

THE VARIABLE GIRKIN

Peter James Trapani

Sometimes on Monday it's a thing hiding away, all shy and retiring. On Tuesday it can spring into life, full of Western promise. By Wednesday it can be a contemplative looking pendulum, indecisive and flabbier, ticking away the hours in its swing, but ready to extend its enthusiasm with less docility, during the early evening. By Thursday, it's under pressure like a fire hydrant, ready to burst with potential energy, and the end can sometimes resemble the top of one of those small chocolate cake things but without the walnut on it. By Friday, it's up at the crack of dawn (whoever she is), ready for work, sometimes, and looks forward to the weekend as well, and I can see it jam-packing the travel bags ready to fly to heaven and back or try and take someone there. By Saturday and Sunday the bishop can sometimes be a `write off in the bell ringing department, and just want to rest, looking forward to the following week, all sort of dejected looking, save for the first Saturday in June.

The rule does not seem to apply if it's a leap year, in which case, one of the testicles hangs slightly lower than the other, and the rod operates like an organic barometer. You should see it on a wet day. Sometimes it can go for several weeks without any fun at all, and have a weekend off, and then enter a period of intense stimulation and play, again without audience or inviting the neighbours around for cheese and pineapple on sticks and nibbles or salty snacks. This is perfectly normal and nothing to penalise yourself for. Peter's instrument, when involved in pleasure, that which is geared for reproduction and waste removal, can during sexual intercourse range between four inches (unless you push all the hair down in which case it's closer to five), five-six when floppy yet filled out a bit, and at full stretch, just under seven inches when preparing to do what nature intended, sometimes slightly longer, from the tip of the `holy hat' to the very base or `root'. It is obviously a `transformer' of an appendage, the length and thickness at any time being variable as with most men's. For the record, most bloke's are at their largest before the `final push' into the trench. So we'll have some discipline in the ranks please and less of this personal prejudice being shown towards persons of all shapes and sizes.

On a very cold day or when a lot colder, the member can be a floppier `non event' sometimes, and on a warm or better day, a `whopper' or girkin. If Peter eats his pasta and gets a good balanced meal down him, and good nutrition, the appendage seems more lively in general if he wants it that way, along with the rest of him, and like most men's, it's common for him to awake with a `baby's arm'(lad speak) or for him to stand to attention(more lad speak), without needing to march or parade about singing `I'm going to shoot one in the goal, chief'.

One of Peter's friends explained before dying, that he'd been intimidated in school days about a physical issue. Bodies come in all shapes and sizes. Hopefully anyone who found this section in search engines, is now feeling more reassured. Now kindly bugger off.