

# Best Funny Stories

**Best Funny Stories for Adults**



**Joe King**

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Best Funny Short Stories for Adults

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# INTRODUCTION

Hello, and thank you for purchasing this collection of short, funny stories. There are seven short stories in this book, each one of them are sure to illicit a few laughs from you. Enjoy these silly tales.

## STORY 1

### **A Twist of Fate**

Layla was walking down to her corner drugstore, day-dreaming about a man she had met two days earlier. Sure it was a one night stand, but she was sure there was something more between them. She had to find him again. She wanted to relive the moment of passion between them, as he took her bareback for hours on end. Her body shivered as she remembered how many times she climaxed underneath him, and on top of him... and pretty much pretzel wrapped around him. She was so busy imagining the erotic scene that she walked straight into a pole.

Looking around to make sure that no one saw her, she continued on down to the drugstore. Once she got there, she went straight to the family planning section. She knew that they sometimes had plan B, and she knew she had to take it soon, because you only have seventy two hours to take it before it is not effective. However, she could not get it the day before due to not being able to walk well after her soiree with her mysterious stranger.

She looked everywhere for the plan B, but she could not find it. Her pharmacist suggested that she take two birth control pills because it was basically the same thing, and gave her two, free of charge. This excited Layla, because with the fifty dollars she was saving on family planning, she was able to go back to the club where she met the mysterious man who rocked her world, and possibly hook up with him again. She was obsessed. Not in a creepy stalking way, but in a teenage girl crushing over a band member obsessed. She could imagine herself hanging pictures of him all over her walls. Come to think of it that may be borderline psychopathic... Wait, why is it okay to do that with band members again?

She shook her head to get her thoughts back on track. What was she going to wear? She wanted something sexy to go into the club in, so she decided to go to the mall into the adult store and see what they had. She asked the clerk what she should wear to seduce a man who already rocked her world once. The clerk came out with an all leather cat suit that bared the nipples, and came with optional nipple clamps.

*Too sexy! Too sexy!* Layla thought. Out loud she said to the clerk “Maybe a little less sexy. Something that is acceptable in the club.”

The clerk went back into the back of the store, and came back with a gorgeous corset dress. The corset was black and gold, and the skirt was black leather. It was perfect! She looked at the price, and almost fainted. A hundred dollars for that?! It didn't even have that much material. However, then she noticed that it had been marked down significantly. She asked the clerk why.

“A woman died trying it on. She was really old, and just died trying to get the corset tied.” The clerk responded sheepishly. “It is only twenty dollars because no one wants a dress someone died in.”

“Oh well. Whatever turns his head. It's affordable, so what if someone died in it.” Layla bought the dress and went home. She put on the dress, and tried to shake off the heebie jeebies that she felt wearing it. She made herself look like a million bucks, or so she thought, and headed back to the club.

Once she got there, she headed to the bar, and decided she would wait there to see if he was going to show up. The bartender asked what she wanted, but she turned down a drink stating she was “waiting for someone” and continued to wait for who she felt was Mr. Right.

Finally she saw him. She tried to play it cool, and act like she was not there to see him, but he knew, and a little flash of humor played through his eyes. She could tell this was not the first time that a woman was obsessed with him after a one night stand. She didn't like the thought, but she knew that it was just part of the territory.

She watched as he made his way down the bar towards her, and she couldn't help but feel the butterflies in her throat as she stood up, and immediately tripped over her own feet. He caught her before she hit the floor, and laughed a little at her eagerness.

“Had a little too much to drink, have we?” He asked, amused.

“No, I haven't had anything but a sprite.” Layla laughed.

Layla saw the confusion in this man's eyes. She didn't even know his name, and she was smitten. She felt like a goofy kid, and she loved it. She wanted to

seem sophisticated, but every time she thought of him, she did something silly. He tripped her up in the most amusing way.

They had a few drinks, and talked about themselves. She still didn't know his name, and she wondered why but she didn't care. They chatted and goofed around, and she enjoyed herself. She was just about to ask him to accompany her back to her apartment again, when an odd sounding buzzer entered her reverie. That is when she woke up.

Layla woke up to realize she was actually Jonathan Sanders and that the man in the dream was actually himself.

“Well that is one way to discover that you are a narcissist.” He said to himself. But as he looked in the mirror, he had to admit, he was pretty damn sexy.



## STORY 2

### **Along Those Lines**

“Jump for joy! Jump for joy! There is so much in life to be happy for!”

These words repeated themselves in Martin's head and he was going crazy trying to figure out where they were coming from. These words were like a song that played over and over in your head that you couldn't get out. He felt he may go insane. It could be worse. A lot of people had a tape of some sort telling them something over and over, but it was generally along the lines of of “You're not good enough.” It was rarely something that was completely opposite.

However, it didn't matter what was playing in his head, he wanted it out. He wanted to be able to make sure that he was in control of his thoughts at all times, not trying to chase his thoughts around to gather them up. That was not how he wanted to roll. He wanted to be in complete control. Instead he was at a loss for his own thoughts, and that killed him. He did not want to be consumed by thoughts that were not his own, no matter how sickeningly happy they were.

Lee Griswold laughed at the sight inside his cauldron. Martin had crossed him one too many times, and he had enough of his crap. So he made sure to torture Martin in the best way he knew how. He got inside his head with a sickeningly happy thought and put it on repeat. No matter what Martin tried, he would not be able to get it out.

“This is comedy genius!” He said to himself. “This is way better than killing someone.” Which is what Lee would have done to anyone but Martin. No, what Martin did to him, he had wanted revenge for for several years. He still wanted to avenge his honor, and he would once Martin went crazy. He was already starting to illicit weird looks from people, as he walked down the street shaking his head at random intervals.

Lee laughed out loud before heading back to his room to take a nap. Starting that magic took a lot out of him, and he needed his rest before he could add any more torment to his enemy.

Martin swore that the voice was familiar, but he just could not pinpoint whose voice it was, due to the fact that it sounded a little distorted, as if someone was trying to change their voice to make it sound a little creepier. That was the problem with the words running through his head. They were creepy. His boss asked him twice if he was feeling all right, due to the fact that throughout the day, Martin had been caught talking to himself.

“Stop! I'm trying to get some work done. Shut up!” He pleaded with the voices in my head. It was quite a funny sight to see he imagined. He laughed a little at the irony of it. He was laughing at his own misery, which was actually quite a funny ordeal. He often laughed at his friends when they could not get a song out of their heads, due to the fact that something like that never happened to him. He was always in control of his thoughts.

He decided to try another tactic. One that often worked for his friends if pleading with their minds to shut up didn't work. There, in the middle of the office, he jumped on his desk. No one really noticed anything until he started shouting the words that were in his mind.

“Jump for joy! Jump for joy! There's so much in life to be thankful for!” Over and over again. His coworkers looked up, concerned for his mental health. Martin started dancing around his desk. Making ridiculous movements, and exaggerating every thing. The entire office was in fits of laughter before long. Martin smiled. He had never really been funny, but now was his chance.

“Gore! What the hell are you doing?! Get back to work!” Martin's boss barked from behind him.

Martin jumped down off his desk immediately.

“Sorry sir. Just trying to lighten the mood.” He replied.

“Well turn on a lamp. Don't disrupt your coworkers. If it happens again you are out for three days.” Martin's boss warned.

Martin cursed in his head. Well there went the little bit of good the voice in his head was doing. And still it continued. He tried to drown it out with some music, and get to work, but the voice got louder and louder, no matter how many times he upped the volume on his music.

“I can't take this anymore!” Martin screamed. He ran out of the office, and down the street. He cursed this retched voice. Then it hit him. He knew exactly who it was in his head.

Lee woke up to a pounding on his front door. He started out of bed, and realized he had napped longer than he intended to. He ran to the door, and pulled it open.

“Martin! I was wondering how long it was going to take you to figure it out.” Lee laughed. Oh the man looked a sight. His hair was disheveled, and his clothes were wrinkled and askew. He had visible pit stains on his shirt.

“You are a sick son of a bitch. You know that, Lee? Why in the hell would you do this?” Martin asked, out of breath. He had ran four miles from his office to Lee's front door, and he felt like passing out, but he couldn't wait for the bus.

“You are telling me that you really don't know why I am doing this?” Lee asked incredulously.

“We used to be great friends Lee, but after that party last year, you went all batshit crazy on me.” Martin stated.

“You don't remember? At that party, I was trying to hit on this girl, and just added her on my Facebook. Then two minutes later, you get a hold of my phone and post on my Facebook that I was gay. No matter how much I tried to explain, she lost interest in me. You cost me my dream girl, and people still ask me if I am gay.” Lee fumed.

“Is that what this is about? A drunken joke. I already apologized a million times. And you were drunk that night. The girl looked like a female version of Shia Lebouf. I saved your ass.” Martin tried to explain.

“She did not.” Lee protested.

Martin grabbed his phone, and went to the girl in question's facebook page. He pulled up a picture of her and handed the phone to Lee. His face contorted in a look of disgust.

“This is her?” Lee asked.

“That it is.” Martin chuckled.

“Man, I have been holding a grudge this whole time over something I should be thanking you for?” Lee was in shock.

“I wouldn't go that far. I mean it still was a jerk thing for me to do.” Martin admitted.

“Here, let me get that voice out of your head.” Lee waved his hand, and Martin had instant relief.

Martin was so thrilled to be relieved that he left Lee's and forgot his phone. Twenty minutes later he came back. Lee handed his phone to him with a goofy grin on his face. When Martin got back home, he checked his phone and saw that on his Facebook, Lee had posted “I like pretending I am a fairy princess to get off.” Martin laughed out loud.

“Now we are even Lee.” He said into the air.

## STORY 3

### **Adam in Hell**

Adam was a good guy, he just had a little bit of a creeper problem. He liked looking in single moms' windows. He would watch them undress and get ready for bed. He especially loved the nights when the mom would need a little loving and pleasure. Those shows were better than porn for him. He got to see the real thing.

One day, he was sitting in a tree, and he was watching a mom begin to get undressed. This mom always had her curtains open, because she loved being able to look out the window at the night around her. Adam chose a nice dark night to sit in the tree so he would be harder to spot in case she decided to look out the window. He even brought a stuffed cat that made real meowing sounds in order to have an excuse for why he was in her tree. He placed the cat two branches above him and sat down for the show.

She got undressed, and decided tonight was a night for the adult toys. Adam couldn't help himself, and he reached down to his zipper. Before he could even pull it down, the mom was at the window. That is when Adam realized that the moon had come out from behind the clouds and put him in full view. He pressed the button in his pocket that set the cat to meowing just as she opened the window.

“What are you doing in my tree?!” She shrieked.

“Sorry ma'am. My cat got treed by a stray dog, and I am just trying to get her down. “ Adam said, standing on the branch reaching up. Unfortunately, he lost his footing, and crashed down onto the ground, a story below. He smashed his head on a rock when he landed.

Adam woke up in a very hot and humid area. The walls were red, and made of rock. He was chained to a wall. He chuckled. Maybe momma had a pleasure room, and he was about to have the encounter he had always dreamed about. However, his fantasy was dashed as he looked around and found himself in a cell, and there was no sign of pleasure toys around. He expected his head to hurt, but it felt fine. There was no gash or anything. He

wondered how long he had been out.

Suddenly, the cell door opened. A hooded figure stood in the doorway, looming and scary. Adam scooted back as far as the chains would allow.

“Where am I?” His voice trembled as he asked the terrifying figure in front of him.

“You are in Hell. You are the guy who peeped on single moms in their most vulnerable states, right?” The figure had a deep and intimidating voice.

“I wouldn't say it that way. I was merely admiring them from afar without their knowledge. Okay that didn't sound much better, so I guess we will go with yours.” Adam conceded.

“Come with me to receive your eternal punishment.” The figure instructed. The chains fell away from Adam's wrists, and he stood up. He followed the figure for what felt like hours through a maze of tunnels before they finally came to what looks like a strip club.

“How is getting to watch strippers for eternity a punishment?” Adam asked.

“Oh, you won't be watching.” The figure laughed before leaving.

Without him even thinking about moving, Adam walked up on the stage. Then against his will, he started stripping. Catcalls were all around him, but he couldn't see any faces. He swore as he stripped and began to touch himself, that he heard the Devil himself laughing. Once Adam finished his show, he was escorted back to his cell. Only to have to repeat the process every day for the rest of eternity.

## STORY 4

# Clowning Around

Over thirty percent of the world's population is afraid of clowns. For every person that is afraid of clowns, there are two people who are clowns. That is a scary thought if you are one of the people that is afraid of clowns. But what if you were afraid of clowns, and ended up turning into one? What if the change was permanent?

Katy was a normal girl. She was fun, outgoing, and she loved to hang out with her friends after school. She was a sophomore in high school, and she was almost fearless. The only thing she was afraid of was clowns. She never told anyone, because she felt it was a silly fear. It all started when she went to a circus as a kid, and the clown cried really weird tears. Then the clown got angry and jumped the railing into the audience right in front of her, and ran off. They had to shut the circus down early.

“I guess he wasn't clowning around.” Her dad joked. However, the damage was done. Katy was terrified of clowns. She never told her dad, but every year when the circus came to town, she made sure that she already had plans so that she would not have to put on a brave face and go with her dad. She knew it was silly, but she felt that if she had a valid excuse, she could pretend her fear didn't exist.

This year, the circus fell on her birthday, so there was no way she was going to get out of it. Her stomach twisted in knots. However, she decided that she was going to be sixteen and she needed to grow up.

“They are just clowns. How bad can they be. Unless you count their acting.” She joked to psych herself up. “Don't get your banana peels in a twist. This fear does not appie to you anymore.” She cringed at the corniness of her last pun, but it seemed to be doing the trick.

She got dressed and got ready for school. Knowing that after school she would have to face her fear and go to the circus with her dad. She sat nervously in class, and watched the time go by faster than she would have liked. She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't hear her history teacher

call her name.

“Katy? Did you hear the question?” Mrs. Vandine asked

“I heard. I am just Vandone with your class.” Katy smarted off. Immediately she clapped her hand over her mouth. She didn't mean to say that. That wasn't her.

“Katy! I know it is your birthday, but that does not give you the right to be a smart aleck in my classroom.”

“With the way you teach, it's the only way I can ever use smart in the same sentence as Vandine.” Katy smarted off again. The whole class erupted in laughter.

“If you are trying to get a detention so you don't have to go to the circus tonight it is not going to work. That is right. I know you are afraid of clowns.” Mrs. Vandine retorted. The whole class hushed.

“If I was afraid of clowns I wouldn't be in your class.” Katy replied, unphased by the retort coming from her history teacher's mouth. However, deep down, Katy was panicking. She never said these things. She was never the class clown. But she liked the laughter her responses were getting her.

“Go to the office, right now young lady!” Mrs. Vandine shouted.

“Anything to get away from the Van-dine on anything she can possibly eat.” Katy said as she left.

“Have you no remorse, child?”

At that, Katy felt large crocodile tears leak out of her eyes against her will. They poured over her face for a second before she laughed and left the room.

“What has gotten into me?” She asked herself as she walked down to the office.

When she entered the office, the principle was waiting for her. She knew she was in trouble when she saw his face. She had never been sent to the office for anything other than to pick up her lunch if she forgot it at home and her



dad brought it. The principal motioned that she follow him into his office.

“What seems to be the problem today, Katy.” Mr. Magraff asked.

“I have no idea, sir. I just couldn't stop the words from tumbling out of my mouth.” Katy admitted

“This is the first time you have been in trouble, and I realize it is your birthday. So I am going to send you home early, and leave it at that. On Monday, you better apologize to Mrs. Vandine, and this better not happen again. Are we clear?”

“Crystal, sir.” Katy replied.

Her father came to pick her up, and was under the impression it was for her birthday. He did not know the true reason she was being sent home early. When they got home, he told her to go get ready for the circus, and make herself something to eat while he finished up his work.

Katy got ready, and tried to calm her nerves. She tried cracking more jokes in the mirror, and surprisingly, she found that she was good at it.

“I haven't seen this much corn since I had dinner last week.” she said after she had finished her pun fest. Then she busted out laughing.

She made it through the circus that night, without flinching at a clown a single time. But when she got home, she was in for a real surprise. She slipped on a banana peel walking in her front door, and got hit by a pie in the face. Her dad must have rigged the house to play a prank on her. She went to the mirror to wash the pie off her face, and screamed. Her face was covered in clown makeup and she couldn't get it off. She had turned into a clown.

“So that explains a lot.” she whispered.

## STORY 5

### **Raw and Natural**

If you have ever watched a dirty movie in your life, then you know that the sex on there is totally unrealistic. They are all sexy and gleaming. No weird body sounds occur, and they hardly sweat. Everything is beautiful, and perfect. The faces the actors make are perfect as well. There are no weird or strained faces. Everything is sexy.

Joan Raven wanted to film an adult movie, because she heard that they make a lot of money. She, of course, would be the star. She put out an ad on Craigslist, looking for a male counterpart, and set up an open audition time. She hoped that she would find a good looking male that was well endowed for the role.

The day of the auditions came, and Joan was really dismayed. Most of the men she auditioned didn't even make it to dropping their trousers. They were the creepy, sit in your mom's basement watching kiddie porn types. Of those who did make it to dropping their trousers, none were endowed enough to make it to the casting couch to show her what they were made of. She felt defeated.

She was just about to close the auditions when a gorgeous man walked through the door. Without a word, he dropped his pants, and showed her the goods. They were perfect. He picked her up, slammed her down on the couch, and went at it. When he finished, she looked at him breathless, and told him he was hired. She gave him the date and the address for the shooting time, and he left. He hadn't said a word the entire time that he was there. In fact, he was eerily quiet during sex as well.

She decided they could work that out when the time came, and she went about cleaning her couch up, and closing up auditions. That night, as she lay in bed, she thought about the amazing sex he had given her, and anticipated how good it was going to go when they got to filming. However, she noticed that the sex they had was a lot more noisy and ugly than in the movies. She figured it was just first time nerves that caused it.

The day of the casting, he was there early. He still had that silent and mysterious presence. Joan decided to go talk to him.

“Hi! I am Joan Raven. I am the director, and will be your costar. Richard over there -she gestured to the man in the corner- is our camera guy. I know you will do great, and we will get this thing done in one shot.”

“Nice to meet you Joan. I am Ray. Thanks for hiring me. I can really use the two hundred dollars you advertised in the ad.” When Ray spoke, Joan realized why he preferred to stay silent. He had a high pitched voice, and it cracked and squeaked a lot. She decided that she was not going to ask him to do any dirty talking in the scene.

Joan decided to get started. She wanted to start with a cable guy coming to install her cable, and they had the stage set up for that. She clued Ray in on what he was going to be doing, but realized that she was going to have to improvise the script she had. She told Ray to go about his business in a quiet and mysterious manner, which he was good at. They began the scene.

Ray was great at “installing the cable” and he didn't flinch or bat an eye when for “payment” Joan got on her knees and unzipped his pants. That was when she came across her first problem. She gagged too much sucking him off. This never happened in the pornos. The tears that gagging put in her eyes also caused her makeup to run. She called cut and went to the bathroom to fix her makeup, before returning to the set.

Ray was standing there, patiently waiting, and she knew she had to do something so that she did not have to keep blowing him.

“Okay, Ray. Remember when you picked me up and threw me on the couch in auditions? I want you to do that again.” Joan instructed before calling action.

Ray picked her up, and was just about to throw her on the couch when he ripped one.

“Cut!” Joan yelled covering her nose and trying not to gag.

“Sorry. It happens when I am nervous.” Ray apologized

“It's natural. Let's try it again.”

This time, Ray successfully threw her on the couch, and they went at it. The rest of the take went smooth, or so Joan thought. She was so enamored by the size of Ray's penis that she didn't pay attention to the fact that they made a lot of weird noises or the fact that their faces were not perfect and they were covered in sweat. She was just impressed that the man on top of her could last an hour without ejaculating.

She was not expecting to have an orgasm, as she knew most female porn stars faked their orgasms, however, Ray gave her several. When she reviewed the tape she would realize exactly why females faked their orgasms rather than succumbing to natural ones.

Finally, over an hour later, Ray came, shooting jet after hot jet of semen on her face. Joan was excited to review the footage and her camera man was happy to hand over the camera because he was hard as a rock and needed relief. Joan noticed and said, what the heck, and let him have a go at her as well. It was some pretty good sex too.

When Joan got home, she was horrified at the sex tape. What she thought was going to make her a lot of money needed serious editing. That day, Joan learned that raw and natural is what comes before the porno is done. She laughed, shook her head and got to editing.

Two weeks later, Joan got a reply on her porno she sent in. She hoped that it was good, because she didn't really have the two hundred dollars she paid Ray. She had meant to put one hundred, but she guessed there was a typo. She opened the envelope.

*Ms. Raven. We really enjoyed your submission, and would like to buy the rights to it. However, we do ask that in the future, you choose a new actress.*

*Sincerest Regards,  
Mark Rayse, CEO of Adult Entertainment  
Industries*

Joan laughed and called the number provided on the next page to establish payment for her submission.

## STORY 6

### Missing in Hawaii

*Jeremiah was a bull frog. He was a good friend of mine. Never understood a single word he said, but we always had a really great time.*

Andrea woke up to that song playing on her phone. She jumped up and raced to her phone. Her dad had been missing for six months, and that was his ring tone. She grabbed the phone, and answered it with excitement.

“Dad?!” She chirped into the phone, barely able to speak over the lump in her throat.

“Andrea! It is so good to hear your voice! I know you have a lot of questions, but I can't answer them over the phone. Meet me at Mario's for lunch in an hour. Do not tell your mother I contacted you. I am not ready to talk to her. I want you to know first.”

“Okay Dad. I will see you in an hour. Don't stand me up, okay?” Andrea was clinging to the fact that her father was alive. She didn't want to get her hopes up any farther than that.

“I won't this time sweetie.” *Click*

Andrea thought back to the last time she heard from her dad. He was planning on taking her out to Mario's for lunch after he got back from a work trip. He promised her before he left for Hawaii, and she never heard from him again. That was six months ago. He was on missing person's bulletins all over. He had boarded his plane and made it to Hawaii, but he never checked into the hotel he was supposed to. There was a man hunt for him, but he was never found. The world counted him as dead, but Andrea never gave up. That is because she called his phone every day, and it did not always go straight to voice mail. She knew he had to be charging his phone on. The service was still active and it was a prepaid phone so she knew he was buying phone cards to keep it on.

Her mom disagreed. She felt that someone found the phone, and just decided

to keep the service going, because the phone was really nice. Andrea decided that she would never give up, and she would continue to pray that her dad was alive, and he was. No matter what he went through. No matter his reason for staying away, all that mattered was that he was alive.

Andrea stood nervously in front of her father's favorite Mexican restaurant. She checked her watch, and was getting even more anxious. Five minutes until her dad was late. She tried to keep from crying.

"I told you I wouldn't stand you up, didn't I?" A familiar voice said from behind her.

Andrea turned around to see a man with long hair, a ball cap, with long hair, and a dark tan. However, she knew that this was him. The man she had waited six long months to hear from. He gestured that they go inside and get a table.

"Okay Andrea, this is going to hit you hard, and I am sorry. Nothing bad happened to me. I was selfish, and I let my desires lead me away from my family. I should have contacted you sooner. It wasn't until I saw the missing ad for me that I knew I had to get a hold of you. The truth is, I did not go to Hawaii on business. I went to kill myself. I wanted to be across the country so that you never had to discover that I was a coward."

"But why would you want to do that, Dad?" Andrea was close to tears.

"Because I have been living a lie. Andrea, I am gay." Her dad admitted.

"Dad, you disappeared for six months because you are gay?! Mom and I KNEW that already! Mom is a lesbian. In a sick twisted way, you two are perfect for each other." Andrea almost shouted. She promised she wouldn't get mad, but she was. She was livid that her dad decided that his sexual orientation was worth taking himself away from her and her mother.

"Wait. You knew?" Her dad went pale.

"Yes we knew." Andrea stated.

"Why didn't you say anything? You mean I spent six months in luau central, getting leis thrown on me every time I turned around, and I didn't have to? I

spent six months living with a blind man who only ate canned food he found in the dumpsters of the local convenience store. Well that is a twist of fate.”

Andrea and her father looked at each other and burst out laughing. They laughed until tears formed in their eyes, and then they laughed some more.

“Next you are going to tell me you're transsexual, aren't you?” Her dad joked.

“Pan sexual, actually,” Andrea admitted.

“Well we got the whole set then, don't we?” Her dad chuckled.

They continued to laugh as they ordered and ate their food.

“Let's go home, Dad.” Andrea said as they left the restaurant.

“Okay, kid.”

## STORY 7

### **Desperate for Attention**

Every office has one. The person who is so desperate for attention that they ignore the cues from people saying that they really do not want to talk to them and are just too polite to say so. The problem is, the more these people ignore these cues, the less others want to talk to them. They push, push, and push, and wonder why no one wants to hang out with them.

Josey was one of these people. She grew up in a very cold and unloving household. This made her crave affection from others, and she begged for attention. Growing up, she had a few friends that tolerated her, but eventually they grew away from her when they realized that she was not going to grow out of her behavior. This lead Josey to do ridiculous things to try to get attention.

These things were known as Josey's adventures by her coworkers. She told these tales to try to get their attention, but everyone knew that they were a lie. Josey was the type of person who never left her house. You just got that vibe from her when you met her. She was not the type to try to climb mount Everest, or hike the jungles of the Amazon. She worked in an insurance agency office for crying out loud. She didn't have the money to travel.

This week, Josey was telling a story about how she saved the chief of a tiny village in South Africa. Nobody believed her, but she was a good story teller, so they listened nonetheless. It passed the time, and made the work day less boring if nothing else. This weeks story was a wild ride.

“So I got off the plane, and a buggy picked me up at the airport. You can't get there by car, even though it is only five miles from the airport, there are no real roads to this village. So I climb in this buggy, only to find myself face to face with the most giant spider that I have ever seen in my life. The driver just laughed and said that he was the navigator. This fucker was huge! I tried to ignore it, but the spider just kept staring at me, like he wanted to eat me. Finally, we arrived at the hostel I was staying at, and I was able to get away from this spider. I take my bags in, and get shown to my room.” Josey was



explaining the beginning of her journey, and already it was sounding unbelievable.

“So I get into bed, because I have some severe jet lag, and the next thing I know, my room mate is bursting into our room saying that I have to stay awake. Otherwise I will be up all night, and that is not okay with her. I tell her to shut her face and go away. I didn't ask to be put in the same room with someone who doesn't understand jet lag. So she grabs this sock from her side of the room, and starts beating me with it. It hurt! Turns out it was a sock full of soap. So I get up, and I decide to go see the sights of this tiny village.” The story was getting more and more insane, and unbelievable by the word.

“I was walking, when I realized my ribs hurt. The bitch left bruises with her stupid soap sock. So I am walking, checking out all of the local shops, and plotting revenge on this stupid cunt when I hear someone calling for help. I decide, what the hell, might as well go do some good. I come across this man hanging over a cliff and below him was a ravine that had to have been at least fifty foot deep. I mean, it was deep deep. It looked like there had been a rope bridge, but it gave way, and now there was nothing but cliff. The look of terror in his eyes will haunt me forever as he found himself slipping. I rushed over to him, and grabbed his hand just as he lost his grip. I pulled him up using all of my strength. He thanks me over and over as he catches his breath. He tells me that his name is Scianthises, and that he is the chief of the village. He asks if there is anything that he can do to repay me, and I told him about the roommate situation. She is now sitting in their jail which is nothing like American jail. It is much worse. To top it off, he gets my money I paid to the hostel refunded, and invites me to spend the remainder of my weekend at his place. It was much nicer than the hostel, and I didn't have to share a room.”

Everyone nodded and said “cool story” to Josey, and meandered back to their desks, trying to contain their laughter. No one believed that this mousy, geeky little frame of a girl could save anyone, let alone a chief of a village. They all get back to their work, and Josey went to her desk mumbling something about how no one every believed she did these things. It was quite a sad sight to see if she hadn't spun the most ridiculous yarn in the world. However, the news came on in the office, and there was a story of an African chief who was saved by an American tourist.

The whole office froze. They knew that Josey had stolen her story from the news. She had too have. There was no way that she was telling the truth. Josey didn't do anything. She didn't even have friends. However, the news showed a picture of the girl who saved the chief, and lo and behold, it was Josey. The whole office erupted into applause. Josey was no longer considered the office liar.

## CONCLUSION

I hope that you enjoyed these short stories. If you did, please leave a good review on Amazon. Thank you.