
Subject: Some jokes...

Posted by [ohmybad](#) on Sun, 14 Sep 2003 19:24:59 GMT

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Steve had suffered from blinding headaches for many years, since his late teens. He decided to try one last time to remedy his situation and went to see a headache specialist.

The doctor said, "Good news is I can cure your headaches . The bad news is that it will require castration. You have a very rare condition which causes your testicles to press up against the base of your spine and the pressure creates one hell of a headache. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles."

Steve was shocked and depressed. He wondered if he had anything to live for. He couldn't concentrate enough to answer, but decided he had no choice but to go under the knife.

When he left the hospital he was without a headache for the first time in 20 years, but he felt like he was missing an important part of himself. As he walked down the street, he realized that he felt like a different person. He could make a new beginning and live a new life. He saw a men's clothing store and thought, "That's what I need a new suit."

Steve entered the shop and told the salesman, "I'd like a new suit." The elderly tailor eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see ... size 44 long."

Steve laughed, "That's right, how did you know?"
"Been in the business 60 years!"

Steve tried on the suit. It fit perfectly. As Steve admired himself in the mirror, the salesman asked, "How about a new shirt?" Steve thought for a moment and then said, "Sure." The salesman eyed Steve and said, "Let's see .. 34 sleeve and 16 and a half neck."

Steve was surprised, "That's right, how did you know?"

"Been in the business 60 years!"

Steve tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly. As Steve adjusted the collar in the mirror, the salesman asked, "How about new shoes?" Steve was on a roll and said, "Sure." The salesman eyed Steve's feet and said, "Let's see . . . 9-1/2 E."

Steve was astonished, "That's right, how did you know?"

"Been in the business 60 years!"

Steve tried on the shoes and they fit perfectly. As Steve walked comfortably around the shop the salesman asked, "How about some new underwear?" Steve thought for a second and said, "Sure." The salesman stepped back, eyed Steve's waist and said, "Let's see size 36."

Steve laughed, "Ah ha! I got you! I've worn size 32 since I was 18 years old."

The salesman shook his head, "You can't wear a size 32. A 32 underwear would press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache."
