

Two Old Men...

Written by Cosmic

Tuesday, 18 August 2009 11:04 - Last Updated Tuesday, 18 August 2009 11:04

TWO OLD MEN DECIDE THEY ARE CLOSE TO THEIR LAST DAYS AND DECIDE TO HAVE A LAST NIGHT ON THE TOWN. AFTER A FEW DRINKS, THEY END UP AT THE LOCAL BROTHEL.

THE MADAM TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE TWO OLD GEEZERS AND WHISPERS TO HER MANAGER, 'GO UP TO THE FIRST TWO BEDROOMS AND PUT AN INFLATED DOLL IN EACH BED. THESE TWO ARE SO OLD AND DRUNK, I'M NOT WASTING TWO OF MY GIRLS ON THEM. THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.'

THE MANAGER DOES AS HE IS TOLD AND THE TWO OLD MEN GO UPSTAIRS AND TAKE CARE OF THEIR BUSINESS.

AS THEY ARE WALKING HOME THE FIRST MAN SAYS, 'YOU KNOW, I THINK MY GIRL WAS DEAD!'

'DEAD?' SAYS HIS FRIEND, 'WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?'

'WELL, SHE NEVER MOVED OR MADE A SOUND ALL THE TIME I WAS LOVING HER.'

HIS FRIEND SAYS, 'COULD BE WORSE I THINK MINE WAS A WITCH.'

'A WITCH ?? . WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU SAY THAT?'

'WELL, I WAS MAKING LOVE TO HER, KISSING HER ON THE NECK, AND I GAVE HER A LITTLE BITE, THEN SHE FARTED AND FLEW OUT! THE WINDOW... TOOK MY TEETH WITH HER!'

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