

Coco'Nut' Funnies

Eleven people were hanging on a rope, under a helicopter; 10 men and 1 woman.

The rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that one had to leave, because otherwise they were all going to fall.

They weren't able to choose which person, until the woman gave a very touching speech.

She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because, as a woman, she was used to giving up everything for her husband and kids or for men in general, and was used to always making sacrifices with little in return.

As soon as she finished her speech, all the men started clapping...



the guy who invented constellations was like "see those 4 stars? that's a bear" and everyone else was just too busy trying to not die from the plague to fight him on it



I think senility is going to be a fairly smooth transition for me.



A man walks into the front door of a bar. He is obviously drunk. He staggers up to the bar, seats himself on a stool, and with a belch, asks the bartender for a drink. The bartender politely informs the man that it appears that he has already had plenty to drink - he could not be served additional liquor at this bar but could get a cab called for him. The drunk is briefly surprised then softly scoffs, grumbles, climbs down off the bar stool, and staggers out the front door.

A few minutes later, the same drunk stumbles in the side door of the bar. He wobbles up to the bar and hollers for a drink. The bartender comes over, and still politely - but more firmly refuses service to the man due to his inebriation. Again, the bartender offers to call a cab for him. The drunk looks at the bartender for a moment angrily, curses, and shows himself out the side door, all the while grumbling and shaking his head.

A few minutes later, the same drunk bursts in through the back door of the bar. He plops himself up on a bar stool, gathers his wits, and belligerently orders a drink. The bartender comes over and emphatically reminds the man that he is clearly drunk, will be served no drinks, and either a cab or the police will be called immediately. The surprised drunk looks at the bartender and in hopeless anguish, cries "Man! How many bars do you work at?"



Forget war parties. If we build a casino, they'll hand over their money faster than we can pour drinks.



A cowboy, who just moved to Montana from Texas, walks into a bar and orders three mugs of Bud. He sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn.

When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more.

The bartender approaches and tells the cowboy, "You know, a mug goes flat after I draw it.

It would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The cowboy replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in Arizona, the other is in Colorado. When we all left our home in Texas, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we drank together. So I'm drinking one beer for each of my brothers and one for myself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it there.

The cowboy becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way. He orders three mugs and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and only orders two mugs. All the regulars take notice and fall silent.

When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your loss."

The cowboy looks quite puzzled for a moment, then a light dawns in his eyes and he laughs. "Oh, no, everybody's just fine," he explains. "It's just that my wife and I joined the Baptist Church and I had to quit drinking. It hasn't affected my brothers, though."



My girlfriend and I are trying this whole "long distance relationship" thing. I have to stay 100 feet away from her at all times. Also, the police say I should stop referring to her as my girlfriend.



No, I'm not a coffee "addict". I'm a caffeine-based life form and as such, I must honor the ways of my people.

[Sky-diving]
INSTRUCTOR: pull your chute!
ME: my shoe?
INSTRUCTOR: your parachute!
ME: my pair of shoes?
[later]
CORONER: where's his shoes?

My favorite part of attending a marathon is watching the reaction of runners who grab my plastic cup of vodka.

