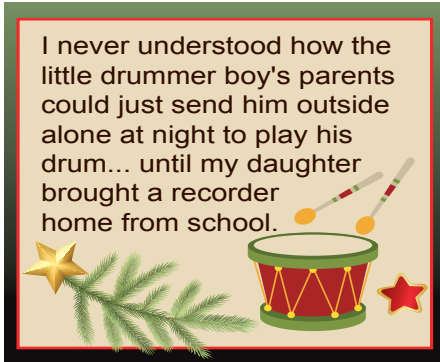
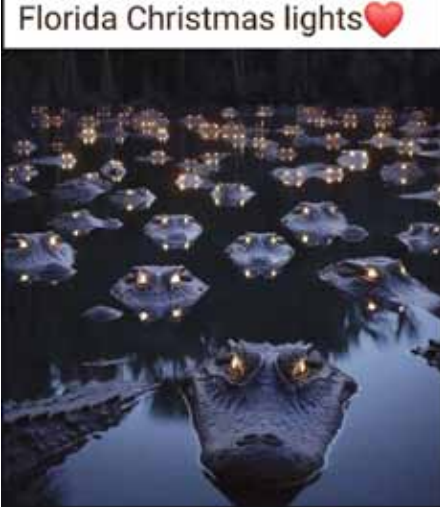


Coco'Nut' Funnies



I accidentally used my mom's fabric scissors to cut wrapping paper and now the cops are here



After 35 years of trudging through rain, snow, and blazing heat, old Mr. Thompson was finally making his last round as the neighborhood mailman.

At the first house, the family greeted him at the door with hugs and handed him a huge gift certificate.

At the second, he was given a box of fine imported cigars.

At the third, a beautiful set of fishing lures.

Every stop along his route was the same—congratulations, farewell cards, and thoughtful gifts. He was touched by the kindness. But nothing prepared him for the last house.

When the door opened, there stood a gorgeous young blonde in a revealing negligee. Without a word, she took his hand, led him upstairs, and gave him the most passionate "thank you" he'd ever received in his life.

Afterwards, she guided him back down to the dining room, where a feast was waiting: eggs, sausage, ham, potatoes, blueberry waffles, and fresh-squeezed orange juice. When he couldn't eat another bite, she set a hot cup of coffee in front of him.

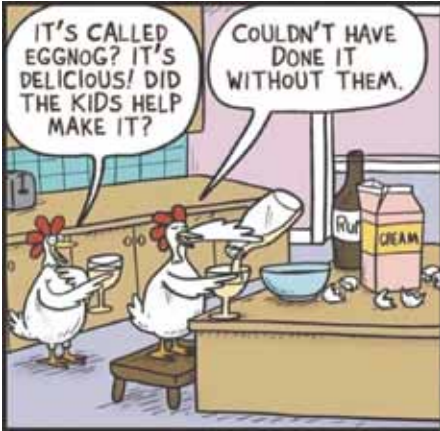
As he lifted the mug, he noticed a single \$1 bill tucked underneath.

Confused, he asked, "Ma'am... this has been the most amazing day of my life. But... what's the dollar for?"

The blonde explained:

"Last night, I told my husband that today was your last day, and we should do something special. He said, 'Screw him—give him a dollar.'"

She winked. "But the breakfast? That was all my idea."



What has 15 actors, four settings, two writers, and one plot?
632 Hallmark movies.

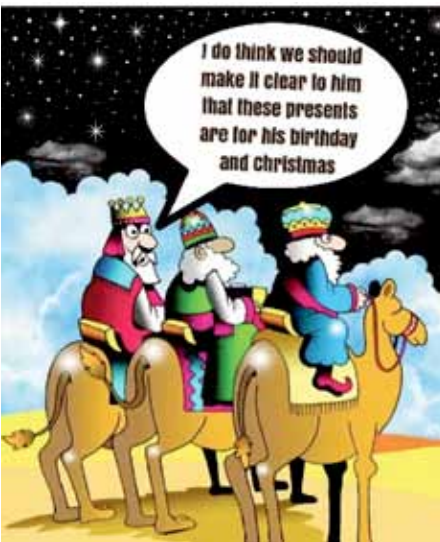
This guy goes into a restaurant for a Christmas breakfast while in his home town for the holidays. After looking over the menu he says, "I'll just have the eggs benedict." His order comes a while later and it's served on a big, shiny hubcap. He asks the waiter, "What's with the hubcap?" The waiter sings, "There's no plate like chrome for the hollandaise!"



I'm trying to get into the Christmas spirit, but I can't get the damn bottle open.



CO-WORKERS ARE LIKE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS. THEY ALL HANG TOGETHER, BUT HALF OF THEM DON'T WORK AND THE OTHER HALF ARE NOT SO BRIGHT.



I'm just gonna jingle some of the way.
I'm tired.



EVERY TIME SOMEONE IN MY HOUSE LEAVES AN EMPTY BOX IN THE FREEZER OR PANTRY, I'M WRAPPING IT IN CHRISTMAS PAPER AND PUTTING IT UNDER THE TREE WITH THEIR NAME ON IT.



Deck the halls and not your family
fa la la la la la la la la