

Vivat Rex

Wednesday, 26 April 2006

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Further, since I've long since abandoned the notion of this being a site where a reader might find any thoughtful - much less, dignified - exegeses, blah, blah, blah... . That's disclaimer number two.

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I thought I'd share this:

Yesterday Alex asked me how you tell the difference between girl dogs and boy dogs.

"The same way you tell the difference between any boy and girl," I replied.

"Yes, but it looks like Pumpkin has a penis."

"Well, it might look like she has a penis, but she surely doesn't have the other stuff."

"What other stuff," he persisted.

"You know, the testicles," I said, hoping it came out naturally as I felt my throat constricting.

"Testicles," he repeated slowly, thoughtfully.

"Yes," I continued, realizing that this may be a new vocabulary word for him, "you know what they are?" C'mon kid, work with me here. Take a guess, you've seen 'em before.

"You mean the King's Chair," he finally offered.

"Excuse me? Kings Chair? Who calls it the 'King's Chair'," I asked, wondering which one of his friends has been sharing the men's magazines with my boy.

"That's just what me and Chris call them. And the King is the penis, sitting on top."

Good grief. Yes, of course! The King's Chair, what other name for it could be so natural, so manly?