

Panic in the pharmacy

A young girl started work in the village chemist shop. She was very shy about having to sell condoms to the public.

The owner was going on holiday for a couple of days and asked if she would be willing to run the shop on her own. She had to confide in him her worries about selling the contraceptives.

"Look," he said. "My regular customers don't ask for condoms, they'll ask for a 310 [small] a 320 [medium] or a 330 [large]. The word condom won't even be used."

The first day was fine but on the second day a black guy came in to the shop, put out his hand and said "950". The girl panicked. She phoned the owner on his mobile and told him of her predicament.

"Have a look and check if he has a yellow bucket hanging between his legs" her boss told her.

She peeped through the door and saw the yellow bucket hanging between his legs.

"Yes!" she said "He's got one hanging there!"

The boss said "Go back in and give him \$9.50, he's the window cleaner"