

Talking Clock

After closing time at the bar, a drunk was proudly showing off his new apartment to a couple of his friends. He led the way to his bedroom where there was a big brass gong and a mallet.

“What’s with that big brass gong?” one of the guests asked.

“It’s not a gong, it’s a talking clock!” the drunk replied.

“A talking clock? Seriously?” asked one of the astonished friends.

“Yep!” replied the drunk.

“How’s it work?” the friend asked, squinting at it.

“WATCH,” the drunk replied. He picked up the mallet, gave the gong an ear shattering pound, and stepped back. The three stood looking at one another for a moment.

Suddenly, someone on the other side of the wall screamed, “You Ass hole! It’s Three-fifteen in the morning!”