



WISE CRAIGS

JOE MCDONOUGH



This Just In

Dublin Police have confirmed that the man who fell from a nightclub roof and died was not a bouncer.

Most Certainly

A kindergarten teacher is trying to explain to her class the definition of the word “definitely.”

To make sure the students have a good understanding of the word, she asks them to use it in a sentence.

The first student raised his hand and said, “The sky is definitely blue.”

The teacher said, “Well, that isn’t entirely correct, because sometimes it’s grey and cloudy.”

Another student says, “Grass is definitely green.”

The teacher again replies, “If grass doesn’t get enough water it turns brown, so that isn’t really correct either.”

Finally, Sean raises his hand and asks the teacher, “Do farts have lumps?”

The teacher looked at him and said, “No...But that isn’t really a question you want to ask in class discussion is it.”

So Sean replies, “Then I definitely just pooped in me pants.”

Texas Realities

A rough and tough cowboy finishes his drink at a bar and gets up to

leave. A minute later, he comes back in, saying with a mean look in his eye, “I’m going to sit down and have one more drink, and if my horse isn’t back where I left it, I’m gonna have to do what I done in Texas, and I really don’t wanna have to do what I done back in Texas!”

True to his word, he sits down, orders another drink, sits in the [silent] bar and finishes his drink. He then gets up and walks outside and sure enough, his horse is back tied up where he left it.

As he’s just about to ride off, one of the other patrons timidly asks, “Mister? What was it you had to do in Texas?” The cowboy gets a far off look in his eyes and says sadly, “I had to walk home.”

For Pete’s Sake

Three men arrive in heaven at the same time. St. Peter comes out to greet them.

“Sorry about this guys,” says St. Peter. “God didn’t realize just how many people would get into heaven, so we have a new policy. You now have to tell me the story of how you died, and if I think it’s sad or interesting enough, I’ll let you in.”

He walks up to the first man, who is a nerdy, bookish sort in a bad business suit and says, “Tell me your story.”

“Okay,” says the man. “I thought I had a wonderful life. I had a beautiful wife, and we had a lovely place on the 34th floor of an apartment building. I came home from work early today, and I saw my beautiful wife sleeping naked in bed with another man’s clothes on the floor. So of course, I started looking for the bastard who slept with my wife.”

“Like I said, I lived in an apartment.

There weren’t that many places to hide, but I couldn’t find him

anywhere! Just when I was about to go confront my wife, I see him.

The bastard was hiding outside the window, holding onto the windowsill. I go up to him and started stomping on his hands over and over again, but he wouldn’t let go. I finally kicked him in the face, and he fell.

Unfortunately, he landed on a bush and bounced to safety. In my anger, I grabbed my refrigerator and threw it out after him. However, the cord from the refrigerator wrapped around my leg and pulled me to my death.”

St. Peter nods and says, “You’re story is acceptable. Welcome to heaven.”

He goes to the second man a brawny working-man type and says, “What’s your story?”

“I’m a window washer,” says the man. “I’ve been a window washer for over 20 years. Well today, I’m washing the windows of the 35th floor of this apartment building when my scaffolding breaks. I thought I was going to die, but I manage to catch myself on the windowsill of the story below.

All of a sudden, this maniac comes out and starts mashing my fingers. I try my best to hold on, but he kicks me in the face and I fall. Once again, I thought I was going to die, but I land on this hedge and bounce away no worse for the wear. I look up and BOOM. Dead. Last thing I saw was a refrigerator.”

St. Peter holds back a chuckle and lets him into heaven. He goes to the third man, a ridiculously handsome fellow with sandy-blond hair, and asks, “What’s your story?”

“Alright,” says the man. “Picture this. You’re having a go with some dude’s wife. He comes home. You hide in the refrigerator...”

First Class

A Mormon was seated next to an Irishman on a flight from London to the US.

After the plane was airborne, drink orders were taken. The Irishman asked for a whiskey, which was promptly brought and placed before him.

The flight attendant then asked the Mormon if he would like a drink. He replied in disgust, “I’d rather be savagely raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips.”

The Irishman then handed his drink back to the attendant and said, “Me, too, I didn’t know we had a choice.”

Celebrity Chauffeur

The pope asks his driver on his way to the airport if he could drive around for a while because they have time to kill, and he hasn’t driven a car since becoming the pope.

Naturally, he’s a bit rusty, so he’s driving poorly, when suddenly he sees police lights behind him. He pulls over.

When the officer comes up to the window, his eyes go wide. He says to the pope, “Hold on for a minute,” and goes back to his car to radio the chief.

Cop: “Chief we have a situation. I’ve pulled over an important figure.”

Chief: “How important? A governor or something?”

Cop: “No sir. He’s bigger.”

Chief: “So, what? a celebrity or something?”

Cop: “More important, sir.”

Chief: “A major politician?”

Cop: “No sir, he’s much more important.”

Chief: “WELL WHO IS IT!?”

Cop: “Well actually I’m not sure. But the pope’s his driver.” •

GUNSELMAN'S
TAVERN

21490 LORAIN ROAD, FAIRVIEW PARK

GUNSELMAN'S
STEAKHOUSE & BAR

7928 MAIN STREET, OLMSTED FALLS

GUNSELMAN'S
TO GO

21800 CENTER RIDGE RD, ROCKY RIVER

