

# Joker's Wild



Note \* (You have to read this joke with a full-on Forrest Gump accent)

**F**orrest Gump dies and goes to Heaven. He is at the Pearly Gates, met by St. Peter himself. However, the gates are closed. St. Peter said, "Well, Forrest, it is certainly good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. You have to pass a short test before you can get into Heaven."

Forrest responds, "It sure is good to be here, St. Peter, sir. But nobody ever told me about any entrance exam. I sure hope that the test is not too hard. Life was a big enough test as it was."

St. Peter continued, "Yes, I know, Forrest, but the test is only three questions. First: What two days of the week begin with the letter T? Second: How many seconds are there in a year? Third: What is God's first name?"

Forrest leaves to think the questions over. He returns the next day and sees St. Peter, who waves him up, and says, "Now that you have had a chance to think the questions over, tell me your answers."

Forrest replied, "Well, the first one -- which two days in the week begins with the letter 'T'? Shucks, that one is easy. That would be Today and Tomorrow."

The Saint's eyes opened wide and he exclaimed, "Forrest, that is not what I was thinking, but you do have a point, and I guess I did not specify, so I will give you credit for that answer. How about the next one?" asked St. Peter, "How many seconds in a year?"

"Now that one is harder," replied Forrest, "but I thought extra hard about that and I guess the only answer can be twelve."

Astounded, St. Peter said, "Twelve? Forrest, how in Heaven's name could you come up with twelve seconds in a year?"

Forrest replied, "I counted, there's got to be twelve: January 2nd, February 2nd, March 2nd..."

"Hold it," interrupts St. Peter. "I see where you are going with this and I see your point, though that was not quite what I had in mind....but I will have to give you credit for that one, too. Let us go on with the third and final question. Can you tell me God's first name?"

"Sure," Forrest replied, "it's Andy."

"Andy?" exclaimed an exasperated and frustrated St. Peter. "Ok, I can understand how you came up with your answers to my first two questions, but just how did you come up with the name Andy?"

"Shucks, that was the easiest one of all," Forrest replied. "I learnt it from the song, ANDY WALKS WITH ME, ANDY TALKS WITH ME, ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN."

St. Peter opened the Pearly Gates, and said, "Run, Forrest, Run."



**I**nally got around to going fishing this mornin' - but after a while, I ran out of worms. Then I saw a cottonmouth with a frog in his mouth, and frogs are good bass bait. Knowing the snake couldn't bite me with the frog in his mouth, I grabbed him right behind the head, took the frog and put it in my bait bucket. Now the dilemma was how to release the snake without getting bitten - I grabbed my bottle of Jack Daniels and poured a little whiskey in its mouth. His eyes rolled back & he went limp. I released him into the lake without incident, and carried on my fishing. A little later, I felt a nudge on my foot. There was that same damn snake with TWO frogs in his mouth.

For those observing Lent:

**A**priest and a rabbi were sitting next to each other on an airplane. After a while, the priest turned to the rabbi and asked, "Is it still a requirement of your faith that you not eat pork?"

The rabbi responded, "Yes, that is still one of our laws."

The priest then asked, "Have you ever eaten pork?"

To which the rabbi replied, "Yes, on one occasion I did succumb to temptation and tasted a ham sandwich."

The priest nodded in understanding and went on with his reading. A while later, the rabbi spoke up and asked the priest, "Father, is it still a requirement of your church that you remain celibate?"

The priest replied, "Yes, that is still very much a part of our faith."

The rabbi then asked him, "Father, have you ever fallen to the temptations of the flesh?"

The priest replied, "Yes, rabbi, on one occasion I was weak and broke my Faith."

The rabbi nodded understandingly and remained silent, thinking, for about five minutes. Finally, the rabbi said, "Beats the hell out of a ham sandwich, doesn't it?"



**A**nd for St. Patrick's Day:

When the booze is inside, the pain goes elsewhere.

May the good Lord take a liking to you... but not too soon!

Here's to a long life and a merry one.  
A quick death and an easy one  
A pretty girl and an honest one  
A cold beer -- and another one!

There are many good reasons for drinking,  
One has just entered my head.  
If a man doesn't drink when he's living,  
How in the hell can he drink when he's dead?

St. Patrick -- one of the few saints whose feast day presents the opportunity to get determinedly whacked and make a fool of oneself all under the guise of acting Irish. ~ Charles M. Madigan

It is better to spend money like there's no tomorrow than to spend tonight like there's no money!

A limerick is a five-line poem in anapestic or amphibrachic meter with a strict rhyme scheme (aabba) which is sometimes obscene with humorous intent. It's known to have its roots from 18th Century Ireland.

The following example of a limerick is of unknown origin.

The limerick packs laughs anatomical  
In space that is quite economical,

But the good ones I've seen  
So seldom are clean,

And the clean ones so seldom are comical.