

My Dinner With Kim Jong Un

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I've been hard at work, boys and girls, working behind the scenes for my chance to make a dent in Whirled Peas.



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Author's Note: Your faithful correspondent has been busy. Because of my close, personal relationship with a certain DPRK big boy, I've managed to get you all the lowdown on what's really happening on the Korean Peninsula. Thea arranged the airline tickets by hacking the Korean Airlines website, so thanks, sis!

Not everyone gets to have dinner with a dictator. To be honest, you guys don't know what you're missing! Hugo used to go all out when I breezed into town, and while he had poor taste in women (I mean, that last mistress looked like RuPaul on a bad hair day, and I think it might have been Sean Penn in drag), the little prat knew his corned beef. Venezuelan Rubens are not to be missed!

My old drinking buddy, Kim Jong Un, is another matter. He used to come into Pony Tails when he was in California for the Final Four, and loved it we had a two-for-one drink special. Say what you will about how evil he is, but he's always trying to save his people a few sheckles by frequenting Happy Hour and using those Asian Dictator coupons at Motel 8.

Naturally, when I realized I could help the good ol' U.S. of A. here, I had dinner with Kim Jong Un, just last week.

He's trying to shed a few pounds, poor tubby bastard, so he kept away from the General Tso's chicken. He really dove into the pork fried rice though, so he'll probably keep that well-fed "butterball" look his people so admire... and envy!

"Un," I said. (I get to call him "Un'.") "Are you really planning to attack the U.S. and Japan?"

He belched. "Nah. Got big rally next week. Gonna make a few threats, cow the people, and get some respect from Iran. Then hit the movie house. Got the new Tyler Perry movie. That guy crazy!"

"Why is respect from Iran so important?" I asked as I grabbed another egg roll. NK has the best egg rolls outside of China. Just so you know.

"Are you kidding?" Burp. "Ahmadinejad's parties have all the babes. And the party favors? Best damn snow in Asia. He gives you these little spoons, like McDonald's used to have, but solid silver."

"Aren't you afraid the U.S. will kick your butt?"

"Why you say that? I'm bigshot leader. People love me."

"Which people?"

He looked up at one of his bodyguards. "Frankie. People love me, right?"

"Yes, your Bloatedness," said the guard. "You are adored."

Kim laughed. "See? Frankie know. He got his finger on the pulse of the Korean people."

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Frankie smelled his finger, but said nothing.

So see? Everything's cool, and it's just for show. In the event I'm wrong, you heard it here, first.

Peace Out,
Lacy

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