

Get a Grip.....

Get a grip! Do you think the mall will change it's hairspray, just for you? Do you think that the Cub Scouts are coming over to your house ten years from now, catch you watching "Darma and Greg", in your fifteen year old housecoat, and climb all over you just to explore you for anal cookies?

get a grip please.

Do you think that ancient Honduran pimps with panama hats are going to trim your pubic hair in the shape of a Star of David? Do you think that the vice president of General motors is going to be waiting in your bathroom with a wedding cake from his mother-in-law? Are you under the impression that bananas can be made into a new form of blackboard chalk?

Arrange your life

Do you hope that the office manager has a coronary in the arms of the janitor, and that they are found in the broomcloset, stuck together by their love of the common man? Is the President going to knock on your door with an Ed McMahon mask on, rip off his business suit, and along with twenty-seven Secret Service men, ravish you in the sitting room while Aunt Hatty drinks Martinis and cheers?

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To you think that a Miami beauty queen is going to appear in a cream coloured Cadillac convertible in front of your apartment complex, wearing only a pair of Bass Weegins, and two rubber bands, and want you to go for a spin in her brand-new Donzi speedboat, with three other bi-sexual parochial schoolgirls, all wanting to see if they could form a perfect "vee" with their lips, like a flock of Canadian Geese on their way to Grossingers in the Catskills, and place those lips upon your most protected parts, with the enthusuasm of a new cheerleader out in the back of life's grandstand?

Yes, Get a grip

Do you think that your trip to the hair salon will be the thing that gets Burt Reynolds to leave his latest Philipina soux-chef, and fly directly to you ,all lathered up below the waist from anticipation of your new hairstyle that looks like two zeppelins having sex, because the hairdresser was high on model airplane glue? Do you think that your new Cleavage Pencil, that you ordered on late nite TV is going to be the thing that it takes to get Leroy out from behind the counter at the Dairy Queen and massage your flopzolas into a dark-pink blur? And, after the fire department is called to put out Leroy's overzealous work on

your brand-new Mary Kay Dacron Nipple Enhancing Radios, causing them to burn with as much smoke as that cargo plane loaded with falsies that crashed last month at Opa-Locka airport, do you expect sympathy, and a gay crisis counsellor in a teeny french bathing suit to show up at your door with a plate of strawberry shortcake covered with cockroaches?

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Do you believe that if you marry a rich and handsome man that there will never be horrible things in his underwear, and that you will never find the addresses of schoolgirls in there when you empty the vacuum cleaner bag out on the porch? and that marrying a slim ,sheik, and lovely woman with breasts that ,being thirty four"C" and, having been put in the class pencil sharpener in grade school, are now enshrined in the American Breast Museum, in Hamtramick,Michigan, will make you immune when she develops a yeast infection ,so virulent and noxious that it kills all the parrots in the zoo, at a range of three miles, and, you have to make love in a lead-lined bag, with the police surrounding the house, to keep members of the National Yeast Infection Diner's Club away.

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Finally, do you think that being an American will keep you secure when they need your body for peanut butter research and force you to show your peanut butter-covered torso to the entire crew of our largest aircraft carrier, out on the windswept deck, guiding new pilots to a landing ,by waving your peanut butter covered breasts. One if by land, and, two if by sea? Or, if the manager at the newest Gap store in the Mall goes insane, and tries to get you to marry him, and move to a new nudist condo development ,down near Tierra del Fuego, which is that new Bolivian fastfood restaurant, out near the Pottery Barn, and, he sings "Thats Amore" in the middle of the Mall Atrium, to you, which all wouldn't be so bad except he weighs four hundred pounds, and has to hold his fatrolls up with a crane.

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