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Menopause, Andropause And Other Hormone Imbalances
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The Hazards of Tossing Pigs

By Chris Bradford & Brande McCree

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The Hazards of Tossing Pigs

Saturday, both Jane and Barb had to work. I didn't see either of them during the day but Saturday night I went to eat at the restaurant they work in. They serve two kinda steaks there. One called the Cowgirl, and one called the Cowboy. On my first visit some months ago I had loudly pronounced "I wanna eat a Cowgirl!" When Jane asked how I wanted it, I loudly replied "Why, pink in the middle of course!"

Weeeeell..... this time Jane recommended the Cowboy. I informed her that if she was to tell anyone that I ate a Cowboy on the bone, she was dead meat.

After eating, they invited me to go out after they got off work. So I told them I would show back up round 10 PM. I rode by at 9:30 and seeing the parking lot was about empty, decided to stop on in. They wasn't finished, so I stepped into the bar. In the bar they had LVTV (Las Vegas TV) film cameras set up, and the Geritol Crowd was out there dancing to the swing time music being played by some fellas who in their younger years dreamed of growing up and playing music in "Speakeasies" during the Great Depression. Now, it was fun to watch, and I got a kick out of the drummer who, when he went into his grand finale drum roll on the last song, paused to put on his oxygen mask first.

Things took a little longer than expected, but at about 11:30, they finally were ready to go out. Except, neither brought a change of clothes. We had to stop and buy them t-shirts to be presentable. After hitting a couple of places, they finally found some sweat shirts at Outback Roadhouse. That being done, we started having problems finding a bar. I was even having problems finding Barb! We would decide to go somewhere and she would take off in her car like a racetrack momma, leaving me and Jane driving around Branson trying to find her! Finally we caught up with her and decided to hit the lounge at the Ramada. That didn't work out too well. The place was fairly empty. And, besides that, as we were walking in the parking lot we passed this 1971 pickemup truck that was so valuable it had guard dogs in the back. The thing is, we didn't see the dogs until we were beside the truck. Then, it was too late! We all had dirty britches.

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Weeeeell.. we decided to go to my motel room and have our own little get together so Jane sends Barb after some wine and we head to my motel.

Barb shows up at about the same time we do. In addition to the wine, she brought a bottle of Jim Beam and some game which you play by tossing pigs. I thanked her for the Jim Beam, but cautioned her it was a bad idea because with the mood I was in I shouldn't be drinking heavy. She fixed me a drink, and we all sat down to toss a few pigs.

Now, this game was pretty neat. You would toss these two pigs like dice.. and depending on how they landed you would score points. You had "Snouters", "Razor backs", "Makin Bacon", and a bunch of other ways they could land. I kept drinking.

Weeeeeeeeeeeell.... the last thing I remember was feeling a little sick from drinking so much, and the next thing I knew it was Sunday morning. And, what a morning it was!

Sunday morning I wake up feeling like crap.

I open my eyes and no-one was in my room.

I felt something on top of me and reached across to grab it. As I did, I noticed a purple key ring hanging off one of my fingers.

I go to pull it off and I notice a bunch of yellow crap in my hand.

I reach down to see what it is on top of me, and I find the bottle of Jim Beam... EMPTY!!!

My first thought was "Oh crap!!!! What did I do???"

I try to raise up out of bed, but I cant.

Yes, I was still drunk, but THAT was not the problem. Instead, the bedspread was coming with me!

It seems that while in my inebriated state of comatosement, my two blonde friends had decided to sew my clothes to the bed, with ME IN THEM!!!!

I reached over, rip apart the threads, and roll out of bed. I stumble to the bathroom. I relieve myself and walk out. As I do, I glance at the mirror, and.....

WHAT!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

The first thing I noticed was my hair was slicked back. with all of these little specks in it that looked like little bitty sponges.

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Then I notice that my eyebrows had been painted all the way across.

And I see all these splotches all over my face!

And, my gawd, LIPSTICK on my lips!!!!

I started wiping my face off when...

The phone rings.

It was Jane... totally laughing her butt off!!!!!!

I asked if I had drank that whole bottle?

She was laughing her butt off!!!

It turns out that the slicked back hair was shampoo.

And, she was laughing her butt off!!!

And, the flecks was potato chips.

And, she was laughing her butt off!!!

And, while we was talking I noticed that I had plastic bags tied around my feet!!!!!!

And, she was laughing her butt off!!!

And to top it off, I was supposed to be in SUNDAY SCHOOL in an hour!!

And she was laughing her butt off!!!

I told her I might not make Sunday school, but I would be at church. She thanked me for being a good sport (yeah, right. Revenge is coming. Jane and Barb had better watch out.) and I went and laid back down.

When I finally got around to taking the plastic bags off my feet, it was like sticking them in a dadblame freezer. I couldn't believe it!

I showered, washed the crap out of my hair, (finding dental floss in there too) and headed to church, still drunk.

Now, that there preacher has no idea of the impact his sermon had on me that day. Not only did I have him preaching at me, but there was two more fellas who looked just like him saying the same things at

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the same time. They were even making the same gestures at the same time!! I have no idea how they did the special effects, but they would merge into one, and then un-merge.

I made it through church and only heard Jane snore once next to me. I can't help but wonder housekeeping thought when they found threads sewn into the blanket in the shape of a large human body.

Chris Bradford and Brande McCree are the publishers of MLM Success Today, a weekly newsletter offering original articles written by its publishers for both the experienced and the beginner network marketer.<http://www.mlmsuccesstoday.com/news/>

Tiger and the Three Pigs

By David Leonhardt a.k.a. The Happy Guy

After years of terrorizing the countryside, hunting deer, poaching livestock, killing game, Tiger grew long in the tooth. Finally, he knew it was time to retire. So he packed his bag and ambled into town to the Three Little Pigs Retirement Home Inc. He rang the bell, and the first little pig appeared on the landing above. "What do you want?" asked the little pig.

"I come here to retire," Tiger replied.

"Ooooh. I don't think so," the little pig declared. "You're not like us. You've got big teeth. Very dangerous. We can't let you in."

So Tiger went to the dentist and had his teeth removed. The next day, he returned to the Three Little Pigs Retirement Home Inc. "What do you want?" asked the second little pig.

"I have no more teeth. I come here to retire," Tiger replied once more.

"Ooooh. No, no, no. That just won't do," the little pig exclaimed. "You're different. You have sharp claws. You scare us. We can't let you in."

So Tiger went to the manicurist and had his claws removed. The next day, he returned to the Three Little Pigs Retirement Home Inc. "What do you want?" demanded the third little pig.

"I have no more claws. I come here to retire," Tiger repeated.

"Ooooh. Let me see," the little pig muttered as he disappeared from sight. Tiger heard much whispering and commotion behind the big wooden doors. "Okay, come in," said the little pig.

Tiger strolled through the doors, and there stood the three little pigs, grinning ear to ear. Suddenly they jumped on Tiger. Squealing with delight, they beat him up and sent him packing. No teeth. No claws. Yippeeee! Finally they got even with Tiger for terrorizing the animals.

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Tiger should have known better. He should have accepted who he is and not try to conform to someone else's image of him. What tiger in his right mind lets a pig paint his portrait?

So, who paints your portrait?

David Leonhardt is The Happy Guy, and author of

Visit him at

Tiger and the Three Pigs

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