

Let the record show that my penis is far, far better than yours. In this heaving, tumultuous, willy-nilly world of ours, there are winners and losers. And when it comes to the penis, you're a loser. At least you are compared to me.

It's important that you be told this. And it's even more important that I be the one who tells you. I only wish to bring you the truth. My intentions are pure. My penis sets me apart from you. Truthfully, it sets me above you. High, high above. Your penis shrivels in the cold-wind blasts of my overwhelming penile superiority. This doesn't mean you aren't human, OK? It only means you're less human than me.

You and I are proof that not all men are created equal. The simple fact, proven by science and unanimous public consensus, is that my penis outshines yours in every possible way. Where do you get off even *trying* to compare your penis to mine? It's hilarious how much better my penis is than yours. It's like bringing a paper clip to a knife fight.

If your penis were ever pitted against mine in a court of law, you should plead No Contest. I'm being generous merely to include your penis in the same article as mine, so don't go getting an attitude.

Blame God Almighty if you have a problem with any of this. I worship God for many reasons, but primarily because of this penis he gave me. God is the only man I'd have sex with besides myself. Your penis makes me think that

in sheer penile *quality*. Mine is the right color. The right size. The right taste. The right aroma. Not too veiny. Not purple and gummy like yours. Mine's a magic wand.

Never forget that I have a cock and you have a penis.

My cock is the staff of life. Your penis is the pixie stick of death.

My cock is a gleaming Excalibur. Your penis is a plastic butter knife.

My cock should be honored in poetry and song. Your penis deserves an obituary.

My cock is an inspiration. Your penis is depressing.



MY PENIS

sometimes God makes mistakes. Or maybe he's just a good joke-teller. Either way, I can't see you getting into heaven with a penis like that.

I mean, I'm somewhat sorry for you, but I'm not sorry that things turned out this way. It's better that God shortchanged you than me, that's for god-damned sure. Although I feel bad for you, I can't say I empathize. But, yeah, it's a shame about your penis. A damn shame.

To begin with, your penis is small. You came up short when the Penis Straws were drawn. Your penis is a paltry, puny, pathetic giblet that falls way short of anything properly resembling manhood. It'd be difficult to find your penis even with a compass and a road map. No matter how much it hurts, you know I'm telling the truth. I'm sure you've looked at your penis in the mirror. I'm sure you've measured it. I'm sure you've tried stretching it out with all manner of hydraulic pumps and steel weights, only to come up short every time. And I'm sure you've laid awake in bed all night long, curled in a ball and wailing about it.

But size isn't your only problem—your penis is also unattractive. It's all lumpy and curvy and misshapen and slimy and discolored. Your penis is so ugly, it makes women not want to have babies.

And should I even *talk* about your foul genital odors in a family-oriented magazine such as this one? Point blank, your cock stinks. Word around town is that your penis smells like rancid buttermilk strewn with stray morsels of feces. They say your cock smells worse than your ass, and that's quite an achievement, fella.

The word "penis" was tailor-made for undersized male appendages such as yours. I don't have a penis. I don't even have a dick. I have a COCK. Under the proper conditions of arousal, my cock might fairly be deemed ginormous. Let's just say I'd give you a black eye if I hit you in the face with it.

Not only do I amply surpass you in size, I also exceed you

My cock is the middle of summer. Your penis is the dead of winter.

My cock points toward the future. Your penis droops toward the past.

My cock is the mighty sequoia. Your penis is the tiny bonsai.

My cock evokes loud gasps of stunned reverence. Your penis induces gales of laughter.

My cock gives hope and comfort to the poor and afflicted. Your penis spreads poverty and disease.

Your parents had to know you'd wind up with a small, ugly dick. Maybe you can sue them. But let's not make the same mistake your parents made, OK? I'm asking you—politely, for now—not to pass down your unfortunate genes to any future generations. Let's make a deal: You don't kill yourself over this, but you don't breed, either. Fair enough? It isn't right to saddle future generations with penises such as the one God cruelly bestowed upon you.

In a just, fair, sane, progressive, equitable world, your penis would be illegal. Men with small, unattractive organs would be mercifully sterilized, saving future generations from the social scourge of under-endowed men. I'll bet your sperm are small and ugly, too. It's disgusting to imagine your small, ugly cock shooting small, ugly sperm that grow into small, ugly children with small, ugly cocks of their own. When will the madness end? I'm just trying to say it would be a better world without your penis, or, really, any penises like yours.

Because mine's better.



...is better than yours