Here is a contribution from one of our American readers, Don Farrell from Philadelphia. Thanks Don, for sharing this with us.

The Blarney Stone

A group of AMERICANS was touring Ireland. One of the women in the group was a real curmudgeon, constantly complaining. The bus seats are uncomfortable. The food is terrible. It's too hot. It's too cold. The accommodations are awful.

The group arrived at the site of the famous Blarney Stone. "Good luck will be followin' ya all your days if you kiss the Blarney Stone,"the guide said. "Unfortunately, it's being cleaned today and so no one will be able to kiss it. Perhaps we can come back tomorrow."

"We can't be here tomorrow," the nasty woman shouted. "We have some other boring tour to go on. So I guess we can't kiss the stupid stone."

"Well now," the guide said, "it is said that if you kiss someone who has kissed the stone, you'll have the same good fortune."

"And I suppose you've kissed the stone?" the woman scoffed.

"No, ma'am," the frustrated guide said, "but I've sat on it."