

In the *old days*, Clan MacLean often went raiding on the mainland or on other islands. One time they came back with ten dozen bottles of whiskey and one loaf of bread. When the chief saw the booty, he asked "Wha's gaen ta eat a' that bread?"

When God created Scotland, He looked down on it with great satisfaction. Finally He called the Archangel Gabriel to have a look.

"Just see," said God. "This is the best yet. Splendid mountains, beautiful scenery, brave men, fine women, nice cool weather. And I've given them beautiful music and a special drink called whisky. Try some."

Gabriel took an appreciative sip. "Excellent," said he. "But haven't you perhaps been too kind to them? Won't they be spoiled by all these things? Should there not be some drawback?"

"Just wait till you see the neighbours they're getting," said God.

An arab sheik, Abdul, was admitted to hospital for surgery. Prior to surgery the hospital needed to store blood in case it was needed. However, the sheik had a rare blood type not found locally, so the call went out for help.

Finally a scotsman, Willie, who had the same blood type, willingly donated his blood for the Arab.

After surgery, Sheik Abdul sent Willie, as appreciation, a new BMW, diamonds and 10,000 US dollars.

A few days later the arab had to go through a corrective surgery. His doctor telephoned Willie who was more than happy to donate his blood again. After the second surgery, Abdul sent the Willie a thank-you card and a box of chocolates.

Willie was shocked that the Sheik did not acknowledge the second donation as he had expected. He phoned the arab and asked 'I thought you would be generous again, and give me a car, jewels and money, but you only sent thank-you card and chocolates.'

Abdul replied, 'Aye laddie, but now I have Scottish blood in ma veins.'

Jock was out working in his field when a barnstormer landed.

"I'll give you an airplane ride for £5," said the pilot.

"Sorry, cannae afford it," replied Jock.

"Tell you what," said the pilot, "I'll give you **and your wife** a free ride if you promise not to yell, otherwise it'll be £10."

So up they went and the pilot rolled, looped, stalled and did all he could to scare Jock. Nothing worked and the defeated pilot finally landed the plane. Turning around to the rear seat he said, "Gotta hand it to you. For country folk you sure are brave!"

"Aye," said Jock "But ye nearly had me there when the wife fell oot!"

A Scots boy came home from school and said he had been given a part in the school play.

"Wonderful," said his mother, "What part is it?"

"I play the part of the Scottish husband!"

His mother scowled "Go back and tell your teacher you want a speaking part."

"How's the flat you're living in ?" asked his mother, when Wullie called home from London.

"It's okay," he replied, "but the woman next door keeps screaming and crying all night, and the guy on the other side keeps banging on the wall."

"Never you mind," said his mother, "don't you let them get to you, just ignore them."

"Aye, that I do," he said, "I just keep playing my bagpipes."

After discovering they had won 15 million pounds in the Lottery, Mr and Mrs McFlannel sat down to discuss their future. Mrs McFlannel announced "After twenty years washing other people's stairs, I can throw my old scrubbing brush away at last !"

Her husband agreed - "Aye, of course you can, hen. We can easily afford to buy you a new one now."

An Englishman, roused by a Scot's scorn of his race, protested that he was born an Englishman and hoped to die an Englishman.

"Man," scoffed the Scot, "hiv ye nae ambeetion?"

The Obituary

A woman called the Oban Times. "How much does it cost to have an obituary printed?" she asked.

"It's a pound a word, ma'am" was the reply.

"Fine," said the woman. Get a pencil and some paper then take this down: ***MacTavish, dead***"

The reporter waited for the woman to go on - nothing, "That's it?" he asked.

"That's it," she said.

"I'm sorry, I should have told you ma'am - there's a five-word minimum."

"Yes, you should have, young man," snapped the woman. "Alright, let me think. Okay, I've got it take this down - ***MacTavish, dead. Bagpipes for sale.***"

Edward Longshanks (Edward 1 of England, *and allegedly Scotland*) came to Scotland to hammer the Scots. He brought 4,000 men with him. Just as he reached the battlefield, on the crest of a hill there appeared a solitary figure, a short little ginger-haired guy in a kilt.

"Hammer of the Scots?" yelled the wee Scots guy on the hill. "Come up here, ya English bastards, and I'll gie ye hammer!"

Edward turned to his commander and said, "Take 20 men and deal with that Scottish upstart!" The commander sent 20 men over the hill to kill the Scot.

Ten minutes later, at the crest of the hill, the little Scot appeared again. "Ye English bastards!" he yelled. "Come on the rest of ye ! Come on, I'll have ye !"

Edward was getting somewhat annoyed; he turned to his commander. "Take 100 men and kill that little guttersnipe!" The commander sent 100 men over the hill to do the job.

Ten minutes later, the little Scot appears at the top of the hill again, his hair sticking up, his shirt a bit torn. "Ye English SCUM!" he yelled. "I'm just warming up!! Come and get me !!"

Edward lost his patience. "Commander, take 400 men and personally WIPE HIM OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!" he yelled. The commander gulped but led 400 men on horseback over the crest of the hill.

Ten minutes later, the little Scotsman was back; his clothing all torn, his face covered with blood and grime, and yelled, "Is that the best ye can do ? Ye're bloody WIMMIN!!! Come on, come and have a go ya bunch of Jessie's !"

Edward turned to his second in command. "Take 1000 men over that hill and don't come back till you've killed him, he commanded. The second in command gathered the men and they rode off over the hill to their fate.

Five minutes later, one of the English soldiers appeared back at the top of the hill - covered with blood and clothing all torn. "Your Majesty!" he yelled "It's a trap! There's TWO of them!!!"
