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## Ice Fishing

A blonde wanted to go ice fishing. She'd seen many books on the subject, and finally, after getting all the necessary "tools" together, she made for the nearest frozen lake. After positioning her comfy stool, 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 further down the ice, poured a Thermos of cappuccino and began to cut another. Again from the heavens, the voice bellowed, "THERE ARE NO FISH UNDER THE ICE." The blonde, now quite worried, moved down to the opposite end of the ice, set up her stool, and tried again to cut her hole. The voice came once more, "THERE ARE NO FISH UNDER THE ICE." She stopped, looked skyward and said, "Is that, you Lord?" The voice replied, "No ... this is the Ice-Rink Manager...."

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