

[WWW.DEBBIENICHOLSONONLINE.COM](http://WWW.DEBBIENICHOLSONONLINE.COM)

# LIFE HAPPENS



**FUNNY EMAILS and FACEBOOK  
MESSAGES**

**VOLUME 1**

# Life Happens

## Volume 1

By: Debbie Nicholson

© 2012

## Contents

Preface .....	4
Chapter One : Six Hungry Babies .....	9
Chapter Two: The Cat! .....	16
Chapter Three: Maori Style .....	19
Chapter Four: The Best Divorce Letter Ever! .....	21
Chapter Five: Seven Year Old With Cancer (This Child Is Local) .....	24
Chapter Six: Your Age By Chocolate Math .....	26
Chapter Seven: A Good Friend Test!.....	36
Chapter Eight: The Lawyer .....	43
Chapter Nine: A Good Man .....	47
Chapter Ten: The Tunnel.....	50
Chapter Eleven: The Parking Ticket .....	52
Chapter Twelve: Cindy's Wedding .....	56
Chapter Thirteen: Believe It Or Not .....	59
Chapter Fourteen: A Florida Story!.....	62
Chapter Fifteen: Keep Smiling.....	66

Chapter Sixteen: How A Man Thinks.....	86
Chapter Seventeen: The Green Thing.....	89
Chapter Eighteen: Your House.....	92
Chapter Nineteen: The Loving Husband .....	97
Chapter Twenty: Baptising An Irishman.....	99
Chapter Twenty-One: Questionable Doctor On Food And Diet .....	101
Chapter Twenty-Two: Five Horses Is Her Name .....	104
Chapter Twenty-Three: The Historic Chinese Philosopher .....	108
Chapter Twenty-Four: Giving Up Wine .....	111
Chapter Twenty Five: 11 Things You Do Not Learn In School.	115

## Preface

One day when I was packing up my house to finally say goodbye to that style of living, I went through some old emails and papers that I had forgotten in much of my “stuff” that one saves “just in case”. And the laughter helped me change my mood as to whether my husband was making the right decision about selling our house.

Like the papers I had kept, I realised that I was at the point of change in my life. And these papers were now destined for the next change in their existence – the rubbish.

However, as I continued to read I wondered if anyone else would be interested in my collection of stuff and nonsense. And so a book idea was formed in a VERY small corner of my mind. You know how what you think about comes about. Well, that day I thought about a book in the future, not then, as I was far too busy. (Procrastination at its best!)

Well that day has arrived. And yesterday and today I have spent many hours, copying and pasting, editing, hunting up the pictures that matched the stories in my vast collection of MY PICTURES FOLDER and most of all LAUGHING at what my friends have thought wise to send me at various times of our lives.

Following are a collection of emails and Facebook messages sent to me since I first owned a computer way

back in the 1980s and people discovered this method of sending things to each other.

Some things are rude I must warn you now, so be wary as to who you allow to read these pages. Some stories appear racist, and I hope you do not read them as such and only see the humour that appears in the story. They are after all, just a take-off of different people in the world who have habits and who express their way of thinking which is sometimes different to those of our own. They are only words meant to be laughed at and I sincerely hope you see the joke that was intended when you read them.

I have thoroughly enjoyed going through my old papers these past couple of days and remembering the person who sent them to me and what was happening in the current events of the world and our country at the time. Above all, I have laughed and shared that laughter with my husband Keith, who laughed so much at some of them, the tears rolled down his face.

That gave me much pleasure seeing him do that. Because I know that he enjoys a good joke. And I know there are many people out there in the world, who also enjoy a good joke. Please let that be you.

I have many other stories to share with you so be on the lookout for the next Volume in this series. I promise there will not be repeats UNLESS someone sent it to me in a different style of mood.

I always have wanted to make a difference in the world, well maybe just to have you laugh when you read on, will be my way of impacting on your life and also that you might think of me as a FUN person to be with.

I hope the pictures turn out for the Kindle eBook for which I will be publishing my collections. Over the past few months I have learned how to write for the Kindle eBook and so enjoyed the experience that I knew that I had at last reached the point in my life where it was time to follow my own dream and write some of my own stuff.

So I thought I would start with this collection while at the same time also begin to finish off numerous chapters of books I have started and stopped since I was 21 years old.

I wish to thank my mentor Stephen Pierce who has greatly contributed to my success with kindle eBooks and You Tube Videos. He was so patient as he gave me step by step instructions and then got me to rewrite and remake stuff that wasn't quite by his standards. I used to eagerly search my emails for his thoughts on some of my ideas and then sometimes, just sometimes, I would be hurt thinking why do I have to rewrite or remake that? Can't he see what I was on about with that subject? But you know, Stephen is a perfectionist – he likes students he has trained to be known in the world as His Students. And so why shouldn't we have the touch of the Master in our work. I am proud to know him and to be an avid follower of him

in our weekly webinar classes and of all the other internet stuff he authors.

I also wish to acknowledge Kurek Ashley who got me to walk on fire many times when he was visiting New Zealand, training thousands of us to have self confidence beyond expectation and belief. A truly talented Master.

There are many aspects of my life that needed healing before I could even attempt this work. And for that I wish to thank Dr Alex Lloyd who pointed me to The Healing Codes and subsequently to The Success Codes. I continue to learn from this great Master who was Heaven Sent to me so that I could be writing this for you to read today.

And of course last but not least I would like to thank my initial Master, Graeme Clegg, who first opened my eyes to self development. Up until I met him, I didn't know that to pursue life one needed goals and finishing lines and encouragement and motivation and all of that stuff. I just thought that life happened - take it or leave it.

So read on, my reader. Thank you for purchasing my book and I hope you follow up with my future volumes. Your greatest gift to me would be to know that you enjoyed a long Laugh at what I have provided here.

And of course if you wish to contribute to a future volume then my email address for such things is

[stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com)



All contributions are greatly accepted and appreciated.



Debbie Nicholson (Me laughing at what I am writing)



Formerly of Paremata, and currently from Paekakariki,  
New Zealand

3 March 2012.

# **Chapter One : Six Hungry Babies**

## Angels In Indiana

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket.

Their father was gone.

My boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two. Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tyres crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds.

He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries. Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it.

I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress, loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town.

No luck.

The kids stayed crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince who ever would listen that I was

willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job.

Still no luck.

The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning... ..She paid 65 cents an hour, and I could start that night.

I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pyjamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal..

That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers, we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money-- fully half of what I averaged every night.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added a strain to my meagre wage. The tyres on the old Chevy had the

consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tyres in the back seat. New tyres! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana ? I wondered.

I made a deal with the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tyres, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tyres.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. There were the truckers, Les, Frank , and Jim , and a state trooper named Joe . A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine.

The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up. When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, to my amazement, my old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, crawled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box. It was full of shirts to go with the jeans.

Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There was candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop.

## **The Power Of Prayer.**

I believe that God only gives three answers to prayer:

1. "Yes!"
2. "Not yet."
3. "I have something better in mind."

God still sits on the throne, the devil is a liar.

You may be going through a tough time right now but God is getting ready to bless you in a way that you cannot imagine.

My instructions were to pick four people that I wanted God to bless, and I picked you. Please pass this to at least four people you want to be blessed.

This prayer is powerful, and prayer is one of the best gifts we receive. There is no cost but a lot of rewards.

Let's continue to pray for one another. Here is the prayer:....

Father, I ask You to bless my friends, relatives and email buddies reading this right now. Show them a new revelation of Your love and power. Amen.

I know I picked more than four, so can you?.....

## **Chapter Two: The Cat!**



## What Can You Say?

We were dressed and ready to go out for a Dinner and Theatre evening. We turned on a 'night light', turned the answering machine on, covered our pet budgie and put the cat in the backyard.

We phoned the local Taxi company and requested a taxi. The taxi arrived and we opened the front door to leave the house.

As we walked out the door, the cat we had put out in the yard scooted back into the house. We didn't want the cat shut in the house because she always tries to get at the budgie.

My wife walked on out to the taxi, while I went back inside to get the cat. The cat ran upstairs with me in hot pursuit. Waiting in the cab, my wife didn't want the driver to know that the house will be empty for the night. So, she explained to the taxi driver that I would be out soon. "He's just going upstairs to say Goodbye to my mother."

A few minutes later, I got into the cab.

"Sorry I took so long," I said, as we drove away. "The silly girl was hiding under the bed. I had to poke her in the bum with a coat hanger to get her to come out! She tried to take off, so I grabbed her by the neck, Then, I had to wrap her in a blanket to keep her from scratching me. But

it worked! I hauled her downstairs and threw her out into the back yard!”

The silence in the Taxi was deafening.

## **Chapter Three: Maori Style**

## **A New Experience**

A New Zealand Maori picks up a hooker.

“How much do you charge an hour, sister?” he asks.

“\$100,” she replies.

He says, “Do you do Maori style?”

“No,” she says, not knowing what Maori Style is.

“I will pay you \$300.”

“No,” she says.

“I will pay you \$400.”

“No,” she says.

So finally he says, “OK, I pay you \$1000 to do it in Maori Style.”

She thinks, “Well I’ve been in the game for over 10 years now. I’ve had every kind of request from weirdo’s from every part of the world. How bad could Maori Style be?”

So she agrees and has sex with him.

They do it in every kind of way and in every possible position.

Finally, after several hours, they finish.

Exhausted, the hooker turns to him and says, “Hey, I was expecting something perverted and disgusting. But that was good. So what exactly is ‘Maori Style?’”

The Maori replies, “You send the bill to Social Welfare.”

# **Chapter Four: The Best Divorce Letter Ever!**

## **Free At Last**

Dear Wife,

I'm writing you this letter to tell you that I'm leaving you forever. I've been a good man to you for 7 years and I have nothing to show for it. These last 2 weeks have been hell. Your boss called to tell me that you quit your job today and that was the last straw.

Last week, you came home and didn't even notice I had a new haircut. I had cooked your favourite meal and even wore a brand new pair of silk boxers. You ate in 2 minutes, and went straight to sleep after watching all of your soaps. You don't tell me you love me anymore; you don't want sex or anything that connects us as husband and wife.

Either you're cheating on me or you don't love me anymore. Whatever the case, I'm gone.

Your Ex-husband.

P.S. Don't try to find me. Your Sister and I are moving away to West Virginia together! Have a great life!

.....Dear Ex-Husband.

Nothing has made my day more than receiving your letter. It's true you and I have been married for 7 years, although a good man is a far cry from what you've been. I watch

my soaps so much because they drown out your constant whining and griping – **TOO BAD** that doesn't work. I **DID** notice when you got a hair cut last week, but the first thing that came to mind was "You look just like a girl!" Since my mother raised me not to say anything if you can't say something nice, I didn't comment. And when you cooked my favourite meal, you must have gotten me confused with **MY SISTER**, because I stopped eating pork 7 years ago. About those new silk boxers: I turned away from you because the \$49.99 price tag was still on them, and I prayed it was a coincidence that my sister had just borrowed \$50 from me that morning.

After all of this, I still loved you and felt we could work it out. So when I hit the lotto for 10 million dollars, I quit my job and brought us 2 tickets to Jamaica, but when I got home you were gone.

Everything happens for a reason, I guess. I hope you have the fulfilling life you always wanted. My lawyer said that the letter you wrote ensures you won't get a dime from me. So take care.

Signed,

Your Ex-Wife,

Rich As Hell And Free.

P. S. I don't know if I ever told you this, but my sister Carla was born Carl. I hope that's not a problem.



## **Chapter Five: Seven Year Old With Cancer (This Child Is Local)**

## **Make A Wish Foundation**

Hi, my name is Amy Bruce.

I am 7 years old, and I have a large tumour on my brain and severe lung cancer. The doctors say I will die soon if this isn't fixed, and my family can't pay the bills. 'The Make A Wish Foundation' has agreed to donate 7 cents for every time this message is sent on.

For those of you who send this along, I thank you so much.

But for those who don't send it, I will still pray for you.

Please, if you are a kind person, have a heart. Please, please, **PLEASE HIT THE FORWARD BUTTON**

Thank You  
Amy Bruce

# **Chapter Six: Your Age By Chocolate Math**

The Year 2009 Is Very Significant



**Don't tell me your age; you'd probably lie anyway-but  
the Chocolate Man will know!**



**This is pretty neat.**

**DON'T CHEAT BY SCROLLING DOWN FIRST!**

**It takes less than a minute .**

**Work this out as you read .**

**Be sure you don't read the bottom until you've worked it  
out!**

**This is not one of those waste of time things, it's fun.**



**1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you would like to have chocolate (more than once but less than 10)**



**2. Multiply this number by 2 (just to be bold)**



**3. Add 5**



**4. Multiply it by 50 -- I'll wait while you get the calculator**





**5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1759 ...If you haven't, add 1758..**



**6... Now subtract the four digit year that you were born.**



**You should have a three digit number**



**The first digit of this was your original number  
(i.e., how many times you want to have chocolate each  
week).**



**The next two numbers are**



**YOUR AGE! (Oh YES, it is!!!!)**



**THIS IS THE ONLY YEAR (2009) IT WILL EVER WORK,  
SO SPREAD IT AROUND WHILE IT LASTS.**

**Chocolate Calculator.**

## **Chapter Seven: A Good Friend Test!**

## **Are You Simple or Real?**

**This is GOOD...I expect it back too! I especially like the last sentence!!!!!!**

**A simple friend, when visiting, acts like a guest.  
A real friend opens your refrigerator and helps herself  
and doesn't feel even the least bit weird shutting  
your 'beer/Pepsi drawer' with her foot!**



**A simple friend has never seen you cry.  
A real friend's shoulder is soggy from your tears..**



**A simple friend doesn't know your parents' first names.**

**A real friend has their phone numbers in his address book.**



**A simple friend brings a bottle of wine to your party.**



**A real friend comes early to help you cook and stays late to help you clean.**



**A simple friend hates it when you call after they've gone to bed.  
A real friend asks you why you took so long to call.**



**A simple friend seeks to talk with you about your problems.**

**A real friend seeks to help you with your problems.**

**A simple friend wonders about your romantic history.**

**A real friend could blackmail you with it!**





**A simple friend thinks the friendship is over  
when you have an argument.  
A real friend calls you after you had a fight.**



**A simple friend expects you to always be there  
for them.  
A real friend expects to always be there for you!**



**A simple friend reads this e-mail and deletes it.**

**A real friend passes it on and sends it back  
to you!**



**Pass this on to anyone you care about.....if you get  
it back you have no beginning, no end.**

**It keeps us together, like our Circle of Friends.  
Today I pass this on to you. Pass it on to  
someone  
who is a friend to you..**



**INSTANTLY WHEN YOU RECEIVE THIS LETTER,  
YOU'RE REQUESTED TO SEND IT  
TO AT LEAST 5 PEOPLE, INCLUDING THE PERSON  
WHO SENT IT TO YOU.**

## **Chapter Eight: The Lawyer**

## **You Have To Be Clever**

A Charlotte, NC lawyer purchased a box of very rare and expensive cigars, then insured them against fire, among other things.

Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars and without yet having made even his first premium payment on the policy, the lawyer filed a claim against the insurance company.

In his claim, the lawyer stated the cigars were lost “in a series of small fires.” The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion.

**The Lawyer sued .... And WON!**

(Stay with me)

In delivering the ruling, the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The judge stated nevertheless, that the lawyer “held a policy from the company in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be unacceptable fire” and was obligated to pay the claim.

Rather than endure a lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the lawyer for his loss of the rare cigars lost in the “fires”.

### **NOW FOR THE BEST PART...**

After the Lawyer cashed the check, the insurance company had him arrested on 24 counts of **ARSON!!!**

With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used against him, the lawyer was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to 24 months in jail and a \$24,000 fine.

## **Chapter Nine: A Good Man**

## **From A Face Book Friend**

**If**

you have a wonderful man

**who**

works hard to take care of you and would do anything for you,

**that**

makes you laugh,

**that's**

your best friend,

**who**

you want to grow old with,

**who**

will always pick you up when you are down,

**who**

is your world and someone you're thankful for.

**Post**



this on your status and give the good men the recognition.

# Chapter Ten: The Tunnel

## **The Slap**

Sitting together on a train travelling through the Swiss Alps, were a Kiwi guy, an Australian bloke, a little old Greek lady, and a young, attractive, blonde Swiss girl.

The train goes into a dark tunnel and a few seconds later there is the sound of a loud slap.

When the train emerges from the tunnel, the Aussie has a bright red hand print on his cheek.

No one speaks.

The old lady thinks:

*The Aussie guy must have groped the blonde in the dark, and she slapped his cheek.*

The Blonde Swiss girl thinks:

*That Aussie guy must have tried to grope me in the dark, but missed and fondled the old lady and she slapped his cheek.*

The Aussie thinks:

*The Kiwi bloke must have groped the blonde in the dark. She tried to slap him but missed and got me instead.*

The Kiwi thinks:

*I can't wait for another tunnel, just so I can that Aussie guy again.*

# Chapter Eleven: The Parking Ticket

## Being Retired



Working people frequently ask retired people what they do to make their days interesting.

Well, for example, the other day, my wife and I went into town and visited a 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 another ticket for having worn-out tyres.

So my wife call him a “shit head”. 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.

Just then our bus arrived, and we got on it and went home.

We try to have a little fun each day now that we’re retired.

It’s important at our age.

## **Chapter Twelve: Cindy's Wedding**



## **This Brings Out A YES Response!**

Cindy's wedding day was fast approaching. Nothing could dampen her excitement -- not even her parent's nasty divorce.

Her mother had found the PERFECT dress to wear and would be the No 1 best dressed mother-of-the-bride ever!

A week later, Cindy was horrified to learn that her father's new young wife had bought the exact same dress! Cindy asked her to exchange it, but she refused. "Absolutely not, I look like a million bucks in this dress and I'm wearing it," she replied.

Cindy told her mother, who graciously said, "Never mind sweetheart I'll get another dress. After all, it's your special day."

A few days later, they went shopping and did find another gorgeous dress. When they stopped for lunch, Cindy asked her mother, "Aren't you going to return the other dress? You really don't have another occasion where you could wear it."

Her mother just smiled and replied, "Of course I do, dear. I'm wearing it to the rehearsal dinner the night before the wedding."

NOW I ASK YOU - IS THERE A WOMAN OUT  
THERE, ANYWHERE, WHO  
WOULDN'T ENJOY THIS STORY?

SEND IT TO EVERY WOMAN YOU KNOW!

## **Chapter Thirteen: Believe It Or Not**

## Thinking Of You

Believe it or not, the picture has a serene mystical quality, and the accompanying words are heartfelt.

Thinking of You.



PLEASE RSVP. THANK YOU. BET I GET THIS BACK.

This is the Sacred Angel

You **MUST** pass this angel on to at least 3 people within the hour of opening this email.

After you do, make a wish.

If you have passed it on, your wish will come

True and money will come your way shortly.

You're..

My friend,

My companion, Though good times and bad,

My friend,

My buddy, Through happy and sad,

Beside me you stand,

Beside me you walk,

You're there to listen,

You're there to talk.

With happiness,

With smiles,

With pain and tears,

I know you'll be there, throughout the years!

You are all good friends to me and I am grateful to you.

Send this to all your good friends online to show them  
You are friends.

If you get this back from:

1 person – you are lonely.

2 people – you have a couple of friends, but not many

3 people – you have a few friends..

4 people – you have some friends..

5 people – you have several friends!!

6 people – you have many friends!!!

7 people – you are SOOOO loved!!!

Remember no man or woman is a failure who has a friend!

If I could sit on the porch with God, the first thing I would do is thank him for you....

Author unknown

Be kinder than necessary, for everyone you meet is fighting some kind of battle...

Author Unknown

## **Chapter Fourteen: A Florida Story!**

## The Car Thief

An elderly lady from Florida went shopping, and upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at the top of her voice, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men didn't wait for a second invitation. They got out and ran like mad. The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and get into the driver's seat.

She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then it dawned on her why. A few minutes later she found her own car parked four or five spaces down.

She loaded her bags into her car and then drove to the police station. The sergeant to whom she told the story nearly tore himself in two with laughter. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car-jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun.



No charges were filed.....

## **Chapter Fifteen: Keep Smiling**

## How Are Things With You?

It all started this morning when I.....



Made breakfast for the cranky youngsters



And fed the baby a bottle.



**She dribbled milk all over herself and my new blouse.**



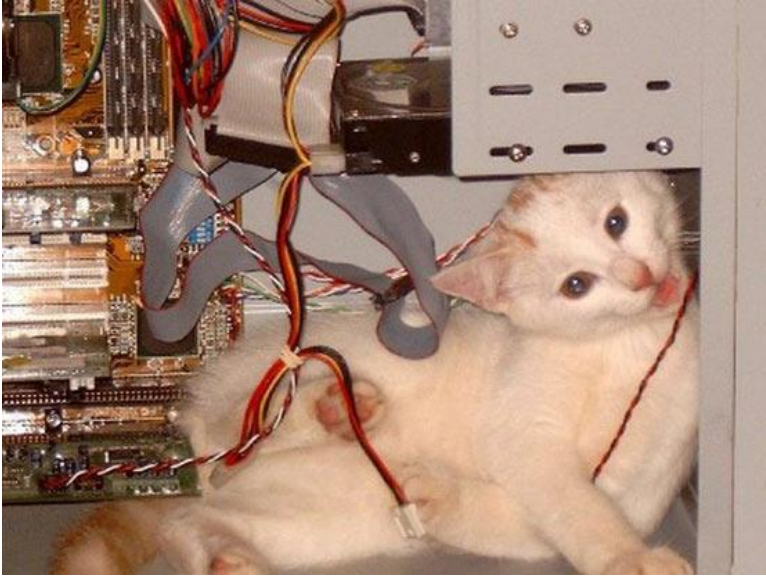
**I loaded up the kids in the car-seat and took them to day-care and school.**



**I was late for work, and traffic was a nightmare ■**



**My husband called my cell phone to tell me  
He just got laid off from his construction job.**



**I got to the office (I'm a Tech Analyst)**



**My supervisor chewed me out**

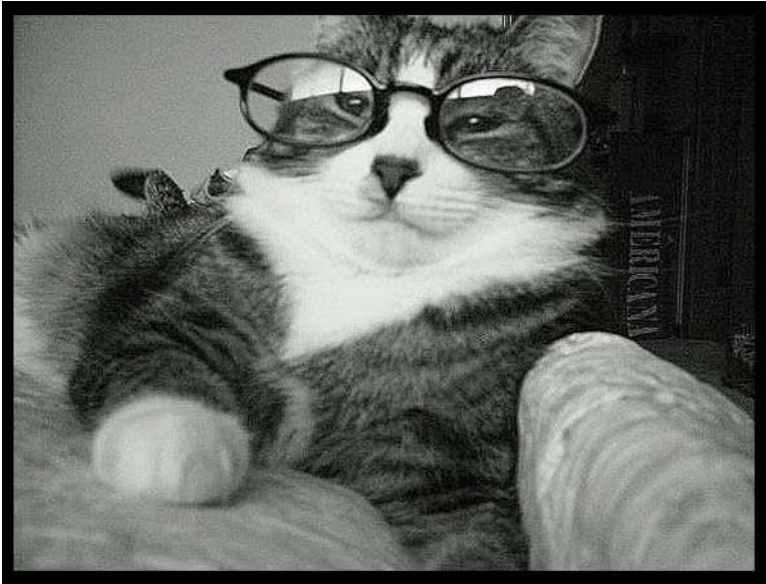




**For misplacing the mouse.**



**I went out for lunch and got caught in the rain.**



**I left work early to pick up my new eye glasses (wrong size.)**

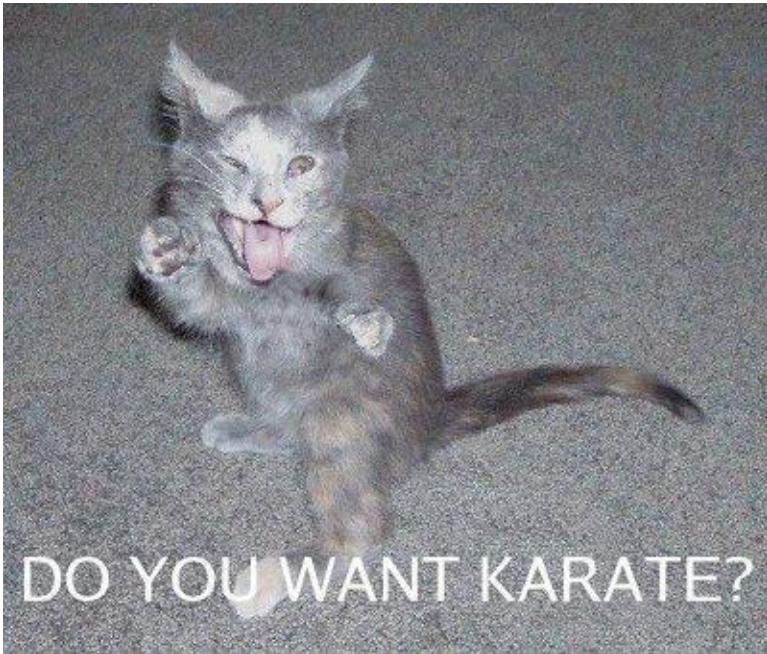




**I then picked up the kids from school and day-care.**



Fed them all a quick meal,



**Drove the boys to karate lessons,**



**And then the girls to tap and ballet.**





**When we got back home, all they wanted to do was  
watch TV**





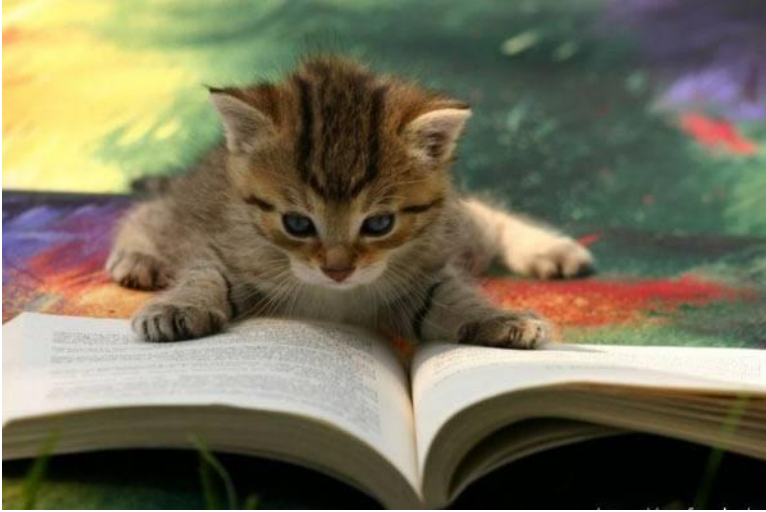
**And sing karaoke instead of doing their homework.**



**After much chaos, they took their baths and got ready for bed.**



**And after much hounding, they brushed their teeth.**



**Then I read them their nightly bedtime story.**



**They finally went to sleep.**





**So, I tried doing some aerobics in the living room.**



**Uh oh, I don't think all the 'fast-food' and  
Exercise is agreeing with me.**





**Now I think I'm getting a migraine,**



**And, a runny nose!**



**I'm pretty certain it's the flu.**



**After a long and gruelling day, I crawled  
Into bed and was just drifting off when...**



**I realized I had forgotten something.**



**Dear Lord, despite the topsy-turvy day I've had, I give  
thanks to you**





**For all the blessings you've bestowed upon me and my family.**



**And next week, I'm off to the spa and pool for some much-needed rest and relaxation with my girlfriend. ■**

**Keep Smiling!**

**That's how MY life is going.....**

**So,**

**how are things with YOU?**

## **Chapter Sixteen: How A Man Thinks**

## Perfectly Logical

A wife asks her husband,

“Could you please go shopping for me and buy one carton of milk, and if they have eggs, get 6.”

A short time later the husband comes back with the 6 cartons of milk.

The wife asks him, “Why on earth did you buy 6 cartons of milk?”

He replied. “They had eggs.”

This is a story which is ... perfectly logical...to all males.



## **Chapter Seventeen: The Green Thing**

## **We Didn't Have The Green Thing**

In the line at the store, the cashier told an older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologised to her and explained, "We didn't have the green thing back in my day."

The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment."

He was right...our generation didn't have the green thing in her day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilised and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled.

But we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

We walked up the stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks.

But she was right. We didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's nappies because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a

line, not in an energy gobbling machine, burning up 220 volts – wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing.

But that old lady is right, we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house ---not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), - not a screen the size of the state of Montana.

In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity.

But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water.

We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull.

But we didn't have the green thing back then.

Back then, people took a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their mums into a 24-hour taxi service.

We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerised gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pizza joint.

But isn't it sad that the current generation lament how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the green thing way back then?

Please forward this on to another selfish old person who needs a lesson in conservation from a smartass young person.

# Chapter Eighteen: Your House

**As Seen By Yourself**



**As Seen By Your Buyer:**



**As Seen By Your Lender**



**As Seen By Your Bank's Valuer:**



**As Seen By Your Council Rate Assessor:**





# **Chapter Nineteen: The Loving Husband**

## The Rugby World Cup Final

A man had two of the best tickets for the Rugby World Cup Final. As he sits down, another man comes along and asks if anyone is sitting in the seat next to him. "No..." he says, "the seat is empty."

"This is incredible...!" said the man, "Who in their right mind would have a seat like this for the Rugby Cup Final, the biggest sporting event of the Rugby World and not use it...?"

He says, "Well actually, the seat belongs to me. My wife was supposed to come with me, but she passed away. This is the first Cup Final we haven't been to, together, since we got married....."

"Oh...I'm sorry to hear that. That's terrible. I guess you couldn't find someone else, a friend, or relative, or even a neighbour, to take the seat...?"

The man shakes his head.....

"No....., they're all at the funeral."

## **Chapter Twenty: Baptising An Irishman**

## **Finding A Lost Soul**

An Irishman is stumbling through the woods, totally drunk, when he comes upon a preacher baptising people in the river.

He proceeds into the water, subsequently bumping into the preacher.

The preacher turns around and is almost overcome by the smell of alcohol, hereupon, he asks the drunk, "Are you ready to find Jesus?"

The drunken man shouts, "Yes, oi am."

So the preacher grabs him and dunks him in the water.

He pulls him back and asks, "Brother, have you found Jesus?"

The drunken man replies, "No, oi haven't found Jesus!"

The preacher, shocked at the answer, dunks him again but for a little longer.

He again pulls him out of the water and asks, "Have you found Jesus, me brother?"

The drunken man answers, "No, oi haven't found Jesus!"

By this time the preacher is at his wits end and dunks the drunk again --- but this time holds him down for about 30 seconds, and when he begins kicking his arms and legs

about, he pulls him up. The preacher again asks the drunk,  
“For the love of God, have you found Jesus?”

(get ready for this...)

The drunk staggers upright, wipes his eyes, coughs up a  
bit of water, catches his breath, and says to the preacher,

“Are you sure this is where he fell in?”

# **Chapter Twenty-One: Questionable Doctor On Food And Diet**

**Oh .... Doctor?**

**Q. Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?**

A. The heart is only good for so many beats, and that's it...Don't waste beats on exercise. Everything wears out eventually. Speeding up your heart does not make you live longer; it's like saying you extend the life of your car by driving it faster. You want to live longer? Take a nap.

**Q. Doctor, should I reduce my alcohol intake?**

A. Oh no. Wine is made from fruit. Brandy is distilled wine, that means they take the water out of the fruity bit so you get even more of the goodness that way. Beer is also made of grains. Bottoms up!

**Q. Doctor, How can I calculate my body/fat ratio?**

A. Well, if you have body and you have fat, your ratio is one to one. If you have two body's your ratio is two to one.

**Q. Doctor, What are some of the advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?**

A. Can't think of a single one, sorry. My philosophy: No pain...good!

**Q. Doctor, Aren't fried foods bad for you?**

A. YOU'RE NOT LISTENING! Food is fried in vegetable oil. How is getting more vegetable bad?

**Q. Doctor, Will sit-ups help prevent me from getting a little soft around the middle?**

A. Oh no! When you exercise a muscle, it gets bigger. You should only be doing sit-ups if you want a bigger stomach.

**Q. Doctor, Is chocolate bad for me?**

A. Are you crazy? HEL-LO-O! Cocoa Bean! Another vegetable! It's the best feel-good food around!

**Q. Doctor, Is swimming good for your figure?**

A. If swimming is good for your figure, explain the whale to me.

**Q. Doctor, Is getting in shape important for my lifestyle?**

A. Hey! 'Round' is shape!

Well... I hope this has cleared up any misconceptions you may have had about food and diets. And remember:

**Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, tyres and brakes smoking – Champagne in one hand, Chocolate in the other – body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming "WOO-HOO, what a ride!"**



# **Chapter Twenty-Two: Five Horses Is Her Name**

## The Indian's Wife

This is mythical and deep,

Truly beautiful...



A man asked an American Indian what was his wife's name. He replied, "She is called Five Horses".



The man said, "That's an unusual name for your wife.  
What does it mean?"



The Old Indian answered, "It old Indian Name. It mean..."



NAG, NAG, NAG, NAG, NAG."

## **Chapter Twenty-Three: The Historic Chinese Philosopher**

## Watch Your Grammar

These little pearls are reportedly attributed to the historic Chinese philosopher. However, some minor errors of translation or use of grammar may be noticed.

Man who want pretty nurse, must be patient.

Passionate kiss, like web of spider, leads to undoing of fly.

Lady who goes camping must beware of evil intent.

Man who keeps feet firmly on ground have trouble putting on pants.

Man who leaps off cliff jump to conclusion.

Man who runs in front of car gets tired, man who runs behind car gets exhausted.

Man who eats many prunes get good run for his money.

War does not determine who is right, war determines who is left.

Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.

Man who drives like hell, bound to get there.

Man who stands on toilet is high on pot.

Man who lives in glass house should change clothes in basement.

And finally....

A lion will not cheat on his wife, but a Tiger Wood.

## **Chapter Twenty-Four: Giving Up Wine**

## The Important Things In Life



I was walking down the street when I was accosted by a particularly dirty and shabby-looking homeless woman who asked me for a couple of dollars for dinner.

I took out my wallet, got out ten dollars and asked, 'If I give you this money, will you buy wine with it instead of dinner?'

'No, I had to stop drinking years ago', the homeless woman told me..

'Will you use it to go shopping instead of buying food?' I asked.

'No, I don't waste time shopping,' the homeless woman said. 'I need to spend all my time trying to stay alive.'

'Will you spend this on a beauty salon instead of food?' I asked.

'Are you NUTS!' replied the homeless woman. I haven't



**had my hair done in 20 years!'**

**'Well, I said, 'I'm not going to give you the money. Instead, I'm going to take you out for dinner with my husband and me tonight.'**

**The homeless Woman was shocked. 'Won't your husband be furious with you for doing that? I know I'm dirty, and I probably smell pretty disgusting.'**

**I said, 'That's okay. It's important for him to see what a woman looks like after she has given up shopping, hair appointments, and wine.'**



**I just know you're laughing!**

**You're gonna send it on - aren't you?**

# **Chapter Twenty Five: 11 Things You Do Not Learn In School**

## Rules To Live By

This should be posted in all schools and work places –

P.S.

I'm grateful I could read it!!



Love him or hate him, he sure hits the nail on the head with this! Bill Gates recently gave a speech at a High School about 11 things they did not and will not learn in school. He talks about how **feel-good, politically correct teachings created a generation of kids with no concept of reality and how this concept set them up for failure in the real world.**

Rule 1: Life is not fair – get used to it!

Rule 2: The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something **BEFORE** you feel good about yourself.

Rule 3: You will **NOT** make \$60,000 a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice-president with a car phone until you earn both.

Rule 4: If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss.

Rule 5: Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your Grandparents had a different word for burger flipping: they called it opportunity.

Rule 6: If you mess up, **it's not your parent's fault**, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

Rule 7: Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you thought you were. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parent's generation, try delousing the closet in your own room.

Rule 8: Your school may have done away with winners and losers, but life **HAS NOT**. In some schools, they abolished failing grades and they'll give you as **MANY**

**TIMES** as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to **ANYTHING** in real life.

Rule 9: Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you **FIND YOURSELF**. Do that on your own time.

Rule 10: Television is **NOT** real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

Rule 11: Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

If you agree, pass it on.

**If you can read this – Thank a Teacher!**

## **Other Important References:**

Kurek Ashley's Book

<http://amzn.to/1Sy2lun>