

Kiwis - don't you luv em.

Wiremu, a New Zealander, was on the dole in Australia but about to fly home to watch the Rugby World Cup and was not feeling well, so he decided to see a doctor.

"Hey doc, I dun't feel so good, ey!" said Wiremu.

The doctor gave him a thorough examination and informed Wiremu that he had long existing and advanced prostate problems and that the only cure was testicular removal.

"No way, doc," replied Wiremu. "I'm gitting a sicond opinion, ey!"

The second Aussie doctor gave Wiremu the same diagnosis and also advised him that testicular removal was the only cure. Not surprisingly, Wiremu refused the treatment.

Wiremu was devastated, but with the Rugby World Cup just around the corner he found an expat Kiwi doctor and decided to get one last opinion from someone he could trust.

The Kiwi doctor examined him and said: "Wiremu Cuzzy Bro, you huv Prostate suckness, ey."

"What's the cure thin, doc?" asked Wiremu hoping for a different answer.

"Wull, Wiremu", said the Kiwi doctor, "Wi're gonna huv to cut off your balls."

"Phew, thunk god for thut!" said Wiremu,
"those Aussie bastards wanted to take my test tickets off me!"