

## Bill's Joke

A suicide bomber died and went to heaven, as foretold. When he arrived there, he met Allah, and he said to Allah that he was ready to claim his virgins, as promised.

Out of curiosity he asked Allah why there were so many virgins in heaven.

Allah regarded him for a moment, then replied, "Actually, the 72 virgins are here in heaven because assholes like you murdered them before they could experience the pleasure of sex. So you're here to service them. Since they're virgins, they're quite sexually ravenous; and, frankly, you'll be on constant, exhausting duty. And I shall banish you from Paradise should you fail!"

The bomber responded, "Well, I guess I can live with that. How hard can it be to keep 72 women satisfied for all eternity?"

And Allah replied, "Who said they were women" ?

## Bill's Joke 2

**In My Considered Medical Opinion...**



**An 86-year-old man went to his doctor for his quarterly check-up...**

**The doctor asked him how he was feeling, and the 86-year-old said ,'Things are great and I've never felt better.'**

**I now have a 20 year-old bride who is pregnant with my child.**

**"So what do you think about that Doc ?"**



**The doctor considered his question for a minute and then began to tell a story.**

**"I have an older friend , much like you, who is an avid hunter and never misses a season."**



**One day he was setting off to go hunting.**

**In a bit of a hurry , he accidentally picked up his walking cane instead of his gun."**

**"As he neared a lake , he came across a very large male beaver sitting at the water's edge..**



He realized he'd left his gun at home and so he couldn't shoot the magnificent creature.

Out of habit he raised his cane , aimed it at the animal as if it were his favourite hunting rifle and went 'bang, bang'."

"Miraculously , two shots rang out and the beaver fell over dead.

Now, what do you think of that ?" asked the doctor.

The 86-year-old said ,  
"Logic would strongly suggest that somebody else pumped a couple of rounds into that beaver."

The doctor replied , "My point exactly."

## Arthur's Joke

### The Winter Boots

( Anyone who has ever dressed a child will love this)

Did you hear about the teacher who was helping one of her reception class pupils put on his boots?

He asked for help and she could see why. Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on.

By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, 'Teacher, they're on the wrong feet.'

She looked, and sure enough, they were.

It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on.

She managed to keep her cool as, together, they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the correct feet.

He then announced, 'These aren't my boots.'

She bit her tongue, rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so?' like she wanted to.

Once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet.

No sooner had they got the boots off when he said, 'They're my brother's boots. My Mum made me wear 'em.'

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again.

Helping him into his coat, she asked, 'Now, where are your mittens?'

He said, 'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots.'

## Arthur's Joke 2

**Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again. Enjoy every moment of life. 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 Nova Scotia 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 was hung low, my heart was full.

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

Apparently, I'm still lost....it's a man thing.

Thanks Chaps!