

Wine Merchant

So, there was this Wine Merchant who was in a dilemma, the regular taster died and the director started looking for a new one to hire. A drunkard with a ragged, dirty look came to apply for the position. The director of the factory wondered how to send him away but decided to give him a go.

They gave him a glass to drink. He tried it and said, "It's a Muscat, three Years old, grown on a north slope, matured in steel containers. Low grade but acceptable."

"That's correct", said the boss, totally astounded!

Another glass...."It's a cabernet, eight years old, a south—western slope, oak barrels, matured at 8 degrees. Requires three more years for finest results.."

Correct" he said, still astounded!

A third glass..."It's a pinot blanc champagne, high grade and exclusive" calmly said the drunk.

The director was astonished. He winked at his secretary, sending her out of the room, and came back in with a glass of urine.

The alcoholic tried it. "It's a blonde, 26 years old, three months pregnant and if you don't give me the job, I'll name the father."