



## Joke Sheet 2

### ACTION

Copy/print sufficient to give one copy to half the total number of participants (e.g. if you have 20 participants, print 10 copies of this page). Ensure you've printed the same number of Joke Sheet 1.

A man is driving across the country and comes upon a pig with a wooden leg. Curious, he found the pig's owner and asked, 'How'd your pig get a wooden leg?'

The farmer said, 'This pig is a ripper. One day, I got trapped under my tractor and this little fella went to the neighbours, and got them to come over and free me. This amazing pig saved my life!'

The traveller said, 'That is amazing! But how'd he end up with a wooden leg?'

The farmer went on, 'And another time, my house caught fire and I was trapped inside, unconscious. This darling pig ran through the flames, grabbed my arm in his mouth and dragged me to safety. He saved my life again!'

The traveller was stunned. 'That is incredible, but how'd your pig get a wooden leg?'

The farmer said, 'And last week I fell in the dam! I can't swim and started drowning. But this beautiful creature dived in, and pulled me out to safety. He'd saved my life *again!*'

The traveller was truly amazed. 'Wow! But still, how'd he get the wooden leg?'

The farmer replied, 'A unique creature. Can't eat a pig like that. At least ... not all at once.'

An artist had all his paintings hung at an exhibition. Wondering how it was going, he went in and asked the gallery owner if there had been any interest in his paintings on display.

'Well,' replied the gallery owner. 'I have good news and bad news.'

'What's the good news?' asked the artist.

'The good news is that a gentleman came in, looked over all your paintings, took me aside and inquired about your work.'

The artist became excited. 'What did he ask?'

'He wondered if it would appreciate in value after your death. When I told him it would, he bought all 15 of your paintings.'

'That's wonderful,' exclaimed the artist. 'But what's the bad news?'

'Oh. The guy was your doctor.'

A vampire bat flapped in from the night covered in fresh blood. He flew slowly to the roof of the cave, grabbed hold with his feet, and closed his eyes to get some sleep.

But all the other vampire bats in the cave could smell the fresh blood, and soon began hassling the tired bat about where he got it.

'Go away,' he muttered. 'Let me sleep.'

But the other bats bothered and pestered him until finally he gave in.

'Fine,' he said. 'I'll show you. Follow me.'

He flapped out of the cave with hundreds of other bats behind him. They winged down through a dark valley, across a glistening river and into a dim forest filled with trees. Finally, the tired bat slowed down and all the other bats excitedly gathered around him.

'Now, do you see that tall tree over there?' he asked.

'Yes, yes, yes!' screamed the other bats in a starving frenzy.

'Good,' said the first bat. 'Because I didn't.'

A kind-hearted fellow was walking through Hyde Park in Sydney when he noticed an old man casting a small fishing rod over a bed of red roses.

'Dear oh dear' said the passerby to himself. 'What a sorry sight. That poor old bloke thinks he can catch something in a flower bed. I'll suppose I should do something.'

So the kind fellow walked up to the old man and asked, 'What are you doing, old mate?'

'Fishing, sir.'

'Fishing?' said the kind fellow. 'Well, why not take a break and have lunch on me?'

The old man stood, put his rod away and followed the kind stranger to a bar near the park. He ordered a steak, a large glass of brandy and a fine cigar.

The kind fellow watched the old man enjoy his meal, drink and cigar, and felt good about helping the old man.

Finally, he asked, 'So, my elderly friend, how many did you catch today?'

The old man took a long drag on the cigar, blew a smoke ring and replied, 'You, sir, are the sixth today.'