

Blonde Ice Fishing

A blonde wanted to go ice fishing.

She'd seen many books on the subject and, finally getting all the necessary tools together, she made for the ice.

After positioning her comfy footstool, she started to make a circular cut in the ice.

Suddenly, from the sky, a voice boomed,

"THERE ARE NO FISH UNDER THE ICE."

Startled, the blonde moved farther down the ice, poured a thermos of cappuccino and began to cut yet another hole.

Again from the heavens the voice bellowed,

"THERE ARE NO FISH UNDER THE ICE."

The blonde, now worried, moved clear down to the opposite end of the ice.

She set up her stool once more and tried again to cut a hole.

The voice came once more,

"THERE ARE NO FISH UNDER THE ICE."

She stopped, looked skyward, and asked,

"IS THAT YOU, LORD?"

The voice replied,

"NO, THIS IS THE MANAGER OF THE SKATING RINK."