

Members Wives - A contribution from the fairer(?) sex - Subject: What are men like?

- Men are like ... Bank Accounts. Without a lot of money, they don't generate much interest.
- Men are like ... Blenders. You need one, but you're not quite sure why.
- Men are like ... Chocolate Bars. Sweet, smooth, and they usually head straight for your hips.
- Men are like ... Commercials. You can't believe a word they say.
- Men are like ... Computers. Hard to figure out and never have enough memory.
- Men are like ... Coolers. Load them with beer and you can take them anywhere.
- Men are like ... Copiers. You need them for reproduction, but that's about it.
- Men are like ... Crystal. Some look real good, but you can still see right through them.
- Men are like ... Government Bonds. They take so long to mature.
- Men are like ... Horoscopes. They always tell you what to do and are usually wrong.
- Men are like ... Lava Lamps. Fun to look at, but not all that bright.
- Men are like ... Mascara. They usually run at the first sign of emotion.
- Men are like ... Popcorn. They satisfy you, but only for a little while.
- Men are like ... Used Cars. Both are easy to get, cheap, and unreliable.
- Men are like ... Floor Tiles. If you lay them right the first time, you can walk all over them for years.
- Men are like ... Parking Spots. The good ones are already taken and those left left are handicapped or extremely small.
- Men are like ... Snow Storms. You don't know when they're coming, how many inches you'll get or how long they'll last.
- Men are like ... Newborn babies. They're cute at first, but you get tired of cleaning up their crap.

Have you heard about the new Computer Virus?
 Called the Lewinsky Virus - it sucks all the memory out of your hard drive - then emails everyone in your address book to tell them what it did!
 Then there's the Viagra Virus - it can make a new hard-drive out of an old floppy!

Q. What was the first insult?
 A. When Eve said to Adam, "You could get by with a smaller fig leaf."



Did you hear about the agnostic dyslexic insomniac? He stayed up all night wondering if there really is a dog.

This is a brick layer's accident report that was printed in the newsletter of the English equivalent of the Workers' Compensation Board.

Dear Sir

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of the accident reporting form. I put "Poor Planning" as the cause of my accident. You asked for a more complete explanation and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I had completed my work, I found I had some bricks left over which, when weighed later, were found to weigh 240 lbs. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went down and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow decent of the 240lbs of bricks.

You will note on the accident reporting form that my weight is 135 lbs. Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explains the fractured skull, minor abrasions, and the broken collarbone, as listed in Section 3, accident reporting form.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley which I mentioned in Paragraph 2 of this correspondence. Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience.

At approximately the same time however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel weighed approximately 50 lbs. I refer you again to my weight. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth and severe lacerations of my legs and lower body.

Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lesson my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, as I lay there on the pile of bricks, in pain, unable to move and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope.