



Last Minute T-Shirt...

My kindergarten-aged daughter suddenly announced just before school that she needed to take a clean tee shirt to class. She told us the teacher was going to iron an anti-drug message on it. My wife frantically swept through my daughter's room, finding nothing usable but one tee shirt that already had something printed on one side. She sent it off to school with my daughter. That afternoon, my daughter returned and happily showed off her shirt. On one side it said, "Families are Forever." And on the other... "Be Smart, Don't Start."

Be Quiet at the Dentist...

A woman phoned her dentist when she received a huge bill. "I'm shocked!" she complained. "This is three times what you normally charge." "Yes, I know," said the dentist. "But you yelled so loud, you scared away two other patients."

Random Thoughts...

At age 4 success is not piddling your pants.
 At age 12 success is having friends.
 At age 17 success is having your drivers license.
 At age 35 success is having money.
 At age 50 success is having money.
 At age 70 success is having your drivers license.
 At age 75 success is having friends.
 At age 80 success is not piddling your pants.

Ghostly Music...

A man is walking in a graveyard when he hears the Third Symphony played backward. When it's over, the Second Symphony starts playing, also backward, and then the First. "What's going on?" he asks a cemetery worker. "It's Beethoven," says the worker. "He's decomposing."



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Vow of Silence...

Every ten years, the monks in the monastery are allowed to break their vow of silence to speak two words. Ten years go by and it's one monk's first chance. He thinks for a second before saying, "Food bad." Ten years later, he says, "Bed hard." It's the big day, a decade later. He gives the head monk a long stare and says, "I quit." "I'm not surprised," the head monk says. "You've been complaining ever since you got here."

Talking Dog...

A guy spots a sign outside a house that reads "Talking Dog for Sale." Intrigued, he walks in. "So what have you done with your life?" he asks the dog. "I've led a very full life," says the dog. "I lived in the Alps rescuing avalanche victims. Then I served my country in Iraq. And now I spend my days reading to the residents of a retirement home." The guy is flabbergasted. He asks the dog's owner, "Why on earth would you want to get rid of an incredible dog like that?" The owner says, "Because he's a liar! He never did any of that!"

A Blonde Conflict...

A ventriloquist is performing with his dummy on his lap. He's telling a dumb-blonde joke when a young platinum-haired beauty jumps to her feet. "What gives you the right to stereotype blondes that way?" she demands. "What does hair color have to do with my worth as a human being?" Flustered, the ventriloquist begins to stammer out an apology. "You keep out of this!" she yells. "I'm talking to that little jerk on your knee!"

Power of Perception...

A turtle is crossing the road when he's mugged by two snails. When the police show up, they ask him what happened. The shaken turtle replies, "I don't know. It all happened so fast!"

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For All Pet Owners and Non-Pet Owners...

The following was found posted very low on a refrigerator door. Dear Dogs and Cats: The dishes with the paw prints are yours and contain your food. The other dishes are mine and contain my food. Placing a paw print in the middle of my plate and food does not stake a claim for it becoming your food and dish, nor do I find that aesthetically pleasing in the slightest. The stairway was not designed by NASCAR and is not a racetrack. Racing me to the bottom is not the object. Tripping me doesn't help because I fall faster than you can run. I cannot buy anything bigger than a king sized bed. I am very sorry about this. Do not think I will continue sleeping on the couch to ensure your comfort, however. Dogs and cats can actually curl up in a ball when they sleep. It is not necessary to sleep perpendicular to each other, stretched out to the fullest extent possible. I also know that sticking tails straight out and having tongues hanging out on the other end to maximize space is nothing but sarcasm. For the last time, there is no secret exit from the bathroom! If, by some miracle, I beat you there and manage to get the door shut, it is not necessary to claw, whine, meow, try to turn the knob or get your paw under the edge in an attempt to open the door. I must exit through the same door I entered. Also, I have been using the bathroom for years - canine/feline attendance is not required. The proper order for kissing is: Kiss me first, then go smell the other dog or cat's butt. I cannot stress this enough.



Finally, in fairness, dear pets, I have posted the following message on the front door:

To all non-pet owners who visit and like to complain about our pets:

- (1) They live here. You don't.
- (2) If you don't want their hair on your clothes, stay off the furniture. That's why they call it 'fur'-niture.
- (3) I like my pets a lot better than I like most people.
- (4) To you, they are animals. To me, they are adopted sons/daughters who are short, hairy, walk on all fours and don't speak clearly.

Remember, dogs and cats are better than kids because they:

- (1) Eat less,
- (2) Don't ask for money all the time,
- (3) Are easier to train,
- (4) Normally come when called,
- (5) Never ask to drive the car,
- (6) Don't talk back,
- (7) Don't smoke or drink,
- (8) Don't want to wear your clothes,
- (9) Don't have to buy the latest fashions,
- (10) Don't need a gazillion dollars for college and
- (11) If they get pregnant, you can sell their children ...



A Dog's Life...

A poodle and a collie are walking together when the poodle suddenly unloads on his friend. "My life is a mess," he says. "My owner is mean, my girlfriend ran away with a schnauzer, and I'm as jittery as a cat." "Why don't you go see a psychiatrist?" suggests the collie. "I can't," says the poodle. "I'm not allowed on the couch."

Oh, To Be a Child Again...

While I sat in the reception area of my doctor's office, a woman rolled an elderly man in a wheelchair into the room. As she went to the receptionist's desk, the man sat there, alone and silent. Just as I was thinking I should make small talk with him, a little boy slipped off his mother's lap and walked over to the wheelchair. Placing his hand on the man's, he said, "I know how you feel. My mom makes me ride in the stroller too."

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