

Joke of the Week™

On a beautiful afternoon in Scotland which is gray with drizzle were MacGregor and a younger associate enjoying pints at the pub when MacGregor begins.

“Laddie, it’s a cruel world to live with for the recognition my deeds do or do not receive such as the town pier,” directing Laddie’s attention out the pub window toward the town’s pier extending through the fog into the loch as far Laddie could see.

“Well Laddie, I built that pier from scratch. I felled the trees, cut the planks, sank the piers all by myself but do you think they call me MacGregor the Pier Builder? Nay, never, not even once.” complained MacGregor.

“Aye Laddie, do you know the stone wall on the east side of town which I built from nothing? I dug the stones out with my own hands, set those stones and have kept that wall low these many years. But do you think they call me MacGregor the Wall Builder? Noo, nay, never, not once.”

Then, after surveying the pub for eavesdroppers, MacGregor confides “Aye but look here Laddie. If you screw one goat . . .”