

The Last Laugh

Iowa Trucker

As a Iowa trucker stops for a red light, a blonde catches up. She jumps out of her car, runs up to his truck, and knocks on the door. The trucker lowers the window, and she says "Hi, my name is Heather and you are losing some of your load". The trucker ignores her and proceeds down the street.

When the truck stops for another red light, the girl catches up again. She jumps out of her car, runs up and knocks on the door. Again, the trucker lowers the window. As if they've never spoken, the blonde says brightly, "Hi my name is Heather, and you are losing some of your load!" Shaking his head, the trucker ignores her again and continues down the street. At the third red light, the same thing happens again. All out of breath, the blonde gets out of her car, runs up, knocks on the truck door. The trucker lowers the window. Again she says, "Hi, my name is Heather, and you are losing some of your load!"

When the light turns green the trucker revs up and races to the next light. When he stops this time, he hurriedly gets out of the truck, and runs back to the blonde. He knocks on her window, and as she lowers it, he says... "Hi, my name is Kevin, it's winter in Iowa and I'm driving the SANDING TRUCK!"

U get what U pay for

Bill Clinton started jogging near his new home in Chappaqua. But on each run, he happened to jog past a hooker standing on the same street corner, day after day. With some apprehension he would brace himself as he approached her for what was most certainly to follow.

"Fifty dollars!" she would shout from the curb.

"No. Five dollars!" fired back Clinton.

This ritual between Bill and the hooker continued for days. He'd run by and she'd yell, "Fifty dollars!"

He'd yell back, "Five dollars!"

One day however, Hillary decided that she wanted to accompany her husband on his jog. As the jogging couple neared the problematic street corner, Bill realized the "pro" would bark her \$50 offer and Hillary would wonder what he'd really been doing on all his past outings. He realized he should have a darn good explanation for the junior Senator. As they jogged into the turn that would take them past the corner, Bill became even more apprehensive than usual. Sure enough, there was the hooker. Bill tried to avoid the prostitute's eyes as she watched the pair jog past.

Then, from the sidewalk, the hooker yelled, "See what you get for five bucks?"

Work like you don't need the money.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like nobody's watching.

Sing like nobody's listening.

Live like it's Heaven on Earth.

Father Time can be tough on the body

A young boy asks his father, "Dad, is it ok for us guys to notice all the different kinds of boobs?" Surprised, the father answers, "Well, sure son, we wouldn't be normal if we didn't....there are all kinds of breasts...depending on a woman's age— In her twenties, a woman's breasts are like melons, round and firm. In her thirties to forties, they are like pears, still nice but hanging a bit. After fifty, they are like onions." "Onions, Dad?" "Yeah, you see them and they make you cry..."

Not to be outdone, his sister asks her mother, "Mom, how many kinds of penises are there?" The mother, delighted to have equal time, answers, "Well, daughter, a man goes through three phases. In a man's twenties, a man's penis is like an oak, mighty and hard. In his thirties and forties, it is like a birch, flexible but reliable. After his fifties, it is like a Christmas tree." "A Christmas tree?" "Yep, dried up and the balls are only there for decoration..."