

## Girl Jokes

Clubs can't call their waitresses bunnies or other furry animal names.

Girls will go to the ends of the earth to find a man, they'll just make it look like the guy's doing it.

Females aren't looking for chump change, they're looking for a chump to gold-dig.

If Ladies Nights case successful: clubs will most likely lower the price to guys and raise it to girls. That means every guy who enters a club will have more money to buy girls drinks. True the girls will have to manipulate more drinks from the guys to make up for the increased admission cost, but I'm confident in their genetic ability to separate a man from his money. Of course, the girls will have to drink more but then they'll have more fun and so will us guys. An added benefit is that in the morning when they wake up with second thoughts about what they did the night before, they can do what they always do—blame men, in this case me, rather than the guys they partied with. It's a win-win situation for the guys, girls, and the clubs.

Asking girls whether they're in favor of Ladies Nights is like asking a beggar whether he's in favor of someone giving him money.

There's 3.3 billion girls in this world, figure you're attracted to 5%, factor in an active sexual life of 60 years and it works out to over 7000 babes a night. I'm still working on my first night.

Can't hate that which you lust after.

Give feminists a taste of their own medicine, hand back that poison apple; see how they like it.

Females can say what they want about guys and receive applauds and curtseys, but the moment a guy returns the favor—it's off with his head, or both heads.

Anyone, other than your wife or girl friend, demand a reason for the people you hang out with?

About as likely to win in the lower court as having a pretty young lady pay my way on a date.

At least at the Inquisition you got to appear before your judges, although you were probably tied to the rack, with the VAWA you never know who your judges are and they skip the rack and go right to finding you guilty.

Why should the Fed Govt involve itself in domestic disputes? It already can't do what it's supposed to.

It's a modern day witch hunt—only today the witches are doing the hunting.

VAWA advocates do the modern day equivalent of making voodoo dolls of men and sticking them with pins.

Don't we have enough hos already? Do we have to import them as well as breed them?

Yes, girls are a suspect class. Every time they open their mouths, I begin to suspect something.

Think of all the syndromes that have come up in recent years that allow females to get away with murdering their husbands, boyfriends, children and new born. So do you really want a female in a position of power? How do you know the next syndrome wouldn't be: They offended me, so I nuked them.

Look at what their bodies are built for. You don't use a car to fly the skies, a plane to sail the seas, or a boat to drive the highways.

The reason Feminists use the term gender instead of sex is that they don't want to be reminded of what they haven't had for decades.

Girls spend a lot of time, energy and some guy's money trying to look sexy. I'm not about to disappoint them by considering them genderey.

If we had invited homely girls to the prom we might have been spared this feminism.

Females always demean men for fighting for their rights in the hope that men will do what most guys have done—lay down and let girls drive right over their civil liberties, perhaps with a Mercedes Benz.

### Doctor Visit

Went to see my doctor the other day over some minor problem, as if at this stage of life—my third childhood, there are any minor problems.

A hot young nurse shows me into the examination room.

My doctor always has hot young nurses—maybe I should have been a doctor instead of a lawyer. As a lawyer, if I fool around with someone who works for me, or even a client. It's a violation of the code of ethics. Code of ethics for lawyers—now there's a joke.

So the hot young nurse shows me into the room, weighs me and takes my blood pressure—the usual.

Then she asks, how old are you?

To which I respond, you don't want to know and neither do I.

No, really how old are you?

Old enough to know better but don't.

Come on, how old?

Emotionally or physically?

Physically. The same age as the Universe, 13.7 billion years since everything in me was created back then.

She says, I'll just look it up on the computer, so I relented and gave her a ball park number. And no, I'm not going to tell you what it is.

I really hate this computer age. The Internet makes it impossible to exploit the infinite capacity for young ladies to delude themselves. Once they have your name, their nosy little fingers hit the Internet and they know everything you don't want them to know. How's a dirty old man suppose to get anywhere? Yes, I'm a dirty old man and I've been one since I was five.

Back to the hot young nurse. So she asks, are you afraid of falling down?

That surprised me. Nobody ever asked that before, so I thought, and said, yes, but only when I'm drunk.

Then she asks, can you feed yourself?

I wondered, what's with these questions. But I went along and answered truthfully—something that's hard for an attorney, and said, "Not with chop sticks."

Next question, Can you bath yourself?

Yes, but I'd rather have you do it. Do you think I'm 90 years old?

At that point, the doctor came in and she rushed out of the room as I yelled after her "I'm 25!"

### March Madness

The lawyers where I work at my day job set a pool for the NCAA basketball tournament?

I know nothing about basketball and never liked the sport, probably because I couldn't figure out how to dribble without looking at the ball. How are you going to shoot or pass the ball if you're always looking at where the ball's going after a bounce?

So, I had no intention of joining the pool for \$20 but then thought here's a chance to get back some of the money I wasted on a girl from the University of Kentucky that I went out with during law school. So I bet on Kentucky to win, it didn't but my pick got closer than anybody else's in the pool and I made a few hundred bucks.

Amazing, after all these years pursuing girls, I finally made some money because of a girl. But at this rate, I'll have to live to 2000 to break even.

With my winnings I bought chocolate Easter Eggs for the girls at work. Told them that Obamacare required them to use contraception with the eggs.

### Work

Why are you guys so disorganized? Is this a Millennial thing? Growing up, you guys thought logic didn't matter because that's how girls operated.

After winning the NCAA pool, I bought the ladies at work Godiva chocolate with liquor in the candies. I told them it wouldn't be my fault if they ended up with their clothes off. One of the guys then complained that I didn't buy anything for the guys. To which I replied, what? You want Mike to take his clothes off? Give me a break and one of ladies said to the complaining guy, we're going to tell your wife.

*What'd you get me?*

Stiletto heels so you can walk up and down my back in your teddy.

I'm escaping the estrogen in my office. Too much of that stuff is poisonous to a man.

### Night Clubbing

My buddy always complains that the girls are too young. I never complain. Once he got me to go to a mixer that advertised older ladies, 32 and up. Never again! Those babes looked like my mother, and she's dead.

### ABCNY niche marketing for lawyers

Key is to place yourself in the position of members of the market you're targeting so as to understand their values. Now all I have to do is imagine I'm an 18-25 year old female. Hmmm, I think I'll make myself a tall blonde with big balloons. You can call me Barbie. Do blondes have any values other than money?

### Hip hop class

Girls aren't friendly before the class but during and after when the endorphins and adrenalin are pumping in those nubile bodies, a heterosexual guy is the next best thing to non-cancer causing lipstick.

### Court

Appellate Division-First Department involves a fight with 5 judges at once. A black Feminist judge accused me of "inappropriate conduct" toward a City bureaucrat at the City Human Rights Commission. The bureaucrat, an Hispanic male, authored a decision saying I was not discriminated at a club based on age because clubs could enforce whatever image they chose. The club would not let me and a fellow gray hair buddy in unless we bought a \$350 bottle of

watered down, brand-less vodka. We declined. In the wetback's Order, excuse me, Hispanic's Order, he failed to put page numbers, which made citing statements in it really difficult. So I numbered the page with uno, dos, tres and so on. The self righteous, zealot Feminist judge called that "inappropriate." To which I responded, "The bureaucrat in an official government document, not only tried to make citing that document overly difficult in the hopes of deterring an appeal, but also insulted my marital status—divorced, my beliefs, the anti-feminist lawsuits I filed, and how I exercise my speech by having nothing good to say about my ex-wife. So in the spirit of quid pro quo—one bad turn deserves another—I insulted him by using Spanish for the page numbers. As is typical of these Feminists, she edited the facts to make me appear malicious by saying I erased the original numbers and then put in the Spanish words.

### Marriage

I have a computer to fight with—who needs a wife.