

Things You Didn't Know

Funny Stories and Jokes



That You Didn't Know

Puzzles and Quotes

The following were sent to The People News by our readers. If you know a joke or interesting story, please send it to The People News and we will try to include it in an upcoming issue.

Ordering Pizza

This is so close to what is probably going to be happening in the future.

Operator: Thank you for calling Pizza Hut. May I have your national ID number?

Customer: Hi, I'd like to place an order.

Operator: I must have your NIDN first, sir.

Customer: My National ID Number, yeah, hold on, it's 6102049998-45-54610.

Operator: Thank you Mr. McNaughton. I see you live on Glenforest St., and the phone number is 494-2366. Your office number over at Lincoln Insurance is 745-2302 and your cell number is 266-2566. Email address is douglasmcn@home.net. Which number are you calling from sir?

Customer: Huh? I'm at home. Where'd you get all this information?

Operator: We're wired into the HSS, sir.

Customer: The HSS, what is that?

Operator: We're wired into the Homeland Security System, sir. This will add only 15 seconds to your ordering time.

Customer: (sighs) Oh well, I'd like to order a couple of your All-Meat Special pizzas.

Operator: I don't think that's a good idea, sir.

Customer: Whaddya mean?

Operator: Sir, your medical records and commode sensors indicate that you've got very high blood pressure and extremely high cholesterol. Your National Health Care provider won't allow such an unhealthy choice.

Customer: What?!?! What

do you recommend, then?

Operator: You might try our low-fat Soybean Pizza. I'm sure you'll like it.

Customer: What makes you think I'd like something like that?

Operator: Well, you checked out 'Gourmet Soybean Recipes' from your local library last week, sir. That's why I made the suggestion.

Customer: All right, all right. Give me two family-sized ones, then.....

Operator: That should be plenty for you, your wife and your four kids. Your 2 dogs can finish the crusts, sir. Your total is \$49.99.

Customer: Let me give you my credit card number.

Operator: I'm sorry sir, but I'm afraid you'll have to pay in cash. Your credit card balance is over its limit.

Customer: I'll run over to the ATM and get some cash before your driver gets here.

Operator: That won't work either, sir. Your checking account is overdrawn also.

Customer: Never mind! Just send the pizzas. I'll have the cash ready. How long will it take?

Operator: We're running a little behind, sir. It'll be about 45 minutes, sir. If you're in a hurry you might want to pick them up while you're out getting the cash, but then, carrying pizzas on a motorcycle can be a little awkward.

Customer: Wait! How do you know I ride a scooter?

Operator: It says here you're in arrears on your car payments, so your car got repo'ed. But your Harley's paid for and you just filled the tank yesterday.

Customer: Well, I'll be a #%^&\$%^@#

Operator: I'd advise watching your language, sir. You've already got a July 4, 2003, conviction for cussing at a cop and another one I see here in September

for contempt at your hearing for cussing at a judge. Oh yes, I see here that you just got out from a 90 day stay in the State Correctional Facility. Is this your first pizza since your return to society?

Customer: (speechless)

Operator: Will there be anything else, sir?

Customer: Yes, I have a coupon for a free 2 liter of Coke.

Operator: I'm sorry sir, but our ad exclusionary clause prevents us from offering free soda to diabetics. The New Constitution prohibits this..... Thank you for calling Pizza Hut.

Doughboy Obituary

It is with the saddest heart that I pass on the following news. Please join me in remembering a great icon of the entertainment community. The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a yeast infection, and complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71. Doughboy is survived by his wife, Play Dough, two children, John Dough, and Jane Dough, who has one in the oven. He is also survived by his elderly father, Pop Tart. Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, The California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies and Captain Crunch. The gravesite was piled high with flours. Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded. Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked

schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times, he still, as a crusty old man, was considered a roll model for millions. The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes.

A Message for Pets

When I say to move, it means go someplace else, not switch positions with each other so there are still two of you in the way. The dishes with the paw prints are yours and contain your food. The other dishes are mine and contain my food. Please note, placing a paw print in the middle of my plate does not stake a claim for it becoming your food dish, (nor do I find that esthetically pleasing in the slightest). The stairway was not designed by NASCAR and is not a racetrack. Beating me to the bottom is not the object. Tripping me doesn't help because I fall faster than you can run. I cannot buy anything bigger than a king size bed. I am very sorry about this. Do not think I will continue to sleep on the couch to ensure your comfort. Look at videos of dogs and cats sleeping. They can actually curl up in a ball. It is not necessary to sleep perpendicular to each other stretched out to the fullest extent possible (I also know that sticking tails straight out and having tongues hanging out the other end to maximize space used is nothing but sarcasm). My compact disks are not miniature Frisbees. For the last time, there is not a secret exit from the bathroom. If by some miracle I beat you there and manage to get the door shut, it is not necessary to claw, whine, meow, try to turn the knob, or get your paw under the edge and try to pull the door open. I must exit through the same door I entered (in

addition, I have been using the bathroom for years, canine or feline attendance is not mandatory)! The proper order is kiss me, then go smell the other dogs or cats' butt. I cannot stress this enough. It would be such a simple change for you.

Rules for non-pet owners who visit and like to complain:

They live here; you don't. If you don't want their hair on your clothes, stay off the furniture. I like my pet better than I like most people. To you it's an animal. To me, he and/or she is an adopted son and/or daughter who is short, hairy, walks on all fours and is speech challenged. Dogs and cats are better than kids. They eat less, don't ask for money all the time, are easier to train, usually come when called, never drive your car, don't hang out with drug using friends, don't drink or smoke, don't worry about buying the latest fashions, don't wear your clothes, don't need a gazillion dollars for college, and if they get pregnant, you can sell the results.

The Sign in the Window

"We Would Rather Do Business With 1000 AL Qaeda Terrorists Than With One Single American!"

This sign was prominently displayed in the window of a business in Philadelphia. You are probably outraged at the thought of such an inflammatory statement. One would think that anti-hate groups from all across the country would be marching on this business and that the National Guard might have to be called to keep the angry crowds back. But, perhaps in these stressful times one might be tempted to let the proprietors simply make their

statement. We are a society which holds Freedom of Speech as perhaps our greatest liberty. And after all, it is just a sign. You may ask what kind of business would dare post such a sign?

Answer: A Funeral Home (Who said morticians had no sense of humor?)

What She Needs

A husband and wife came for counseling after 15 years of marriage. When asked what the problem was, the wife went into a passionate, painful tirade listing every problem they had ever had in the 15 years they had been married. She went on and on and on: neglect, lack of intimacy, emptiness, loneliness, feeling unloved and unlovable, an entire laundry list of un-met needs she had endured over the course of their marriage. Finally, after allowing this to go on for a sufficient length of time, the therapist got up, walked around the desk and, after asking the wife to stand, embraced and kissed her passionately. The woman shut up and quietly sat down as though in a daze. The therapist turned to the husband and said, "This is what your wife needs at least three times a week. Can you do this?"

The husband thought for a moment and replied, "Well, I can drop her off here on Mondays and Wednesdays, but on Fridays, I fish."

Pallbearers

An elderly woman died last month. She never had a boyfriend, and she had never been married. As her last request, she requested to have no male pallbearers.

In her handwritten instructions for her memorial service, she wrote:

"They wouldn't take me out while I was alive, I don't want them to take me out when I'm dead."