

**STUPID JOKES FOR CLEVER PEOPLE
&
CLEVER JOKES FOR STUPID PEOPLE
By
Tony Sandy**

DragonEye Publishing

STUPID JOKES FOR CLEVER PEOPLE
&
CLEVER JOKES FOR STUPID PEOPLE
Copyrighted © 2016 by Tony Sandy

All the characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author, and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all the incidents are pure invention.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author with the only exception being a reviewer who may quote short excerpts in a review.

Mobi - Ebooks February 2016
ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-100-2



Published by Jokorama, an Imprint of DragonEye Publishing

What the critics have said

'This book should be a roaring success – especially if you throw it at the back of an open fire!'

'Once I picked up this book, I found it hard to put down - it had superglue on the back cover'

'This man has one of the finest comic brains in the business – he keeps it in a jar under his bed'

'This book will walk off the shelves – it'll have to as no-one will pick it up'

'This book will change your life forever but not in a pleasant way'

'This writer should go far – preferably Siberia'

'The perfect gift to give, to people you hate'

'This book has gone viral – hence the slightly tacky feel of the cover, sprayed with germ killer'

'This man should not have been allowed back into the community' (my psychiatrist)

INTRODUCTION

(There is no introduction)

- I lied

INTRODUCTION

If you don't understand a joke, it's not funny. Alternatively, if you do and don't want to, it's also not funny but for a different reason. If we see something as offensive or insulting, it's because we don't want to be associated with it: For us, it has a personal meaning, which we'd rather not be reminded of thank you very much and so go into an automatic, paranoid defence reaction, in order to block it out of our conscious awareness. If we see it as a joke, it's because we interpret it as meaningless, harmless, non-embarrassing – that is we don't fear it as disclosure of our personal life or history.

You have to speak a language and understand it's cultural heritage, to laugh at a joke. Only slapstick is universal humour because it is visual (composed of body language) and emotional (tone of voice indicators).

A good joke hides the punchline, so that you are surprised by its revelation – much as you would be if you accidentally stumbled over a cliff edge but with less permanent damage.

PREFACE

If you like a mixture of the crudity of Two and a Half Men, Steve Wright's surreal logic, The Goons insanity, plus the odd bit of black humour and terrible, terrible puns then this is the book for you!

CONTENTS PAGE

I'm not content and haven't been in years, so why would you expect there to be a 'contents' page?

AN IRISH LETTER

Dear Wills

I'm not sure if I'm going to write this letter or not, so if you don't get it, that's why (Write and let me know in either case).

I don't know what the weather is like there but it is the same here. By the way we might come up there on holiday. If I don't see you when I arrive, it's because I've decided not to come. We were going to visit last year too but as you hadn't moved to where you are now because you were somewhere else, there didn't seem much point. How's the wife? No, not yours, mine (If you can see her from there, you've got bloody good eyes!). We were abroad last year - The Paris Hilton! We even talked to her but she didn't recognise me, even though we'd never met.

As I lay here writing this letter, I see Mary is in bed beside me, which is strange as my wife is called Alice. Oh yes, now I remember - it's my cousin Mick's wife, who's come to visit and I'm in the wrong bedroom again. My eyes are not what they used to be - I think they used to be my armpits, which could explain why my sight stinks. Children grow up so quick nowadays. Last week, Donald my eldest, was fifteen and this week he's sixteen (Birthdays - who'd have them, except people who are older).

My mother would like to say something but as she's tied and gagged in the garage, that would be difficult. We tried to give her a respray, so we could get her deported as one of those illegal immigrants (She always wanted to see the Taj Mahal, so we thought it would be a nice Christmas Present for her but she wouldn't hear of it. 'You're too generous son,' was all she said as I dragged her screaming and kicking outside. 'No Turkey for you this year!' I said (or India for that matter)). 'Now where's that spade?' (She always wanted to be buried beside my father but I think she was expecting to be dead first. Still nowadays, you can't always get what you want). Must go now. Someone is knocking at the door and I think it is the police collecting for Charity and as she isn't here, I'll have to answer the door myself.

Your friend

Pope Pius, The Tenth (only kidding - Pope Pius, The Eleventh!). No I'm fibbing again, it's just me as you'll recognise from the photo I didn't send.

COMPARISONS

A hand is better than a woman
because it never gets a headache
never threatens to go back to its mother
never gets a period
never gets pregnant
never gives you the clap
never sues you for alimony
never berates your performance
never expects flowers or chocolates
never cares that you go out drinking with your mates
never locks you out after an argument
never wants to move to Sacramento
etc

A hand is better than a man
because it doesn't go to sleep afterwards
and will make you a cup of tea
doesn't slobber all over you when drunk
doesn't sleep with another woman then lie about it
doesn't give you the clap
doesn't go in the other room when you start crying about the death of
Bambi
doesn't ignore all your friends, except the ones he wants to sleep with
doesn't wake you in the middle of the night for it, when you've got to go
to work in the morning
doesn't smell like an open sewer etc.

DITTIES

Men stink, drink and think
Women scheme, scream and dream

'Okay men, fire at Will!'
'Why me, I've done you no ill!'

The cannons roar
The bullets fly
- careful with that stick
You nearly poked me in the eye!

'Cap'n Ahab, we've spotted
the great white nose!'
'Okay lads, fire the harpoon
- thar she blows!'

Oh look, there's Aphrodite
and she's not wearing a nightie!

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
Riding through the glen
Robin Hood, Robin Hood
pursued by his men
- he stole all their money
and they didn't find it funny!
Robbing Hood, Robbing Hood
Robbing Hood...

Robin Hood, Robin Hood
Riding through the glen
Robin Hood, Robin Hood
With his band of men
Feared by the good
Loved by the bad!
Robin's Mad, Robin's mad
Robin's mad.....

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Mine are Green
'coz they fell in the stew

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Mine are pink
Are yours too?

Roses are red
Violence is blue
If you don't shut up
I'm going to strangle you!

JOKES

2 Glaswegians were taking the ashes of a friend home, when one of them dropped it and burst into tears.

'Take it easy Jimmy, there's no point crying over spilled Malc.'

Say Paddy why are you looking up into that oak and why were you earlier staring intently at that sycamore and that there elm?'

'Ah well, me mother told me when I was a boy that good things come in trees and I'm just checking.'

"Where are you going on holiday Dave?"

"Narnia, what do you mean Narnia?"

"Narnia your bloody business is it?"

Rolf Harris was asked what he thought was the best thing about his portrait of the queen?

He said "I don't know really?" then he hummed and he hahed, and he hummed and he hahed.

Just before he died, Peter Sellers was bitten on the neck by a vampire. Professor Van Helsing, hearing of this, immediately rushed to his graveside, Digging open the casket, he opened up the lid, when a voice piped up inside

"Is that you Spike?"

"Well, sort of"

Thud!

A girl had her pet amphibian eaten by a passing wild dog in the Australian outback, when she spotted the same animal captured and on display in a pet shop. She went up to the assistant and asked for her pet back, saying she only wanted what the dog had eaten or to put it another way-

'How much is that froggy in the dingo, the one with the waggily tail?'

It was exam time and Richard, the freckle faced fifties throw back, was up against his fellow geeks, whose parents were equally as old fashioned as he was and who lived on either side of his house - Matthews and Harris. After the results came through, it was discovered that he'd done extremely

well but the other two had only done half as well as expected: In fact you could say that the square with the spotty nose, was equal to the sons of the squares on the other two sides.

'Hey little girl, do you want to see my Willy?'

'Oh yes please!'

'Willy!'

'Yes Dad?'

'There's a little girl to see you!'

A famous but arrogant composer of operas was sitting in his favourite armchair, reading the paper, when in came his wife.

'You lazy bastard, I don't know why I ever married you! You do absolutely nothing around the house!'

'Be quiet woman, can't you see I am Bizet!'

Do you think I'm homosexual?'

'What makes you ask?'

'I love Jack Daniels and I'm very fond of Johnny Walker'

A Dalek got a job in a health spa and was asked on its first day what it knew about skin?

"I- can- fry- it- to- a- crisp!"

"Excellent - here's your first customer!"

"Exfoliate, exfoliate!"

A plane crashed and the two survivors scrambled out. One was totally okay but the other had a big gash in his arm.

'Would you like me to sew up that wound for you?'

'No, I did a course on DIY surgery'

'Okay - suture yourself!'

Jesus was passing a furniture warehouse, when he saw two men arguing about who had the right to put their chair in as there was only space for one.

"Rabbi, which of us deserves to have our way?"

Looking at the situation for a while, Jesus thought then said

"Ah I know! Let he who is without sin, stow the first throne!"

Groucho Marx visited a VD clinic for his results

'I'm sorry Mr Marx but you've definitely caught something'

'What should I do?'

'Well first, we need to trace whoever might have given it to you, to warn them they may have got it too'

'Yes of course doctor!'

At this he races outside and starts singing up and down the streets -

'Lydia oh Lydia, have you seen Lydia? The lady who gave me Chlamydia - the VD infested lady?'

St Michael was sending recruits down to Earth to get reincarnated as human beings

"Who are you?"

"I am to be a woman"

"Blessed are you my sister - go forth and multiply!"

"And who are you?"

"I'm a politician"

"Say shouldn't you be coming up from the other place, rather than dropping down from here? No? Oh well, your mission is to go to Earth and sow the seeds of discontent - go forth and divide the populace amongst itself and subtract its numbers. You are there to keep its numbers down"

"Who are you?"

"I'm to be an accountant"

"Your mission is to go to Earth thinking logic and reasoning will sort out its problems but sadly you'll soon find out that nothing adds up down there"