

*More*  
**BS UnCut**

*Barber Stories Volume II*

By **Shawn Henstridge**

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More BS Uncut

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For Brenda

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*Seven days without laughter  
makes one weak.*

*~ Mort Walker*



## **Introduction**

This book is a compilation of Personal Stories, as well as Stories and Jokes that my clients have shared with me over the past few years, while cutting their hair.

Some will make you laugh, some, but not many, will make you cry. Others will make you wonder why this guy..... “doesn’t get a life.” But that’s okay. It’s partly why I still enjoy my day job.

## **Father's Day**

Today I received a Father's Day Card from my son who lives out of province. He knows the kind of cards I like and dislike. So he sent me one that he knew would make me laugh, and it did.

Here's what it said...

Dad, growing up,  
we were sometimes  
a little difficult,  
a little stubborn,  
and acted like we knew it all...  
but there was a good reason for that.

"HEREDITY."

Happy Father's Day!

That's my son.

## **Ted**

At 92, Ted is still quite mobile. While cutting his hair this week, I asked him how he was doing. He said, "Going downhill." To which I replied, "Aren't we all?"

I've always enjoyed Ted's company. There's always a good story, and he can still tell a joke.

And since we were on the topic of health today, he quickly said that he had an uncle some years ago who said he knew the exact day that he would die.

And I, of course, stepped right into this one, and immediately said, "How'd he know that?"

"The judge told him." Ted said.

## **Retarded Grandparents**

This was actually reported by a teacher...

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school.

One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa.

They used to live in a big brick house but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Batemans Bay where everyone lives in nice little houses, and they don't have to mow the grass anymore!

They ride around on their bicycles and scooters and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore.

They go to a building called a wreck center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now. They do exercises there, but they don't do them very well.

There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on. At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts! Nobody there cooks; they just

eat out. And they eat the same thing every night  
--- early birds.

Some of the people can't get out past the man  
in the doll house. The ones who do get out bring  
food back to the wrecked center for pot luck.

My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his  
life to earn his retardment and says I should work  
hard so I can be retarded someday, too.

When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man  
in the doll house. Then I will let people out so  
they can visit their grandchildren.

## **Small-Town Atmosphere**

Ever notice the feeling you get when visiting a small town? The type of service you get can be second to none. People seem to be more caring and down to earth. This type of atmosphere is just not often found in bigger cities. Or is it?

James and his wife were in Montreal visiting friends whom they hadn't seen for a couple of years.

On the third day of their visit, James suggested he'd treat everyone to breakfast.

After it was decided as to where they should eat, they were off.

Upon arriving at the restaurant, the first thing everyone noticed was a sign that read "Cash Only." But who actually carries cash these days? Two blocks down the street at a service station there was a cash machine, they were told. When they got there, and after three attempts to do a withdrawal, James's card was declined. For some reason, it wouldn't accept his PIN.

Somewhat disappointed by now, they headed back to their vehicle to try a different place. But as they passed in front of the restaurant, there was a gentleman sweeping the sidewalk in front

of the main entrance. He stopped his sweeping for a second to say hello. James proceeded to tell him about what just happened.

He said, “Oh no, you all just go on in, find yourselves a seat. I’ll be right in to make sure you’re taken care of. Don’t worry about the money right now; you can take care of that after you eat.”

They took him up on his offer, went inside and had the heartiest breakfast ever. And were treated like royalty.

Oh, the gentleman sweeping outside... was also the owner of the restaurant.

So even if you’re in Montreal or any other major city for that matter, I’m sure, somewhere, you can always find that small-town atmosphere.

## **Running Away**

During a recent haircut, Bob was telling me that he recently visited his daughter Loraine and two grandsons in Vancouver. Loraine was telling him that a week earlier the boys were very upset with her and told her that they were running away from home.

They were raised in a very strict, well-disciplined home. One of the things that was drilled into them at a very young age, Bob said, was never cross the street.

That afternoon, mom helped the boys pack their things for the trip and sent them on their way.

Without showing her true feelings, she reluctantly watched them as they walked out of the driveway, turned the corner, and were out of site.

About twenty minutes later, their dad was driving home from work and saw the boys sitting on the curb less than a block away from their house. He stopped and asked them what they were doing there.



They said they were running away from home.  
“Well how come you’re just sitting here on this curb?” he wanted to know.

“Cause we’re not allowed to cross the street...  
Remember?”

Leave it to kids to always say... “the darndest things.”

You have reached the end of this sample

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