

Arthur's Joke

## The Sensitive Man

A woman meets a man in a bar.  
They talk; they connect; they end up  
leaving together..

They get back to his place,

And as he shows her around his  
apartment.

She notices that one wall of his  
bedroom is

Completely filled with soft, sweet,  
cuddly teddy bears.

There are three shelves in the  
bedroom,

With hundreds and hundreds of cute,  
Cuddly teddy bears carefully placed

In rows, covering the entire wall!

It was obvious that he had taken

**Quite some time to lovingly arrange  
them**

**And she was immediately touched  
By the amount of thought he had  
Put into organizing the display.  
There were small bears all along  
The bottom shelf,**

**Medium-sized bears covering the  
Length of the middle shelf,  
And huge, enormous bears running  
All the way along the top shelf.**

**She found it strange for an  
Obviously masculine guy  
To have such a large collection of  
Teddy Bears,**

**She is quite impressed by his  
Sensitive side.**

**But doesn't mention this to him.  
They share a bottle of wine and**

**Continue talking and,  
After awhile, she finds herself  
Thinking,**

**'Oh my God! Maybe, this guy  
Could be the one!**

**Maybe he could be the future  
Father of my children?'**

**She turns to him and kisses him  
Lightly on the lips  
He responds warmly**

**They continue to kiss, the passion  
builds,**

**And he romantically lifts her in  
His arms and carries her into his  
bedroom**

**Where they rip off each other's  
Clothes and make hot, steamy love.**

**She is so overwhelmed that she  
Responds with more passion,**

**More creativity, more heat than she  
Has ever known.**

**After an intense, explosive night  
Of raw passion with this sensitive guy,**

**They are lying there together in  
The afterglow.**

**The woman rolls over, gently  
Strokes his chest and asks coyly,**

**'Well, how was it?'**

**The guy gently smiles at her,**

**Strokes her cheek,**

**Looks deeply into her eyes,**

**And says:**

**(you're gonna love this)**

**'Help yourself to any prize from the  
middle shelf.'**

***While I was driving along the motorway the other day, (going a little faster than I should have been)  
I passed under a bridge only to see a copper on the other side with a radar gun laying in wait.***

***The copper pulled me over, walked up to the car, and with that classic patronizing smirk, asked:***

***"Runway too short?"***

***To which I replied, "I'm late for work."***

***To which he asked, "What do you do?"***

***"I'm a rectum stretcher," I responded.***

***The copper was surprised and confused. "A what?"***

***A rectum stretcher??***

***And just what does a rectum stretcher do?"***

***"Well," I said, "I start by inserting one finger in a rectum, then I work my way up to two fingers, then three, then four, then with my whole hand in, work side to side until I can get both hands in, and then I slowly but surely stretch the hole, until it's about 6 feet."***

***Then the copper asked questioningly and cautiously, "And just what do you do with a six-foot arsehole?"***

*To which I politely replied, "You give him a radar gun and park him behind a bridge..."*

## **Bill's Joke 2**

### **How to measure a flagpole.**

Two Irishmen were standing at the base of a flagpole, looking up.

A blonde walks by and asked them what they were doing.

Paddy replied, 'We're supposed to be finding the height of this flagpole, but we don't have a ladder.'

The blonde took out an adjustable spanner from her bag, loosened a few bolts and laid the flagpole down.

She got a tape measure out of her pocket, took a few measurements, and announced that it was 18 feet 6 inches.

Then, she walked off.

Mick said to Paddy, 'Isn't that just like a blonde!

We need the height, and she gives us the bloody length.

## **John's Joke**

**Two Crocodiles were sitting at the side of the River Thames.**

**The smaller one turned to the bigger one and said, 'I can't understand how**

**you can be so much bigger than me. We're the same age, We were the same size as little Crocs, I just don't get it.'**

**'Well,' said the big Croc, 'what have you been eating?'**

**'Politicians, same as you,' replied the small Croc.**

**'Hmm. Well, where do you catch them?'**

**'Down at the car park by the Houses of Parliament.'**

**'Same here. Hmm.....How do you catch them?'**

**'Well, under the cover of darkness, I sneak up the bank and into the Car park.**

**Then I crawl under one of their flash cars, and wait for one of 'em to unlock**

**The car door. Then I jump out, grab them by the leg, thrash them around**

**and shake the shit out of 'em. Then I eat 'em !.**

**'Ah!' says the big Crocodile, 'I think I see your problem. You're not Getting any real nourishment. See, by the time you finish shaking the shit**

**Out of a Politician, there's nothing left but an arsehole and a briefcase.**

