

MoNdAy FuNnIeS

9 July 2001 >From Cordell & Janice Vail
Our attempt to help you smile every Monday Morning

Wisdom For The Week:

(Contributed by Arnold Conrad..... Thanks Arnold)

Sometimes, we wonder why friends keep forwarding jokes, poems, and stories to us without writing a word, maybe this could explain:

When you are very busy, but still want to keep in touch,
guess what you do: you forward jokes.

When you have nothing to say, but still want to keep contact, you
forward jokes.

When you have something to say, but don't know what, and don't know
how, you forward jokes.

And to let you know that you are still remembered, you are still
important, you are still loved, you are still thought and cared
about, guess what you get?

A forwarded joke from me.

So my friend, next time if you get a joke, don't think that I have
sent you just a joke, but that I have thought of you today and wanted
to send you a smile. :0)

FROM OUR MAIL BOX

FROM JANET THURSTON:
Last weeks funnies about women
ha ha ha ha ha
Janet

FROM ARNIE DEWALT:
Just want to say thanks !!!
We really enjoy these.
Arnie

FROM DAN BRINK:

Cordell,

Get a life!

Dan

PS I need to also.

MoNdAy FuNnIeS

(Contributed by Virginia Reeves..... Thanks Virginia)

A True Story

On a recent weekend trip to Atlantic city, a woman won a bucketful of quarters at a slot machine. She took a break from the slots for dinner with her husband in the hotel dining room. But first, she wanted to stash the quarters in her room. "I'll be right back and we'll go to eat," she told her husband and she carried off the coin-laden bucket to the elevator.

As she was about to walk into the elevator, she noticed two men already aboard. Both were black. One of them was BIG...Very BIG...an intimidating figure. The woman froze. Her first thought was, "These two are going to rob me." Her next thought was, "Don't be a bigot, they look like perfectly nice gentlemen." But racial stereotypes are powerful, and fear immobilized her. She stood and stared at the two men. She felt anxious, flustered, ashamed. She hoped they didn't read her mind, but knew they surely did. Her hesitation about joining them on the elevator was all too obvious. Her face was flushed. She couldn't just stand there, so with a mighty effort of will, she picked up one foot and stepped forward and followed with the other foot, and was suddenly on the elevator. Avoiding eye contact, she turned around stiffly and faced the elevator doors as they closed. A second passed, and then another, and then another as her fear increased!

The elevator didn't move and panic consumed her. "My God," she thought. "I'm trapped and about to be robbed!" her heart plummeted. Perspiration poured out of every pore. Suddenly, one of the men said, "Hit the floor."

Instinct told her, "Do what they tell you," and the bucket of quarters flew upwards as she threw out her arms and collapsed on the elevator floor. A shower of coins rained down on her as she prayed that they would just take her money and spare her. More seconds passed. It seemed like an eternity. Then one of the men said, "Ma'am, if you'll just tell us what floor you want, we'll push the button."

The one who said it had a little trouble getting the words out, as he was trying desperately to hold in a gut wrenching belly laugh.

She lifted her head and looked up at the two men, as they reached down to help her up. Confused, she struggled to her feet.

"When I told my man here to hit the floor," said the averaged sized man, "I meant that he should hit the button for our floor. I didn't mean for you to hit the floor ma'am." He spoke genially, as he bit his lip. It was obvious that he was having a hard time not laughing.

She just stood there and thought, "My God, what a spectacle I've made of myself." She was too humiliated to speak. She wanted to blurt out an apology, but words failed her. How do you apologize to two perfectly respectable gentlemen for behaving as though they were about to rob you? She didn't know what to say. The three of them gathered up the strewn quarters and refilled her bucket.

When the elevator arrived at her floor, they insisted on walking her to her room. She seemed a little unsteady on her feet, and they were afraid she might not make it down the corridor. At her door, they bid her a good evening and turned to go.

As she slipped into her room, she could hear them roaring with laughter while they walked back to the elevator. She pulled herself together and went back downstairs for a dinner with her husband.

The next morning, flowers were delivered to her room--a dozen roses, and attached to each rose was a crisp one hundred dollar bill. The card said: "Thanks for the best laugh we've had in years."

It was signed...
Eddy Murphy and Michael Jordan



Make it a wonderful and happy week!!!!
The happy friends in your life,
Cordell & Janice Vail
www.cordellvail.com
Copyright 2001 By Cordell Vail - All Rights Reserved



CLICK HERE TO GO TO:

2001 index: <http://www.mondayfunnies.com/mf2001>
Previous Joke: <http://www.mondayfunnies.com/mf2001/010702.pdf>
Next Joke: <http://www.mondayfunnies.com/mf2001/010716.pdf>