

“Yo Donnie, Hawyadoon?”

by Larry Strattner

“Fine, Tony, fine. I'm brilliant . How many times have I got to tell you my name is Donald now. All the time you're with that disgusting, “Donnie,” a grammar school name. Get some class. You own the matzo factory now. You're not just another meshugana anymore. You're a businessman. Get some class or I won't invite you into any of my buildings around the world. I have lots of buildings around the world you know. I'm a billionaire. Come to think of it I'll have to let my people tell me if I should even be speaking to you on the street. I'll have to see which one of my people can tell me that. I'm a busy man. Very successful. Self-made. A billionaire. I'm smarter than everyone who does business with me and along with my great looks and billions I've got some humongous physical endowments, yuge! I've shown these to many beautiful women who have decided upon the spot they would like to share them with me. I'm astoundingly yuge. Very attractive. Verging on the spectacular and if I don't just abuse the women and use them, I marry them. Maybe I abuse them a little then, maybe. All of my wives are beautiful. They've given me a number of daughters. Great pieces of ass. I wouldn't mind showing my endowments to a couple of them, that is if the situation was to my advantage.”

