

THE GAY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Forwarded by Bernard Lý Văn Mạnh JJR 65



My flight was being served by an obviously gay flight attendant, who seemed to put everyone in a good mood as he served us food and drinks.

As the plane prepared to descend, he came swishing down the aisle and told us that 'Captain Marvey has asked me to announce that he'll be landing the big scary plane shortly, so lovely people, if you could just put your trays up, that would be super.'

On his trip back up the aisle, he noticed this well-dressed and rather Arabic looking woman hadn't moved a muscle.

'Perhaps you didn't hear me over those big brute engines but I asked you to raise your trazy-poo, so the main man can pitty-pat us on the ground..'

She calmly turned her head and said, 'In my country, I am called a Princess and I take orders from no one.'

To which (I swear) the flight attendant replied, without missing a beat, 'Well, sweet-cheeks, in my country I'm called a Queen, so I outrank you. Tray-up, Bitch!'

