

JOKES 7

* **Your Age By Chocolate Math**

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 number is your original number (i.e., how many times you want to have chocolate each week).

The next two numbers are your age!

* **Four Monkey's**

Start with a cage; inside the cage you hang a banana on a string, and then you place a set of stairs under the banana, finally you put in four monkeys.

Before long a monkey will go to the stairs and climb toward the banana.

You then spray ALL the monkeys with cold water.

After a while, another monkey makes an attempt. As soon as he touches the stairs, you spray ALL the monkeys with cold water.

Pretty soon, when another monkey tries to climb the stairs, the other monkeys will try to prevent it.

Now, put away the cold water. Remove one monkey from the cage and replace it with a new monkey.

The new monkey sees the banana and attempts to climb the stairs.

To his shock, ALL of the other monkeys beat the crap out of him as he tries to climb the stairs.

Next, remove another of the original four monkeys, replacing it with a new monkey. The newcomer goes to the stairs and is attacked.

The previous newcomer takes part in the punishment – with enthusiasm - because he is now part of the "team."

Then, replace a third original monkey with a new monkey, followed by the fourth. Every time the newest monkey takes to the stairs, he is attacked.

Now, the monkeys that are beating him up have no idea why they were not permitted to climb the stairs. Neither do they know why they are participating in the beating of the newest monkey.

Having replaced all of the original monkeys, none of the remaining monkeys will have ever been sprayed with cold water. Nevertheless, not one of the monkeys will try to climb the stairway for the banana.

Why, you ask?

Because in their minds, that is the way it has always been!

This is how today's House and Senate operates, and this is why, from time to time, ALL of the monkeys need to be REPLACED AT THE SAME TIME!

DISCLAIMER: This is meant as no disrespect to monkeys.

FYI - If you didn't already know this, here's an interesting piece of trivia:
A group of monkeys is called a congress. (I'm not sure which was named first.)

* **Three To Five Inches Of Snow**

Joe and Sue were listening to the Minneapolis weather report at breakfast. The announcer said, "There will be three to five inches of snow today, and a snow emergency has been declared. You must park your cars on the odd-numbered side of the street." Joe got up from the breakfast table and went out to move their car.

Two days later they heard another radio report: "There will be two to four inches of snow today. You must park on the even-numbered side of the street." Joe grumbled and went out to move their car.

Three days later the weatherman announced, "There will be two to twelve inches of snow today and you must park..." Just then the power went out and they didn't get the rest of the instructions. "Great," said Joe. "What are we supposed to do now?"

"Aw, Joe" Sue replied, "just leave the car in the garage."

* **Won't Cook**

I put a roast in the oven one noon hour and set the timer, a feature I hadn't used yet. Before leaving work that afternoon, I phoned my 14-year-old son to ask him to check the roast and peel some potatoes. Minutes later he called back. "Mom, the roast isn't cooked. The oven didn't come on."

The roast was on the menu again the following day, but this time, since I stopped by the house after a business lunch, I decided to turn the oven on myself. Again before leaving work, I called my son to check the roast and get the potatoes started. Again he called me back. "The roast still isn't cooked."

"Listen," I said. "I know the oven's on. I turned it on before I left. I didn't use the timer."

"Oh, the stove's working fine," he told me. "It's just that the roast is still in the refrigerator."