

passin' gas

A blonde and her date drove to Lover's Lane and began making out. The man thought he might get lucky so he asked her if she wanted to climb into the back seat. "No," she said.

The man figured she wasn't ready yet, so he kept kissing her. Things got pretty hot and the man thought he should try again. "No," the blonde replied a second time.

Before long, the blonde was down to her bra and panties. "Do you want to get into the back seat yet?" the man asked.

"For the last time, no," the blonde said.

Frustrated, the man asked, "Well, why the hell not?"

The blonde looked up at him and said, "Because I want to stay up here with you."

Burt Whitcomb

Palmdale, California

Young Timmy O'Shaughnessy goes in for confession and said, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I have been with a loose girl."

"And who might be the girl you were with?" the priests asked.

"I can't tell you," Timmy said. "It would ruin her reputation."

"Was it Brenda O'Mally?" the priest asked.

"No, father."

"Was it Patricia Fitzgerald?"

"No, father."

"Lisa O'Shanter?"

"No, father."

"Very well," the priest said. "Say five Our Fathers and four Hail Marys."

Timmy went back to his pew and his friends asked, "What did you get?"

Timmy smiled and said, "Five Our Fathers, four Hail Marys, and three good leads."

Tim Jennings

Strafford, New Hampshire

Why is air a lot like sex? Because it's no big deal unless you're not getting any.

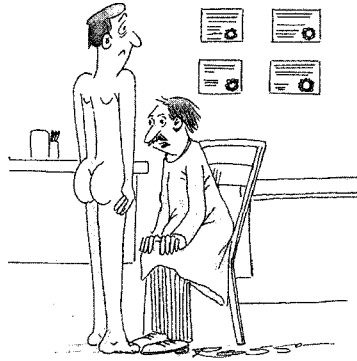
Greg Cook

National City, California

MASSAGE PARLOR



"I don't care what you heard.
A massage will cost you \$50 extra."



"She must have really been mad! I've never seen one tied in a knot before."

A man and a woman were driving down the road, arguing about his deplorable infidelity. Suddenly, the woman reached over and cut off the man's penis! Angrily, she tossed it out the car window.

Driving behind the couple was a man and his six-year-old daughter. The little girl was chatting away at her father when, all of a sudden, this penis smacked their car's windshield, stuck there for a moment, then flew off.

Surprised, the daughter asked her father, "Daddy, what the heck was that?"

Shocked, but not wanting to expose his little girl to anything sexual at such a young age, the father replied, "It... it was only a bug, honey."

The daughter sat with a confused look on her face, and after a moment said, "Sure had a big dick, didn't it?"

Bob Grinch

Ridgewood, New Jersey

A biker walks into a convenience store at about 2:30 in the morning. He walks up to the cashier and asks, "Where are your tampons?"

The clerk says, "Right down on aisle three, on the end to the left."

The biker disappears down the aisle and about 45 minutes later returns, carrying toilet paper and cotton balls.

The cashier starts to ring him up and says, "You know, I know it's none of my business, but I thought you were here for tampons."

The bikers says, "Well, last week I sent my ol' lady out for smokes and she came back with Zig-Zags and tobacco. By God, the fucking bitch can roll her own too!"

G. Cook

National City, Pennsylvania

A prospect walked into a bar and ordered a beer. The bartender placed a coaster and a beer on the countertop. A few minutes later the prospect ordered another beer and when the barman brought it, he noticed the coaster had disappeared so he gave him another one. A couple of minutes later, another beer, and again, the coaster was missing. This time he put the beer down without a coaster.

"Hey!" cried the prospect. "What about my cookie?"

David Chance

Ogden, Utah

John was visiting a friend in the hospital. He recently quit smoking and was chewing on an unlit cigar when he got on the elevator.

A woman on the elevator said to him with a snarl, "Sir, there's no smoking in here!"

"I'm not smoking, lady," replied John.

"But you have a cigar in your mouth!" the woman said.

"Lady," John answered, "I'm wearing Jockey shorts too, but I'm not riding a horse."

R. Meyerson

W. Palm Beach, Florida

John the farmer is in the fertilized egg business. He had several hundred young layers (hens) called pullets and 10 roosters whose job it was to fertilize the eggs (for you city folks).

The farmer kept records and any rooster that didn't perform went into the soup pot and was replaced. That took an awful lot of his time, so he bought a set of tiny bells and attached them to his roosters. Each bell had a different tone so John could tell from a distance which rooster was performing. Now he could sit on the porch and fill out an efficiency report simply by listening to the bells.

The farmer's favorite rooster was old Butch and a very fine specimen he was, too. But on one particular morning, John noticed old Butch's bell hadn't rung at all! John went to investigate. The other roosters were chasing pullets, bells-a-ringing. The pullets, hearing the roosters coming, would run for cover. But to Farmer John's amazement, old Butch had his bell in his beak, keeping it from ringing. He'd sneak up on a pullet, do his job, and walk on to the next one.

John was so proud of old Butch, he entered him in the County Fair. He became an overnight sensation among the judges. The result was that the judges not only awarded old Butch the No Bell Piece Prize, but they also awarded him the Pullet-surprise as well.

Clearly, old Butch was a politician in he making: Who else but a politician could figure out how to win the most highly-coveted awards on our planet by being the best at sneaking up on the populace and screwing them when they weren't paying attention!

J. Martinez

Dallas, Texas

Face it—everybody can use a good laugh now and then. That ain't to say you're gonna find one on these pages, but whatdahell, we hadda fill the space somehow, and you're at least bound to run into a gut-grabbin' groaner or two. Think you can do any better? Prove it. Send us your best stuff. We'll pay \$40 in hard, American cash for every knee-slappin' newie or moldy oldie that we print. Sorry, but contributions can be neither acknowledged nor returned. Send yer smilers to: Jokes, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3000, or e-mail them to us at PaisanoPub@aol.com.