

EATING A BAG O' GOAT DICKS, ON MY FRONT PORCH, WITH WILFORD BRIMLEY by Dick Cheney

by Smiley McGrouchpants

"Man, the time I ate a bag of goat dicks on my front porch with Wilford Brimley — that I'll *never* forget! He had just come up from shooting one of those Quaker Oats™ commercials — or maybe it was *Cocoon*, I can't remember; those years are kind of hazy, I was drinking a lot — and I had just come back to Wyoming to 'prove' to people I lived there, even though most residents didn't know I was their senator, and I tended to divert 'pork' funding *away* from the state, to serve my own interests. He came up the wooden steps, and said, 'Are those . . . *goat* dicks?' Seeing him say that, with the same baby-blue eyes, white bushy mustache and deep-baritone voice beloved by millions, I wanted to jump up and hug the guy. But of course I *didn't* — not that I'm a repressed homosexual, or anything. Or paranoid. Or hypersensitive. And, ah . . . "

TNE EHD[1]

[1] Typos are tragedies when they happen to the struggling, young(-ish) author. Please don't hurt his feelings by mocking him for it, just because he can't type. Or spell. — *ed.*

