

A Dog Named Sex

Everybody who has a dog calls him “Rover” or “Boy.” I call mine “Sex.” He’s a great pal, but he has caused me a great deal of embarrassment. When I went to city hall to renew his dog license, I told the clerk I would like a license for Sex. He said, “I’d like one, too.”

Then, I said, “But this is a dog.”

He said he didn’t care what she looked like. So I said, “You don’t understand, I’ve had Sex since I was 9 years old.”

He winked and said, “You must have been quite a kid.”

When I got married and went on my honeymoon, I took the dog with me. I told the motel clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex.

He said, “You don’t need a special room. As long as you pay your bill, we don’t care what you do.”

I said, “Look, you don’t seem to understand. Sex keeps me awake at night.”

The clerk said, “Funny—I have the same problem.”

One day, I entered Sex in a contest, but before the competition began, the dog ran away. Another contestant asked me why I was just standing there, looking disappointed. I told him I had planned to have Sex in the contest. He told me I should have sold my own tickets. “But you don’t understand,” I said, “I had hoped to have Sex on TV.”

He responded, “Now that cable is all over the place, it’s no big deal anymore.”

When my wife and I separated, we went to court to fight for custody of the dog. I said, “Your honor, I had Sex before I was married.”

The judge said, “The courtroom isn’t a confessional. Stick to the case, please.”

Then, I told him that after I was married, Sex left me. The judge said, “Me too.”

Last night, Sex ran off again. I spent hours looking all over town for him. A cop came over to me and asked, “What are you doing in this alley at 4 o’clock in the morning?”

I told him that I was looking for Sex. My case comes up Friday.