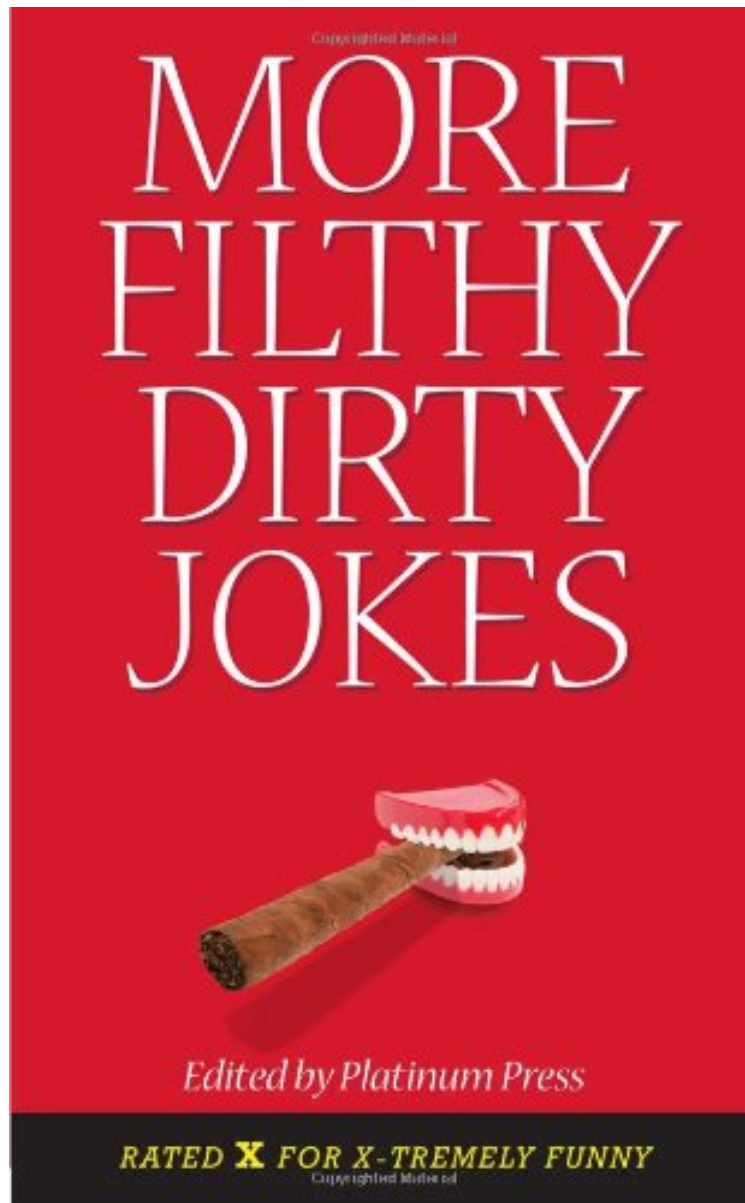


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DEPRAVED, OFFENSIVE, AND HIGHLY INAPPROPRIATE! Some people can't get enough....If you love filthy, dirty jokes, then you'll really love MORE FILTHY DIRTY JOKES! Get down and dirty with this collection of totally tasteless humor guaranteed to offend just about everyone! Bosses Husbands Wives Golf Old People Doctors Lawyers Animals Stupid People Viagra Politics Religion Kids Drunks ...Plus X-Rated Riddles, Cheap One-Liners, and more! So unplug the sensitivity chip, and get ready to laugh out loud at MORE FILTHY DIRTY JOKES

Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Business Last week, we took some friends out to a new restaurant, and noticed that the waiter who took our order carried a spoon in his shirt pocket. It seemed a little strange. When the busboy brought our water and utensils, I noticed he also had a spoon in his shirt pocket. Then I looked around and saw that all the staff had a spoon in their pockets. When the waiter came back to serve our soup, I asked, "Why the spoon?" "Well," he explained, "the restaurant's owners hired a management consultant to revamp all our processes. After several months of analysis, they concluded that the spoon was the most frequently dropped utensil. It represents a drop frequency of approximately three spoons per table per hour. If our personnel are better prepared, we can reduce the number of trips back to the kitchen and save fifteen man-hours per shift." As luck would have it, I dropped my spoon and the waiter was able to replace it with his spare. "I'll get another spoon next time I go to the kitchen instead of making an extra trip to get it right now." I was impressed. I also noticed that there was a string hanging out of the waiter's fly. Looking around, I noticed that all the waiters had the same string hanging from their flies. So before he walked off, I asked the waiter, "Excuse me, but can you tell me why you have that string right there?" "Oh, certainly!" Then he lowered his voice. "Not everyone is so observant. That consulting firm I mentioned also found out that we can save time in the restroom. By tying this string to the tip of you-know-what, we can pull it out without touching it and eliminate the need to wash our hands, shortening the time spent in the restroom by 76.39 percent." I asked, "After you get it out, how do you put it back?" "Well," he whispered, "I don't know about the others, but I use the spoon." A fellow checked into a hotel on a business trip recently and was a bit lonely, so he thought he'd get one of those girls you see advertised in the phone books under "Escorts and Massages." He opened the phone book to an ad for a lovely girl calling herself Erotique, bending over in the photo. She had all the right curves in all the right places, beautiful long wavy hair, long graceful legs all the way up. So he was in his room and figured, what the hell, and gave her a call. "Hello?" the woman said. God, she sounded sexy! "Hi, I hear you give a great massage and I'd like you to come to my room and give me one. No, wait, I should be straight with you. I'm in town all alone and what I really want is sex. I want it hard, I want it hot, and I want it now. I'm talking kinky the whole night long. You name it, we'll do it. Bring implements, toys, everything you've got in your bag of tricks. We'll go hot and heavy all night; tie me up, cover me in chocolate syrup and whipped cream, anything you want, baby. Now, how does that sound?" She said, "That sounds fantastic... but for an outside line you need to press 9." A hooker was visiting her doctor for a regular checkup. "Any specific problems you should tell me about?" the doctor asked. "Well, I have noticed lately that if I get even the tiniest cut, it seems to bleed for hours," she replied. "Do you think I might be a hemophiliac?" "Well," the doctor answered, "hemophilia is a genetic disorder and it is more often found in men, but it is possible for a woman to be a hemophiliac. Tell me, how much do you lose when you have your period?" After calculating for a moment, the hooker replied, "Oh, about seven or eight hundred dollars, I guess." A woman walks into her accountant's office and tells him that she needs to file her taxes. The accountant says, "Before we begin, I'll need to ask you a few questions." He gets her name, address, Social Security number, etc., and then asks, "What is your occupation?" "I'm a whore," she says. The accountant balks and says, "No, no, no, that won't work; too gross. Let's try to rephrase that." The woman says, "Okay, I'm a high-end call girl." "Sorry, that is still too crude. Try again." They both think for a minute, then the woman says, "How about 'elite chicken farmer'?" Stunned, the accountant asks, "What does chicken farming have to do with being a high-end call girl?" "Well, I raised over a thousand little peckers last year." A dedicated shop steward was at a convention in Las Vegas and decided to check out the local brothels. When he got to the first one, he asked the madam, "Is this a union house?" "No, I'm sorry, it isn't." "Well, if I pay you a hundred dollars, what cut do the girls get?" "The house gets eighty dollars and the girls get twenty dollars." Mighty offended at such unfair dealings, the man stomped off down the street in search of a more equitable shop. His search continued, until finally he reached a brothel where the madam said, "Why yes, this is a union house." "And if I pay you a hundred dollars, what cut do the girls get?" "The girls get eighty dollars and the house gets twenty dollars." "That's more like it!" the man said. He looked around the room and pointed to a stunningly attractive redhead. "I'd like her for the night." "I'm sure you would, sir," said the madam, gesturing to a fat fifty-year-old woman in the corner, "but Ethel here has seniority." A little old lady answered a knock on the door one day, only to be confronted by a well-dressed young man carrying a vacuum cleaner. "Good morning," said the young man. "If I could take a couple minutes of your time, I would like to demonstrate the very latest in high-powered vacuum cleaners." "Go away!" said the old lady. "I haven't got any money." She tried to close the door. Quick as a flash, the young man wedged his foot in the door and pushed it wide open. "Don't be too hasty!" he said. "Not until you have at least seen my demonstration." And with that, he emptied a bucket of horse shit all over her hallway carpet. "If this vacuum cleaner does not remove all traces of this horse shit from your carpet, Madam, I will personally eat the remainder." "Well," she said, "I hope you've got a good appetite,

because the electricity was cut off this morning." A guy walks into a bank and says to the teller at the window, "I want to open a f***in' checking account." To which the lady replied, "I beg your pardon, what did you say?" "Listen up, dammit, I said I want to open a f***in' checking account right now." "Sir, I'm sorry, but we do not tolerate that kind of language in this bank!" The teller left the window and went over to the bank manager and told him about her situation. They both returned and the manager asked, "What seems to be the problem here?" "There's no damn problem," the man said. "I just won \$50 million in the lottery and I want to open a f***in' checking account in this damn bank!" "I see, sir," the manager said, "and this bitch is giving you a hard time?" There is a factory in East Texas that makes the Tickle Me Elmo toys. The toy laughs when you squeeze it. Loretta is hired at the Tickle Me Elmo factory, and she reports for her first day promptly at 8 a.m. The next day at 8:45 a.m., there is a knock at the personnel manager's door. The foreman throws open the door and begins to rant about Loretta. He complains that she is incredibly slow and the whole line is backing up, putting the entire production line behind schedule. The personnel manager decides he should see this for himself, so the two men march down to the factory floor. When they get there, the line is so backed up that there are Tickle Me Elmos all over the factory floor and they're really beginning to pile up. At the end of the line stands Loretta, surrounded by mountains of Tickle Me Elmos. She has a roll of plush red fabric and a huge bag of small marbles. The two men watch in amazement as she cuts a little piece of fabric, wraps it around two marbles, and begins to carefully sew the little package between Elmo's legs. The personnel manager bursts out laughing. After several minutes of hysterics, he pulls himself together and approaches Loretta. "I'm sorry," he says to her, barely able to keep a straight face, "but I think you misunderstood the instructions I gave you yesterday. Your job is to give Elmo two test tickles." What happens when I'm at work and I have to poop? We've all been there, but don't like to admit it. We've all kicked back in our cubicles and suddenly felt something abrew down below. As much as we try to convince ourselves, the work poop is inevitable. For those of you who hate pooping at work as much as we do, we give you **THE SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR TAKING A DUMP AT WORK** Memorize these definitions and pooping at work will become a pure pleasure: **ESCAPEE**: A fart that slips out while taking a leak at the urinal or forcing poop in a stall. This is usually accompanied by a sudden wave of panic/embarrassment. This is similar to the hot flash you receive when passing a police car while speeding. If you release an escapee, do not acknowledge it. Pretend it did not happen. If you are standing next to the farter at the urinal, pretend that you did not hear it. No one likes an escapee, it is uncomfortable for all involved. Making a joke or laughing makes both parties feel uneasy. **JAILBREAK** (used in conjunction with escapee): When forcing a poop, several farts slip out at a machine gun's pace. This is usually a side effect of diarrhea or a hangover. If this should happen, do not panic; remain in the stall until everyone has left the bathroom so as to spare everyone the awkwardness of what just occurred. **COURTESY FLUSH**: The act of flushing the toilet the instant the nose cone of the poop log hits the water and the poop is whisked away to an undisclosed location. This reduces the amount of air time the poop has to stink up the bathroom. This can help you avoid being caught doing the **WALK OF...**