

George H.W. Bush

by Smiley McGrouchpants Jr.

George H.W. Bush took his cock out and began stroking it. “The Reverend Sun Myung-Moon, of course, is a *good friend*, and the *Washington Times*[1] is an *independent* source.” He coughed.

“Now, you're probably wondering why I'm down here in South — *Central America*,” he smiled. He started stroking his cock again. “Well hopefully I won't lose the election to some newcomer who goes on Arsenio Hall plays saxophone and wins over the *general population!*”

He grins again.

“Now why would *that* happen?”

THE END

[1] Run at a \$100 million dollar a year *loss* — it's in David Brock's *Blinded by the Right* (2002), didn't you *know* that? — ed.

