

A photograph of two women laughing heartily. The woman on the left has curly brown hair and is wearing a denim jacket. The woman on the right has straight brown hair and is wearing a dark top. Both are holding white disposable coffee cups with brown sleeves. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

Laughter – is the – Best Medicine

500+ jokes

Barkat Ali Meghaney

Laughter ___ is the ___ Best Medicine

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*When was the last time
you had really
a good laugh?*

Author

BARKAT ALI MEGHANEY

(my late elder brother)

Compiled and Published by
Feroz Ali Meghaney

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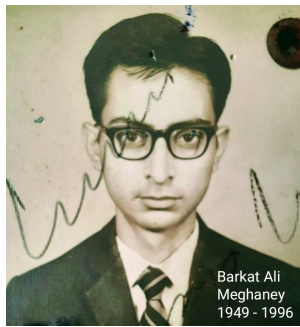
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DEDICATION

In memory of my late elder brother
Barkat Ali Meghaney,
author of this book.

May Allah ﷻ
enter him in Jann'ah.
A'meen.



Author Barkat Ali Meghaney. Author and his mother.

About the Author

Barkat Ali Meghaney, author of the book *LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE*, was born in India in 1949 to Gujrati community of Shi'ah Ismaili Aga Khani. His father Abdullah and he himself did not follow religious practices of Ismaili Aga Khani community.

He loved his birth place - Meru Abraham building, Jairaj plot, street no.10, Hathikhana Road, RAJKOT. He enjoyed his golden childhood there; grew up as a smart kid. Our mother had hired Sara'h, a nanny, to look after the children of the house. The author, being first child of the house, received major part of love and care. He played all sorts of childhood games of that time; kite-flying and bicycle riding were his favorite plays. He built group of selected loving friends during teenage. He used horse-cart ride daily to reach his school - Virani School, Rajkot. In short, he had a wonderful life at his birth place.

After migration to Karachi Pakistan, he felt upset at new place. His life became complete messed up. He could not study what he had planned; he did not find jobs of his liking. He did not marry. He lost interest in his life. He could not bear the shock of losing everything - his birth place, his friends, his good time. He always remembered his birth place, the good time he had spent there, his loving friends he had lost. Here he developed hobbies of listening to radio, reading books, listening popular English songs, pen-friendship, postage stamps collecting and playing chess game - to find escape from his sadness. His mother was his only companion; in her he felt shelter from pains of life. She took all the care of her loving son till his last breath. Author died in 1996.

It was that gloomy period of his life between 1980s and 1990s that he started writing jokes. He found inspiration and guidance for his jokes from old copies of Reader's Digest he purchased from Saddar in Karachi.

He wrote jokes with his nice handwriting in note books. His every note book of jokes had these words on first page: 'For inspiration and guidance for writing new anecdotes'.

While not writing, he used to listen to his favorite radio stations - top among them were BBC and VOA. He was fond of listening popular English songs over radio. Among his favorite English songs was one - 'San Francisco' sung by Scott McKenzie.

Preface

THIS COMPILATION work got delayed for more than 25 years due to one reason or another. My late elder brother, Barkat Ali Meghaney, (author of this book), handed his note books containing his hand written jokes in 1994-1995.

Initially I selected 101 jokes, did the typing work and prepared doc file from author's hand written note-books in November 2020. Soon, I got deep desire to complete typing work of the entire joke book and learn how to prepare eBooks in epub formats ready for upload.

With this intention I resumed my typing work, learned to prepare epub eBook (beginner level), prepared eBooks (epub, pdf) and uploaded for the world to buy and enjoy. The current compilation completed in January 2021 and contains 500+ jokes.

These jokes were written during the global social era of 1980 to 1990. So, dive into that era in your imagination and enjoy the real taste of humor of that time.

Feroz Ali Meghani (Publisher)

Karachi, February 2021

INTRODUCTION

When was the last time you had really a good laugh? Laughter is the best medicine. It is a reminder to everybody that as children, we used to laugh hundreds of times a day, but as adults, life tends to be more serious resulting in infrequent laughter.

Seek out more opportunities for humor and laughter in your life. You will find your emotional health improving, your relationships strengthening, and you will find greater happiness—and even add years to your life.



Two friends met after a long time and the thing one wanted to know was about the other one's smoking.

"I had heard that you had got desperate to quit smoking, trying every old and new way for it."

"Yeah, I wanted to quit smoking anyhow, you know."

"Found any effective way so far?"

"Well, a fellow who had tried it himself, told me to chew a cigarette every time the smoking desire comes. The trick is gradually working - my smoking's down to only ten now, from thirty cigarettes a day."

"Very well. A check on smoking is also some saving of money - besides a care of health."

"So far as money-saving is concerned, I'm not finding any, my friend, 'cause I'm smoking ten and chewing twenty."



Youngsters from our neighborhood had gone to play games with boys and girls of another block. One Asian-origin boy had taken with him a visitor from Asia - his cousin who looked very active kid. When the whole bunch of them returned with manifest joy, a sports enthusiast man in our area, asked the kids how their competitions turned out.

"I WON!" enthused one lad.

"I TOO!" followed another.

"And you, visitor?" the man asked the new Asian boy.

"I THREE!"



Little tyke Tom had been pestering dad with too many questions. That day once again, his theme was 'afraid of'.

"Are you afraid of big elephants, Daddy?" he asked with gesticulation.

"No."

"Are you afraid of black bears?"

"No."

"Are you afraid of King Kong?"

"No, I'm not. Now let me read the paper."

"Are you afraid of a howling wolf?"

"Now, won't you stop this question-business of yours and leave me alone?"

"But Mummy sent me to you. I will tell her you are not answering my questions", Tom wailed.

"O K, O K" yelled his dad, giving in with a frown. "But you don't have to tell your Mummy how powerful I am."



It was Alan's first day of week-long leave and he was eager to show that he too cares to help in the house chores. In the absence of wife - out on a shopping trip since morning - he spotted rows of clothes on clothes-line in the backyard and he knew he'd found a house work.

By the time his wife returned, Alan had wearily finished ironing about twenty clothes.

"How do you like this?" he showed off to his wife, winking towards the neat pile of pressed clothes he'd made.

Impressed by the task, she scanned the pile and a moment later, remarked, "Great job! At least half a dozen are our neighbors'."



A reporter was making a beginning of collecting married couples' ideas about some psychologists' assertions on the subject of 'changing behaviors in married people'.

"First I will ask your comments, Mrs. Sylvia", he began.

"Psychologists say that when the female in a couple is conscious that she is surpassing in physical looks or financially or sexually or educationally, the possibility of the male partner becoming 'henpecked' is big. What do you say?"

"Being a woman, I simply can't say anything in this matter", said blond Mrs. Sylvia.

The reporter turned to Mrs. Sylvia's husband.

"Being a man, I simply can't think anything in this matter."



An old retired man was reading in a magazine, 'The Economic Report of 1985' - while an old retired woman was trying to knit great-grandson's socks out of wool.

A note-worthy line prompted the old man to read it aloud:

'For the first time in more than seventy years, the United States owes more to the world than what the world owes to it.'

"Poor America!", sighed the old woman with mixed feelings of pity and admonition, " I have been telling everybody for years that trickery is increasing in the world day after day; so, beware."



A woman was overheard while gossiping with neighbor:

"Today I got up at five fifteen - only when I turned on the light, did I find that it was actually six fifteen!!"



An affable-tempered inspector was in a primary school to see the standard. Walking and talking, he entered a class and asked a boy student, "How many legs does a horse have?"

Probably four, sir", replied the boy.

"And how many eyes has it?"

"Mostly two, sir."

"And how many ears?"

"I think two, sir."

Feeling amused, the inspector went on: "Does it have any tail?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"At least one."

"Can a horse run at fast speed?"

"I guess it can – at times."

The inspector turned to the class teacher. "See this non-committal answer-giving technique? I can almost bet this boy comes from a lawyer's family."

"If I would trust what he states, sir", responded the teacher, "I may safely inform you that he is the son of a lawyer."



"When I told you that my wife had helped me in writing this novel, you mustn't have sought to know her contribution from her. In fact, she proved helpful to me quite differently. At about the time I'd just begun writing this novel, she left me after a row, to stay with her parents for a couple of months. So, that fortunately turned out to be her actual contribution in our accomplishment, you see!"



"**H**ey Buddy, I've made a breakthrough!" revealed electronics-crazy Terry to Greg.

"I attached two digital computers, two analogue computers, one audio-video signal inter-changer, one word processor and one synthesizer to my communications receiver and now, when I speak through the microphone, anyone with a receiver connected to a TV set can hear me AND see me speaking on the TV screen!"

"Amazing!!" expressed Greg and he hurried home, connected TV to his receiver and contacted Terry. To his surprise, there came his friend's image on his TV screen.

"I can see you, Buddy", said Greg. "Now, can you bring some young lady to the microphone? I'd like to see this system shows females as well.

So Terry went to pick his girlfriend for the purpose but incidentally she wasn't home. Some quick thinking gave him an idea to carry out the testing.

He came near the microphone and announced; "Now a smart, nice-looking girl will speak to you." Then he did the trick. He changed his tone into smooth, slick, girlish voice.

"Well, how did the girl look, Greg?" Terry asked when he met Greg.

"What girl ?!" exclaimed Greg.

"The only pictures that came on the screen was first you and then what very much looked like Micky Mouse !"



A beggar was seen begging for his leader in these words, "Lend me your husband's best suit ma'am. Our union president's getting married - and the town's topmost beggars are expected to participate.



A bit unusual news reached Aunt Melanie that her nephew had been affronted by a girl student of his school at their school-organized picnic.

"I got report that Audrey slapped your face at the picnic yesterday", she put a query.

Yeah, Aunt", answered the confused boy. "I candidly told her that being with her that day was making my heart beat terribly fast. And that led to a misunderstanding."

"Did she so much object to your saying that?" said Aunt.

"Not exactly that", moaned the boy. "In fact she suggested that I put my hand on heart."

"So far, the story doesn't sound much wrong", commented Aunt.

"Yes, but it went very wrong when I thought she said her heart."



A slightly confused woman went to her neighbor, a professor's wife, and said, "I was bewildered yesterday when my husband told me he'd forgotten my name. I've heard the same thing has happened to you."

"I thought that my husband forgets names - until a couple of months ago", the neighbor said with nonchalance. "That day he came home after a busy day at his college and stood at the door. Then gazing at me, he asked: 'Who are you?' I replied: 'I'm Barbara; don't you know me?' He said: 'Which Barbara? I think I know more than one Barbara' !"



Did you hear about the property dealer who can't properly deal with any property without proper tea?



The proprietor of Yes Sir Towel Manufacturing Company was taking interview of an applicant for assistant's position in their office.

"Let me tell you this", said the boss, "it is the fundamental guideline of this company that every employee here starts his or her speaking with 'Yes Sir'."

"I hope I will soon learn that art", responded the applicant.

"I wonder", remarked the interviewer, "you declare that you were a personal assistant in a big organization for five years - and you have yet to learn the 'Yes Sir' art !"

"It is", clarified the applicant, "because all that period, I was assistant to a chairperson."



As his engagement date neared, the young man got more and more impassioned with day-dreaming.

Finally the long awaited day came and the lover keenly presented a gift-wrapped box to his sweetheart. With the ring inside, there was a small card reading:

'May This Engagement Last Forever'.

"What ??" shrilled the girl like pinched. "Shouldn't our marriage ever take place?!"



Especially among the Gujrati-speaking people of India, this maxim is often passed by the elderly to the young and the callow:

'To win friends and be socialistic, mix with people as the juice of lemon mixes with food of every taste'.



A shopkeeper suddenly realized that he was out of stock of several brands of genuine safety matches in demand. So he jotted down several numbers of suppliers and began to make phone calls. With one of the hasty dialings, the following conversation took place.

"Do you have carbonized matches ?".

"Pardon, sir, which matches ?"

"I mean impregnated matches."

"Sorry, sir. Most of the girls registered with our match-club say they're virgins, and the divorcées are already mothers - but none is impregnated."



The day after her wedding, the bride was visited by her married cousin. After the usual teasing and bragging and chatting about the wedding night, the bride disclosed to the visitor in confidence, how many, how precious and how incredible-sounding promises her man had made to her during the night.

"Oh, my dear, I'm married and I know how quickly the husband would forget such delirious wedding-night promises", said the cousin.

"But he proved his reliability", said the bride. "When I told him that I don't believe a word of what he'd been promising, he even promised to keep his promises."



A couple went to a bank manager and the husband inquired, "What is a Joint Account? My wife and I want to open one."

"Well in that case a joint account is where you put money in and your wife takes it out!" explained the bank manager.



An ascetic was engaged by an arts club to give a course on how to achieve control in various divisions of body and mind through exertion and will - with practical demonstrations.

A few days after the lessons began, a friend of that instructor met him and casually asked about his new job. In the talking, it came out that he had been set at the classes for a meager 75 dollars a week.

"Don't you think it's quite low pay?" the friend expressed.

"Yeah, now I'm beginning to think it's low", said the ascetic.

"So what are you going to do ? Quit it ?"

"No", said the ascetic, "I will take another way. I've begun with the first lesson: 'Relaxation in Complete Silence'. Well, it will continue till the club decides a raise in my pay."



Coming back from a garden party, the husband, a professor, was thinking about an error in a gibing remark that wife had just made about him.

"There you make another of your grammar errors", he pointed out to her. "It's incorrect to say: 'You often show womanly qualities at parties'. Say: 'You often show womanish qualities at parties'."



A man of conceit who, while in prison serving a sentence, wrote a letter of complaint to his creditor:

'You not only embarrass me by asking for the money I owe you in open postcards but also overlook the disgrace caused to my reputation among my inmate friends here.'



Two agricultural land surveyors from the government department were on a survey trip. Driving and roving and rambling in the dust from one farm to another was boring the officials. And just when they were feeling jaded and hungry, they spotted a greenest tract of land. The farm wasn't on their visit list but they just went in to rest and refresh.

The farmer was a hospitable fella and brought a couple of ripe succulent melons which grew in one corner of his farm. After making pieces of one, as he picked the second melon to cut, the surveyors, feeling impressed and obliged, said, "Please, please, don't cut it - this will be just enough for us."

To this, the farmer, cutting the other melon in two halves, said, "It don't makes no difference, sir. I would think I had a coupla them foxes more, prowlin' my farm while I was sleepin'."



Sighting a stupendous load of packs and bags wife brought home from her shopping spree, the husband just said,

"Please, Melanie ! When I see such a stock of purchases, would you believe. I perspire."

"Don't you worry, dear", she said coldly. "Here's forty fresh towels and napkins with newest designs to take care of your perspiration."



Two women in a fruit market were marveling at the size of oranges at a stall, and one of them even expressed to the fruit seller:

"They're indeed very big; in fact so big that only eight of them make a dozen!!"



A needle manufacturing company wanted to introduce extra-strong needles for many types of sewing machines. For this, the company manager sent a draft of carefully written ad message to the advertising agency for designing.

And he explained to them on phone that a conspicuous figure of Hercules was especially to be depicted as their new needles were to be called 'Hercules Brand Needles' - signifying toughness.

Several days later, the advertising agency sent the completed ad design for approval. On the paper was an artistically drawn herculean figure and everything else was as told - except one error.

The manager abruptly dialed the agency's number and yelled at the man concerned, "Just tell me, who will buy 'Needle Brand Hercules' ? And where in the world was a Hercules - thin as needle?"



Wife was seeking husband's opinion about the proposal of their daughter's boyfriend.

"But how can we give our approval for a doltish, never-do-well, goofy gadabout ?" he rapped in petulance.

"I don't remember my dad reviling you like this!" she argued. "Had my father reacted like this when you'd proposed to me? The poor man even gave me to you without feeling the need of a reprimand for you or me!"



Did you hear about the footwear businessman who started out on a shoestring, but now has got such a footing in the society that every entrepreneur just wants to follow his footsteps?



In our town, jogging by adults is almost unknown. Only youngsters and pre-teenagers could be seen running about while playing games.

My uncle in his early thirties and I, nineteen, decided to start the practice as we'd heard and read about its benefits. A few days later, while jogging very early in the morning, we startled a young woman when we sped past her. Seeing two grown up men running up the street, panting for breath, she sensed some awful trouble.

"Anything after you ?" she cried, clumsily trying to run along.

"But you don't have to - it's only after the two of us", panted out my uncle speeding ahead.



A guy was solving a crossword puzzle in newspaper. One word seemed to elude his mind so he turned to his buddy.

"Do you know a six-letter-word meaning 'idiots'?"

"Let me see", said the buddy and he began to call aloud all the synonyms he knew to mind. "Fools, nuts, sillies, blockheads, dolts, nincompoops, numbskulls, simpletons, buffoons, jesters, oaks."

"But you see, none of that has six letters", said the first guy.

"I don't know", said the buddy scratching his head, "I don't think there's a six-letter-word meaning 'idiots' ".



Did you hear about the outdoor sports team which got so famous for its occult rain-drawing quality on the match days that a dry village is busy inviting the team to hold performance matches there?



The trouble with an excessively fat man was that whenever he traveled by train, the railway people objected to his occupying two seats with one ticket. So, when some business necessitated him to plan a train journey, he thought to avoid the embarrassment. He sent his house servant to the booking office telling him to buy two tickets for the train going after two days.

The servant returned after an hour and showing the tickets to the master, explained, "I was just in time to get two tickets, sir. This seat is in coach number twelve and this seat is in coach number eighteen."



Two men connected with a theatre company were talking about the soon-to-open new drama exhibiting sway, for which the playwright was insisting on showing the leading man with a long, thick mustache.

"I don't understand", said one, "why the writer is so much demanding for it ! Can only a big mustache mean courage, superiority, dominance ?"

"I quite agree with you", responded the other one. "In fact, it's been my wife's original idea since our marriage."

"Is it ?!" exclaimed the first.

"Of course ! She's been challenging me to grow a mustache to any length and come to a contest for domination in the house".



A professor was out in the market to buy a TV for his home. He happened to view an eye-catching bill board ad in bold letters from a TV manufacturer, he stopped to read it. The board read:

'Don't go anywhere else to be deceived. Come straight to us!'



Dad found Basil drawing a picture on the wall with crayon.

"Now - what's that?" came a casual rebuke.

"Haven't you got a drawing book or just a plain piece of paper to make such drawings?"

"I have - but"

"But what ?"

"I'm doing two things together, Daddy." revealed Basil.

"I'm drawing a picture and doing an automatic exhibition of it!"



When the office clerk of one ladies social organization met the office clerk of another ladies social organization, both girls, in turn, spoke complainingly about much gossiping, debating, commenting and haranguing and less of actual achievement in each group.

"I will give you an example from which you can imagine our position", said one clerk. "A few weeks ago, the watchman of our organization's building resigned for the reason that all the ladies made too much noise there."

"There was a similar happening at our association", responded the other clerk. "We, however, don't have a watchman there but the watchman of the house adjacent to our association's headquarters quit his job for the same reason - talk-noises and lots of gossips."



The police head-quarters sent out pictures of an escaped convict in ten different poses. A constable sent the following wire:

‘Have captured eight of them and on trail of the two remaining.’



A boy of seventeen with long, dangling hair and always in trendy clothes had proposed to a girl of sixteen. To follow it up, he had to go to see the girl's father. But from his talking, the shrewd man concluded that the boy was callow for planning marriage; he was two years away from graduation and wasn't settled in a good job. So he told the young man to forget marriage for at least a couple of years.

Dissatisfied with this advice, the boy said, Sir, as father of a teenage girl, aren't you worried about her marriage?"

"Naturally I am", said the senior man. "But tell me, young man, you're not a father yet - so how do you know a father's concern for his child ?!"

"Well", said the boy, "my pop often worries when and how I'll get married - that's how I know it."



Thinking about the long schedule of things to do in the day, the professor got up very early in the morning.

Finishing the daily routine of shaving, he said to wife, "This shaving cream seems better than what I'd been using before. The lather that gets on my lips, always gives very unpleasant, soapy taste in the mouth. But today it was different; it tasted good!"

Wife curiously took a look at the tube. "So much better and tasty !" she commented. "It's dental cream."



A youngster, crazy in the habit of poster-reading, once saw a small poster pasted up on a pole. He climbed the pole and read the poster:

‘Keep away! Paint is wet.’



Japanese and Taiwanese met somewhere. Talking about archaeological discoveries, the Japanese gave some surprising news: "Japan has been so much advanced in the field of communications that during a recent excavation, old telephone wires have been found from an archaeological site. The archaeologists believe the wires are about two hundred years old, proving that there was telephone system in use at that time!"

"So what ?" claimed the Taiwanese. "We were evidently more advanced in communications in the old time. You see, nowhere in the excavations in my country did they find wires or remnants of a telephone system."

"So ?" the Japanese was puzzled.

"So it proves the Formosa's must've had wireless communication system when you Japanese only used telephones."



May I use your photograph, please?" a stylishly dressed flapper, having a high opinion of herself, said to an acquaintance girl of her age. My new boss wants one to show it to his wife. You can understand for what - to keep her mentally peaceful."

"Sure, you can", responded the acquaintance. "Incidentally I also need one of yours. I want to refuse my pen-friend's proposal without breaking his heart."



Recently, my husband drove with me to the gas station where he had his last job, to sign settlement of his account there. While I was waiting in the car, a big truck stopped there for a few moments with a revealing type of bumper sticker on it. It read:

‘Our business is speeding up - but it’s this truck who’s pulling it.’



Being a professor, I've occasionally been hearing from my spouse light-hearted banters and ironies about the absent-mindedness connected with all professors. She is tactful and has watchful eye for my slips and errors and I am rarely able to catch hers.

In my office recently, I discovered that I was wearing my wife's watch on my wrist. During the coffee break, I dialed her office number. "Janis", I said, I want you to make a small surprising discovery. Can you tell me what time it is ?"

"It's three-ten. Now, what's so unusual in it?" said she.

"Don't you see a gent's watch on your wrist - my watch ?" I disclosed.

"O.....h.....!" she intoned. "So you left your watch on the breakfast table and wore my watch instead !"

"That's right", I said. "And you too inadvertently put on my watch, isn't it ?"

"What ??" she squeaked. "Am I a professor ?"



A big boss was interviewing applicants to select a business adviser for the company.

"I have a decade's experience, sir", said one. "I have been business adviser to over a dozen enterprises."

"Well", the boss said, "leave their present contact phone numbers and addresses for reference's sake."

"They don't now have permanent places, sir", said the applicant. "Since their bankruptcies, they've turned fugitives."



Did you hear about the clouded sports event under a cloudless sky?



"Gosh! What happened to my shirt ?!" exclaimed husband, putting on his new shirt; feeling it shrunk after the first washing.

"But wasn't it unshrinkable?" said wife. "There were my few new gowns I washed it with - and they're quite all right !"

"It's not that", said he. "The reason is that you washed it with your gowns".

"What does that mean ??" said she.

"Simple", explained he. "Spinning along with your expensive dresses, my shirt just couldn't emulate in value - so the poor little thing shrank in embarrassment !"



Danny was in the psychiatrist's room explaining his condition. "Sir, the problem is that unless I'm wearing my specs, I can't properly hear someone speaking to me. I'm very much puzzled."

Giving a wide grin and nodding - indicating to have grasped the problem - the psychiatrist stated emphatically,

"Mister, I've fully understood your problem. The simple reason why you need specs for hearing is that you unknowingly lip-read people !"

"But, sir", said Danny, "I need specs even to understand a radio announcement !"



Teacher: "Make a sentence using the word 'pregnant'."

Student: "The fireman climbed a ladder up the building and came down pregnant (with a child).



The teacher was explaining a romantic passage from an eighteenth century story of fantasy and devotion.

'Oblivious of the surroundings, the painter and the country girl stood looking at each other. Their eyes were doing some gentle yet fast talking in silence, exchanging messages and tender feelings rising from their hearts. In a few moments of fascination, each seemed to know and understand the other for a long long time - without a word spoken between them.'

"Obviously", said the teacher, "the two strangers fell in love the moment they saw each other - as if attracted naturally. So, this kind of love is called - what? Can you tell it, Arnie?"

"Yes, ma'am", answered Arnie. "It is called, 'love between two deaf and dumb people'."



"One should always take the path of the truth", father told his son when in an advising mood.

"Yes, father. I once got advantage for telling the truth", responded the son.

"When was that?" father showed interest.

"Well, it was in my class where I was about to get some punishment for wrong answers in my homework. I admitted to the teacher that you had helped me. And she said she wouldn't like to punish me for someone else's mistakes."



Communication between two friends:

"Why did that woman apply for the space mission to Mars?"

"Because she knows the Mars mission is going to be unmanned."



There was a foreigner of scholarly mark in the town who was said to have learned to speak a number of languages, including English. A lady representative of a periodical once called on him to gather some interesting information.

"We have heard that you can speak twenty different languages!" said the visitor flashing a smile.

"That's right", said the scholar, flattered.

"Well, as about me", said the lady congenially advancing the conversation, "whenever I speak a foreign language, I have to be extremely careful and I also hesitate a lot. How do you speak?"

"Quite fluenshially" said that fellow gleefully.



Strange clinking sounds in the house in the middle of the night woke the couple up.

"Seems like a thief is there", wife whispered to the shocked husband and handed him a small pistol and a torch.

Suppressing his shaking - wife following - he tiptoed around and discovered that a cat was making the noise in the kitchen.

"Eh - just a cat", she muttered as they returned to their bed. "Take it easy, dear. Sleep".

"Sleep ?" said he. "Give me another trouser first."



Conversation between two colleagues:

"How does that managing director manage to remember the time B.C.?"

"He happens to have seen some time Before Computers."



A farmer boy, who had been wistfully hearing about the modern life-styles of the city dwellers, was always ready to imitate them. His buddies often brought him bits of news of the urban ways.

When that fellow got married to a country girl, one of his old friends suddenly remembered something. The hasty advice the groom was given was to take a short trip somewhere. "They city people call it 'honeymoon' and they make the trip soon after marriage. It's a must for modernity."

The following fortnight, the pheasant wasn't to be seen around the village. Then came the news of his return and his buddies decided to meet him and ask about the honeymoon.

When they reached his house, the groom and his bride were preparing to go to the railroad station with a few suitcases.

"But you just had your honeymoon, hadn't you ?!" the buddies exclaimed.

"I had my honeymoon", said the groom. "I'm only going to see my wife off. She's going to have her honeymoon now."



Restaurant manager tried to give a word to advice to the tip-seeker waiter, "What do you do when somebody says he or she is a relative of the manager?"

"I'd say: 'A relative, O K - but a generous one?' " waiter replied.



Difference between a Station Master and a School Master:

One minds the trains. The other trains the minds.



A washing detergent company's van was roving in the residential areas introducing a new product through door-to-door advertisement. At one place, the answering house-occupant was an old woman. Two smartly dressed company girls described in style, the benefits of the new detergent. Finishing the talk, the salesgirl asked how many packs the lady wanted.

"But what's the benefit of buying it from you when a similar thing's available at the same price in the store I buy all the things from ?" argued the old woman.

"Well", coaxed the salesgirl, "you can order this detergent by phone or by mail and we'll keep delivering it at your doorstep. And the company guarantees money back if you're not satisfied with the product !".

"What else ?"

"The company also guarantees unchanged quality of the detergent !" added the other girl.

"No need of those guarantees", said the old woman. "Can the company send you here every week to wash two persons clothes with it ?"



A guy uncertain whether to take up smoking or not, asked a long-time smoker,

"People say smoking causes breathing trouble. Did you ever have it?"

"Not at all !" came a trenchant reply. "The only trouble I've been having is coughing trouble."



Did you hear about the new art structure that's reported to be so rickety, they're now going to hold a conference on it?



A boy .reaching marriageable age, was filling a form of a marriage bureau to look for a match, He paused and hesitated at the column: 'Write in brief the natural qualities you would prefer in your partner'.

"Write, 'Like in an average girl' ", his sister suggested.

The boy still kept considering about that column.

"An average girl is like me - if you can't understand even that simple word", sister shouted out the example.

"I'd prefer a girl who's a little bit less talkative", the boy dared to express his predilection.

"Then write, 'A DUMB girl' ", came a loud, angry advice.



A police station's head officer and a friend were sitting together in free time. Reviewing the general crime-situation of town, the friend expressed, "Burglary must be a difficult thing to deal with, isn't it?"

"Of course, it is", said the law-keeper and added, "And it is worse when it takes place in a professor's house."

The friend looked at him questioningly.

"Well", recounted the police-station head, "there's one professor we've got ourselves in contact with. About one and a half years ago, he had reported a burglary - and ever since then he's been supplying us lists of the items that he is not finding in his house. Yesterday, he handed me twenty-ninth such list!!"



Teacher: "Use all the three tenses in a sentence."

Student: "*So saal pahela mujhe tumse pyar tha, aaj bhi hai, aur kal bhi rahega.*"



On visit to an ancient civilization site, husband and wife were looking at some old paintings on the walls of a cave, In one painting, a young woman was combing another young woman's hair - while one was applying some paste to another one's body.

"Beauticians in action ! The subtle artifice since time immemorial !" he remarked with sarcasm.

"I'd call it 'women's birth-right' ", said she. Then, looking up, she observed, "Doesn't it seem a bit strange, the picture shows the sun and the moon at the same time - in the sky ?!"

"That's very simple", said he.

"There weren't time-measuring devices in those days to tell the hours. So the painter wanted to say: 'This beautification process went on days and nights' !"



A Professor had just completed a choppy essay and somewhere in it, he had somehow written the words 'a one-horned unicorn'. His wife, who always checked to see if anything had resulted from his absent-mindedness, pointed out the error to him.

"A unicorn is supposed to be one-horned. You don't have to call it 'one-horned unicorn'!" she said.

The professor thought for moment and said, "Right - but then it makes me wonder why everybody refers to me 'an absent-minded Professor'?"



Did you hear about the cigarette company's business that's going up in smoke - so triumphantly?



A convention of scientists was in progress to review the advantages and benefits of the metric system practised in various fields. One scientist stood up with a new suggestion. "Like the system in money and measurements, I suggest there should be decimal count in our age-old clock. There should be ten hours instead of twelve and there should be one hundred minutes instead of sixty in an hour !"

"Right !" backed up another scientist. " And there should be one hundred seconds in a minute."

"Quite all right !" remarked the chairman of the convention showing a smart mind. "And for putting that idea into practice, I suggest the thing that should do it. If we slow down the earth's rotating speed to complete a year in exactly one hundred days then I think the clock will itself take care of the hours, the minutes and the seconds."



Teacher again found something wrong with Johnny.

"Your history exercise was bad, so I told you to write it out twenty times. You've done it only ten times?" she questioned.

"But ma'am, it was history that's why I was waiting for it", said Johnny.

"Waiting for what ?!"

"Why - to repeat itself !"



Did you hear about the space scientist who, after years of research, now knows so much about space that his head is believed to be full of it?



Having been praised for showing presence of mind and some quick reflexes in taking difficult catches in cricket matches, a fields man was feeling very proud of himself.

One day, as he was walking through a narrow street, he glanced something like a ball flying out of a window, coming down. By force of habit, he just dashed to catch it. But he just couldn't understand what happened as his head got slightly hit. Then feeling the sticky mess of an egg coming down on his face, he seemed to understand it.

"Never ever seen such quick-mindedness !" he muttered in embarrassment. "Even I hadn't realized it was a drop catch when the egg came !"



An organization trained newcomers for careers in acting, preparing them to go on to stage, TV etc.

One day, a woman of rotund figure, and of a very fair complexion, came to see the organization instructor. She was keenly interested in learning but at the same time, was conscious of her conspicuously chubby look. So she asked, "Do you think there really is chance for me to become a star?"

"A star ?" said the instructor, looking her over, searching for some assuring words. "Ask me about becoming a moon !"



“Did the doctor check you right?”

“Quite right, I must say. I had thirty six dollars in my pocket and he charged me thirty five dollars for his fee!”



For quite a while, Mrs. Doyle had been thinking for and against calling on the in-laws of her recently married brother, because of strong rumours in the circles about that family's crooked manners. But one day, she decided to give it a try and reached their house. On ringing the bell, a small boy appeared at the door.

"Is your mom in, son?" she asked.

"No. She's gone to see her mom", said the boy.

"Is your papa home then?"

"No. He's gone to meet his papa."

"And your sister?"

"She's gone to visit her sister."

"Come, come", said Mrs. Doyle. "Don't tell me about your grandma that she's gone to visit her grandma."

"Gee", said the boy shrugging his shoulders. "You already know the answer!"



Little boy said to his teacher, "I ain't got no pencil."

She corrected him at once: "It's 'I don't have a pencil.' 'You don't have a pencil.' 'We don't have any pencils.' 'They don't have any pencils.' Is that clear"

"No", said the bewildered little boy. "What happened to all the pencils?"



A vet, seeing his novice helper make efforts to fix a helmet over a mule's head, said, "When I told you that a helmet is necessary for a mule's check-up, I meant it to be worn by a human head."



The other day when the phone in the house rang up, my son - just a youngster - did the talking as I was washing my hair. Coming out of the bathroom, I asked him about the call.

"It was Uncle Elmer", he said - one of our relatives who had moved far from our area some time ago.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He first asked about Daddy. And then he asked me, 'In which grade are you studying now?' "

So, did you tell him?"

"Yeah", said my son. "I told him, 'In which office are you working now?' "



Having just moved into a new block, the woman of the newcomer couple was eager to make friends with the neighbor. Soon she struck up a conversation with her. And to share a funny incident with her, she narrated with a comical face, how her husband in a hurry to reach office in time the previous morning, ordered her to "polish the pants and press the shoes!"

As she waited for burst of laughter, the neighbor surprised her with a whispering, confidential voice: "Let me tell this to you. While your man only said those things to you; my man once actually did both those things. The poor guy is a professor."



Your son looks just like his father, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but if you'd seen him several months back, you sure would have found him a smart-looking kid."



It was the second time in the young man's life to leave his village to go to the town in pursuit of his career. And the occasion was for a buddy of his, to go sentimental about even that temporary parting.

At the railroad station, the friend about to see the young man off, kept with him as much as he could, reminding to write letter to him every day. The train gave out the go-whistle and started to leave but the buddy strode along emotionally. Then he began to run along the train screaming hysterically to the young man to write to him every day. At this confusing and noisy scene, somebody on the train pulled the emergency chain and the train ground to a halt.

On checking, the train's guard recognized the fellow in hysterias and sized up the situation.

"O K, O K, friend", he assured the upset guy. "If your friend doesn't write to you every day, then I promise I will write to you."

"Trust you? I won't", yelled the distressed man. "I remember the first time he was going to town. You'd made the same promise then and cheated. No trickery from you now."



"Why not we have today's lunch outside in some restaurant, honey!" husband suggested his wife lovingly.

"Darling, I feel glad to cook food of your choice. Why eat in restaurant?", wife gave him a loving response.

"In fact, I am fed up of dish-washing. Why not give me a break?" husband wailed.



When the time came for Professor Wilbur to retire from his long educational service, he began to get worried about the inactive time ahead. "I want to remain active and do useful things for the society", he would say.

A friend suggested metal polishing for various old and new objects in people's houses. "It's easy work; you can start taking orders in the neighborhood", he said, and then added an advice, "But be particular about advance payment before working on any order".

A week later, the friend met the professor who seemed busy with polishing some metal frames, a jug, a casket, a bugle and several cups. He gleefully disclosed that it was his first order.

"I'm glad to know this", said the friend, "Hope you remembered about advance payment."

"Of course I did", said the professor. "I paid the couple fifty dollars well in advance before I started working on the order."



Mrs Gibson submitted the form for loan with a credit union.

The office clerk read the particulars and observed, "You haven't precisely written your husband's income in his small private business."

Mrs Gibson took the form back, got the pen ready and said to the clerk, "Do I write the amount he insists on or the one that I guess?"



When the smart girl saw her department colleague boy pour the second cup of coffee of the day, she couldn't help cautioning: "No need to get unnecessarily excited during work-time. Don't you remember our date this evening?"



I am a jogger and have been faithfully doing the exciting exercise early each morning for at least couple of years. I had become familiar with the streets and the residents, but then my family decided to move into another part of the city. There was an effect on the mind - somebody had told me that I look irresistible while running breathlessly. Obviously I started to continue my routine rather cautiously in the new surroundings.

One morning, I was vigorously running up the street in my new pink suit when I passed two teenage boys standing on the corner watching me. Just then I heard whistles, obviously from those two.

"You trying to make catcalls at me ?" I confronted them, fuming.

"We meant no offence, ma'am", said one boy.

"Your speed was so fast", pleaded the other one, "that we blew a kinda horn for you - to prevent any accident."



A five-year-old talkative girl asked her mother, "Who is a life partner, Mummy?"

"When a boy or a girl gets married, he or she gets a life partner. And one always stays with one's life partner", mother defined.

"When will I get a life partner, Mummy?"

Fondling her child, mother replied, "When you will grow up and become a good girl then, honey."

"But", persisted the little one, "if I will not become a good girl then I will not get a life partner?"

"Not so ... you see ... it's ... but don't you worry, girl, you'll get one anyway", said mother matter-of-factly.



An insurance company's chief was asked by an intimate friend, "Why do you insist on going after fire extinguisher manufacturers for insurance against fire and boat builders for insurance against flood ? Don't you think they will be the least interested in your offers?"

"That is understandable", replied the insurance boss. "But once they are insured by us, we may rest assured that they'd be too hesitant to come forward for a claim in case of an accident. Wouldn't people laugh at them if the news got out?"



Mrs Booth and Mrs Dibbs were sitting in the drawing room, outlining some additional actions in their women's organization's future campaigns. Just when they were racking their brains to find something new, Mrs Booth's daughter Shelley came from school with a disgusted face. "Mom!" she yelped, "I once again did it badly in history. Somehow I can't remember who ruled where and when and who made what accomplishments in the past."

Hearing Shelley's grumble made a flash in Mrs Dibbs' mind. "Gee! I've found a point!" she ejaculated. "This history she's talking about is actually 'his story'. And we better not rest until we get it changed to 'herstory'."

"And then my poor Shelley will definitely have less trouble remembering herstory than history!" opined Mrs Booth.



Two male tourists entered 'Tourist Information' office and requested:

"Mr. Bean may be quite free - but we'd prefer a miss-guided tour of the area!"



Derek heard talks that his best friend's neighbor - a professor - was a little more forgetful than how professors generally are. To be of some help, he one day told the poor erudite man that he had read in some eastern medical journal that a habit of eating almonds daily, effectively benefits the brain.

The following day, Derek received a phone call from the professor. "What did you tell me to eat daily ? It just slipped my memory."

Derek repeated it and the professor noted it with thanks.

Next day in the evening, the professor drove to Derek's house.

"I got your address from my neighbor", the professor said with a smile. "Now, did you tell me to form a daily habit of eating almonds, gentleman ?"

"I sure did", said Derek with curiosity.

"For what ?"



Two friends had been sitting in a pub, getting boozy. One, who held an evening paper in his hands, tried to read some news to his buddy.

"Minneapolis Naval Academy, which has been training men for naval officers' positions for the past one hundred and forty years, opened its doors for women in 1987."

"Very well!" responded the other, more tipsy fellow. "But does it say anything what happened to those men of 1987?"



There's a garment-making company called King's. Nowadays it is said to be introducing some ladies' items - frocks. And the company's ads insist on the females: 'ONLY WEAR KING'S FROCKS!'



In the wake of intensified anti-smoking campaigns and frustrating taxes, a cigarette manufacturing company had been finding business unprofitable and didn't know what to do. A friend of the tobacco boss came up one day with an idea.

"If you start producing 'L' shaped cigarettes, it will start a new trend in the business ! And you can publicize the 'L' as symbol for 'Longest cigarette ever offered' !"

The worried businessman was stunned by this suggestion. Coming round, he said, "But I'm afraid, people might find it inconvenient to smoke such angular cigarettes."

"No losing either way", unfolded the friend. "In case it's found inconvenient, just publicize the 'L' as symbol for 'Leave off smoking' cigarette !"



Wife's shopping was getting out of hand so, as a solution, husband suggested that she take up a job - just as a pastime. She found one in a garment store.

Weeks passed but there was no sign of her remuneration. So at the end of her second month of job, he curiously asked about her salary.

"I've given my boss the list of my present clothes requirement, to get it against my salary", she disclosed. "He says I shall have to work with them about six months for it."



“You cats always get pregnant without wedding, don't you?” scoffed a proud young girl at a cat.

“They do”, said her friend. “And without ever needing to take a fertility drug for it.”



An Englishman abroad once went into a shoe store and asked for antique-designed leather shoes of his size. The salesman, with whatever English he know, tried to lure him to the latest fashions but the tourist steadfastly wanted the style of distant past.

After a time, a dusty box was brought before the customer and an old, discolored pair was offered to try.

Taking a look at the shoes, the Englishman disapprovingly said, "Fifteen pounds?! And these shoes look second-hand to me."

The salesman took the shoes to their manager, returned a few minutes later and announced, "We offer it only ten pounds! We definite say - it no second-hand, sir. It can be second-foot - but no second-hand."



About two years after their marriage, a young couple was measuring their heights to see development in them.

"Didn't I tell you that women can not compete with men in almost any field?" husband showed off. "Look ! I've grown more than two inches in these two years - whereas your progress is just one inch!"

"Don't feel so conceited", said wife. "May be you've progressed in the feet-side - may be I've progressed in the head-side!"



“Wake up, wake up. It’s time for the school”, a young woman was repeating.

Yawning and stretching, the sleepy fellow groaned, “I’d appreciate if you can say ‘wake up, my man’ or ‘wake up, my hubby’. I get boggled like I’m still waked for learning instead of going to my job in the school.”



A touring theatre company was in a town doing some show which was hardly anything but bungle. Result was that hooting and booing and throwing of things on stage had become daily occurrences.

As weeks passed, audience went decreasing and the performers grew duller. One day, seeing the performers at their clumsiest and din reacted to it, the theatre manage expressed anxiety to one of the assistants.

"I'm feeling worried - what aversion we're getting from the audience !"

"But don't worry about the audience, sir", whispered the assistant encouragingly. "By interval time, we'll certainly be outnumbering them."



In our neighborhood had come some foreigners of whom a boy of twelve was learning English from me. He knew some but had to be taught all the regular and irregular rules of grammar.

Making steady progress, one day I was checking his homework when I came across an error - a misspelled word: 'He was hoping for a reward'. Encircling the wrongly spelled verb, I told the boy to correct it.

He thought for a moment and then rewrote the sentence: 'He was hopping for a reward'.



When old Mrs Mabel returned home after visiting some relatives in the neighborhood, she noticed her daughter-in-law had a bit of distress written on face.

"Is the baby giving you trouble again?" she asked.

"Yes, baby's been giving trouble", replied her daughter-in-law sourly, "but not mine this time!"



A professor entered a garment store to buy a shirt. He was shown many from which only one seemed fitting. But there was yet a problem with it.

"These buttons look very lustrous", he said. "Can't it be changed for plain ones ?"

The store owner was a nice fellow and offered the customer to come and collect the shirt the next day with buttons of his choice. The professor walked out of the store - but strode in back a moment later.

"When you change the buttons", he said, "please also change the cloth color for some less bright one."



"You mustn't tick me off so often", husband said in a complaining tone to wife. "I'm now seeing signs that this habit of yours is creating a bad impression about me in the house."

"But don't you know I take care not to lecture you in front of the children ?" argued wife. "So where did you see such a sign ?"

"Well", said husband, "I strongly feel that whenever you start yelling at me from one direction, our dog starts glowering at me from another."



After picnicking in a distant resort, we were returning home driving on a highway. On the way, quite a few slogans - moving as well as stationery - were read with interest. But when we approached a large truck going at a comparatively slower speed ahead of us, we go a surprise. Whether it was a caution to other drivers or something else is still a wonder. The slogan on the truck read:

THE MORE AWAY YOU PASS FROM THIS TRUCK, THE BETTER.



Market demands for a beverage company's products had somehow been dwindling and as a result, its manufactured stores got piled up. Before long, the company had to place 'For Sale' ads in newspapers for their factory.

Several interested parties called for bargaining but the company also wanted selling price for the stores of beverages already produced. As the buyers didn't want the drinks, there followed a lull.

One day, a man looking for a new business, tardily went to the factory to talk a bargain.

As he entered the gate, he saw an employee of the factory washing his hands, using their bottled drink for water. Controlling his amazement, the visitor asked, "Is it possible to meet the boss today?"

"Of course", replied the employee, "but you'll have to wait. He's taking his daily beverage bath."

"You mean beverage and bath?" said the visitor in curiosity.

"I mean beverage-in-tub bath", said the employee.



Wife liked to gas a lot about her kinsfolk - whether one thing or another. Loosely the habit grew in monotony.

"I've never seen a man as big-hearted as my pop!" said she one day.

"How generous!" the irked husband responded. "I once unexpectedly asked him for your hand - and he gave the entire you to me!"



An add for water facility to factory units read:

BORING OR WELL?



A cook was wanted for a house, so one day, a candidate came for interview. Putting the usual questions to him about his cooking and past jobs, the interviewing woman asked, "How did your last job end?"

"Only due to one of those small, trifling cooking errors, you know", said the cook.

The woman waited for some elaboration.

"That day", recounted the applicant, "my bosses didn't seem to tell me anything for the cooking, so I suggested that I cook my own specialty: Salt Lentil Soup. Well, they sort of liked the idea and told me to make a lot of it. I said I'll make three full saucepans of it."

"Right, right", interrupted the interviewer. "So you forgot to add salt to it and you were dismissed."

"To be exact, I forgot to put in the lentil", clarified the cook.



My uncle has got a special timepiece. Whenever he'd wake from sleep during night and mutter; 'I wonder what time it'll be now!' the watch would whisper the time for him!"

"My uncle's watch does that too - and a bit more. Whenever he mutters during night about time, the timepiece not only whispers time for him but mutters back: 'What makes you wake in the middle of the night ?!' "



A little boy was seeing a camel for the first time. The camel was sitting under a tree, munching restfully. Pointing towards foams forming at its mouth, the kid asked his dad, "Is it chewing a soap or it hasn't washed out toothpaste yet?"



A European news magazine's correspondent had for years been roving among scenes of events in India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Nepal. Having got somewhat familiar with the common languages, he often wondered at the derivation of foreign words and its local uses. Once, he had an occasion to sit with a friend connected with a provincial ministry.

"I've noticed that the word 'gorilla' has been introduced in the local languages from English and is used with similar meaning everywhere here."

"But strangely, people pronounce and write 'gorilla' also when they mean 'guerrilla' ! Now, shouldn't you have two different words to differentiate 'guerrilla' from 'gorilla'? They sound alike but there's no similarity between the two, you see."

The ministry man scratched his head and said, "May be - but there is at least one similarity between the two. We are apprehensive of both sorts of gorillas!"



"When I told you that my wife had helped me in writing this novel, you mustn't have sought to know her contribution from her. In fact, she proved helpful to me quite differently. At about the time I'd just begun writing this novel, she left me after a row, to stay with her parents for a couple of months. So, that fortunately turned out to be her actual contribution in our accomplishment, you see!"



A little boy was asked a general knowledge question by a visiting uncle: "During which season the days get longer?"

"I'm not sure", replied the boy. "But I think they are much longer till holidays in our school."



For improving their speaking ability, members of an immigrants family in US often tried to converse in English among themselves.

One day, mother wanted to put some stitches in her skirt and had told youngest daughter Nalini to thread a needle for her. A little later, seeing her do something else, mother asked her if she had forgotten what she was told to do.

"But Mom, this thread looks inadmittable in this needle", said Nalini.

"I think you should say: 'This thread looks inadmissible in this needle !'" Nalini's brother corrected her.

"That also does not sound correct", their eldest sister asserted.
"Say: 'This thread looks impassable for this needle!'"



Just back from a rather long shopping spree, wife began to unpack and unfold item by item for her man to see. Seeing so many expensive-looking sets of fancy bed-spreads, pillow-covers, table-covers and towels, all of them had bold, decorative figures '1978' on each, husband remarked, "Good ! It'll keep reminding when they were bought."

"More appreciably", said wife, "it'll proclaim when it's time for the '79 patterns!"



While she was with us for a short stay, I served my six-year-old niece a big piece of specially home-made chocolate-and-nut cake which she seemed to enjoy.

"Now, Colleen, when are you going to tell your mom to make some for everybody in your home?" I casually asked her.

"Some day", she replied, "when she's too lazy to go to the bakery."



A journalist had heard that a small mountainous kingdom had attained the highest health-standard. He went there for a visit and interviewed a minister of the state. The minister elucidated:

"A couple of years ago, we appointed a special committee of intellectuals to instil health-ways in the people's minds. As a result, nobody now needs any medicine from any of the numerous herbs-doctors spread in the kingdom !"

"This is very good news - an example for other countries!" expressed the journalist. "By the way, what became of that special committee ?"

"Well", said the minister, "that committee had nothing to do after successfully completing that health-assignment and its members were about to be dismissed - but then they were required in the riot-police squad. There they are very effectively giving their services, scoring off the, now idle, herds of herbs-doctors who are on rampage because of inactivity."



When an uneasy-looking hubby came home, his better-half braced herself up. "I have reports that you have been to a maternity home - twice during this month!" Tell me why."

"I wish there was a paternity home where you would go looking for a job and I could question you like this!" lamented the disconcerted hubby.



A bald-headed man was once asked by a friend: "Isn't baldness a slight peculiarity - I mean doesn't it affect a man's appearance?"

"I wouldn't know - but I always look at it comparatively", replied the bald man boldly. "Isn't it better to have something less on the head than inside?"



It was commented by a sports weekly about a country's hockey play that the team changed entirely as compared with the previous sports season's. And then in the season coming next, some players from the team of two years back were included.

When that particular country's team was on a foreign tour playing matches, a familiar sports enthusiast asked one guest-player the reason of the unusual selection custom.

"You see", replied the player, "it had become a regular thing for our team to lose games everywhere. And there's a rule in our hockey association that when the defeat exceeds ten goals in every match against foreigners, the team would pass the following year regaining confidence.

Now, how can you break a rule ?"



The shopkeeper probed the shelves and brought out a cheap alarm clock. "You can't find a cheaper alarm clock. It's just six dollars!" the seller puffed to the parsimonious-type guy looking for a cheaper alarm clock.

Examining the clock that guy said, "Where's the pointer to set the alarm-time?"

"For this price, it works differently", disclosed the shopkeeper.

"It only works when you're half-awake. You just wind this key and then push the button on top and presto - you're fully awake by its loud alarm !"



A woman was holding a painting in her hand and showing it to her female guest, she said, "This is the eighteenth wedding anniversary gift in painting that I have received from Jack - forty sixth painting since our marriage so far."



Reading an interesting novel, I was hindered by a difficult word.

"Where's the dictionary?" I asked my elder sister. "I want to look up a word."

"Just tell me; most probably you won't need it", she said with an air of confidence.

"It's about the hero of the story. 'Having been cashiered he was looking anxious and rather glum since morning yesterday.' What's 'cashiered'?"

"I don't know - but can't you just guess it ?" sister squeaked. "He must've gone to expensive places with the heroine on a weekend and the poor man must've been hard squeezed paying his pockets out to the cashiers there !"



My sister and her five-year-old talkative Lucille were with us during the latter part of last summer vacation. One afternoon, I had just finished shaving and was thinking of taking a bath when my toddling daughter brought me half glass of pineapple juice as my share. Feeling trace of dried lather cream on my lips, I raised the glass; slowly poured the juice in mouth and finished it in parts. Lucille, who had been watching me with interest, turned to her mother.

"Mommy, when I went to zoo, I saw a monkey drinking from a fountain - just like that !" she vividly recollected a similar experience.



The secretary in a big department once again saw the head kissing the prettier-than-herself receptionist in his cabin. When the receptionist was gone, she entered, closed the door and spoke out in a reproving tone:

"If you won't stop being disloyal to us both then I'll have to inform your wife about this new love."



Two female journalists met at a women's conference and, talking alone, each began to inform the other about works on women in her land. Turning to the preparation of a bio-data catalog of all the prominent women in ever field in her country, one journalist remarked that they generally received very favorable response to the survey - except at one column: 'Age'. "There they would feel a lot of hesitation and therefore, we had to omit that column!"

Her counterpart quickly referred to similar bio-data collecting programme. "In our country, all the women contacted, gave their ages quite willingly. But it gave the survey makers a lot of hesitation to print it. That's why the 'Age' column was left out !"



Boy and girl set out from his and her home early in the morning. The boy was taking his lover to picturesque gardens - and later in the day, the girl wanted to go to the optician for an eye check-up to see if she needed glasses.

Sitting on the grass surrounded by gladiolus plants, the girl gazed into the boy's eyes.

"Honey, you know what I see when I look deep into your eyes?" she said, lost in fantasy. "I see my picture, my image there - nobody else's but mine !"

"Your eyesight is excellent, dear !" said the boy. "So forget of ever going to the optician."



A school boy who has returned home with a failure result , is saying to his parents:

"So what? Our principal herself says that everybody's learning process continues the whole life - a rank or a degree is merely a nominal thing!"



An industrialist had successfully been using robots at his plant. He then decided to put a couple of highly advanced, brainy versions to streamline his offices and administration. So two extra-super intelligent, walking robots were specially produced for him that, in addition to having all the mechanical capabilities, had 'extra impressions quality' to perceive and learn new methods and systems. The aim was to turn it exceptionally versatile in every field.

A few months later, the industrialist went to the robot-producer to order for two new robots. "Exclude the 'extra impressions quality' to learn things it isn't taught before", he market out.

"That would be easier", responded the robot maker. "By the way, how's that pair doing we very specially made for you ?"

"Well, no palatable news about them - both have disappeared. They left reason-notes behind for quitting. The senior one in the administration department said it felt it was being adroitly exploited, and the other one in the work and movement section said it had got enlightened !"



Finding wife's desperate efforts for learning to drive again end in bungle and a forced standstill, husband lost patience.

"Martha, didn't I tell you, driving isn't the thing for you ? It's just not in your blood."

"Don't just blame me for the failures", she retorted. "You overlook the fact that you had run out of cars I needed to learn the skill !"



A Professor had once to go to another town to attend something and needed to catch an early train the next morning. So before he would forget it, he set his alarm clock to ring at 4 am and went to sleep.

The following day, the Professor went to his college and did his usual, daily work -but feeling rather disturbed.

After returning home from the college in the evening, he picked the alarm clock and went to the watch repair shop. "For the first time since I've bought it", he said to the repairer, "something's gone wrong with it. At about 4 am today, the alarm rang all by itself!"



Husband and wife with little son in tow, were strolling in a public garden. Seeing a nut-seller, the woman led the tot there to buy him something. As she surveyed the items, the nut-seller confidently announced, "Take mixed nuts - it's good for the brain!"

"Really !?", said the woman showing interest.

"Of course", said the seller. "It will make the boy intelligent !"

The woman asked for a dozen packets of mixed nuts.

"Is he so ??" the seller couldn't help expressing.

"No; most of it is for him", said the woman with a wink, pointing to her man.



A tenant said to his landlord while his uninvited guests, staying at tenant's house for months without any plan to go back, listened:

"No delay is intended in paying - but I think it's time to check and confirm whose name is written in the tenancy agreement. If it's ours, we stay and pay - if it's theirs, they do."



Mrs. Wiggingsome went to a renowned astrologer to know the mystery of her life.

"Tell me what's been troubling me all these years", she said and sat with impatience for revelation of the hidden facts.

The astrologer did the crystal-ball gazing and then repeated the process a few more times. Then he looked the woman over with a wrinkled forehead.

"Surprising!" he expressed, nodding his head. "Every time I gaze, what I see is what's been troubling your in-laws, relatives and neighbors - for so many years."



A Professor was writing a couple of letters to relatives. When he completed and printed 'to' and 'from' addresses on them, his wife casually picked one to take a look.

"Allan !" she said, "On one letter, you've put the address in the wrong place."

"Aw..... Such errors happened with me before", admitted professor. "A few times I printed the addressee's address also on the back side of the letter by mistake."

"It's slightly different this time", revealed his wife. "You've printed our address on both sides!"



While in prison, serving a sentence, a man wrote a letter of complaint to his creditor:

‘You not only embarrassed me by asking for the money I owe you, but, by writing open postcards, also overlooked the disgrace caused to my reputation among my intimate friends here’.



According to a new scheme formulated to help small farmers, agricultural development center in a rural part had introduced a generous Consumption Loan Plan with easy repayment rules.

One day, an old rustic fellow came to the center. "My son must haff done something with you people. He's gone to the town - but what is this ? You people want some money ?!" he said to the clerk waving a paper and sounding as if the centre needed alms.

"Didn't you get it understood ?" said the clerk. "This is a reminder for repayment of money. You see, Mr. Bud acquired a Consumption Loan from our centre."

"I did got it understood", said the rustic. "Consumin' is spendin' - right? What I didn't got understood was why you people first give spendin' money to folks and then demand that money back. Now, ain't this strange, man?"



Daddy was providing behavior-improvement guideline to little tyke Vivian.

"Boy, you better take this advice: if you will obey your parents now, your children in turn will obey you - when you're a parent."

After a moment's consideration, Vivian said, "Did your father trick you like this to start you obeying him?"



“Why are you sullen today?” a friend asked.

“Well, a slip on my part got my wife in bad mood. She asked me what type of girl I desired before marriage. I described to give her an idea - but was idiotic to add ‘someone not like you’.”



An Asian immigrant couple in US seemed to have too many tiffs and quarrels over insignificant matters. Their neighbor, an American lady, often heard them shout to one another in their own language.

Once, after a hot exchange between the two, the kind-hearted neighbor thought she could try to create harmony for them. The couple knew some English, so she addressed the wife in English, "You must think peacefully how best you can help your man." Then she told the husband, "And you must also consider her problems."

"But she never think", protested the man. "She is so unthinkable woman."

"And he never consider", complained the woman. "He is never a considerable husband."



Since his engagement about a month ago, a fellow was twice invited at his future in-laws'. Then one day, he was loitering with a friend somewhere in the town. When they came to a snack bar, the friend indicated to take something. The engaged fellow said that he wouldn't eat as he was invited at his fiancée's for dinner.

"So you're looking forward to your favorite dish by her today!" remarked the friend.

"Not exactly my favorite dish", disclosed that fellow. "Today she's making me the third and the last item she knows."



Did you hear about a bridge reported to be so insecure, they are going to hold a conference on it?



A much stingy fellow's wife had for long been demanding persistently for a picnic programme to some resort. At last, he agreed - but on condition that they would buy no food from outside, So, wife cooked every item they needed and off they went to a lakeside resort.

But incidentally; loitering alone in the natural spot was one of their neighbors whom they had to invite for lunch.

As the woman was taking everything out from the baskets, the niggard told the guest a story to discourage him from sharing much from their costly feast.

He narrated how an unexpected guest had once spoiled their picnic by glutting big portion of the food like a hungry bear.

The story was told with such vehemence that the guest was stupefied. He peered at the host and questioned, "Was it me?!"

"No. But you don't have to take it seriously. I told it just to pass the time. Let's eat lunch", the picnicking host said to lessen the embarrassment-effects.

"I won't eat - and neither will you", cried the upset guest, springing up from the ground, "until you give me in writing, confirming that I did not partake in your picnic lunch."



With a long face he came into the living room where wife was sitting, and said in a feeble voice, "Darling, I have something to tell you. I lost some money on the racecourse this afternoon."

A twisted expression formed on her face. "And I'm sure", she presumed aloud, "it didn't come in your head to look for it in their 'Lost and Found' department."



A guy had run his car into a phone-booth, causing some damages and had later driven away without any bystander taking his car number.

When a passing police car stopped by for an inquiry, a hobo-like fellow came forward with an account of the incident.

After describing color and appearance of the car involved, the fellow said about the driver's look: "He wore a blue kinda suit with white lines runnin' all over - an' his hat looked kinda grey - an' he got lon' danglin' hair."

"Tall ?"

"Yeah; must be some inches more taller than me."

"Spectacles ?"

"Naw."

"Beard ?"

"Well, that's a difficult question, sir", that fellow said scratching his head. "Some people would drink a glass of beer an' yet wouldn't look any beered at all!"



Little Ernie was reported to be misbehaving so his mom called him for some advice.

"You're misbehaving again, Ernie? What a shame ! Can't you learn from your pop's recent example?"

Good behavior reduced his prison sentence term by TWO WHOLE MONTHS!"



In the art school, charming Gloria had been noticing with resentment that a fellow student was taking unnecessary interest in her.

Once their class was in a big park. The goofy fellow found the girl sitting on a bench contemplating flowers on plants.

"Gloria !" he fawned. "When you look at these beautiful flowers, what ideas do you get ?"

"What ideas can one get - other than just like them ?" she said.

"For me, I get crazy ideas - like I'm a butterfly and I'm frisking over the prettiest flowers !"

"How about you musing to utilize this lush grass", said Gloria, winking towards the lawn.

"I wonder what ideas one can get by looking at grass!" the boy uttered with anticipation.

"Like grazing it!" spoke out the girl vehemently.



Two tipsy Texans emerged from a roadside pub and began to look for someone to inquire from.

"Hey, man, can you tell us how far is Austin from here?" one of them asked a passer-by.

"About twenty miles", came the reply.

"Well, buddy!" that boozy fellow told his companion, "we're two - it would be ten miles each. Let's walk it up."



An Asian tourist in a US town, entered a small restaurant and ordered an item. When it was served, he found that the dish wasn't spicy enough. Wanting salt and pepper, he called the waiter.

"Geev mee sawlt and paper", he said in his accent.

The waiter brought him a salt bottle and a folded evening newspaper and stood by.

The Asian sprinkled some salt and very carefully began to open the newspaper, one page after another. When he didn't find anything inside, he looked at the waiter with raised eyebrows.

"What ees thees?" he exclaimed. "There ees no paper in thees paper!"



On a lonely highway, a wrestler-like guy and two skinny buddies were looking for lift in any passing vehicle. After a long wait, when a car pulled up with seat for one, all three strode towards it.

"Hey, mister", said one of the thin friends with a simpler to the stupendous guy, "don't you think that in the space that you'll occupy, the two of us could go?"

"But it'll take more than two of you to make me think that !" said the stocky, presumptuously getting in the car.



During my career with our town's radio broadcasting station, we have had many letters from our listeners written in unusual ways. One such letter, I remember, began like this:

'I am a loud listener of all your programs.'



A drama we were to perform, depicted an old style story of love and persistence about an ardent lover who has to ask for the hand of his sweetheart from her mother because he is afraid of her father's hot temper. When the girl's mother informs her rigid husband about the proposal for marriage, he reacts with a show of temper and grates his disapproval with this line:

"How on earth could that unworthy man venture such desire!!"

While we were doing the final rehearsal, that scene came to be enacted.

The girl's mother was giving news of the marriage proposal to her husband. Showing an outburst of anger, the old-fashioned fellow growled, "How on earth could that unworthy man desire such venture !!"



Glaring at her husband at his coming home past midnight, wife shouted in acerbity, "Is it because I'd told you that I'll run away the next time you're not home by midnight ? If you hadn't come in the next half hour, I really would have gone. Now tell me exactly, where were you ?"

"You think I don't care for you?" said husband putting on a somber face. "In fact, I'd been running between the railway station and the airport for fear that you might've acted on your threat."



"See that there are only one million tourists at a time in our country this year!" head of Tourism Department warned his staff.

"Why, sir?" inquired a female guide.

"Because now we have only about two million guides looking after tourists. The rest of them got impressed by those foreigners", explained the head.



A Professor bought a digital wrist watch for the first time. He was shown how its time-figures turned to month and date on pressing the tiny button.

The next morning, instead of going to the wall-calendar, the professor pressed his watch button to see the time figures 8:30 change to month and date figures. When it didn't, he pressed it several more times in quick succession but no change in the figures 8:30 happened. Petulantly, he hurried to the watch shop and told the salesman about that malfunction of the guaranteed quartz watch.

When the salesman checked, he found that the watch was functioning quite all right.

But it didn't show month and date when I pressed the button at eight-thirty!" exclaimed the professor.

"Did you say you checked it at eight thirty?" the salesman asked.

"Yes, right at eight-thirty", replied the professor.

"Then it wasn't a malfunction", said the salesman. "The watch showed you the eighth month and thirtieth date - which is today, sir."



A bitch was getting more and more disconcerted about her husband's yelping at night in his sleep.

"Alas, you could've been a bit wise and avoided biting that politician", she gave out a loud, sorrowful lament.



"How long to leave the male bird with the female?"

"Just a minute", said the man busy on another phone.

"Thank you very much", said the caller and hung up.



An inventive-minded fellow had been trying his hand at manufacturing business but for quite a long time he was the picture of exasperation and gloom. So, one day, a friend asked him the reason of his anxiety.

“It’s a business concern that’s perturbing”, revealed the fellow.

“After countless endeavors, I made a bath-soap that would help people to go without bathing for one year, after using it once. But the distributors required me to get approval of some medical association. So, instead of chasing that, I decided to market it as ‘one year’s bath-soap for pets’. Now, the pet lovers’ and pet dealers’ associations have demanded a practical demonstration of the product.”

“But why feel so worried about it and look so upset?” encouraged his friend.

“Only trouble is - they’ve asked for a demonstration on me!” groaned the soap-inventor.



My uncle Rufus has started introducing a new kind of wall clock in the market.

“It tells the time every minute !” a teenager gave news to an acquaintance.

“That's new !” expressed the acquaintance. “But wouldn't its users feel disturbed by constant time-announcements ?”

“For that, special plugs are given with every clock”, said the teenager.

“Those plugs reduce the clock's announcement sound?”

“No - they're for thrusting in the users' ears.”



A worried woman went to a psychologist and told a strange story. Every night her husband put some coins outside their house-door. Each time the coins disappeared in the morning. Starting the habit by losing a few coins in this way, the amount now seemed to be on the increase. And he wouldn't explain the practice to her.

The psychologist somehow met the eccentric fellow and raised the subject showing interest.

"I'm no fool", said that fellow with ingenious smile. "it's, in fact, far-sighted of me."

"It must be so; it must be so", responded the psychologist.

"I do it to keep away possible burglars", came the revelation in whisper.

"That's very clever of you !", cajoled the psychologist. "But you're increasing the coins recently ?!"

"That's very private. In the beginning, I kept only one burglar away. Nowadays I'm keeping away three !"



In Somalia, an illiterate rustic was preparing to go to the town for purchasing things for his home in the village. Among the things he had in mind for shopping, a really nice radio topped the lot. He bought it on the shopkeeper's guarantee that it was genuinely Japanese and the cost was also low.

About an hour later, the same rustic went back to the radio shop hotfoot and indignant.

"I was rightly warned about you town people", he shouted. "You say this radio is Japanese? The first thing it spoke was 'This is Radio Somalia!'"



In a city where English wasn't the common language, a company had been observing with embarrassment, that their ad messages given in an English daily there, appeared with spelling errors. Then came a time when the company was going to introduce an improvement in their packing system - boasted:

NOW IN CONVENIENT NEW PACK!

The message was typed and sent for publishing - and to make sure that the new ad appears without inaccuracy, the company manager phoned the newspaper office.

The daily, showing a good gesture, offered that if there was a spelling error, they would charge nothing for the ad.

And the daily did keep its word - for, when the paper carried the said company's advertisement, there wasn't a spelling error in it.

Only the caption read:

NOW INCONVENIENT NEW PACK!



A couple with their eight-year old child, had recently arrived on a strange land to settle.

The wife, one day, announced to her husband with a puzzled look, "I have news for you Jack. According to the statistics released by the population experts about the average life-expectancy here, our little Andrew should already be married to see the golden jubilee of his marriage on this land !"



Mac: "Did the doctor check you up right, Horace?"

Horace: "No. Mostly he checked me bent and flat."



A group representing the town's telephone subscribers was visiting the telephone department's Deputy Director to discuss future improvements in phone service. One question was what arrangements did the department have for preventing power failures in the exchange units.

"You see", elucidated the Deputy Director, "our telephone system works on converted electricity current. When that supply breaks down, there may be a disruption in telephone function. But we have a few alternative arrangements to keep the work going on."

"For example, we have a battery at each station for ten hours functioning. In case, the electricity fails longer than that, we keep a generator at every station. And in case, a generator doesn't work, we maintain a mobile generator to reach any center at any time."

"You have any improvement plans in this direction ?" it was further asked.

"Yes", replied the phone-boss. "We are considering to install a solar power unit for an additional power source."

"But what if the sky is clouded ?" one representative questioned.

"Well, then there is a sea-ware energy unit for us to choose."

"And if the tide is low or the water is not in enough motion.... ?"

"But it isn't the final way", said the Deputy Director. "There is yet the windmill for us to select."

"In case, necessary strong wind is not blowing at that time.... !" one visitor argued further.

"Well", replied the Deputy Director, scratching his head, "in that case, we'll get a handle fixed to the front of the windmill's sails and the Director General and myself will climb up there when everything else fails!"



A professor, for the first time, bought an electronic wrist watch. The next morning, curiously looking at time figures in the watch, he pressed the month-and-date button to make a check. No change in time figures 8:30; so he successively pressed the button three or four times. Raising eyebrows in perplexity, he made a hurried visit to the watch shop for complaint.

However, in the shopkeeper's hands, the watch functioned all right.

"But it didn't show month and date when I pressed the button at eight-thirty!" exclaimed the professor

"Did you say eight-thirty?" the shopkeeper hastened to ask.

"Yes, it was eight-thirty; I remember it."

Now, sir," said the shopkeeper, raising quizzical eyebrows, "how else can a digital watch show thirtieth of August?!"



Do you impress your boss with your buffoonery?" a guy asked his buddy who had been playing comedian's part in a movie with a new producer.

"Greatly", replied the buddy. He is already talking poppycock – has offered me hero's role in his next movie!"

"He has ?!" exclaimed the friend. "Then you really have succeeded in impressing him !"

"My impressing him goes even further", said the comedian. "The boss has agreed for himself to play the comedian's part in our next movie !"



A man stood in the street supporting this board with his hands:

"A WIFE, THREE KIDS AND THIS BOARD TO SUPPORT"



A class teacher observed that a pupil used to speak and write ‘an amount of people’ whenever he wanted to convey a throng.

“With people, we always use the word ‘number’. Say, ‘a number of people’ “, the teacher corrected the boy several times.

Once the teacher had to speak to the boy’s father about his son’s demerit. When he phoned him in his office, the father replied, “Right now I’m pretty burdened with amounts of people.”

“Please say ‘a number of people’ “, corrected the teacher emphatically, presuming the errancy was hereditary in the family.

“What ?!” said the man at the other end surprisedly. “I am burdened with amounts of people – I’ve been counting cash of people in and out of their accounts.”

The fellow was apparently a bank teller.



Recently married Brian's mother had heard news that her son and his wife had quarreled and as a result, wife had packed a bag and left for parents'.

But when mother came for a peace-making visit, she was happily surprised to see that son's wife was back home.

"Thank goodness - you two reconciled soon", she expressed relief.

"We haven't, mom", said her son. "She returned 'cause her mother had gone over to her parents' house after a squabble with husband!"



A few months after their marriage, the wife began demanding of the husband to shave his beard off as she was feeling an aversion to it.

“But why ?!” asked the husband.

He eventually complied with her wish and one morning, presented himself clean-faced. And she seemed happy – but for a couple of weeks only. Thereafter, she began to request him to grow it again. This time her request also included mustache with the beard.

“Are you out of your mind?” he reacted.

“No, dear, I’m quite all right”, said his wife. “But there is a reason behind what I say. Firstly, I don’t like you becoming a topic of gossip among my friend-circle. And secondly, it is worse these dames and damsels talking that you now look cuter than me.”



Three little girls from the neighborhood were at our house playing with my younger sister. After playing games and with toys, they sat in the porch to chat. One of them talked about her maternal grandmother; another girl told about her paternal grandmother. When they finished, my sister uttered with a sigh that she wished she too had a grandmother to talk about!

“Why don’t you have a grandmother?” asked one of the neighbors’ girls like she found it very strange.

“I had two grannies but one died and the other is with her family, in another country”, my sister replied.

“Oh h h !” expressed that girl with relief. “I thought you never ever had a grandmother!”



An organization undertaking celebration arrangements for marriages as well as divorces, was approached by a frugal-minded woman.

“What are your charges for a modest reception in a hall to about two hundred invitees?”

“It’s fifteen hundred dollars, inclusive of hall rent and light refreshment – either for marriage or divorce”, came the reply.

“Charges don’t differ for marriage and divorce?” the woman questioned.

“No, it’s the same for either thing.”

“And no discounts in any particular season?” she inquired further.

“Not seasonal discounts”, replied the organizer. “But there’s a special reduction offer we give. It’s only twenty five hundred dollars if a party places order for both celebrations on the same day.”



A magazine representative was taking interview of a commercial airline pilot. After few initial questions and answers, the interviewer said, “I’ve heard that pilots are advised to eat carrots during and after flying training as it is considered beneficial to the eyes. Did you use to eat carrots and if you did, how did you find it?”

“Well”, replied the pilot, “my instructors made me eat one kilo of raw carrots a day and I experienced its benefit only when a new trainee and I crash-landed in a wilderness after straying from contact. For four days that fledgling and me lived on natural growth of roots of sweet potatoes – and I can say it was a lot easier for me than my buddy chewing those hard raw roots all day.



Father was trying to impress his teenage son about the efficiency-record of his own youth days.

"When I was of your age, I used to work twelve hours daily; six days a week and never rested on Sundays!"

The young man who was listening with heed, remarked, "I'm really very proud of you!" After a pause he added, "And I'm sure you appreciate the fruition of your struggle - the liberty your child has of keeping a job or not."



Two kiddies were standing in the alley, down their flats in a New York suburb, trying to make friends with each other. One of them was a newcomer to the area; his parents had moved in recently.

"My name is Greg."

"My name is Dick."

"I am five years old."

The new boy did not respond.

"How old are you?" asked the old resident.

"I don't know."

"Do you like girls?"

"No."

"Then you must be just four", concluded the old resident.



Part of an exchange between a couple on the way home from a garden party:

"I didn't say, 'You culminate so easily' - I said, 'You calumniate so easily'!"



A country proud of its police-efficiency, was hosting an international conference with a view to apprise the underdeveloped nation's law maintaining authorities about adopting new ways for public order.

The host country's chief, while presiding, delivered a lengthy hotair about their own standard and then put a question to the attendants: "How much time you people take to track a common thief?"

"About six months", said one police representative.

"It takes us about three months", informed another.

"We would apprehend the thief in only one month's time", declared yet another.

"Our department insists on catching such offender within just a week's time", boasted yet another representative.

"But that wouldn't match our department's function", grunted the host. "Anyway, what about your part?" he threw the question to the last attendant, so far sitting silent.

"We don't require any time in tracking thieves in our country", said that representative. "It's either catch them or never catch them."

This statement caused a stir in the conference – everyone perked up.

"The thing is that our department always has prior information of every theft at least two days before it takes place", came the disclosure.



Husband seemed in fond mood that day. "Believe me, dear - you're almost exactly the type of female I wanted to marry!"

"Good to hear that", responded his wife with nonchalance, busy ironing a heap of garments. "The same drivel to you from me, Mike."



An American who had been out of the country for the first time, returned after a long and pleasant tour of an Oriental land. His wife had been missing him very much – habitually worrying – so she was rather glad to see him back. When home, the man began to tell his wife about the wonderful and strange things he had seen during his trip.

One thing he regretfully recounted was a peculiar, playful monkey that he'd even bought there but the customs officials did not let him bring it from there.

"It looked a rare breed; an extraordinary monkey!" he lamented.

"Forget it darling!" said his wife, taking him in arms. "Remember how we used to dedicate the song to each other: 'You to me are everything' ? It ever goes true for us, dear."



A beautiful young woman with stunning curves, married a well-established businessman ten years older than she. Few months later, one day she went to a renowned palmist. Handing him her husband's neatly taken palm-print, she said, "This is my husband's. I want to know about him."

The palmist, studying the print, said, "I will tell you elaborately about your man. First I will tell everything about his future."

"No, not his future", broke in the woman. "Tell me of his past only. I'm not much anxious about knowing his future – it's in my hands now anyway."



A policeman stopped a bicycle rider for no light at night, and asked him the reason.

“May be I don’t carry one”, replied the cyclist, “but what difference does it make when there are lots of bright lights all around – in every street and in every house and on every passing vehicle?”

The policeman nodded and bent to fumble with the bike’s tire.

‘S h s s s’

“But why did you let the air out?” squeaked the cyclist.

“Well, what difference does it make when there’s lots of air everywhere in this town?”



Seeing his friend discomposed, a guy asked what the matter was.

“Yesterday I saw my wife and our cook sitting on our sofa, too close together”, said his friend.

“That’s bad. I suggest you sack your cook.”

“Can’t do that – he’s too good at cooking”, the friend reasoned.

“Then divorce your wife.”

“That’s also impossible”, muttered the friend in thoughts. Then, perking up, he said, “But an idea comes – why not I get rid of that sofa?!”



“Hurry up; please hurry up - or we’ll be late”, husband requested his wife, sitting at the dressing table.

“How many times must I tell you I’m coming in just a second?” she murmured, lost in studying her reflex.



Top-ranking American and Soviet delegates had got together in a neutral country where they held rounds of high-trumpeted, prolix peace dialogs. Speculating and eager reporters from more than fifty countries thronged the building everyday awaiting news of a super-accord any minute.

At last, the delegates emerged out, their faces marked with triumph and glee. Amid stupor and gasps, the American official intoned, “We – the Russian and the American representatives – have pleasure in announcing that we have covered a major area where we reached agreement on the biggest issues like : ‘There should be one type of culture, one form of government, one language, similar mode of education between the US and the USSR!’

“And there should be similar types and designs of vehicles, major industry products and business methods!” added the Soviet counterpart gladly.

There was jubilant hailing at this disclosure. As it subsided and the arm-waving teams began to turn back to the assembly building, one of the delegates joyously announced, “And now we are going in again to discuss the final point : ‘Which system to adopt in both the nations – Russian or American.’”



The teacher wrote on the blackboard: “I ain’t had no fun all summer.” Then she asked a youngster in the front row, “Harry, what should I do to correct that?”

“Mebbe - get a boy friend?” he suggested helpfully.



At a birthday party, after the usual rejoicing and dinner, the invitees and host were sitting in a group in the covered open front of the house. It was an enjoyable summer night and jokes were cut and a girl sang a few songs in her soft voice. One of the invitees was a classical songs singer and obviously he was demanded to give a taste of his art for a change. The item and his virile voice sounded heavy and impressive, it being night time. As his resonant singing continued and intensified in absorption, a next door neighbor appeared and stood at his balcony looking at the show.

The singer interrupted in abashment but the host, with encouragement, declared immediately: “Keep it up, man – pay no attention. He just can’t say a word about being disturbed. His dog’s been disturbing us for many nights. This is tit for tat !”



My daughter Suzanne, six, had recently learnt the word ‘adulterate’ and soon after, there was an occasion when she used it. That day, our next door neighbour, a young house wife, came in for a little gossip. Soon, her daughter darted in to ask her mother if she would give the baby a feed.

“Yes, the bottle’s washed – but remember we don’t give her whole milk”, her mother warned.

When I left to attend something in the kitchen, Suzanne followed me there.

“Even she adulterates her baby’s milk, Mummy!” she exclaimed to me in whisper.



Two broadcaster friends were assigned by two different commercial firms for doing regular sponsored radio programs from two different stations. About a couple of months later, one friend's wife found a card in mail, coming from the other broadcaster, inviting them to a recording at a function in a park for silver jubilee celebrations of the radio program that he had been doing. She just wondered at it.

Several more months passed and again a decorative card came and the same friend invited them to his program's golden jubilee. Again the other friend's wife was puzzled.

After several more months, the celebrating friend once again sent a colorful card and personally went to his counterpart friend's house to give invitation to his programme's platinum jubilee festival. This time the other fellow's wife gave vent to her pent up feelings and bellowed to her man as to why he did not get to celebrate even silver jubilee of his vocation while both of them had begun those programs almost the same time.

"Do you ever listen to our programs?" her husband asked.

"No", replied his wife. "I don't have time for that."

"Well, then let me clarify it for you. This man does a weekly show and I do a monthly one! That's why I lag behind – now you got it?"



A woman was overheard in a bus while talking to her friend:

"At times Alex sits so ruminative at the dining table, he gives the impression of apprehending a bill after the supper!"



For publicity of the toothpaste we make, there's a short, fifteen minutes commercial programme put on the air from our town's local radio station every week. For that, the compere records a few minutes conversation with any well-known man or woman of the town during which he deftly asks for his or her opinion about our product. And we offer handsome prize to the guests for their favour of uttering a few complimentary words.

Some time ago, one guest, who was a drama artist, frankly said during the talk that he uses our product in the morning but at night he uses another paste. When I heard it on radio, I wondered why the man wouldn't use our product both times every day!

Several days later, I had the itch and found the artist's number and asked him the reason.

"At night I use another toothpaste to wipe out the effect of my morning-error", he snapped sharply and hung up. I was taken aback at hearing such a discomfiting response.

It wasn't before making some mental efforts and inquiring and making attempts for his re-contact that I found out the reason of the artist's resentment. Due to a slip, he had not been sent our promised prize for his praising our tooth-paste.



Finding her daughter jerk-opening the fridge door, fling-closing it, sprinting away and then repeating the same process, mother yelled, "Annie, you've been running to the fridge again and again like things keep materializing there by itself!"

"Gosh! What to do?" protested Annie. "You can't even carry on with hope."



A guy was so election-crazy, his electioneering would start long before time and his relative and acquaintances would repeatedly find themselves in his contact – both in the forestalling by him and during the peak canvassing. And his whole soliciting process would get frantic in case he had to give a changed party name and symbol for their unmistakable vote-casting.

Once, after being defected as usual, and still not fully recovered from its after-effects, he went to visit a long-forgotten friend for a change of atmosphere.

Before he entered the friend's house, he spotted a party-slogan stuck by the gate. When inside and after the initial greetings, he got sullen and asked, "Why have you been displaying that opposition party's banner on your house?"

His friend was taken aback because he did not remember backing any other politician.

"But it's long been there, unnoticed", he muttered. Then suddenly recalling, he said, "Yes, now I remember about it. I received it from you by mail long ago."

"Weren't you campaigning for that party the previous term?"

And the election-baffled guy had no explanation to make over this learning.



A man was trying to calm his two-month-old baby daughter with milk feeder but the baby wouldn't stop crying.

"Perhaps she doesn't want that feeder", came the voice of the baby's mother from kitchen. "Perhaps she wants mine."

"What?!" exclaimed the man in surprise. "You never told me you've been keeping your feeder from your infant age!!"



‘Gasoline scarcity is not only present-day problem; it bothered our earlier generations too’ – this at least was the notion shared by two buddies who’d got together that day in an usual mood to blow hot and cold.

“My great grand pop used a trick-method to save on gas in his days”, ranted one. “He would take his truck just outside the village and use any of the cannons he’d got placed at one mile’s distance from each other – by first tying a long rope’s end to the truck’s bumper; the other end round his waist. He would then fire a ball from the cannon, catch onto it smartly with both hands and fly through the air to about a mile where the ball would drop. Then he would pull his truck by the rope and proceed with the second cannon if he’d to go farther.

His chum uttered an unimpressed hum and began his story.

“My great great grand pop was one too many for yours, I may say, for, his contrivance eliminated the truck-pulling and mile-long rope botheration. He utilized the same cannon-ball firing trick but with a difference. He’d fixed a cannon, jutting behind the strengthened back wall of his truck. With bags full of balls, he would fire ball after ball hitting at the back of the vehicle, hurling it through the air and on land and across rivers and never needed a horn! Only he had to have one alteration made to the steering wheel: the wheel’s axle was lengthened enough to reach to back of the truck where my great great grand pop stood behind the cannon from where he controlled both – the cannon and the truck.”



Daddy had been transferred from his small town business branch to a big and bustling city. For several months, mummy and daddy had their eight-year-old Bud live with them but then they felt the modern and permissive conditions were not affecting well for their son. So they decided to send Bud back to the old town where the family of daddy's brother was.

Back in the small town, Bud seemed to be very homesick. Perhaps on separation from his parents and granny, his uncle and aunt thought.

"Look, Bud. I am your daddy, O K? You will call me 'Daddy' from now on", said Bud's uncle comfortingly.

"And I'm your mother. You'll call me 'Mummy', right?" said his aunt sweetly.

"And if you are missing your granny, well, I will be too glad to play your granny", added Bud's aunt's mother with a smile.

Bud still looked melancholy.

"Why are you still unhappy, son?"

"But who'll play Kim?" Bud whined.

"Well, who is Kim?" they inquired.

"My girlfriend in the city", the boy disclosed.



"Your girl friend has such a nice, charming look!" a friend said to another.

"Yes, but please don't tell my wife."

"That she has nice and charming look?" asked the first one to confirm.

"OH, YOU - (grinding of teeth) - forget her look; don't even mention she's a girl."



A couple living in a multi-apartment building was so clamorous-natured; they could be heard arguing aloud with one another unfailingly every day. It would be in the morning before the husband's going time or in the evening after his return home or at any time on off days. Although their contentions were mostly expostulations and trifle squabbles, they no doubt created noise.

One day their shouting and remonstrance kept up for unusually long duration – arousing curiosity of even the familiar neighbors. When things were back to normal and the husband was gone, the woman by chance went to her neighbor for something. By way of talking, her neighbor referred to their wrangle. The woman was bashful at first.

“You see, Jerry and I perhaps can't just bear silence; we've become habitual to noises. I too get oppressed by long quiet”, she chuckled. Then, serving as an explanation, she informed, “Jerry left today for one week's business-trip in another town.”



When I was at the maternity home for my second child's delivery, my husband and our five year old son had the house to themselves. When I returned home with the new babe and the initial curiosity had settled, my son apprised me: “Daddy says our flour is not the right kind. We made cakes but it wouldn't make it right - one cake got burnt and one was sticky inside. We don't like this flour.”



An urban burglar got caught in his act and was sent behind bars. A friend of his came to visit him in prison.

“How did you get caught, man?” inquired the visitor. “You seem very intelligent!”

“Time has been unlucky for me, friend”, said the glum-looking burglar and related his tale. “Some time ago, I broke into a house and while I was gathering things, a timepiece and a radio started ringing five o’clock alarm-bells almost simultaneously. I was terrified by the sudden noise and fled from that house leaving even my own things behind. Then, a couple of weeks later, I once again entered that house as it offered easy access. Taking precaution this time, I turned off the alarm setting in both, the timepiece and the radio and got to work with a peaceful mind. But as I was removing the last item, the man in the house woke up and, looking at his wrist-watch, sputtered, ‘Oh, it’s five-ten! I wonder why these blasted things don’t work properly!’ And the result – I’m here.”



Conversation was going on among a group of friends and the topic was condition of moral values.

“Well, talking about character”, spoke out one man, “I can assert with complete confidence that in case I would be alone with a woman - a stranger in a lonely place for one year, I wouldn’t have her!”

“So what?” gassed an another chap. “If I am alone in a lonely place with a hundred woman whom I wouldn’t know, I won’t have any of them for a decade!!”

“You won’t have anyone anyways!” observed his wife. “Even if one of them thinks to marry you, the others won’t let her.”



A man was traveling through the country on horseback when, at one place, his horse became unwell. He took lodging in a farmer's cabin and began to search for some sort of treatment for his horse. In a village, some distance away, the traveler met a herbalist who was said to give medicines for animals also. When the man told about his horse's indications, the herbalist gave him some hand-made tablets, showed the way of giving it and advised to report the following day. Next day the traveler desperately called on the herbalist - in a very shaky form; his face scarlet red.

"What's the matter, man? Anything wrong?" the herbalist was bewildered.

"Yeah", whimpered the traveler. "Remember you told me how to put the tablets in the hollow of a bamboo piece and blow it into the horse's mouth?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, my horse blew it before I could."



"Why don't you grow a mustache? Don't you know that having mustache is a sign of one's being a manly man?" raved a guy with a long, thick mustache, to his brother-in-law.

"Once I heard about a usefulness of it from a friend", responded the brother-in-law. "And ever since then I stopped keeping mustache."

"Why? What did he tell you?"

"He confided to me that his mustache proved great relief for him, for, at times, he felt dubious about his own masculinity! In such a distressing moment, touching his mustache would reassure him that he really was a 'he'! After hearing his experience, I now see its significance differently".



A district's new political leader, while attending a ceremonial parade, was having relish of time reading out a speech in style to impress the gathering. But somehow, the half-hour time set for the orating went by and yet the speech papers were continuing. When an hour passed, he still had some papers in his hands, so the new leader petulantly cut his speech short and sat down. Later, he summoned his secretary.

"Why did you write such a long speech for me?" he fumed.

"Sir I wrote it very carefully - in fact I tried reading it myself and measured time, sir", the secretary tried to explain things.

"Then how come it lasted so much long with me?" came the yell.

The secretary rummaged and scrutinized everything. And it came out that together with the original typed speech, the leader had been reading two carbon copies as well.



A guy heard that his buddies were planning to participate in a party as uninvited guests for some fun. The next day he met one of them and wanted to know what had happened.

"Can you guess what happened?" quizzed the adventurer.

"What else?" guessed the guy. "Difficulties for the host!"

"Difficulties for the host; right - but not for the host of him. It was difficulties for the host of us! We were caught and catechized before we were shown out."



A guy was accompanying his wife to shopping after a long gap. Going through various varieties of soaps and detergents in the market and increasing the purchase-load on their small car, they came to a crockery and ornamental glass shop. While the wife was following her fancy, getting different items packed, husband, a little tuckered, sat by the manager's table for a chat. There, a ring came and the man easily followed a telephone talk the manager had with his wife.

"Ha ... ha ... ha ... ha ... your wife also does such stupendous shopping!" jested the man with laughter.

"My wife's a big spender too, but so far she hadn't have to leave her car as mortgage for overspending in the market!"

The bemused waiting husband barely tried to constrain his banter-touch. The shop's disconcerted manager responded with a wry smile and felt more embarrassed.

"Vives ... vives ... !" the waiting husband was nodding with ridicule while the manager peered at him with irritation.

After some more waiting, the busy selecting wife appeared behind the salesclerk who took the manager to a corner and the three did some hushed talking. The manager then came towards the waiting husband and, flashing a wide grin, announced, "Congrats man, she's completed the shopping", pointing to the lady. And we've agreed that you will remain here as mortgage till she returns with the money she's run short of. And she's right, the car's required to reach home and return with money to bail you out of here."



A sportsman, who lived alone, had some news for his crony one day.

“At night a month ago, a burglar made clamor in my room and woke me up. I held him and was thinking of handing him to the police - but talking with him, I learned that the man was a sports fan. Then some things developed and he ran away on my motor bike.”

“He must’ve overwhelmed you”, guessed the friend impatiently.

“Not exactly”, said the sportsman. “He surprised me with congratulations and applauses for making a world record. He declared me the first person in the world to catch him in his business and pronounced that I really deserved a gold medal for my feat! He also made a drat certificate!” I couldn’t help reciprocating his good feelings. I was overwhelmed by his noble intentions.”

“Was he that good?!” his friend was awed.

“He seemed and talked like a gentleman. He borrowed my motor-bike to go and get a real good medal for me.”

About a month later, the sports-bird met his buddy again.

“Did that thief return with gold medal for you?” his friend asked.

“Not yet”, replied the sportsman. “I only learnt it a few days back when I met him in a street by chance. The poor guy apologized that he hadn’t been able to break into a medal-shop yet. I told him why not he buy it instead - and handed him three hundred dollars for that.”

“And your motor-bike?”

“That he said he keeps for bringing me my medal expeditiously.”



Following a sale-ad for an old car by a foreigner, an interested buyer went to the given address. At his request, he was allowed to take a round for trial.

“Its doors and hood shake when driven”, observed the buyer.

“That will happen”, said the owner.

“And the engine seems to make noise.”

“That will also happen.”

“And it doesn’t reverse immediately.”

“That will happen.”

“Then what WON’T happen with this car?!” questioned the buyer, irked.

“According to my long, long experience”, replied the owner, “there is little possibility of its ever being stolen.”



A babysitter was needed in a house. So, in response to their ‘wanted’ ad, a plump girl came to offer her services.

“What’s your name, miss?” asked the woman of the house.

“Sally Sitmore.”

“Sitmore is your surname?” the woman queried with a touch of curiosity.

“The surname was actually Tripmore”, replied the applicant. “I changed it to bring enhancement in the business.”



Listening to Lulu’s boldness-manifesting song ‘I’M A TIGER’, one curious girl asked her girlfriend, “Why didn’t she say ‘I’m a tigress’?! ”

The friend thought for a moment and said, “Perhaps she was afraid her song could reach a lone tiger’s ears some day!”



An exceptionally fat man arrived at a village station by train. Looking for a ride, he found no signs of conveyance except a mule-cart standing nearby. He somehow talked to cart-man to take him to his destination. The cart-man consented and took a piece of cloth, put it over the mule's head and signed the fat man to board.

A couple of months later, the same stupendous townsman had occasion to go to that village. Again he saw the mule-cart - but the cart-man demanded double fare and asked the man to follow the cart. The man walked behind and when they were in darkness, the cart-man beckoned the man to board and carefully kept the passenger away from his mule's view till he boarded.

When the townsman arrived in the village the third time, he saw an auto-rickshaw in place of the mule-cart; recognized the same cart-man and was impressed by his progress. But as soon as the cart-man saw the heavy man come towards him for a hiring, he desperately started his rickshaw engine.

"Wait!" yelled the passenger, hastening. "Aren't you taking me?!"

"Never", replied the rushing cart-man, moving away. "Two times taking you ran my mule away - and this thing I've got on installments."



An expert in economics, once visiting a town, was invited to give a speech at a cultural hall on some seemingly uninteresting aspects of his subject. When he came before the microphone, he noticed the scanty audience and said, "My word, the people in this town are more economical-minded than I could think. Understandably they saved on gas and extra work-time by devising to have each one here represent three non-attenders!"



A bunch of juveniles had been trying to get white collar jobs and in the process, had been repeatedly calling on organizations and offices for results of their interviews. One sagacious manager felt impelled to give a word of advice to the youths.

“For people of your age - this inexhaustible energy source - shouldn't it be expedient to go for the tough jobs - building roads and bridges of our nation?”

“The next generation could do those tasks”, reasoned one boy scratching his head.

“Why the next generation, young man? What will you do then?” the manager questioned.

“Because, sir, we making good use of those roads and bridges the last generation has left to us”, pleaded another boy.



A man of slender build and a woman of ostentatious propensity, a good card-addict, got to know each other at a club through card-playing. One thing led to another and they finally got married.

But afterwards, relationship between them went so bad they were no longer on speaking terms. Then a mediating acquaintance got the couple seated together for the sake of initiating a dialog.

“In the beginning, we loved each other so much”, lamented the husband. “Gloria promised she'd be my queen for ever - and accordingly I always called her ‘My Queen’ as a loving compliment. But now everything's so miserable.”

“I'm still a queen”, bristled the wife. “Only Rex failed to retain his status. He proved so unkingly, obviously he's at knave's position now.”



It is generally believed that a cat always remembers the place where it has its shelter - the smart animal possesses good memory. My friend says her cat has real keen memory and she says this from an experience.

A divorcee, she lives in a village with two children. About a year ago, she got a cute cat in her house but after a time, she found her pet had some bad habits. Thinking it embarrassing to give anybody a misbehaving cat, my friend decided to let it free. Twice she attempted to make her cat 'get lost' at about the village edge but both times the sagacious animal somehow found its way back home.

The third time, in an exasperated mood, she took the cat and got out of the village tramping far into the wooded country expanse. A good distance away, she put the cat down and slipped away from it and flurried. But when she looked for her way back home, she wouldn't just find it. She trudged in all directions and then gloomily realized that she herself had gotten lost in the wilderness.

To make a long story short, she and the cat came across each other. And my friend instinctively trusted the smart animal's memory. She followed the cat, both reached the village before dusk.



When a philosophy professor, a lover of exactitude, came home one day, his wife indicated signs of common cold.

"A while ago, I had eight sneezes altogether", she said.

"You mean all eight together?" he questioned in irony.

"No", she defined tartly, "each one waited in queue for its turn to burst out!"



A visiting group of artists was giving their dance performances in America. Among the delightful dance and singing items was a love song sung passionately by a beautiful girl and boy with enchanting music and background scene. The song was sung in their local language along with pleasing unrestrained body expressions by the leading pair.

Later on in the running days, the song was translated in English and was sung by an American pair of singers. The song went with each lover alternately reciting: 'You are my sun ... You are my moon ...'

And it went on with effusive gesticulations. When the show was over, the American singers were complimented on making it melodiously successful. The male partner, however, had one comment to make. He said, "I didn't have difficulty in performing to their tune. It was only during the gap between my partner girl's lilting: 'You are my sun' and 'You are my moon' that I was held uncomfortable!" Perhaps male partner took it as 'son'.



Half an hour after professor Edmund had left home in his car, the phone in their house rang.

"It's me, dear", said the professor to his wife. "I've something urgent to tell you. You know I bought a new hair oil bottle few days back? Well, don't use it in your hair. It has turned my hair like ... like lambkin hair. So, be careful."

His wife was sitting perplexed, thinking what must've gone wrong, when the phone rang again.

"Sorry, Maybel", said the professor. "There's nothing wrong with that hair oil. In fact, I'd forgotten that my cap was on when I passed the comb on the head."



In the store and supply business where I am a clerk, a fresh immigrant was given a job of odd pieces of work. The fellow knew no more than a few common English words and so had difficulty in communicating with others. To help him learn American courtesy ways, especially when asking a favor from somebody or permission to use something, I taught him to say: 'If you don't mind'; 'If you have no objection'; 'If you will let me please'; 'Thank you so much'.

He shyly repeated the words before me, looking thankful for guidance.

A few days later in the morning, the young man approached me for something. "Madam", he signed towards the phone on my desk, meaning he wanted to use it. As he lifted the receiver, I told him in friendly manner, to say what I'd taught him.

"If you...", he hesitated with uncertainty.

"Yes, yes", I encouraged.

"If you have no mind, madam", he said staring at my face, expecting a compliment on his endeavor.



As teacher entered the classroom, she halted momentarily at the door, noticing that Max was busy shamming teaching the class in her absence.

"What's going on here?" she questioned, ready to show temper.

"Nothing, ma'am", Max uttered, flinching in abashment.

"Then why were you standing by the blackboard like a clown and gibbering like an idiot? You think you're a teacher?"



A young couple kept a parrot in their house. In a few month's time the bird by itself learned to recite the words, "Who is it?" - the question shouted from the house every time there was knocking at the door.

One day the couple was out to a night party at their friends' when a relative - a rustic woman from a village - arrived. She knocked and heard the question: "Who is it?" She announced her name etc. and waited for the door to open. When it didn't, she knocked again. Again the question: "Who is it?"

To the confounding repetition of the same question, the would-be guest started to bang and bellow: "YOUR AUNT, FOOL. OPEN THE DOOR, YOU DUMB!"

God knows how long this clamor continued but when the couple returned home at midnight, they saw someone fast asleep outside their door. Taken aback, the husband shouted, "Who is it?"

"Your aunt, fool. Open the door, you dumb; you scoundrel; you fiend", screamed their parrot from inside.



A friend heard good news that Greg was getting engaged. When he went to congratulate, he observed signs of anxiety along with anticipation on Greg's face.

"What are you so thoughtful about, Greg?" he asked.

"Well, I'm afraid my life partner will be a loquacious person in the family", said Greg.

"No, boy!" yelled the friend. "Such common notions about women are seldom right."

"But there's a reason to believe it", said Greg. "My would-be fiancée is a sports commentator!"



As he was getting ready to go out into the city somewhere, a professor was asked by his wife to do a small favor for her friend, "Take a juicer from my friend's house and deliver it to her sister's place in the city." She led the professor to her friend's house; handed the juicer and explained the address where it was to be delivered.

A couple of hours later, a tuckered professor returned home and fizzled to wife that much as he tried, the address couldn't be found. So, on his way back, he had returned the juicer back to her friend.

The wife was thinking of calling her friend to express regret when the phone bell rang. When she finished and replaced the receiver, the professor looked at her curiously.

"It was the same lady you said you just returned the juicer to. She said she hoped that the juicer must have reached her sister in time as requested - and she requested me to pass her thanks to you for doing the favor."



While talking in leisurely mood, each one in a small group was telling about the manifold benefits of trees like: oxygen makers, fruit growers, shade providers, etc. One woman who was silent, was asked to say something too.

"Yes, why not?" she said. "It's a tree that holds one end of our clothesline!"



The handsome young man in construction company said to the nice female colleague: "Let's build our friendship into love. I'm sure you'll find my heart a splendid, commodious villa to live in."

"Sounds quite comfortable!" she responded. "I just hope what you're saying is concrete."



Uncle was a believer in the old eastern values. Seeing him do yoga his modern and never-at-ease nephew often used to look on - but only with flippancy.

One day he saw his uncle standing on his head - feet high - and keeping himself in that position for several minutes. Hardly keeping his countenance and with sarcasm, he asked about goodness of that exercise.

Uncle explained that it benefits the brain by turning and keeping the head below the body.

"Will it give my head ideas for new rock songs if I go upside-down like that?" poked nephew.

"I'm dubious", said uncle. "It doesn't say anything about benefiting those with already upside-down brains."



"Dad, why is it that you have very little hair on your head?" little Matt showed curiosity.

"Son, it's a sign that the person is very intelligent sort", daddy explained.

"Have I got much hair?"

"But you're just a child. It will only be seen when you grow up."

"Mother has a lot of hair, hasn't she?" Matt observed.

Daddy was confused. "That rule only applies to men, son."



A man sold his back-and-white TV and bought a color one.

"How different you find the viewing now?" a friend asked.

"It's like seeing the dreams through a bachelor's eyes once again!" replied that married fellow.



After his return from an extensive tour of another continent land, a man was visiting his friend. He gave a round-up of the places, the people he had seen there. Incidentally, his friend had recently read a book about a famous leader of that land, so he was showing keen interest.

"Did you see signs of that leader's popularity among the people there?" the friend asked.

"You really got to see what influence he enjoys there", said the visitor. "I'll give you an example. Suppose somebody in a certain department is showing indolence to do something for you; you pull out a picture of that leader from your pocket and you get a pleasant surprise. It works like magic! All the laziness disappears and he or she would even do things you didn't ask for!"

"Sounds wonderful!" expressed the friend. "But does everybody there have that picture ready in pocket?"

"Who wouldn't?" said the visitor. "That picture's on all the denomination bank notes there - one to one hundred. Long live the leader!"



Recently married Brian's mother had heard news that her son and his wife had quarrelled and as a result, wife had packed a bag and left for parents'.

But when mother came for a peace-making visit, she was happily surprised to see that son's wife was back home.

"Thank goodness - you two reconciled soon", she expressed relief.

"We haven't, mom", said her son. "She returned 'cause her mother had gone over to her parents' house after a squabble with husband!"



A retired man having influence with a commercial organization was approached by a guy for recommending him for a job for which he was going to appear for an interview. The old man obliged.

Next day, he received a phone call from the organization. His friend, an executive, informed him that they would welcome his recommendation for someone else.

“Yes, but what happened with that fellow; he’d six years’ experience, he told me”, the old man inquired.

“Yes, he told us that too”, said the executive, “and it took us fifteen minutes’ questioning to discover that he in fact possessed six years’ experience of giving interviews!”



In a small town suburb, two youngsters of about six - one a son of Americans, the other of Asian immigrants - were talking to each other.

“Do you go out to the shops with your papa?” asked the American kid.

“Yes. We buy new things there. Very good people work in shops. You know what they are called who sell things there?” said the Asian kid.

“They are called salesmen.”

“That’s right. And I like girl-salesman so much!”



Conversation between two little girls in the yard:

“Every afternoon, after we’ve eaten, my mom squeezes oranges and tomatoes for us!” said one.

In response, the other girl said, “My mom squeezes fruits for us too - but before we’ve eaten it!”



Boss was telling his accountant in the office about the vacant position of a supervisor in their small factory.

“We need someone who’s overbearing type - someone who always makes his presence felt.”

“Sir, would a female do?” said the accountant.

“Well, I don’t have any resentment for employing a girl or a woman for the job - provided she’s domineering sort; can browbeat even a man. You know someone with these qualities?” asked the boss.

“In fact, sir, I had in mind my wife for a candidate”, disclosed the accountant meekly.



On the way, butter oil was spilling out of the can as it didn’t have a tight cap so the peasant hastily hung it on chain he saw in the compartment – the emergency-halt chain!

As the train slowed down to a halt, some passengers saw the reason and urgently drew that fellow’s attention that his can had stopped the train.

Paying the fine for halting the train without proper reason wasn’t much disconcerting for the rustic as he still had a strong point to glorify the old value: “See what I told you just now? It is the power of the pure butter oil to stop the whole train. That’s the real old thing, man!”



In many places and in different languages, teachers use rhythmic patterns in teaching, particularly to lower grade pupils. It is believed that like words in rhymes and verses, melodious recitations effect easy learning for children.

One modernist lady teacher much believed in the system and she had introduced a musical-sounding tune to be sung with arithmetic tables. The idea was going on well – the students sang the tables with more interest.

One day she asked a boy student to recite the table of nine (multiplying nine by 1 to 10). The boy started the rhythm: “Nine one the nine, nine two the eighteen, nine three the twenty-seven, nine four the la la, la la the la la, la la the la la, la la the la la, la la the la la, la la the la la.”

Getting surprised and amused at the same time, the teacher asked the boy, “What kind of table-reciting is this, young man?!”

“But isn’t the tune right, ma’am?” said the boy.



A professor was very unmindful, thus apt to forget the most common things at times. His wife was well aware of his forgetful nature and used to put up with most things but one; instead of riding his bicycle while returning home, the professor, in a pensive state, often walked all the way - bringing the bike along with hands on its handles.

To do away with such embarrassment, she sought a mechanic’s help. And now the professor’s bicycle is fixed with some device which doesn’t let it go on more than a few meters’ distance unless someone sits on the seat!



When half-witted Harry somehow got aspiration to do experiments from a business formula book, his friends wondered what he would eventually come up with.

Then one day, a buddy found Harry sitting among bottles and jars with signs of some riddle on his face.

"How's the experimenting?" asked the friend. "Got any problem?"

"I was considering this", Harry pointed to the open page of book. "It says: 'Take the bottle of the mixture in the sun and, with the mouth open, keep it there for two hours'."

"So?"

"Only that I thought it would be a bit hard on my jaws," Harry explained.



Two families were picnicking on a lakeside resort. After boat-ride and lunch, two boys of each family were loitering around while the adults sat under the shade. After some time, the adults saw one boy emerging from a hotel's garden fence and got down clumsily. When he came to where they were, his mother reproved him sharply as to why he had climbed that fence.

"There's a board on the garden's gate that says, 'Do not enter without permission.'"

Meanwhile the other boy appeared from the fence the same clumsy way. When he came, the others saw that he held a flower plant in his hand.

"You too encroached – and what's this?"

"I just wanted to pick a flower", he explained, "but it was written there 'Do not pick flowers!' "



A man given to undertaking bravadoes had once gone in the jungle to catch a lion in a cage single-handedly, by using his cleverness. When he returned unsuccessful to his home village, friends were still curious in his venture.

“You really used your wits by locking yourself in that cage when the lion attacked - but why did you give up the whole adventure? Someone like you - showing the white feather so soon - sounds like incredible!” commented one friend.

“It wasn’t quailing”, said the adventurer. “When I had locked myself in the cage, the lion watched me for long - moving all around - then made roars calling his mate and children to feast their eyes too! I couldn’t stand that much humiliation.”



The private school where I am secretary-clerk, had got into financial difficulties due to more-than-estimated expenditures on building expansion project. As a result, the managing board was busy searching additional funds.

As the month came to its end, the staff was told by the cashier to wait a few days for the salaries, because of the temporary shortage.

One of the staffers is a recently appointed immigrant woman who does the dusting and cleaning of the classrooms and offices. Looking very thoughtful about the financial situation, she came to me for a chat when I was alone in my office.

“Everybody talk the management has come to a head - that right?” she said in her weak English.

“Yes, Neesha, that’s right”, I said.

“Well, the management come to some head - but why so poor head?!” she exclaimed.



Several foreign students admitted in our college had come to stay in the college hostel. Getting in their contact, I had noticed that their pronunciations of some English words needed correction. I frankly offered to do it and they shyly offered their thanks to me.

Their most noticeable errors were with the words having the vowels 'i' and 'ee' - the pronunciations of those two they did not differentiate. They spoke 'sit' and 'seat' the same way. So I distinctly pronounced for them a list of words like: 'bit', 'beet'; 'did', 'deed'; 'pick', 'peek'; 'kin', 'keen' - and so on.

The following day, I found those foreigners more silent than usual - perhaps being conscious of their imperfect pronunciations. After supper, one of those students came to me and said, "Mr. Bennett, how can a student get a slipping peel here?"



The farmer boy who had received a cup in high jump competitions in his rural area was invited by a radio station for recording an interview with him.

The first question for the rugged and brusque fellow was: "Did you take part in any jumping after that medal-winning event?"

"Yeah", answered the rustic. "Jus' ten minutes before - jus' outside this buildin'."

The interviewer looked at him in disbelief.

"Ye see", revealed the jumper, "the guard at the big gate tol' me he wouldn' allow me in as I hadn't got no necessary papers. So, the only way was jump the wall."



Those who knew Jamie also knew that he was enthusiastic about catching the latest news on radio and TV. But when a friend, while unnoticed, observed him listening to an 'on the hour' news broadcast, he was amazed to see how far Jamie's craze had gone.

As the newsreader read on the news items, one after another, Jamie - listening carefully with closed eyes - kept nodding and saying: "May be!" "Quite probable!"

The friend made his presence known and spontaneously expressed, "Why, Jamie! You seem to take the news like you don't much believe it's true! People everywhere generally accept the news broadcasts without any doubts."

"But I don't", asserted Jamie. "I have yet to hear it confirmed by at least a couple of other stations."



My mom is very brave!" one kid proudly told his new friend in the neighborhood. "Whenever I tell her that dad isn't allowing me to go play in the street, she gives me permission to go!"

"My mom and dad both are cowards", lamented the other boy. "Neither one ever opposes the other's decision."



'Happy Station Show' is Radio Netherlands' English language program of messages and music, on air every Sunday. One Sunday, the presenter read a letter to the listeners which was like any first time writer's would be - but with one exception. Instead of a 'Happy Station Show', the letter was addressed to 'Habitation Show'!



A small family of Asian immigrants is living in our neighborhood. The teenage girl named Neela, who lives with her brother and his wife, has become a friend of mine. Her brother's wife, whom she calls by her relation 'Bhabee', is weak in English. She was enthusiastic in trying to catch up new words and phrases of English - to be able to talk in English comfortably.

One morning I had to talk with my Asian friend, Neela. I went to her home and saw her Bhabee opened the door for me.

"I wanted to have a word with Neela - where is she?"

"She is taking a bath", replied Bhabee amicably. "Come in, come in."

"Who's come, Bhabee?" inquired Neela from inside the bathroom.

"Your friend Sandra", cooed Bhabee. "She has come to have words with you. She is now sitting here and I am having words with her - till you come and have words with her."



The case of beguilement being made by a miss against a mister was that he had made false promise of marriage to her and trusting it, she had been paying for their outings and parties.

After hearing everything, the magistrate couldn't help delivering a word of warning to the deluding mister: "You better explain and clarify your promise to the court - before everybody in the court becomes pro-miss."



A rustic strongly believed in the old values of the more natural and pure things available in the rural areas like fresh milk and butter, fresh molasses, open air, etc. Once the fellow was making his first train journey with some friends. He had with him, a can of country-made cheese about which he was boasting as was his habit. But as more and more passengers boarded the train with luggage, the rustic began to worry about his can getting mixed up with other people's belongings. In that jam he found one safe place - he hung his can on the train's communication cord. Soon the train ground to a halt and the cause was discovered and the rustic was told by the railroad officer that his hanging of the can had stopped the train.

"Did you say this cheese stopped the whole train?!" he said.
"Now you railroad men too must believe in the strength of the pure country cheese!"



For a long time, wife had been demanding a far-going sight-seeing tour. But her man - though he never disagreed - seemed less enthusiastic. Growing tedious of repeating her demand, she told him, "Always it's either 'some day' or 'somewhere' or 'somehow'. Now tell me for the last time, just when you're going to be decisive about going on a tour."

"Well", said the man. "I hope, sometimes."



A professor, while talking to his guest, picked up four spoons, two in each hand, filled each spoon with powder husk and mixed all four spoons in his drink. Before the guest could ask reason of four spoons instead of one, the professor explained:

"When I began forgetting too often how many spoonfuls I add in the drink, my wife taught me this solution!"



The other day an envelope came in the mail. I looked for the knife; meanwhile my younger brother cut the envelope from one side with scissors. But the letter it contained, came out in three pieces; and seeing this, our sister delivered quite a harangue to him on his mistake.

A few days later, our sister got ready to cut and sew a blouse herself. The bedspread on bed had some thread-work on it, so, to avoid scissors tips getting caught in it, she spread a plain sheet over it which had an even surface. Over it she spread the cloth to make a blouse from and began concentrating on cutting to the design.

When finished, she gathered up the pieces, the draft, scissors, measuring tape, etc. and rushed to the sewing machine. Visible on the bed was the same pattern she'd just experimented - it was snipped out from the upper bed-sheet.

My younger brother picked up the pieces of the upper bed-sheet and ran to her to tell her that she could make two blouses for the effort of cutting just one!



An absent-minded professor became father for the first time in his forties. Once, watching the baby in marvel and bouncing him in joyous mood, the professor began to reflect on such early stage in one's life. "Look at our childhood!" he gleefully said to his wife. Then, with an afterthought, he muttered, "My childhood, rather, because you must've looked a baby girl at his age."



Our town is small and the grocer's shop in our neighborhood is also small. The shopkeeper, however, always keeps it full with stores of too many items. To accommodate so many things, he had to have high rising shelves at the shop walls.

One day I was at the shop to buy something and was standing there chatting with the shop owner, a good old man, when a little girl came and asked for a quarter's worth of colored beads. A bit out of the ordinary item, it was placed on the highest slab of the shelf. The good old man wouldn't refuse, so he put a stool, got on it and carefully took the box down, and handed the beads to the girl.

When the girl was gone, he slowly climbed the stool, the box in hand to replace. But another little girl came almost running and panted out that she wanted colored of a quarter. The shopkeeper opened the box just standing on the stool, bent down and handed her the beads. But as he closed the lid of the beads box and raised the box, he noticed yet another kiddie appeared.

Turning to her, he asked, "You too want a quarter's colored beads?"

"No", the kiddie uttered.

So the old man placed the box where it was and very cautiously got down; put the stool in a corner and steadied himself.

"Well, what do you want, babe?"

"Uncle, I want half dollar's colored beads", spoke she with big innocent eyes.



"Our class teacher is a really lucky person!" a fourth grader expressed to his sister.

"Did she say so?" asked sister.

"Yes. Today she told us that when she herself was a student, her teachers never complained about her."



Four juvenile friends were out on a tour of resorts in another part of the country. After sightseeing at an old garden on the outskirts of a small town, they got hungry. Sighting a restaurant in the vicinity, they went in to lunch.

The first items were all tasteless, so they ordered a few more. But it were all the same; paltry and far from palatable. Being irritated, they demanded to see the manager but his chair was found empty. On inquiry, they were told that he had gone out. In the course of talking with waiters, they came to know that the fellow, in fact, had gone to have lunch at an another restaurant nearby! It sounded strange and they curiously inquired further from the senior waiter why their manager eats at another restaurant and not at his.

"May be he too doesn't like the food cooked in here", one friend scoffed.

"May be you can say they serve better food but let me tell you one thing; that another restaurant's manager drinks our coffee whenever he comes in here - and he often does", advocated the senior waiter.

"It means coffee is your only specialty. But tell me; doesn't that restaurant's manager risk his reputation just to drink a cup of coffee you make?" queried one of the tourists.

"Well, I wouldn't say he comes only for coffee", replied the waiter, "but whenever he comes here to deal with our manager, we serve him coffee and he accepts it with a smile."

"You say he comes here for some deal?" asked one tourist.

"Yeah. Perhaps their cooks are very mindless or what - I don't know - but they're so often burdened with leftover things, their poor manager has to come to us for selling it", clarified the senior waiter to the tourists.



The provincial minister was going to perform opening ceremony of a grand circus in town - boasting of incredible feats. At the site, an extraordinary large throng of public and all media reporters was forming in advance, increasing by and by, to witness and cover the event. One foreign correspondent, also drawn by the onrush, was wondering at the seeming exaggeration of the coverage-eagerness. Out of curiosity, he asked a local pressman about that multitude in impatience for the opening of a thing like circus. His reply was that the minister was well-known for his craze for doing opening ceremonies and inaugurations. He used such occasions for personal publicity by himself demonstrating the usage of whatever he was inaugurating, like: assembling an apparatus in an assembly plant or sewing a garment pieces in a garment factory.

“He’s even shown practically using a drill-machine inside a mine and making butter in a dairy!” the local chap disclosed.

“Then I think I shouldn’t by any means miss the coming marathon competitions in this town”, the foreign correspondent could not help expressing in awe.



A woman entered a hat shop and began trying hats of all fashions. After half an hour, one piece seemed to attract her attention. The young salesman attending her, took opportunity to convince her. “With this one, Miss, you sure look twenty-one”, he said.

“Do I?”, said the woman studying reflection with the hat in mirror. “Anyway, I’m taking it - my elder sister will like it for her birthday. Now, show me something for me.”



A tramp approached a play-director for a part in play, if there was one. The director looked him tip to toe, grabbed a big basket lying nearby, handed a ten-dollar note and the basket to the man, and said: "Think you're acting an errand-boy. Now go to the fruit-market and fetch fresh fruit for ten dollars."

The fellow went out and came back after ten minutes, pretending he was carrying a load.

"Where's the fruit?!" asked the director, frowning at finding the basket empty.

"Wasn't I only actin', sir?"

"But you don't act with real note, you stupid", rapped the director.

"Right", said the tramp. "Who thinks the note was real?"



When he argued that her shopping and embellishment was going extravagant, she could not help expressing discontent with these words: "I wish I were husband and you were wife!"

He was puzzled for a moment, then said, "Then I would outdo you in squandering - and whenever you'd try to keep a check on it, I'd wish the same whimsical sex-change as you're doing now."



Mom saw her son packing bundles and rucksacks with house belongings. She asked her son, "Why are you packing all the things?"

"Didn't you say we would pack things and leave if we won't like staying at the aunt's?"

"Yes, I did - but pack only our things, son."



Looking for a secretary's position in a newly opened farmer's business office, a woman went for an interview. When it seemed to be over she stepped out of the room with a puzzled look, and went to a table nearby with 'Accountant' sign on it. Seeing a woman coming, the man at the table adjusted his feet resting on his table drawers.

"Well ?" he looked at the applicant inquiring about her interview.

"Mr. Joe seems to speak a bit differently", said the woman. "To tell the truth, I had to ask him twice during the interview what he said did actually mean. So I can't guess whether he accepted me or not when he said, 'I ain't never seen nobody like you before!'"

"Uh", muttered the accountant, "never mend him, ma'am; never mend."



An American tourist was making a rambling excursion of Karachi. In one place, he entered an ordinary street restaurant just for a change. Knowing a few names of the local varieties, he ordered a certain dish. A man sitting close-by suggested to him in English an another item which he said would be much better in taste. The tourist immediately beckoned the waiter and indicated for the other item canceling the first order.

The waiter shouted out a few words to the cook inside, of which the foreigner understood the item's name and the word 'Brake' used twice. He casually asked the local man sitting by him what 'Brake' stood for.

With a smile, he explained the foreigner that the waiter was calling out to the cook to literally apply brake to the item speeding out to the customer - and it is a common practice in street restaurants here.



Touring India, an American woman was fascinated to see the contrasting customs, languages, ways of the people. She felt interested to know more but language was a problem.

Once the tourist was sitting in the corner of a picnic park, watching a group of children, young girls and two women settled nearby. A cute infant was held, swung, loved and kissed in turn by the girls and the women. And each time they fondled, each of them called the baby 'Meri jaan' and chattered more.

With curiosity, the American asked one of the young girls what they were calling the baby. In pidgin English, she said that what they were calling meant 'My body'.

As the tourist smiled, the young girl asked, "What you call?"

"We call little child, 'Sweet', 'Honey', 'Sugar' etc."

"We also call", responded the girl. "But now it all adulterated more easy."



An immigrant fellow who recently had acquired an American wife, went to buy milk powder for home. To the shopkeeper, he said, "Geev me meelk powder - weeth iron."

The shopkeeper put milk powder before him in two different packings: one in polythene bag - some cents cheaper - and one in can.

"Would you like to take the bag?" shopkeeper asked casually.

"Naw", replied the fellow, putting aside the bag and selecting the can. "When my wife wants eet weeth iron, she weel not take eet weeth plasteek, you see."



When I went to see my friend Dirk, to my surprise, he was busy doing something risky with the electric switch-board on the wall. He was surveying the open back side of the board, nervously touching the criss-crossing wires with a current tester. And at the same time he also seemed to be worrying about the board's screws and washers.

After a few anxious minutes of probing, Dirk again said to his son impatiently, "You have that screw and washer in your hand, Tim?"

"Yes, I'm holding it", his son said.

"Why do you worry about the screws and washers?" I said to Dirk. "I think you should only keep your mind on the board, shouldn't you?"

Continuing to scan the wires, Dirk explained, "In fact I've been opening this board for some time and what now keeps this board to the wall is its last screw and washer."



The young girl was soon to be married to a long-distance runner. For some intimate consultation before the grand occasion, she called on her aunt.

"Ever since our engagement, my fiancé has been telling me that he would fulfill my wildest wish on our wedding day. Now our marriage is just around the corner and I'm perplexed what to ask from him. Can you help?"

Sagacious aunt gave the question a brief consideration and said, "Take it easy - that ought to be the word."

"But I'm so filled with excitement", pleaded niece.

"I'm not telling you to take it easy", cried aunt. "That's the word you ought to get from him."



We had invited a few friends at a tea-and-snack party. Later, when others had left, Mrs Pamela, our nearest neighbor and eight months pregnant, was still sitting with us.

While our leisurely gossips were going on, my daughter, little under two years, with a chocolate piece in hand, made loud babbling and sign language to her grandmother. She wanted cooky but as she was seen chewing every bit of variety since the party, grandmother wanted an excuse to refuse. So grandmother raised her granddaughter's frock; passed her hand over her stomach and declared, "No, no, you can't have more - you're already full!"

Meanwhile, keeping on talking with the neighbor, I got an urge to show a more friendly gesture to her: "Please, Mrs Pamela, do stay for tonight's supper with us."

"Naw, naw", said Mrs Pamela, standing up to leave, raising quizzical eyebrows, "imagine if my stomach is examined that way!!"



Glenn, a friend of mine, is hot-headed by nature. Since he had moved with his family to the other end of the town, we hadn't met during the past couple of years. Then one day I unexpectedly saw him at a friend's party. The last time I'd heard about his milk supply business, he was trying to make a contract with a dairy farm, so I casually asked, "Whose milk you're supplying these days, Glenn?"

"Eh, cow's milk - who else?" Glenn instantly replied.



An absent-minded professor was left home alone for a few hours when his wife went on a long shopping trip. When she returned, the professor seemed in the process of preparing something with fruits and nuts in what looked like a milky environment.

“Oh, dear!” he spluttered reassuringly, “I wanted to make fruit-and-nut milk shake for you and me - but one thing just didn’t go right. It might have been both things wrong but I just saved the situation.”

“Thank goodness!” expressed she with a sigh of relief. “Now tell me all that.”

“Well”, recounted professor, “first of all, the method required pouring out the milk in a saucepan and then washing all the fruits and nuts in a screen-vessel under faucet. So I got both vessels ready and there - one of the two things went wrong. I poured milk in the screen-vessel and realizing it, held back the fruits and nuts just in time.”



A college student was telling a friend about his class affairs: “Yesterday our professor wanted to have a word with me so he said, ‘Is your name James?’ I told him my name is Jim and he admitted he was getting forgetful of late.”

“Professors generally are forgetful”, said the friend. “By the way, who was that professor?”

“That lanky man with specks - Mr. Burke.”

“You mean Mr. Clark?”

“Yeah, yeah.”



Being busy at something, wife told husband to open an envelope that had just arrived to her name.

“My! What’s this ?!” he exclaimed. “A girl name Trish, age: eighteen, has sent to you my photograph. And in the letter, she says you should have thought better than try to find her as a suitable match for this middle-aged man. Then she says, ‘I advise you that you seek a woman for him who has celebrated at least her thirty-fifth birthday ... blah ... blah ... blah ...’. What’s this all about?? Who told her I’m looking for a match?? I’m nonplussed!”

“Good gracious !!” said his wife drawing a deep breath. “This is the girl who was recommended to me as the most suitable match for our son Gerry. But I must’ve sealed the envelope rather hastily - enclosing your photograph instead of Gerry’s.”



To help improve their spoken English, an American student was explaining different rules of English grammar to a group of foreign students.

“As all of you must know, the consonants in some English words remain silent - as ‘k’ in ‘knowledge’, ‘w’ in ‘write’ and so on. And there are some vowels which also remain silent, for example: ‘o’ in ‘people’, ‘a’ in ‘peasant’, ‘i’ in ‘plait’. Now, can you tell me what remains silent in ‘couple’ ?”

“Husband”, answered the Japanese boy.



A guy called Oliver hit jackpot in lottery and soon after, ordered construction of a fabulous villa. For the sake of keeping swimming facilities for all his friends, he pondered at length and then made provision for three different types of swimming pools.

When his buddy came to see the progress of the villa, the pools were the first where Oliver took him to.

"This one's for ordinary pool-swimming." "Hmmm", nodded the buddy. Then Oliver took him to the second pool.

"This one's for scuba-diving." "Hmmm" nodded the buddy.

Then Oliver took him to the third pool. Standing by its diving-stand, he disclosed, "I very specially planned this one. It will remain empty - and it's for those of our friends who don't like to get wet but can't resist to get in a pool."

"Very nice, ho ho ho, very nice !!" lauded the buddy in loud irony.

"Why?" Oliver got confused. "Is there anything wrong with it? Did I forget something?"

"The most needed thing just didn't occur to you", declared the buddy emphatically. "Spring mattresses - at the pool's bottom, to protect those who'll jump in from the diving-stand above."



A man received a letter from his old friend. The letter read:

'I had to keep quiet when I was in school. Then I used to keep a shop and do book-keeping. And during all these times, I have been keeping away from restricted areas and bad boys while remembering to keep my city clean. Also I have been keeping to the right while driving. Now that I've kept a wife, I'm again finding it advisable to keep quiet. A discreet-keeping husband.'



A professor was going to take his family to a sea resort for the summer holidays. He deliberated at length whether to choose sea or railroad route and then bought train tickets.

A couple of days later he realized that the tickets were missing and he couldn't remember where he'd put them. Worried what to do, he decided to ring up the railway people. As soon as a female voice answered, he narrated his story.

"Will I just have to buy another tickets or is there something you can do to help?" he asked.

"I'd be glad if I could help", said the girl at the other end.

"Incidentally, we are a sea liner company, sir."



A restaurant manager was recounting to a friend, one of those incidents when the customers weren't having money on them to pay for their bills.

"The fellow looked a bit out of the ordinary, feeling very disconcerted. Told me he was a professor and had forgotten to take money when starting out from home. While I was considering it, he - as if he'd gone through such situations before - offered to leave his personal belongings till he paid the bill.

Before I could say anything, he hurriedly took out his property and put it before me for mortgaging: two odd socks and a feminine handkerchief!"



A middle aged Japanese couple arrived in New York. The woman knew only a little English and the man knew a little more than she.

One morning, the man called their hotel's inquiry service to know about music programmes in the city. "My wife likes music - but not rock or that kind music. She wants to go to some orchestra program." The girl answering the phone, told him about the schedule of New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The caller noted it.

Several minutes later, the hotel's inquiry number was rung again. "Say, how we get tickets for that music program", spoke the Japanese man.

"Which music program, sir?" asked the girl.

"That one you said before", said the Japanese and read his note, "New York Still Harmonic Orchestra."



My son Dickie, eight, was making his first jet plane travel with me - we were going to Canada. As he is a very curious type, I had given him a pictured booklet and other information about air travel.

When we were seated comfortably, waiting for the plane to take off, Dickie was busy observing everything and asking general questions. Then he drew my attention for some weight-sounding query.

"Do the pilots control the plane like driving a car?" he asked.

"Yes almost like it", I made it very brief.

"Suppose, Dad, one pilot is turning his wheel to the left and the other pilot is turning to the right, then won't the plane just tear apart?"



A rich fellow of slender build proposed to a fashionable girl he knew who was only half his age. While he waited for a favorable reply, she kept dilly-dallying. He thought what was needed was to make an impression on the girl's mind about his physical power.

On an outing together, that fellow saw a large rock and swaggered towards it. Gathering all his strength, he tried his hardest to lift the rock - but couldn't. Sweating and puffing, he was conscious of the girl's beholding.

"Uh, I was just estimating its weight", he managed to bluff.

"You were estimating - with this much exertion?!" exclaimed she.

"Just imagine how much I can exert if I really go to lift it!"



Our four-year-old Claire had been demanding a rather special type of doll - preferably a talking one - for quite some time. So, when her father was once getting ready to go into the town to buy things, I asked him if he would take Claire with him so she could select the doll of her choice.

Reluctantly he agreed and told her to get in the car. I was glancing out the window to see them leave. But instead - father holding daughter's hand - they came in back.

"It comes to you, and thanks", my husband said with a sigh of relief. "Now you can get her one."

"Why ?!" I argued. "You are going in the town - and to the shops!"

In a playful tone he disclosed, "Because she just told me she wants a living doll!"



The young girl and boy in love, finally decided to get married. On the wedding day, the bride, as usual, was supplied with a stream of information and advices by her friends on what to expect after wedding.

About a month after the marriage, the boy's mother went to see them. As the son was in bed, she sat with her daughter-in-law in another room.

"Everything's been going smoothly, Mother", the bride said. "Only Andy gets worried again and again about some vomiting, though I have been telling him that it is just natural after marriage."

"Oh, dear!" said mother-in-law with contentment. "He wouldn't know about it - but I'm glad you know everything. By the way, congratulations to you, honey!"

"Oh that you, Mother", said the bride, blushing. "Please do tell Andy not to be worried about vomiting."

"I'm just doing it", said mother-in-law, standing up. "The vomiting's not much to worry about."

"Not much", said the bride. "He's vomited only four times since morning."



A marriage celebration arranging organization often gave this ad:

'Use our services for marriage reception. Chances are that your marriage will be much less likely to end in divorce. Our record shows!'

When a verification-loving chat went into details with these undertakers, he eventually came out with this information: a greater number of those who had utilized the organization's services had already been divorced once or twice before!



An American girl and a Chinese man were somehow stranded on a remote island. They had problem in communicating with each other as she didn't at all know Chinese and he knew no more than a few words of English.

Soon, the girl grew terribly homesick in the desolation. And at her glum, pitiable look, the Chinese felt very sympathetic - but due to the language barrier, he didn't know how to give her encouragement.

One morning, seeing the girl mawkish, the Chinese dared some conversation.

"You - think ?" he said indicating to her tender feelings.

"I am unhappy", said the girl sentimentally, "because I miss my relatives; I miss my friends; I miss the society; I miss the folks; I miss the whole world."

"You - miss ??" said the Chinese, trying to understand her talk.

"Yes, I miss very much", she cried.

"No, no. No think", said the Chinese, standing in the pose of a guard. "You - miss", he declared beating his chest with his palm, "but I - mister!"



"My husband sure is a dolt!" expressed one woman to a neighbor friend.

"Why, what happened?"

"Well, it was my handkerchief which had got into his pocket somehow recently. When it came out in his office, everybody laughed", disclosed the first woman.

"But it only happens by chance, doesn't it?" observed the friend.

"Exactly so - and instead of feeling embarrassed, the fat-head doesn't even make it clear to his colleagues that he is, in fact, a man."



My husband is a plumber and being a skillful worker, is popular in the neighborhood. But recently the calls for small repair jobs seemed to get too frequent and at odd times. Gradually finding no peace and getting irritated, he announced that unless the call was unavoidable, he was to be declared absent in the house.

Once, as he sat engrossed in his new interest, a book and tool-kit for car maintenance, one of my friends rang our phone. She reported some water leak problem and I made her hold the line to get the reply from my husband.

But after hearing his explicit annoyance, as I began to apologize to my friend, she said, "I know he is not home; I heard him declare that. But never mind." And she hung up.



Having nothing to do on a holiday, my five-year-old son suddenly asked me, "How people get children, Mommy?"

"When they get married", I replied, busy with my house work.

"I wanna get married", he declared.

"It's not that easy, sonny", I told him, attending the washing machine. "You'll have to wait."

"But don't you see I need them now?" he pleaded.



When her sister gave birth to a baby, a year after her marriage, eight-year-old Clare had mixed experience of joy and wonder. And no sooner did she meet her neighborhood friend than she expressed her feeling:

"You heard it, I became an aunt yesterday!"

"Surprising!" her friend exclaimed, "where's the uncle?"



When a very aggressive-tempered wife - with long, tawny hair - woke up one morning, she found her husband sleeping under their double-bed. On waking him up, she had a strange story from him.

“I saw a wild dream during the night”, he said. “I felt I have become a lion...!”

“Wow!!” she gasped deeply. “That’s very exciting!” But then she asked, “But why didn’t that lion stay on the bed with me?!”

“How could it?” came a blurting reply from the husband. “The lion was mild-tempered and you were not you but a savage-looking puma!”

“So what? You were a lion!” she argued.

“Impossible!” he refuted outright. I saw clear and definite sign that the puma was more formidable than you. She had tawny hair all over her body; not just on the head.”



Too eager to get that lucrative job advertised, a fabulous blond sent an application enclosing a very attractive photograph of herself. And on the back of the photo, she cleverly wrote: ‘Acceptance will mean that your golden key is going to open this lonely, beautiful girl’s happiness-door’.

The reply she received from that boss was full of regrets for her ineligibility. And a line below the letter gave further regretful explanation.

‘Sorry - the key is absolutely helpless against the keystone (wife)’.



Randall was prison officer and was stern in home also. When he came to know about the boy who was seeing his daughter, it didn't take him long to disapprove the "goofy love-bird". Fuming, he banned the boy's entry in his house, so the boy began to use the phone instead.

Once, when his phone came, the father lifted the receiver. The boy just asked for the girl. "Who are you?" went the abrupt question.

"Oh, sir, I am Bob; your future son-in-law", the boy replied stylishly.

"What??" shouted Randall grinding his teeth. "Don't you dare use that word son-in-law while talking to me - or I'll throw you in prison straight away. You got it?"

There was silence for a moment.

"DID YOU HEAR ME?" yelled the angry pop.

"Yes, yes", came the shaky, spluttering answer. "I heard you quite clear, father-in-law."



On the morning of her birthday, squeamish Mrs. Barton was getting prepared for a big celebration.

"Darling!" Mr. Barton cheered her up as he came from doing some shopping out. "How soon I returned after ordering a helicopter for you? Take a look at this brochure!"

"Oh, you really care!" said Mrs. Barton. "But a helicopter for a present?! Didn't you remember I hate flying?"

"I sure did remember", said Mr. Barton. "That's why I changed the order for a bicycle - see, this bill!"



The department store where I had my previous job, required a mannequin. In the store's ad appearing in a local paper, it was specified that the model must have some experience of advertising in public. The response was cold - none of the several candidates who came, had the necessary qualifications: attractive body and face and the confidence to work as a cool mannequin.

The wait was continuing when a girl came for interview. She was the youngest candidate so far, and had a nice look. The interview was over soon and the girl left. Our senior lady who had done the questioning, later disclosed to the curious staff that the new candidate had a different type of experience.

"She said she used to advertise a company's dancing and jogging shoes by dancing with them on in the store."



"Who in your opinion are the biggest fools?"

"Those who claim to be the wisest."

"And how are those who think they are only half wise?"

"They may simply be half foolish."

"Well, how would you define yourself?"

"Just a big fool, what else?"



"What about your cousin's attempts to get that girl Sheena?"

"Yes, but he's a hot-head. He even proposed to her - only to be turned down. She only said, 'You're crazy' - and went off!"

"H ... u ... m ... m. Wasn't she right in a way - what fun in driving a crazy person crazy?"



A hot-headed foreigner was touring India, going into every province and trying to know about every place as much as he could. Being an impetuous talker, he would talk with native strangers on the way, no matter if they couldn't speak his language.

Once the tourist was making a train journey in the western state of the country, making inquiries about every station from the other travelers. In the desert areas, the coach started getting thinner. The train passed a small station without stopping and the tourist had an itch to know.

"Hey mister, do you know the name of that station?" he asked the only male passenger sitting near.

"Khabar nahin", replied that fellow in local language.

Ten minutes later, the train passed another small station without stopping.

"Hey, what's the name of that one?" the foreigner asked.

"Khabar nahin", replied the Indian in local language.

A little later, the train passed yet another small station without stopping.

"And what's the name of that station?"

"Khabar nahin."

"What?? Are you fooling an innocent foreigner?" the tourist buttonholed the startled native with temper. "The first station had that name; the second one had that name - and now you think I'm idiot to believe the third station has the same name? Come, tell me the REAL names of those three stations."

"Mook mook, vichitra mooseebut", cried that Indian fellow with panic.

The triumphant foreigner quickly noted the words in his diary. Later, someone translated it for him: 'Let go of me, you strange trouble'.



Our grandmother is old-fashioned and particularly parsimonious in keeping things in the house for future uses. Knowing this habit of hers, we seldom meddle with her storing.

One day, mother was out on her job, my elder sister was picking out useless papers from the drawers and I was wiping and re-arranging things in the kitchen. As if spurred by our cleaning activity, granny called out to me to throw away some oranges. I was surprised to hear her unusual decision and so ran to hail.

What she handed me was a bag containing five faded lemons. "Didn't you say you wanted to throw away some oranges?" I was a bit puzzled.

"Yes, girl - these are oranges", clarified granny. "I think these had been lying around a little bit long, so shriveled somewhat."



A timid wife woke her husband up in the middle of night saying that she heard noises in the house and that it must be burglars. The husband, knowing his wife's timid nature, soothingly told her, "Burglars don't come making noises. Forget it, dear; just go to sleep."

Next night wife again shook her best man up from sleep. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sh ... s ... s ... ", she made a suppressed sign putting a finger on her nose tip, listening wide eyed. A minute passed.

"I don't hear anything", said her husband.

"That's what I say", she whispered. "No sound at all! Complete silence! I'm sure burglars are in the house!"



A scrub was somehow lured to smuggling business for glossy reward offered. In his 'training', the novice was instructed that in case he was followed by the law, he should get rid of the material he carried in such a way that it cannot be brought as evidence.

For his first illegal errand, he was given a small bag of narcotics to he carried to some distant place involving a train journey. And hapless for the beginner, on the train he felt that he was being trailed by the police. The guy started to shift from one coach to another but the pursuit continued. On a station, he ran in fright and a police officer ran after him. Desperate to get rid of the bag in his hands, he scuttered towards a cargo train that stood there and somehow managed to dump the bag into the exhaust chimney of that train's diesel locomotive and fled.

The above incident was not extraordinary for the police but it certainly was dumbfounding for the railroad authorities. For, the cargo train referred to, that normally ran between town 'A' and 'B', strayed that day from its scheduled route and reached town 'C' - a couple of hundred miles away - without any apparent reason!!



A professor's wife was busy chatting with her neighbor lady at her house entrance. Suddenly both the ladies saw the professor coming quickly in fright to his house. Neighbor lady got worried to see the professor running to his home. To dispel the worry of her neighbor, professor's wife said:

"Don't get perplexed. Ninety percent chances are he's suddenly remembered something and wants to tell me before it again slips his mind."



Of late, rolling stone Ernie had emerged as a vendor of fruits. A woman customer selected the largest papaya he had for weighing. While Ernie weighed, the blond young girl with the woman wondered aloud: "How can such big and heavy fruits hang high on trees?!"

"That's one of nature's wonders, dear", responded the elder woman.

Putting the papaya in bag, Ernie shared their conversation with: "Well, you see those water-melons in the summer. You'll certainly find it a bigger wonder of nature!"



Nigel had moved to a new place where one of his neighbors was a very old man.

"How old are you, sir?" Nigel inquired of him one day.

"I will be ninety-eight next month", the neighbor replied.

"Would you please tell me the secret of long life, sir?" asked Nigel.

"Wait a minute, young man - I remembered something", said the old man. "If you hear any news of burial expenses coming down, please do let me know."



As about the majority of the gender, a woman was careful to dismiss several years from her real age whenever she had to mention it. Once a situation compelled her to give it out in a gathering. One acquaintance present there, happened to know the fact. In a mood to banter, he rang her number the next day and asked incognito whether it was a case of intentional understatement or simple forgetfulness.

"Nothing of that", came her repartee. "Go and ask other women if they ever count the years they weren't satisfied about those birthdays' celebrations!"



Nick was showing to his friends a delicately-designed, extra-thin, new Japanese pocket radio with tiny buttons.

“But it’s just a display-thing!” remarked Clive. “For a radio, its tuning space is too small - stations must get crammed. Besides, it looks very very fragile.”

“Stations get crammed - right, but in spite of its delicate appearance, it’s proving to be extremely sturdy!” claimed Nick. Clive seemed to disbelieve it.

“I have heard it several times”, disclosed Nick. “On is Short Wave band, both VOA and Radio Moscow are heard simultaneously - for hours - and yet it isn’t affected in any way!”



Six-year-old Gail and her girl friend were in excitement as they darted in the house. “Mommy”, she said breathlessly, “Tania’s sister says every little girl’s little husband is already present in this world - only he can’t be seen!”

“That’s right”, mother said smilingly, “as he’s usually come in this world before she has.”

“But isn’t it strange that we can’t see our husbands?” Gail exclaimed.

“You will meet them some day, girls”, assured mother.

After a moment’s thinking, Gail muttered, “It’s good if I can also see him - ‘cause I won’t always like to be married to an invisible husband.”



A young woman of Asian parents who had grown up in the US, decided for the first time to visit the land of her ancestry in South East Asia. She somewhat knew the language spoken in that place where she was to stay.

Staying in a rented apartment, time was passing comfortably for her till she met a very unusual experience one day. Early in the morning the milkman delivered the daily supply of fresh milk and announced in the local language, "Madam, I'm going to sell you to a friend of mine."

"Sell me ?!" the lady gasped in shock.

"I have to", said the milkman candidly, "and for a small amount only. But don't you worry, he's a very good fellow - someone you can rely upon."

And it took the unnerved lady quite a time of challenging, shouting and rating in the mixed local and English language to know from that confused milkman that he in fact, was going to hand over all his milk customers to another milkman - as he himself wanted to go in some other business.

For the old residents, the milkman's light-hearted news was quite common as it is an old practice there. But it did bewilder the newcomer a lot.



A guy had been keeping his poetic pursuit with dauntless enthusiasm - unmindful to the quality. His latest craze was to turn into a versifier.

One day, some papers he was working on, were missing in the house. His wife said she didn't know where they were. Perturbed, he shouted to her, "Where's our Toni? Go and call him. He could have thrown it into the garbage."

"Impossible!" rejected his wife sharply. "Don't you know he's too young to understand what you wrote on those papers?"



A new kind of medicinal compound was launched in the market. Its manufacturer claimed with wide publicity that his invention had the power to uproot teeth without tools.

‘Just apply it on the tooth or the teeth you don’t want and out it will come in minutes without you feeling anything!’ it announced.

A man bought the medicine and applied it several times on his teeth he wanted to get rid of - but it did not work. Later, he came to know about other people who had also bought the ‘miraculous’ medicine and all had been utterly disappointed. Finally, they went to law for apparent cheating by charlatanry.

The manufacturer was summoned to the court of law and asked to explain his product’s failure to work.

“But sir, we had an experiment where it had worked”, pleaded the manufacturer. “ For years I had been trying to produce a tooth-paste and my wife had been putting my endeavors to test. In the beginning, she applied it to her natural teeth and later, when she had lost them, she used it on artificial ones. One day she brushed my mixture on her artificial set of teeth - and in a few minutes, every tooth separated from the set. So, wasn’t this accidental occurrence sufficient proof to enable me to put my invention in the market?”



It was often mentioned and discussed in the house that Dad was jobless yet. Once, such a remark by little son Ken, drove Dad to scold him.

“You know it isn’t his fault!” Mom defended Ken.

“I know”, said Dad. “But can’t he at least make it some appropriate by saying, ‘Mom is earning more than Dad at present’?”



A lone grass widow in her late thirties, had moved into the neighborhood. She was talkative type and whenever she heard teenage girls or such marriageable girls' mothers discuss about suitability of matches known or about searching for ideal ones or unavailability of them in the town, she was bound to give her unasked view. With a lament, she would call the prevailing conditions lop-sided.

Once, when a word of worry for an unattractive flapper in the neighborhood was expressed, the woman participated. "Boys are already outnumbered and moreover the good ones have gone abroad", she said.

"Boys from your relations are in the forces?!" another single flapper couldn't help asking.

"No", replied the grass widow. "In fact I'm worried about my fertility days - not many must've been left now."



When husband came home, he was surprised by his wife. "I've come to know you'd gone to a maternity home yesterday. Could you explain it?!"

"Neither to be an unwed mother nor to see someone turn into; merely to apply for a driver's job there!" articulated the under-suspicion man.



A Husband was playing with the baby, emitting a few animals' cries while wife was talking with a friend in the house. When the friend was gone, husband said in a complaining tone, "You shouldn't have remarked that it wasn't in the nearness of a donkey's braying - while that woman was sitting here."

"But when I did, you shouldn't have said, 'I'm not a donkey' - in her presence", she responded.



A group of men were being tested for the formation of a daring rescue team for an area of mountains and jungles. As part of the tests, a small bunch of them were flown to great height in a small plane at night and signaled to bale out. Parachuting in the still, pitch darkness, seconds passed hardly for them. One of the participants developed cold feet in the air.

“Why aren’t we touching the ground? It’s like ... like bottomless sky!!” he said in shaky, discomposed voice to another participant over the wireless set.

The other guy was a tease by nature. “May be you’re right”, he be-fooled. “The earth could’ve moved away an’ we could’ve been left behind hanging.”

“What ?!” spluttered the uneasy guy. “Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“But the earth must’ve drawn us along while moving away”, pleaded the other one.

“You know, earth spins - and I didn’t feel a spin. Did you?” said the other man.



When a college-time friend came to visit Ted after long time, he noted with interest, the changes brought about by marriage. He also observed the toddler who babbled a lot.

“Your son calls you ‘Mummy’ ?!” he could not help exclaim.

“Yes”, said Ted.

“How come!” said the visitor. “And what does he call your wife?”

“The same - ‘Mummy’ “, said Ted. “That’s part of wife’s campaign promoting ‘practical equality’ everywhere!”



A guy who had read and heard long, impressive accounts of his pen-friend's country, went there for a tour. His host kept talking high about the people, the standard, the quality. The guest attitudinized with warm agreement.

Once, while rambling through streets in the town, the visitor had his pocket picked. But not to discourage his friend's impression-making enthusiasm, he did not mention the incident.

A few days later, an under-stamped envelope was brought by the postman. Some postal charges were paid and on opening, the host was puzzled to find his guest's papers inside. The visitor quickly understood it and remarked: "This provides one more goodness about here I'd missed before. Even your pickpockets are considerate enough to return the unwanted articles to the pocket-owners!"



Little Mark's father was one of the three members who presented a forty-five-minute minority language program broadcast from the local radio station. Of late, Mark had seen a few squabbles between his parents.

One day, as their radio was dialed on that daily program, Mark's father's voice came on noticeably shaky. He sounded panting and apologized that he had arrived a little late in the studios due to some unavoidable reason and hardly managed to read the news and apologized a lot for the lapse and for his puffing.

When he came home and explained that his car had broken down on the way to the broadcasting studios, Mark asked, "Do they also give you an awful scolding for being late, Daddy?"



Standing in our house yard, I was examining the design-work of my cousin's half-finished hand-knitted woolen sweater in the daylight when I saw my six-year-old Annie struggling to ride the small, four-wheel children's bike with two bigger and two smaller wheels. As she was just a beginner, she couldn't get the bike rolling freely. And her friend with her was even younger to help, so, I stepped down to encourage her. I handed the knit-work, balls and needles to the girls to hold, and I got onto the bike to demonstrate.

As both girls stood by the open gate and watched, I ran that little bike to the car park inside, and then back. On my second round back to the gate, I saw two middle-aged ladies standing by the gate. A bit embarrassed, I promptly took the bike behind the hedge for cover. And as I was balancing the bike on its stand, I overheard this remark between those ladies:

"Shouldn't she be doing the knitting instead and let the small girl ride the bike?"



Once-a-chef husband and his wife had got home in the evening from their jobs. Serving wife a quick dish stylishly, the man said, "Another item - just for you! Tell me how's the cooking."

Tasting it, the woman didn't approve. "Another imperfection!" she commented. "It's the timing, man, where you get beaten. It is almost always that your cooking is either raw or overdone!"

"Ingredients, woman!" the man declared proudly. "Ever since I was a chef, I always emphasized on the right ingredients! Cooking I leave to the cooks or the stoves."



On job transfer, a man and his family had arrived in a foreign land where the local language was quite different. His mother wore artificial set of teeth and she had brought only one small bottle of powder with which she cleaned it everyday. One day, the man was passing by shops in the market when he suddenly remembered to buy that powder for mother.

Entering a shop, he made sign to the salesman by rubbing a finger on his teeth. The salesman put several brands of tooth-pastes before him. When it didn't satisfy, he put several tooth-brushes before him. The alien, desperate to get his meaning understood, vehemently tried to show with gestures like taking the teeth out from mouth and cleaning it. The frustrated salesman eventually scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed to him. The man guessed it was some brand's name of the powder he sought and the shop didn't have it.

He then stopped at three other shops but on showing the paper, each shopkeeper stared at him in puzzle.

Finally he found a local resident who also knew his language. When the scribble was translated, it read: 'We do not pull out teeth here because we are not dentists!'



A four-year-old was trying to fly a kite inside a room. After some desperate efforts he whined to his companion, "This kite isn't flying at all!"

The other boy quickly jumped on a chair and reached for the switch-board. Turning the pedestal fan on, he said, "Don't you know it only flies in the air?"



"Isn't it strange that you don't correctly remember or have any note to know from - your exact birthday!" wife used to express to her man. One day, to such curiosity-gush, she added, "It even makes me wonder how much older you are than me!"

"I'm not ever five years older than you", he burst. "I know my birth-date all right - but a friend advised me not to reveal it. His birthday also falls on the thirteenth of the month and he's been hearing remarks by his wife that he was born on the wrong day."



Having got no immediate engagements, I was taking my time scanning and selecting fruits displayed on an open-fronted fruit ship.

Moving to the other side of the stall to pick up some pears, I glanced sideways and saw a professor-like man with several books in one arm and a thick file in the other hand, striding towards the shop. He looked a bit hurry-scurry - like he'd just remembered something.

Adjusting his books and spectacles, he said to the shopkeeper, "Give me five hundred grams of grape-less seeds."



"Someone Kim is waiting on the lawn for you", wife informed her husband who was taking a bath.

"Have you seen him before?" he asked from inside the bathroom.

"Never; and it's not a he but a she!" she replied.

"A little fat woman with ugly face?" husband continued questioning.

"Exactly; and she is holding a hockey stick in her hand", wife replied.

"Tell her I'm not home!" husband wailed.



Frankie kept the house noisy with his recently purchase, much higher output tape-deck. While he enjoyed his thunderous and exciting, squalling and howling pop, rock, disco and funky, his pop and mom tolerated it with dislike. Then, for three consecutive days, there was comparative quiet in the house.

Pop looked at Frankie's tape-deck going at low volume - its tone hoarse - and expressed curiosity.

"It's begun playing dull - something's gone wrong with its head", Frankie disclosed.

"There, son", said pop wittily, "you can imagine what it must do to the human heads!!"



At last it became final that the professor was retiring. On the day he was to be paid all the benefits for his long service with the institution, his wife made a special request.

"Please, dear, buy a new color TV on your way back. It'll serve as a souvenir of your retirement", she said buttering up. And she wrote the name of the company, the brand, size etc. on a piece of paper and gave it to the professor.

Later in the day, when he was in the office for the final settlements of his account, she phoned to remind him. "Remember the new color TV, darling?"

"O.K., it's still in the mind", said the professor.

But in the evening, when the professor came home without any TV, wife tartly said, "Forgetfulness again?!"

"Not at all", said the professor. "Only you didn't mention which new color you wanted."



One of the friends of a professor's wife knew that, like so many, the professor was forgetful. One day, she asked her friend, "Suppose you suddenly meet him somewhere away from home, would he instantly recognize you as his wife?" When she replied that she thought he would but instantly or not - she wasn't sure. The friend frivolously took her to her husband's working place to see.

As both women appeared before him quite unexpectedly, the professor became thoughtful. He contemplated his wife and hesitantly said, "I ... I think I know you. Is your name Clara?"

"Yes, it is!" responded his wife's friend. "And do you also know my friend's husband?"

The professor scratched his head. "I'm sorry", he said. "It must be a coincidence that I guessed your friend's name right but I suppose I don't know her husband."



One afternoon, a hunt-crazy man was practicing to catch wild animal with his net. He was practicing on the grass of a meadow-like ground, throwing the net skilfully at aim. Several village boys had gathered around watching him do the exercise.

Few days later, while passing through the forest, the man saw a mother bear with few cubs. He started looking at the bear family while hiding behind thick bushes. There was a bundle of something with which the mother bear was striving. She would waddle away from the bundle, bristle and charge at it in rampage. Mother bear kept repeating while the baby bears watched.

It didn't take the man very long to perceive the bear's activity; for, it wasn't much different from his exercise a few days back.



Absent-minded teacher Lynn, twenty five and still unmarried, dreamed of obtaining a degree and becoming a professor. Her brother and his wife worried about her - particularly because she didn't much care how she looked. So, they came to visit her from their distant house.

When they were alone, Lynn's sister-in-law raised the subject so as to coax her to think about getting a life partner. "You haven't got some fast friend; some close friend?"

"As a matter of fact, all the students and teachers are good friends of mine", Lynn replied.

When sister-in-law asked a more specific question, Lynn said, "Well, I reckon I just couldn't get attracted to any man yet."

Feeling a strain of nerve, the sister-in-law interjected, "And you also couldn't get any man attracted to you!"



A guy had got addicted to thievish habit and had become a known burglar in the town. One day, he received an anonymous note with this message:

'If you won't stop filching our things, we'll take steps against you.'

After racking his brains about the word of warning, the sapient burglar finally put an ad in a local newspaper:

'Note Sender, What's the use of writing a 'Don't burgle' note and not giving your house number? Don't you know we're living in a big town?'



The season's first rain was pouring and the children were especially delighted by the change in the atmosphere. Our little Ronald had been running in and out of the house frisking with joy. Once Ronald darted out with his sister Daisy's showy umbrella. When he returned and started to go out again with that umbrella, Daisy shouted at him in protest. I tried to soothe her by telling her that an umbrella is for use in rain, after all.

"Well, come here", Daisy said, leading me close to the window.
"Look!"

As I looked, there stood Ronald holding the fancy umbrella right under a stream of water falling down from the joint of house-roof slopes.

"I don't think that umbrella ever shielded the keeper from more rain before!" Daisy interjected.



At night time in a lonely area near the city's sea shore, a distressed-looking girl in fashionable dress knocked at an unfamiliar house-door. When the door opened, she told the young couple who lived there, that her lover had left her at the shore after some difference of opinion and now she needed to be escorted to her hostel about ten miles away. The young man immediately got ready, started his car and began to drive the stranger girl.

On the way, feeling important, the escort casually said, "I'd say you luckily knocked the right door and found the right man - though a stranger - to escort you."

"Well, yes", said the girl. "In fact, I could judge straight people lived here - before I knocked. I'd just heard typical shouting between you and your wife over what sounded like trifling things."



A very little educated woman came to United States with her two-year-old son. She came from a small town in India. Here in America, she was staying with her married brother's family.

But while in America, whenever someone called her son or referred to him 'baby', the woman showed displeasure with a frown or uneasiness. Her brother's American-born sister-in-law noticed this and did inquire why she behaved like that. The woman's answer in her language, sounded like an argument in which she repeated the words 'boy' and 'girl' in English.

When she was understood, it came out that the English word 'baby' is commonly used by the people in her country for a baby girl only. And to be a parent of a boy has always been considered something to be proud of in South East Asia. So, how could any one mistake her son for a daughter?



At a celebration party at his colleague's place, a rotund guy with a bulging belly was sharing all the jollity with the others. When somebody started spinning step-dance music, several lissome young women and a few men were the first to begin dancing on the floor. The carefree, paunchy guest joined the dancers, encouraging others to come. When three senior colleagues saw him dancing a bit awkwardly among the quick-moving lithe figures; one of them frivolously mentioned that if it wasn't his cumbersome belly, he could do it much better. That guy heard it and expostulated: "You want me to dance here without my food-bag?"

"Your food-sack!" corrected one of the seniors, throwing everyone around in convulsive laughter.



My cousin Clement, living in a very small town, has a tooth-paste manufacturing plant. Recently, he decided to offer a gift tooth-brush inside the tube pack to keep up with the competition.

For purchasing the brushes, he went to a local brush-manufacturer. When the terms were agreed on, Clement rose to leave. The brush-maker walked him to the gate. Out they both stood chatting for a while. Nearby was a signboard on the boundary wall, displaying an over-sized tooth-brush. A donkey that was standing close by it, looked as if it was contemplating the brush ad.

“Look! Even he is interested in your brush!” said Clement in jest.

“He does”, responded the brush-maker. “But now he will have a chance to find so matching, so suitable a paste along with the tested brush!”



Our residential area is fortunate in the availability of medical facilities. The services are never felt short; so adequate that new private practitioner might require some advertisement to make his business run.

Nevertheless, our own community’s social welfare group wouldn’t sit idle. They decided to open a dispensary with community’s and of course the group’s name as management makers, and a young doctor of ours was appointed for the purpose.

While giving information about the opening of the new facility to the gathering at our community center, the group president, in conclusion, intoned, “And one more good thing about our doctor is that he prefers to write prescriptions with as much care as one writes epigrams in the autograph-book of one’s would-be sweetheart!”



“What is beer made from, Mommy?” Cyril asked his mother one day, as he often did about new things.

“I think it’s made from barley and some other things. You better look it up in your dictionary for precise meaning”, mother told him. Cyril consulted the dictionary.

Several days later, Cyril spotted a beer can and it rang a bell in him.

“Do you remember what beer is made from?” Cyril asked mother again.

“You looked the word up so, you should remember it”, she said.

“Barley and something ... I’m not sure”

“Try to call it back to mind”, she urged.

“I got it! It’s made from barley and jumps.”



An Indian boy who had years been studying in the US fell in love with an American girl named Boyd. Se had good looks and a pleasant disposition - so the boy enclosed a bunch of her colorful photographs and wrote a long letter home in India with all his glorifying ideas about her, seeking formal family approval for marriage.

When reply came, everybody seemed to convey approval - except a separate insistent letter from his elder sister in which she wrote:

‘May be, being a boy, you may not mind calling her ‘My Male Sweetheart’ - but how do you expect us coy-Indian females to call her like that?’

It dawned on him then that Boyd wasn’t just an ordinary female name girls at home would be comfortable to call and he started pondering how to coax his love to change her name for a fair clearance from home.



Before a group of foreign VIPs would begin their visit to a museum, the museum director was throwing impression on the guests by expounding about the vastness of their collections. Continuing his lengthy discourse, he drawled, "We have objects from the west; objects from the east; objects from the north; objects from the south. And everything we have has big historical, cultural and artistic value. We represent Europe; we represent Asia; we represent Africa; we represent America."

"Australia ... ?" queried one visitor.

"Yes, we have some antique items from Australia - and we have some from New Zealand - and a few from the Pacific islands."

"In other words, you represent the whole world", ejaculated another visitor to make the long story short.

"However, to be exact", went on the museum director, "we have in here, pieces of meteorites too."



Two regular pub-goers were boozily sipping their drinks by a window in the pub's corner on a windy evening. Feeling a little cold, one of them frowningly looked up at the fan that was slowly turning because of the gusts of wind. His companion groggily went to the switch-board and tried to stop the fan by turning the switch off. He came back and took his seat again, but as the fan still turned, he again went to the switch-board, returned and took his seat. This went on for some time and as that fellow went for the eighth time, he turned the fan-switch on and said,

"I was such a dub! How could I stop it when nobody had even turned it on?!"



An American tourist in India had a bit of puzzle which he disclosed to a native Indian.

“Before I planned my journey to India, I’d heard much about this land, the people. One Indian had told me by way of talking that the Indians consider the cat to be so clever-minded that they call it the tiger’s aunt.

“That’s right”, responded the Indian friend.

“But listen”, went on the visitor. “Here I went to a zoo where I stood by a tiger’s cage and asked the local visitors whose nephew that animal was. No one I asked said it was cat’s nephew!”

“Yes - that’s because no one explained the inner sense of our notions in this matter to you”, said the Indian. “We consider the cat to be tiger’s aunt because we extol cat’s adroitness that way. But we don’t call the tiger cat’s nephew - because that would obviously lower the tiger’s imposing position.”



A city man was taking a trip to the country side, glad to get among the simple, the unsophisticated folks. When the train he was traveling in, stopped at a small station, he spotted a fruit vendor down the platform. Giving a quarter to a rustic lad he told him to go get two big oranges from the seller - one for him and one for the boy.

When the rustic boy returned, he had three oranges in his hands. Giving one to the town man, he said, “You wanted just one, didn’t you?”

Accepting it anyway, town man expressed, “Cheap, aren’t they?”

“Yeah - three for fifteen cents and these guavas for ten”, said the lad showing four ripe guavas from his trousers pockets.



To use English vocatives in the native language is considered forward in South East Asia. But when not understood, the practice may bring about funny situations.

While traveling through a rural part in India, our bus was already filled to capacity with both city men and women and the apparent country folk. When we approached a stop at a village, a group, most of them women in rustic dresses, stood there waiting. They noisily rushed in, but futile - the bus developed a mechanical fault and refused to go on. The driver and conductor showed efficiency and rode a passing truck, phoned from somewhere and arranged for another bus to come and resume journey.

As a bus arrived, its driver and conductor saw a large crowd getting impatient to rush in. It being common practice for transport people there to use English words for passengers of both genders, the conductor and driver, before opening the bus doors, yelled from the windows: "Ladies pahela, ladies pahela" - meaning: 'Ladies first, ladies first'.

The rustic women impetuously protested in the local language which translated: "Oh, damn them 'ladies'. Let us get in first, brother."

Surprised by such laughable response from those women, I asked an educated Indian and came to know that since the British rule in India, the word 'ladies' came to be understood to mean European or fashionable dames. So the country women were remonstrating against allowing the literate, stylish women in the bus first.



A radio humorist was famous for his anecdotes and his way of finding and recounting objects of derision from the most commonplace quarters in his daily fifteen minutes' program.

Once he was rambling in a plush shopping area where he went into a restaurant nearby. The waiters seemed to recognize him and the information reached the restaurant manager in a flash. The manager, a fellow of marked discreetness, was going to be careful with that unusual guest to keep their business reputation from any satirical story. He got the attending waiter in a corner to caution.

As the humorist emerged from the taps-partition after washing his hands, he glanced the manager whispering in the waiter's ear. The waiter slipped away abruptly as he saw the humorist approach the manager. The jest-teller, with his hand behind his ear, in a mock listening position, went close to the uneasy manager and extended his ear to the manager's mouth.

"Mind sharing that joke with me, sir?" humorist said under the manager's breath.



Stuck inside a maternity home was this inspiring phrase:

'What a wonderful piece of nature's work the human being is!'

A woman once wrote beneath it in bigger letters:

'Man: a piece; Woman: a composite whole!'



My talkative cousin was secretary of the cultivators' agricultural co-operative society branch of a rural part. For the past several months, the society had become inoperative in making any progress mainly due to non-recovery of loans.

Recently, three account-auditors came to the village to examine the society's functions. My cousin, having traveled to towns often, was fond of using eloquent words in speaking. Walking with the visitors to the tiny society office, he was naturally urged to explain the inertia.

"You see, we are in a tie without fund. We have become pregnant."

"Do you really mean that?!" exclaimed one of the visitors, tickled, and the other two also looked at the secretary.

"Yes, you see our society has become stagnant without money", my cousin hastened to correct his slip of tongue.



A retired government lawyer found a hotel manager's position for the sake of keeping himself busy. One day, the woman of a lodging couple approached him to report a strange happening.

"Last night my husband and I went to bed in our room number fourteen. When I woke up in the morning, he wasn't to be found in the room - without a note or trace to tell where he's gone! Such a thing never happened before!"

After a moment's consideration, the new manager declaimed, "Can you give evidence corroborating your statement that the man who was in your room last night was nobody else but your husband?"



In the weekly children's program broadcast from our local radio station, there's a routine to assign an entire program time to any of the town's schools once in a month. Artist-pupils present one hour's live items under the station's female compere.

In a recent school program, the lady introduced the guest-team and, as usual, expressed thanks to them for devoting their time and preparation for that proceedings despite their daily studies. To that, the guest group leader, an outspoken laddie, responded in the microphone:

"You don't need to thank us, ma'am. In fact, we could hardly persuade the radio station's manager to let us take part."



Little Janice had been briefly told that babies are like plants, seeds of both are sown and both grow naturally. The other day, Janice had a question for her mother.

"You told me babies are like plants", she said to her mother. "But there's a difference between them. A plant doesn't make noises when it comes out!"

"It is", explained her mother, "because no plant suddenly comes out of the ground more than a foot tall."



Since their marriage, the husband, tight wad, had been calling the wife by three complementary names, each for one year: 'Treasure', 'Acme', 'Luxury'. On the year's last day, he told her, "Luxury dear, I'm thinking of a new name for you for the coming year. How about calling you 'Beauty'?"

"Well, a good name!" she responded. "But hold it till we buy the pearl-necklace we saw that day. I wanna get it before I may need no ornament!"



A popular greetings and music request show on radio I regularly listen to, is presented by a sweet and cheerful-voiced girl. The program having international broadcast range, always seems to be full with mail. Recently when the show was running out of time, the vivacious presenter said:

“I’d like to spend the whole day with you - and whole night with some of you who only listen during night - but the clock in our studio wouldn’t allow me and so I have to bid you all good-bye.”



“Why did you sack your manager?”

“For his insolent betting habit. He bet with the accountant that the firm’s going to be bankrupt through thoughtlessness.”

“And your accountant ... ?”

“Well, that fellow was not as much doltish. He not only dismissed the notion but also effectively browbeat the manager into believing that thoughtlessness had much less good chances of being the first reason.”



Several women were chatting after a get-together. “Ostentation is something to be avoided”, said one. “You’re quite right. I’ve had an experience too”, responded another.

“I’ll give you an example”, revealed the first one. “A few weeks ago, one of our neighbors arranged a party - know for what? For their pet parrot’s birthday!”

“Well, recently my husband was talking among a group of friends when he vainly blurted a little hot air that he always takes a lion for a fox! Somebody said he would like to see him do that. And ever since, he’s been arguing with me to get into the house a cub-lion for taming.”



Seeing his friend, a lottery-ticket salesclerk, look nervy and tarnished, a fellow casually asked if anything was the matter.

"I'm no longer my normal self; I swallowed a dollar-bill", uttered the salesclerk.

When asked how it came about, he recounted, "A guy purchased a lottery ticket from me for one dollar but afterwards I suspected it to be a forget bill. Well, I noted the lottery ticket number and submitted the dollar for scrutiny and report came after a month that the dollar bill was fake. In the meantime, the quarter-million-dollar first prize had been announced and won by the very number bought with that fake dollar bill. And when I contacted the winner, know what he did? He took me to a near-by bank and handed me a bank-authenticated one-dollar-bill which I swallowed in my derangement."



"It was a rare breed, an extraordinary dog", expressed husband to his wife. "I just wanted you to see it. I know you love animals and you certainly would have loved to keep it for a pet." Then somewhat regretfully, added, "I was going to bring it with me but customs regulations in both the countries were too much of a hindrance and I had to hesitantly return it to its seller."

"Darling", said his wife folding her arms around him. "Forget it, please. I understand it but I don't mind at all - not getting that dog here. I missed you so much, I'm delighted to see you back." She paused and then whispered in his ear, "Only yesterday I heard a very good song on radio: 'You to me are everything' - and right now I'm in the mood to sing that line just for you, darling."



People living in the vicinity of the airport were demonstrating against noise pollution caused by commercial airliners. They were holding placards reading messages, like:

‘All this noise pollution is causing devastating effects on our trees’

‘Stop noise pollution and save trees’

‘Stop noxious din and preserve our vegetation’

‘Gardens flourish in peaceful atmosphere’

A passer-by paper-boy had newspaper with this headline:

‘Our scientists succeed in producing drugs to make trees noise-resistant!’



Owner of the donkey was talking to his friend, the friend was looking at the donkey. Someone had pasted a graduation certificate to its body to announce that it was a graduate donkey. Donkey owner said:

“I don’t know the guy who sold this to him - but don’t worry, he doesn’t intend to use it to get a job. He has his own business. You see, he’s an independent sort.



A theatrical play called ‘Human Beings’ earned immense popularity. It was performed in all big cities of a country. The producers then decided to give performances in smaller cities and towns also.

In one town where the play was due to be opened in a few days’ time, a leading newspaper ran an ad with this caption:

‘It’s a rare chance: HUMAN BEINGS

For the first time in our town!’



Three friends were sitting at river bank, whiling away time through drooling. For a piquant talk, one of them passed an unbelievable stuff.

“Once I was passing through a dense jungle. Half way, I felt tuckered and drowsy so I lay under a tree to take a nap. When I awoke, a strange thing had happened to me - my voice had changed to howling and I could leap and jump and climb trees and was feeling wild strength inside me!”

Another fellow gawkily related his fancy: “One night, I came home very late; unlocked the door myself and went to sleep with my blond wife asleep on the bed. When I woke up at dawn, I was astounded to find that whole night I had been sleeping not with my wife but a fawn-colored leopardess!”

“Somethin’ like that also did get happened to me”, grunted the third one. “One mornin’ as I awakened in my room an’ got up from bed, immediately I saw a lion! I was very frightened at first to see that fierce beast with long golden hair an’ firey eyes who was staring at me face to face! But soon I was laughing and got extremely brave ‘cause it was queer but not such dangerous situation. For, I was only lookin’ at myself in the mirror!!!”



A man climbed up an apple tree and tried to pluck a fruit while sitting on a tree branch. He tried hard but his hand did not reach the apple. His neighbor, who was standing on the ground, said:

“Why take these troubles when you can get it with ease - just for a little money?”

“I’m fed up with falsies - wanna feel sure it really grew on a tree!” said the man up on the tree.



An Asian immigrant boy made friendship with an American girl and the two began going out on dates. Desirous of proposing to her, he ruminated hard but found it very big to say face to face.

One day, he mustered courage and told it to her on phone. His friend was speechless for a while, then she said, "I love you too Aneel, but marriage is a serious matter. I can't answer straight away."

Simmering with intense feelings to show the earnest of his decision, the boy asserted, "Look Sandy, you are my first love and last love. You know, I am from the Orient and we keep a soft heart and we don't go changing friends. If you don't do marriage with me, then I tell you, I will NEVER AGAIN fall in love with any other girl. For me, that is final, Sandy!"

"And if I marry you - then?" jested the girl.

"Then ... then ... let me ... ", the boy baffled and she could not suppress a chortle.

"I will not fall in love with any other girl even if you marry me", re-declared the baffled boy.



Having read it for the first time, our seven-year-old Archie asked his father the difference between the similar sounding words 'to emigrate' and 'to immigrate'.

To explain it with an example, his father said, "It's like this: before our marriage, your mother and I were living with our parents. Then we got married and emigrated from our parents' homes and immigrated into a new house.

After a moment's thinking, Archie exclaimed, "Yes; but you both had to run away from home to get married?!"



Little Mike was given tuition by a private teacher. Once he was asked a weight-knowledge question: “How much is a ton?” The question, however, proved quite weighty for the Mike and he received a lecture for his ignorance.

Next day, the teacher repeated the question, “How much is a ton, Mike?”

“A ton is what one cannot lift”, came a prompt answer.

“W..w..h..h..a..a..t??” cried the teacher.

“My mom replied me so!” pleaded Mike.



A young housewife participating in our social committee meeting gave a long speech on punctuality. She emphatically concluded: “A time has come in the world of today when everyone and everything goes by the watch.”

When the meeting was over, there followed the usual refreshments and frivolous gossips among members of a social works group. A young fashionable lady, who wanted to impress others for her punctuality, left the conversation and stood up to leave, urging her neighbor to come along.

“Look what time it is!”, she said extending her wrist. “Must go home now.”

Her neighbor and other colleagues glanced at her wrist for time-check and had to make good efforts to cover their smiles. Stretching the wrong arm, perhaps in haste, the young fashionable lady was showing her beaded bracelet.



A Japanese tourist was in a foreign land, carrying on him a few sophisticated latest gadgets: a sleek camera, a multi-function wrist watch, a tiny stereo radio cassette and a heavy box.

Chatting with a local fellow in a resort, the tourist was extolling his country's big leaps in electronic technology. "For instance, see my camera - everything in it is automatic. And my wrist watch does ten different things - and do you know how small TV we make? So small that the set is fitted on a finger ring. Look!" the tourist displayed his special ring and switched on its miniature TV.

"Amazing!!" expressed the other fellow who was listening with interest and awe. But after making straining efforts to watch pictures on the miniature screen, he couldn't help uttering its difficulty.

"I will show you", said the Japanese. With an air of importance, he opened the bulky box hanging down his shoulder and took out what looked like complex binoculars. "This extraordinary television set comes with this special set of magnifying lenses to watch it with."



A good-looking but loquacious woman's husband was turning pages of a magazine. On one page, he contemplated a piece of wisdom which he read aloud for his wife's attention: 'A little meditation - done daily in complete silence - is good for the body and the mind.'

"I know why you're reading this to me", she responded nimbly. "You want to indicate that I speak too much; don't you?"

"Wrong", said her husband. "I wanted to see if you think you've got a mind worth taking care of."



Frankie, the movie director, emphasized too much on reality in every scene. The result was repeat and repeat of every take; almost running out of budget and the time limit.

Struggling with their movie, long in their hands, the team was going to picturise a crowd clamoring in angry protest about something - as the story demanded.

"Have you given them rehearsals? Frankie asked the assistant director.

"No, we can't afford that", assistant director replied. "Each one of them takes one dollar a minute."

"Then give them a thorough explanation of the scene."

"No time for that also", said the assistant director. "Instead, to bring reality in it, we're going to start the cameras and tell them we'll only pay them at half the rate agreed before."



A young preschool lad we know is still trying to decipher the following letter from his current girlfriend:

"Dear John, I hope you are not still angry. I want to explain that I was really joking when I told you I didn't mean what I said about reconsidering my decision not to change my mind. Please believe I really mean this. Love, Grace."



A braggart narrated this story to a group of people visiting a fair in his town:

“My father was overseeing the harvesting of a bumper onion crop in our field that day. A worker reported that one stem - which is like a tree - held an onion of such a huge bulk, it just wouldn’t uproot. So my father went there and with all his might, pulled at the roots. He would’ve gone on pulling but the field workers protested at it; for, every time my father gave it a pull, the whole earth - that is, the whole world - got lifted several feet high and they didn’t like being elevated”, he concluded.



After a long absence, my cousin Kathleen came to meet us. She warmly shook hands with everybody - more affectionately with the children. She lifted my six-month-old daughter onto her lap and cooed, “Hullo little woman, how old are you?”

At that moment, the baby gave out a loud cry in protest.

“O.K., O.K.”, soothed my cousin.

“Let me ask it this way: ‘How new are you?’”



A woman was interviewing an applicant for cook for her villa. After putting some questions, she sat thoughtful.

“What about the quality of your cooking?” she asked.

“Quality?” responded the applicant brightly. “It’s a guarantee, ma’am - your guests will always remember the cooking!”

Reading no impression on the interviewer, he nimbly added, “The quality can also be such that the guests shall forget the house!”



After countless jobs and too many bumbles, two illiterate friends suddenly got rich by hitting jackpot in lottery with a single ticket, bought in partnership. They parted their money and took time to think what to do with the fortune. Sometime later, both buddies met and started to reveal their plans.

“You remember them bad old days when we used to wear then rags and tatters? Well, now it’s never gonna happen. I’m gonna set up them textile machines to make special unripping cloth for sale to the public!”

“For me, I don’t know what business to start”, responded the other guy with the same air of importance. “My money’s in the bank. But these banks don’t look enough solid to me. They keep saying, ‘Bank with us’ - but the first thing I’m gonna do tomorrow is unbank all my money!”



Stepping into her first teen, Janey began to wonder what would be lying ahead in the challenging, demanding, turbulent adolescence. She also did some brown study - but she found her young, married aunt with some spare time and decided to learn from her experience.

“Do adolescent boys and girls have to be madly in love with their partners?”

“Before marriage, madly; afterwards wisely”, her aunt gave matter-of -fact reply.



Hearing some noise in the house in the dark of night, the bold single woman awoke and sensed a burglar in the other room. Prepared for such a challenge, she quickly found her gun and surprised the intruder. With gun pointed at him she shouted, "Hands up!"

His hands went up in terror and she saw that instead of a sack, the burglar had a number of big and small pockets all over his clothes, most of which were full. Making a quick decision for retrieval of her belongings, she ordered the guy to remove his clothes. So, he shedded his coat, shirt and trousers but didn't go further because of embarrassment.

"Now beat it!" she commanded.

But feeling embarrassed to step out like that, the thief fidgeted and besought clothes. The lady pulled out one of her gowns from a closet and threw it at him.

"Put it on!" she ordered.

"A lady's gown?" he wailed.

"Yes", reproved the woman. "That should teach you a lesson; stitching so many pockets - even on underwear - and intruding into a lonely woman's place."

With raised eyebrows, the woman observed that the thief had also got his underwear pockets full of stolen things. "How about that?" she questioned. The thief just stood there with uncertainty.

"All right", she gave a warning word. "Next time you're here, I'll remove your underwear."



A seven-year-old boy was walking back from church with a nine-year-old cousin girl. "What did you ask for in your silent prayers?" he asked.

"Well", replied his cousin, "for respectable position; for good-behavior; for good thoughts, for human feelings."

After a few steps, the boy said, "I thought you were a civilized person."



Two new lover entered the gardens and settled down by a dense hedge. The colorful evening atmosphere was influencing romanticism and dreaminess in them.

“You are gem and I am jade!” said the boy.

“You are flower and I am floret!” responded the girl.

“You are fragrance and I am wind!”

“You are hills and I am valley!”

“You are culmination and I am tyro!”

“You are dream and I am dreamer!”

A female voice from behind the hedge, said, “Your are hero and I am heroine!”

Silence ensued.

“Can’t you say something, you blockhead?” the female voice demanded of her partner.

“Uh ... ya - you are a ... wagon and I am the wagoner!”

“What?!” the female voice squeaked.

“Well, put it this way: you are a wife and I’m the hubby - or - you’re always demanding and I’m always bankrupt!” blurted the male voice.

“I’d rather not be on speaking terms with you again”, wound up the female voice. Silence prevailed on both sides of the hedge.



“What did happen about your job, buddy?”

“I won a game and resigned.”

“Really !? Won’t you tell me all about it?”

“Yes, yes - my boss tossed a coin. He said if it were head, it would be my resignation - if tail, I would get sacked. Well, I came out a winner and sacked him instead!”



A small country which didn't have a cricket team and wanted to have a women's team first to follow the slogan 'Ladies First', had invited two foreign women's cricket teams to play in their main towns.

When the demonstration match was played in a town, a local sports management official was asked by the invitee team's manager about the public interest being observed.

"Generally very good", said the official. "But we get a number of curious phone calls from people listening to the commentary on radio. Whenever a fielding girl has a shy at either end of the wicket, some listener would think she has a shame and calls to ask the reason why!"



In the kindergarten where I am a cashier-clerk, I happen to be the only male office worker and distinctly feel the female majority. When I would be in their 'gossip room' or they in my office-room chatting lightly, I felt they were gradually leaving off reservation. In free time, five or six gentle colleagues around me would frankly talk about feminine dresses, beauty care, fashions - also demonstrate new hairdos sometimes.

One day, a sprightly young teacher showed several ways of walking to determine a nicer carriage. I was the one who laughed frivolously at the display. Seeming a bit differing in interest, I told them, "I get amused the way you're so free with me. At times I think you take me also for a female!"

"The day we'll see outlandish qualities in you, it'll be 'the odd man out' for you!" said a frivolous member placidly.



Checking the arrivals at customs counters, we sometimes use terse and reprehending phrases for drawing prompt declaration of even trivial undisclosed items from taciturn or extremely reserved passengers.

One lady, traveling alone from a South East Asian part, hardly replied questions and seemed over-shy. Looking at her native, unwieldy-looking long-cloth dress I said for mere psychological pressure, "Do you carry anything else? You know, if something objectionable is found on your person, you won't get clearance."

She turned, glanced around and said, "I come alone. No person with me, sir!"



My uncle, a jolly man by nature, has a small watch shop in Austin. Striking up friendship with customers is something usual to be expected of him.

Some time ago, a fellow from the country who occasionally comes to Austin for shopping, bought an expensive clock with repeat alarm system from uncle's shop. A week later, the same countryman came to uncle and asked for the same type of alarm clock.

"Hey, friend; it's so good, you probably want to give it as gift to a friend!" uncle said smilingly.

"In fact, I want it for myself", said the countryman.

"Then you gave that clock you bought, to some friend as gift may be?" uncle advanced his usual friendly chat.

"Well, man," said the countryman, "if I must use the word 'gift', then I got to say - I gave it as a gift to a burglar."



In our neighborhood, there is an Asian immigrant couple. Although the woman knows little English, both the husband and wife are very genial and always willing to help in the house for little return.

One day I wanted the man to shift and fix our fans so I knocked at their door. The woman greeted and promised in intermittent sentences, to send her man in a short time.

"Kneading?" I casually asked seeing her dough-daubed knuckles.

"Not needing him - not now", she simpered, blushing.

I saw her misunderstanding and said, "No; I mean: are you kneading flour?" I gesticulated with my hands to help her understand.

"No; thank you. Lot of flour, you see", she replied, pointing to a sack of flour visible in a corner.



"Isn't it regrettable that one can't get one's speech broadcast over radio or published in a newspaper?" lamented a vain attempter for political breakthrough, to a friend. The friend considered his talk for a few moments and said, "Why not call a public gathering and speak out everything direct?"

"No use", moaned the first one. "Nobody turns up."

His friend again gave his problem a consideration and suggested, "Then try hiring public entertainers for attraction."

"I tried to talk several performers round to come but they gave discouraging response - put a condition that they'd give their show first and leave before I gave mine!"



Some time ago, I had accepted to teach English language to an immigrant boy who was only a beginner, learning grammar and new words.

One day, while he was making sentences using some words, I sat by turning pages of a woman's magazine. When I began checking, the boy saw a new word 'comely' in big print on magazine's front page. He asked me what it meant and how to use it.

"Comely means someone pleasant or nice to look at", I defined.
"Like: a comely girl; a comely woman."

"Can I say 'My teacher is comely'?"

"Yes, but better say: 'My sister is comely'." I said visualizing his smart, outspoken sister.

"My sister?" exclaimed he. "But she is goly!"



Two professors' wives were sitting together talking about their husbands' forgetting habits.

"I have to set an alarm in the timepiece every time he goes to take a bath - to remind him when it's time to come out of the bathroom!" said one.

"And I had to stick a notice on the toilet wall for him", said the other woman, "in large letters to announce for him there!"

IF IT'S NOT SIX IN THE MORNING, YOU'RE PROBABLY
HERE FOR MAKING WATER ONLY.



At a local village court, a man had lodged a complaint that he was slapped by a known rounder for no obvious reason. Three local residents, it was said to have witnessed the incident; so those three men were summoned for a decision.

One of the summoned men had already been contemplating to avoid any involvement in the case, therefore, when he was asked to give an account of the incident, he began endeavoring not to commit himself.

When his eluding continued for long, the judge found it irksome and said, "Can't you be definite, man? Whatever you say has double meanings!"

"I can't make up my mind, sir", said the witness.

"All right", said the judge wearily. "If you want to back out, the law won't keep you from doing it."

"Thanks", said the witness with relief. "In that condition, I say I ain't seen nothing."



A gadabout who used to frequent betting shops, slot machines, video games centers, worthless card games etc. was once asked by a passer-by on the street, "You got small notes for a hundred dollars, please?"

"Nope", he replied. As the stranger started to walk, that fellow hurried to him. To a questioning look, he said, "I ain't got no change, mister - but anyway, thanks a lot for considering me able to hold a hundred bucks. 'Tis an honor you did to me."



A science student had an impression about him of being hygiene-conscious in everything, particularly food and food-preparation. Once he was on a flight in a small private plane when the engine developed trouble and they had to crash land and were stranded in a jungle for several days.

When time came to subsist on the natural growth and almost disagreeable water, the science boy couldn't at all cope with the situation. He saw no sanitation - just hardship everywhere. Thirty six hours passed and he only had scarce bites of natural roots with demur. Next morning, a companion heard contrasting expression from the science lad.

"Boy, I've made up my mind" he said. "I'm not going to be hungrily clean here!"



My Shelley, four, sometimes watches TV and I would advise her in advance for a children's program which could be educative for her. In one such program, the narrator explained the simple ways of hygiene through cleanliness showing that one should always wash one's hands and most fruits, vegetables and other natural eatables before eating because it could have dust or dirt on it. To stress, I asked if she'd understood what was shown.

The following day, I saw Shelley holding a chocolate-fruit cake piece under a faucet, giving it a generous wash before eating!



A gadabout who'd been pursuing lottery tickets, one day hit the jackpot and became rich overnight. But the sudden success brought arrogance and unaccountable changes in his behavior. When bankers began to send him letters welcoming him to bank with them, the fellow presumptuously rejected the idea. But then his close friends persuaded for banking. So, one day, with reluctance, he put all of his wealth in a bank.

Several days later, the guy worried what would happen to his money with the strangers. He decided to draw a big amount from his account. However, because of inexperience, his signature on the check could not be verified and his check was bounced. Getting furious, the guy went to the manager and started a row. Then he turned to the crowd of the bank's customers who were there, and declaimed:

"Folks, these bank people ain't worth trusting. All they'd say is 'bank with us' - but friends, they'd bounce your check when you ask your money back 'cause they spent your money on lottery tickets!"



While an Indian girl was spending her holidays in the US, an American boy fell in love with her. At about the time the two got married, the American's younger brother got engaged to an American girl named Pia.

Now the family gradually observed that the coy Indian girl tittered or hardly was able to keep her countenance whenever she called Pia or mentioned her name. Her brother-in-law, Pia's fiancé, once bantered that the Indian bride got so blushed by Pia's name that he sometimes wondered if Pia was a male in coquettish appearance.

"She isn't male", said the Indian bride with a deep-felt laughter. "But her name, for me, is! Know what it means in our language? Well, it translates: 'My male sweetheart!'"



After a family reunion feast, the young ones had gathered in one corner and some girls in the group were chatting among themselves about who had good looks and who needed improving.

“I think the more beautiful a girl is, more are the chances that she’ll be foolish in one way or another!” remarked a boy teasingly.

“Well, it might be true in other cases”, responded his swagger female cousin. “But I am an exception, am I not?”

“Many people have said that I am beautiful - but nobody has told me that I am a fool”, blurted another girl.

“You mean you’re one of those who are neither foolish nor beautiful?!” chaffed the third girl.



A man with unusual interest in creating new songs and compositions, sought help of a computer. One day, when a friend went to see him, he found that fellow intently looking at two attached computers; nodding from time to time with a wry face. The friend expressed curiosity at this silent ingenuity in progress.

“This bigger one writes new songs and the other one trims it to harmonize it in tunes. It’s double-automatic; devised to give a finished product!” that fellow explained the combination-working.

“But then why is this disgust?” said the friend.

“Things looked good in the beginning”, divulged the innovator. “Now, the harmonizer has begun commenting on the songs created and the song-writer keeps writing only in protesting theme!”



A woman wanted her intimate friend's advice on how she can insert in her man some 'manly' quality. The friend was curious to know the story first to think of a suggestion.

"You know how meek my Barney is", began the woman. "He never speaks above whispers. But some time ago, one day, he came home from work with a different look and proudly informed me that while walking home from the bus, he'd been knocked down by a woman cyclist. The bump broke a tooth from his mouth but he bravely walked home without a word of complaint and didn't feel the need of any treatment!"

"That sounds courageous of him", commented the friend.

"Well, it did to me too", went on the woman. "But I had a sudden thought. I told Barney if it was the artificial tooth that he'd got fitted some time back. He checked and I was right. It was the artificial one that had uprooted. Ever since that realization, he's shrunk so much, I don't know how to puff him up to his normal weakling self."



A tramp was staying in a hotel. At night, feeling gay and musical, he drummed on his room's floor with two sticks. When the beating was heard in the room directly below, its occupant got in a teasing mood and found a couple of big empty cans. He somehow reached up to the ceiling and drummed back whatever was played from above.

Next morning, the tramp went to see the hotel manager.

"Sir", he said, "I've heard echoes of drum-sound elsewhere - but nowhere did I hear it so distorted as I heard in your hotel!"



Last summer, our family temporarily enlarged with the arrival of my sister-in-law with her four children. With my own three kids plus the guests, the condition in the house was such that care had to be taken in dividing eatables such as chocolates, dry fruits or especially cooked snack items - to ensure equal sharing.

My Dora, six, is the least greedy in finishing her share. Unlike other children, she would prefer to eat it at her own time. But in the crowded condition, she too often found it with annoyance that her share got disappeared from the refrigerator. To solve this problem, my sister-in-law suggested we keep Dora's share hidden from the other children.

That afternoon, shortcake was baked and each received a piece. Dora's part was to be kept safe from disappearing, so my sister-in-law asked her, "Shall I place it in that plastic container on crockery-case in the kitchen?"

"No", said Dora. "That's also not safe place. In the morning, Mom put my honey biscuits there - and know who took it?" she pointed her finger towards the cat brought along by the guests, standing in a corner. "This time the cat took it!"



During a cricket test, a wicket got downed and the next man in walked to first confer with his partner at the other end.

"Be careful buddy, I'm going to play real big shots - boundaries and beyond, fours and sixes. 'Tis my first test and my mother-in-law is in the stadium watching the game."

"You're crazy. How on earth can you make a target of her in these mammoth crowds?!"



A man who preferred knocking at anything to shouting when he wanted to call, rapped out to his house-servant, "Just where were you Jim? Know I've been banging the table with this spoon - so forcefully, it hit and broke an unbreakable saucer!"

"Wouldn't call it a feat, sir", responded the servant. "Only yesterday I lost temper in the kitchen; held two spoons in hands and one bang and the two unbreakable dishes went in pieces!"



A very modern and sportive college girl looked so grown up; a distant aunt of hers once suggested that it was time for her to select the right boy and get married.

"That's right", the girl responded and immersed in deep thoughts about her wide circle of friends. "But I can already foresee several boys getting heart-broken, several faces sulking, several boys lamenting - when I'll do", she said pensively.

"My goodness!" expressed her aunt, "I never could imagine - a girl can marry several boys at a time!"



A guy went in a small hair-cutting shop which boasted of fixed, competitive rates; for a hair-cut.

"Three dollars fifty", announced the barber when the job was done.

The guy gave a five-dollar bill and stood and the barber began to look for change.

"Haven't got any change, man", he told the guy and indicated to the chair. "Let me cut it a little more - for one fifty's worth."



A boy had, of late, formed a habit of wondering who among the lot of girls he saw and met, would be the best. Reckoning upon to ascertain through friendship, he soon started gleeful greetings and amiable approaches with several - including even little known. This kept him busy for some time. But one day he was sitting wearing a melancholy and lorn look. His aunt asked, "Why son, you look unhappy. Anything wrong with you?"

"Aa ... yes", he moaned, "a girl I was going with, threw a rose flower plant at me today."

His aunt ruminated for a while, then said in advising tone, "I bet you didn't manage it properly, boy. If you'd been courteous and had convinced her of your sincerity, then the same flowers she had brought would have come in your hands."

"But it wasn't merely flowers", he protested.

"A bouquet perhaps, with leaves wrapped around?" she guessed.

"Yes - with leaves and with thorny twigs and the clay pot full of black soggy soil holding the plant", he burst out.



A police inspector was talking with a friend.

"Yesterday I met that movie actor - the one who played that gay, incredible inspector in the new movie - in a restaurant by chance. Chatting, I told him to show becoming a real police inspector once in a lifetime."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He also spoke in challenging tone. Told me to show becoming a sham police inspector once in a lifetime!"



I had occasion to go to a semi-government office where I wanted a little information. Upon inquiring, a clerk sitting by a pile of registers pointed to a vacant chair and desk next to his, telling me to wait till that man comes. I'd been waiting a few minutes when two more women came with something pertaining to the same department. The same clerk said the same thing: "The man's out; wait for him."

While we three waited, some other inquirer peeked in; the clerk only pouted and shrugged - "The man's out" - and that fellow went away.

The two women and I were getting disconcerted, for, they only wanted to notify a change of address and I wanted a bit of information, so we stood up and approached the clerk. Not wanting our disturbing, he spluttered, "I told you the man's out and I can't bring him back in a jiff."

"But sir, how about you acting a MAN in his absence and do these bits for us?" chaffed one of the women.



Six-year-old Ruth wanted to know a definition from grandmother.

"What is the difference between love and affection, grandma?"

"Admiration and respect for the elders is love. And the fondness the elders have for the younger ones is affection", grandmother explained it modestly.

"But what about a man and a woman who are same age and go out together and have so much fondness for one another and always wait for one another?" queried Ruth.

"That's also called love - but it has to be rather strong and ... and genuine-looking", elaborated grandmother.



Among the visitors who'd come to a fair in a town were two braggarts living in different regions. They were sitting at some place in a group of people where somebody remarked about the smallness of onions sold in the town's market which took so much time to make salad. A local guy advocated that it was off season for onions and, to impress the visitors, added, "Recently one shop in our town sold an onion weighing fifty kilos!"

While the others wondered, one of the braggarts spoke out that in their region it was difficult to find an onion weighing less than forty kilos! He boasted further, "Whenever we try to weigh a large sized onion, all the balances would get stuck at the maximum weight-pointing capacity and we always would remain undetermined about the exact weight!"

The other braggart just couldn't remain silent at such exaggerations. He stood up and announced that in their part of the country, if an onion weighed less than a hundred kilos, it is thrown out because it is not just regarded to be onion!



During the match, when the commentator looked at the scarce spectators and less than half-filled stadium, he commented:

"Today, we have a very disappointing crowd!"

Two dames sitting and watching the game, felt uneasy at this comment. One of them exclaimed:

"What did we do that they've been calling us a very disappointing crowd?!"



A farmland owner who had his house by the farm, purchased a recent model truck of renowned make. He obviously liked showing it off to everybody around his native area. Once some farm-connected business made him visit the municipality office in a town some distance away.

Incidentally the matter was complicated and was going to take time. Waiting was causing tediousness so, to impress and prompt the officer and clerk to expedite his requirement soon, the show-off visitor twice mentioned it to them that he had driven all the way from his farm to the town and to the office in his new truck. The officer and clerk were already getting a headache by that additional work, therefore, when the truck owner recited his truck-tale for the third time, the officer got an idea for a repartee. He switched on the telephone loudspeaker on his table and spoke into the intercom linking the refuse department:

“Hi Bill, I’m Albert. Where are all of your trucks today, man? Are they busy?”

“All trucks are in town and busy at the moment. Why?” response came from the loudspeaker.

“Doing what?”

“As usual, bringing out all the garbage”, came the reply.

“O man, whenever you speak about trucks, you’re sure to mention garbage along. Are they linked together?” he spoke in jest.

“If you’d ask me, I’ll say they are”, a chuckle sounded with the response.

“I presume you aren’t at ease till you’ve a big heap of trash that you see, gets inside one of your trucks, eh?”

“Most certainly, sir.”

Switching off the intercom, the officer took a flying glance at the visitor who was standing by his table, had heard the conversation and who now looked bantered - the one who had come all the way in his own new truck.



A man given to undertaking bravadoes, once came to know that a mother bear with a few offspring, roamed free in and around the farmland area outside a village. To shoot the animal would not only be sinful but also not allowed by certain laws; so the thrill-loving guy chanced by offering to capture it single-handed. And for that purpose, he found a shield, a net and a cage of steel wire in which to put the animals.

Soon an encounter with the big bear took place in the farms area. He put up a floundering struggle flinging the net over to catch but the bear, not properly covered, got out of the net outrageously. The adventurer, in desperation, utilized the old trick to save himself - shut himself inside the cage meant for the animal's capture.

Several days later, the venturesome contestant went into the bears' dwelling area - this time taking a bigger net. Shortly afterwards, he was confronted by the mother bear and had another struggle-full encounter during which he succeeded in entrapping her in the net. But the bear proved adamant and gave a tug of war, pulling her strenuously with snarling aggressiveness. She then dragged the net, ravaged with it and eventually found an opening. The man made timely escape by getting inside his small truck and driving away fast; though damaging many things on his way and finally slammed his truck into his house wall.



A professor's wife often talked to her neighbor about her husband's forgetful nature. The neighbor one day asked her, "Did it ever happen when you thought he'd forgotten something when in fact he hadn't?"

"So far as I can remember, it so happened once", she said and recounted the incident. "I was out when he came home that evening. He felt hungry and wanted something fresh so started to cook a recipe which I had written for him to cook in my absence. I returned when he was through with the cooking; the saucepan was steaming on the stove.

Knowing his forgetting habit, I asked him about garlic and salt. He remembered adding garlic but said he'd forgotten salt and so quickly added three grams of it.

But when we began to eat, it tasted too much salty and had to be abandoned. He then strained his brains and remembered that he actually hadn't forgotten to put in salt at the beginning. So that was when he actually didn't forget something - only the poor man couldn't just remember it!"



"Why are learning Bengali language?" I asked my new neighbor friend, an immigrant family from Asia.

"Cause we took a Bengali baby boy for adopting. We're learning his language to be able to understand him when he grows up and begins to speak", the neighbor lady explained to me.

"Why don't you teach him your language?!" I asked with surprise.

"When he will reach school-going age then we will teach him our language", I got the reply.



An American visitor in the Gujarat state of India, once had an occasion to go to a traditional music function there. It was being organized to raise fund for a social institution of the town. Heads of the town municipality and other eminent figures were invited to create a sense of eminence. Except the foreigner, who was attending in the accompaniment of his host friend, everything was very local - the language of proceedings, the style etc.

Finding vacant chairs near the stage, they took seats. But soon a uniformed boy came towards them and, pointing to a placard, rattled something aloud of which the American could only understand 'aggressor' spoken twice. They got up and while passing by the placard written in the local language, the visitor casually asked his friend what it said. His friend, a bit preoccupied about where to sit, read it straight audibly: "Aggressor."

This perplexed the American more and he couldn't help querying his friend why that boy had called them aggressors when they sat in the front row and here they'd put up a placard saying it's for aggressors!

His host couldn't stop a spurt of laughter when he realized the misunderstanding of languages. He then defined that the word sounding exactly like 'aggressor' means 'leader' in Gujarati and the front rows were reserved for 'leaders' of the town - not for aggressors!



After several years of failures in attaining the town mayor's position despite his big efforts, a contestant at last succeeded to get elected. A great deal campaigning that had gone into the accomplishment, had made him a speech lover, and now as mayor of the town, he began to get occasion now and then to demonstrate and gratify his oratorical 'art'.

On the outskirts of the town, a large orphanage was being built with help of an industrialist. When it was completed, the new town mayor was invited for the opening ceremony. The mayor, habituated with all festive occasions before, made a flowery speech to the gathering. It was long but a few attention-attracting excerpts were there:

"Let us hope that this benevolent institution will bestow affection on the children who will come to stay here - whether legitimate or otherwise; or abandoned - all will get equal care. May their number keep growing forever. May this institution thrive and progress towards more and more expansions in the future."



A young man made friendship with a pretty girl but was finding it hard to develop it into marriage. One day they met in a snack house by chance and then standing outside, he told her in a serious voice, "Janice, I tried it a hundred times to make you know how we can turn our friendship into true and lasting love. But every time I invite you to places like lakeside resort or hill station or an excursion in the country, you're just not willing to come. Know I'm going to get very busy shortly? My pop's transferred his office in my name and wants to see how I can run the business with a cash of fifty thousand. So now I don't think I'll have time enough to introduce you to the subtleties of love."

After a long silence, the girl, brightening up, said, "Geoff, how about a one-o-one try? Who knows - could be promising! Shall I look forward to it?"



At a party I attended recently, frivolous and jovial chatting was going on and the subject of wives-domineered men came up. Several amusing anecdotes about henpecked husbands were narrated but one, whether real or fictitious, sounded more humorous to me.

It told about a man who was very fond of listening to radio but, because of stern objection by his better half, unmistakably used head-phones whenever she was around.

Once on an off day, his wife was in a violent mood and was dusting and setting things and that fellow was listening to a radio program through head-phones as usual, wearing a rather timid look - seeming like a rabbit in a tigress' den. Suddenly he twitched, going very much amused, but in a flash constrained himself with effort to keep his countenance. His wife gave him a suspicious look on his abruptly changing posture. Apprehending a misinterpretation by her, he submitted to her that he'd just heard a joke on the radio and if she was permissive enough, he wanted to laugh at it.

And the poor fellow waited holding his laughter-urge till she intimated her approval!



Once-a-chef husband and his wife had got home in the evening from their jobs. Serving wife a quick dish stylishly, the man said, "Another item - just for you! Tell me how's the cooking."

Tasting it, the woman didn't approve. "Another imperfection!" she commented. "It's the timing, man, where you get beaten. Look at the children I produced. If I didn't keep them right for nine months inside, either they'd have been raw or overdone!"



A man who had several times flown in his balloon, decided to explore a new natural region. To share the adventure he invited his friend.

After far drifting, they sighted an interesting-looking area down below; so they descended and stayed there for some time. But when they got everything ready and tried for a lift up for the return journey, the bulky structure wouldn't raise more than a few feet from the ground.

The balloonist was in a puzzled state thinking hard what could be wrong with the balloon when his companion, looking upward, started to talk aloud: "This balloon looks so magnificent! I haven't seen a better balloon in my life! I'm sure it will make very big progress in future. From now on I'll simply call it 'Super Balloon'. Ah, what a joy to have a Super Balloon carry you wherever you want to go!!"

And to the surprise of a gaping balloonist, they soared in the air in no time!

The balloonist is now sometimes heard saying that flattery is not a useless stuff after all. Inflating - as it is - can bring about a lift up in time of need.



Two girls were talking about their lovers. "I longed to be called 'Sweetie' or 'Honey' but I only recently came to know why Simon wouldn't do that. He revealed that salty food items were his favorites, so he called me 'Saltie'. And know what do I do to please him? Whenever I take a bath - in the end I add some salt to a pail of water and pour it over me!"

"That's a wonderful idea of pleasing your boy friend but it wouldn't be that easy for me", said the other girl with a sigh. "My Ricky tells me he doesn't enjoy a dish unless it has plenty of hot chillies and vinegar."



A favorite weekly comedy show on TV we never missed, once could not be telecast by our town's station. An apology was made but no reasons given. A local evening newspaper rumored about a break-up among the show's artists.

The following week, on the show's day, the program organizer came on the screen to explain the lapse and reasoned that it was difficult thing to make people laugh continually. And not being precise about the break-up rumor, he emphatically repeated an allusive remark that when a team or a group of artists work together over a long period, complications were likely to be formed. He also announced that the show would however be resumed the next week. That complications-talk sounded complicated and was gossiped round for quite a while.

The next week, the show came on but we saw a new face that remained in it almost throughout. We didn't know who he was and were curiously asking everyone if anyone knew him. When nobody seemed to know him, Irene spoke up, "He must be a complication formed during the gap!"



Walking out of a sports stadium after witnessing an eventful competition, two men started a row over something. Angry exchange of words were followed by calling each other indecent names. On the other side of the stadium wall, two female dogs were passing. One of them somehow reached to the top of the wall to look in on the contenders. The other dog on the ground, seeing her companion gazing down at the other side, casually asked what she was so much curious about.

"Didn't you hear what was just yelled repeatedly?" said the bitch from above. "I've been looking for my son since morning, but it seems like neither of these two is mine."



A pretty girl belonging to a family of tough principles, got much attached to a boy and both began to plan marriage. But to put it in practice, it was essential to win approval from the girl's father. Therefore, she talked with her parents and was rigidly told by her father that he would personally interview the boy and only after that he would approve or reject the marriage. His wife demanded for lenience in the custom on the face of the changing times, but the man just wanted to remain orthodox.

The interview proved a trial for the prospective bridegroom: he was irked by being interrogated so thoroughly. Lastly, the interviewer succinctly put a decisive, outright question which the vexed candidate did not anticipate:

"What will be your plans if you are denied marriage with my daughter?"

"In that case I'll marry someone else's daughter", retorted the young man in ire at the heckling.

"I APPROVE YOUR PLAN; I DO APPROVE IT", yelled the interviewer vehemently.

On hearing her father's loud word, which apparently conveyed approval, the girl followed by other ladies of the house, ran into the room to embrace and kiss the boy. The old bloke never ever had a chance to clarify his misunderstood vociferation his family hailed.



Wife told her husband one morning, “Last night I had a fabulous dream. I went to a very large supermarket where a multitude of extremely handsome and smart-looking husbands were on display all over the hall for sale!”

“Husbands for sale!?” exclaimed her husband with raised eyebrows.

“Yes, I mean any of the women shoppers could select one ready-made husband. Oh, it was such a magnificent occasion to see so many different types of smashing, attractive men decorated for the female customers!” wife described with fervent interest.

Her husband sat thoughtful for a moment, then said, “Did you see me among the others on display there?”

“Sorry, dear”, said wife. “Let alone the supermarket - I didn’t see you with the oddment-hawkers in the street.”



A man who got his meals too simple and not on time desired a change in the monotony. In the morning he told his wife to cook something good. When he returned from work in the evening, he washed his hands and sat at the table expecting a great dish.

But when his wife told him for the second time that cooking would take some time, he lost patience. “How long will it take or else I’m going to some restaurant.”

“Oh, please wait a couple of minutes dear”, said his wife.

With sudden hope of a homely delicious food coming so very soon he asked, “Will the dish be ready in a couple of minutes?”

“Oh no”, said his wife, “I’m getting ready to go with you.”



Once a family had a guest in the house - an in-law in relation coming from a far-away town. Talking in a leisurely mood one day a teenage girl in the family related to the guest how she had once seen a wild fearsome tiger staring at her with glowing eyes, only inches away, through the car window glass. She admitted that she had got much terrified by the beast and could not find a way to drive her fear away.

To this the guest revealed that he too had a similar sort of fright: he was extremely apprehensive of lions. "But at last I found a solution to the problem. I got books with lot of pictures of lions and I'd watch them for hours on end in order to get accustomed to the beast. When I repeat this process for several days, I find I'm no longer afraid of lions and all ready to face it", he informed.

"You're then ready to go for hunting or on a safari perhaps ...?" queried the girl's father.

"No; not there. In fact I then find myself fit to go to our town's zoo", the guest disclosed.



While at my friend's house for a casual call, I sat scanning a recent issue entitled: 'A Journal of Banking by the Council of Bankers'. Turning pages, I found that its articles were mostly written by the managing-body members with their photographs printed along with. Turning back to front, I found it was published by the council, their headquarters address given and a note below, reading: 'The views expressed in the articles published in this journal are not necessarily the views of the Council of Bankers.'

Written underneath it, in my friend's nice handwriting, was this sour addendum: 'And if you think the Council of Bankers is really a council of bankers, you're erroneous.'



An experienced burglar was asked by a new colleague what happens when, during a housebreak, some accidental noise wakes up the occupants. He explained to the novice that there had been a few such occasions but he had dealt with it cleverly.

"I mewed so ingeniously that the man in the house told his wife, 'It's only a cat. Don't worry.' "

The new chap during his first venture, haplessly caused a sound; got caught and went behind bars. When he was released after serving a sentence, the senior guy wanted to know what went wrong.

"The same thing I'd feared, happened there - I made a sound", the failure lamented.

"Didn't you use the trick I showed you?" asked the wise guy.

"I did", he replied ruefully, "but I reckon I rather overdid it. I mewed accurately as you'd taught but it seemed that it didn't satisfy the occupants - and in my bewilderment I made a slip. I blurted out: 'It's only a cat. Don't worry'."



"You know, this lone man's gonna be twofold soon! My world's gonna be colored!" a professor's bachelor friend cheerfully gave him news of a coming change in his life.

"Strange!" professor scratched his head. "This is the second such talking in riddle I've heard. Yesterday my wife said she's gonna be double soon. Today you're saying the same thing!"



Loitering in the public gardens in our town during holidays, I was amused to notice a strange concert. A foodstuff hawker emitted his sale-slogans which a small bunch of kids echoed with hilarious imitation. The hawker didn't mind and merrily carried on his business.

Next day, again I was in the gardens and there was that hawker and that bunch of children. But the children were silent and the hawker cried his cries alone.

"You rebuked them for mimicking?" I asked him casually, buying a peanut packet.

"Rebuke them?!" said the hawker. "No, sir. In fact, their mimicking gave a push to my business for a week - but now they seem to've got wind about publicity's worth!"



Three men, accused of the acts of thefts, were being tried in a small town court. The prosecutor asked the first defendant, "Did you steal Mr. Robert's horse?"

"No sir, the horse is with me ever since it was this little pony", answered the man showing the size of pony with his hand.

Then the second defendant was asked if he had stolen Mr. Jackson's buffalo. "Oh no, sir", he said, "I bought it when it was this little calf." He displayed calf's size with his hand.

The prosecutor interrogated the third one, "Did you steal the boat belonging to Mr. Frederick?"

"Never sir. The boat's been with me ever since it was this small raft", answered the man spreading his hands indicating size, "and I'm owning it all the time."



Husband and wife are sitting reclined on a large bed. It is now three years since their marriage following a fascinating love affair. Their baby is sleeping in a cot. Laura takes Don's hand in hers and, fondling, says, "I look attractive, don't I Don?"

"Of course you do, darling."

"When you look at my hazel eyes, Don, do you really find them charming?"

"Sure I do."

"Do you feel my long black hair silky, lustrous?"

"Yes, dear."

"And my slender legs - are they beautiful?"

"They certainly look very beautiful."

"And tell me, Don, are you really crazy for what you call gorgeous curves of a girl like me?"

"Just crazy, honey."

"Don dear, this is something about you that makes me love you more each day. You really know how to flatter me!"



A man wrote and published a novel depicting valiant life of a pioneer man who hailed from that particular province. The title of the novel: 'This Land's Hero'.

In reply, a women's equality counselor found a legendary courageous woman and wrote a femininity-exalting novel on her. She titled it similarly: 'This Land's Heroine'. When the publisher raised a doubt that people might connect this 'heroine' with that 'hero' by guess, she had to think for a change in the title. Careful not to affect it diminutive in any way, she renamed it: 'This Land's Woman Hero'.



A professor entered the barber's shop for his once-a-month hair-cut. Scanning the professor's head with a comb, the barber expressed, "Isn't it too early for another hair-cut, sir?"

"It must be due today. It's first Thursday of the month; I keep written reminder!" said the professor.

Then it flashed to the barber's mind. "But sir, you had a hair-cut only yesterday, I'm sure!" he asserted.

"My wife sent me here for our son's hair-cut yesterday", said the professor. Then something flashed to his mind too. "But you must be right", said the professor scratching his head. "That explains why my son was the same frisky on the way back home!"



A member of the host cricket board and the visiting team's manager were watching the match together.

"I notice that whenever any of our batsmen hits the ball, at least two fielders run after or converge on the ball. Your side's been showing exceptional vigilance, I must say!" the host-member commented.

"You're right", responded the manager. "Before joining cricket team, six of them were working as guards in a prison in our country."



In a small town, an insurance company agent was asked by a friend in the course of a talk: “Has there been any case in your firm when your clients, legally having a right of claim, let go of it?”

“Yes, I remember one such happening”, replied the agent and narrated the incident.

“Their factory was insured with us. One day a small fire in one section of the factory burnt and damaged some equipments and structure estimated to several thousand dollars. But the clients never ever approached us for realization of their seemingly good claim!”

“Strange indeed!” responded the friend. “But it all sounds mysterious.”

The insurance chap continued, “When our representative visited the factory to prepare formal report of the fire accident; witnesses etc. the factory manager began to show signs of flinching. He importuned if the matter could be dealt with in a hush hush way. And further pressed if insurance company would guarantee safeguard against any leaking out of the fire accident to the press. Well, we could not grant such unusual demands.

“Were you ever able to conclude why they let go of their claim?” the friend asked.

“Yes”, replied the insurance chap. “It had much to do with their business - they just could not stand any spreading out of the news. They manufactured fire-extinguishers in their factory!!”



A fella of philosophic mind often heard much talking on the subject of 'a great many people losing various sorts of things in life'. Some blamed it on forgetfulness; some on carelessness, inattention, too hasty a life etc. He put his mind to work and after long deliberations, formed a conception which he preferred to call 'a discovery in the field'. His theory was that the biggest reason of people losing their small belongings was psychological: the losers having too little or no interest in those things - or in other words, such articles were or had become indiscernible flavorless to them. His belief grew so strong that he wrote down all the discourses he'd been making on the subject and finally got a book published.

Once the philosophy-lover-turned-writer had an occasion to go to another town with two friends. They took the local train. While returning, one friend said he wanted to seek a missing file at the 'Lost and Found' department of the railways. The other two also went along.

While a search for the file was on, the attention of the trio was drawn towards a stack of about twenty books in one corner of the room. On a casual question, they were told by the clerk that the books had been found from different train compartments and at different times - yet strangely all were copies of one and same book. Moreover, he informed the books had been lying there unclaimed for quite a long period of time.

Perceiving their increasing curiosity, the clerk handed them a book to take a look at. All three of them were surprised to recognize the book - it had come from the pen of the self-styled philosopher himself, giving his elaborate discourses on the reasons why people lose their belongings!



A band of hundred bums assembled in a deserted part of their village, were raving over some stimulating stuff. By and by, the trend was getting from inflated to tempestuous. One of them presumptuously said there hadn't for long been any exciting event, so why not perform a pomp! For a suggestion, he hinted at the wooden tower in a rival village few miles away; which symbolized a proud possession in the whole area. Endorsing, they all planned to dismantle and carry away and put it up in their own village - and that would be something of a feat.

To put the caprice in action, they set out in the direction of the target village. When they reached within sight of the village, it was already dusk and they were weary, so decided to rest for the night and carry out the daring deed the next day.

At night all of them lay down to sleep. At about midnight, one bum woke up, thought others will do this small task. Another bum woke up after moments, and thought he was unnecessarily endangering his life for a worthless task, and left the sleeping band. Then another one woke up, got similar apprehensive idea and left for home. And so did the next one and the next one and the next one.

At day-break, the one who had suggested the feat, woke up and found himself alone in the ground.



A woman went to a psychiatrist with signs of anxiety on her face.

“I am worried about my husband. He’s been showing eccentric habits for a couple of months”, she related. “For example, he keeps some change outside our closed house-door every night. When I ask him why, he only says it’s for safety’s sake.”

They psychiatrist pondered over it for a long while then gave his presupposed observation: “Your husband keeps the change outside the door because he fears burglars and thinks he can keep them away by handing them some money that way. I believe he is doing it for precaution only. He, sure, seems to possess foresight and discretion!”

“But then it leaves me with other complication”, argued the woman. “Of late, when we woke in the morning, we have been finding typed notes to increase the change we leave outside. And my husband has been haggling with those anonymous note-writers through outward notes about fixing the amount. Yesterday he told me that he and the change-seekers have reached an agreement on the arrangement. The increase has been planned to add nineteen cents more to the change every day. I’m perplexed by the shape of things.”

The psychiatrist looked baffled for some time then, writing on his pad, told the woman, “Presently your husband needs this. I haven’t had an occasion before to recommend a calculator to anyone.”



Aunt had asked little nephew and niece to go and get a bottle of expectorant syrup from a druggist in the neighborhood. When the shopkeeper handed a bottle to the boy, he began to scan the box studiously. 'Expectorant', he read the color print label on the box.

"I wonder what this expectorant is!" said the boy curiously.

"May be it means it's for expected babies ", replied the girl. "I think aunt Belinda wants to expect a baby with this. You always have to expect first to get a baby - I've heard it from women", explained the girl.

"Let's make sure", suggested the boy and they asked the shopkeeper.

"The medicine is for cough and cold", came a brief explanation.

"You were wrong!" declared the boy.

"I was half right!", said the girl. "My aunt's expected baby must've got cough and cold."



A woman who occasionally found various sorts of scribbles from her husband's clothes pockets, wondered in her leisure what it all signified. Failing to make out anything from the brief brief notes or just words, she, in quandary, sought a friend's opinion in the matter. Her friend did not have any such experience, so could not have a specific say - just seemed puzzled.

A month later, when they met once again, the distressed woman revealed to her friend in more disquiet, "Now I'm feeling really ashamed of my husband."

Her friend was listening perplexedly.

"Of late, he seems to have started going out with even illiterate dames; nowadays I'm not finding those secret scrawls from his pockets."



A shrewd official of the district natural park was known for his complaisance to answer questions and accept various sorts of suggestions regarding improvement of the park. Once a naughty person made a phone call and spoke to him quite abruptly, "I would like you to pass your hand at your bottom and see if you feel a tail down there."

After a moment's pause, the official responded, "I did as you told, but I'm disconcerted - it just isn't there. Don't know where it went." Then added, "Now will you please do the same at your bottom?"

"I don't need to. I was born without a tail", said the caller.

"You're still eligible for our park - we have space for tailless monkeys too!"



An American boy named Billy, fell in love with an Indian girl called Billasvanti. The boy used to call her Billa for short and she didn't mind.

Once for his girl's birthday, Billy sent a beautiful showpiece of a silver boat holding a colorful plastic sail on which, in a heart-shaped drawing, were their names 'Billy + Billa' in bright plastic letters stuck to it.

A week later when he phoned her, he asked if she'd received the present in time. The otherwise enthusiastic girl responded with utter nonchalance and he couldn't help asking if anything was the matter. His girl friend opening out, told him in a sulky voice that they better change their names together. And that showpiece had come to be an object of ridicule among her friends.

Finally the reason of the discernment was disclosed for her perplexed lover when she defined that the pronunciations of their names together, ambiguously gave ridiculous meanings in India - Billy meant a female cat and Billa meant a male cat!!"



As from other broadcasting stations in India, traditional classical music played in 'ragas', is frequently broadcast from our town's local radio station. In instrumental 'vadan', a musical instrument - including some western-originated ones - is played in recital of any of the traditional tunes.

Once, when such a program was to be put on air, a new announcer, by slip of tongue, announced: "You will now hear Mister Vasantlal Sorathia play violin on 'sitar'."

The musician whose music it was, later ironically said to me - I being the sound balance engineer - that his next endeavor would be to learn to play violin on 'sitar'!"

"It really will be an innovation", I told him in the same tone, "if you start playing 'sitar' strings with a violin bow!"



A hair cosmetic shop appointed a new salesman who soon proved a successful dealer. One day the boss' friend dropped in the shop to say hello. The salesman was introduced to him. The friend, who had a tendency of humor, while talking, noticed that the new salesman had very little hair on his head with two open expanses going deep up his forehead and a further bare area at the back.

"I wonder how your being bald-headed doesn't come in way of selling hair oils, and so successfully!!" the visitor asked playfully.

"Certainly not, sir", replied the new salesman, "A friend of mine has a big shop in Bangkok. He's made fortunes in his business. A very popular item selling most in his shop is bras. And my friend doesn't wear one. He's never needed to wear one."



My cousin and I were strolling in the town. We entered a snack-house for some light refreshment. A waiter came to attend. My cousin asked him about the things available while I was engrossed in a tour-map of the district. I heard my cousin ordered for something (sandwiches) in the local language.

“How many?” asked the waiter in local language.

My eyes were still on the map-booklet in my hands, I suddenly remembered tea to be added, and uttered in English to my cousin, “Say one tea too.”

Instantly the waiter scurries - and in minutes, returns with two large trays - full of seventy two sandwiches!!”



My daughter’s closest friends are two little girls of about five living next door. Both are chatty and they always have some story or news to chatter about. Once they came in, I was sitting in the lawn. Treating me as an elder friend, one of them offered to tell me a joke. When I showed interest, she started a childish piece but it was so indistinct, I couldn’t make head or tail of it.

Seeing her end up like that, her friend encouragingly told her, “O.K. leave it, tell another joke.”

The first girl blinked shyly, then murmured, “I don’t remember another joke.”

Her friend kept looking at her for a moment, then, in a guiding manner, said, “Leave that too. Tell the next one.”



Touring in the Orient, we were in India and were temporarily staying with our Indian friends there. Our hosts arranged for us to join a two-day picnic trip to a valley with a group of local people from their neighborhood. My husband and I happily set out on this excursion. We had language problem as only a few people knew a very little English. So we had learned several common words' Hindi pronunciations.

The valley was filled with trees and greenery. Every family had a separate tent. At about dawn the next day, I found a woman's company to go to a brook, a short distance away, to freshen up. My husband was sleeping in the tent.

When I returned, I was a little puzzled to see several of our male campers and two shepherd boys curiously watching our tent. As I tried to approach, they tensely prevented me - but could not tell me why. Boggled, I spluttered, pointing my finger to our tent, "Mera pati is in there"; mera pati" - meaning my husband. To my frustration, they still did not let me go near our tent. Suddenly somebody gave out a shrill cry and the body of a fox popped out of the lower edge of our tent canvas and sprinted clear of everybody, out among the trees.

Simultaneously I spotted my hubby strolling back towards our tent. It transpired to me that he must have gone out for a walk or something after I had left. Tittering, I led my man in the tent by the arm, leaving others in a wave of laughters - as everything was understood by everybody, though tacitly.



When little Bill went into a neighbor's house, he was greeted with joy by Mrs. Monica. In a mood to have childish talk with the kid, she asked him if he would like to go on a trip with them in their new car. Bill said he would but boasted, "My uncle has a Volls Voice!"

"Did you say 'a wall's voice'?" exclaimed the amused Mrs. Monica.

"Yes, a black Volls Voice!" said Bill.

"A black wall's voice?! What are you saying?" Mrs. Monica expressed surprise.

"Yes, that's right", said Bill. "It's white!"



Six-year-old Rachel and her friend came to where father was sitting, reading a book.

"Daddy, Karen says her dad found her from a garden. She says that's how she came in their house. But I know you didn't find me from a garden."

"No, I'll tell you how I got you", said the father getting some imagination. "One day, I met a beautiful fairy who talked to me very nicely. I said, 'I like you, o, fairy. If you agree, we may live together and make a pretty little baby'."

Father then paused for a moment to survey the girls' interest.

"And what did Mom say in reply?" questioned wide-eyed Rachel.



A man had been having a long time trouble of gases in stomach. The number of doctors he had been seeing was growing and so was his friends' concern for him. Then one day, a crony reported to him about a new doctor in town.

"Do try him", he insisted. "He's said to be definitely different from other doctors." The worried gases-patient complied.

Later, the friend asked his gases-patient friend, "Well? How different was that doc?"

"Too much, I should say", said that man blankly. "No other doctor ever showed me to make such good use of my gases by blowing all sorts of 'guaranteed to soar' balloons!"



Trying a new fruit recipe suggestion, Mrs Doreen prepared strawberry fondue. Taking advantage of the effort, she thought to send some to her neighbors. She called her son, Steve, to go over and deliver, and filled the fondue in two small dishes. As the boy started to go, Mrs Doreen's mother-in-law observed that the fondue in two small dishes was going to the same house.

"Couldn't it have come in just one big dish?" said the mother-in-law.

"It could have", said Mrs Doreen. "Leaving Steve's one hand free is not advisable while sending him to teenager girl's house."



In our country in the Orient, a wide branch of singing and music is classical music. It varies according to traditions and places, and the fast-tempo sort is known for its fervent raptures - both vocal and instrumental.

One classical singer, a plump fellow, used to get his performance pretty enhanced. His voice vociferating; eyes red and intense; his arms and hands thrusting out towards the accompanying musicians with impetuous movements - in all, he would be a look of someone rebuking vehemently. To those who could not follow the composition seriously, it all seemed somewhat comical.

During a recent TV interview with him discussing his art and performance, the interviewer made a risible remark about that animosity-full appearance of his during performances. The singer's explanatory response was : "You can't estimate our instrument players' tough quality. If I wouldn't wear the look, there's every possibility of their drowning me with all their intensified hullabaloo in each show."



Though too young to know most things, our three-year-old daughter at times, gives an impression of doing something important. Very recently, she was making O-shaped figures on paper with pencil and was asking me after each effort, what the drawing was.

"This is a ball." "This is an orange." "This is a balloon." "This is a moon." I kept telling her. Soon I ran out of the round-shaped things to name her new circles. So, when she made the next one, I said, "This is a potato."

To this, the little girl made the correction: "This is not the whole potato, Papa. This is only a chip."



A funny incident happened in front of an audience of thousands during a stage performance of an Oriental classical music.

A 'raga' movement was getting more and more fervent; the singer's pitch rising in harmonious combination with heightening 'sangat' (accompanying music) on 'tabla' (small drums), 'sarangee' (a violin-like instrument), 'tamboora' (a horizontally placed instrument) and a 'sitar' (a harp-like stringed instrument held vertically and played with fingers).

As the composition's throbbing thrumming and his intermittent intermixing vocalizing climaxed towards finale, the singer, who was also leader of the group, sharply noticed that people were laughing at them instead of getting ready for applauding when finale would end. Perplexed, he glanced at his companions busy with their instruments and quickly saw the reason: the instrumentalist playing the vertically held 'sitar' was oblivious to his instrument's absence - it having fallen down - and his fingers were still moving in vigorous playing-motion in the air, in a state of simmering excitement with closed eyes!"



We were visiting my brother's family in another town after a long time. In the exchange of family news and bits, it was disclosed that our six-year-old niece had learned to answer the house phone. At that my husband had an itch to tease the girl. He told her, "You better not talk much on the phone, girl, or you'll end up as a talkative woman!"

"No, it's not going to be so", said our niece readily. "Mom keeps a card near the phone: 'SHUT UP AND LISTEN'."



An over-enthusiastic idealist wanting a success-leap in the field of TV and movie commercials, approached a serene-natured advertisements producer with an 'impressively smashing' western-style stuff's plot conceived to launch a new fruit-squash in the market.

Soon after introduction with the producer the visitor reckoned to show his record-breaker piece, as he referred to it, in the producer's office. His stunning performance started with a table turned over clamorously; he battered against office door; a lamp in a corner was broken by a rampant hurl of a typewriter-cover and too much mussing up of files and other things done on the office floor. Still taut with the frantic mood, the plotter posing hero, stood for seconds and taking a turn in a flash, announced: "And then the hero stalks angrily out of the room." And showed doing it, slamming the office door violently behind him.

The flustered producer quickly woke from the bulldoze-daze; swiftly locked the office door and took a deep sigh of relief.

Soon, pounding was heard on the door from outside and kept coming incessantly for a while. But the producer seemed to desire a prolonged ease and wouldn't let the guy in.

Minutes later, the office phone - now on the floor - rang.

"Why not open the door?" spluttered the guy outside. "Now the hero re-enters guffawing with temptation for a glass of that squash drink we're advertising."

"But why so soon? Let the hero stand outside the door for a couple of days to recover from that turbulence he's been demonstrating", shrilled the producer.

"A couple of days?!" remonstrated the guy outside. "The entire ad lasts only a few minutes!"

"No; I want to show the uncivil hero get normal by standing there that long and won't mind the length of film - would be a sort of record-breaker anyway", rapped the producer inside the closed office and slammed the receiver.



A man who had long been trying various kinds of hair tonics and organic hair-foods for prevention of hair-falling, finally seemed to have ceased his search for newer brands and was seen wearing a hat.

A woman acquaintance of his, had same hair-falling problem and she remembered about that man who, she reckoned, must have gained experience in the matter. When she visited and asked him his solution, his answer was this:

“Fact is, when none of those tonics worked with me, in petulance I resorted to my own expedience. It works; my hair no more falls - but I presume this method would be of no use to you.”

But when she insisted on showing her his formula, the man, taking his hat off, frankly revealed that the secret was shaving the head shining clean!



Two Russian cosmonauts came hiding near a US spaceship in space, one was holding a paint brush and the other had paint container.

“Now we add SR to it and this thing belongs to us!” said one to the other.

On the other side of our globe, two American astronauts reached secretly near a USSR spacecraft in space. One said to the other:

“We only have to erase SR - and this structure will be ours!”



A man, working in a big city, once bought a present for his wife living in a small town. It was a newest fashion introduction - a special design of white enamel and gold necklace with matching bracelet, earrings, ring, wrist-watch, purse, key-chain and even pen of same look. The whole set cost him 600 dollars. But to impress his spouse, he changed the price tag for 1200 dollars and sent it to her.

After a month, he received the following letter from his wife.

"I very much liked the jewelry and everything so attractive. It sure was a novelty here when I received it but the ornaments dealer in our neighborhood got a speculative idea when he learned the price. He introduced the same thing to our town's women and is doing thriving business. I don't mind sharing this innovation but disconcertment is that the dealer is offering the exact things at exactly half price. And to make its sale thriving, he tells his customers my set's price.

Anyway, the only solution now is this: you get another set of completely different design, more gorgeous than this one, and send it the earliest. I have already prepared a bold price tag for it - \$ 300. That should put things right here in this town. Your wife, Patricia.



A politician speaking before a gathering, was trying to debase the opposition party's image through glib, subtle, incessant talks. Continuing his speech, exposing a party member's notoriety - while his mind searched for other points to include - there occurred a slip of tongue. He said, "His high-handedness has now grown so much, not only the police; even the public is apprehensive of that man!"

Sudden chuckling sounds and whispering voices interrupted his speech and in inattention, he stood fazed; not knowing what went wrong. Quickly an assistant of the speaker went to his aid. He spoke in his ear about that error. The politician not only regained his composure in an instant; he moulded a smile on face and continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen, telling about the opposition member's repressiveness, when I just now said 'not only the police but even the public is apprehensive of him' - I meant it. It incidentally serves as another proof proclaiming how firmly we believe THE PUBLIC IS MIGHTIER THAN THE POLICE!"



Once the dog of a famous paintings artist became sick. It seemed to have pain in the throat. The painter called a throat specialist to his house for his pet. When the doctor learned who the patient was, he felt insulted and stalked out of the place in anger.

A few days later, the artist got a phone call from someone calling him over to caller's house for a painting business deal. When the painter got there, the same doctor welcomed him. Disclosing the deal he showed the painter his house walls which he said he wanted painted afresh with distemper.



A movie-house manager got a phone call at his house very early in the morning.

“Are you the manager of Relief movie-house?” a man’s voice said.

“Yes”, the manager responded.

“Please let me know at what time you open your cinema-house?” the caller inquired.

“Uh ... I think at ... about eleven”, the manager replied in a drowsy voice. Receiver was put down at the other end. About fifteen minutes later, the phone rang again.

“You said you’ll open at eleven - but could you do it earlier please?” it was the same person asking.

The sleepy manager replied, “I reckon you’re worrying for tickets eh? See, we’re not going full house these days; besides, next three - four days are week-days - so why worry? But tell me, are you a group or something?”

“Nothing like that”, said the caller. “Look, I’m calling from inside your movie-house. Last night I came in for the late show and fell asleep. Now I want to get my relief and have my breakfast as soon as I can. Got it?”



An Asian man working in the U.S. had recently called his wife to be with him. One day the pair squabbled in their native language over something. When her man was gone, the newcomer woman met their neighbor and after an exchange of smiles, she spontaneously tried to explain their shouting in her scanty knowledge of English:

“I speak silence - but hee eez loud-speaker!”



One morning, mother declared it a kitchen-cleaning day. While mother and I were busy, knocking was heard on the door. Finding Nancy, our neighbor's cute little daughter, I greeted her and waited to know what she came for - but all she said was that she wanted to 'ask Mrs Joan' - my mother.

"She is working in the kitchen", I told her and wanted to ask what she wanted but she rushed right in. Things were lying about obstructing her way but Nancy kept advancing round piles of tins, jars, utensils, crockery, stools, etc. I pushed and pulled things to make way for her. At last she reached where mother was standing. I stopped the vacuum cleaner because it was making a little noise and mother descended from the ladder and bent down to listen to her.

"Mrs Joan, are you home? My mummy wants to ask", Nancy spoke in her innocent, innocent style.



A retired professor once went to buy a wrist watch for himself. The shopkeeper showed him a number of watches; then picked one and said, "Sir, if you are looking for a really reliable, long-lasting watch; take one of these. And how durable! Keep it vibrating and you won't find any change - just perfect on time!"

The professor nodded, considering the counsel. "All right; I'll take this one", he said, taking a look at the watch's price tag. "And tell me, how much is that vibrator to keep it on time?"



In the public-dealing organization where I work, it has become almost a daily occurrence for us to come upon one kind of omission or error, or the other; pertaining to our day's dealings and collections. To identify the sort and source of discrepancy, each is referred to by its classified name i.e. jotting error, casting error, listing error, verifying error. Concerned staff members would then have to detain themselves in the office to trace the difference and tally the cash and the books after rectification of the error.

One day, such an error-source hunt was going on for a reasonable amount of two hundred and forty five dollars which stubbornly remained divergent. While the accounts clerk and I, cashier, were straining our brains - going through the entry figures and notes in books and files, the senior officer was impatiently looking at his watch, waiting for a solution.

Feeling weary, he asked aloud, "What sort of error is it now - that's taking so long?"

I'm confounded, sir", replied the more tuckered clerk. "Seems a 'fall-and-disappear' sort today!"



A couple was passing through a forest area when a shrill cry of some wild animal was heard. The male partner got so alarmed, he stood stupefied; still like a statue. The wife, finding no apparent reason for such apprehension, perked up saying, "Is this all the courage you have in the face of a danger?"

"You're not measuring me right, Alicia", defended the husband. "If I were not venturesome, I wouldn't have accepted your first proposal for a precarious thing like marriage."



A private firm's boss was concerned as he had been feeling his staff needed to improve efficiency-wise, productivity-wise and punctuality-wise. A psychologist friend recommended a 'boost-plan' - to flatter the responsible members of the staff, one by one.

So next day, the businessman called the typist and dictated a paragraph praising the manager with the caption:

A WORD ABOUT OUR MANAGER'S LAUDABLE MIND.

Then told her to stick it on the office wall for manifestation for the day. The boss felt relaxed, on launching the first part of the boost-plan.

The staff lost their usual shape that day. And the manager found himself in a muddle - not understanding if it was a commendation or condemnation; for, the caption read:

A WORD ABOUT OUR MANAGER'S LOADABLE MIND.



"Did you say one of your relatives is a big bug in the central government in our country?" a guy asked his friend.

"Yes."

"Then may we not utilize his influence for advantaging my brothers and sisters to some good jobs?"

"I once tried to get him to oblige with his recommendations for my kins. He responded generously. Told me he would certainly favour by sending them to the front with the least training - in case of a sudden break-out of war. He is in the defence ministry", replied the friend.



Old Arnold had hearing problem. He wanted something from the post office but only reluctantly stepped out of home.

On the sidewalk, he saw his chum with likewise hearing.

"Hi Wilbur - where you going to? To the post office?" he asked gesticulating.

"Sorry Arnold; I'm only going to the post office - want some post cards", Wilbur replied gesticulating.

"Forget it, friend. Thought you might be headed for the post office. Bye."



Standing by the fence, a woman was gossiping with her neighbor.

"I feel concerned about my sister-in-law. She keeps aloof from everybody and the result is she's still single at twenty four."

"Really something to be concerned about", came the response.

"I often raise the matter with Frank but all he says is that her age is not something to get much worried about. I maintain a girl of her age should've got married by now."

"Married?" echoed the neighbor. "You must've seen my niece - comes here sometimes - she not only got married; even got divorced at twenty three!" she announced with a touch of pride.



Guests and relatives of host participated in a celebration. Menfolk, pressed by their jobs the next day, left earlier - yet a number of women, young girls and children remained attracted to the regaling.

Awaiting a hint from the host to bring the program to a close, the entertainers dragged it on. At about two past midnight, the humorist got the host in a corner and asked if it was time to wind up. But the host, to his surprise, still urged upon them to continue.

"Our entertainment-stock is nearly used up", expressed the humorist. "I wonder how I shall call back more jokes to mind to tell this audience!"

"And I wonder how I shall provide bedding and blankets to them if they sleep here!" said the host.



Class teacher asked Tony, a fourth grade student, "Which animal is considered very very clever; which looks and behaves like a human being?"

Tony momentarily blinked in thought; just then, a boy came in the classroom to hand a written note to the teacher. After reading the message, when teacher turned his attention to Tony again, Tony had thought up the answer.

"Monkey, sir", he said.

"I hope you didn't look in your book for the answer", teacher said.

"No, sir. I was only looking at you - and I suddenly remembered the answer", said Tony quite innocently.



A fellow wrote his first novel and had it brought out. The book received mixed responses, so generally it was not successful. Its obscure reports in turn, gave the writer mixed reactions of uncertainty and uneasiness - and he decided to ask people at random about their opinions. Though it was hard to find unknown persons who had read his book; the fellow once saw a man with a copy in his hand. He hastily asked how he had found the novel without giving his own identity. The stranger immediately went indignant.

“Rubbish”, he expressed acridly, raising the book. “The bum who conceived this stuff seems a half-witted illiterate. I’m sure somebody else wrote down his crotchets and called it a novel!”

Utterly frustrated, the writer blurted, “But tell me, who read it for you?”

And he flurried from a startled man peering at him.



A fella was known to possess a craze for stage-acting. Having got access to the stage through some connection with a theatre, he had been concerning himself with acts in local plays and dramas. Lately it was heard that his performances drew dislikes but a dauntless type, he was keeping his fond occupation up.

Once a friend came to meet him, his wife told him that her husband had gone to a friend’s stable-cabin for doing rehearsals of some drama. When the visitor expressed curiosity, the woman disclosed:

“He doesn’t much mind when the audience throws rotten things or hoots at him on stage - as he thinks it a price for an artist to get established - but of late, even his rehearsing for a play seems to draw tomatoes and eggs from people watching the rehearsals. That’s why he goes to such seclusions for rehearsing.”



In the letters coming from listeners to the radio station where I have a part-time job, the thing most mentioned is - our waste basket or trash container. They blame that's where their views and suggestions go unattended by us. Many want us to read their impressions on air.

It not being possible to include all such complaining letters in our answers-section, the answer-givers started asserting that we just throw their letters in our trash container. In reply to our complaining listeners the program compère started giving repeated statements during answer-section that: 'We don't have any trash container in our studios and we don't keep one'.

After umpteen repeat-assertions, one day we received a revealing letter which read:

'So far as I know, our town's radio station is a full-fledged department and is housed in a big building. Isn't it a wonder that you folks can manage without a receptacle to collect rubbish. Incredible! But don't let our department know that. Know why?'

The letter was from a listener in the town's municipality!



A pretty girl with touch of notoriety, went to a fortune-teller.

"I'm in love with Ricky and Norton and both have proposed to marry me. I have to decide between them. Now you tell me the futures of both these boys so I can make up my mind", she said.

In a short time, the fortune-teller ascertained the information.

"Girl, I can already see your marriage link with Ricky", he revealed.

"And what about the futures of both?" she asked.

"Both boys' futures are almost identical - only that, in general sense, Norton seems to be a more fortunate fellow", the fortune-teller said.

"How?!" the girl asked.

"For - he will not marry you!" disclosed the fortune-teller.



A faddy woman named Cinderella, had gone shopping with a number of items in mind including a few for her husband. When she returned home after a big spending, she began to show his things first to soothe his awe.

“These shirts will match splendidly with your grey and blue suits”, she said. “And these ties will match just any suit. An this belt to match your pants - and this leather wallet.”

Then she unpacked a box marked ‘Cinderella’. “This doll looked like a curio. I liked it so much, I just couldn’t resist buying. My namesake.”

Her husband curiously held it; got it out of the polythene bag and began to look at the beautiful doll.

“Cindy, I would say this Cinderella matches you exactly!” he exclaimed.

“Really !?” she said, lighting up.

“Yes, it’s same as you are! Her blouse has her name ‘Cinderella’ printed in red letters - reading upside-down!”



Members of a club were in gay mood and were talking elatedly. Somebody mentioned a member had not turned up for the club meet as he was having a private celebration with his wife on their wedding anniversary.

"Then why not all of us go and give them a surprise joining in?" threw a frivolous young man.

"I wouldn't endorse that notion", responded a member who knew the absentee. "The host may have to face a host of difficulties."

"But isn't he a member; a friend or ours?" pleaded the young man. "We won't be too bothersome on the host."

"You didn't get me right", said the other man. "I meant the host of us may have to face a host of difficulties. The guy's a bad entertainer of the guests."



Our uncle Donald is a professor and has the distinguished characteristic - absent-mindedness. Once we were going for a picnic outside our populous town. My younger brother wanted to take his bike along; he lifted it and got it on the car roof and tied it securely with rope. But after that he felt its slender tires and told me that it needed air. There was an old table which we drew close to the car and my brother stood on it and connected the foot-pump with a tire and began to push the foot-pump. I got busy with food preparations while our uncle stood on the other side of the car to feel the tire and tell my brother when it was enough.

Working the pump, my brother twice asked our pensive uncle who muttered, "It's not enough."

At last, a blast startled us all. When searched why the tube had burst, we found our uncle had his hand on the other tire, not connected to the pump!



Twice a week, our local radio station broadcasts one hour's program for women. The genial-voiced compère brings out distinguished women guests to give talks or tell life's experiences. The program sounds like a live arrangement.

One day in the program, the guest lady chattered about the goodness of punctuality. When she finished, the compère lady took the chance at hand to flatter the guest by observing: "And talking about punctuality, I can cite our guest's coming to the studios this morning for this program - right on time I guess, for, she was quite ready for the little rehearsal when I arrived."

"Yes, madam", responded the guest. "But I would say it calls for persistence. For instance, I was on time today but to make it possible, I had to leave my home exactly half an hour before - and here also I had to wait half an hour for you to come - and we confidently decided to go unrehearsed."

The compère's bashful expression could be perceived from her tittering as she tried to turn to other topic.



A Punjabi film hero returning from shooting - asks the cook what's cooking for dinner. On hearing the name of another vegetable dish, he declares that he can't tolerate that and begins to roar the dialogs he'd been bellowing at the villain during the shooting. When his wife says that she had told the cook to cook the other dish, he roars more and finally throws the saucepan out of the window.

Instantly an outrageous cry from a man in the street is heard. The vegetable and sauce had landed on his head and clothes due to hero's act. This quickly brings the actor to reality and when he hears violent knocking on the door, he frightfully ran to hide himself behind the curtain and then under the bed.



On his return from school, Mark was showing signs of catching common cold. To check, his mother asked him if he ate ice-cream or had iced drink.

“No. It’s a science rule: low temperature prevails at altitudes”, Mark intoned.

Puzzled and dubious that he had been to his school only, mother asked further - only to learn that he had been made to stand on bench for a whole period for some disobedience. A height no doubt!



During my three years career as cashier in a jewelry and wrist-watch shop, we had occasions of unusual occurrences but one day was quite unforgettable evolving an incident.

We had been introducing through retailing, numerous models of a foreign company’s quartz watches backed by moderate publicity. Our leaflets and brochures displaying discount offers drew many but only a few would really buy.

On that day, a thickset man selected ten watches for giving away gifts on some occasion and told the salesman to pack. When he was handed the bill, he inquired if 30% discount had been given on all the ten pieces. Our salesman suavely explained that varying discounts had been given as different models carried different discounts. But the explanation had disconcerting effect on the man - he seemed to think we were saying something else; doing something else. He pointed to the leaflet and a hanging placard boldly offering 30% discounts.

Clarifying to him that the lines under the banners stipulated that the discounts were up to 30% and not merely 30% vexed the rigid guy. He argued rowdily for a while, then throwing aside the parcel, stormed out of the shop.



A professor who had been doing researches in some branch of science was appearing on TV screen during a live interview. Discussing his recent studies and a new project, he said something representing his belief. The intelligent interviewer got an earlier interview with the professor flashed in mind. He smartly put that two-year-old statement of the professor contrasting with the new talk. The professor's wife and her friend were intently following the interview. Seeing the professor get baffled by the conflicting views, the friend commented, "I wish the poor man had examined his earlier assertions."

"He couldn't possibly have", said the professor's wife. "Two years is too long - quote his two-week-old statement and he's in a complication; for, that bloke can't remember what he ate five hours ago."



Grandmother's hearing had gradually gone weak but she didn't seem to feel much of a snag by it.

One day her grandson Greg suggested to her to buy hearing aid. She could easily afford it from her own sizeable savings, but a parsimonious kind, she replied, "No son, I don't much think it is an indispensable item. Besides, the amount not spent on it could come useful to anyone - you also."

Greg's elder sister, who was listening the conversation, muttered in low voice, "Yes, she's doing us all a big favor - keeping us shouting whenever we want to speak to her."



In our small town, English is number two language. Some time ago, our local community's social welfare group was going to publish an anniversary magazine - in English to impress few senior members. Its members, most of them very young students, were requesting for ads to be published in the magazine to make up for printing cost etc. My uncle was also approached for an ad of the tooth powder manufactured in his small unit. Incidentally I was there when they came and my uncle, being busy at something, asked me to write a brief ad message in praise of the product. Though English wasn't my mother tongue, I took it as a chance to show off my proficiency and promptly wrote an ad message for the magazine.

It wasn't before the magazine was printed and distributed that we noticed the result of my hastiness. The ad appeared this way:

'Dentoright Tooth Powder - New and Improved.

It now contains herbal ingredients. Use Dentoright regularly and you will always have white and bright teeth. If germs ever get onto your teeth due to decay, Dentoright will keep them safe.'



A sixteen-year-old girl was one of the guests at her aunt's for lunch. Following is her conversation with a friend about it. "My cousin is awfully hopeless at cooking", said the girl to her friend.

"Why do you say that?" asked her friend.

"Last Tuesday she invited her fiancé for lunch and served him a special dish she'd cooked herself. And know what happened? Finishing it brought tears in his eyes!"

"Oh my; it must have been quite an embarrassing situation for her!"

"Not exactly so, I would say; for, the boy tried to save the situation by saying that his tears were tears of joy!"

"That was sagacious of him, wasn't it?"

"Well, that sham by him would've worked well for all, but his mother-in-law-to-be took it for granted and insisted on him to have another serving of that special dish! And there that poor boy had to invent a more incredible-sounding talk for shunning. He said he had a temptation for another serving but he wasn't the type who can bear overjoy!"



An under-developed country with a long history of military rules - general to general - recently experienced a little mitigation in strictness.

A puppet show organizer who was getting popular there, was once talking in a group of friends. Answering somebody's curiosity about where he had acquired training for his art, the artiste named a country where he had gone to learn puppetry - also disclosing that he did not know their language, neither they knew mine; yet he was not daunted.

"Then it must have been quite difficult for you to understand your instructors!" expressed one friend.

"Not much", said the artiste. "For, the fundamental rules were very well known by me - had been a puppet myself for so long!"



Emil's friends were feeling concerned about him. He and his wife had been living separately for five years - the split had come a year after their marriage, following some estrangement. When the friends' concern for the lonely guy grew stronger, they offered to mediate for a reunion between the couple. At apologetic Emil's acquiescence, two friends went to the house where the lady had been staying with her parents - ready for submissive, coaxing talks. And the peace-makers' sagacity worked as, after the lady's expected ire, a reconciliation came in view. But what else came in view were three kids who seemed to call the lady "Mummy".

"We must get a clarification about these children. Remember we're doing a settlement", whispered one friend in the other's ear.

Gathering courage, they did ask her who the children were.

"Mine of course", replied the lady.

"But you ... I mean you were only expecting your first baby when you had left Emil ...?!"

"That's right", said the lady. "But didn't he tell you he called on me here twice to submit his compromise-plans - which I rejected outright?"



A friend and I had gone to a music festival organized by a visiting art group where, on that day, the attractive item was an effusive alleluia - a folk-song in praise of splendors of the spring season. The singer was an appropriate gay guy wearing his native traditional dress: breeches, embroidered coatee and a turban on head. As his singing and accompanying music caught tempo and the audience got livened up, the singer began to joggle and swing before the microphone. He was also clapping and jerking with fervor at the intensified drum beat, performing along the spring-praise rhythm, when one overdone jerk of his head threw off his turban and it landed on the microphone and got hung there.

Seeing this strange sight, my friend remarked: "After the long praise, it finally came to coronation!"



A friend and I were to go into the town to meet a few other friends of our social group. I reached my friend's house but we both had to wait at his house as his wife hadn't yet returned from job. My friend went in the kitchen for some light refreshments and drinks.

My attention was taken up by the activities of my friend's two full-of-play sons. One about five years old and the other about three years old. Both, looking every inch impetuous, were trying to fly a kite inside the room. I just kept looking on their frantic efforts, feeling amused.

As no trick flew the kite, they got desperate. Then the elder brother suddenly stood still as if getting an idea. "Gee whiz; we forgot the air!" he disclosed to the younger one and jumped on a chair and turned the pedestal fan switch on. And their struggle resumed with renewed enthusiasm.



A young doctor had recently begun practicing in a small town. One a man, troubled by insomnia and headache, called on him. The doctor prescribed him some pills. On his third visit, the doctor had a casual talk with him during which he came to know that the patient Lucas had got into a considerable debt and therefore, remained in anxiety and also tended to over-think. Having discovered the root cause, he advised the man to stop worrying and in just no time he would become quite all right.

“Forgetting your problems is the key. Keep your mind free of all sorts of worries and everything will be fine”, said the doctor. And everything did become fine for the patient in a few days’ time.

About a month later, the doctor heard similar complaints from an another patient. The doctor, now with experience, asked the man if he had any financial problem. The man replied affirmatively.

“Well”, said the doctor gleefully, “your trouble lies in your worries. My advice to you is you forget your money problem. Just think it doesn’t exist. Keep all the worries and burdens off your mind and you’ll see how soon you get quite well!” And to give him an example, the doctor narrated the case of Mr. Lucas, and added, “He acted on my advice and got well within days. It will work with you also.”

Th patient inquired a few things from the doctor about Mr. Lucas with whom he seemed to have an acquaintance. Then, in a defiant voice, he said, “Thanks for your wise advice, but it won’t work with me.”

“Why not !?” the doctor was a bit surprised.

“Because I AM NOT IN DEBT. Instead, I am the one who has lent fifteen thousand dollars to Mr. Lucas”, vociferated the man glaring the doctor in the eye. “And Mr. Lucas - under the influence of your advice - has stopped meeting me and now refuses to even answer my phone calls.”



A less known musicians group from a South East Asian country, who played traditional music, was visiting a European country. In one town, they were contacted by a local arts magazine representative for an interview. To the questions regarding their art and music instruments, the visitors were giving their answers very slowly and haltingly as obviously their knowledge of English language was extremely limited. One of the questions, the interviewer asked, was:

“Are you supposed to be the only outstanding musicians in the traditional music field in your country - or are there other groups as well who are considered equally outstanding; like there are so many well-known artists in the field of pop music?”

The artists’ intermittent reply was the following:

“You see pop music - new music and fast and people like new music. There, big instrument and big show. So all old music group - outstanding. But we are outstanding only very short time. We work very much. You see, other old music group outstanding because they not think very much and not work very hard - as we work very hard. Other group outstanding - but sir, we very very happy - tell you that now we are not outstanding.”

This strange answer put the interviewer in perplexity. The visitor had misunderstood the word ‘outstanding’ for ‘standing out’. In their native land, it was a common practice for lower standard or street musicians to stand outside the house where a marriage or an engagement or a child-birth celebration was taking place. Such a group would stand out waiting to be hired by the householders for pomposity through a noisy performance. Thus, to ‘stand out’ had almost become an idiom there - understood to mean ‘of inferior or unworthy quality’.



A retired clerk, now in his fifties, often raved to his friends how in his youth he had hunted and frightened away several wild animals in the forest outside his native village. Growing old and having eye-sight no so powerful in spite of spectacles, he seemed young at heart - but a bit more proud and ostentatious type. And one day his bold talkativeness stirred him up to announce that he still wanted to make an excursion through the wood for the thrills if he got accompaniment.

Two youths, who were his regular listeners, showed their willingness; though they had never before fired a gun. So, forming a somewhat eccentric-looking party - led by an over-zealous oldster and accompanied - rather supported - by two inexperienced young boys - off they went.

The old chap, after a few darts and dashes in the bush, fired a shot. But nothing was found when the boys searched. After some time and much twitching, he fired another shot but again - nothing.

The hunt-crazy man kept trudging steadfastly. In one thicket, he once again took aim and let off his gun. Once again the boys went looking for a shot prey. This time they saw the bullet and returning to the leader, yelled to him that they did.

"Tell me which animal it got; looked to me something big and wild", the old chap cried.

"Indeed something big and wild - about ten feet high", responded one boy aloud. "And I think it's called wild berry", yelled the other, adding.



A professor selected a village to live in after retirement. Soon, he was equally known among the villagers for his forgetful and musing habits.

Once he was going a few miles out of the village on his bicycle; pensive as usual. Proceeding some distance on the track, he suddenly seemed to have remembered something and made a sharp turn-back of his bicycle. A screeching noise came from the tires of a car that was coming behind his bicycle. The car driver's frantic efforts to save collision, got his car off the track, hitting rocks and turning on one side. Driver got out in time to escape a violent explosion of the petrol.

The thunderous noises caused a flock of goats nearby to take to flight; many running into a field, tramping crop; others getting far dispersed for the tending man to gather.

The accident was filed but the court was a bit lenient towards the learned man in the rural area. During proceedings, the shepherd, who happened to be the only witness, was called for his statement but being very little educated, he could not be quite specific. Finally he was asked: "What is your general conclusion of the whole accident?"

With a thoughtful look, the shepherd replied, "I think I get one thing comin' to my mind that I gotta tell, sir. It ain't no advisable to be a professor, sure. Gonna tell all my sons this too!"



I recall one amusing incident of my school days when I was in the sixth grade. One day our English language subject had a lesson about unity. Relevantly, the lady teacher spoke on the theme depicting the manifold benefits of unity. She also gave examples and to complete it, taught the saying:

‘United you stand : divided you fall’.

About a week or so later, according to outdoor activities plan of the school, the sixth-grade students from four classrooms boarded buses for a day’s picnic. The buses took us to a green strand by a small river. We capered on the green; played games and had our eats - but trees on the other side of the river looked nicer and irresistible. There was a narrow, ramshackle wooden bridge hanging over the water extending to the other bank. To appease our eagerness, our teachers consulted a local man about usability of that bridge and then we were told that we would be allowed to go across the river but only if we promised to heed the instructions. It was because the old bridge didn’t look strong enough that our teachers were going to be cautious with the multitude of students now in gay mood. Every student was to walk separate, keeping a little distance from the others while on bridge.

We impatiently gathered at the bridge in a rough queue, ready for crossing. We were once again loudly reminded about remaining separate - and just at that moment an outspoken boy spoke out aloud:

“Divided you stand : united you fall!!”



While visiting their friends, a couple was very much impressed by their villa. Feeling inspiration by the standard and elegance of things they'd got installed in and around their fabulous house, the couple began asking questions. The hostess was obviously taking delight in explaining things to them.

"For that swimming pool's design, I had to go into great details; studying and examining five contractors' models and materials", she expounded. "And that garden you see is realization of my own imagination. I took personal interest in developing it; brought amaryllis and lilacs and geraniums from as far as a hundred miles!"

Then she showed the couple their eye-catching cement-stones-work at the porch-end. "Me and my friends spent two whole days selecting marbles and pebbles for this decorative formation. Looks beautiful, doesn't it?" Fascinated and full of admiration, the visitors stood listening and gazing at the creations.

The host who'd long been silent, thought he could express his taste likewise. "My idea of house decorativeness is having an art sculpture that gives a feeling of amenity", he said. "And my ideal fountain is a piece of beauty - big flower petal work in the round and two statuettes standing in the middle. A dolphin and a girl - like the one near Tower Bridge in London. Water jetting and falling over the statuettes - marvelous; just marvelous! I planned it months ago but my wife rejected it."

"But how do you expect one to give approval of things one isn't much familiar with?" responded the hostess with a scowl and led the visitors inside to show them the indoor sections of her fancies-come-true.



A philosophy student told his buddy that a showy-sort girl he saw at a party, expected every boy to say something complimentary about her and every girl about her fabulous dress. He didn't know that and the girl taunted for his nonchalance.

Several days later when the two friends met again, the philosophy boy had another story to tell. He had expressed to a good-looking girl that she was beautiful and she had given him a harsh response. His friend soothed him with an audible wonder: "What has become of this world when you can't even call a spade a spade!" The boy muttered his resolve that he wouldn't call a girl beautiful, no matter how nice she looked.

A few weeks later, when once again the two met, the philosophy student still showed a sullen face.

"Oh boy, what has become of this world!" he whined.

"What's the matter?" his friend was puzzled.

"Few days back, I met a prettiest girl on the way ... "

"And you didn't mention to her in talking that she looked beautiful and she minded it; isn't it?" guessed his buddy.

"No", explained the philosophy boy. "Because of previous experience, I mentioned during talks that she was far from being beautiful and she minded it vehemently."



There is a small convalescence home where the accommodation facility is only dormitory style i.e. four beds in a big room. In one such ladies room, a woman inmate one day reported to the manageress that her diamond ring was missing. And soon after, her next bed neighbor complained of stomach pain. For her pain, a doctor was called.

Walking along with the doctor to that room, the manageress casually also informed the doctor of the other simultaneous happening: the missing of a diamond ring in the same room.

After a thorough checkup and inquiring, the doctor stated his conclusion that the woman, somehow, must have swallowed the missing ring and her stomach pain was due to that. Seeing signs of distress on the patient's face, the doctor encouragingly announced, "But you need not worry; for, here's a solution!" so saying, he took out tablets from his bag.

"Take these four tablets and both the problems will be solved: your pain will go and your room-mate will get her diamond ring back."

There was titter on everyone's face at revelation of this remedy - but suddenly another woman in the room got astir; stepped forward shrilling: "Wait please, doctor!"

Everyone's attention was attracted to her. "Give her eight more of those tablets", she blurted out.

"Why", asked the doctor, flabbergasted.

"Since half an hour ago, I'm not finding my golden wrist watch and I also want it back. You see, I'm also staying in this room", the disturbed lady made a hasty explanation.



In the afternoon when we were having our coffee in our jewelry shop, a man attempted shoplifting by slipping a gold ring in his coat pocket. But hapless for him, our sharp-eyed salesman caught him in the act. After procuring the ring from him, the manager had him seated while considering about handing the shoplifter to the police.

But it came out that the offender was only a novice in the thieving business. Turning apparently timorous, he begged for forgiveness and prayed that he be allowed to 'buy' the ring. Our manager took pity on him and told me to do the deal. But learning the price of the gold ring dazed the man. He very humbly submitted that he did not intend to steal so much a costly ring. He could not afford to purchase it too; he therefore implored for a cheaper one.

A thinner ring was found for him and when shown to him, he did not even take a glance at it - hastily whispered what was the price holding all the bills he had in his hands. Price told, he very promptly counted the money and handed to me. Before I could count the money and print a receipt, the chance customer, in his nervousness, rushed out of the shop - giving the impression of someone making an escape.

And I gazed at the bills the poor thief had paid - there was a ten-dollar-bill in excess!



“Burgling seems to be on the increase in this town”, expressed a police sergeant in a regretful voice to a friend.

“You must’ve been getting more such cases to deal with”, guessed his friend.

“Yes, but I say this because recently there has been such a case in my own house”, said the serge.

“Very strange news!” exclaimed the friend. “Now that proves what you say.”

“Listen more”, advanced the serge. “They guy I caught thieving inside my house got a report in custody the next day that somebody had broken into his room overnight while he was away on ‘business’!”



My brother-in-law was going to have a bird’s eye view of the grassland track wherein he had purchased a plot of land, from his small plane. And he was taking my Don along for the thrill. When they returned to the house, I asked Don if he was able to recognize uncle Ben’s grass-plot.

“Yes, it was kind of easy”, said Don, all smiles. “It is bald in the middle like uncle Ben!”

* * * * *

Publisher



Feroz Ali Meghaney was born in 1957 to Gujrati community of Shi'ah Ismaili Aga Khani. His father Abdullah and his elder brother Barkat Ali did not follow religious practices of Ismaili Aga Khani community. In year 2000, he joined mainstream Sunni Muslim Brotherhood (Ahle Sunnat wal Jam'at) branch of Islam. Soon his children, and later his wife followed him; the family became part of larger Muslim Umm'ah.

After matriculation in 1975 he joined United Bank Limited as Cashier in 1976. He did B.Com. from KU and Banking Diploma from IBP. He served as Instructor/Trainer of Banking Courses at UBL Staff College for seven years (1988-1994). He resigned from UBL in 1994.

He joined PAF-KIET in year 2000. He served as DBA/Manager MIS and developed web-based Student Database System (in Oracle) capable of managing multiple campuses data of students, teachers and staff. He was Campus Director of PAF-KIET North Nazimabad Campus for 2 years (2011-13). He resigned in Sep.2013.

At age 57, he learned Arabic language from free Internet resources to understand Qur'an in Arabic language — the language chosen by Allah for His final message to the mankind through His final messenger Prophet Muhammad (may peace and blessings be upon him).

The Author lives in Karachi, Pakistan with his loving wife Salma. He is father of a son and two daughters, and grandfather of a cute granddaughter Adeen, and a cute grandson Hasnain.

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