

Janine said to the man she loved like mangos, "Why must I call you PEEPYPANTS?, That is a bizarre and horrible name, Whats the story?"He looked at her with a look that reminded her of a wise old Owl, eating spaghetti, and said, " Well, once I worked in a pigeon nursery, and all the tiny baby pigeons used to look so cold, and bored all the time, that I would stuff about two hundred of them down my pants at the end of the day, and take them out drinking with me. They loved it" We would all go downtown to my favorite bar, which was owned by a bird. A green parrot, with a Harvard degree, you see."..."Anyway, me and all my little pals would go up to the bar, and I would order a triple rum and coke, with two hundred straws. The little guys would march out of my open fly, grab their straws, line up around the big glass, and we would all drink together. After the third or fourth drink, we would usually all sing...you know, stuff like, " The Turtle Belch Song," or, "Mozarts Pigeon Drinking Lieder," sometimes some Frank Sinatra stuff, you know. Lotsa times the whole bar would join in." Anyways, after while my little pals would all get sleepy, and climb back in my pants to relax, and tell jokes. They would all softly go "PEE, PEE, PEE," there, in my pants, untill I took them home."...."Thats how I came to be called PEEPYPANTS, and it stuck."....."Bullshit," said Janine, looking at him like he was two-headed. " I think it is just because you insist on wearing those tacky, urine colored pants, and if you expect to marry me, you better find a better pair."....He grinned at his newly beloved wise-ass woman, Look, my dear, why dont we have dinner at a wonderful secret restaurant I know, that serves Conch Ice Cream, over Conch and Strawberry pie, and then go to that bar run by the green parrot. He will give us free drinks because he owes me a favor, big time."....".Whats the favor?" Janine asked, dreading the answer....."Well, he wanted rid of his parrot girlfriend, and so, he asked me if I would seduce her away from him, if I could....I asked her out, got her drunk, and gave her oral sex untill all her feathers flew off...Without her feathers, she was so embarrassed that she moved to Syracuse, New York, and got a job in a strip joint. The guys in Syracuse were so dumb, they just thought she was a little Catholic school girl, and they loved her skinny legs.".....Janine knew that a guy with stories like this was in another league, and she smiled at him. "Lets go eat," she said, "Im beginning not to mind your pants." //////////////// END OF PART THREE...see part four soon.//////////////// All Love , not kidding. JEFF