

Girls Night Out!

Why females should avoid a girls' night out after they are married...

The other night I was invited out for a night with "the girls." I told my husband that I would be home by midnight, "I promise!"

Well, the hours passed and the margaritas went down way too easy. Around 3 a.m., a bit loaded, I headed for home. Just as I got in the door, the cuckoo clock in the hall started up and cuckooed 3 times.

Quickly, realizing my husband would probably wake up, I cuckooed another 9 times. I was really proud of myself for coming up with such a quick-witted solution, in order to escape a possible conflict with him. (Even when totally smashed... 3 cuckoos plus 9 cuckoos totals 12 cuckoos = MIDNIGHT!)

The next morning my husband asked me what time I got in, and I told him, "Midnight."

He didn't seem mad at all. Whew!! Got away with that one! Then he said, "We need a new cuckoo clock."

When I asked him why, he said, "Well, last night our clock cuckooed three times, then said, "Oh shit", cuckooed 4 more times, cleared it's throat, cuckooed another 3 times, giggled, cuckooed twice more, and then tripped over the coffee table and farted."