

MP3 Mr. Cork's Totally Off The Wall Whacked Out Christmas Songs! - Spoken Word: Comedy



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A HILARIOUS COLLECTION OF CHRISTMAS SONGS THAT WILL JINGLE YOUR BELLS AND HAVE YOU LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY EVEN IF YOUR A BIG CRAB ASS. 10 MP3 Songs SPOKEN WORD: Comedy, POP: Party Pop Details: BEFORE YOU BUY THIS C.D. PLEASE READ THIS!!! How many times can you listen to the same old Christmas Songs and not want to yawn? "Mr. Cork's Totally off the Wall Whacked Out Christmas Songs" are as refreshing as getting hit in the face with yellow snow! It sort of brings back old memories doesn't it? As long as you kept your mouth shut, it was quite refreshing right? Well look no further my friend, that same wonderful feeling can be yours again when you purchase this C.D.. Check out the first tune.. "Diarrhea on Christmas Day", if that doesn't bring back old memories you're not from this planet ...You're smilein'... You either had sex last night or your shorts are wedged up your bootie...Or maybe you can relate to this song ...look I'm gonna come right to the point....I'm hoping that you have a great Christmas and you will give your friends and family something that will leave them peeing and slobbering all over themselves, in a good way by the way of laughter. I want to laugh too! I want to laugh my ass off all the way to the bank....errr..I mean...Ok...you caught me...You see my wife thinks I can't sell any C.D.'S.. The song "A Karaoke Christmas at the Wet Beaver Lounge" had me sleeping on the couch for two weeks...When I was finally allowed back into the bedroom, my Siberian Husky "Sky" was pissed and growled at my wife all night at our bedroom door. The dog wanted me back out on the couch cuz she missed me. Hell my wife didn't miss me but the dog did, truly man's best friend. This is a true story, as I couldn't make up anything that funny. Anyways, I let my teenage daughter listen to it and she thought it was funny and wanted a copy so I figured it couldn't be to bad. There is a motive behind the sale of this C.D. I figure if I can raise enough money from this project, I can offer a larger

bounty for the capture (Dead or Alive) of my sweet mother-in-law! Speaking of sweet Mother-in-law's, allow me to tell you a true story! Every word is true so help me god! It was late in the evening on Christmas Day at my Mother-in-law's house and we were all good-byein' and she always gives us tons of leftovers. She's world renown for her famous "Off the floor what da f*?k is in it dressing". And of coarse, we always get a bowl of this diarrhea bacteria infested stinky eighth wonder of the world to take home with us..Anyways, I watched the hag as she carefully scooped that fart producing slime into her prized yellow 1950-something rare Pyrex bowl and slip it into an old brown paper bag. I carried this toxic waste glow in the dark stuffin' at arms length out the door and hurled it in the back of the trunk along with all our Christmas loot. When we got home, my wife shot in the door like a cat with it's tail on fire leaving me to struggle carrying in ten tons of Christmas crap! Being the typical macho male that I am, I tried to grab everything to make a single trip stressing my arms way beyond their legal capacity. I tried to grab the bag with that toxic stuffin' but it must have had a nuclear meltdown from the twenty pounds of butter and lard in it totally destroying the molecular structure of the paper bag. In other words, I picked the damn thing up and the bottom fell out....CCRRRAASH! ...The bottom of that bag was smokin' as I peeked over my loaded arms with one eye down on the earthly remains of that rare ol' bowl. As I struggled into the house, my wife was in the living room taking off her genuine imitation of the original fake Wal-mart fur coat (nothing but the best for my wife!). I said to my wife in a meek voice, "Honey, you remember that rare old..." I never got to finish the sentence and she was yelling and waving her arms. "Don't tell me you broke my mom's prized Pyrex bowl!" "You know how protective she is of her bowls (A rare moment of silence as she took a deep breath for the final words)..."SHE'S GONNA KILL YOU!!!" "What do we do now?" I asked. "We nothing, where did you get that we crap?" "I love you cork but you better put your head between your legs and kiss your sorry butt goodbye cuz my mothers is gonna boil you in oil!" Well, a few days had passed and then the phone calls started coming in from her mother. Thank god for answering machines and caller I.D.! The messages left on our phone every day went like this: "Hello, this is mom!" " I think you still have my bowl and I need it back, like now!" "You know that's part of my expensive collection that is worth over \$150.00 and if anything happens to it ..(Moment of silence followed by a slight holding back a tear type whimper) She would gain composure and bellow out in a stern tone.. "Are you ignoring me because you broke it?" finally she would give up an hang the phone up. After the forth day in a row I broke down and called Mama Hitler. I assured her the bowl was alive and doing fine and it was sitting on a fluffy feather pillow

made of exotic goose down watching a rerun of Julia Childs. After I hung up I turned to my wife and said, "Oh crap I'm dead!" "If you love me and want me to be around to be a grandpa for the future grandkids you better help me think of a plan to fool your sinister nazi mother!" "Cork, do I have to think of everything?" she said in a condescending voice followed with a deep sigh. "EBAY! She replied. "What?" I asked knowing what she said but just wanting to hear it again. "Ebay, you will probably find it on Ebay!" So we searched Ebay for hours till we found what we thought was her mothers prized bowl. I bid on it and watched it for a few days and by the grace of god and 52 prayers I won it. I wrote and told the seller the whole story of how I broke the bowl and that her mother was on the warpath. The seller wrote back that he understood the emergency and vowed to ship it Priority Mail to cut the delivery time. Days turned into weeks and no site of the bowl. By now my mother-n-law was driving us crazy with daily phone calls and I was almost ready to confess when my 87 year old father said, "Why don't you call the Post Office and see if its sitting there waiting for you" I took his advice and sure enough they had it the whole time. They left no notes on the door of any delivery attempts and I was really angry with them. I went and picked it up and took it over to my dad's. Excitedly I opened the box and looked at the bowl. It had over ten thousand hair line scratches and looked like it was used as a spittoon for the last supper. My heart sank and I could see myself getting tied to a chair and slapped to death by my mother-n-laws iron hand. I decided to show my wife, and like any good wife, she gave me words of support and encouragement. "Oh my god, kiss you're sorry butt goodbye!" "Don't think my mother doesn't know every friggin' inch of that bowl and all I can say is thank god I have a million dollar policy on you cuz Hawaii here I come!" "Tears welled up in my eyes until I heard her say. "Oh yeah, mom invited us over for dinner tonight and my suggestion to you is to bury the bowl deep in a paper bag with stuff on top of it and maybe, just maybe, you'll escape with your thingy still attached!" I followed my wife's instructions and buried the bowl in a deep bag with junk on top of it and off we went to Mother Hitler's Infamous Concentration Camp for hen pecked son-n-laws. My wife went into her mother's house first and I followed sheepishly behind. At the top of the stairs stood Mama Hitler with here foggy monocle and a string of grenades loosely strewn across her beer belly and gravy stained apron. I swear at that moment I could hear demonic screams and see the lights begin to flicker. I proceeded to hand her the bag. She looked in it and that's when my armpits started flowing like Niagara Falls. She opened the bag and peeked in it. "Oh, my bowl!" She then closed up the bag and put it on the cupboard adjacent the stove. Thrills of joy raced up and down my spine as I finally pulled one past the

nazi Mama. After all these years I just couldn't believe it. That's when the unthinkable happened. My wife waltzed across the room and went right to the cupboard and promptly removed the bowl from the bag. What the hell was she doing? Panic overwhelmed me and I immediately bolted for the bathroom to hide. I couldn't believe what my wife was doing. "Look mom!" my traitor wife said. "Look at all those scratches on the bowl" This surely got her mom's attention. By now I was passing gas at an alarming rate as I peeked from behind the bathroom door. I was very upset. "I don't remember all those scratches," my wife added. "You know, Cork washed it and I think he scratched your bowl!" There was dead silence as her mother examined the bowl closely. The gas problem began to get worse as I did everything in my power to keep from soiling myself. There seemed to be a lifetime of silence as her mother pondered while rubbing her chin. "No, those scratches are my fault" she said in a soft regretting voice. "I have to stop putting my bowls in the dishwasher!" A burden had been lifted from my shoulders as I briefly gave a sigh of relief, that is until my wife added... "There is no way a dishwasher could cause those scratches, I'm sure Cork damaged your bowl when he washed it!" "What the hell was my wife doing to me as I was totally outraged with her at this point. Again there was silence, "I know it was caused by the dishwasher," her mother added, "Just look at the other bowls in the set and you'll see similar marks!" My wife proceeded to take a different bowl from the shelf and do a comparison. "Look mom, they are not the same!" I was fit to be tied until my sweet mother-in-law (whom I love dearly) added, "Yes they do!" "Now gently put the damn bowl down and let's eat!" Victory was mine but I wanted to kill my wife. All through dinner my wife kept bringing up the bowls. Finally, we said our goodbyes and we were driving home when I asked my wife why she was so mean and betrayed me. "I had to do something," she said. "If my mother ever noticed those scratches on her own, she probably might have guessed it wasn't her bowl". "But by bringing it to her attention, she didn't think it could of happened any other way but by years of abuse from the dishwasher". I know my wife enjoyed torturing me, as she couldn't pass up the opportunity to make me squirm. I'll bide my time as revenge will be sweet...so, that's the story of the Christmas Bowl. God help me if my wife or her mother ever read this true embellished story. I'll probably end up permanently out on the couch with the dog. Remember, all proceeds go to increase the bounty to help bring my mother-in-law to justice so please purchase this C.D. Purchase several as they make cool coasters for your wild holiday beer parties and work nicely in preventing rings on fine furniture. Thank you, Love Mr. Cork P.S. Please keep your mouth shut and..oh yeah...MERRY CHRISTMAS DAMN IT!!!

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