

Joke-of-the-Month, 2020

January

Mitch and the Frog

A man, who looks suspiciously like Mitch McConnell, walks into a bar with a frog on his head. They sit down.



The bartender, who is a little flustered and confused, finally walks over to them. "Hey, y'all! Welcome to the Derby Bar. Uh...don't mean to sound nosey, but I have to ask. How'd you get that frog on your head? What happened?"

To which the frog replies, "I don't know. It started out as a wart on my ass."

February

Senior Living

My wife and I went into town and visited a cute shop. When we came out, there was a cop writing out a parking ticket.

We went up to him, and I said, "Come on man, how about giving a senior citizen a break?"

He ignored us and continued writing the ticket. I called him an "asshole". He glared at me and started writing out another ticket for having worn-out tires. So my wife called him a "shithead".



He finished the second ticket and put it on the windshield with the first. Then he started writing more tickets. This went on for about 20 minutes. The more we abused him, the more tickets he wrote. He finally finished, sneered at us, and walked away.

Just then our bus arrived, and we got on it and went home. We always look for cars with Trump 2016 stickers. We try to have a little fun each day now that we're retired.

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March

Three Brazilian Soldiers

Mike Pence briefed Trump this morning. He was told that three Brazilian soldiers were killed in Afghanistan.

To everyone's amazement, the color ran from Trump's face, and he collapsed onto his desk, with his head in his hands, visibly shaken, almost whimpering.

Finally he composed himself and asked Pence:

"Just exactly how many is a Brazilian?"



April

Now They're Congressmen



Bob and Ray, two government maintenance guys, were standing at the base of a flagpole, looking up. A woman walked by and asked what they were doing.

"We're supposed to find the height of the flagpole", said Bob, "but we don't have a ladder."

The woman said, "Hand me that wrench out of your toolbox."

She loosened a few bolts, and then laid the pole down. She took a tape measure from their toolbox, took a measurement and announced, "Eighteen feet, six inches", and walked away.

Ray shook his head and laughed. "Well, ain't that just like a 'Miss-know-it-all' woman?" he said. "We needed the height, and she gives us the length!"

Bob and Ray are still working for the government.

But now they're both Congressmen.



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May

Nuns in Dublin

A car full of Irish nuns are sitting at a traffic light in downtown Dublin when a bunch of rowdy drunks pull up alongside of them.

"Hey, show us yer teets, ya bloody penguins." shouts one of the drunks.



Quite shocked, Mother Superior turns to Sister Mary Immaculata and says, "I don't think they know who we are; show them your cross."

Sister Mary Immaculata rolls down her window and shouts, "Piss off, ya fookin' little wankers, before I come over there and rip yer balls off."

She then rolls up her window, looks back at Mother Superior quite innocently, and asks, "Did I sound cross enough?"

June

Rooster Puzzle

A little silver-haired lady calls her neighbor and says, "Please come over here and help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't figure out how to get started."

Her neighbor asks, "What is it supposed to be when it's finished?"



The little silver-haired lady says, "According to the picture on the box, it's a rooster."

Her neighbor decides to go over and help with the puzzle.

She lets her in and shows her the puzzle spread out all over the kitchen table.

The neighbor studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says, "First of all, no

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matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster."

"Missing pieces?"

She takes her hand and says, "Relax, dear. Let's have a nice cup of tea."

"And then," she sighs, "let's put all the Corn Flakes back in the box."

July

Farmer Joe's Lawsuit



Farmer Joe decided his injuries from the accident were serious enough to take the trucking company, responsible for the accident, to court. In court, the trucking company's fancy lawyer was questioning Farmer Joe. "Didn't you say, 'I'm fine', at the scene of the accident?" asked the lawyer.

Farmer Joe responded, "Well, I'll tell you what happened. I had just loaded my favorite mule Bessie into the..."

"I didn't ask for a long, drawn-out story," the lawyer interrupted, "just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine'!"

Farmer Joe said, "Well, I had just got Bessie into the trailer and I was driving down the road..."

The lawyer interrupted again

and said, "Judge, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now, several weeks after the accident, he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."



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By this time the Judge was fairly interested in Farmer Joe's answer and said to the lawyer, "I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favorite mule, Bessie."

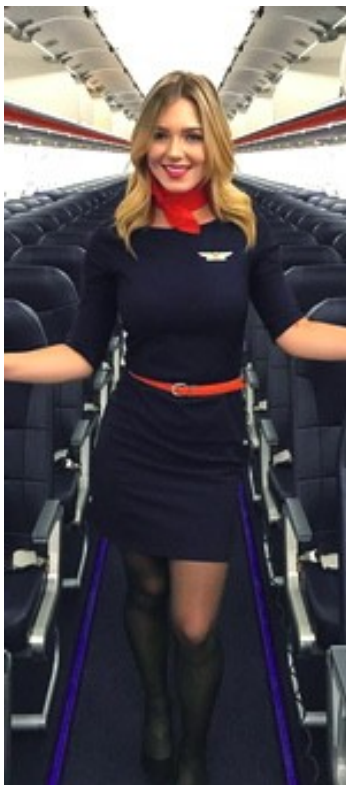
Joe thanked the Judge and proceeded, "Well, as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my favorite mule, into the trailer and was driving her down the highway when this huge semi-truck and trailer ran the stop sign and smacked my truck right in the side."

He continued, "I was thrown into one ditch and Bessie was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn't want to move. However, I could hear ole Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape just by her groans."

Shortly after the accident a Highway Patrolman came on the scene. He could hear Bessie moaning and groaning so he went over to her. After he looked at her, he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes. Then, he came across the road with his gun in his hand, looked at me and said, 'Your mule was in such bad shape I had to shoot her. How are you feeling?'"

August

Lawyer Who Gave Me The Crabs



A lawyer boarded an airplane in New Orleans with a box of frozen crabs and asked a blonde flight attendant take care of them for him.

She took the box and promised to put it in the crew's refrigerator. He advised her that he was holding her personally responsible for them staying frozen, mentioning in an arrogant manner that he was a lawyer, and threatened what would happen to her if she let them thaw out.

Shortly before landing in New York, she used the intercom to



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announce to the entire cabin, "Would the lawyer who gave me the crabs in New Orleans, please raise your hand."

Not one hand went up ... so she took them home and ate them. There are two lessons here:

1. Lawyers aren't as smart as they think they are.
2. Blondes aren't as dumb as most folks think.

If you have a joke to share, please [send it to me](#).

September

Two Ladies Drinking Tea

Two elderly ladies, Mabel and Evie, meet at a café for a nice cup of tea and a bit of cake.

After a while, Mabel peers closely at Evie and says, "Evie! It looks like you have a suppository in your ear!"

"What?"

"It looks like you have a suppository in your ear, Evie!" says Mabel, a bit louder.

"Oh," checks Evie, "you're right! Drat, well, at least I know where my hearing aid is now."



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October

Texas Hoedown

A New Yorker moves to a ranch in Texas. One day, sitting out on his front porch, he sees a Jeep coming over the hill and heading his way. It pulls into his driveway and out jumps a cowboy.



"I'm your neighbor from up over yonder," he says. "Really glad to see ya. We ain't had no neighbors here in ten years. In fact we're so tickled that we're gonna have us a gen-u-wine Texas hoedown in your honor at my place tonight."

"Well, that's very kind of you," says the New Yorker.

"Now, I need to tell you," says the cowboy, "that there may be some drinkin' and a-dancin'."

"Well sure," says the New Yorker.

"And there may even be a little fuckin' and fightin'."

"Well this is Texas, after all," says the New Yorker. "What should I wear?"

"Oh, it don't matter," says the cowboy. "It's just gonna be you and me."

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November

What Parents Do for a Living

A fourth-grade teacher asked her students what their parents do for a living. All the typical answers came up – mechanic, business, sales, doctor, engineer... and so forth.

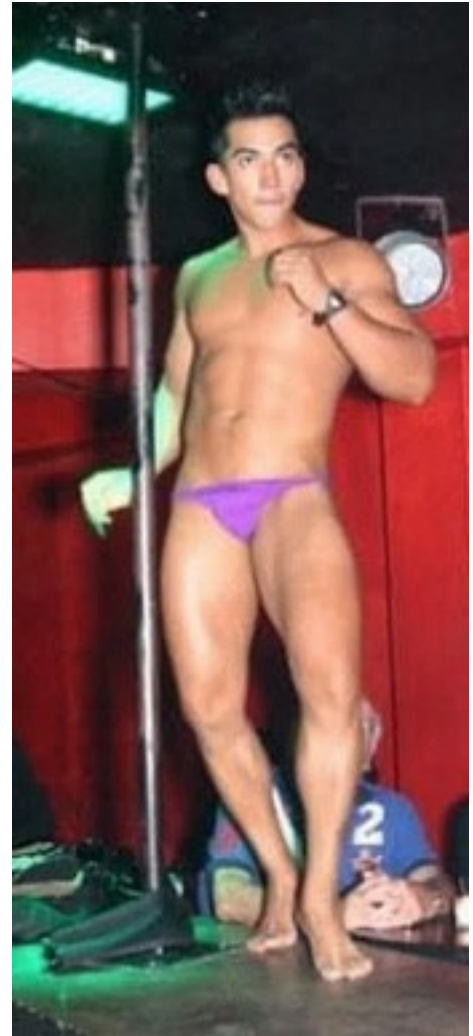
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However, little Justin was being uncharacteristically quiet, so when the teacher prodded him about his parents, he replied, "My father's an exotic dancer in a gay cabaret and takes off all his clothes to music in front of other men and they put money in his underwear. Sometimes, if the offer is really good, he will go home with some guy and stay with him all night for money."

The teacher, obviously shaken by this statement, hurriedly set the other children to work on some exercises and took little Justin aside. "Is that really true about your dad?"

"No," the boy said, "He works for the Republican National Committee and is trying to get Trump re-elected, but it's too embarrassing to say that in front of the other kids."

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December

Two Reindeer

The game show contestant was only 200 points behind the leader and was about to answer the final question worth 500 points!

"To be today's champion," the show's smiling host intoned, "name two of Santa's reindeer."

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The contestant, a man in his early thirties, gave a sigh of relief, gratified that he had drawn such an easy question. "Rudolph!" he said confidently, "and ... Olive!"



The studio audience started to applaud (which the little sign above their heads said to do), but the clapping quickly faded into groaning and mumbling.

The confused host replied, "Yes, we'll accept Rudolph, but could you please explain 'Olive'?"

"You know," the man circled his hand forward impatiently and began to sing, "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer had a very shiny nose. And if you ever saw it, you would even say it glows. Olive, the other reindeer..."

from the *Celtic Connection*

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K1 (aka Chris Kermiet) has had several careers in his lifetime: as a jazz performer and arranger, a rock drummer and record producer, a traditional dance caller and teacher (contras, squares, English Country Dance), and as a composer (primarily electronic and choral music). He's been writing poems since his early 20's, and has been putting them online, one per month for the last 6 years, at <http://poemofthemonth.us>

