of high octane booze and get completely smashed.

The next morning Dave wakes up and is surprised at how good he feels. In fact he feels GREAT!

NO hangover! NO bad side effects. Nothing!

Then the phone rings. It's Pete.

Pete says, 'Hey, how do you feel this morning?'

Dave says, 'I feel great, how about you?'

Pete says, 'I feel great, too. You don't have a hangover?'

Dave says, 'No that jet fuel is great stuff -- no hangover, nothing.

We ought to do this more often..' ' Yeah, well there's just one thing.'

'What's that?'

'Have you farted yet?'

'No.'

'Well, DON'T - 'cause I'm in New Zealand '

70TH BIRTHDAY

On his 70th birthday, a man was given a gift certificate from his wife. The certificate was for consultation with an Indian medicine man living on a nearby reservation who was rumoured to have a simple cure for erectile dysfunction.

The husband went to the reservation and saw the medicine man.

The old Indian gave him a potion and, with a grip on his shoulder, warned "This is a powerful medicine.

You take only a teaspoonful, and then say: '1-2-3.' When you do, you will become more manly than you have ever been in your life, and you can perform for as long as you want."

The man thanked the old Indian, and as he walked away, he turned and asked "How do I stop the medicine from working?"

"Your partner must say '1-2-3-4,' he responded, "but when she does, the medicine will not work again until the next full moon."

He was very eager to see if it worked so he went home, showered, shaved, took a spoonful of the medicine, and then invited his wife to join him in the bedroom.

When she came in, he took off his clothes and said: "1-2 3!"

Immediately, he was the manliest of men.

His wife was excited and began throwing off her clothes, and asked:

"What was the 1-2-3 for?"

And that, boys and girls, is why we should never end our sentences with a preposition, because we could end up with a dangling Participle 😊