Promiscuity in the morning

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A sensational observation on the "morning drive"

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â Oh my, come on over here big boy. Iâ ve been waiting for you all night. Donâ t be shy, come handle me with your oh so masculine hands an give me a big squeeze. You know you want me, you know you need me. I promise to leave you with an ear to ear glimmering smile. Good God take me you gorgeous hunk of man, take me now for Godâ s sake take me now!â

Youâ ve just witnessed how my each and every day starts. That was my impression of my tooth brush, if it could talk, and I believe mine can.

Next Iâ m off to the shower. I stepped out of my warm soothing rain machine on a cold wintry morning while still thinking of my superbly perceptive tooth brush. As I scurry through my vigorous toweling choreography I heard my cell phone ring.

With the morning sunlight sneaking through the shades and landing on my glistening body I cleared my eyes with my lush thirsty towel and answered it. It was my calorically over-enhanced friend inquiring one good reason why McDonalds doesnâ t have the McRib year round.

After heated verbal fisticuffs about the allure of â givithâ and â takethâ away and his inane interruptions in my life, I returned to my toweling routine and realized I hadnâ t a clue where I had left off.

My post-shower dehydrating activities had, somewhere between youth and adult, become an automatism and now I have to start the whole ordeal all over again from the beginning.

Then it was time to put on my shirt, I guess (my entire universe is off tilt now). It was half on and I saw the tag in my face, DAMN IT! Backward again! Theoretically there's a 50/50 chance Iâ d put it on correctly but not for me, the norm is 90% backward.

Some days I just donâ t have the wherewithal in me to fight it and I wear as-is. I just tell everyone that notices that my shirt is correctly positioned, and that I was simply facing the wrong way when I put it on.

Still slightly moist, I try the old switcheroo without taking it completely off. This never works out either. I end up looking like Bruce Lee Karate chopping a family of angered hornets inside my shirt, and Iâ m losing.

Finally I get the shirt on correct enough to continue and catch my breath. Then I proceed with my usual singing of "Old Time Rock & Roll" into the hair brush/microphone with a sincere, but overly exaggerated singerâ s winced grimace pasted on my face into the mirror.

After my self-serenade it was off to my dear old friend Mr. hair dryer and ... I chagrinned; "WHAT THE! He's been replaced! By a pink one! Oh this just isn't right, I can't use this, can I? Am I so enthralled in my Neanderthal primitive manhood that I can't use a pink hair dryer! ... YES! It's completely emasculating!â

I thought â Now, where is my old black dryer, it's got to be around here somewhere? There is no way Iâ m using this pink feministic appliance, I'm going to demand my old friend back, no questions, just demands, there is no room for debate here!â â ¦

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So the agreement is that the pink dryer will work out just fine, I decided to grow into acceptance and give up my high testosterone mannerisms, ON MY OWN by the way!

Suddenly I have an insatiable urge to brush my teethâ ¦ Dare I think, A brush with Menage Au Trios? (photo)

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