

Boner

by Lance Manion

Believe me, by now I know that your desire for details when it comes to my brilliant ideas knows no bounds so I will start off by telling you when it first came to me. I was sitting in the parking lot of a prescription drug establishment when I heard two people yelling at each other. I wasn't exactly eavesdropping but once I heard the fireworks begin I didn't rush to pull out of my spot and drive away either. They were employees of the store and they were really going at it and there was no denying I was enjoying the show. Looking down I couldn't help but notice I had an argument boner going. This wasn't some little discussion chubby; this was a full-blown throbbing argument boner.

And that got me to thinking...

What if blood engorging your penis could be the result of emotions other than sex and violence? Wouldn't it be nice if your dick could be used to express the lengths and depths of other feelings? Like sadness. You could get a sadness boner. Going to a funeral would be like going to a strip club, you'd have to wear loose fitting pants so nobody would see your sadness boner.

Or maybe society would go in the completely opposite direction and men wouldn't wear pants to funerals to show everyone how much they were mourning the deceased.

"Do you know if they were close?"

"Look for yourself, his dick is about bursting with grief."

I realize that presently showing off your penis is unacceptable but in this new world of emoting through boners I think everyone would be a bit more relaxed about the whole thing. It would be like watching a dog wag its tail. It would be just another way to express yourself.

There could be complications if a man enjoys wrestling or jiu jitsu, but as long as both parties understood that the reason their boners were poking into each other was sports-related I'm sure they would

be fine with it. Remember, if you're going to make an omelet you're going to have to break a few eggs with your cooking boner.

I just think the benefits of having a meaty lie-detector swinging between your legs would be a great idea. If someone walks into a bank packing wood you'd know right away he was either there to rob the place or he wants to bang one of the tellers. Ol' Rusty the security guard would get his shooting boner ready just in case it turned out that the man was indeed sporting a bank-robbing boner. If not, Sally might have a decision to make.

You see, a boner never lies. You can't fake a boner, it's either there or it's not. If someone asks you if you're up for a trip to Baskin Robbins they can just take a peek downstairs at your ice cream boner and judge for themselves.

Of course, the fact that the primary function of the boner is sexual in nature might lead to some confusion. It would be easy to imagine a scenario where one party is looking to get laid and the other party is interested in two scoops of strawberry ... well, easy for me. My mind tends to be very comfortable processing these very types of scenarios so don't get discouraged if you don't immediately have a clear picture of a frustrated woman attacking an erect man with a waffle cone. Trust me, a little practice and it will become second nature to you.

Don't believe me? Take a look at my enormous advice boner.

