My grandfather’s last words were “please stop tickling me”

There’s nothin better than baby cam footage of a cute little room with toys laid out like Barbie playhouse and all the sudden a deer or moose breaks in and starts KNOCKIN shit around

Babe, I’m telling you, they wouldn’t have left these trash bins on the side of the road if they weren’t free for the taking

Hello, nice to meet you! Oh please! Mister Epstein was my father.

My friend used to have a pet chicken. On her 10th birthday, her mother told her she had a surprise for her. They were to kill the chicken and eat it for dinner. Up until that day my friend had raised the chicken and loved it like a pet, but that night she would have to love it like a brother. A brother that you eat for dinner. She had a brother once.
Here’s the thing about mirrors: If you look into a mirror and say mirror mirror on the wall once, a fairy godmother will emerge. If you look into a mirror and say bloody mary three times, bloody mary will emerge. But if you say “was that you in my dream last night or just an angel in a you suit?” — the perfect pickup line — 100 or so times in the mirror, you’ll still screw it up when you try to say it to your crush the next day.

BOB’S DISCOUNT RENTAL HEARSES: Long story turned short: we rent out hearses because no one wants to tow a hearse. Even though more and more people are renting out hearses for city driving and convenient and safe illegal parking so that they won’t get towed, the city still won’t tow your rental hearse because even though they’ve caught on to the fact that now over 90% of the cars that are illegally parked in the city are rental hearses, the city doesn’t want to risk it and accidentally tow a real hearse.

IS IT REALLY AN ISSUE? TSA pulled me aside because I had two liters of blood in my stool.

We’ve got the BIGGEST slice in the city

TSA pulled me aside because I had two liters of blood in my stool.

I’m distantly related to Adam from the Bible so I make 30 cents every time a copy is sold.
Say what you will about Mark David Chapman, if anyone was gonna be shot and killed on the streets of New York City, it was gonna be John Lennon.

I knew a girl who told me that she didn't like to amuse herself with physical objects. Her least favorite of the seven deadly sins would have been gluttony if she picked favorites, but picking favorites was another thing that she didn't like to amuse herself with. If the girl had a house, which she didn't because it's a physical object that would have amused her, she wouldn't have a bed and she'd live on the top floor because it's the furthest point from the ground (a place where amusing things happen), but she wouldn't have a floor because it'd look too much like the ground and it'd amuse her too much, so she'd fall straight to the ground.

LESSONS IN PICK-UP LINES
It's so hot out you could fry an egg on the sidewalk. But why don't you come inside where it's cooler and fry an egg on my stove?

I woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning—underneath of it.

You listened to 2,900,292 minutes of music this year, and it was all ass!

Make sure you put on your own oxygen mask first and do NOT go head first down the big slide into the ocean.
A POEM:

An old ballerina
Like really old
But she used to be the everything of the ballet world
Radio City Music Hall and Carnegie Hall and all those
Lauded by all and the press loves her and she is the moment!
And now she’s doing a farewell tour
30 years after her last show
She puts on her tutu from the iconic Sydney opera house
Performance
In 1976
It’s the first time she’s worn it since
The standing ovation
In 1976
It still fits her too
But she can’t do these jumps anymore
But she’s doing the same routine?
Everybody is dying to see it
Her last time performing
Before her death I presume
Royal Albert Hall sold out
Pyrotechnics
Choreography, darling
But she walks onto stage
Old very old
She can’t do the dance
But she tries
Willing herself in wrinkled skin and fine lace tutu
We’ll see what happens I suppose

Don’t chew grass if you’re afraid
of gettin’ some dirt in your nose...

And before you answer, let me ask you this: had you any idea
that Michael Jordan was cut from his freshman year basketball team?

“Sorry, this eBook is currently in use.”

Are you fucking joking me?

If you want me to be God-fearing tell
God he should bear his teeth or fold his eyelids up or put both of his legs behind his head or do something else scary
With their curbly wurbly \textit{wounds}, and their hobbly wobbly \textit{guns}, General Mischief’s \textit{army} was prepared to take on any haphazard second-helpings that Colonel \textit{Clumsy} had in store for his opposition. First, of course, they had to crawl \textit{under} the sea of \textit{delirious} doubloons, jump the table sharks, hide Flanagan’s ancient flag, and circle back to where they began. Next, you’re well aware, they were required to hike up the side of Mount Margarita, slide to the bottom of Vampire Volcano, drink the Lava Lazuli, and sneezeak to the bottom of O’leary’s ancient Ocean. Last, and most importantly, they were not to wake up the sleeping Curtsy Wurtsy, for if that was to happen, they would get sent to the maximum security trouble wubble penitentiary.

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All it takes is one look at Rick Rubin to see that he’s got it all figured out.

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EVERYTHING is made of cells.

Jesus Christ

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I don’t know what \textquote{\textit{sexual orientation}} is, but I will fuck anything so long as it moves.

Yeah so the first problem is that this revenge was served cold but then I found a hair in it and I couldn’t bear it anymore

Wood-Pecker turned Wood-French-Kisser
I met this guy at the bar last night. We talked it up all all night, he bought me a couple drinks and then duh duh duh and duh duh duh I think you know what I’m talking about and then we went outside for a smoke. Six am. Broad daylight. He looked at me, and I’m sure you know what he said. He said “what’s your name,” that’s what he called me. Ha! He said ‘what’s your name.’ When they talk about broad daylight, I didn’t think they meant a broad in the daylight. Ha! And then we had sex on the street.

Class of 2072, take these things forth with you in life. Remember to always follow your dreams, live each day like it’s your last, and if you’re about to ejaculate in a dream, you are also about to ejaculate in real life.

Call me crazy but I’ve gotta say, this is the greatest fucking day of my life. I love my God. I love my snakes! And I love my family. Fuck you, fuck this town, the cops aren’t who they say they are.

Hi “Going-to-die-if-you-don’t-pass-me-my-epipen-right-now”, I’m dad

Less war, more TECHNOLOGY

“*This seems a bit redundant.*”
If ya ain’t got water to water the plants,
But ya do got piss to piss on ya pants,
Then take ya piss and piss on the plants,
And pray to power ya find some new pants.

When I fucked the police, I also came straight from the underground.

I am once again asking for your endorsements on my LinkedIn page

Its is possessive and it’s isn’t?
Well then why does it’s have an apostrophe then? Check. Mate.

Pocket Confession Booth:
repenting has never been easier.

Tell ya what, how bout we take another 5 minute break and we’ll come right back