

Campfire Stories

Telling stories around a campfire, particularly funny ones, is a time honored tradition of scouting. Mark Twain once said that "There are several kinds of stories, but only one difficult kind – the humorous." It isn't easy to tell a funny story. In fact, sometimes it's nearly impossible to get people to laugh. But with a little imagination and a lot of practice, you'll have them clutching their sides while sitting around the campfire.

Techniques:

1. Find a story to tell. Whether you're making it up, re-telling something you heard, reading from a book, *or using one of the 25 short stories included below*, be sure you enjoy the story. If you don't appreciate the humor in the story, your audience won't find it funny either.
2. Make sure the audience can relate to your story. Unless the audience can relate to the characters or topics in your story, they aren't going to care or find your story funny.
3. Start telling the story. As you tell it, don't let on that you know something funny is coming. The more serious, or innocent, your expression and tone, the funnier it will be when you reach the punch line, as if you've said something funny but didn't know it until the audience starts laughing.
4. Take your time when telling the story. Give the audience time to enjoy the details of your story. Use the rhythm or pace of your story to move it along. Also, use pauses for dramatic effect and to keep the audience guessing.
5. Use your voice. Not only do you need to project your voice so everyone can easily hear, but you also need to use intonation. Be excited at first, then calm down a bit before you use a pause. Then come out of the pause with your punch line.
6. Practice, practice and practice some more. What you think is funny isn't always funny to someone else. Practice in front of family, friends or small audiences to get a feel for what you can do to make the story better. You'll know what works and what doesn't by the audience's reaction.
7. Perform your story when you feel confident that you're ready to bring the forest down.

A Wildebeestly Problem

There was a small African tribe that had a terrible problem. Every morning a neighboring herd of Wildebeests would stampede through the village, knocking down cooking pots, smashing water jugs and trampling the vegetable gardens. The Chief had tried everything, with no success. He built fences, but the Gnus ran right through them. He tried having his men scare the herd away but they always came back.

Finally, one morning the Chief woke up and didn't hear the thunder of hooves. He went out, and the Gnu herd was nowhere to be seen. They were gone at last! So, the Chief called all the people of the tribe together, and announced, "NO GNUS IS GOOD NEWS!"

A Tale of Two Pets

I remember it was about that time that Jim Sloane used to work at the YMCA. Now that was a character. He was, in my opinion, an unusual individual who was interested in some rather exotic subjects. The most unusual thing about him was his pet, (rumored to have been captured somewhere in Africa) which reminded me of a piece of granite with eyes, which he called Teddy. Teddy typically just sat there, doing nothing, but sometimes it lifted a lower edge and sucked in powdered sugar. That was all it ate. No one ever saw it move, but every once in a while it wasn't where people thought it was. There was a theory that it moved when no one was looking.

Tim Bellamy, a lifeguard, constantly ridiculed poor Teddy, saying mean and nasty things about it. Lavery's pet looked like an iguana, and to me, at least, was the ugliest looking thing that you would ever want to see. He called this 'iguana' by the unlikely name of Dolly.

Well, one day Sloane had had enough of these comments, and challenged Bellamy to a race. His Teddy against Bellamy's Dolly. And to make things a bit more interesting, he suggested a rather hefty wager on the outcome, which Bellamy quickly agreed to. Soon everyone got into the act. Every one of them bet on Dolly. At least it moved. Sloane covered it all. He'd been saving his salary for some time (for some exotic project, no doubt) and put every penny of it on Teddy.

The race course was set in the basement garage. At one end, two bowls were set out, one with powdered sugar for Teddy, and another with ground meat for Dolly. Dolly started off at once and began moving along the floor slowly toward the meat. All in attendance cheered it on.

Teddy just sat there without budging.

"Sugar, Teddy. Sugar." said Sloane, pointing. Teddy did not move. It looked more like a rock than ever, but Sloane did not seem concerned.

Finally, when Dolly had 'ran' half-way across the garage, Sloane said casually to Teddy, "If you don't get out there, Teddy, I'm going to get a hammer and chip you into pebbles."

That was when people realized how truly different Teddy was. Sloane had no sooner made his threat when Teddy just disappeared from its place and re-appeared smack on top of the sugar.

Sloane won, of course, and he counted his winnings slowly and luxuriously.

Bellamy said bitterly, "You knew that it would do that."

"No, I didn't," said Sloane, "but I knew he would win. It was a sure thing."

"How come," said Lavery.

"It's an old saying everyone knows. Sloane's Teddy wins the race."

Ale's Well That Ends Well

Two workmen were sitting in a pub drinking and arguing about which pub they should visit next. "The Rose and Crown's the closest," said the first workman. "No, the Elephant and Castle is closer!" said the second workman. So they decided to go to the Elephant and Castle. On their way to the pub in question, a ferocious lion, which had escaped from the zoo, lunged at them, but was killed by anti-aircraft fire from a search plane overhead. Stepping over the beast's body, they went on to the Elephant and Castle, thereby proving that the shortest distance between two pints is a strafed lion.

Alexander's Dilemma

The armies of Alexander the Great were greatly feared in their day, but there was one problem that they had that almost defeated them. Alexander could not get his people to staff meetings on time. He always held the meetings at 6:00PM each day after the day's battle was done, but frequently his generals either forgot or let the time slip up on them and missed the staff meeting. This angered Alexander very much, to say the least!

So he called in his research guys and set up a project to come up with a method of determining the time at 6:00PM each day. There were no clocks in those days, at least none that could be carried around. (The smallest was a giant water clock) "Find a way my staff can determine the hour of the day, or at least when it gets to be 6 o'clock!" he said, "Cost is no object."

A study was instituted and, with several brain-storming sessions, came up with the following idea. In a land some distance away, there grew a bush whose berries contained a type of dye that changed color at 6 each evening. They found that by dyeing strips of cloth and issuing them to the generals, they could see when it was 6 by the color change, and could get to the meetings on time. Needless to say this pleased Alexander very much.

It was then turned over to the marketing group to come up with a name of this new invention as Alexander saw definite market potential in the strips. "It can be worn on the wrist and can be easily watched for the color change", said one junior executive. "I therefore propose to call it the wrist watch." This name was immediately hooted down as being too bland and obvious. Another man suggested it be worn in the navel and could be observed by looking down, therefore it should be called the Naval Observatory. This idea was rejected out of hand as being too weird and too technical sounding for the general public.

Finally the senior vice president, who up to now had been silent, spoke and rendered his decision. "We shall call it a Timeband, and in honor of the Great Alexander, it shall be known as 'Alexander's Rag Timeband!'"

Buford at the Bank

Buford, a fairly handsome Southern Bullfrog, hops into a bank lobby one day, brief case neatly tucked under his right foreleg. Buford hops up to the first open teller window and sits down in front of a teller, Miss Mary Greene. He announces, "I need a loan."

Miss Greene, not wanting to look too uncool with this frog talking to her, pauses only briefly to reflect on this situation, then says, "Well, the Everglades Savings and Loan doesn't usually give loans to amphibians." Quickly opening the brief case, Buford produces construction permits and blueprints. Showing them to Miss Greene, he says, "But I need a loan. You see I have this construction project in mind. Down in the swamp, we need affordable housing for all my in-laws and out-laws. I have the permits. Freddy, an architect newt friend of mine has drawn up the plans. Everything is approved and in order. So, you see all I need is the financing."

For Miss Greene, this is getting stranger by the moment. It isn't enough that there is this talking frog only inches in front of her, but now he is talking about plans, permits and a newt architect. Just before she loses it completely, Miss Greene blurts out, "I can't help you. You must see our loan officer, Miss Black. Wait here for a moment and I'll get her."

Miss Greene is gone for a while. After several minutes of animated conversation at the other side of the bank she returns with the loan officer. "Hello, I'm Miss Patricia Black, the Loan Officer here. How can I help you?" Well, Buford goes through his speech once again, tells her about the plans and permits, about the housing and his friend Freddy the newt architect. Thinking she could put an end to this foolishness quickly, Miss Black asks, "What do you have to put up for collateral for a loan? You must have something of value to mortgage against a loan like this."

Buford digs into his brief case once more. "I have this!" he exclaims as he draws forth a crystal trinket on a silver chain. "I can't give you a loan based on this THING," Miss Black says, pointing at Buford's treasure. Buford begs. He pleads. Finally, Buford demands to see the bank manager. Miss Greene, the teller, leaves for a moment to get the bank manager. Another animated conversation ensues at the other side of the bank. The manager comes over and asks "What's the problem, Miss Black?" "Well, Mr. Brown..." and the Loan Manager explains that the frog wants to take out a loan, to construct housing in the swamp for his in-laws and out-laws and he has plans and permits, but all he has is this trinket as collateral. The manager bemused by this whole situation, takes the trinket in hand, examines it carefully, and then hands it back to Buford saying, "It's a knick knack, Patty Black. Give the frog a loan."

A Long Way to Go

It came to pass that a very poor peasant was down to his last meal. Deciding he could no longer live in squalor, he decide to sell the only thing he owned... his talking mule. These was no ordinary Francis type of talking mule, this one could tell jokes and sing and keep the local townspeople very happy. With much regret, the peasant sets off to the big city to sell his mule.

He sets up on a street corner and the mule draws an immediate crowd. The mule is so funny that the crowds can't remain standing because they're laughing so hard. Finally, a man comes up to the peasant and says "I'm a talent scout for The Tonight Show. I MUST have your mule for our show." Unfortunately, the talent scout had just been pick pocketed, and had lost his wallet. The only thing of value he had was a subway token. He convinced the peasant to trade the mule for the "Magic Token of Good Fortune" and secured the mule.

On the way home, the peasant realized that he had been taken, and he was broken hearted. He

used his subway token to get him to the edge of the city. When he put the token in the slot, alarms went off and he was notified that he was the 1 billionth rider of the subway, and that he just won 50 million dollars.

Meanwhile, the Mule was so funny that he took over Jay's job, and eventually put Dave, Conan, John and every other late nighter out of business. As you can see from this story: A mule that is funny is soon bartered.

Dances with Cucumbers

May 5, 1863 -- Here on the frontier, I sometimes wonder if the ancients were right. With no other friendly face within 150 miles, it seems as if I _have_ fallen off the edge of the Earth.

I spend my time now reading what books I have and cultivating my patch of cucumbers (which I brought back from the Holy Land, cf. Prince of Thieves). The "purpose" of this fort, to hold back the Indians, has fallen away with my civilized veneer.

May 7, 1863 -- This morning I had an interesting and silent encounter. One of the tribe of Indians nearby watched me perform my morning tasks and then left without a word. I am excited by the prospect of contact with the natives of the area.

May 20, 1863 -- I have finally convinced the Indians to parlay with me. I taught them the word for "fort", feeling that it would be simple enough for them to learn. They in turn taught me the Indian word "titonka", apparently a small but tough, powerfully merchandised horseless carriage of metal construction. I envy these people their simplicity.

June 7, 1863 -- Today I visited the Indians' village. It is on one of the many flat-topped plateaus in the area. As the decline of the buffalo proceeds, so too does this Indian tribe face decline. I will try to teach them agriculture. They have also told me their name for themselves. It is "Anasazi"... which apparently means "people called Anasazi" in their language. I am called by them "Stinchapecsal" which means "he who should bathe more regularly".

July 8, 1863 -- A rude awakening. The Indians are fully aware of agriculture and in fact have nothing to do with the buffalo (what kind of nomadic tribe would build a village on a mesa?); unfortunately, they are suffering a drought.

Knowing a remedy, I have told them to dig a ditch from the nearby stream up the mountainside to their mesa-top fields. In the meantime, I am pickling my cucumbers.

July 20, 1863 -- The drought is desperate, but the ditch is finished and my pickles are ready. I am lining the ditch with pickles. The Anasazi are doubtful, but I have promised them results in the morning.

July 21, 1863 -- Success! The stream has been diverted and now flows up the mountainside to the Anasazi fields. Amazed by this seeming magic, I told them that it was simply a well-known fact in my world. After all, everyone knows that "dill waters run steep".

Dogs in the Wild West

One hot and dry day in the Wild West, this dog walks into a saloon and says, "Gimme a beer". Evidently this type of thing wasn't too rare 'round those parts because the bartender said, "I'm sorry, but we don't serve dogs here." The dog then took out a silver dollar, dropped it on the bar, and said, "Look, I got money, and I want a beer." This scene had the potential to get ugly. The bartender, getting a little irate, said one more time, "We do not serve dogs here. Please leave." The dog growled, so the bartender pulled out a gun and shot the dog in the foot! The dog yelped, and ran out the door.

The next day, the swinging bar doors were tossed open and in walks the dog that had been in the saloon the day before. He was dressed all in black. A black cowboy hat, a black vest, three black cowboy boots and one black bandage. The dog looks around, waits for the talking to quiet down, and says, "I'm lookin' fer the man who shot my paw."

Down In the Sea

Fred Herring's best friend was Waylon Whale. They always played together. Their friendship was well known all over the ocean. One day Waylon decided that he would like to take a trip to the Gulf of California, but Fred, fearing earthquakes, decided not to go with him but to stay in Puget Sound.

A few weeks later in school, an angel fish class mate of Fred's asked "Do you know what Waylon Whale is doing down there in granola land (land of fruits, nuts, and flakes)?"

"No" replied Fred Herring, "I'm not my blubber's kipper."

During The French Revolution

During the French Revolution, the "common people" were intent on ridding themselves of all vestiges of the Royalty and nobility. The Reign of Terror ensued and all nobility was hunted down. Some were allowed to leave the country, however most were executed at the guillotine. One nobleman in particular had sent his family into hiding in hopes of saving them. Soon he was caught. The crowd searched in vain for his family, but they were well hidden. Threats were made but he always replied, "I'll never tell!". Finally the crowd dragged him to the guillotine and offered to let he and his family leave the country if he would only disclose their location. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They dragged him up onto the platform next to the horrible machine and asked him again. Still he replied "I'll never tell!". They laid his neck across the cutting board and asked him once more. Again he replied "I'll never tell!". They slowly hoisted the blade and again asked for the location of his family. Weakly he replied " I'll never tell". They waited to see if his resolve would fail, he remained silent. Just as the executioner pulled the release and the blade began to fall the Count called out "Wait, I'll tell, I'll t....."

The moral to this story, don't hatchet your Count before he chickens!

Farmer Jones and the Big Quake

On a bright and sunny morning in May, Farmer Jones went out to plow his fields. He led old Bessie, his plow horse, out of the barn and hitched her up to the plow. The aroma of newly plowed earth wafted behind him as he produced a ruler straight furrow across the field. Suddenly his reverie was broken as a strong earthquake struck. As the ground shook beneath his feet, he fell to his knees. His plow fell over almost on top of him, as did old Bessie. But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Farmer Jones stood, dusted himself off, and grabbed the reins to right old Bessie. He pulled the plow upright, hitched up the horse again and began to plow. Shaken somewhat by the strange experience, the furrow began to zig a little from side to side as Bessie pulled the plow blade through the fertile ground. After only a few seconds a strong aftershock rolled through the farm. Again it was strong enough to knock Farmer Jones from his feet, topple his plow, and with a loud protest, drive old Bessie to the ground. This time the farmer looked back across the field toward the house and noticed that the goats and cows had fallen over, too But, beyond the fence in the next field, the bull remained standing.

Shaken and puzzled, Farmer Jones picked himself up and dusted off his overalls. Righting the horse and plow, he quieted old Bessie as best he could. She seemed more rattled by all this than he was. As strong as the two earthquakes were, Farmer Jones could not understand how the bull remained standing. So he started toward the other field to see if he could find out what was going on with the bull. As he crossed the field, and climbed through the fence into the field where the bull stood, a very strong aftershock struck -- much worse than either of the preceding earthquakes -- putting him on the ground flat on his face. Looking behind himself he saw Old Bessie and the plow had fallen down again. Down toward the house the goats and cows had fallen down again. In fact, this aftershock was so strong that the chickens had fallen over as well. The front porch on the farmhouse had crashed down and the walls looked as though they would not last much longer. But, only a few feet away from him, the bull remained standing.

He picked himself up, dusted off, and without bothering to right either horse or plow, marched toward the bull. Shaken to the core, puzzled and angry, Farmer Jones shouted, demanding to know why everything on the farm had been knocked over by the earthquakes and the bull had remained on his feet. Much to Farmer Jones' astonishment, the bull replied, "We bulls wobble, but we don't fall down!"

Freddy Fish

Freddy Fish and Sam Clam were the best of friends, and did everything together. One day, though, both perished in a freak mishap. Freddy Fish went to heaven, and immediately looked around for his best friend. Not finding him, he asked St. Peter where Sam was.

"Sorry, he didn't make it in."

"You mean he's down there?" asked Freddy.

"Yes."

"Well, I want to go see him!"

"This is highly unorthodox," said St. Peter. "I'll ask the big guy."

Moments later St. Peter returned and said:

"You can go, but you can only stay for one hour."

"Great!" said Freddy, and grabbed his harp before anyone changed their minds. He went to the elevator, and went down.

When the elevator doors opened, Freddy saw a huge sign:

SAM'S DISCOTHEQUE

He went in, and discovered that it was run by his old friend. They sat down and reminisced about old times, and had a few drinks. Time flew by, and when Freddy noticed his watch, he saw that he had fifteen seconds left to return. He jumped out of his chair, yelled a goodbye to Sam Clam, and raced to the elevator.

The elevator doors opened in heaven with only one second to spare. St. Peter was standing there with a stopwatch.

"You just barely made it," said St. Peter.

"I know," panted Freddy, out of breath. "But I have to go back there!"

"What do you mean!?!?" asked an incredulous St. Peter.

So Freddy Fish says (* groan *):

"I left my harp in Sam Clam's Disco!"

Frogs N' Flies

It seems there were two frogs sitting on a lily pad, when all of a sudden, a fly came along. One frog put out his tongue, ate the fly, and started laughing hysterically. Soon the other frog joined in the laughter.

Later in the day, the other frog ate a fly and the two frogs burst out in laughter. As time went on, the frogs enjoyed the flies so much that the sight of a fly would cause them to double up with pleasure (if it's possible for frogs to double up!). But of course, the most pleasure came when the fly was actually eaten.

A third frog hopped up to the first two and asked what was so funny. The first frog answered "Time." "Huh?" asked the third frog. The second frog explained:

"Time's fun when you're having flies."

John Tate's Compass

This all reminds me of the unfortunate story of the British entrepreneur John Tate and his compasses. Sometime back in the mid-1800s a small-time British manufacturer named John Tate decided to go into the business of making compasses. He set up a factory, installed the machinery, hired some workers, and began turning out his first compasses. He had just completed his first batch of 500 compasses when someone finally pointed out that he had forgotten to mark which end of the compass was north. The compasses worked fine;

you just didn't know which way was north and which was south. Needless to say poor Mr. Tate's compasses didn't sell;

Tate went bankrupt, the factory closed, and the workers were laid off. But his memory lives on, since that time any compass where you're not sure which end is north and which is south has been known as a 'Tate's compass'.

The moral of the story, of course, is that he who has a Tate's is lost.

Just a Pain In The Neck

Once there was this Indian who found that every time he bent over to pick up the paddle for his canoe, he'd get this terrible crick in his back. He went to see the doctor the next time he was in town, and the doctor said, "If this happens to you again, simply grasp the paddle with both hands, shove the bottom of the paddle into the ground, and pull yourself up." The next day the Indian was reaching for the paddle when he once again got the crick in his back. Remembering what the doctor had told him, he grabbed the paddle and managed to slowly work his way up it. When at last he was able to stand up again, he was very surprised to find himself up a paddle without a crick.

Rabbi Liebner in the Valley of the Treads

On the topic of celestial guidance, Rabbi Liebner has something of an odd contribution...

The town of Treadville was small but prosperous and lay in a high valley surrounded by higher mountains. The Treads (for that is what they named themselves) were wealthy enough to love more than work and humble enough to make more than money. Little disturbed their peace until a late autumn night.

On that night, the Treads beheld a small but bright light gleaming from the top of a neighboring mountain. Curious in their ease, they soon decided to climb the mountain -- the highest of those around -- to discover the source of the light.

None arrived at the summit. At a point about halfway to the peak an extension of the mountain, seamless in the granite and shaped like an immense foot, lurched from the slope and hurled the luckless climbers from the slope. Strangely, few were harmed by the fall, but none reached the peak.

And so for years, decades, and then centuries the Treads wondered what could be the source of that radiant glow? Then, one day, one Rabbi Liebner entered the village and learned of the mystery of Tread Valley. The Rabbi was fascinated by the story and felt the touch of God in its weave. That night he watched the light and knew. He knew that he had been chosen to seek its source.

The Treads were not jealous of their mysteries; they invited the Rabbi to climb the peak the next day... and made all preparations for his

inevitable fall. Thus, he set out.

That afternoon, Rabbi Liebner reached Foot's Fall, the point where the mountain made its wishes known..... and nothing happened. The Rabbi continued upwards to the cheers of the town; at sunset he reached the summit.

There, on the mountain's brow, he stumbled to a halt. Before him stood a brilliant temple bathed in celestial light, encircled by a holy sheen. Rabbi Liebner was awed. Finally, he summoned the strength to murmur a question and a prayer. "Oh Lord, thank you for this vision! But why have I been chosen to surmount this peak? Why not the good people of Treadville in the many years they have tried?"

And to his eternal joy, the Rabbi heard in a thunderous voice from heaven, "Silly Rabbi, kicks are for Treads."

Lions and Seagulls

Dr. P. Lumb, quite proud of his academic degrees in genetics, physics, and marine biology. For the past several years, he has been working on a potion that eliminates the aging process. Before he tests it on a human subject, he chooses to test it on an animal with the mental capacities closest to a person, and so picks a dolphin. Within a week, he acquired three such animals.

His experiment is halted through many unforeseen conflicts. First, spies from a rival cosmetic company break into the premises, ransack the lab, and attempt to remove the vital vial of vim and vigor from the vault, but failed. The second problem occurred in solving the first. The doctor cheaply invests in a security system, the King of the Jungle, "Dan the Lion". The reason for this feline's discount was due to his very long cat-naps, which were 10 hours long. The doctor plopped the cat in front of the door and kept him there.

Lastly, the dolphins, after several treatments of the solution, communicated that they were having a craving for young sea birds. Lumb, feeling this was not something to be ignored, ventured into the night, captured some young seagulls, and returned to the lab.

He opened the door, stepped over Dan, and suddenly the lights were flicked on by gun-toting police officers, brandishing their weapons toward Lumb. He was arrested for..."transporting young gulls across staid lions for immortal porpoises."

Star Wars And Chinese Food

Remember Mark Hamill from Star Wars? He doesn't like to eat in Chinese restaurants. He likes the food fine, but has a lot of trouble using chopsticks. Just when he starts to get really frustrated, this voice whispers in his ear, "Use the Forks Luke."

Sir Lancelot's Mission

King Arthur sends Sir Lancelot out on an important mission to deliver a message to the king of Spain. It is a long distance, and Lancelot looks in the Kingdom for a good horse to take him there. His own horse is sick, and all he can find is an old mare, but, since he has to leave quickly, he takes the mare.

About 3 days out of the Kingdom, Lancelot realizes his mistake. The horse gets tired and appears to be going lame. He finally makes it to a small village and gets to the Inn. He goes up to the Innkeeper and explains his problem. That is, he needs a good horse so that he can fulfill his mission to deliver the message for the king. The Innkeeper replies that this is only a small village, and most of the horses around are not up to the task. He is welcome to look around, however, and if he can find anything, he is certainly welcome to it.

Lancelot looks around the village, and true as the Innkeeper has said, no good horse is to be found. As Lancelot is about to give up, he comes across a stable boy carting some feed. He asks the stable boy if there is any beast of burden in the village that he can use to fulfill his mission. The stable boy thinks for a minute, and starts to reply no, but then says, go see if Old Mange in the barn can help you.

Lancelot goes over to the barn expecting to find a horse. What he finds is a very large dog: almost as large as a pony. The dog is a mess, however. It is mangy, parts of its fur are falling off, and it is full of fleas. Lancelot is desperate at this point, and he looks it over carefully. It does, however, appear to be strong enough to take him to Spain (which is only 3 days away at this point).

Lancelot goes back to the Innkeeper, and acknowledges that he cannot find a horse in the village that he can use. He says, however that this dog, Old Mange, might be able to take him most (if not all) of the way to his destination. The Innkeeper hears this, stiffens up, and says : Sir. I wouldn't send a Knight out on a dog like that.

The Bank Robber

The financial situation had been very bad for several months. Because he was out of work and destitute, a young man decided to rob a bank. After days of observation, he chose a small satellite bank facility across the metropolitan area from where he was living. He spent several days planning every move. Late one dark moonless night he picked the lock on the rear door of the bank without difficulty.

He stealthily crept through the bank to the place where he knew the safe stood. Then his troubles began. While trying to pick the lock on the safe, he set off the burglar alarm, but his careful preparation paid off. He had brought along a furniture dolly. He quickly loaded the small safe onto the dolly and rolled it out to his van.

He drove to a friend's house and explained his problem. He asked if, in exchange for some of the loot, he might store the safe in the friend's garage for a few days. His friend assured him: "You can rest assured, your safe is secret with me!"

The Chess Players

There is the story of a group of chess enthusiasts, good friends all, who had a long day of chess matches. Late in the evening these friends went to the lobby of the large hotel where the matches were held, to talk a bit and rest. While their chat began quietly it gathered steam and got quite animated. They were telling each other of their successes of the day. One said he had won so many matches, another told of how he had beaten better players than himself. After a while of this, the hotel manager came over and summarily threw them all out, saying, "I can't abide chess nuts boasting in an open foyer".

The Chicken in the Library

A librarian is working away at her desk when she notices that a chicken has come into the library and is patiently waiting in front of the desk. When the chicken sees that it has the librarian's attention, it squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian complies, putting a couple of books down in front of the chicken. The chicken quickly grabs them and disappears.

The next day, the librarian is again disturbed by the same chicken, who puts the previous day's pile of books down on the desk and again squawks, "Book, book, book, BOOK!"

The librarian shakes her head, wondering what the chicken is doing with these books, but eventually finds some more books for the chicken. The chicken disappears.

The next day, the librarian is once again disturbed by the chicken, who squawks (in a rather irritated fashion, it seems), "Book, book, book, BOOK!" By now, the librarian's curiosity has gotten the better of her, so she gets a pile of books for the chicken, and follows the bird when it leaves the library. She follows it through the parking lot, down the street for several blocks, and finally into a large park. The chicken disappears into a small grove of trees, and the librarian follows. On the other side of the trees is a small marsh. The chicken has stopped on the side of the marsh. The librarian, now really curious, hurries over and sees that there is a small frog next to the chicken, examining each book, one at a time. The librarian comes within earshot just in time to hear the frog saying, "Read it, read it, read it..."

The Cowboy

A tall, weather-worn cowboy walked into a saloon and ordered a beer. The regulars quietly observed the drifter through half-closed eyelids. No one spoke, but they all noticed that the stranger's hat was made of brown wrapping paper. Less obvious was the fact that his shirt and vest were also made of paper. As were his chaps, pants and even his boots, including the paper spurs. Truth be told, even the saddle, blanket and bridle on his horse were made entirely of paper. The sheriff walks in and of course he arrests him immediately -- for rustling.

The Dark-Sucker Theory

For years, it has been believed that electric bulbs emit light, but recent information has proven otherwise. Electric bulbs don't emit light; they suck dark. Thus, we call these bulbs Dark-Suckers.

The Dark-Sucker Theory and the existence of dark-suckers prove that dark has mass and is heavier than light.

First, the basis of the Dark-Sucker Theory is that electric bulbs suck dark. For example, take the Dark-Sucker in the room you are in. There is much less dark right next to it than there is elsewhere. The larger the Dark-Sucker, the greater its capacity to suck dark. Dark-Suckers in the parking lot have a much greater capacity to suck dark than the ones in this room.

As it is with all things, Dark-Suckers don't last forever. Once they are full of dark, they can no longer suck. This is proven by the dark spot on a full Dark-Sucker.

A candle is a primitive Dark-Sucker. A new candle has a white wick. You can see that after the first use, the wick turns black, representing all the dark that has been sucked into it. If you put a pencil next to the wick of an operating candle, it will turn black. This is because it got in the way of the dark flowing into the candle. One of the disadvantages of these primitive Dark-Suckers is their limited range.

There are also portable Dark-Suckers. In these, the bulbs can't handle all the dark by themselves and must be aided by a Dark Storage Unit. When the Dark Storage Unit is full, it must be either emptied or replaced before the portable Dark-Sucker can operate again.

Dark has mass. When dark goes into a Dark-Sucker, friction from the mass generates heat. Thus, it is not wise to touch an operating Dark-Sucker. Candles present a special problem as the mass must travel into a solid wick instead of through clear glass. This generates a great amount of heat and therefore it's not wise to touch an operating candle-type Dark-Sucker.

Also, dark is heavier than light. If you were to swim just below the surface of the lake, you would see a lot of light. If you were to slowly swim deeper and deeper, you would notice it getting darker and darker. When you get really deep, you would be in total darkness. This is because the heavier dark sinks to the bottom of the lake and the lighter light floats at the top. This is why it is called light.

Finally, we must prove that dark is faster than light. If you were to stand in a lit room in front of a closed, dark closet, and slowly opened the closet door, you would see the light slowly enter the closet. But since dark is so fast, you would not be able to see the dark leave the closet.

Next time you see what is called an electric bulb, remember that it is really a Dark-Sucker.

The Doctor

A doctor was just starting out on his own, when he found that he just had too much work to do. Now this man was brilliant, and had particularly good people skills. Once he got a patient, they would just not see anyone else.

It seems that this man had been reading recently about the advances in cloning, and decided to have a clone made of himself to do his work.

For years it worked perfectly. His clone took care of all his patients, and he got to relax. However, the clone began to have some personality disorders. It would insult patients, and treat them very badly. It got so bad that business was suffering. The doctor decided that he just had to get rid of the clone or lose his business.

So.....one morning on their morning jog.... they jogged right over a bridge. The doctor pushed the clone over to his death.

The doctor again began seeing his old patients, and things were going exceptionally well, until a fisherman "caught" the dead clone body in the river. When the police found that the real doctor was still, in fact, alive, and that this was a clone, they didn't know just what to charge the doctor for doing wrong. After much deliberation, they decided to charge him for... Making an obscene clone fall.