



The Comedic Compilation

**Ten Jokes & Funny Stories Compiled
by Ethan McGuire**

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**"Everything is funny as long as it is happening to
somebody else."**

- Will Rogers

The Comedic Compilation is a pamphlet of jokes, funny stories, etc. compiled and published by Ethan McGuire. This is a reproduction of the first edition Ethan McGuire self-published between 2007 and 2011. Cover photo by Eveline de Bruin.

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"The Drowning Sailor"

Did you hear about the sailor they kicked off the submarine?

He liked sleeping with the windows open!

"Sir Ted of the Head"

There once was a knight named Ted,
Who preferred not to cover his head.
He fought in the rain,
Which ruined his brain,
And "Hmm," was all that he said!

"The Falling Fellow"

Did you hear about the guy who fell while cleaning windows outside the Empire State Building?

Every time he passed a floor, he yelled, "So far, so good!"

"The Unfortunate Victim"

A young fellow was walking through an unfamiliar part of town late one night.

Two muggers jumped out from the shadows and threw him to the ground. The young guy put up quite a fight, but the thugs overpowered him.

One of the criminals grabbed the man's wallet, looked inside, and threw it down in disgust.

"You put up all that fight for two bucks?" growled the mugger.

The fellow answered, "Shucks, no. I was worried you were gonna find the three hundred dollars I hid in my shoe!"

"Country Music"

Q: What is country music backwards?

A: You get your dog back, your truck back, your wife back . . .

"The Karate Dog"

One morning, an older gentleman pushes open the door of Harry's Pet Shop downtown.

"How may I help you, sir," a guy behind the counter asks.

"I'm looking for a watchdog," the older gentleman answers. "My wife is always home by herself, now that all our children are out of the house, and she doesn't feel safe any more. I need a dog that will warn her of anyone strange and a dog that will protect her, too."

"I have just the animal!" the proprietor says, disappearing behind a door in the wall.

He returns carrying a poodle under his arms. An average sized, harmless yip-yip. Nothing surprising.

"This is what you need, sir," the pet shop owner announces.

The gentleman sneers. "That thing! Why that poodle could not hurt a flea! Is this all you have?"

The store owner simply smiles, "I will demonstrate. Dog, karate that sign!"

At this, the poodle leaps from the man's arms and jerkily spots a sign in the window, reading "Dogs for Sale." The

poodle, growling and barking, jumps upon the sign and shreds it to bits; each letter in each word is torn into its own separate piece.

"I'll be!" the older man exclaims. "But surely that was only a chance. I will buy that dog if you show me more."

The owner tells the dog, "Karate that chair!"

The poodle obeys, and quicker than you can say "Potatoes!" the chair is reduced to splinters of wood, scraps of cloth, and furiously floating cotton balls.

A billfold is produced without another word.

An hour later, the man greets his wife with, "Ellie, I bought a watchdog for you."

Ellie stares and spurts, "That thing!"

"Ellie," grins the gentleman, "this dog is exactly what you need. This dog knows karate!"

Ellie snorts, "Karate, my foot!!!"

"The Toothless Coach and the Funny Guy"

Did you hear about the football coach who got his teeth knocked out?

He was showing a new player how to kick the ball. He held the football on the ground and said, "Now when I nod my head, kick it!"

“The Poor Freshman”

So, this freshman in college is going along, doing well in school. Then, to the regrettable detriment of his grades, he meets and falls instantly in love (he thinks) with a beautiful girl, a fellow student he knows nothing about.

He amasses as much information about her as is possible for him to do without actually meeting the person, and he is only encouraged. Others say this lady, named Bethany, is sweet, compassionate, caring, intelligent, understanding, etc. The freshman just can't wait to meet her!

There is one problem, though: He has never been able to talk with females. The more beautiful the girl, the more tongue-tied this freshman.

One spring day, the freshman finds out Bethany will visit the Better Than Nothing Café at noon. The freshman readies himself—all up—for an accidental meeting. He plans to arrive at the Better Than Nothing at 11:50 in the morning so that he can be sure to get a seat, from which he can wave Bethany over. Hopefully, she will sit beside him, and he can buy her lunch.

A guy in the freshman's chemistry class says he saw Bethany headed to the Better Than Nothing wearing a blue hoodie. The freshman runs all the way to the café,

but slows before walking through the door. He wishes to maintain an air of suavity.

As soon as the Better Than Nothing's badly painted glass door slams, the freshman spots Bethany. She is in a booth across the room, her back to him, her long black hair falling about her blue-hoodied shoulders.

He stands there, his tongue a knot as usual. He tries to move his feet, but they feel like rocks, boulders! He tries to call her name, but his mouth feels like sandpaper. This proceeds for a full five minutes.

Finally, the freshman roughly routes his senses into working order. He stumbles across the room and pauses once more before approaching the booth where he espies his love.

He forces his feet to hold him by the booth's side. He offers his hand, saying, "Uhm, hey! My name's B . . ."
The blue-hoodied form turns his head, revealing a bearded, long-nosed face beneath a lot of black hair.

"A Good Lake"

First Fisherman: "Is this a good lake for fish?"

Second Fisherman: "It must be. I haven't caught any yet."

"Me Hook"

Many years ago, my great-great-great-great-grandfather, Titus Mallory, was working at the docks of a harbor whose name no one remembers. One day, while he unloaded goods there, he saw a pirate. The pirate sat upon a crate, peering at the world through his one eye, resting his hook (which protruded from his arm in place of a hand) on the rail, and tapping his peg leg on the boards of the dock.

Titus approached the pirate, and they engaged in conversation. At some point, my quadruply great-grandfather asked, "So, Mr. Death-breath, how did you come by your peg leg?"

The pirate chortled. "Ho! It was during a furious gale. The ocean was sweepin' over the decks, and I was climbin' the ropes, when a wave came by and swept me into the churnin' waters. Me mates, they threw me a line. But before I made the ship, a great shark came by and bit me leg off!"

"My! My!" my ancestor sighed. "How did you come by your hook, then?"

Death-breath smiled. "Oh, we was boardin' a ship, a fine merchant vessel she was. I were dispatchin' men left and right with me sword and me pistol. I'd grabbed a hairy

fella' by the beard, when a cannonball came along and blew me arm off!"

"My! My!" Malory sighed once more. (His vocabulary was a bit limited.) "And, if you don't mind, tell me how you got your patch?"

"Hmm," the pirate groaned. "That story don't match the romance of the other twain. But I'll tell ye!

"It was a fine, clear day. I sat up above the riggin', high up. I was watchin' the clouds go by in the blue sky, when a seagull came along and 'Splat!' in me eye."

Titus frowned. "But . . . how did that do it? How did the flying feces of a fair foul of the sea separate you from your useful eye?"

"Weeell," Death-breath began. "It was the first day with me hook!"

Acknowledgements

"The Drowning Sailors," "The Unfortunate Victim," "Toothless Coach and the Funny Guy," and "A Good Lake" I pretty much copied (I changed some wordings and such) from Michael Dahl's book *The Everything Kids' Joke Book*. "Sir Ted of the Head" and "The Poor Freshman" I penned. I have heard "The Falling Fellow" told various times and in various ways; the version here is my adaptation. I heard "Country Music" told on "The Official Plugged In Podcast: Episode 088." My Dad found "The Karate Dog" on some website containing jokes and passed it on to me. I heard "Me Hook" from my favorite teacher ever, Mr. Harmon, while he was teaching Physical Science on Bob Jones Linc. All the jokes and funny stories told in this work may very well appear in different works under different names, as I gave each piece my own title. Thanks to Dad for making me create this compilation. I had a lot of fun doing it!