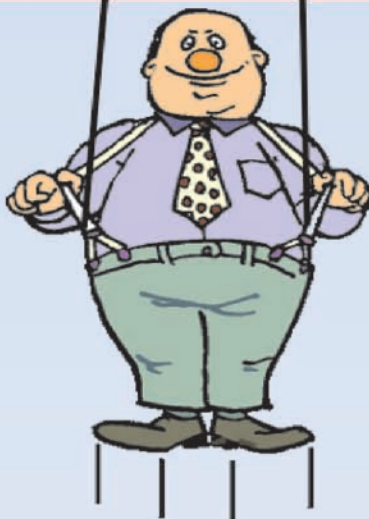


R.K. Murthi

Rib-Tickling JOKEs



*LAUGH YOUR WAY
TO LONG LIFE*



V&S PUBLISHERS

Rib-Tickling JOKEs



**LAUGH YOUR WAY
TO LONG LIFE**

R.K. Murthi

 **V&S PUBLISHERS**

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DEDICATION

To All the Middle Writers
May Their Tribe In-

Contents

<i>Author's Note</i>	7	Dress.....	39
A		Driver's Tales	40
Adam & Eve.....	9	Drunks	43
Ads	10	E	
Alert Readers	12	Editor	45
Animal Crackers	14	Elections.....	47
Apology	15	Experience.....	47
Art.....	17	F	
B		Falling Off.....	49
Brag	19	Fools	49
Bulls and Bears	19	Form Filling.....	49
C		G	
Caught on the		Gambling.....	50
Wrong Foot	22	H	
Children.....	27	Hijacking History	52
Client.....	32	Humour in Uniform	54
Computer	33	I	
Critic.....	35	Imprecision.....	57
Cross Purposes.....	36	J	
D		Just Smoke	59
Deadly Stroke.....	37	Judicial Darts.....	60
Doctors.....	37		
Domestic Tiff	38		

K

Knowledge 62

L

Law 63

Light Banter 67

Loose Lips 69

M

Maddening Replies 70

Man and Woman 72

Mistaken Identity 74

Money Matter 75

N

Nurse 78

O

Officialese 79

Oh! God 80

P

Pay Rise 87

Political Jokes 88

Priest 92

Pun 93

R

Reason 95

Reason and Unreason... 96

Red Humour 97

Rising to the Occasion 101

S

Safety Tactics 106

Sharp Snipe 107

Spelling Trouble 109

T

Tax 110

Telephone Trouble 111

T-Shirt Slogans 113

That's Business 114

This English 115

Time 117

Tips to Travellers 118

W

Weather 119

What's in a Name? 119

What's that Again? 121

Will 122



Author's Note

God be praised! He has gifted man the ability to laugh, buttressed it by providing most people with a sense of humour. Effectively used, it smooths ruffled feathers, averts ugly confrontations, defuses anger, silences the foul mouth, takes the wind out of the sails of the brag and the conceited, dispels gloom and tears, inducts cheer and bonhomie.

Show me a man who doesn't laugh at good jokes! And I can show you a man whose soul is so dead that he rightfully belongs to the world of the dead. He is a ghost, walking the world of the living. This book is not for those, who like this man, have forgotten what it is to laugh, lost the ability eons ago and trudge, with weary feet, casting gloom wherever they go.

This book is a mixed bag. It contains original jokes I had shared with friends, relations and acquaintances during interaction with them. It also draws from a variety of jokes I read, in books or came across in newspapers and magazine during the last forty years and recorded in my diary, which may well be called the Writer's Notebook. So this is a priceless collection of jokes that tickled me a lot. Share them with others, play with them deftly and see how they seek you out and your company and tell you to your face that you are an invaluable asset, a fairy spirit with a magic wand that inducts mirth and merriment into even the most prosaic and colourless

of settings. In brief, you become the priceless gem much sought after by society, look upon you as the star of the show at social gatherings.

How many books can stake such a claim? Don't chaff at it, dismiss the claim as one that comes with a bang and ends with a whimper. That is not true as far as this book is concerned. It comes with a burst of laughter and tickles the audience with the best of jokes. Not once does the flash of wit wilt or flag.

Need anything more be said to recommend this book as one to possess? Have it always within reach. Pick it up when you feel out of sorts, down in the dumps. Turn to any page. Instantly your spirits shall be revived; and you shall feel light and gay.

Can one ask for anything more!

New Delhi
4.6.2000

—R.K. Murthi

Adam & Eve

Adam was feeling terribly bored in the Garden of Eden. How long can one stay all alone!

"I want company," said he to God.

"Fine. But I need something to shape a companion."

"You can't create something out of nothing?"

"I can. But it would be just of the air, airy. You want something of the earth, earthy. How about giving me your arm. I shall turn it into....? "No, God. I hate the idea of being one-handed."

"Then give a leg?"

"Not till I am alive."

"Then what can you spare?" God asked.

"Let me think," Adam started counting his eyes, his nose and then his ribs. His eyes brightened. "Take a rib. Just one rib," he smiled at God.

God removed the rib, waved his hand and changed it into Eve.

Adam wasn't pleased. He scowled, "This is to be my companion?" God walked away saying, "What more did you expect of a rib?"



St Peter organized a millennium party and sent out invitations to all the angels and saints. He had

their addresses. But he ran into trouble when he wanted to invite Adam and Eve. He told his secretary, "Can you send someone to invite Adam and Eve, the original ones who lived in the Garden of Eden?"

The secretary assigned an ace detective to do that. He had no problem tracking down the only couple who didn't have belly buttons."



Adam and Eve were the centre of a debate in which a politician, a doctor and an engineer were involved.

The doctor asserted that his was the oldest profession. "God created Adam and Adam demanded that he be given a companion. God demanded Adam to spare a rib which could be turned into a suitable companion. And that needed a delicate operation, one that demanded exceptional medical skill," so argued the doctor.

"Fine, as far as your argument goes. But you forget that someone struggled against the chaos and confusion that existed and constructed the earth in six days. That is where the engineering skill was first fully exploited," the engineer sounded quite confident that he had a perfectly sewed up case.

"I won't deny you just credit. But who do you think created the chaos and the confusion in the first place?" the politician had the last laugh.



Ads

Mary and Thomas were taking their breakfast.

Thomas turned the pages of the paper, while Mary started preparing tea. Thomas spotted an ad that

tickled him. He turned to her and said, "Here is an ad for a bridegroom."

"What's strange about it?"

"The ad is inserted by a woman. She says she is wealthy, attractive, stylish and controlling," Thomas paused.

"Did you say controlling?"

"Yes." Thomas nodded.

"I wonder whether anyone would bite that bait?" she was certain.

"But why?"



"Would you apply, if you were still a bachelor?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want a woman who loves to control," Thomas set the paper aside.

"Exactly. If this woman bags a man, I can only pray for him, *May God save you!*"



Believe it or not, this advertisement appeared in a London newspaper: "Sprinkle the magic mixture

on your flowerbeds and nothing will grow, thus leaving you with plenty of leisure for other things." The product must have been an instant success. For most marriages are between one of whom has green fingers and another who doesn't have them.



The company was in deep financial trouble. The Chief Executive Officer sent for the Advertisement Manager.

"Morning, Sir," the advertisement manager knocked at the door, gently, received the crisp, "Come in."

"Sit down," the CEO was curt.

"Thank you."

"Well, we are in deep trouble, man. Our debts are mounting. We have to economize. I am wondering whether we could cut down the amount we spend on ads."

"You might as well stop your watch to save time," the advertisement manager spat back, forcing the CEO to drop the ill-conceived idea.



Alert Readers

A letter by Eleanor published in *The Washington Post*, (March 25, 2000):

Following some physiotherapy treatment, I was sent a questionnaire addressed to me care of my parents or guardian. I am 91 years old. After receiving three such letters, I wrote back: "Since my mother and father would be around 120 years old if they were alive, and are difficult to reach at the moment, and I am not senile enough to need a guardian, there is no one here to answer your questions."

