

Comedy Corner

Gone Fishing

It was raining hard, and a big puddle had formed in front of the pub.

Murphy stood beside the puddle holding a stick with a string on the end, jiggling it up and down in the water. A curious gentleman walking by stopped and asked what he was doing.

"Fishing," replied Murphy.

"Poor old fool," thought the gentleman pityingly. So he invited Murphy to have a drink in the pub.

Feeling he should start some conversation while they were sipping their whiskey, the gentleman asked politely, "And how many have you caught?"

Replied Murphy: "You're the eighth."