

Other Funny Bits

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I was sitting in a restaurant one day and there was a family of four at the next table, the kids getting impatient. So the mother stopped the waitress and asked if she could bring the kids' dinners now.

The waitress replied, "They're not ready yet."

The mother said, "You mean you actually have to cook the hamburgers?"

"Ma'am, we actually have to sledgehammer the cow, drain its blood, scrape out its guts, and chop up what's left.

"Did you want fries with that?"

How a Dog is Not Like a Kid

1. A dog is generally kept on a leash when in public.
2. When a kid gets tired in public, it whines and tugs and whines — instead of quietly curling up and falling asleep at your feet.
3. A dog can be 'toilet-trained' in a week or two.
4. A dog doesn't bark nearly as much as a kid cries, screams, wails, and shrieks. And it will seldom wake up in the middle of the night for just that very purpose.
5. A dog sits on command. And comes when you call.
6. A dog usually gets spayed and neutered before it reaches puberty.
7. A dog's destructive period generally lasts about a year. Not ten. (Thirty, in the case of males.)
8. And yet hotels, motels, apartments, and condos are far more likely to have a 'No Dogs' rule than a 'No Kids' rule. And those that allow kids don't have a weight limit.

I think they should design vet clinics to look like cars. Replace the front door with something off an old chevy, put car seats in the waiting room, and put a huge fan in the corner going at 50 miles an hour. Dogs'd *love* going to the vet!

I once saw three big fish in a teeny little front yard pond.

Must've taken a whole two seconds for Bob to swim from one end to the other, passing Harry and then Joe on the way there, and again on the way back.

I sure hope all three have that short-term memory thing where you can't remember what you just did.

Ever see two snails chasing each other?

An American traveller told me that they'd considered taking certain action against Canada, as revenge for not supporting them in one of their wars. "But," he explained, they decided not to because — "we sort of consider Canada our little brother, you know?"

Revenge for not supporting them? Who's the little brother?

"We protect you," he continued, seeing expression on my face, "you benefit from our defence."

Yeah, right. Like the safest place to be is right beside the jerk who's mouthing off and waving a big gun. Right beside the asshole everyone wants to just sit down and shut the fuck up.

And by the way, if you're so proud to be American, why do you wear a Canadian flag when you travel?

George Carlin with Tourette's Syndrome: "Republican! Priest!"

Isn't it amazing what biological research is doing for agriculture? We have nectarines — a peach without the fuzz. And seedless grapes — that must have been a trick. And now "boneless chicken".

Wouldn't that make life in the barnyard a little difficult?

Billboards can be great fun. I saw this ad on a board once:

"Motorcycle for sale, 1993 Nighthawk, excellent condition, ridden only once."

And below it, in the same handwriting: "Wanted — wheelchair."

And this one:

"Dog, free to a good home, one year old, mixed breed, curious and clever, playful disposition, not good for poultry farm."

Especially if it's a poultry farm for those new boneless chickens.

Commercials can be fun too. Remember there was one, it didn't get aired for very long, there's this couple in bed, he's already rolled over and sound asleep, she's sitting up with a look of — well — disappointment, but there's a bunch of other stuff there too, you know the look ...

Anyway, it was an ad for a pregnancy test: "It takes less time than he did."

Why is Aunt Jemima a maid and Uncle Ben a chef?

And *Mr. Clean* — yeah right.

I was walking the other — no, actually, I was on my bike, and I saw these guys — you know, city maintenance workers — with the grimy overalls and hard hats ...

Anyway, I see *seven* of them all standing around this sewer hole. So I stopped. I mean, this was a remarkable sight. They'd taken off the cover and were all standing around, looking down at it, and talking in those voices normally reserved for football and tires ...

And I thought, how many men does it *take* to clean a sewer?

Then I thought, a lot more than seven since I've heard one can't even clean a diaper.

Heard an ad for a car the other day talking about its 'advanced anti-impact system'. What is that, a fender?

Have you seen that show "Dogs with Jobs"?

I've got a companion show to pitch. "Cats on Unemployment."

They say curiosity killed the cat.

Maybe the first eight times.

The ninth time? That had to've been stupidity.

Several studies have found that 50% of the male population approves of using force to get sex.

And the product advertised to make women feel safe is a fucking napkin.

You know what women like about their periods? They're regular. They're every 28 days, give or take.

Wouldn't it be nice if *men* knew when they were being taken over by their chemicals?

For the record, I don't become bitchy for a few days a month.

I develop a heightened sensitivity to your many flaws.

Men lie to get sex. I've never had to. Not one man has ever said 'no.'

Men are such sluts, aren't they?

In our society, girls still get the impression that men as a whole are better than women. After all, they're the presidents and the CEOs and even the supervisors.

But when you raise a girl to believe that all men are better than her, you raise her to date, have sex with, fall in love with, and marry any old asshole. Because even he knows more, can do more, can do better —

Oh. That's *why* girls are still led to believe that men as a whole are better than women ...

Have you heard about William Lucas Barker?

The guy's been tested positive for the AIDS virus and he's threatened to "take all the women with him that he can." So far he's been charged with four counts of "assault with a deadly weapon" — a neat twist on 'this is my penis, this is my gun', eh?

Anyway, what I'm wondering is why isn't the charge first degree murder? It's an interesting legal question, isn't it? I mean, does the victim have to be dead before you charge someone with murder?

And there's a prostitute in Oakland who's also tested positive, and she's declared she's going to keep on working. She seems to have done Barker one better, because the police can't find any victims: "Honey, I have something to tell you, I'm dropping out of the race for mayor ..." The perfect crime.

Speaking of perpetual hard-ons, you know how they're always saying they can't control it?

Yeah right. They control 94% of the planet's property, 96% of its politics, and 98% of its money.

But they just *cannot* control their own penises.

I happened to go to a blood donor clinic at a military college one time, and these guys were passing out like dominoes, and I thought what good is a soldier who faints at the sight of blood?

Actually, the nurse explained, it's a psychological contagion effect — apparently it's very common: one does it, they all do it.

Well that's different. That we *do* need in a soldier.

I'd like to comment, though, on the hysterical fear a lot of soldiers have of gays: how can they face the enemy if they can't even face homosexuality?

Have you heard they used radioactive bullets in the Gulf War? Yeah, they finally figured out what to do with all that nuclear waste.

I guess when you get hit, you glow in the dark. I mean your hair probably falls out and your insides probably melt down but hey, you get a good glow.

So much for that brand new camouflage outfit.

Did you know there's an international law that says you can't use weapons that cause "unnecessary suffering"?

Blowing off your right leg, that was necessary.

But the left leg, gee, sorry about that, that *was* unnecessary, wasn't it.

I like language to be precise. And one of the things I hate is redundancy.

Like the other day, I heard this woman say to some guy, "You are a sick man!"

Speaking of language, does anyone else like to do crosswords? I was working on an interesting crossword the other day, actually a bit of a weird one, let me try a few out on you:

What's another word for 'man' — last three letters are e-n-t.

'Accident'? Close — 'experiment'!

Oh don't be offended, no doubt 'man' is being used in the generic sense, it includes men *and* women, isn't that what you're always telling us?

What's another word for unannounced nuclear test?

Accident! There it is!

How do you turn a rainforest into a desert?

Eat a hamburger.

You know how every time there's a move to stop cutting down forests, there's a hue and cry from the guys who will have to find another job?

Lumberjacks are like bricklayers who saw the fallen Berlin Wall as an employment opportunity.

Most life forms change their environment in ways that enhance their lives. We're changing our environment in ways that ensure our death.

Which means either we're really really stupid.

Or really really smart.

So, should we fund a mission to Mars?

Sure. Give us a bit of time and we can make that planet uninhabitable too.

I read about a woman who escaped from Saudi Arabia, she's in hiding here because there's a warrant out for her arrest — if she returns, she could be killed or she may just be stoned, flogged, and beaten.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Minister of Immigration won't let her stay because there are "no humanitarian or compassionate grounds" that apply to her case.

You have to wonder, is English this guy's first language?

Read about another woman who had her hands uncovered, and the authorities threatened her with an "inspection of virginity".

Where did these guys get their sex ed from?

Each year a hundred men kill their female partners, but only three women kill their male partners.

So I'm thinking there's a real opportunity for assertiveness training seminars.

This male friend of mine was encouraging me to go bungee jumping, rock climbing, white water rapidding — whatever — "Women need to have more risk-taking in their lives," he said.

"Hell," I told him, "a lot of us are still going out with men, isn't that enough?"

Got a donation request the other day from the Alzheimers' Society. And I was actually gonna write out a cheque.

But then I — forgot.

High school sucked, didn't it.

And those were the *best* years of our lives.

I ran track in high school. I never won or anything, but I was consistently at the front of the chase pack for the hundred metres.

Had a mastectomy the other day.

I thought, cool, now I can get the sex change operation at a discount.

What's black and blue?

A sad African-American.

What's white and blue?

A hospital sign.

Dontcha hate shopping? I was shopping for a tombstone the other day — well, I'm not gonna feel like it when I'm dead, am I!

Ever notice how stuff for women is more expensive than the same stuff for men? Clothes. Car repairs. Have you heard of those new female

condoms? \$8.00 for a box of three. That's about four times the price of male condoms. They're called "Reality Condoms". At least they got the name right.

Been to an art gallery lately? Last time I went, I thought hey, I can do that. I can paint a wall grey and call it "Flock of Pigeons in the Fog — Contemplating Existentialism."

I was reading about cave art, at one of the displays, about how there are a lot more pictures of animals drawn in profile and than in frontal view. Apparently because the frontal view is a sophisticated perspective requiring cognitive skills present only in more evolved brains.

There's a simpler explanation. The guys who actually saw a woolly mammoth head-on? They died.

I guess baseball's become America's favourite sport.

Seems everyone's carrying a baseball bat these days.

I'm thinking of getting a small handgun — y'know, just to keep in the house.

That way, when the burglar breaks in for my stereo, he'll have something to shoot me with.

People make a lot of assumptions about Canada. For example, a lot of people assume that Canada Post is a postal system. This is simply not true. It's an Examination Center for Orienteering 101.

People also assume that we all live in igloos. And that's not true either. As in the U.S., a significant number of us live in parks, abandoned cars, and refrigerator boxes.

And people think Canada is pure and clean — you know, the Great White North.

Yeah right. We've got so much toxic waste, tailings alone could stretch along the entire TransCanada highway and make a pile six feet high. We don't know what to do with the stuff — but we keep making it.

And Canadians are supposedly a peace-loving people. Uh-huh. That's why we spent more on one Heavy Logistics Wheeled Military Vehicle than was in our entire Disarmament Fund.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill said, "Clumsy!"

Men who think bigger is better are usually — fat.

Leafblowers. Don't they make an awful noise? It's such an irritating whine. You know why, dontcha? Because they were made for men — by men.

And the damn things don't even really clean up the leaves, they just move the mess from one place to another. So typical. Can you imagine if we designed vacuum cleaners that way?

White men are so stupid. They even got the national anthem wrong. It should've been "O Canada, our home *on* native land."

Bought a birthday present for my nephew the other day.

Why is it that toy guns are okay, but toy thumbscrews are considered sick?

If orgasms relax you, why are men so fucking uptight and hostile all the time?

Either they're not getting as much as they say they are or they're faking it.

It's always pissed me off how men seem to make every little thing they do so important. They put on *such* a serious face. Even if they're just tying their shoelaces.

Turns out I've been giving them way too much credit. They're not conveying importance. They're just concentrating really really hard.

Someone once told me that the virus is the only life form that requires a higher life form in order to replicate.

Um, men.

"Y'know why women can't play poker?" this guy asked me once. "'Cuz they're no good at bluffing."

Well, I guess you've never had sex with a woman then, eh?

I read the other day about a new proposed crime, "negligent rape", in which a man *fails to notice* a woman's lack of consent.

Guys. How can you fail to notice "GET THE FUCK OFF ME!"?

Wouldn't it be nice if women had voluntary control over ovulation?

Wouldn't it be even better if men had voluntary control over ejaculation.

Oh wait — They do.

At every age over fifteen, more women than men receive treatment for mental health problems. Scarey, eh? All those men walking around out there ... untreated.

Research continues to show that the older you get, the less likely you are to get married.

Well yeah. Because the older you get, the smaller your capacity for delusion.

You know he's a keeper when ...

... His mama told him not to come. (And he has a pet bullfrog.)

... He says that if you can't be with the one you love, you should love the one you're with.

... He says he's gonna be with you tonight instead of all the whores on 8th avenue.

... 'Sorry' seems to be the hardest word.

... He thinks you're having his [sic] baby to show how much you love him.

... He shot someone. (The sherriff.) (But not the deputy, note.)

... Indiana wants him.

... You can tell by the way he uses his walk that he's a woman's man.

... He says he's been through the desert. On a horse. With no name.

... He has sex with a sixteen-year-old. With lips like strawberry cream.

... He says things like "Someone left the cake out in the rain, I don't think that I can take it, 'cause it took so long to bake it, and I'll never have that recipe again. Oh no.'

Ya gotta love automated answering systems: Press 1 for sales, 2 for service, and 3 if you have *no* short-term memory whatsoever.

Hello, this is Dial-a-Psychic. How can I help you?

Don't you know?

According to Manly Palmer Hall, "We are all healthy when we are not thinking about ourselves."

Speak for yourself. I'm not such a basket case that I can't bear the thought of me.

How many philosophers does it take to change a light bulb?

Define 'light bulb'.

Have you seen those extra large chocolate bars with the re-sealable packages?

Why would you need a re-sealable package on a chocolate bar?

I love it when wrongs get righted, and justice prevails. For example, all those companies putting CFCs into the atmosphere, wrecking the ozone, and giving us all skin cancer?

Wouldn't it be cool if they were all owned by rich black people?

What's with the rule that only big motherfuckers can be firefighters?

Are they trying to make *sure* the burning buildings collapse under their weight?

Or only when they're carrying an extra hundred pounds of rescued kid?

I came across an interesting proposal the other day: what if people who wanted to create a new human being had to get a license to do so?

The creation of old human beings wasn't considered.

Studies show that people with mentors advance in their careers more than those without mentors.

See, I've never had a mentor.

'Course, I've never had a career.

For a while — a short while — I was a high school teacher.

A little known Murphy's Law states that in every class there shall be at least one student with a multiple personality disorder.

When you take attendance, this student will answer 'Here!' to every name that's called.

You will therefore have to pass a sheet of paper around the room for signatures.

It will be necessary, however, to escort the sheet of paper because otherwise the students will sign each other's names.

Except for those with delusions of grandeur who will sign, simply, 'God'.

I did make it clear to those chosen few that they were not God.

I was.

Escorting the paper around the room will take at least ten minutes because half of the students will not have a pen or pencil with which to *write* their names and half will not *know* their names.

Unfortunately, it's never the same half.

I solved the problem one day by taking a snapshot of the class.

Word got out, however, and the next time I tried that, I ended up with a very nice photograph of 27 bare asses. None of which I could identify.

Shortly after this Kodak moment, I found myself in the principal's office. Again.

He had in his hand one of my writing assignment topics: 101 things to do with your Barbie doll.

He said that he was getting a lot of negative reports about me which he found disturbing.

So, I told him, don't read them.

By the way, how many students does it take to change a light bulb?

"That's the janitor's job, let him do it, he's getting paid."

Allow me to present a character sketch of Willy the Wasteland, the class rep.

First and foremost, Willy the Wasteland is bored.

He is especially and chronically bored in class because he can't change channels.

He has to watch the same program for a whole hour.

It has only one set.

There is no soundtrack.

There is a sound effect though — a bell.

It makes Willy salivate.

The camera uses only one angle. Unless you get up out of your seat and move around a lot. Which Willy does. A lot.

And the program happens in real time: in one hour, only one hour passes by.

This state of affairs is a problem for Willy because he can't concentrate under these conditions.

'Course it is my belief he may not be able to concentrate under *any* conditions.

Because, you see, on the radio, there's a different song every 3 minutes and in between, a different combination of voices every 30 seconds advertising a different product. The DJ changes pitch more often in one sentence than most of us do in a whole day.

And in the newspaper — should Willy be able to read — material is presented in bits and pieces seldom longer than two or three hundred words with individual sentences of only seven or eight words.

Music videos are similarly fragmented into a visual strobe. So unless it moves, Willy just can't see it.

It is my belief that Willy is evolving into a frog.

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

Upon hearing that the gravel pit out my way was going to be in operation 24/6, for two years, I decided it was time for a change. After some exciting competition, I was offered a Test Specialist position with the people who create the LSAT. (Who says a Philosophy degree is useless?) I accepted, and Chessie and I (Chessie's the canine I live with) packed up half of our stuff into a U-Haul truck and headed to Newtown, PA. The following 'things to know' and 'things to expect' might be of interest to those considering a similar move.

#1 - Be very nice to the border guard whose decision it will be whether or not you get a work visa. When he questions you about the degree you show him and asks you to get your transcripts, do not object. (If I'd known they would be in the last box I looked in, I would've looked in that one first.)

#2 - In most parking lots, you will have only an inch clearance on both sides when you park and unpark your U-Haul. You will therefore ding (okay, lift and sort of drag away) some guy's fender. (You will also give new meaning to the phrase 'a drive-through'.)

#3 - Have ready lots of American coinage; holding up traffic at a toll booth offering to barter your Logic 101 textbook will not go over well.

#4 - Because of the visual peculiarities of a U-Haul (i.e., you can't see a damned thing behind you), changing lanes will take longer than usual. (The strategy I developed was to put my blinker on for a full minute, to give everyone time to get out of the way, and then just move over.) (It seemed to work quite well.) You will therefore miss at least one exit. It will be the one to bypass a major city. The major city you will then pass through will be experiencing rush hour at the time. It will also be experiencing extensive roadwork, involving extensive detours.

#5 - Your actual time of arrival will be significantly different than your expected time of arrival. The key word here is 'significantly'—despite having made reservations, you will be unable to check-in.

#6 - Sleeping in the front seat of a U-Haul with your dog will not be as uncomfortable as you think.

#7 - The homefinder service you hired will not find you a home. They will merely fax you listings.

#8 - The motel you're staying at will not have a fax machine.

#9 - The nearby (sort of) print shop will. But it will not accept a travellers' cheque unless it's for the exact amount (it seems they can't make change; and silly me, I didn't get a traveller's cheque in the amount of \$6.42).

#10 - You will have to go apartment-hunting in your U-Haul. There is no public transit in the Newtown area. And you can't lease a car without a PA driver's licence; you can't get a PA driver's licence without a social security card; and you can't get a social security card until you have a fixed address. And you can't even rent a car for a few days unless you have a fixed address and a social security number; one agency would've rented with my Ontario driver's licence and proof of Ontario car insurance, but, when I sold my car back home, I cancelled my auto insurance. (What was I thinking?)

#11 - You will pay around \$650/month for a one-bedroom apartment. Plus utilities. Plus grass-cutting. Plus garbage pick-up. Plus appliance maintenance and repair.

#12 - Did I say 'plus utilities'? You can't get your utilities turned on until you have a social security number.

#13 - At the social security office, you will have to take a number and wait. Since there will be only one counter person, for a standing room only situation, take a book. But not that Logic 101 textbook.

#14 - Getting from the U-Haul depot to your new apartment will be nothing short of miraculous. Not only is there no public transit, there are no taxis. (Staring in disbelief at the Ts in the yellow pages, you will vaguely wonder if a taxidermist wouldn't be of value right about now.) Don't underestimate, however, the kindness of strangers (well, that and the power of the image of a poor little blind dog left all alone in a strange apartment full of boxes anxiously waiting for you to come back).

#15 - The difference between a mild case of poison ivy and a severe case of poison ivy can be as little as eight hours. (I spent Sunday wondering how I could be Chessie's seeing eye person if my other eye swelled shut.) (And as I prepared Monday morning for my first day on the job, blistered and oozing with pus, I decided that yes, one can make a fashion statement with strips of gauze.)

Three weeks later (still no social security card) (but that's okay—still no car lease) (but that's okay—still no car insurance), I get news from back home: it seems the contractor for the highway expansion has found another gravel pit to use. Hm.

#16 - Though one can rent a U-Haul one way from North Bay to Newtown, one cannot rent a U-Haul one way from Newtown to North Bay; however...

So while I was looking for a new job, everyone kept saying "You're overqualified."

Yeah, well, the jobs I'm qualified for are filled.

By men.

Saw an ad for a food demonstrator.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention please? This — is food."

Saw an ad for a bingo caller and I thought 'Hey, I can do that! I've got my Sesame Street Graduation Diploma! But the ad said 'experience required.'

What's to require experience? B-5.

I was a lumber grader. For a day.

I guess when you grade lumber, you take *off* marks for originality.

(Slabs of wood in a warehouse, kids in a classroom, who knew there was a difference?)

Saw an ad for a poet for a greeting card company. Even submitted a portfolio.

"You light up my life.
Like an oncoming train."

"I'm sorry we fought last night.
I'm much more vicious during the day."

"Heard you were ill, injured, whatever —
Can I borrow your car this weekend?"

Place of Employment: The company that employed me was called Drake Overload.

Employee Name: Jass Richards

Location: I have no recollection of the actual location I was dispatched to. I don't remember where it was, how I got there, or what the building looked like. I can remember only the small room I was put in. I'm told that that's common for torture victims.

When, and for How Long, Did You Work at This Job: Until lunch.

What Was Your Job Title? Office Temp

What Was Your Real Job Title? Address-Label Sticker-onto-Envelopeser

How Long Did It Take Before You Started Looking for a New Job? Never stopped.

How Much Money Did You Make at This Job? Minimum wage. Duh.

How Did You Get Back-and-Forth to This Job? Apparently I passed through a time-space portal into another world. Another life with another me. Because the real me would never have been in that position.

What Was Your Commute Time To This Job? I have no recollection. None whatsoever.

What Was The Physical Environment Like at This Job? It was a small room. The walls were beige. There was a table. It was a large table, like the kind in school cafeterias. There was one chair. It was a wooden chair. I vaguely remember shackles on the legs, but that could have been my imagination. On the table were boxes. And boxes. And boxes. Some contained reams (and reams) of sheets on which there were self-sticking address labels. Ten to a sheet. Other boxes contained envelopes. The white office-letter ones.

What Was The Emotional Environment Like at This Job? At the beginning, I felt challenged. To endure. That lasted a full minute.

Did You Have Any Nemeses at This Job? The woman, I don't remember her name, who led me into the room and indicated that I was to sit in the chair at the table. She explained what would happen. Then left. A couple hours later, she returned, glanced at the situation, and told me I wasn't going fast enough. Despite my having the manual dexterity of an accomplished pianist. "Not *quickly* enough," I corrected her. Because I also have an English degree.

Did You Have Any Allies at This Job? No. I saw no one else while I was there. I heard screams though.

What Was/Were Your Living Situation(s) Like While You Were Working Here? I can't recall. I must have been living somewhere though because I needed rent money.

When Did You Know That You Didn't Want This Job Anymore? When I saw the advertisement.

What Was Your Departure Like From This Job? An intriguing mix of humiliation and joy.

What Do You Think About When You Think About This Damn Job? In all these years since, I haven't actually thought about it until now. Thanks a lot.

I eventually got a job in a half-way housing program run by the mental health association, helping the residents transition from institutionalized living to independent living.

Since I mostly covered the midnight shift, that meant I helped them make the transition from sleeping in a bed to sleeping in a bed.

And I was really good!

But I have to say, people who need people are — codependent.

While I was there, I tried running a support group for people in denial.

But no one ever came.

But hey, why did the passive personality cross the road?

Because I told him to.

Why did the multiple personality cross the road?

Are you asking *me*?

Why did the paranoid person cross the road?

Why do you ask?

Why did the delusional person cross the road?

Because he thought the grass was greener on the other side.

Why did the masochist cross the road?

He didn't. Because the grass was greener.

Why did the hallucinating person cross the road?

To follow the boneless chicken.