

Dear Rich Assholes,

Stop leaving piles of money to your dogs when you die. Leona Helmsley left \$12 million to her dog when she died, and some dick-bag in Maryland just left like 800 grand to his dogs and now I want to dig these people up, resuscitate their lifeless bodies and monkey-stomp their guts out.



Just what the hell do you think your dog is going to do with that much money? If you have no immediate family, then leave it to some distant nephew or cousin... or me. There's really no difference. We're all going to spend it on the same things, drugs and hookers. And not your regular hookers, I mean seriously expensive hookers. The kind you pay thousands of dollars to for one night and then they don't steal all of your shit when you inevitably fall asleep. And I say "they" because with that kind of scratch you can get at least three at a time, making it much easier to carry all of your valuables out the door in one trip. But I'm getting off the point.

Here's the thing, dogs don't even have pockets to carry money. Now I know what you're thinking: Who carries cash these days anyway? Well they don't have pockets for an ATM card or an American Express Platinum card either. And even if you made them a special collar to carry such items, they have no fingers to punch in a pin number or to sign for their canine related purchases. But if I did come upon a dog with a stack of hundreds stuffed into his collar, that would be the last anyone ever saw of that mutt. He would be the Jimmy Hoffa of pets.



You say you really want a submissive animal to which you can bequeath your vast fortunes; I can be that as well. With the promise of future riches you are more than welcome to walk me around in a diamond studded collar and nothing else, only to end up cleaning my steaming piles of my excrement as I coil them on your priceless Persian rugs. I'll even chase that little imaginary chuck-wagon across the room only for it to disappear into the kitchen cabinets, all for your entertainment. It can't be that much more degrading than some of the comedy shows I've done. I can see it now, you waking up each morning, sitting up to stretch and yawn, looking down and seeing me lying at the foot of your mattress playing with my morning wood and farting all over your silk bedding. Talk about man's best friend...



*Love,
Bill Scott*