

A Clown Worth Dunking!

I walked past this booth with my lady one day

There was this clown who sure had a lot to say:

“Oh look at that guy he thinks he’s muscular and in shape”

I turned and pointed to myself as to say “are you talking to me?”

He screamed “yeah I’m talking to you, you big ape,

you are lucky I’m in this booth or else I’d come say it to your face!”

“Can you believe this clown” I said to my lady as we continued to walk by.

I heard him say “yeah you better run, you pussy, you couldn’t hit me even if you tried!”

What?

I had had enough of his talk and was ready to shut him up once and for all.

I reached in my bag, pulled out some cash, and paid for three big balls (pause)

I stood behind the line aiming up my sights like a marksman

Pointing at the bullseye with one hand mentally calibrating the target

With the other hand I threw the ball hitting the bullseye square

With a “Ba-Ding!” the clown fell like an anvil or even harder

I simply laughed as he trembled in the icy cold water

“Who is the pussy now?”

"What could I call it, if it had a name?"

What could I call it if it had a name?

I'd call it Satan the One Eyed Life Breathing Dragon.

Boy does he loves to play!

Instead of fire he spits forth life

But only if you rub him the right way!

"Hammer Hitting on Nail"

Hammer: "Girl I got some good wood for you"

Nail: "Boy please stop it you are always hitting on me."

Hammer: "That's because we are destined baby, so let's put our heads together"

Nail: "Sure I'll give you head if you give me face"

Hammer: "I promise you will never get screwed by me but you may gain a few extra pounds"

Nail: "Oh so you can see my point? Guess I'm in too deep now?"

Hammer: "Now now, no need to get all bent out of shape"

Nail: "Can I trust you to turnaround and pull me out of a jam?"

Hammer: "I'm sorry that I'm always slamming you down"

Nail: "It's ok baby we were bound to butt heads anyways."

Hammer: "Me and you together baby can hang a frame"

Nail: "Oh you are serious?" "I knew this wasn't a drill!"

"Sweet Little Blue Jay"

Hello you sweet little Blue Jay
up there high singing in the tree
I have to ask you if I may
why did you just poop on me?

Your performance surely amazed
I stood watching you sing with grace
then suddenly to my dismay
you dropped your stinky load up on my face!

It was a wet warm white milky substance
you could have given me the heads up
your actions are completely repugnant
but I suppose you were giving me good luck?

Your luck ran out when all was said and done
for once I felt your shit I went and got my BB gun!

"Tall Tales and Work Adventures"

Dear Boss Man,

I often sit at my desk staring off into the window mind deep in thought.
Another mental adventure, my daily routine, to help wash away the stale taste of monotony.
Monday begins my humble quest, on this day, I am the captain of a ship named "I Quit."
Tuesday I travel to the coast of Tanzania to tango with a tiger called "two weeks' notice."
Wednesday I wrestle with a wildebeest in the Western Sahara named "You got the wrong one"
Thursday I take on a tank in a tiny Tonka truck. This tank happens to have your name, and oddly,
gets blown to smithereens.
Completely destroyed!
Friday I'm flying high, credits rolling as if I beat the game and finally stuck it to the man.
So I hope this email helps you understand:
I hate this job all week but love it as soon as that check hits my hand.
Hello weekend!