Have a laugh.

A blind man enters a Ladies' Bar by mistake. He finds his way to a bar stool and orders a drink. After sitting there for a while he yells to the bartender, "Hey, you wanna hear a blonde joke?" The bar immediately falls absolutely quiet. In a very angry voice, the woman next to him says, "Before you tell that joke, sir, you should know five things: One - The bartender is a blonde girl. Two - The bouncer is a blonde girl. Three - I'm a six-foot, 200-pound blonde woman with a black belt in karate. Four - The woman sitting next to me is blonde and is a professional weightlifter. Five - The lady to your right is a blonde and is a professional wrestler. Now think about it seriously, Mister. Do you still wanna tell that joke?" The blind man thinks for a second, shakes his head, and declares, "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times."

A new young monk arrives at the monastery. He's assigned to help the other monks in copying the old canons and laws of the church by hand. He notices, however, that all of the monks are copying from copies, not from the original manuscript. The new monk goes to the Abbot and points out that if someone made even a small error in the first copy, it would never be picked up. In fact, that error would be continued in all of the subsequent copies. The Abbot says, "We've been copying from the copies for centuries, but you make a good point, my Son." So he goes down into the dark caves underneath the monastery where the original manuscript is held in a locked vault that hasn't been opened for hundreds of years. Hours go by and nobody sees the old Abbot. Eventually, the young monk gets worried and goes downstairs to look for him. He sees the Abbot banging his head against the wall, sobbing uncontrollably. "Father, what's wrong?" asks the young monk. With a choking voice, the old Abbot replies "The word is 'celebrate'."

Two brothers, a seven-year-old and a four-year-old, are upstairs in their bedroom one morning. "You know what?", says the seven-year-old. "I think it's about time we started swearing." The four-year-old nods his head in approval, so the seven-year-old continues. "When we go downstairs for breakfast I'm gonna swear first, then you swear after me, okay?" "Okay, okay," the four-year-old agrees with enthusiasm. So they go downstairs and their mother walks into the kitchen and asks the seven-year-old what he wants for breakfast. "Oh Sh*t Mum, I guess I'll have some Coco Pops." THWACK! He flies out of his chair, tumbles across the kitchen floor, gets up and runs upstairs crying his eyes out. The mother turns to the four-year-old and asks with a stern voice, "And what do YOU want for breakfast, young man?" "I don't know," the four-year-old blubbers, "but it won't be f*cking Coco Pops."

One day a man died and found himself in Hell. As he was wallowing in despair, he had his first meeting with a demon. The demon asked, “Why so glum?” The man responded, “Why do you think? I’m in Hell!” “Hell’s not so bad,” the demon said. “We actually have a lot of fun down here. You a drinking man?” “Sure,” the man said. “I love to drink.” “Well you’re gonna love Mondays then. On Mondays all we do is drink. Whiskey, tequila, Guinness, wine coolers, Diet Coke and vodka. We drink till we throw up and then we drink some more!” The man was astounded. “Crikey, that sounds great.” “You a smoker?” the demon asked. “You better believe it!” “You’re gonna love Tuesdays. We get the finest cigars from all over the world and smoke our lungs out. If you get cancer, no biggie. You’re already dead, remember?” “Wow,” the man said, “that’s awesome!” The demon continued. “I bet you like to gamble.” “Why yes, as a matter of fact I do.” “Wednesdays you can gamble all you want. Craps, blackjack, roulette, poker, slots, whatever. If you go bankrupt, well, you’re dead anyhow. You into drugs?” The man said, “Are you kidding? I love drugs! You don’t mean” “That’s right! Thursday is drug day. Help yourself to a great big bowl of crack, or smack. Smoke a doobie the size of a submarine. You can do all the drugs you want, you’re dead, who cares!” “Wow,” the man said, starting to feel better about his situation. “I never realized Hell was such a cool place!”

The demon said, “You gay?” “No.” “Ooooh, you’re gonna hate Fridays.”

A man walks into a nightclub one night. He goes straight up to the bar and asks for a beer. "Certainly sir, that'll be ten pence," replies the bartender. "Ten pence?" exclaims the man. "Yes, ten pence," the bartender replies. So the man glances over at the menu and asks, "Could I have a nice juicy T-Bone steak with chips, peas and a fried egg?" "Certainly, sir," replies the bartender, "but that comes to real money." "How much money?" enquires the man. "Forty pence," the bartender replies. "Forty pence?" exclaims the man. "Where is the guy who owns this place?" The bartender replies, "He's upstairs with my wife." "What's he doing upstairs with your wife?" asks the man. The bartender replies, "The same thing I'm doing to his business."