

Random Observations and Musings of

“Percepticlēs”

[Bard, Sage, and Soothsayer of Ancient Greece]
(actually by “Jess Ferlaughs,” with
profuse apologies for a couple naughty words)
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Dr. Watson to Sherlock Holmes: Holmes, what was the highest level of school you attended?
Holmes: Elementary, my dear Watson.

Dr. Watson to Sherlock Holmes: Holmes, what’s your favorite canal?
Holmes: Alimentary, my dear Watson.

(Actually, it’s been reported in several sources that Holmes never did say, “Elementary, my dear Watson.” However, he did say in response to remarks by Watson, “Elementary.”)

He who sees himself as being far more important (or whatever) than he really is. . . . is experiencing an optical delusion.

Boy, driving that big tractor around all day on 300 acres was really a harrowing experience!

In college, being the Secretary of Education means that you’re the one who takes notes for all the students who didn’t bother to come to class.

How do math whizzes say goodbye to each other? Calc you later!

How many golfers does it take to change a light bulb? **FORE!**

Then there was the angry golfer who was always teed off.

Question: Is that a gnat?
Answer: Gno.

Exactly what illness did the cured ham once have?

The first hydrogen bomb was set off at Eniwetok Atoll in 1954. It completely obliterated the site, so they should have renamed it “Nothing Atoll.”

Q: Has anyone ever captured a live sasquatch, aka bigfoot and abominable snowman?
A: Not yet!

What’s the name of the country where nobody walks or drives very fast? Slovakia.

Q: What kind of dog food do you give to a dog that loves to watch late night TV?

A: Kimmels and bits.

All human beings have a “photographic memory” to some extent. If that weren’t so, then every day after work, hundreds of millions of men and women would go home to the wrong house and later get into bed with the wrong person.

We’ve got the Rose Bowl, Cotton Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Citrus Bowl, Orange Bowl, etc. etc. Maybe one more should be just for the absolutely crappiest two teams: the Toilet Bowl.

A robot walks into a bar and grill. The bartender asks if it would like the day’s special—a big plate of lasagna and a double very dry martini. The robot replies, “No thank you. I just don’t have the stomach for it.”

A high school teacher was sprinkling eye drops on all the students in her classroom. Her teaching assistant asked why. The teacher said, “I’m dilating my pupils.”

There was this lush who kept looking for a town called “AT&T,” because he saw on TV that it had “more bars in more places.”

His mouth runneth over—especially when he’s in his cups.

What do you call an airplane full of vampires? A red-eye flight.

Dr. Burns, the head of a major hospital’s burn center, named his three kids, 1st Degree, 2nd Degree, and 3rd Degree.

Knock, knock.

Who’s there?

Abyssinia.

Abyssinia who?

A by sinya in all the old familiar places . . .

There’s a law firm called Bell, Book & Candle. They only take cases where someone has been charged with being a witch or a warlock.

Q: What do you call a really disgustingly, offensively unclean zoologist who specializes in studying fish?

A: An *Ichthyologist*.

What did the laundry and dry cleaning shop owner say to an especially chatty customer?

“You’ll have to excuse me, I’ve got some pressing business to take care of.”

What did the son say to his goofy, cello-playing mother? “You’re a Yo Yo, Ma.”

Dyslexic blondes have more **nuf**.

I know a guy who has such a big mouth that he can eat a whole banana sideways.

I once went to a wedding where the bride was so ugly that everyone was actually kissing the groom.

What's a "swaz?" I ask because I was recently at a French restaurant and the waiter said their specialty was "vicious swaz." (For those who don't speak French, that's "vichyssoise!")

Q: How fast does Ted Ligety ski down the slopes at the Winter Olympics?

A: Ligety split!

Q: How do you address a nurse in the chemotherapy unit?

A: Chemo sabe.

Pharaoh Tutankhamen, a.k.a. "King Tut," was perhaps the first and only Egyptian Oedipal Rex, because he really loved his mummy.

What did King Tut call the embalmed body of his beloved mother?
"Mummy Dearest."

Exactly where in New Mexico are Carl's Bad Caverns?

Now when a woman wears Levis, does that mean she has the "dominant genes" in the family?

Don't you find that people who have very limited vocabularies use a lot of 4-letter words?

Why don't a lot of companies just admit it: "We make money the modern way. We lie, cheat, and steal."

These days, two heads are still better than one—unless one belongs to a far right Republican and the other to a far left Democrat.

When it came to Middle East politics and militarism, President Obama was between Iraq and a hard place.

It seems to me that social media has too many users who are so busy trying to get other people to pay attention to them that they themselves aren't really paying attention to anyone else.

I have separation anxiety. My hands get cold and clammy whenever I have to remove a single dollar from my wallet.

Twiggy skinny dips.

Twiggy's disappearing act? She just turns sideways.

A lawyer is now wearing boxer shorts because his secretary filed his briefs.

Smokers cloud the issue.

They fired the Wrigley's Gum twins for chewing the fat.

TQ: What do fashionistas say when they're baby-talking to their infants?

A: Gucci, Gucci, Gucci!

Do tryceratops come with matching trycera bottoms?

Don't put off until tomorrow what you can put off until the day after tomorrow.

Villain to young damsel, "I'm going to ravage your body!"

The damsel cries out in fright, "Oh, no, sir! I must be **chaste!**"

The villain sneers, "Well, OK....then start running!"

The American Medical Association recently concluded that people without hands can't hold their liquor.

If George Washington had really been the father of our country, we would all have the same last name.

Uncle Ben's converted rice is now Kosher.

If there are male beings in the Alpha Centauri star system, wouldn't they ALL be "alpha males?"

Definition of "Free Radicals": Terrorists who (a) haven't been caught yet, or (b) have been released from prison.

Q: What do you have when you've eaten a whole case of prunes?

A: A bad case of the pits that underarm deoderant won't cover up.

Jokes on My Getting Old

I constantly have ringing in my ears. It's so bad that I'm always answering the phone and there's nobody there.

I've gotten so near-sighted that if I were dying and my life flashed before my eyes, I probably wouldn't be able to see a thing.

I'm finding that, while my spirit may be willing, my flesh is absolutely shot!

It's always been the case that there's a lot I don't know. But now, as I keep getting older, there's getting to be more that I can't even remember.

Once upon a time I would simply get out of a chair and go do whatever occurred to me to do.
After a while I would just sit there a few minutes trying to remember what I thought about doing.
Then I would sit there for a few minutes just thinking about getting out of the chair.
Now I just sit there in my comfy chair wondering if I really, really need to get out of it.

When I was younger I was a first responder. I always got turned on before my dates did!

A friend recently told me, "You've really got to get it all together." Well, I'd really like to get it all together, but I'll have to find it all first. Trouble is, I don't know if I can, because.....

I left my heart in San Francisco
My soul is in limbo
My head is in the clouds
I lost my mind over some woman,
but it recently turned up in the gutter
I left all my knowledge in college
My teeth are in a cup on the sink in the bathroom
My tongue is tied
My ears are burning
My nose is running all the time, so it's probably in Guatemala by now
My cheeks are no longer rosy
My lips are stuck to a frozen pipe
My tongue is stuck in my cheek
My chin has disappeared into my neck
My eyes are glued to the TV set
My hair is nowhere to be found
My shoulder got stuck to a wheel
My chest is now in my drawers
My belly has turned to jelly
My guts? Well, I never had any
My waist is in the city dump
My backbone has more curves than Mulholland Drive
My hips are hoola-hooped to death
My butt is somewhere in a sling
My elbow is IN Greece
My fingers can't do my walking anymore
My thumb's up my butt
My leg bone's now connected to my shoulder bone
My knees are stuck to a pad in church
My calves are grazing on a nearby farm
My colon is in the first sentence of my most recent book
My feet have shrunk to inches
My heel hasn't yet
My arches have lost all their support
My toes are on a line somewhere
I no longer have a leg to stand on
And I just don't have the stomach for this kind of thing anymore!

My joints creek so much I wake up at night thinking that I'm in a haunted house.

Many people have told me that for age 81 I look really well preserved. I tell them it's because I've never been married, never had kids, and every weekend I go out and get pickled.

Getting to each successive year after age 80 is a lot like climbing the last few steps at the top of the Washington Monument.

You Know You're Getting Old When . . .

You're not young anymore.

Running hot water over your hands—or anywhere else for that matter—feels good. Really good. I mean REALLY, REALLY good!

You can't remember why you're in the bathroom with your fly unzipped.

Your hair brush has more hair in it than on your head.

Driving through a cemetery seems like an eternity.

The joints that bother you have nothing to do with bars or pot.

Your whole body starts to look like the skin on your elbows.

It's keeps getting harder to tell where all your aches and pains are coming from.

The dogs that are barking all the time aren't your pets. They're your feet!

Your past is haunting you more than the stories about your infamous ancestors.

Your teeth spend as much time in a cup in the bathroom as they do in your mouth.

You think "old age" is somewhere around 95.

You find out that a fib is no longer a lie; it's now atrial fibrillation.

Your balder than the vultures circling your head.

People can't see your hair in a snowstorm.

The best years of your life seem to have happened just yesterday.

You're no longer losing friends just because of your crappy personality.

It keeps getting easier to go to bed at night.... and harder to get out of bed in the morning.

You mention having a “hot toddy” and no one knows what the hell you’re talking about.

You would “carpe diem,” but the joints in your hands and fingers hurt too much.

You seem to have a lot more really good memories than really good friends.

Still being able to drive your car is now one of life’s greatest pleasures.

You’re not really getting a tan—your age spots are just getting more numerous and are spreading all over your body.

You can’t see well enough to find where you put your glasses.

You put moisturizer on your skin.....and your skin makes a deafening sucking sound.

Just like you, the “Truth” has become a lot grayer than it used to be.

They put only one candle on your birthday cake these days.

Or, you don’t even get a birthday cake anymore!

You can no longer make the letters in your alphabet soup spell anything intelligible.

You don’t mind sleeping because you don’t seem to be missing as much as you once did.

You begin to think that the so-called Golden Years are really the “Rusty Years.”

Just about everything you once liked to eat is disagreeing with you more than other people do.

You still love chili, but your stomach doesn’t.

The diapers that have to be changed are your own.