

the rhino's ass | a rock and a hard place

December 1, 2011

Honk if you 'Like' Jesus

Has anyone seen Jesus' Facebook page. His mother signed him up by accident. She maintains to this day that she's never used Facebook and doesn't know how it happened. Jesus had just three friends at first, all rich, foreign drug dealers, then one Like from some street whore named Mary, who kept making lewd posts and driving up the visits until JC had 11 new friends lurking Mary's ass on his wall. One of them eventually reported Jesus and Facebook crucified his page, then miraculously reinstated it three days later, but it's just a shroud of its former self and the Jews refuse to log in.

Currently, two billion people on Twitter eagerly await his next move.

Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths

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November 30, 2011

It takes a small mind to embrace something as large as a god



October 11, 2011

A penny for your thoughts

So I pull into the local Tim Hortons drive-thru to pick up a sausage breakfast sandwich on an English muffin, a medium coffee and a chocolate timbit for nutritional balance. "That'll be five dollars and two cents", crackles the clerk over the intercom. Heading to the pick-up window and scrambling for change, I have a \$20 on hand to cover the \$5 yet only one penny, and a quarter, to cover the two cents. Approaching the window I hand over the bill then hold up in each hand, the penny and the quarter, realizing of course that if she took only the penny, I'd be ripping off Uncle Tim. She first looked me in the eye, then mused one coin after the other, deciding, finally, to pluck the quarter from my hand! Returning with 23 cents change she advised, with that same look in my eye, "Now you'll have change for next time".

Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths

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March 2, 2011

The 420 clause

Recently Laura and I discovered that if you smoke eight joints of the blessed weed every month, Canadian life insurance companies can deny you coverage. It's refreshing to note however, that if you drink your face off every day and/or your morbid obesity is a threat to yourself and the economy at large, that's okay... please sign on the dotted line you fat, drunk bastard.

Chris J. Vaughan Griffiths

photo: Pierre D.

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