

King Kobra

"Detachable Penis"

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I woke up this morning with a bad hangover and my penis was missing again. This happens all the time; it's detachable. This comes in handy a lot of the time; I can leave it home when I think it's gonna get me in trouble, or I can rent it out when I don't need it. But now and then I go to a party, get drunk, and the next morning, I can't, for the life of me, remember what I did with it. First I looked around my apartment, and I couldn't find it, so I called up the place where the party was, they hadn't seen it either. I asked them to check the medicine cabinet, 'cause for some reason, I leave it there sometimes, but not this time. So I told them if it pops up to let me know. I called a few people who were at the party, but they were no help either. I was starting to get desperate I really don't like being without my penis for too long. It makes me feel like less of a man, and I really hate having to sit down every time I take a leak.

After a few hours of searching the house, and calling everyone I could think of, I was starting to get very depressed, so I went to the Kiev and ate breakfast. Then as I walked down Second Avenue, toward St Mark's Place, where all those people sell used books and other junk on the street, I saw my penis lying on a blanket next to a broken toaster oven - some guy was selling it! I had to buy it off him. He wanted 22 bucks, but I talked him down to 17. I took it home, washed it off, and put it back on. I was happy again: complete. People sometimes tell me I should get it permanently attached, but I don't know. Even though sometimes it's a pain in the ass, I like having a detachable penis.

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