

Leader McConnell (82) Grandpa Biden (81) *Delusional* DONALD (77)

I Never Wish To Become As Old As You Goats, Because...

I Did Not Like Diapers The First Time, Particularly The Incessant And Exhausting Screaming To Precipitate A Change. *Customer Care* For Infants And The Dependent Elderly Tends To Suck.

I Do Not Wish To Have Knots On My Forehead And Bruises All Over Due To Failing Eyesight And Unreliable Limbs.

I Do Not Want A *Successful* Bowel Movement To Be The Highlight Of My Day, Or Worse, My Week.

I Do Not Wish To Study The Cafeteria Lunch Menu — All Three Choices — For The 1,190th Time And Think I'm Seeing It For The First Time.

I Do Not Wish To Eat Food Without The Assistance Of My Trusted Friend, Mr Tastebud. Without Him, How Does One Really Know It's Food? Did You Know That Some *Organic* Or Otherwise *Gourmet* Dog Food Is Now Made In USDA-Approved Kitchens, Which Means, Yes, It's Fit For *Human* Consumption. Oh, My...

I Do Not Wish To Ever Find Myself Face Down In My Rosemary Garlic Mashies Unless Clearly Alcohol-Induced. Nor Do I Need To Know If Drool, Snot, Mucus, And Mashed Potatoes Can Agreeably Coexist On The Same Plate. (Can't We All Just Get Along?) Finally, I Do Not Wish To Experience Nasal Surgery To Alleviate "Chronic Impacted Mashed Potato Syndrome."

I Do Not Wish To Have An Erection And Not Know Why Or Not Know Instinctively What I Should Endeavor To Do With *Him*.

I Do Not Wish To Ogle Pretty Women (Especially Nurses) And Be Limited To Virtual Sex In A State Of "Diminished Capacity." That Could Be Dangerous Or At The Very Least, Messy.

In Those Severe And Increasingly Frequent Moments When The Balance Of One's Existence Seems Not Only Pointless But Also To Irritating To Reasonably Bear — In My Sole And Lucid Judgment, Of Course — I Do Not Wish To Banshee Holler: PLEASE KILL ME. OH, PLEASE PLEASE JUST PFUCKIN' KIIIIIL MEE!!! Only To Have The Psychiatric Ward Nurse Rush Up And Give Me A Condescending But Admittedly Reassuring Shoulder Pat & Squeeze And Then Effortlessly Return To Her Thoughts About The Errands Which Must Be Completed During This Day's Meal Break.

Additionally, In Those Random And Miraculous Moments Of Something Reminiscent Of Mental Clarity, I Definitely Do Not Need To Discover That Said Nurse Is Surreptitiously Engaged In Graduate Work At The *Ashcroft Institute For Compassionate Brutality*.
What Have I Done In This Life To Deserve This? Oh, Yeah... Pfuuuck!!!

I Do Not Wish To Complain About The Govmint In A State Of “Diminished Capacity” Or Continue To Puzzle Fruitlessly Over Why My Democratic Party Cannot Find A Cure For Its Recurring Case Of *Cranium Rectumitis*. I Once Had Numerous Profound Thoughts On This Immensely Popular Washington Parlor Subject. Where The Hell Did They Go?

I Do Not Wish To Be The Star Subject Of A Second-Year Resident’s C.V. - Enhancing Research Paper On The Psychological And Emotional *Challenges* Of Prolonged Painful Death. Iff’in I Could Only Git My Gun, I’d Surely Shoot Him, Not Me. From My *Unique* Perspective It Seems An Egregious Constitutional Affront That My Weapons Were Confiscated Prior To My Less-Than-Agreed-To Placement At Hyappy Acres.

I Prefer Death By *Unilateral* Action Than By A “Committee Of The Well-Intended.” As We Long Haulers i.e., Dirt Poor Twuckers, Like To Say... Now, That’s A No-Shitter.

In My Very Last Moments Of Existence In This Realm, I Do Not Wish To Hear A God-Like Murmur, Or The Voice Of His Former Earthly Surrogate — Charlton Heston — Say
“Hello, Mon. Guess What.”