

Confessions of a Nude Fat Man Eating Cookie Dough: LIMO TROUBLE

Written by Greg Mills

"At the heart of every blogger is a nude fat man eating cookie dough."- Norman Mailer



I am a nudist.

I believe in the Beauty all peoples; however tinged they may be on the outside, carry inside them, among their various spleens, bladders and puckered recesses. My gift to the Human Struggle is the inspiration of my abundant form, coral flesh trimmed with a fine downy hair (my body hair is limited due to an undescended dangly.)

As any person who has witnessed my Living Tableaux routine celebrating Beauty and Hygiene (every Arbor Day in backyard) might tell you, I am a passionate EXPRESSER of TRUTH, particularly when I have suitable props available, such as the gross of paisley scarves I use in my routine.

Beauty is my creed.

And that solemn belief in Universal Beauty is why I hate the With Style Limousine Service so very goddamn much.

An explanation: I am a habitué of a very racy morning radio show, Ducky and Pete's Morning Aquarium, on 560 Golden Starz AM. Yes, THOSE two! Their surreal car horn! Their outrageous discourteous behavior on the phone! Naughty, much like that dear slim homosexual Mr. Humphries on "Are You Being Served?"

And who doesn't love their preternaturally nuanced depiction of those two squabbling Hindoo

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convenience shop keepers, Okey and Dokey? Ducky and Pete confirm for me the best of our shared natures, that we human love to laugh and share and ponder and tweak the noses of of Fusty old BUGABEARS like that Hilary Clinton, who I gather from their show is a cuckolded lesbian (I am above politics, so forgive my ignorance).

Anyway, I am taking a long way around to talk about those craphounds at With Style Limousine DIS-Service (and that my friends, comes with an all caps SIC). The whole SATANIC NIGHTMARE began when I was the tenth caller to correctly identify the singer behind the wonderful "Ghostbusters's Theme" as Ray Parker Jr. (Am a fan!!)

The "prize" (read: STD-LIKE CURSE) was an hour's ride in one of With Style's so-called "Limousines".

Normally, I like to stick to the home base, near my little feline love squad. But after I saw a profile of Markie Post on the "ET" programme in which she rode in an elegant limousine to a nail appointment, I was intrigued. So I jumped at the chance to taste more fully of life, as I am a fool for the SYBARITIC!!!

Unfortunately, the dream became occulted with misery right quick, namely that very weekend. For even after chatting with seemingly charming Gary for twenty minutes or so, it was NEVER DISCLOSED THAT NUDISTS WERE NOT CONSIDER "WITH-STYLE MATERIAL." No dogs, no Irish, NO NUDISTS.

When the car itself was beautiful, well appointed, sleek. I was ever so eager to ride it to Park N Shop so I could show up those vicious insensitive creeps at the Hobby Village. I suspect that pasty faced little ferret CORY would come sniffing around, his pustules gleaming in the sun, asking to enter my ride. And I would merely say: "Drive on, driver. Our business is else where." Ha-ha Cory. Ha de harridy ha ha, you vulgar cur.

Imagine my humiliation when I took my sheet off in the back seat, and the driver slammed on the brakes. We had barely made it to the end of Shady Oak Drive!

He gawped at me in my fullness. Briefly, my mind clouded with worries that he was a pervert who wanted to plumb me, for our vulgar culture immediately reads nudity as an invitation to ROGER.

But what I had read as lust was merely the idiotic incomprehension of Beauty. He merely turned the car around without a word, and stopped in front of ma maison.

"Out!" without so much a smirk. "I'm not going drive you around in that state." I was going to scream obscenities, but my mouth was full of cookie dough. Fortunately Sensuality ruled the day, keeping her cousin Propriety high and unsullied on her pedestal. I would not spill a crumb of cookie dough for this lout.

Now I sit heartbroken, unable to listen to the radio, unable to bathe, unable to pet my cats. Heartbroken, and haunted by the ghost of the almost unbearably glorious sensation of my

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danglies dipping into that cool tuck and roll leather, air vent aimed and blasting true across my nethers.

I understand the pain of the Angel of Light after his banishment from paradise.

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