

The Tremendous Legislator Dares To Eat A Peach

He loves peaches so much he's renamed them 'President Fruit' and nobody else is allowed them. Not only that, but every time he eats one now he insists upon an audience of at least six, seated before him on uncomfortable plastic chairs.

He grips it like a star softball pitcher, and first runs the tip of his nose, then the tip of his tongue all the way up and down the peach's ass-crack, one eye closed in delectation, the other checking his audience is paying close enough attention.

Yes, of course he chews with his mouth wide open: that first bite in the silence of the room sounds like the slow removal of a child's wellington boot from a deep tub of wallpaper paste. For someone who loves eating peaches so much, there are actually

two things he hates about eating peaches. The first is touching the slimy orange flesh with his fingers and the second is the idea of his front teeth finding the harsh resistance of the peach pit. After the first bite, then, he hands the peach over

to a white-gloved valet, who rotates it for him, keeping stone always a safe distance from bite. This part is more like the sound of a Labrador snuffling at the testicles of another Labrador. The very best peach-rotators are able to work it

so that the stone ends up almost completely bald. When he has finished, he stands and bows, waits for the thunderous applause to subside and announces, proud as a new father, 'President Fruit.' The audience is dispersed and the peach pit

buried in the Presidential Arboretum. Since the first reports of unrest in the provinces, he has started doing this two or three times a day.