



12/1/15: Puns

by Bob Gruber

'Tis the holiday season, and while it's a time of much joy, it's also a time of frantic shopping and hectic travel. Not so much a time for bridge musings. So, in keeping with the theme of a little of this and a little of that, this month's column will try to bring an amused smile to the reader, at least to the wordsmiths among us. But for most of you, prepare to groan

Venison for dinner again? Oh deer!

A cartoonist was found dead in his room. Details are sketchy.

I used to be banker, but then I lost interest.

Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

I tried to catch some fog, but I mist.

They told me I have Type-A blood, but it was a Type-O.

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic, it's syncing now.

Jokes about German sausages are the wurst.

I know a guy who's addicted to brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time.

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.

This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club but I'd never met herbivore.

When chemists die, apparently they barium.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity, I just can't put it down.

I did a theatrical performance about puns. It was a play on words.

I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?

When you get a bladder infection you know urine trouble.

Broken pencils are pretty much pointless.

What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary? A thesaurus.

I dropped out of the course on Communism because of lousy Marx.

All the toilets in New York's police stations have been stolen. As of now, it appears the police have nothing to go on.

I got a job at a bakery because I kneaded the dough.

Velcro - what a rip off.