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Hello everyone

We will be visiting the Hunter Region in November for a series of drought/flood relief evening seminars. I know that might sound contradictory, but Dungog and Merriwa were severely affected by storms following a period of drought and Coolah is suffering from prolonged drought.

Our seminars are open to all people in those communities and are free. (Funded by the NSW DPI and the Community Storm Recovery Fund). It will be a fun evening, but not just for fun. We know a lot of people are doing it hard in these regions, but this is a chance to have a night off from your problems. Come along and you'll discover how your sense of humour can be your best defense against stress and tough times.

Dungog: Monday 3rd Nov. Contact NSW DPI 6544 4900

Merriwa: Wednesday 5th Nov. Contact NSW DPI 6544 4900

Coolah: Friday 7th Nov. Contact Maree Valusiak 6886 3521

And of course, here are the Funnies.

Enjoy them

Cheerio

Shayne

From Elaine

The fortune teller looked up at her customer, sitting across the table.

'There's no easy way to say this, so I'll just be blunt. Prepare yourself to be a widow. Your husband will die a violent and horrible death this year.'

Visibly shaken, the woman stared at the psychic's lined face, then at the single flickering candle, then down at her hands. She took a few deep breaths to compose herself.

She simply had to know.

She met the fortune teller's gaze, steadied her voice, and asked:

Will I get away with it?

A guy comes home from work, walks into his bedroom, and finds a stranger with his wife. He says, "What the hell are you two doing?"

His wife turns to the stranger and says, "I told you he was stupid."

From Maureen

Mac died at the controls of his plane and went to pilots' hell, where he found a hideous devil and three doors.

The devil was busy escorting other pilots to various "hell rooms."

"I'll be right back--don't go away," said the devil, and he vanished.

Sneaking over to the first door, Mac peeked in and saw a cockpit where the pilot was condemned to forever run through pre-flight checks.

He slammed that door and peeked into the second. There, alarms rang and red lights flashed while a pilot had to avoid one emergency after another. Unable to imagine a worse fate, Mac cautiously opened the third door.

Untitled

He was amazed to see many beautiful, scantily clad flight attendants answering to a captain's every whim. He quickly returned to his place seconds before the devil reappeared.

"Okay, Mac," said the devil, "Which door will it be, number 1 or number 2?"

"Um, I want door number 3," answered Mac.

"Sorry," said the devil. "You can't have door number 3. That's flight attendants' hell."

From Diane

A man called the phone company to complain about his listing in the directory. "I told you that my last name is Sweady," he said, "but you have it listed as Cyirwu."

"I'm sorry, sir," the phone company rep said. "I'll fix it so it'll be correct the next time we publish the directory. Now how do you spell your name?"

"Just like I told you before," the customer said. "It's S as in sea, W as in why, E as in eye, A as in are, D as in double-u and Y as in you."

When we finished a personality assessment at work, I asked my friend Dan if he would share the results with his wife.

"That would require me to go home and say, 'Hi, honey. I just paid someone \$400 to tell me what's wrong with me,'" he said. "And based on that, considering we've been married 23 years, she'd hand me a bill for about \$798,000."

Then there was the Eskimo girl who spent the night with her boyfriend and the next morning found she was six months pregnant.

From Chris

I was thinking about what Patricia was saying about Australians having a very unique sense of humor and it reminded me of something one of my mates was telling me after coming back from China. He had gone to visit the Great Wall and at the start of the tour, the guide asked if anyone knew why the Great Wall was built, of course there were other Aussies there and someone popped up and said "Yes, to keep the rabbits out!". The Aussies laughed and everyone else was dumbfounded. Apparently, that has become a frequent response if there are Aussies on the tour.

From Gillian

A Drover walks into a bar with a pet crocodile by his side.

He puts the crocodile up on the bar. He turns to the astonished patrons. 'I'll make you a deal. I'll open this crocodile's mouth and place my manhood inside.

Then the croc will close his mouth for one minute.

'Then he'll open his mouth and I'll remove my unit unscathed.. In return for witnessing this spectacle, each of you will buy me a drink.'

The crowd murmured their approval. The man stood up on the bar, dropped his trousers, and placed his Johnson and related parts in the crocodile's open mouth.

The croc closed his mouth as the crowd gasped. After a minute, the man grabbed a beer bottle and smacked the crocodile hard on the top of its head.

The croc opened his mouth and the man removed his privates unscathed as promised.

The crowd cheered, and the first of his free drinks were delivered.

Untitled

The man stood up again and made another offer. 'I'll pay anyone \$100 who's willing to give it a try.'

A hush fell over the crowd. After a while, a hand went up in the back of the bar.

A Blonde woman timidly spoke up..... 'I'll try it - just don't hit me so hard with the beer bottle!'

Some one-liners...

Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It's the transition that's troublesome.

Arguing with your Boss is like wrestling with a pig in mud. After a while you realize that while you are getting dirty, the pig is actually enjoying it.

Behind every successful man, is a surprised mother-in-law.

Whoever said money can't buy happiness, didn't know where to shop.

Alcohol doesn't solve any problems, but then again, neither does milk.

You're not a complete idiot, there're still some parts missing.

Forgive your enemies but remember their names.

Mensa is an organization whose members have an IQ of 140 or higher. A few years ago, there was a Mensa Convention in San Francisco, and several members lunched at a local cafe.

While dining, they discovered that their saltshaker contained pepper and their pepper shaker was full of salt. How could they swap the contents of the bottles without spilling, and using only the implements at hand? Clearly this was a job for Mensa! The group debated and presented ideas, and finally came up with a brilliant solution involving a napkin, a straw, and an empty saucer. They called the waitress over to dazzle her with their solution.

"Ma'am," they said, "we couldn't help but notice that the pepper shaker contains salt and the salt shaker..."

"Oh," the waitress interrupted. "Sorry about that." She unscrewed the caps of both bottles and switched them.

A lawyer dies and goes to Heaven. "There must be some mistake," the lawyer argues. "I'm too young to die. I'm only fifty five."

"Fifty five?" says Saint Peter. "No, according to our calculations, you're eighty two."

"How'd you get that?" the lawyer asks.

Answers St. Peter, "We added up your billable hours."

Patricia Cameron-Hill & Shayne Yates Seminars

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