

Farting

This is a story about a couple who had been happily married for many years. The only friction in their marriage was the husband's habit of farting loudly every morning when he awoke. The noise would wake his wife and the smell would make her eyes water and make her gasp for air.

Every morning, post-fart, she would plead with him to stop ripping them off because it was making her sick. He told her he couldn't stop it and that it was perfectly natural. She told him to see a doctor, as she was concerned that one day he would blow his guts out.

The years went by and he continued to rip them out! Then one Christmas morning as she was preparing the turkey for dinner and he was upstairs sound asleep, she looked at the bowl where she had put the parts of the turkey which are not used - the neck, gizzard, liver and all the spare parts , you know "The Giblets" - and a malicious thought came to her.

She took the bowl and went upstairs where her husband was sound asleep and, gently pulling back the bed covers, she pulled back the elastic waistband of his underpants and emptied the bowl of turkey guts etc into the back of them.

Some time later she heard her husband waken with his usual trumpeting which was followed by a blood curdling scream and the sound of frantic footsteps as he ran into the bathroom. The wife could hardly control herself as she rolled on the floor laughing, tears in her eyes! After years of torture she reckoned she had got him back pretty good.

About twenty minutes later, her husband came downstairs in his bloodstained underpants with a look of horror on his face. She bit her lip as she asked him what's the matter.

He said, "You were right. All these years you have warned me and I didn't listen to you."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"Well, you always told me that one day I would end up farting my guts out, and today it finally happened but by the grace of God, some Vaseline, and two fingers, I think I got most of them back in."