

DFL dog shit on my porch

Written by Barthélemy Barbancourt

Saturday, 24 July 2010 11:42 - Last Updated Sunday, 25 July 2010 00:12

So picture this scene; it's Saturday morning at the Eberly Mansion. I'm taking it easy, surfing the net and checking out the new patio we had installed yesterday. I'm still in my bathrobe.

Suddenly the doorbell rings, piercing my quiet morning. I go to the door, still in my white Ralph Lauren bathrobe, and there stands some young douchebag with an arm full of literature and a clipboard.

DoucheBag: "Hi, I'm from the DFL Party."

BB: "Are you fucking Kidding me? Get the fuck off my Porch!"

DFL DB: "What?"

BB: "Get the Fuck off of my porch"

DFL DB: "You don't have to be so mean"

BB: "I'm not going to give you any money so that you can raise my fucking taxes"

DFL DB: "I'm not asking for money. Is Tracy here?"

Even more pissed than before BB: "I am Tracy you Fuctard now get the fuck off my property"

DFL DB: "You don't have to be a Jerk"

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BB "Fuck You!"

DFL Douche Bag leaves and stops at the walk to make notes and give me dirty looks. I flick him off.

The LME is afraid that these young DFL terrorists will come back and vandalize the house when I tell them to fuck off. She also reminds me to tell them that we have guns. (I can't believe I forgot to mention that!)

I admit that my initial response was pure reaction. The Fucking MN DFL is standing on my front porch asking for money (or something). But given my initial reactions, why the fuck didn't the moron just leave? Dale Carnegie and Harvey Mackay combined couldn't have turned this into a sale.

Second question, how do I impress upon people not to solicit me for anything? I really hate it when strangers ring my doorbell. It is never a pleasant surprise.