

The Nicest Guy and His Lonely Penis

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Nothing in this book is true except my desire to cover my ass with this statement.

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Phil & Testes Plus 500,000,000

You think the Gosselins have it tough? Bah. I have millions of little ones to worry about. Imagine taking care of such a brood. Sure, they are tiny and spend most of their days swimming, but I'm exhausted trying to keep up with them. There's keeping them safe, feeding, and taking them out to play, just to name a few of the draining activities.

I take my children with me everywhere I go, even to the gym. Although Daddy loves the stationary bike and sauna, my little ones are none too impressed. I tell them a happy daddy is the best daddy so sometimes they need to suck it up and take one for the team. If Daddy stops working out then they will not get to spend as much time doing their favorite activity: egg hunting. Oh, my boys can't get enough of that. They don't want one Easter a year either. Nope, not my boys. Every weekend is Easter in their minds. Good Friday? Every Friday.

I have to be careful when I drink alcohol because I sometimes neglect my children, and they beg me to come out and play. Nag, nag, nag. They start looking for eggs where there are few to be found. Sometimes Daddy meets a nice woman his age. You'd think the boys would be happy. Nope. I explain (in my baby voice) that older women have more experience with them and are more fun to play with. Yet, when the boys get involved, they whine and complain that she doesn't play nice. Her eggs are too hard to find.

My children are always up before I am in the morning. God, what I would give to be able to sleep in. Sometimes I take them out to play right before bedtime, hoping to tire them out. They love to watch TV, but Daddy loves sports, and they have no interest. We end up watching their favorite shows as I try to tire them out, but still in the morning it's "We're up, Daddy, get up!" and no more sleep for me. I tell them I have to pee, but they won't let me. They want to play first. How exhausting.

A few years back I was concerned that my boys were dysfunctional or had A.D.D. I was married and putting my boys to work doing regular egg hunts. They sucked at it, so off to the doctor's office we went. They sent us to the "collection room" where I was told to get my boys out so they could be examined, counted, and evaluated. They were a little shy to come out, but we found some of their favorite magazines (which Daddy held with his sleeve, not his skin, because the pages were wrinkled and gross). After a bit of coaxing, they finally did come out. I felt bad because I hardly had time to name all 500,000,000 of them. It turned out that there were some slow ones and even a few two-headed little monsters, but most of them were healthy and good swimmers. Daddy was so proud.

Well, I wish I had the time to tell you more. They're up again and nagging me about going out for another egg hunt tonight. I told them Daddy's tired, and if they keep it up, he'll have to hire them a playmate. They're oddly OK with that. I threatened to take them to the shower. They hate showers. However, Daddy taught them how to make pretend, so they stop nagging him. I'm sorry, I have to go ... Phil the 216,549th is crying and wants his pacifier (*nookie*).

How Do I Work You?

I know, I know: "Men never read the instructions or ask for directions." Well, damn it, I'm asking. How do women work? I'm tired of guessing. I've tried all of the tab "A," slot "B," a little WD40 (vodka), twist here, and tug there methods. The levers and buttons don't work the same on all of you.

Men are primitive beasts—visual and impatient, especially at my age. So, when we meet, kindly hand us your instruction manual. Is that too much to ask?

"Oh, but the learning about each other, the experimenting, those awkward moments; it's all so exciting." I'll tell you what it is: *frustrating*. It's like trying to assemble a ten-speed bike with a stripped screwdriver and without cold beer.

It would be a lot easier if women all worked the same—not even close. This one likes to talk dirty; that one calls it a "wee wee." This one likes the cashmere sweater gift; that one is offended that I bought a size five because she's "a four even on a fat day" (like I have a decoder ring to figure out women's sizes). This one appreciates the perfume I picked out; this one takes it as a hint that she smells bad. I feel like I'm at the roulette table.

Here's how simple it could be. In your instruction manual, you list:

- ~ Clothing and shoe sizes and designer and store preferences (please don't say Saks);
- ~ Ring size (holy crap, marriage, scratch that one, I don't want to know, la-la-la, not listening);
- ~ Chocolate preference (milk, dark, or syrup);
- ~ How often I'm supposed to call you (does texting count?);
- ~ Favorite Starbucks drink (so I don't get dirty looks from or hit on by the barista again);
- ~ Are you seeking a solution or do you just want to vent?

Now, wouldn't that be easier? Look at the time it would save. If there are certain instructions I can't follow, I'll kindly return the manual and dive back into the estrogen pool.

My manual is simple. Just keep your fingers out of my belly button. No, you're not allowed to ask why. I am *not* a freak. Maybe a weird uncle violated me. Find something else to diddle. Oh, and keep your damn tongue out of my ear. Who likes that anyway? I'm getting heebie-jeebies just typing this.

Some of the embarrassment an instruction manual would save includes:

~ "Oh my God, he totally tried to..."

~ "She has hairy nipples: hairier than mine. How does that happen?"

~ "He sleeps with his dog. In fact, he spoons with his dog. God help me."

~ "I was brushing my teeth, and she came in and sat on the pot right next to me ... mid-floss."

~ "He has more porn than novels, and I found a Costco-sized tube of Astroglide in his pantry."

~ "She licked the roof of my mouth and at one point I think our molars touched. How is that possible?"

~ "I caught him shaving his taint ... with my razor."

Consider all the alcohol and cell minutes saved by knowing which buttons to push. Start assembling your manual today. I suggest a spiral binding and lamination. I have my highlighter and tool ready.

Trying on Shoes

That's my dating life. I apologize in advance. This essay is filled with self-deprecation and is not an indictment of anyone I have dated (or will soon date) who happens to have done the precarious thing of buying this book. There are numerous comfortable, classy, and attractive shoes that I'll never own. Similarly, there are many women that don't fit. So, this shouldn't be offensive. Oh, how I hate feigning political correctness. Go ahead, laugh, or be offended. I'm just here to get a reaction anyway.

So, how is my dating life like trying on shoes? Well, I seem to have no problem finding awesome shoes and I'm fortunate enough to afford most of them. I can't seem to find any that fit. I know, I know ... I should wear them for a while and break them in. Well, what if I invest all that time and end up with bunions? It's best to try on a variety of shoes, take home ones that fit, and give them away when they cause discomfort.

Here are some interesting parallels between my shoes and my women:

~ I admire them even when I can't have them.

~ I'm overconfident that they'd look better on me.

~ Some are best at certain events only.

~ My friends love to criticize mine, but they're just jealous and have awful taste.

~ I don't let my mother pick them out for me.

~ Sometimes older ones are softer, more comfortable, and easier to slip in and out of.

~ Flashy, loud ones are usually more expensive and wear out more quickly.

~ Ones I find online rarely arrive as advertised.

~ Athletic ones seem to get dirty more quickly.

~ Some look incredible but become dull and painful after a few hours.

~ Some are too narrow or too wide.

~ I have had my toes curled by a few.

I've been advised to just pick some and take the time to get used to them. But I'm an impatient shopper. I would rather take three home, and return the ones that don't fit right. I do try to return them in original condition but sometimes I leave a scuff or two with my caustic opinions and beliefs. Damaged goods are still *goods*, right?

Maybe I'm destined to try on dozens because I'm a tough fit. It certainly will be a stretch; lots of flexibility will be required to spend significant time with me. Until I find the right pair, I guess I'll have to toughen up and get used to the occasional pain caused by going without.

Letter to Myself

At birth: Dear baby Phil, nice ears and fur. What the fuck? Don't let anyone put anything sharp near where you pee and enjoy the boobs while you can because you're going to have to wait another fifteen years to grab one.

At age 6: Dear little Philly, don't be shy or embarrassed to ask the teacher to use the little boys' room. It is a lot worse to sit in your own excrement. When you get sick and someone wants to give you this tasty pink liquid, spit it out. It is tetracycline and it will stain, costing you thousands of dollars for veneers when you get your adult teeth.

At age 9: Dear clueless Phil, no, girls do not have cooties and although being mean to them makes them like you now, keep it up and you won't have a prom date and may end up cutting monthly checks to a greedy ex. Try writing love notes instead of throwing gum at girls' hair.

At age 11: Dear Phil who just discovered his penis elasticity, yes, it's supposed to do that.

At age 13: Dear Phil with the unwelcome hard-on in math class, do not go to the board. Tell the teacher you ate too many sugar babies, have a sour stomach, and will likely vomit if you stand up. Meanwhile, think about Grandma's hairy chin.

At age 14: Dear polka-dotted Phil, quit picking your damn zits. Stop masturbating so much and go buy some Clearasil. No, you won't go blind or get hairy palms, but if your parents catch you, it will mean years of expensive sessions with a therapist who will laugh about your case with his peers.

At age 15: Dear fashion-blind Phil, bell-bottoms, platforms, and Indian jewelry necklaces are not cool. Go buy some T-shirts and baseball caps.

At age 16: Dear deflowered Phil, no, you are not in love. You are having sex and you suck at it, so practice and do it with more than just one girl. Older women are preferable.

At age 17: Dear Dutch-boy Phil, your haircut is stupid. Cut it and put it in a bag for use later when you go bald. You're not big enough to play football so don't bother taking protein pills or doing squats. In fact, you'll never get paid to play sports so stay on the computer. Your Computer Science teacher will not show you her boobs or sleep with you, so quit staring.

At age 18: Dear alcohol-poisoned Phil, put down the Riunite wine and start smoking weed, you pussy. No, it's not a good idea to drink a pint of kamikazes while camping. Oh, and your Volkswagen Beetle is cool but the color orange is not.

At age 20: Dear Phil the waiter, learn the come-hither and proper oral methods for giving girls orgasms. Black beauties make your heart race because they are not good for you. If you want to stay up drink some damn Starbucks. Oh, that's not available yet? Try Maxwell House then.

At age 22: Dear career-guy Phil, you don't want to be in management. Just keep coding and DJing and buy stock in this little startup called Microsoft with your extra dough. For fuck's sake, *please* move away from the snow and ice already. I don't care if you have to live in a closet with three roommates.

At age 23: Dear romantically-blind Phil, snap out of it. You do not need to get married to have lots of sex. Return that diamond ring immediately and buy more Microsoft stock. Owning a club is a real bad idea so stop thinking about it. Start writing shit down so it doesn't give you a headache when you're old, trying to remember how much of a mess you were.

Speech Template for the Next Governor Caught Cheating

I have had it with whiny sniveling middle-aged men at the podium apologizing for indiscretions. The latest is South Carolina's Governor Mark Sanford, who spent a week in Argentina and returned to give the anxious-as-always media a tear-filled dose of his lament.

I couldn't make it through his speech because I became nauseated. I'll take it upon myself to write a template for a man's man speech that will be more about the truth and less about what voters need to hear:

Dear fellow Americans, let me start by making it perfectly clear: yes, I *did* have sex with that woman, and lots of it. In fact, I had to rehydrate with two quarts of Gatorade—while I iced down my apprentice—to recover from the many nights of “hitting it” like Albert Pujols.

Those of you without a penis may wonder how I could do such a thing. Those of you *with* a penis just want to know how the sex was; I'll get to that. So, how could I cheat on my wife of twenty years? Quite simply, I did it because the bitch stopped putting out. Tell them, honey. When's the last time *you* headed south? Seriously, she had her day, and she's not bad for fifty. But, after pushing out four pumpkin-headed monkeys, sex has been one-sided; I only feel it one side at a time. It's like stirring warm gravy.

Hey, I admit that I'm not the physical specimen I once was, but I have these things called money and fame that make up for it. Still—and this is for my sons—if Mommy would have hit the lights and backed up to Daddy more often than once a month, Daddy wouldn't have spent your summer camp money on his trip to South America. Believe me, boys, soon enough you'll learn to understand and envy Pop for taking the road trip.

I know you nosy perverts are all getting off on my emails that you intercepted. Well, just so you know, here on my iPhone I have action shots that will make the most timid of you hotter than the desert sun. My little playmate, Olivia, isn't shy about showing Uncle Mark how she loves Americans. I'll be selling these photos on eBay to fund her summer vacation with me.

You may be expecting an apology. Let me see, do I apologize? Um, how can I put this gently? Hell no I don't! The only thing I *am* sorry about is that I couldn't get a travel visa quick enough to have her here by my side in a crotchless Latina maid's outfit.

I'm well aware that my little trip will cost me dearly in terms of alimony and child support. That's why I'm tendering my resignation effective immediately. I'll move into a studio rental and make my living from appearances and book deals while I continue to bang South American chicks by the dozen.

In conclusion, I'd like to wish my future ex-wife well in Cougarville. All you judgmental, hype-seeking drama queens of the media can “suck it.” God bless money, God bless fame, and God bless hot foreign chicks willing to put out for old glory.

Breakup Form Letter

There are many ways to handle a breakup, but most of them create pain and resentment. Why don't we take the high road? Let's avoid hurting the ones we love by letting them down gently. Here's a letter you can feel free to use:

Dear [insert name of the person you will no longer be sleeping with, unless you get really drunk and lonely],

I [have enjoyed/was bored by/regretted] our relationship but [unfortunately/fortunately/thank freaking God] it has come to an end. You're a real [special/nice/stupid] person, and I'm doing this in print so that you don't have any misconceptions about why our [marriage/engagement/fuckbuddyship/relationship] is over.

Here are the main reasons why I [don't love you anymore/need a break/can no longer stand the sight of you]:

[Insert all that apply.]

- ~ You smell.
- ~ You're a slob.
- ~ My friends confessed that you keep trying to seduce them.
- ~ Your [pets/children/family] are nuisances.
- ~ You're a cheap bastard.
- ~ I know you're banging somebody else.
- ~ I found your Match.com profile, and it is chock full of lies. (Athletic and Toned? Really?)
- ~ You don't wash your [sheets/shirts/self] often enough.
- ~ My parents think you spend weekends in prison.
- ~ You never call me.
- ~ You're a Boston [Celtics/Red Sox/anything] fan.
- ~ You seem to need a GPS to find my [clit/G-spot/zipper].
- ~ You dress as if you're going to a [trailer-park party/high school gym class/luau/funeral].
- ~ Your taste in [food/wine/TV shows/movies/music/coffee beans] sucks.
- ~ I found compromising pictures of you on [your cell phone/Facebook/my friend's phone].
- ~ Whereas you used to [workout/run/surf] multiple times weekly, now you spend more time [riding the couch/playing video games/surfing porn].
- ~ You haven't bought me [jewelry/flowers/chocolate/squat-ola] in months.
- ~ You're a [terrible/horrible/awful] liar.
- ~ I need space.
- ~ I'd rather pay twice the rent than have to stare at your [fat/hairy/bald] [back/butt/head] for another night.
- ~ You forgot about [my birthday/our anniversary/my orgasms].
- ~ I've met someone [nicer/better/prettier/more handsome/less annoying].
- ~ I got back together with an ex.
- ~ I checked your [text messages/email messages/wallet] and found evidence that you're a [disloyal douche/player/brazen dummy who thinks I'm blind].

All that remains for us to settle at this point is the following:

- ~ We [will/will not] hook up from time-to-time when masturbation becomes tedious.

~ [I am/You are] keeping the [sofa/DVD player/pictures/videos/watch/engagement ring].
~ [I am/You are] [not/only if I don't hear about it/totally] allowed to hook up with [your/my] friends.

~ Please [leave my stuff in a bag on your front porch/bring my stuff to my place, and maybe we'll have farewell sex/donate my stuff to Goodwill, except my toothbrush, you ass].

~ You [are/are not] allowed to hang out in my favorite [bar/gym/restaurant].

~ You [may/may not] write about our relationship and my odd fetishes.

I [thank/hate] you for the time we [spent/wasted] together. I wish you [good luck/facial warts/lonely nights]. If you'd like to discuss this in person, [I'm open to it/tough cookies/get over yourself]. I'm [sorry/glad/fucking ecstatic] if this comes as a shock to you and causes severe emotional damage. Have a [nice/awful/lonely] life, you [deserve to find someone nice/douche/loser/fuck nugget].

[Love/Sincerely/Yours/Ew, please go away],

[insert your name]

[The one that got away/It's your fault, so die already/Coming soon with a friend near you].

P.S. You're a [cadaverous/clumsy/incompetent] lover. Go get some professional help.

Dating Profile Lessons

Stop lying. Do you really think you're fooling anyone with pictures from the eighties? You are not "athletic and toned." All the typos and misspellings in your profile also give away the fact that you barely made it through high school. There's a reason you're fifty and single: you're misrepresenting yourself.

I understand and appreciate the sales pitch. Sure, at times we need to exaggerate the good, forget to mention the bad, and conceal the ugly. This only works, however, when the person you are meeting did it to the same degree with his profile. Otherwise, somebody is going to be disappointed.

You don't want that to happen. You want them to be pleasantly surprised when they meet you. If you say you're "a couple pounds overweight," most people expect a couple of pounds, not a butt with its own zip code. When you say "athletic," most people assume you are referring to jogging, lifting weights, or playing sports, not bowling. When you say you "love to read," people assume you mean novels, not cartoon captions.

This lying and exaggerating has gone on so long that the entire online dating profile paradigm has shifted. When the profile says they are thirty-nine, everyone assumes they are in their late forties. When it says they drink occasionally, we all know they get drunk almost nightly. When it says "separated," nobody believes it and expects the spouse to come home while you're getting busy on the sofa.

Here's a smart profile, employing the wise strategy of setting low expectations that can be easily exceeded:

"I am a single man seeking consistently mind-blowing sex. Once we figure that out, the rest of our relationship will be easy. I don't give a shit how old you are as long as you are legal, firm, and disease-free. I'm not moving because the weather sucks almost everywhere but here, so deal with it. I'm also not driving more than fifteen miles to get laid, even if you swallow. Yes, I was once married, and we cheated on each other because we got bored. Boo-fucking-hoo. I don't

want any kids, and I'm not dealing with yours. Keep them and your dogs away from me. I'm not fat and I don't have six-pack abs. That should make it easier for you to feel secure because you're no fitness model either. There is no God, cigarette smoking is stupid, and I will drink enough to make our dates interesting. If you're looking for a meal ticket, you're wasting your time because you're not worthy. I play baseball, smoke the occasional contraband, and enjoy loud rock music the way every man should. I'm tired of watching striped-shirt douche bags lie to get women only to treat them like crap. I'll be kind, supportive, and caring exclusively with you in exchange for—you guessed it—mind-blowing sex.”

How could anyone resist?

The Halls Method

Notice: this is not for children, the faint of heart, or the sensitive of hoo-hays. Back in my college years—when 8-tracks, payphones, and wine coolers were popular—my roommate (Fester) inadvertently discovered a sexual method well beyond his years.

His girlfriend (Kate), who lived across our coed hall, was a demure girl who hardly ever made a peep. I heard her gentle tapping on our door late at night, as she snuck into the bottom bunk with Fester. I'm a very light sleeper, so not much sneaks past me. After she crawled in, I'd listen with mixed emotions hearing them get busy. At age twenty, it wasn't something I was trained to appreciate, but curiosity certainly prevailed. She was so quiet that I rarely heard anything, in spite of Fester's proud professing of his sexual proficiency.

One memorable night she came by and something was drastically different: noise. It started out subtle but grew into an upper-bunk swaying pork-fest. She moaned, wailed, and climaxed multiple times. I thought, “That can't be Kate. My dog of a roommate has another lady caller. You go, Fester!”

As soon as the door closed behind her in the morning, I did a swan dive off the top bunk and threw water on Fester. “Wake up, Studly. Who's the new chick? I almost got seasick from the tremors.”

“Dude, I don't know what the hell got into Kate. That was insane.”

“That was not our little Kate. Don't be coy with me.”

“I swear, it was Kate. She was an animal last night (*cough, cough*)!”

“Um, ya think? She sounded possessed. What did you do?”

“Nothing (*cough*). I mean nothing I haven't done before. She just was super turned-on when I went down on her, for some reason (*cough*).”

At this point, Fester grabbed a Halls lozenge. He developed a bad cough and a worse addiction to Halls Mentho-Lyptus. They grossed me out—even the smell—but, not for long.

“Wait a minute. You've been downing those things like Tic Tacs. Do you think they had something to do with it?”

“Hey, you might be onto something. Maybe menthol is the trigger. That's it! I'll experiment tonight.”

That night, as predicted, Kate came by and, almost immediately, I heard the crinkle of the wrapper as Fester went into “vapo-action.” She writhed and moaned so much that I must confess to vicarious wood. Then suddenly the moaning stopped, and I anxiously awaited the results that I'd hear about in the morning. As soon as she left, Fester kicked me through the bunk and sent me flying to the floor.

“What the fuck, dude?”

“Holy shit! This is not good,” Fester said pacing nervously as I got off the floor.

“What’s not good? Dude, you just discovered sexual gold! Are you kidding me? We are going to be the kings of cunnilingus.”

“Seriously man, I don’t know what to do. I was getting all savvy with the Halls, rubbing it around down there, blowing on it, and then suddenly I lost it.”

“You lost what, your turgidity?”

“No, dickhead, the Halls! It kept going in and every time I tried to dig it out it went deeper until I couldn’t feel it.”

“You’re telling me she’s going to give birth to an eight-pound Halls in nine months? I’m going to be uncle to the world’s largest cough suppressant?”

“What am I going to do?”

“Well, you told her, right?”

“Oh, hell no! That would be embarrassing. I guess it will just dissolve.”

“Hey genius, I’m pretty sure from anatomy class that vaginas don’t come with their own digestive fluids.”

I continued trying to convince him that he needed to fess up as we walked over to the showers. You lose all pride in college showers because they are as private as prison toilets. The other hall-mates in the shower room were peppering him with, “What’s up with you and your girl? It sounded like you were sacrificing animals last night.”

Suddenly Fester looked up and said, “Uh oh, I think I found it.”

“Found what?” I asked, hoping it wasn’t my class ring.

“The Halls. It’s matted in my ball hair.”

“Lovely.”

We experimented with our new discovery throughout junior year. I must personally attest that indeed, nine out of ten women give the “Halls Method” two thumbs (and one pair of taint clippers) up. I guess it’s time to buy more stock in Pfizer.

Matters of Size

I hear conflicting stories and logic considering male and female sizes. I can only speak from experience, and I’m no “sexpert.” Most people will keep their opinions and responses to themselves on this essay. That’s unfortunate. Stand back, I have my tape measure ready.

Let’s start with male genitalia, shall we? Yes, men prefer it that way. We let women go first most of the time, so grant us this one. Three factors are involved here: length, girth, and angle. (OK, motion and duration are also factors, but how does one measure them?) Every Web site I check is—as women are—exclusively concerned with measurements taken when sails are at full mast. According to Wikipedia, 95% of men fall between 5.1 – 5.9 inches in length with a circumference (hee hee, he said “cum”) of 4.85 inches.

Please allow me to check their math. I’ll surf over to tinyjugs.com (recommended by a friend, who found her teenage son visiting the site). Let me see. Egads, that’s just wrong! Delete, delete, delete. OK, how about this other site? Hm, not bad. Uh oh, too many man shots. I must have lesbians. Ah, there, that’s more like it. My cats are staring. Damn it! Nothing. Go away, you nosy felines! Back to Destiny and Summer. Now we’re talking. Nice rear view. I’m getting light-headed—a good sign.

Now, I'm ready to take the all-important measurements. (Mom, please stop reading.) I'm (over)confident that I'll come out well beyond the average. Let me see. I must be careful with this thin metal measuring tape. Five and 3/4 inches. Damn it! How the hell could I have descended from African ancestors? I mean technically we all did, right? Son of a thimble dick!

Well, perhaps my legacy will be my girth. I love that word: girth. I wonder if that's how Garth Brooks got his name. Anyway, this is going to be tricky. I don't want to be wrapping metal anything around my manhood. I've got it; I'll use blue masking tape, wrap it, and then measure the tape. Brilliant! Here we go. A quick once around and—ouch! I forgot about that part: removing the tape. *No bueno*. OK, the final girth numbers are in and—drum roll, please—once again, I'm fucking average at 4.9 inches. Piss me off. Now, I'm not even in the mood anymore. Going down.

What about female genitalia? Some are nicely tucked up and barely visible (my personal favorite) and others hang down, resembling an oyster, cheese steak (sans cheese, preferably), or worst of all, Patrick Ewing sleeping on his side. Don't get me wrong; some people prefer plumpness. How do you measure plumpness? I'd need a drafting table, calipers, and a woman with a sense of humor as twisted as mine. This is further complicated because the measurements would all change based on the time of the month and the most recent novel read.

It doesn't matter anyway. For women, it's what inside that counts (I learned that in Sunday school) and how would one measure that?

Sambuca

If you've never tried it, and are not averse to licorice, you must order one tonight. Sambuca is served at room temperature in a snifter with three coffee beans (*yum*). In Italy, they call it "*Sambuca con mosca*," which means Sambuca with flies (*yuck*). However, the beans are said to represent health, happiness, and prosperity. I propose a modernization of the service of this tasty beverage, with additional beans, now representing:

- ~ Flirtation – Nothing beats a little inhibition- and panty- lowering alcohol.
- ~ Sex Under Intoxication – A bit sloppy and cumbersome, but memorable, nonetheless.
- ~ Awkward Date – Wow, gee, how do we go back to courtship after spending so much time between each other's thighs?
- ~ Baggage Handling – Now you tell me you have a psycho ex, two problem teenagers, and a pitbull. Check, please!
- ~ Courtship – OK, the sex was good enough for me to tolerate the baggage. Damn, this dating thing is expensive. Didn't you typically drink well vodka?
- ~ Meet the Friends – I really wish you had uglier friends.
- ~ Meet the Parents – So, this is what you will become in twenty-five years or so? Hm.
- ~ Commitment (kind of) – Yes, we're exclusive. No, I'm not sleeping with other women, although since our sessions have become less frequent, I've become more concerned.
- ~ Engagement – My friends think that either I have completely lost my mind, or you have the world's best vagina.
- ~ Marriage – Wedding cake: the ultimate anti-aphrodisiac. Maybe I can take up golf.
- ~ Children – Oh where oh where have my wife and sex life gone? Oh where oh where can they be?
- ~ Cheating – It was the strangest thing; I tripped over an exposed cord and fell into my

peer's baby maker.

~ Separation – I went from one roommate, who wouldn't put out, to two roommates who surf, smoke weed, and don't put out. The contact highs make it all worthwhile.

~ Divorce – Thank you for taking all of my hard-earned money and giving it to that leech you call your lawyer. My drink of choice has now gone from Sambuca to happy hour draft beer.

~ Child Support and Visitation – At least I get a Father's Day card for my \$3,000 a month.

~ Meeting Your Next – And I won't warn him.

~ Internet Dating – Since I wasted the prime mating years before my gray hair, saggy man-boobs, and poverty, I need a sexual shortcut.

~ Return to the Wine Bars – I have liquidated enough assets to afford crawling back to the wine bar with barely sufficient funds, a striped-shirt, and lower standards.

~ Repeat.

That's quite a hill of beans, now that I think about it. There wouldn't be much room left for Sambuca. Perhaps the coffee beans should be replaced by jimmies (sprinkles). Then again, if I spread the coffee beans across six drinks, it will help me become less aware of the sad shadow of a stud that I have become.

Other People's Weeds

With my gray chin hair came wisdom: I concentrate on keeping my own lawn green before picking weeds from my neighbors'. I'm referring to unsolicited advice. We all are tempted to give it but—much like the Christmas fruitcake—nobody wants it. Even when I say, "Thank you but no thank you," it doesn't deter Mr. or Ms. Fixit from throwing me a life vest when I'm only ankle deep.

One example is relationship advice. I get more of it than junk mail. It ironically often comes from people in the midst of relationship disasters. They tell me about how I'm too picky, don't know what I want, and I'm about to grow old and lonely. I just grin and say, "Yep, I'm a mess," to avoid conflict. I look around, take my blood pressure, and realize I'm damn happy where I stand. What makes others think they're qualified (superior) to give relationship advice to me? If I didn't hire you, then sorry, you're not welcome to bring me with you to the therapy session you desperately need.

This is exaggerated when I see (and eventually hear about) somebody giving one of my dates advice. They smile, giggle, and cleverly avoid looking at me, while thinking I'm too oblivious to realize that I'm the topic of conversation. I've seen it often enough to know otherwise. I'll need to invest hours in damage control to undo the wreckage caused by the unsolicited advice.

"Phil's a complicated person, you know? He's a bit of a loner, enjoys his cats too much, and one never knows how to take him because he's rarely serious. It will take a strong and confident person to put up with him and his lifestyle. Do you even know what his intentions are? You should ask him. You're so sweet. I don't want to see you get hurt. What if he's a player? Maybe he's just using you. Don't you want to raise a family someday?"

Ugh. I want to scream, "YOU'RE NOT FUCKING HELPING! Look, right there, all around you: weeds—big gnarly ones at that. Pick your own damn weeds and leave mine alone. (I may want to dry and smoke them.)" I know men well enough to realize that when they're deep in conversation with a date of mine, they're flirting and rarely interested in intellectual discourse.

That's the devil I know. But, when it's a woman, anything can happen, and none of it is good. That's the devil I don't know, so I keep my psychological dustpan and brush handy.

Other wonderfully unwelcome advice includes clothing choices (usually from a woman without a single mirror in her entire house). Ladies, when you compliment another man's outfit to us, we know you're delivering an insult. If you tell me you love so-and-so's jeans, you're telling me you don't like mine as much, or you would have complimented me instead. I usually answer, "None taken," when Ms. Asteism (look it up, it's a good one) delivers such a backhanded compliment.

We also receive advice about food and drink. Have you ever had a guest recommend a certain type of wine or dish to you when you're hosting? Aren't they saying, "Look, you're serving shit here so you obviously have no taste. Next time take me shopping with you." Think about it: When you go up to a bartender and order a Goose and tonic, you don't want her to insist that you drink a Sloe Gin Fizz instead. Now, if I ask the bartender for a wine recommendation, that's different. I'm talking about (and taking offense to) unsolicited advice.

My unsolicited advice is, the next time you feel the word "should" heading toward your lips, block it. Cough, burp, or spit—whatever it takes. Think about how you can benefit from your own advice and keep it. Share your gum instead.

Leave My Bone Alone

I read a statement online claiming that the Tiger Woods affairs have increased female paranoia about their mates' fidelity. One "expert" (whom I'd love to kick in the testes) says that, to have a successful relationship, complete access must be granted; that means no secrets, no private emails, and no hidden phone call logs or text messages.

I touched on this in my first book, and I maintain my stance, which is the opposite: These items should be kept private and inaccessible. It has nothing to do with guilt. Here's the main reason: Different people interpret words out of context differently. If my girl finds a message on my phone that says, "Are you up for BJ's?" she could easily take that the wrong way. (BJ's Brewery is a restaurant and that note was from a male friend who was not suggesting fellatio. Wait. Um. No, he definitely wasn't. Besides, it's a silly question; I'm always up for BJ's and BJs.)

A friend constantly tells me about his super-paranoid, controlling woman who insists that he hand over his phone after a call. That's messed up. I'd sooner disconnect her seatbelt and drive into a phone pole. What's worse is that he obediently hands over the phone! So, guess what he spends every night doing before he plugs in his charger? He deletes his call history and text messages. Her complete access creates stress, inconvenience, and evidence destruction.

I live with two cats and rarely have houseguests. Yet, my house alarm, safe, PC, and mobile phone are all password protected. I doubt that Symon—orange cat that licks himself excessively but is still considered intelligent within his species—is paranoid that I am feeding catnip and Pounce to other cats, but, even if he was, he'd never crack my passwords. (He hasn't mastered the SHIFT key.)

The same thing goes for workstations. Imagine if the boss came out one day and had everyone leave while a team of geeks scoured every email and website visited during the workday. They would have to fire everyone. So, to have a trusting relationship with their employees, must every business demand complete access and station a supervisor over-shoulder?

Most businesses understandably reserve rights and cover themselves with rules and ethics, but they boil it down to: “Use discretion and don’t let it affect your work and coworkers, and we’ll look the other way.”

It’s a deal-breaker for me. I won’t compromise my privacy no matter how good the sex is. Nor will I demand access and snoop. Heck, I find enough dirt by accident, why would I need to look for more? If my girl engages in harmless flirtation, I don’t want to know. If she’s hopping on other men like a pogo stick, I’ll find out eventually (or, like many other people, I’ll choose to look the other way).

When I see my date glance down at my phone as an incoming call or message arrives, I give her a stern look, reassuring her that going for it would be akin to reaching for a hungry pit bull’s bone. I may not eat meat, but I will bite a nosy woman.

Rubbers

Hide the children and hypochondriacs. Uncle Phil wants to have a little chat about condoms. I don’t want any kudos for using them because, quite simply, I may tolerate them, but I hate them. No, I despise them. From their impossible wrapper to their scent of burning plastic to unrolling confusion to the pleasure (???) ribs to their reservoir tips—I hate every inch.

I realize most of my readers are women, so go ahead, point at me and say, “Diseased Man-Pig!” I don’t care. You can’t relate to the agony of those annoying balloons. Nothing is more of a downer on any of life’s wonderful experiences. As a lucky man, about to enjoy two minutes ... er ... I mean, two hours of bliss, believe me: The disappointment that comes with fetching that little nuisance is unbearable.

“Do we have to?”

“Yes. It is always much better to be safe.”

“But ...”

“There are all sorts of evil strains of STD out there. What about pregnancy?”

“But ...”

“You’re not putting that thing inside me without one.”

Too late. Now it seems I’m not putting this thing inside you even with one. All the romantic banter has required excess blood redirection as I searched for a logical retort. *Shitburgers*.

You think it’s no big deal, don’t you? It’s just a thin layer between two lovers. How bad can it be? Well, let me tell you. The next time you take a summer vacation, kindly locate the hot tub. Now, just for comparison sake, on night one, strip down to minimal swimwear, surround the tub with vanilla scented candles, pour a tall glass of chilled champagne with floating raspberries, and lower yourself into the 104-degree water. Locate the jets and aim them directly at the bit of flesh above your love button. You ... are ... welcome.

On day two (the rubber day), I need you to approach your search for the mighty orgasm a bit differently—call this Uncle Phil’s Orgasm Obstacle Course. Instead of swimwear, I need you to wear a tight sweater, maxi-pad, cotton panties, gym shorts, blue jeans, and Ugg boots. Say hi to the two hairy-backed, obese Persian men smoking cigars at the other end of the hot tub. Set the water temperature to 80 degrees, pour yourself a tall glass of yogurt, and prepare to submerge. Once inside the goo (did I mention the slightly brown-tinted bubbles?), don’t bother trying to find the jets because they won’t matter.

See?

Has the EPA investigated the damages associated with condom disposal? I think not. You can't flush it because it could clog the lines. Boy, is that an embarrassing thing to find on the end of a plumber's snake. You can't just wad it up and toss it into the garbage because the cats, children, maid, or next lover might find it.

Condomless cleanup is simple: Wipe with a damp towel, launder, and repeat. Come to think of it, some of Uncle Phil's favorite bedmates conveniently come with their own fluid disposal systems. Plus, no offense is ever taken when leaks occur at the breakfast nook. What better use for decorative kitchen towels?

Bags of Bliss

What is it with boobs anyway? Why are men so fascinated with yabingalas? Why must women play along with our silly urges by constantly exposing and enhancing those glorious globs of glop?

Yes, I am one of the fondest fans of funbags, although I consider myself more of a butt man (and, no doubt, you'll consider me more of a *butthead* by the time you finish reading this immature boobie babble). Those tasty teardrop tatas are so nice to rest my cheek upon. Oh, how I love to cup those cans and poke the tip like a forbidden button or bubble wrap.

Bosoms don't need to be bazookas to bring me joy. Small shabba-dos are sufficient. It really doesn't matter to me if it takes two of my hands to handle your whoppers, or two fingers to fondle your flapdoodles. I can make do. In fact, if you're toting torpedoes then you're making my manipulation of said milk wagons quite cumbersome. For my tastes, mounds of medium-size are the ones most easily manipulated.

When I'm out and about—unattached to titties—I often find myself unable to avoid staring at exposed Eisenhowers. The cleavage between your coconuts drives me crazy. With the aid of a little lubrication, I can spend an entire vacation between your luscious lactation libations. It's silly, isn't it? Rubbing my ramrod between your rib bumpers—that can't be much fun for you or your rack.

I find that my own neeners (at least the nipple part) are sensitive. I wonder why. Perhaps I drank too much soymilk and the excess estrogen has caused me to don my own dinglebobbers. Well, that's embarrassing. No man wants to walk around with his own wahwahs. Then again, owning my own num-nums would save me the expense of constantly hunting for hooters.

If mammary serves me (even with my flailing mammaries), I've been fascinated with Fred and Ethel forever. After playing with Moe and Larry, I usually can't wait to find Curly. Nowadays, many women whisk away their whiskers and leave me without a guidance system south of their Winnebagos. WTF? That's all right—I can use my hands to make do with the magambos whilst my manhood mines for your meatlocker (not to be confused with Hurt Locker, which happens during the monthly drought).

I encourage you to let your bumpers breathe. Let your soombas absorb some sun, as vitamin D is what your dairy pillows desire to keep them dangling deliciously. I mean, you certainly don't want your palookas to become pendulous. Airbags are best kept above the belly button, not bookending the little man in the boat. Hm. Come to think of it, that might not be so bad. Having bijongas close to the bearded oyster would be convenient.

In summary, I encourage you puppy-toters to take your wopbopaloobops out for a walk tonight. If it rains and they get wet, so what? We still want to windshield-wiper or wobble them.

Be proud of your Pia Zadoras. Let me hold your honkers soon. Beep, beep!

Beeshit

I'm onto their evil plot. The makers of Burt's Bees lip products have discovered an additive that causes addiction in women and may be indirectly responsible for male aggression, not to mention female back problems from carrying ten of them at a time. (*Ten? Seriously? Check the glove compartment and you'll probably find five more.*)

"Shine on with shimmery..." oh, just shove it! I'm fighting back, Burt. "Pucker up" and kiss my hairy (but it's soft hair), tiny hiney. What are you putting in there, you mad scientist? I'm checking the ingredients online now. I'll solve the case and become a hero. Shit, maybe I'll get a starring role in *CSI: Carlsbad*.

The Radiance Lip Shimmer (Goddamn it! Nothing shimmers that is not fireworks, you false advertising freakazoid, Burt!) has 100% natural ingredients. Sure, it does. Nature makes poisons and hallucinogens, so I'm not buying it, you sneaky bastard. Wine is natural, is it not? It's made from grapes, which means it's natural and look at what happens after a bottle or two. See that? All kinds of pretty people hook up with ugly people because of wine. There's something supernatural in that lip wax, and I'm going to find it.

Ah ha! *Helianthus annuus!* Do you think I'm making this up? Check your tube, missy. It's right there in itsy bitsy print alongside *euphrobia cerifera*. OMFG! There's also *mentha piperita* in it! Are you kidding me? Look at this: *titanium dioxide!* Yes, I said, TITanium di-whatever. Pile up all of that gobbledygook and all I see is euphoric tits and anus, and it's time for men to pay the piper. God help us all!

The description says that it "gives your lips a sheer, radiant glow." Sheer only describes the purple lingerie Chrissy Russo wore in my dream last night (which was rudely interrupted just before ... oops, I digress). Sheer does not apply to lips. Moreover, "radiant" and "glow" is fucking redundant, Burt, you tool. I hate you and your little yellow packaging for trying to convince me that some fucking bee shit is going to transform my librarian into Sandra Bullock.

In fact, beeswax—the *third* ingredient—is made by worker (female) bees, so it must be part of the plot. I bet they gather these female bees, give them big, shiny, middle-finger rings, feed them chardonnay, and cut them loose on the roses while playing Michael Buble music and surrounding them with TVs showing *Grey's Anatomy* loops. Then those little buzzing divas ooze that waxy goop—gathered and shaped into a tiny tube that proceeds to ruin my fucking life.

Here's how I was traumatized. I strolled through a local design district with a future ex-girlfriend last year. I picked up some cute baubles (coasters and whatnot) to show my flair for style and fashion. At the checkout counter, my girl screeched at the sight of a tiny display case of Burt's Fucking Bees.

"What? Did you see a cockroach or something?"

"They have Burt's Bees Lip Shimmer ... in Fig!" Her eyes were wider than my fancy coasters, and she entered a disturbing trance as she began to scoop them up.

"But ... but ... you have but TWO lips. You need how many?" She ignored me and continued scooping.

"I'm going to buy eight of these. Wait, maybe twelve. Hold on." She began speed-dialing her iPhone. "Mom? Oh my god, I just found Fig. I know! OK, how many? All right. I've got you covered. I love you. Bye." She picked up another four, and then had more than she could hold in

one hand, and laid them across the counter. I just stared blankly.

“How long does one of these tubes last?”

“Shut up. You have no idea how awful it would be for me to run out.”

“How could you possibly run out when ...” I started reasoning—a terrible idea. My logic trailed off into indiscernible mumble as I gave it up and handed my card to the clerk (who was also female, completely unfazed by my girl’s compulsive behavior, and who, I’m confident, had a weapon ready to deploy if I voiced any more objections).

This ain’t over, Burt. I’ll get to the *annuus* of this, and I won’t quit until your products are banished as thoroughly as wine coolers, mullets, and Snuggies.

Cart of Knowledge

I guess I should be more careful. I had no idea a checkout clerk at the grocery store could tell so much about me from the contents of my shopping cart. She was cute, so I played along, but I still felt somewhat violated.

“Hi. Do you have a customer loyalty card?”

“Indeed I do.”

“Wow, you even have our MasterCard. That means you get free groceries. Very smart. [Big smile.]”

I’m frugal, but not cheap. You don’t see me flitting through my coupon wallet.

Scanning item: Ocean Spray Blueberry Juice.

“You have to try making a blueberry cosmopolitan with this. It’s so good. Your wife will love it.”

“I don’t have a wife.”

“Oh, me neither.”

“You don’t have a wife?”

“Husband ... I don’t have a *husband*. Well, then you can make one for your girlfriend.”

“I stay away from the girlfriend aisle.”

“Oh, me too—I don’t have a boyfriend, I mean.”

Yes, I realize you’re single and not a lesbian.

Scanning item: Good & Plenty candy.

“A little treat for your kids?”

“No kids. The sweet tooth belongs to me.”

“Aw, how sweet.”

I’m not going to ask if you have kids. I’ll just hope you’re barren.

Scanning item: Iams cat food.

“Well, you do have a hungry kitty.”

“Two, actually.”

“You have two cats? What are their names?”

I considered being a smart aleck, saying, “Orange Ball of Shit and Black Whiny Fuck,” but I behaved and said, “Symon and Syd.”

“How cute. I can’t have cats in my apartment. I have a turtle named Oscar.”

“Cats don’t eat turtles, do they?”

“I mean I’m not allowed to have pets.”

“I see.”

I guess I can't expect a grocery clerk to live in a mansion.

Scanning item: Cottonelle aloe-treated toilet paper.

No comment.

Yes, I have a sensitive bunghole.

Scanning items: Assorted produce.

“Well, it looks like somebody likes to cook.”

“Occasionally.”

“I love it when a man cooks for me.”

“Do ya?”

“You bet. [Un-bagging the Italian zucchini.] Especially zucchini. [Looking for the item number sticker while holding the zucchini disturbingly similar to how I imagine my member being held.] I love zucchini.”

“Yes, well, it's good for you.”

“Oh, I know. I can't get enough.”

OK, I'm reading way too much into this and I need a shower.

Scanning items: Bag of ice, Diet Dr. Pepper, and a bottle of Captain Morgan.

“Planning a little party, are we?”

“Um, no. I'm just going to fill a cooler with some nonalcoholic [winking] beverages, head to the beach, and read for a while.”

“Really? What are you reading?”

“My Kindle.”

“Really? Is that a good book? Who's the author?”

“No, it's a device that carries lots of books. I'm reading books on my Kindle.”

“Ah, got ya. I love to tan on my deck but I have to look out for gardeners because I'm usually topless.”

“I see.”

Looks like I won't have to use the author card since she has all but straddled me already.

“Your total is seventy-five dollars and ten cents. You saved twenty dollars. Good for you. Would you like help taking your bags out to your car?”

“Thank you, I think I can manage.”

Jesus, I'm not ninety! Wait a minute. Maybe she wants to see what I'm driving. Or, maybe she wants to fellate me in the parking lot. Then again, maybe she offers the service to all customers and I'm a demented pervert. Yep, that's the one.

“OK. Enjoy your beach time. See you soon?”

“Indeed.”

Men Over Forty Shouldn't

I asked my friends to give me a list of things men over age forty should not do. There was no shortage of contributions. Now, I can take them as suggestions or I can consider myself the exception. Either way, it seems men my age are running out of things we are allowed to do besides open our wallets.

Hair – The majority of the responses had to do with hair. Aging men can't control from where the hair grows or what color it will be. Sure, a man can manipulate his hair to satisfy society, but that's no simple task, ladies, unless you want to share the vanity mirror. People (with

hair) insist that men should never color their hair and always shave their heads at the first sign of balding. Old men with long hair or braids are plain scary. Even Willie Nelson cut his. And, yes, let's lose the nose and ear hair.

Date Women in Their Twenties – Interestingly enough, no woman in her twenties offered that suggestion. I admit I have trespassed into this area a few times. I don't regret it. In fact, I proudly recall the experience—the sexual part, not the hold-her-hair-while-she-pukes-flavored-vodka part. If we modify the suggestion to say old men shouldn't fall in love with women in their twenties, then I concur.

Piercings – Men over forty should have nothing pierced. It's disturbing. Look at Harrison Ford to see why.

Tattoos – Getting your first tattoo on your leathery age-spotted bone frock is silly. I don't care if you're doing it as a tribute to your wife, kids, or dead friend; there is simply no justifying it.

Financial Irresponsibility – This includes living with your parents, grown children, or roommates. The economy blows but men need to do whatever it takes to avoid sleeping in a race car bed again.

Go Topless – Yes, there are mature men who keep themselves in decent enough shape to not induce vomiting when they lift their shirts. In general, however, arm cellulite, long gray shoulder hair, and bouncy baloney tits are unpleasant.

Crisis Mobile – The Corvette is the original midlife crisis car but lately I've added convertible Porsches and Harley Davidson bikes. I'll give a pass if it is a classic model or if the man has owned one since his twenties. However, when a fifty-five-year-old accountant decides he wants to be a bad boy by loading up on leather and buying his first Harley, I hope he is also planning to drive it off a tall bridge.

Clothing – This is difficult and one of the many good reasons for every man to maintain a female friend who will be brutally honest. While it's obvious to us how ridiculous another man looks in his outfit, we're vampires in our own mirrors. Old men should not wear skinny jeans, gold chains, V-neck tops, Teva-style sandals (aka mandals), Speedos, a knit cap pulled to the brow, or a sweater draped over the shoulders.

Immaturity – It's cowardly (but, I've done it) to break up with a woman via email, instant message, or text message. At karaoke, old men should sing only songs by Bruce Springsteen, Meatloaf, or Frank Sinatra—never hip-hop or Lady Gaga unless they prefer dating other old men. Men shouldn't make babies they can't afford. A man should not fart or burp the alphabet in front of a woman unless she does it first.

Athletic Events – Men have to acknowledge and respect their dwindling capabilities. Running your first marathon at an advanced age is begging for a painkiller addiction. Please don't throw a baseball in front of a radar gun; you don't want to know. Don't dive into a base headfirst in a company softball game. Finally, please stop screaming at children playing sports in hopes they earn your family's first varsity letter.

Binge Drink – Leave dropping shots into draft beer for young bucks who recover more quickly. If men must overindulge, they should be mature enough to do it close to home with a more advanced beverage such as whiskey or wine.

Lie – A man will (although not to the extent that a woman will) lie about his age. It never works. You'd think we'd learn how to lie better as we age. It's easier to rely on the ageless excuse, "I'm too old for this shit."

Seeking Guidance

Following my hunches has gotten me nowhere. Sure, I'm a skeptic, but what could it hurt to read a few horoscopes, turn over some tarot cards, and plug my numbers into a numerology site? Maybe I'd learn something.

I tried prayer and the reverend laughed, saying I should light a candle and aim a little lower. I tried floating a note out into the ocean and was fined for littering. I tried burning incense and set off the smoke alarm. When I asked my Ouija board where I could find my soul mate, it responded, "QWJGF-Yes-HJ3." WTF? I asked my Magic 8-ball if I will make love to a beautiful woman tonight and it replied, "Ask me later." I repeated this and got the same answer five times in a row (eerily similar to an actual date) after which it said, "Definitely not." I guess even my toys don't like to be begged.

So, I decided to look up my horoscope. My Virgo love forecast for today says I'll be asked to try something new and I need to say yes. Well, that's vague and dangerous, isn't it? I could wind up with an unnecessary carpet cleaning, a dessert I don't have room for, and a mind-numbing addiction to the *Real Housewives* series. Horoscopes suck.

How about Tarot? All right. I found a web site that allows me to click on the cards to reveal my future. It turns out my love card is "The Wheel of Fortune." This symbolizes the ever-changing cycle of life, which could mean unexpected good fortune. Yes! Tarot rocks! I'm going to buy a lottery ticket and ask a chick who's way out of my league if she would like to play sleepover.

I might as well try my numbers on a numerology site. I happen to be a life path number four, which means I seek security. No shit. Who doesn't? It says I am also cerebral and need to find ways to relax my mind. Yup. Hello, Ambien. My attitude number is five, making me playful and fun, always seeking adventure. Wrong! I rarely seek my whacky adventures. They find me.

What's left? Palm reading.

"Ah, do you see what you have here, Phil? Your heart line begins below your middle finger."

"Let me guess: It means I'm fucked, right?"

"No. It means you have a selfish and materialistic outlook when it comes to love."

"Yep, I'm fucked."

"Your head line shows creativity ..."

"Not touching that one."

"... and your life line suggests you'll have a long, healthy life filled with vitality."

"Well, that's good news. Maybe this isn't such bogus hocus pocus after all."

"Also, those calluses suggest you spend too much time making shower babies, but the moisturizer is good for your skin."

"What does the back of my middle finger tell you?"

I give up. Nobody knows what the future holds. All I can do is try to laugh at my failures and avoid paying for advice.

The Birth of Willy

Once upon a time, when Phil was just a child, he discovered something dangling between

his legs and named it “Winky.” Winky was a tiny acorn-looking nugget that was pliable and unobtrusive. Adults suggested he call it his wiener, but Phil cherished his individuality and figured Winky would too. Phil’s own name stands for “lover of horses” so he also considered the name “Baloney Pony,” but was concerned about all the saturated fat.

When he reached adolescence, Phil learned exciting, new uses for his unit. He dreamed of using it to take the innocence from his budding female classmates. He didn't have any idea what it entailed (still doesn't), but it sounded sinister, so he decided to rename it “Pork Sword.”

Suddenly the pink bits beneath his dagger begged to be named as well. He remembered that Pop referred to his own as “balls” after Phil bounced a baseball while playing catch and sent his father into a high-pitched rage. Phil sought a more creative name and came up with “Spuds.”

Once in high school, Phil finally found a place to rest his manhood other than his hands. Phil’s girlfriend was unimpressed with his choice of names and suggested he change it to match her love muffin. Phil reasoned it would be easier to change her privates’ name to “Meat Locker.” She kneed him in the marbles, causing Phil to relent and rename his companions “Love Cruller and the Pink, Wrinkled Plums.”

During college, Phil discovered his creative knack. His male hall mates all had interesting names for their parts, so he dug deep to find a new name, securing his individuality once again. Phil filed the necessary paperwork and changed the organs’ names to “Captain Slappy and the Kerbangers.” Yep, Phil slept alone most nights back then. His favorite T-shirt read, “I’m With Stupid” with an arrow pointing down. Coeds ran away.

As Phil entered the corporate world, a more mature name was required. Also, this was not the time to be coddling his jobbers. He had to set them free to find a pink wallet that would eventually host his evil offspring. After thinking long and hard (as opposed to short and soft), Phil came up with a brilliant new name: “Willy the One-Eyed Wonder Worm and his hanging brain.” There was apprehension regarding how he’d fit the name on the back of a jersey if his parts ever went pro. He decided to cross that bridge when it had a delicious honey pot waiting at the other end.

When Phil took his weapon of ass destruction to the West Coast in 2004, he realized it was time for another renaming. He tried a Hollywood-inspired name to match the locale: “Womb Raider.” However, Phil was served with a cease-and-desist order, leaving his lap taffy limp and downhearted.

“Cheer up there, my spunky monkey. I’ll come up with a new name in a jiffy,” Phil assured his skin flute. Alas, Phil and his hanging Johnny were exhausted from all of the jostling and they settled on a shortened version, which remains to this day: “Willy.”

The Collection Room

Infertility treatments ruined my marriage. I'd bet it happens often. When lovemaking becomes baby making, times become tough. Still, I retained a friend in my ex-wife and memories of procedures that were certainly less taxing on me than her.

The simplest thing for the doctors to check concerns the male. Either we have many healthy swimmers or dead sperm stew. I was the former, as it turns out, but to find out I was required to visit the dreaded "Collection Room." (Cue the organ: *dun, dun, duhn.*)

I was scared. I hate hospitals. I doubt I could have an orgasm even if it didn't smell like formaldehyde and ass, and Nurse Chelsea came to assist me. So, I begged my wife to help. She

was such a good sport (the first time), especially considering she was a nurse at the same hospital.

When we arrived, a nurse escorted us to the room and handed me a plastic cup and moist toilette. I had to ask.

"King Crab Legs so early in the morning? I was leaning more toward the mushroom and Swiss omelet."

"Sir, we need to have a clean specimen, so the towelette is to clean your privates."

"Hey, I'll have you know ..."

The wife covered my mouth and said we'd be fine. The nurse pointed out the magazine rack and TV remote as she left. I was confident the video wouldn't be featuring the Cookie Monster.

I was right.

I refused to sit on the leather couch even with my wife's encouragement. It's not that I'm a germaphobe. I just pictured the last sweaty-assed dude spanking away and there was no way I'd soak up any of his hiney sweat. We laid down my leather jacket and the wife began sorting through the various periodicals.

"Look! This one has lesbians. You luuuuuuhv lesbians, right?"

"There's no way we're leaving here without seeing what the video is."

"It's probably some lame soft core movie."

I clicked on the TV and pressed "play" on the remote. It seems whoever stocks the room realizes how tightly appointments are scheduled because there was no romance, just huge black penis being rammed into a tiny pink hole. We screamed in unison.

Since I persuaded the wife to attend my coming-out party, she realized that she was going to have to be the entertainment. She wanted to be pregnant, so she tossed all caution aside and assisted me in ways only she could do best.

I managed to get most of my little men into the plastic cup. (No, I did not wet-nap myself first. I have a clean penis.) Then, in typical practical-joker-Phil style, I begged my wife to assist me in a little prank. It was as if I was with my buddies on the playground drawing a clever football play on my palm.

"OK, here's what we do. Instead of putting this cup in that creepy window, we walk out the front door to the lobby. You hold your hand under your chin, tilt your head back, and say, 'Where do you want it?' while pretending you have a mouthful of vanilla milkshake."

"You are such a pig. I work here, dickhead."

"So? All the better."

She did have a point. I can be swinely. I placed the deposit in the window as instructed, but waited until I heard the other side open and I reopened my side and said, "Peek-a-boo. How'd I do?"

The shocked tech took the sample and slammed the door on me. Oh well. My antics earned me solo trips to the room each time after that. I became a skilled masturbator. I still am, actually.

Plunger

Dear ReallyNiceGurl,

I really likes yer profile. I can tell you has you some nice boobies. Is they real? Wow. I have a nipple ring. Sexy, huh?

Check out my picture. I got that tattoo for my daughter. Well, you can't see it because it's on

my lower back. I never met my daughter, but this officer keeps coming to my camper insisting I give him money for her. He said her name was Melonie or something, so, just to be safe I had my tattoo guy use the abbreviation: "I luv Melon."

Anyways, tell me more about you. Do you get out much? How many beers can you drink in one sitting? I can drink twenty. I did it last week, in fact, with cousin Skillet. We pounded down a bunch and then shot BB guns at each other. He shot me in the pecker. That wasn't fair, so I peed blood on his Camaro. Guess I should get that checked, huh? I don't know. I kinda like the swelling. Makes me feel like I'm hung like my pit bull Otis. Come to think of it, my pecker's sorta red like the one on Otis too. Hope I don't start shitting on the rug the way he does, ha ha.

I'm pretty smart. In fact, I almost made it through high school. Pop made me quit and go to work in his body shop. He said I was dumber than a lug nut. If that's true then he's dumber than a crescent wrench. Sorry, you probably don't even know what them things are, beings that you're so pretty and stuff. I bet you cut hair. OK, then Pop's as dumb as a bobby pin. You know what that is, right? Fuck, wish I had more hair on top. I can make a ponytail in the back. Momma always told me I look handsome with it. Pop asked if that's how my boyfriend holds onto me. I ain't got a boyfriend. Pop's stupid. Jesus, don't tell him I said that or he'll beat me with that bike chain again. That fucker smarts, I tell ya.

Does you have any children? Want to? I wish I had me a little fucker to slap around. I sure could use some help around the camper too. Damn cousins are always coming over and leaving Cheetos all around. They end up getting ground into the rug. One time we sucked them orange crumbs up into a hand-vac and then dumped them into a bowl of bacon fat. It was kind of like salty oatmeal dip. Not bad, if you ask me. Yer probably more of a turkey and salad eater though, as I can tell you ain't fat like my sister Agnes. Damn, she fat. It don't stop the boys from coming around though. She has a pet raccoon and four or five kids last time I counted. Not bad for eighteen, huh? Yep, we Millers is a fertile bunch.

Make sure you write back to me quick. We need to go drink and screw. I have a pickup and can throw a mattress in the back. We can take it out into the desert, pound a box of wine, and fuck like minkses. Not sure I know what a minks is, come to think of it, but I hear they like to fuck a lot, like me.

Well, I got to go for now. Lunch break is over and I has to throw some sand down on that pool of oil over there. I hope your sweet ass gets back to me soon so we can get all romantic over some citronella candles and whiskey soon. Oh, I like to dance too. You should see me two-step. Write back, OK?

Hugs and PBRs,
Tookie Miller

P.S. You can call me by my nickname, Plunger. My cousins nicknamed me that because every time I take a dump I need to get the plunger and fix the pot. Guess I needs more ruffage in my diet. Ha!

Bosu Me

God, I hope there are no hidden cameras in my house. If any of my neighbors can see in, there's going to be a popular YouTube video popping up soon. Nothing sexual, you perv! I fell (literally) once again for the latest health and fitness trend. Will I never learn?

As this is my fiftieth year, I figured it's time to become a lean, mean loving machine, lest I find myself sixty with four cats. I kindled Tim Ferriss's book called *The 4-Hour Body* hoping his diet includes gnocchi. It doesn't. (Well, on binge day, technically, it can.) Tim recommended the Bosu workout as an excellent way to discover my hidden abs. Stand back, world!

To give you an idea of how graceless I am, allow me to transport you back five years when peer pressure persuaded me to attend a yoga class. When I unrolled the public-use mat, my mind immediately pictured a fresh layer of dirty, hammer-toed foot residue. Ew. My solution was to do yoga in socks. Five minutes into the class, the instructor stopped (mid-dog) and called me out in front of the class, directing me to remove my socks before I break my neck. (Bet I'm the only person you know who has Puredled his feet.) During the workout, she kept "helping" me to get into the poses. I must have said, "I'm sorry, but that part of me won't bend that way" ten times. I hate yoga.

Roll forward to trendy Phil trekking outward to find a Bosu Ball. Sports Authority had one, so, \$119 later, I was in my living room, foot pumping away to inflate my abdominal sculptor. Eager to begin (only seven months left till my big five-oh, people), I changed into fitness attire and inserted the workout DVD.

If you haven't already left me to see for yourself, this device has a large, round, flat base with an inflated rubber half-ball connected to the top. The object is to step on and off it while doing various balancing exercises, which work your core. I must have a rotten core.

The DVD featured two fitness instructors: one woman, mid-fifties with little exposed flesh who demonstrated lower impact exercises, and another woman, thirtyish with lots of skin exposed who was for the more advanced viewers. Naturally, I'd have to follow the elder while trying not to stare at the younger (an odd parallel to my dating life). They reminded me numerous times during the warm-up to simply step off the device when I lost balance.

Here's a synopsis of the first ten minutes:

- ~ Step on.
- ~ Fall off.
- ~ Step on. Flail arms. Lean. Balance.
- ~ Fall off.
- ~ Step on. Watch screen. Missed one full exercise already. God, young chick is hot.
- ~ Fall off.
- ~ Tell cats to stop laughing and go lick themselves.
- ~ Step on. Balance. Smile proudly. Step off. Step on.
- ~ Fall off and slam head on pool table.
- ~ Move ball away from pool table. Throw coaster at giggling cat. Hit rewind. Step on.
- ~ Fall off.
- ~ Ah, finally a floor exercise—only ten inches to fall. Sit on ball. Do one sit-up for every five the hot girl does. Feel inferior. Might vomit. Hit pause. Drink water. Flick water at laughing cat. Try again. Wait for even simpler exercise.
- ~ Lie across ball. I can do that. Lift legs. Ow. Lift arms. Ow, ow. Roll off ball into wall. Ow, ow, ow.
- ~ Turn off DVD, grab beer, and turn on *Chelsea Lately*.

Tic Tac Talk

Someone enlarged the opening in the Tic Tac container and I'm none too pleased about it. I know what this company is up to: selling more Tic Tacs. I can understand the motivation, but it still annoys the garlic breath out of me. When I used to tap the Tic Tac container into my hand, I would usually receive two (or fewer) Tic Tacs. Last night, while driving home after my second glass of wine, I tipped the container and got *six fucking Tic Tacs*. Argh! Here's the worst part: Refraining from tossing all six into my gob and instead struggling to return five of them to the container without crashing into parked cars. My Jeep's carpet is littered with tiny white dots, reminiscent of extra-large maggots. There's also a substance in the Tic Tac that makes it impossible to suck it until it disappears instead of chewing it when you get halfway, which defeats the original purpose of breath freshening.

You see this as triviality, don't you?

Well, maybe I don't have typical daily nuisances, such as rebellious teenagers, furniture-chewing dogs, or TPS reports to complete. I've saved up all of my energy to focus on trivial matters, which have been tolerated for too long or sneaked by unnoticed.

Here's another one: shaving cream. Ah, you are under the impression that shaving cream's purpose is to moisturize and protect your skin. Incorrect. Its purpose is to dull razor blades. If you don't believe me then answer me this: Why are most shaving creams made by the same companies that make shaving blades? And, why is my shirt collar a blood-specked mess? See that? Those fuckers want us to buy more cartridges, so they dull their own goddamn blades!

Tell me why Starbucks employees insist upon filling my cup to the top, unless I make eye contact and insist they leave room. It makes me spend more time in the shop. I have to go to the condiment counter, carefully remove the lid (burn myself), dump the excess coffee into the trash (burning my other hand), add my half-and-half, and then attempt to secure the lid as it was, without knocking over the coffee (burning myself again) and sheepishly returning to the counter to ... guess what? ... buy another coffee. All of this goes on while the other patrons try not to wet themselves in glee over my clumsiness.

Where did the concept of a combined tab come from? Is it a green effort to save paper? I want to be billed for the items I order and consume. I don't give a shit if I'm apparently on a date. Give me two tabs in that case. Is it easier to add or subtract? Add. Therefore, if I choose to pick up someone else's tab, I can take his or her tab, place it with mine, and hand both to the server along with my card. Three seconds, tops. How long will it take to figure out who pays how much on a six-way tab? An eternity. Plus, someone (usually me) will be stuck paying extra because some cheap bastard (sometimes me) forgets to add in tax and that third drink they don't recall having. Servers, I'm begging you: Assume separate checks every time unless you are told to combine the tabs. Do it and enjoy closer to twenty percent tips and happy customers.

Now, where is that fucking Tic Tac?

Snippity Doo Dah

My initial vasectomy consultation is scheduled for today and I can't get this song out of my head:

*Snippity doo dah, snippity aye,
My, oh my, what a wonderful day!
None of my sperm is going to stray.*

Snippity doo dah, snippity aye.

*Mister blue balls getting older,
No child support
It's so practical.
Everything's satisfactory!*

(Everybody now ...)

*Snippity doo dah, snippity aye,
Rubberless feelings coming my way!*

If you're staring at this page with mouth agape, you're either my mother or a fertile woman. Men, can I have an amen? You betcha.

Look, ladies, I turn fifty this year. I need offspring like I need square dancing lessons. If I were to have one of my little guys actually find an egg, that would make me almost seventy by the time Junior went to prom. I'd be riding my daughter down the aisle on my scooter.

I've done the math. It costs \$800, which is equivalent to twenty morning-after pills, two abortions, or a case of Silver Oak wine. I'll sacrifice the latter for peace of mind. It is also one-hundredth the cost of a college education, one-tenth the cost of a used car (plus repairs), and half the cost of outgrown sneakers.

I know, I know. "You still need to wear condoms. What about STDs?"

That's true (and it sucks), but it makes the whole process less stressful when breakage or slippage occurs. Actually, I think I've only had a rubber break once in my life. Slippage has happened numerous times. (OK, stop with the tiny penis jokes.) I'm sure we've all had that shocking/embarrassing moment when ole Willy leaves the party without his jacket. Then we have to go a-mining—trying to locate the jacket without pushing it in farther or causing spillage.

It's an art, people.

When I mentioned my appointment to two female doctors I met this weekend, they both said, "Oh my god! Why would you do that?"

Judging by their reactions, you'd think I just toe-fucked a Pomeranian.

"Because I don't want to have kids."

"What if you end up with a woman who wants to have kids?"

"Then she can have kids."

"So, you'd get it reversed, right?"

"Oh, hell no. I'd send her to the bank."

"You're awful."

"Thank you."

It's a ten-minute procedure. That's one-third of the time it takes me to run to CVS, crack open the capsule, and mix it in her OJ.

There is a twinge of anxiety around ball problems. I'm going to have to work through it (with a little help from my sponsor, Johnnie Walker). My friend has been dealing with complications from his snipping. It may have something to do with where he had the procedure done: at Señor Vaso's in Tijuana.

"I had a reaction that makes my one ball think it's cold."

"Huh?"

“One of my nuts tucks itself high against my body.”

“So, you’re a bit lop-balled, are ya?”

“Yup.”

“That sucks.”

“Yeah it does.”

“How does one get that fixed? Insert a space heater?”

“No. The doc said he could snip the muscle that pulls it up or replace the ball with a silicone nut.”

“Ouchie.”

“No kidding.”

I wish I could just take a damn pill. Then again, I was with more than one woman transformed into Mrs. Hyde by the pill. I’d probably become emotional and begin watching *American Idol* and *Glee*. God forbid!

I’ll document the entire process for you as my service to humanity. Everyone must know someone with whom the song resonates. Now, to this man you can say, “You’re one snip away from a wonderful day.”

Bachelorette Therapy

Dear Ashley,

WTF? I so want to toss a bucket of ice water on you right now—yes, to see your excitable nips, but more importantly to wake you up. You love Bentley while he’s playing you like Alicia Keys plays the piano. He’s an artist and the producers of your show are desperately seeking drama. You probably should have realized that long ago, when you were a contestant. Alas, you’re an oblivious lass. Wakey, wakey!

Hold on. No sobbing.

Monday’s episode was the first one I saw this season. You seem sweet enough and you’re cute too. I have to ask, what’s with the constant fiddling with your bangs? You don’t have extensions, do you? Hm. I could use some.

Wait. Please stop crying. I didn’t mean anything by it. OK. All good?

Did I mention how cute you are? Ah, there’s that smile. You have lovely legs too. Why are your knees so far apart?

OMG, I’m so sorry. Stop crying. Please? I love that little gap between your knees. Yes, really, I do. It’s so sexy. Gosh. Here’s a tissue. Dab that mascara, cutey-pie.

Now, I hate to bring up the B-word, but I need to. No, not beluga. Bentley! For heaven’s sake, you said his name fifty times this week. That sucked for me. Why? Well, because I was playing a fun, new drinking game where I have a sip of my Belve Lemonade every time you say the B-word. I needed my stomach pumped before the rose ceremony. It wasn’t great.

I was touched by your reaction when Chris told you the B-word came halfway around the world just to see you. You do realize that ABC fucking paid him a shitbucket of money to do that, right? No, it wasn’t his idea.

Oh shit. Stop. Please stop crying. Oh Jesus. Here, use my sleeve. No don’t blow your ... fine ... that’s great. Calm down. Deep breath. OK?

How cute were you standing in front of his hotel room door hesitating to knock, covering your heart, and building your courage? Tender moments like that make it so much easier for me

to pay my U-verse bill. So, then you tap-tap-tapped and (gasp!), there was the B-word. Granted, he did have to ask who it was before he answered. We couldn't expect him to use the fucking eyehole to see who it is. He's in fucking China. Who else would it be? Jackass.

I'm sorry. No, please don't start crying again.

I'm sure he's wonderful in some category. He'd make a great husband for about a week before you caught him making love to himself in front of the full-length mirror three times a day. Did you like the way he touched your knee and tilted his head sympathetically as you laid down boundaries? It made you damp, didn't it? Admit it, goddamn it, and snap out of it!

No ... no ... wait ... stop crying. Fuck. Here, wipey-wipey again, my little sniflepuss. Give Uncle Phil a hug. There. Feel better? Good.

Bentley is a fucking toad. He doesn't respect you. When that type of man comes along, run away from, not toward him. You're not in the business of breaking stallions. You're looking for a husband and, frankly, your eye for talent is blind.

Are you welling up again? Christ.

You're so cute, sexy, and smart, Ash. Stop falling for ABC's ploy to make the show more interesting at your expense. When they bring Bentley back next time (and you know there will be a next time), invite him in, get naked, tie him to the bed, and hire a male masseuse to jump out of the closet and give him a Ben-Gay hand job. Then, put your Flip camera to good use.

See that? You turned that frown upside-down. Now, go get him, parentheses legs.

Oh no ... not again. Stop!

Yours with booger sleeves,
Uncle Phil

Message from the Author

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[Nice Meeting You](#)

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Nice Knowing You (coming in March 2012)

Thanks for reading. I hope you giggled.

Your friend,
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