



Proudly Presents

B MY NAME IS BOB

WRITTEN BY GREGORY T. BURNS

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ISBN 978-1-942109-01-3

Manly Men Poem #1

A poem. From my collection, *For Manly Men Only*.

I am a manly man.
An aging lion.
The safari is barren.
My claws are gone.
She did it.
She did it.
I was her strong Simba.
Silly Simba..
Silly, stupid Simba.
“Won’t somebody stroke my mane?”
I am a manly man.
An aging lion.
R—roar
R—roar
R—roar
R—Meow.

My Dad Can Beat Up Your Dad

Danny: Hey, Kevin.

Kevin: Yeah, Danny?

Danny: I was talking to my dad last night...

Kevin: Yeah?

Danny: And I asked him who would win, if he ever got into a fight with your dad.

Kevin: What did he say?

Danny: Well, when he stopped laughing, he said that fighting your dad would be like fighting a big bowl of Jell-O.

Kevin: (*Defensively*) Oh, yeah? Well, I’ll bet my dad could beat up your dad any day of the week.

Danny: (*Defensively*) Oh, yeah? Well, my dad would put your dad in a headlock, grab one of his ears, and pull his head off. Then

we'd use your dad's head as a bowling ball.

Kevin: My dad's head couldn't be a bowling ball!

Danny: It could, too. We'd stick our fingers in his nose and roll it down the lane. Perfect strikes every time!

Kevin: Yeah, well, my dad would rip both of your dad's arms off, and we'd use them for baseball bats in Little League. Perfect home-runs every time!

Danny: Yeah? Well, my dad would rip both of your dad's legs off, and we'd use them for golf clubs at Putt-Putt. As big as your dad's feet are, I'll bet we'd never miss the ball! We'd get a hole-in-one every time!

Kevin: Yeah, well, my dad would rip your dad's stomach open, and he'd pull out all of his intestines! Then we'd use your dad's intestines like rope to pull our boat down to the lake! Fun in the sun, buddy—fun in the sun! *(Beat)* Hey, look, there's your sister!

Danny: *(Looks over shoulder)* Where?

Kevin: *(Laughs)* Made you look! *(Back in arguing mode)* But I bet my sister could knock your sister out with just one whiff of her *breath!*

Danny: Yeah? Well, I bet my sister could make your sister drop to the ground and roll around in pain from my sister just *looking* at your sister with my sister's ugly *face!*

Kevin: *(Stops for a second)* Hey, that's funny. We both have ugly sisters.

Danny: *(Realizing Kevin's right)* Hey, that is funny. *(They both laugh, then Kevin jumps right back into arguing mode)*

Kevin: And I bet my dog, Trixie, can beat up your dog, Fido!

Danny: That's stupid! No way can a girl Miniature Poodle beat up a boy Bulldog.

Kevin: Oh, yeah? Well, have you ever seen your sister get really, really mad?

Danny: *(Thinks about this for a second, gasps)* Hey, that's not fair, you've got a poodle!

Kevin: *(Changing the subject)* Hey, what time is it?

Danny: *(Not one to resist the opportunity to tell a joke)* Time for you to get a watch! *(Looking at his watch)* It's five-thirty. Why?

Kevin: *(The fight is forgotten)* Uh-oh, I'm late for dinner. Mom