

## **Things You might not have heard in the 18th Century: (A little Mt. Man Humor from across the Atlantic)**

~"I reckon I'll have me a half-caf double latte with a twist.  
**IN A DIRTY MUG!"**

~"Gentlemen, rather than get caught up in mindless reaction,  
let's draw upon our feminine selves for a more intuitive  
solution."

~"Can we postpone this duel till 12:05? I gotta use the little  
boys room."

~"Injuns! Quick, pull the wagons into an irregular dodecagon!"

~"Y'know, Cumberland Pete... a roaring campfire, good coffee,  
nice woodsy breeze, just you 'n' me... what say we put on the  
rhinestone gowns and dance a jig or two?"

~"Let's see... hardtack and pemmican... that's three grams of  
fat, seven grams of protein, and two starches."

~"That's him! That's the yella-bellied varmint who shot my  
therapist!"

~"He was a strong man, a good rifleman, and I reckon he had a  
keen eye for interior decoration."

~"Hey, Buck, do these leggin's make my ass look big?"

~"It's like I keep tellin' ya, Jedediah: men is from Georgetown,  
women is from Boston."