

Confessions of a Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough

Written by Greg Mills

"At the heart of every blogger is a nude fat man e



ating cookie dough."- Mark Twain

Greetings to thee, faithful blog friend. It is I, a Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough, filling you in on the latest gossip from the Barca-Lounger.

Mother has just left for the Hospice Shoppe, so I am now unencumbered by my sheet.

Propriety reign in this home. I am a nudist, but I am a nudist who gives thought to those close to him, my Mother especially. She finds my lifestyle appalling, but we have reached a *détente*. If I am to help around the home, per our agreement, she **MUST** respect my needs as a committed sensualist and free spirit. My danglies are my pride, along with my cats.

My dangly nethers are resting comfortably on the cool of the leatherette cushion, and I am as comfortable as a dauphin posing for some dank Flemish ponce.

With my cyclinders of cookie dough at the ready, "Are You Being Served" in the VHS player, the cats behaving like little gentlemen, I can say that today is a bellwether day for me. All is well in my little kingdom.

Unlike yesterday.

Yesterday the cats were **DIABOLICAL**. While their brains are the size of walnuts, I suspect they share some sort of symbiotic intelligence.

I was have a devil enough of a time with the VHS, as it nearly ate a particular fine volume of my

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extensive “Are You Being Served” collection. Mother brought the player home from the Hospice Shoppe many years ago and I have been relentless in demanding a DVD player be provided if I am going to CONTINUE TO PROVIDE SUCCOR TO MY MOTHER WITH MY PRESENCE.

I adore the woman who suckle med until her bosoms withered to leathery paps, but sometimes the blackness of her selfishness is so oppressive that I can feel actual physical pressure on my abdomen. (When I alerted her to this, she had the temerity to suggest that I “lug one of those damn cats off yourself”. Snarky bitch.)

Anyway, the VHS. I waved out the window (wrapped in my sheet) to Mr. Vlasoff, the neighbor, a huge silent hulking Slavic troglodyte to whom Providence had the charity to possess a certain dexterity with mechanical objects. He came in and removed the tape. He did not linger, either. (The sheet slipped)

So, disaster avoided, the cats began their campaign to ruin my day. As if tripped by some mechanism, the five began emitting full and violent stream of urine at various points around the room.

It was if they were the fonts of some dreadful water novelty and I was the stately Poseidon presiding their center. Only I was no jolly sea monarch.

I was an angry NUDE FAT MAN, and I stretched to my full height and left the chair roaring like a bull.

The cats scattered, leaving their reeking puddles, the odor of which almost put me off my cookie dough. Mother had a hell of time scrubbing the urea out of the carpet. Her suffering moved me.

I may write a poem later.

Write, would you, fair chum?