

banana.bread.txt

BANANA BREAD:

Ingredients:

- 2 Laughing Eyes
- 2 Loving Arms
- 2 Well Shaped Legs
- 2 Firm Milk Containers
- 1 Fur Lined Mixing Bowl
- 1 Large Banana
- 2 Large Nuts

Mixing Directions

Look in laughing eyes, spread well shaped legs.  
Slowly squeeze and massage milk containers very  
gently, until fur lined mixing bowl is well greased.  
Add banana and gently work in until well creamed.

NOTE: Bread is done when banana is soft. Be  
sure to wash utensils and don't lick the  
bowl.

If bread starts to rise, leave town!

dumb.dick.things.txt

TOP SEVEN DUMB THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR DICK:

- 7> Use it to discipline your pitbull
- 6> Check that the electric pencil sharpener is working.
- 5> Use it to pry jammed toast out of the toaster
- 4> Get a blow job from a cannibal
- 3> Substitute it for a golf tee
- 2> Use it to teach a woman to drive a five speed

and number one: (drum roll please.....)

- 1> Screw the 15 year old daughter of a redneck Texan gun salesman!

\_Eat Bite\_

Chorus:

Eat bite, fuck suck, gobble nibble, chew,  
Nipple bossum, hair pie, finger fuck, screw.

Moose piss, cat pud, oragatang tit,  
Sheep pussy, cow's crap, pigs lie in shit.

Ahhh, Fuck. Ahhh, Suck. Ahhh, Shit. Mmmmmmm.

I went to a party, and what did they do?

They took off their socks, and they took off their shoes.

They took off their shirts, and they took off their pants,

I had a hunch they weren't gonna dance!

Chorus:

Everybody's everybody's ass is bare,  
Nobody's left 'cept the queer over their.

whole damn thing didn't please me a bit,  
So I jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit!

Chorus:

My baby's not a sports fan,  
But she plays with balls whenever she can.

'Cause her favorite sport you see,

Is playing tonsil hockey!

Chorus:

The Engineers' Drinking Song (Lady Godiva)

AAA AAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAA AAAA AAAA AAAAAAAAA

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride  
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide  
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course,  
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers  
We can, we can, we can, we can, demolish forty beers  
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum all day, and come along with us  
'Cause we don't give a damn for any old man who don't give a damn for us!

She said, "I've come a long, long way, and I will go as far  
With the man who takes me from this horse and leads me to a bar  
The man who took her from her steed and lead her to a beer  
Was a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer

Godiva was a lady well-endowed there is no doubt  
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound her hair about  
The first man who did make her was a Engineer, of course,  
But on just one beer an artsie queer had made Godiva's horse

Ace towing roams the Cambridge streets each day and every night  
Towing cars and stowing cars to hide them out of sight  
They tried to tow Godiva's horse; the Engineers said, "Hey!"  
Then towed away their towing truck, and now the Ace must pay!

Rapunzel let her hair down for two suitors down below,  
So one of them could grab a hold and give the old heave-ho  
The prince began to climb at once, but soon came out the worst,  
For the Engineer rode up a lift, and reached Rapunzel first

Caesar set out for Egypt at the age of fifty-three  
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young and free  
And every night when Julius said good-night at three o'clock  
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the block!

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay  
They'd heard the Spanish rum fleet was headed out that way  
But the Engineers had beat them, by a night and half a day,  
And though as drunk as ptarmigans, you could still hear them say:

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun  
They went down to the taverns where the fiery liquors run  
But all they found were empties for the Engineers had come  
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum

An artsman and an Engineer once found a gallon can  
Said the artsman, "Match me drink for drink, let's see if you're a man."  
They drank three drinks, the artsman fell, his face was turning green  
But the Engineer drank on and said, "It's only gasoline!"

An Engineer once stumbled through the halls of Building 10  
That night he'd drunken rum enough to drown a dozen men  
In fact, the only things there were that kept him on his course  
Were the boundary conditions and the Coriolis force

An MIT computer man got drunk one fateful night  
He opened up the console and smashed everything in sight  
When they finally subdued him, the judge he stood before,  
Said, "Lock him up for twenty years, he's rotten to the core!"

engineers.song.txt

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone  
without a stitch upon her she was naked as a bone  
On seeing that she had no clothes, and Engineer discoursed  
"Why, the damn thing's only concrete, and should be reinforced!"

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park  
The Engineer was working on some research after dark  
His scientific method was a marvel to observe  
while his right hand held the figures, his left hand traced the curves

Princeton's run by Wellesley, and Wellesley's run by Yale  
And Yale is run by Vassar, and Vassar's run by tail  
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand  
But M.I.T. is run by Engineers, the finest in the land

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup  
And MIT will be MIT when Harvard's time is up  
And any Harvard Son of a Bitch who thinks he's in our class  
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass

An MIT surveyor once found the gates of Hell  
He looked the devil in the eye, and said "You're looking well"  
The devil looked right back at him, and said "Why visit me -  
You've been through Hell already; you went to MIT!"

That engineer from MIT, he tried to enter heaven  
Saint Peter told the engineer, "Get back to building 7!"  
The engineer said he was damned if he was going home,  
So he climbed atop the roof, and dropped through heaven's dome...

A friend in ol' New Haven called me up the other day.  
He said he was depressed because he hadn't got an A.  
I said to him, "You idiot! Why did you go to Yale?  
If you had come to MIT you'd still be on Pass/Fail!"

My father peddles opium, my mother's on the dole  
My sister used to walk the streets but now she's on parole  
My brother runs a restaurant with bedrooms in the rear  
But they don't even speak to me, 'cause I'm an Engineer

And should there be a Harvard man a-strolling our Great Court  
we'll fetch a pail of river gunk and make him drink a quart  
The water of the River Charles can fix his every flaw  
And the Engineers all drink it 'cause it makes us what we are

## The Advantages of Fat

1. Fat people take 24 days longer to starve to death.
2. Fat people file 87% fewer sexual harassment complaints.
3. Fat people can buy stock in the Hostess Cupcake Company and eat their way to wealth.
4. Fat people can usually take, win, place, and show in a sweating contest.
5. Fat people hardly ever hurt themselves when they fall down-- they just roll over in a corner.
6. Fat people can sneak in professional wrestling bouts by pretending they are participants.
7. Fat people help make the planet earth weigh more.
8. Fat people get their money's worth out of their heart and gravity.
9. Fat people can go as elephants to costume parties by just adding a touch of grey paint.
10. Fat people can carry 8x10 photos of themselves because they can't get it all in a wallet size.

favorite.things.txt

\*\*\*\*\*Sung to the tune of "These are a few of my Favorite things\*\*\*\*\*

Short little kids getting killed in car crashes  
Bandages covering deep wounds and gashes  
Arms being broken and hanging in slings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Horribly mangled men groaning and dying  
Ripped and tyorn fingertips sizzling and frying  
Pitiful insects deprived of their wings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Posthumous corpses with old rotten faces  
Bullets in even the most remote places  
Bombs that go off when the telephone rings  
These are a few of my favorite things

When the sun shines  
When the birds sing  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply dismember my favorite limbs  
And then I don't feel .... so bad

Dark yellow pills that cause bad burns and rashes  
Clever machines that blind Arabs with flashes  
Devices that choke you with wires and strings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Scratching on blackboards to send your skin crawling  
Marvellous beating and killing and mauling  
Sewing your eyes shut with thin nylon strings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Automobiles that don't stop for small weasels  
Horrid vaccines that infect you with measles  
Serums that simulate scorpion stings  
These are a few of my favorite things

When the sun shines  
When the birds sing  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply dismember my favorite limbs  
And then I don't feel .... so bad

-----  
from the mental cellar of  
John "the Pasteurizer" Underkoffler  
Lambda Phi some year or other

\*\*\*\*\* FRATERNITY SONGBOOK LYRICS \*\*\*\*\*

These songs are from a 1989 Phi Kappa Psi songbook, which was recently distributed to the fraternity's pledge class (at UCLA).

S & M MAN (sung to the melody of "Candy Man")

who can take his organ  
Dip it in Vaseline  
Ram it up inside you till it tickles your spleen

Chorus:  
The S & M Man, the S & M Man  
The S & M Man 'cause he mixes it with love  
And makes the hurtin' feel good  
The hurtin' feel good

who can take your right wrist  
Cuff it to a stool  
Spin you around and whip you with his tool

(Chorus)

who can take a dildo  
Boil it 'til it's hot  
Cover it with oil and ram it your twat

(Chorus)

who can take a chainsaw  
Shove it up your hole  
Turn the fucker on and make a taco casserole

(Chorus)

who can take a cheese grater  
Rub it on your tits  
Collect 'em all together and eat the little bits

(Chorus)

who can take 2 ice picks  
ram 'em in her ears  
ride her like a harley with his dick stuck up her rear

(Chorus)

who can take a homo  
let him make a pass  
take him round the back and kick his fucking ass

(Chorus)

who can take a hammer  
and an anvil too  
lay your dick upon it and beat it till its blue

(Chorus)

who can go to an abortion clinic  
sneak around the back  
rummage through the garbage and find a tasty snack



(Chorus)

who can take your girlfriend  
dress her up in lace  
lay her on the bed & punch her in the face

(Chorus)

who can take your grandma  
bend her over on the lawn  
fuck her up the ass while grandpa cheers you on

YO-HO

I placed my hand upon her toe  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
I place my hand upon her toe  
She said "Phi Psi you're way too low"  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

I placed my hand upon her thigh  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
I place my hand upon her thigh  
She said "Phi Psi you're way too sly"  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

I placed my hand upon her tit  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
I place my hand upon her tit  
She said "Phi Psi go for the clit"  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

I placed my hand upon her snatch  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
I place my hand upon her snatch  
She said "Phi Psi go for the hatch"  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

I placed my cock inside her mouth  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
I placed my cock inside her mouth  
She said "Phi Psi AGH-AAAAA!!!"  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

we laid her out in a pine wood box  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
we laid her out in a pine wood box  
She died from sucking a Phi Psi cock  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then  
Yo-ho, yo-ho  
(repeat)  
We dig her up every now and then  
We fucked her once we'll fuck her again  
Shove it in shove it out quit fuckin' about  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

#### KAPPA SONG

Oh Kappa, Kappa, Kappa Gamma  
Oh what a bitch I am  
Sit on my face tastes like strawberry jam  
Nobody knows how horny I am

Oh I'll fuck a Sigma, suck a Beta  
There's a Phi Psi I just ate-a  
Oh my God, just gotta get laid  
Nobody knows how horny I am

Oh Kappa, Kappa, Kappa Gamma  
Give me six inches that I can cram  
Stick your face in my bearded clam  
Nobody knows how horny I am

Oh I'll suck your dick I'll beat your meat  
Oh your cum it tastes so sweet  
I'm a Kappa that's in heat  
Nobody knows how horny I am

#### CHI-O (sung to the melody of "Heigh-Ho")

Chi-O, Chi-O, it's off to bed we go  
With any luck we'll get a fuck  
Chi-O, Chi-O, Chi-O

Chi-O, Chi-O, it's off to bed we go  
With whips and chains and choo-choo trains  
Chi-O, Chi-O, Chi-O

Chi-O, Chi-O, It's off to bed we go  
With plastic sheets and assorted meats  
Chi-O, Chi-O

fuck.grammar.txt

Perhaps the one of the most interesting and most colorful words in the English today is the word "Fuck." It is the one magical word which, just by its sound can describe pain, pleasure, love, and hate. In language, "fuck" falls into many grammatical categories. It can be used as a verb, both transitive (John Fucked Mary), and intransitive (John fucked). It can be used as an active verb (John really gives a fuck), or a passive verb (John was fucked by Mary); or as an adverb (Mary is fucking interested in John), and a noun (Mary is a terrific fuck). It can be used as an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful).

As you can see, there are very few words with the versatility of "fuck." Besides its sexual connotations, this incredible word can be used to describe many situations:

Greetings.....How the fuck are you.  
Fraud.....I got fucked by the car dealer.  
Dismay.....Oh, fuck it.  
Trouble.....Well, I guess I'm fucked now.  
Aggression.....Fuck you!  
Disgust.....Fuck me!  
Confusion.....What the fuck....??  
Difficulty.....I don't understand this fucking business.  
Despair.....Fucked again.  
Incompetence.....He fucks up everything.  
Displeasure.....What the fuck is going on here!?  
Lost.....Where the fuck are we?  
Disbelief.....Unfuckingbelievable!  
Retaliation.....Up your fucking ass!

It can be used as an anatomical description - "He's a fucking asshole!"

It can be used to tell time - "It's five fucking thirty."

It can be used in business - "How did I wind up with this fucking job?"

It can be used maternally - "You motherfucker."

It can be used politically - "Fuck Dan Quayle!"

And never forget General Custer's last words: "Where did all them fucking indians come from?" Also, the famous last words of Hiroshima: "What the fuck was that?" And last but not least, the immortal words of the captain of the Titanic: "Where is all this fucking water coming from?"

The mind fairly boggles at the creative uses of the word! How could anyone be offended when you say "fuck?" Use it frequently in your daily speech; it will add to your prestige.

Today.....say to someone:

"FUCK YOU"

If you're squeamish or weak at heart, STOP NOW.

=====

These two guys were sitting in a bar that had a spittoon. The spittoon was filled almost to the brim with old tobacco juice, flegm, and other refuse/secretions. After a few, one guy says to the other, "I'll give you \$100 if you take a sip from that spittoon." The other guy immediately grabs the spittoon and, lifting it to his lips, takes a healthy slug. "All right, you win," says the first guy, but his friend keeps gulping down the goop pouring out of the spittoon. "Please stop, you're making me sick," says the first guy, but his friend keeps chugging the flegm. "I can't stand it, I'll give you another \$100 if you stop!"

Finally, the spittoon is empty, and the guy puts it down and belches. "Why didn't you stop" asks his disgusted friend? "I tried to, but it was all one piece!"

-----

These two guys are stranded out in the desert with no food (and little water). They're starving to death, when they come upon a rotting carcass of some unfortunate animal. Realizing he will starve if he doesn't eat, one of the guys forces himself to eat the rotting chunks of flesh. He asks his friend if he wants any, since there's more than he can choke down. His friend refuses, saying he couldn't bear to eat it.

Later, his body can't stand the putrid, pustulent meal and he vomits. His friend eagerly begins scooping up the vomit and eating it. "I thought you couldn't bear to eat that stuff," he says. "Yeah, but now it's HOT!"

-----

Why did cavemen stop dragging women by their ankles??  
Because they kept filling up with dirt.

What is silent and smells like worms?  
Bird farts.

What is silent and smells like cum?  
Gay farts.

What do you call an anorexic with a yeast infection?  
Quarter pounder with cheese.

What's the definition of confusion?  
Two blind lesbians lost in a Sushi bar.

-----

There were these two hikers (Steve and Ted) who got lost while traversing the Ozarks. So lost were these young boys, that the closest search party was two hundred miles away. They had been lost for two months, and their rations were exhausted. They were living on whatever berries and shrubs they came across. Their bodies were near dehydration. Most of their supplies and equipment were lost during various falls and other mishaps. Their clothes were tattered to the point where they had almost no protection from the elements. Anyway, to get to the point, they were fucked up.

Finally, one afternoon they smelled what seemed to be a campfire of

some sort. Following the smell, they came upon a small weather-beaten shack. Before they reached the porch, they were met by a crusty, green-toothed, wart-faced, half-balding, lice-infested, and generally fucking gross looking dirt-bag of an old woman. She had a large double-barreled shotgun aimed at them as she remarked, "You young fellers look t'be lost. Betcha' lots hungry, too. I gots me lotsa fresh picked corn, an' squashes, an' lotsa fresh cooked ham hocks an' fried chicken."

The hikers were almost writhing in anxiety, Ted worked up enough energy to speak, "What do you want ma'am. We can pay you a lot of money if you would just give us some food and help us call our friends."

"I don't want your money." the old rat-bag sneered, "I'd be givin' yo's all the vittles ya wants if one o' yo' be fuckin' me!"

The two boys were shocked, but in their condition, they knew they had no choice. They tossed their only coin, and Steve lost. Ted waited on the porch and tried to quell his overwhelming pangs of hunger.

Inside, Steve was led to a stain-encrusted mattress in the middle of the floor and told to disrobe completely. He did so, but asked if the old woman would darken the shack so that he could feel comfortable enough to perform. She obligingly pulled all the shades, and as she did, Steve noticed a bucket of freshly-shucked corn. When the old crone returned and laid down Steve placed an ear of corn near his limp cock and proceeded to corn-bang the woman's over-sized twat.

After ten minutes, the skunk-breathed hag came in a puss-filled stream (I told you this was GROSS). Steve slid the corn through a knot-hole in the wall and started to get up. "Just a minute, sonny!" screamed the woman, "You aint goin' noplase 'til I's dun cumin'! Now get yore cock stiff an' fuck me sum mo'!"

Steve grabbed another ear and reamed the old woman's cunt like there was no tomorrow. She writhed and came in a piss-wave that almost made Steve puke his stomach inside out.

Again he slid the ear through the wall, and again the old hag demanded more. This went on at least a dozen more times, until the old slut-bag passed out.

Steve pulled himself up and made his way to the door. "Ted!", he cried, "Come on in, let's eat now."

"You go ahead, Steve, I'm already pretty full on all that corn you slipped out to me."

---

Tom, Dick and Harry were college roommates. Tom and Dick might be loosely classified as "students", as they made occasional attempts to study and maintain themselves so as to receive semi-respectable grades. Harry, on the other hand, went out raising hell every night and never studied. Tom and Dick were having trouble staying awake in class, as every night Harry came crashing in, knocking over furniture and throwing up in the kitchen sink.

Finally, Tom and Dick could stand no more. They visited the local butcher and obtained a bucketful of chicken guts. These they poured into the kitchen sink, thinking to shock Harry into sobriety when he spotted them upon returning that night. That night, in the wee hours,

Tom and Dick lay in bed waiting. Finally they heard the door crash open, Harry falling over furniture, and throwing up. Then there was two hours of blessed silence before Harry went to bed.

The next morning, Harry looked about ten times worse than usual. Tom ginned at Harry and asked, "Rough night, Harry?"

"I'll say," groaned Harry. "I was SO sick last night that when I came home I threw up my guts, and it took two hours for me to get them back in."

---

There's this leper that walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "Look, I know that you may not want to serve me, being in this condition and all, but I'm really thirsty. Could I have a beer?"

The bartender replies, "No, it's alright. Here's a beer."

So he takes his beer and sits down on a stool and starts to drink it. Once he's done, he looks over and notices that the bartender is bending over the sink yacking his guts out.

The leper, thinking that it is him making the bartender sick, decides to leave. The bartender sees him and says, "Hey, don't go."

"I'm making you sick, I'd be happy to leave."

"No you're not. Here's another beer."

So, the leper starts with this beer, looks over and sees the bartender puking once more. Again the leper decides to leave. The bartender stops him and says, "Look, I'm not puking because of you. Here," and produces another mug of beer, "take this beer on the house."

The leper was comforted by this and decided to sit back down and drink it. Again, the leper notices that the bartender is throwing up. He quickly makes to leave when the bartender stops him again. "Hey, I know I'm making you sick so I am definately going to leave!" says the leper.

"No you're not," replies the bartender.

"O.K., if it's not me, then what is it?"

"Look, it's not you that's making me sick, it's the guy next to you dipping his chip into your arm."

---

what does a female elephant use for a vibrator?  
An epileptic.

what do you call 3 lepers in a hot tub?  
Soup.

---

So this guy wants to have a luau.  
He needs a pig for a luau, so he goes to a pig farm.  
He asks the farmer for a twenty-pound pig.  
The farmer goes into the pen, searches around awhile.

He picks up a pig, puts the tail in his mouth, and begins swinging the pig around for a few seconds.  
He puts the pig down, and says, "Nope, not quite twenty pounds."  
He picks up another, puts the tail in his mouth, swings the pig around awhile, and declares, "This one's twenty pounds!"  
He brings the pig out, and the man says in a shocked tone, "You can't weigh a pig like that!"

"Sure I can.", said the farmer, "watch this."  
He called his son over and asked him to weigh the pig.  
The boy came over, picked up the pig, put its tail in his mouth, and swung it around awhile. He put the pig down and said, "This one weighs twenty pounds."  
The man still looked perplexed, so the farmer told the boy to get his mother so that she can weigh the pig.

After five minutes, the boy returned alone. "She can't come out just yet." the boy said, "She's weighing the mailman."

-----

There once was a guy named Philip. Philip owned his own business. He was know around town as 'Philip the Pus Sucker.' One day, Philip was sitting around his jacuzzi, snorting some coke with four or five of these lovely blonds, redheads, etc., when he gets a call on his 'Emergency Pus Phone.'

'Hello Philip?'  
'Yes, this is Philip's Pus Sucking Agency'  
'I've got this HUGE boil, and it is KILLING me, can you come over?'  
'I'm on my way, where do you live.....etc etc'

Well Philip jumps out of the water, knocking half of his coke into the tub, throws on a pair of shorts, jumps into his Ferrari, and drives over to this ladies house. She meets him at the door, and Philip sees this HUGE 700 pound lady. She pulls up her dress, and bends over and says:

'Hurry, up, it's by my asshole'

Philip dives into the fat, has to use the jaws of life, hydraulic jacks, (you get the picture), just wading through tones of blubber, and finally, finally, reaches the boil. It is a huge, festering, green and blue, dripping, the size of a watermelon boil. Philip has never seen one this size before, and dives into it face first, pus dripping down his chin, slurping and slobbering pus and blood and everything else that is in festering things like this.

All of a sudden, the lady farts, and blows Philip across the room, almost cracking his skull when he his. Philip sits up and says:

'Lady, PLEASE, don't make my job disgusting.'

-----

Fred the sailor got back from sea after being out for six months. Since their were only other men on board, he was (naturally) hornier than a 150 piece brass marching band when he hit port in New York. He only had 25 dollars with him, but was having hormone explosions, so he went to the nearest house of ill repute he could find. He entered, and said, "I need it bad. what can I get for \$25?"

The lady at the desk replied, "well, this is a high class place here.

gross.jokes.txt  
About all you can get for that is Big Bertha."

Fred thaked her and paid his money. He ran upstairs to the Big Bertha's room and swung open the door. In the dim light he saw a fat 60 year old toothless woman in a transparent teddy stretched out on the bed. "Come on in, sweetie!" she said enticingly.

Fred grimaced, but said, "I paid for it - I'm going through with it." He closed his eyes and lept onto the bed with Bertha. He ripped her teddy off and they began engaging in foreplay. To initiate things, he began sucking on one of her nipples. As he did, his mouth filled up with fluid. Suprised, he swallowed it and said, "Say, aren't you a little bit old to be giving milk?"

Bertha smiled at him and said, "Why, yes. But I'm not too old to have breast cancer!!"



INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE  
REF(3-75)

To: All Male Taxpayers  
From: Internal Revenue Service  
Subject: Increased Tax Payments

Dear Taxpayers,

The only thing the Internal Revenue Service has not taxed is your PECKER. This is due to the fact that 40% of the time it is hanging around unemployed, 30% of the time it is pissed off, 20% of the time it is hard up, and 10% of the time it is employed but operates in the hole. Furthermore, it has two dependents and they are both nuts.

Accordingly, after February 1, 1990, your pecker will be taxed based on its size, using the "PECKER-CHECKER SCALE" below. Determine your category and insert the additional tax under "OTHER TAXES" on page 2, part 4, and line 61 of your income tax form 1040.

PECKER CHECKER SCALE  
-----

10-12 INCHES	Luxury Tax	\$50.00
8-10 INCHES	Pole Tax	\$25.00
6-8 INCHES	Privilege Tax	\$15.00
4-6 INCHES	Nuisance Tax	\$ 5.00

- (1) Anyone under four inches is eligible for a refund
- (2) Applications for extensions will be denied
- (3) Males with peckers in excess of 12 inches should file under capital gains.

Very Truly Yours,

Internal Revenue Service  
Barney Longfellow

perfect.moment.txt  
The perfect moment

The sun gleaming red hanging like a balloon on the horizon, and  
reflecting ruby red on the expansive sea, with  
a sea gull silhouetted in the sun, and

me with a bull-whip handle stuck up my butt.

- comedian ?? ????'s interpretation
- of R. Mapplethorpe

shorties.txt

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To: awmozes@Athena.MIT.EDU, regis@Athena.MIT.EDU, timo@Athena.MIT.EDU,  
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Cc: timo@Athena.MIT.EDU, saskia@Athena.MIT.EDU  
Subject: yo ho ho  
Date: Mon, 09 Dec 91 02:04:37 EST  
From: Ghost <timo@Athena.MIT.EDU>

I bid thee good morrow.

Hither come and thine own ears shall amused be:

1) Have you heard about the day-after-male-birth-control pill?  
It changes the guys blood type.

2) One day young Jeffrey went to his grandmother's house. Grandmother was feeling quite distraught, which disturbed Jeffrey. He sincerely hoped he could help. It seems that grandmother was worried by her worsening case of Alzhymer's disease. In an effort to cheer her up, he says, "Just think how lucky you are. You can find your own Easter eggs and you make new friends every day."

3) What's the easiest way to eat a vegetable?  
Remove the wheel chair.

4) Little Red Riding Hood was strolling through the forest on her way to Grandma's house, y'know the story. As she was going along, a rabbit jumped on the road and stopped her. "Please," said the rabbit, "don't go to Grandma's house. The bad wolf is waiting and will play with your titties." Little Red Riding Hood smiled at the rabbit. "Have no fear," she said, "I have a gun." Little Red Riding Hood left the rabbit and continued on her way.

A short while later, a squirrel stopped Little Red Riding. "Please, don't go to Grandma's house, Little Red Riding Hood," squeaked the squirrel. "The bad wolf is waiting to play with your titties." Little Red Riding Hood smiled at the squirrel. "It's OK," said LRRH (Little Red Riding Hood), "I have a gun right here in my pocket." The squirrel seemed much relieved, so LRRH went on her way.

About half-an-hour later, a robin caught up to LRRH. "Please don't go to Grandma's house," chirped the robin. "The bad wolf is waiting to play with you tits." LRRH smiled at the robin. "I have a gun," she said. "I'll be ok," and LRRH continued on her way.

As LRRH neared Grandma's house, the bad wolf jumped out of the woods. "Now, I've got you LRRH," salivated the wolf. "Now, I'm going to play with your titties!"

"Oh no you don't," returned LRRH as she pulled her gun. "You are going to eat me, just like the story says."

One evening at the bar a friend of Paul's got up the nerve to ask him, how it was possible that he and his wife conceived their children, being as large as they are.

To this Paul replied:

"You guys with small dicks are always asking me that!"

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+-----+  
| Sid Vicious Says `Merry Christmas' |  
+-----+

`Twas the night before New Years, when everyone's drunk  
Not a rocker was stirring, not even a punk;

The Baggies were hung by the phono with care,  
In hopes that Saint Vicious, yes Sid, would be there.

There Ramones were sold out, so we stayed in our sheds,  
while visions of slammers still danced in our heads.

Susie with hash pipe and I, dressed in black,  
Had just setteled down for a long-playing track.

When out in the alley there arose such a clatter,  
I crawled from the couch to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I lurched with a crash,  
Tearing a poster I'd had from the Clash.

The strobe light, the acid, the new snorted snow,  
Gave a lustre of Day-Glo to the objects below.

When what to my unfocused eyes should appear,  
But a miniature stage, and a band I could hear.

With a singer who danced; by the Pogo he did  
I knew in an instant it must be Saint Sid.

More rapid than Springsteen, their rhythm it came.  
And he snarled, and shouted, and called them by name:

`Now Strummer! Biafra! Now Joey Ramone!  
On Bators! On Patti! On Cook and on Jones!

To the top of the amps, kick over the wall!!!  
NOW ANARCHY, ANARCHY, ANARCHY ALL!!!'

As punks that before a concert got high,  
When they all started to Pogo, mount to the sky.

So up to the window, the rockers they flew,  
With powerful speakers, and Saint Vicious too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the trunk,  
The swearing and cursing of each famous punk.

As I drew on my pipe and was turning around,  
Down the vent shaft, Saint Vicious, he came with a bound.

He was dressed in black from his head to his foot,  
And a chain ran from his shoulder that was tarnished with soot,

A black leather jacket was flung over his back,  
And he looked like a heretic freed from the rack.

His eyes, how they flashed, his smile, how merry!  
He staggered right in, his breath smelled of sherry,

His darkly blue hair was drawn up in a spike,  
And the rest of the punks were attired alike.

sid.vicious.christmas.txt

A portable mike he held tight in his hand,  
`Holiday in the Sun'' issued forth from the band.

To be followed by ``Anarchy in the U.K.``  
`God Save the Queen,`` ``EMI,`` and ``My Way.``

The band played so loud the albums fell from my shelf,  
And I gasped when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink from his eye, and some dope for my head,  
Soon came me to know I should Pogo instead.

He spoke but a word, and that was ``ANARCHY``  
And gave us all tickets and hash for the day!

Then putting white powder inside of his nose,  
And spitting it out, he said: ``Fuck all discos!``

He sprang to his stage to the band gave a shout,  
And away they all jammed till Saint Vicious passed out.

But I heard him exclaim, with the last of his might,  
``SCORCHING PUNK ROCK TO ALL, AND TOO AWFUL GOOD NIGHT!!!``

Smart Ass.

I am a student at a small eastern college and I never thought that I would be writing to you, but...

Last week I had an important midterm coming up and I knew that I would have to study for it. My roommate was out for the night, so I decided to stay in and do some necessary reading. I sat studying and taking notes until 9:30 -- the telephone did not ring. Nor was there a knock at the door. I didn't have to get up to answer it only to find some blond, brunette, or red-headed coed cheerleader who I had lusted after in physics class standing at the door in a flimsy nightie. Nor did I have to invite her in only to have her confess that she secretly lusted after me. She didn't grab my rampant nine-incher and force it down her throat. Following this, she didn't rip her clothes off and beg me to fuck her for hours on end. I didn't come in quarts, and when we weren't finished she didn't give me a little kiss on the cheek and promise to come back the next night with her girlfriend, one she "knew I'd like."

Instead, what happened was that no one interrupted me that evening. I studied until 11, had a beer, and went to bed. I rose early the next morning, showered and shaved, attended class, and took the midterm. My mark was an A. While I was in class, a sexy blonde ignored me. -- Name and address withheld.

:^)

It's time to tell the truth about Smurfs.

You see, Smurfs are a lot like other folks; they have dreams and ambitions, deep, thoughtful conversations with each other, and good and bad times.

"But," people ask, "do Smurfs have..... you know,..... \*sex\*?"

The answer is an emphatic and resounding YES!

And why shouldn't they? They're people, too.

What \*most\* people don't know is why Smurfs are blue. Well, the reason is because Smurfs only have sex once a year.

Face it: if you had sex only once a year, you'd be blue, too.

Once a year, in the Smurf village, flags and banners fly happily in the breeze, proclaiming that the day of the annual Smuckfest has arrived. Birds sing and the Sun comes out to watch, despite the weatherSmurf's direst predictions.

I guess good ol' Mr. Sun is a voyeur.

In the middle of town, Papa Smurf gives a brief speech explaining the origin of the Smuckfest; how Dr. C. Everett Koop came to the village and warned all the Smurfs about AIDS. Papa Smurf knew that no one made condoms small enough for a Smurf (even though everyone knows that all male Smurfs are uniformly well-hung, for their size), so he decreed that all Smurfs would only smuck one day a year.

"Smucking one day a year will help us identify any diseases we may transmit to one another, and keep them from spreading to the animals in the forest," declaimed Papa Smurf. "Besides, it will give Smurfette a chance to rest."

Yes! Smurfette must rest. For, as everyone knows, Smurfette is the only female Smurf in the village, and after a full day of having vigorous, rabid sex with two hundred cunt-crazed little blue men, she needs a break.

So, on the appointed day, Papa Smurf bids everyone throw their inhibitions to the wind and immerse themselves in debauchery. And, as is his privilege, Papa Smurf throws out the first throe.

At his signal, Smurfette unties the skintight blue band she must use to suppress her natural bustiness, and her astounding tits spring forth into the daylight. The Sun gleams lecherously on the smooth, blue flesh, nipples crinkling in the light of day from her soon-to-be-unbridled lust.

Then Smurfette shimmies out of her skirt and stands before the crowd, naked as the day she was born, save the spike-heeled white boots she has donned just for the occasion. Her long, blonde hair cascades down her back and lasciviously outlines her buttocks, clinging like a dirty old man's gaze to each curve and dimple.

Her cunt winks lewdly from behind the golden shield of pubic glory, already glistening in mad anticipation of each and every raging rod it would receive that day. And receive them gladly it would, for hers is the indefatigable furburger, and she hungered for the sauce blended in the heat of passion.

Smurfette turns to Papa Smurf and lifts her stupendous breasts with their turgid nipples to his lips. He takes each one, in turn, into his mouth, where his tongue dances the Fabulous Fandango around the areolae, as Smurfette moans like a cat in heat.

Then, when poor Smurfette can take no more, Papa Smurf drops to his bony little knees and sprinkles his magic deSmurfilating dust on Smurfette's engorged cunt lips. Presto! The lovely blonde braiding material falls from her, leaving her shaved smooth as a hard-boiled egg.

"Oh, Papa Smurf!" she cries. "Encore!! Encore!!", as she writhes in anticipation of the Fabulous Furless Fandango danced 'round her pulsating pussy.

Papa Smurf does not disappoint the damsel in distress; he slides his hands under her tight little blue ass and parts her moistness with his thumbs. As the hot, funky juices begin to run down his arms, he plunges tongue-first and tonsil-deep into her wiggling womanhood. Smurfette gasps as the talented tongue begins to do its magic, and her cunt clutches at it like a baby bird after a worm.

Cradling his head to her crotch, Smurfette's hips begin to slowly grind and twitch, for Papa Smurf's tongue has unerringly found her S-spot, and Smurfette begins the slow, hot, agonizing rise to ecstasy. "Oh, make me smurf, baby, make me smurf!", she pants, each stroke of his tongue causing her to throb and clutch.

As Smurfette's moans and cries rise in pitch higher and higher, the crowd gazes in amazement at the mighty mound of meat struggling to escape from Papa Smurf's pants. This, then, is the legendary Trouser Titan, bulging forth in a determined attempt to split the barrier.

Just when Smurfette is certain that she will die from sheer sensory overload, Papa Smurf flings off his Levis and frees the Magnificent Heat-Seeking Moisture Missile from its cradle. Maddened with blind lust, Smurfette hurls Papa Smurf to the platform and leaps shrieking into the air, landing unerringly on his Titanic Totem.

Suddenly filled, Smurfette's cunt explodes in a monster orgasm, the force of which propels her screaming into the air again and again, each time plummeting her onto the Potent Purple Pecker and triggering another climax.

Before Smurfette can achieve orbit, Papa Smurf grab her legs and pulls her to the ground. Swiftly, he stands, pulling her to her knees. Gasping in awe, Smurfette gets a head-on view of his hard-on, glistening in the light like a war staff.

The sight of this shining stud is too much for Smurfette, who immediately grabs both of Papa smurf's bulging balls in her hands and pulls him to her waiting mouth. With preternatural skill and primeval hunger, Smurfette devours the monster cock, licking and sucking like a starving child with an ice cream cone.

His ass knotting like a sailor's anchor rope, Papa Smurf pounds into Smurfette's mouth with furious strokes. As he reaches his blazing climax, he forces Smurfette to take all thirteen and 7/8ths inches of blue tube steak and fires round after pulsing round of blue goo down her ravenous throat.



"Hurray!!", shouts the crowd. "Now it's OUR turn!!"

Suddenly the town square erupts with scenes of azure carnality, as 200 tiny blue asses appear in the sunlight. 200 raging cocks swarm toward Smurfette's waiting and ever-willing cunt, ready to make her scream for mercy as they scream for more. 400 bouncing balls follow each other toward the nearest available orifice, making Smurfette wish there were more of her.

Those lucky enough to find access to Smurfette's fabulous form begin their crazed humping, as others find their schlongs being stroked as fast as she can grab. Those whose time will come later are coming now, as their friends clutch lustily at their forbidden fruits, flinging frothy fuck-foam far and wide.

Up the ass! Down the throat! Backhand, forehand, underhand, in the armpit or behind the knee, the Smurfs erupt in a display of orgasmic prowess to shame the most devoted student of the Kama Sutra. Soon the street become hazardous to navigate (and navigate one must), as the square gets deeper and deeper in the collective come.

Hour after hour, the orgy rampages on.

Gradually, as night falls, the screams of orgasmic ecstasy turn to the moans and sighs of deep contentment, with the occasional whimper from an over-enthusiastic sodomite. Soon all is quiet, as Smurf helps Smurf back to Home and Preparation H. Tubes of Chap-Stick are quickly distributed to soothe aching lips, and aloe gel is applied (as are lips, if it is too stimulating) to the citizen's members to ease the burning.

As the exhausted (and completely sated) Smurfs lie in sexual stupor, gentle rains come (not them, too!) to wash away all traces of the fleshfest that was.

And you wondered why Smurfs are always in such a good mood.....

tattoo.tool.txt

There was a happily married man who loved his wife so much that he had tattooed her name on his tool. Her name was WILMA. As the tattooing was done he thought about his most beloved wife so the tool went larger than it usually was and when it went back to its normal state you could only see the first and the last characters. He was not sorry for it because the only person who would see it was his wife and she was also happy to have her husbands love documented on such a delicate spot.

After a couple of years in their marriage they went for a second honeymoon and one day when they where bathing in the ocean a naked native came up from the see. Amazed the man saw that the native also had a WA tattooed on his tool so he went over to the man and told him why he had a WA on his' and asked if his girlfriend also was called WILMA.  
:No man! the native said.  
:My tool say

WELCOME TO JAMAICA

Article: 2815 of rec.humor.funny

Path:

bloom-picayune.mit.edu!snorkelwacker.mit.edu!apple!usc!cs.utexas.edu!uunet!looking!funny-request

From: davidl@ssd.intel.com (David D. Levine)

Newsgroups: rec.humor.funny

Subject: Why Usenet is Like a Penis

Keywords: original, funny, usenet

Message-ID: <S30f.478@looking.on.ca>

Date: 9 Oct 91 10:30:05 GMT

Lines: 56

Approved: funny@looking.on.ca

Reasons why Usenet is like a penis:

- \* It can be up or down. It's more fun when it's up, but it makes it hard to get any real work done.
- \* In the long-distant past, its only purpose was to transmit information considered vital to the survival of the species. Some people still think that's the only thing it should be used for, but most folks today use it for fun most of the time.
- \* It has no conscience and no memory. Left to its own devices, it will just do the same damn dumb things it did before.
- \* It provides a way to interact with other people. Some people take this interaction very seriously, others treat it as a lark. Sometimes it's hard to tell what kind of person you're dealing with until it's too late.
- \* If you don't apply the appropriate protective measures, it can spread viruses.
- \* It has no brain of its own. Instead, it uses yours. If you use it too much, you'll find it becomes more and more difficult to think coherently.
- \* We attach an importance to it that is far greater than its actual size and influence warrant.
- \* If you're not careful what you do with it, it can get you in big trouble.
- \* It has its own agenda. Somehow, no matter how good your intentions, it will warp your behavior. Later you may ask yourself "why on earth did I do that?"
- \* Some folks have it, some don't.

Those who have it would be devastated if it were ever cut off. They think that those who don't have it are somehow inferior. They think it gives them power. They are wrong.

Those who don't have it may agree that it's a nifty toy, but think it's not worth the fuss that those who do have it make about it. Still, many of those who don't have it would like to try it.

- \* Once you've started playing with it, it's hard to stop. Some people would just play with it all day if they didn't have work to do.

--

- David D. Levine, Intel Supercomputer Systems Division  
davidl@ssd.intel.com - or - davidl@isc.intel.com  
My other computer is a Touchstone DELTA System.

usenet.penis.txt

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Selected by Brad Templeton. MAIL your joke (jokes ONLY) to funny@looking.ON.CA

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