

Derek's Joke 1

A man walks into his bedroom and sees his wife packing a suitcase.



He asks, "What are you doing?"

She answers, "I'm moving to Nevada. I heard that prostitutes there
get paid £400 for what I'm doing for YOU for FREE!"

Later that night on her way out, the wife walks into the bedroom and sees her husband packing his suitcase.



When she asks where he's going he replies, "I'm coming, too. I want to see how you you live on £800 a year!"

Derek's Joke 2

The Men's Shed Meeting

We had a novel experience at a recent meeting of our book club at the Men's Shed.

One of our senior members, Ted Roberts who is himself an author lauded for his timeless work "Woodworking for Profit and Pleasure", came up with an interesting suggestion.

He said his wife thought that we should read a book called "Fifty Shades of Grey" as we might learn something from it. Someone thought it would come in handy when re-painting the house..

The chaps were all asked to attend our next meeting with some notes relating to their experience of reading the book and its relevance to our activities.

At the follow-up meeting the next week we had an enthusiastic full house where the blokes recounted the literary impact of the novel.

Here are their experiences:

Bill Carruthers, 74

We tried various positions – round the back, on the side, up against a wall. But in the end we came to the conclusion the bottom of the garden was the only place for a good shed.

Nick Enwright, 86

She stood before me, trembling in my shed

"I'm yours for the night," she gasped, "You can do whatever you want with me."

So I took her down to The Royal Oak

Ted Roberts, 79

She knelt before me on the shed floor and tugged gently at first, then harder until finally it came. I moaned with pleasure. Now for the other Wellie.

Tom Entwistle, 73

Ever since she read THAT book, I've had to buy all kinds of ropes, chains and shackles. She still manages to get into the shed, though.

Jack Farthing, 78

"Put on this rubber suit and mask," I instructed, calmly.

"Mmmm, kinky!" she purred.

"Yes," I said, "You can't be too careful with all that asbestos in the shed roof."

John Hardcastle, 72

"I'm a very naughty girl," she said, biting her lip. "I need to be punished."

So I invited my Mother to stay for the weekend.

Colin Horrocks, 65

"Harder!" she cried, gripping the workbench tightly.

"Harder!"

"Okay," I said. "What's the gross national product of Nicaragua?"

Malcolm Riddock, 75

I lay back exhausted, gazing happily out of the shed window. Despite my concerns about my inexperience, my rhubarb had come up a treat.

Allen Cardly, 74

"Are you sure you can take the pain?" she demanded, brandishing stilettos. "I think so," I gulped.

"Here we go, then," she said, and showed me the shop receipt.

Humphrey Landsdowne, 56

Hurt me!" she begged, raising her skirt as she bent over my workbench.

"Very well," I replied. "You've got a fat arse and no dress sense."

Nicholas Benchley, 53

"Are you sure you want this?" I asked.

"When I'm done, you won't be able to sit down for weeks." She nodded.

"Okay," I said, putting the three-piece lounge furniture on eBay.

Toby Williams, 60

"Punish me!" she cried. "Make me suffer like only a real man can!"

"Very well," I replied, leaving the toilet seat up.

Derek's Joke 3

Three little lads were on their way home from school when one of them noticed a red Ferrari parked at the side of the road.

He said: "When I'm older I'm going to get a great job and buy one of them."

The second lad said: "I am going to university to get a great education, and a great job and buy one also."

The third lad says: "I'm going to get a job like my sister."

The other two asked what she did.

"She's a prostitute."

"What's a prostitute?" the other two ask.

"I don't know, but that's my sister's car."