

The Epic Tale of Don Florentino

His mother gave birth to him on a sinking ship.
She threw him, wrapped in a bundle, onto an
iceberg as the ship plunged into the sea.

He raised himself on a floating ice-cradle.
At age two he named himself, Don Florentino.
At the age of three he grew a mustache and
angelic copper locks draped down to his shoulders.

At the age of only three and three quarters,
Don Florentino swam across the Atlantic.
He arrived in America, dripping wet—barnacles
clinging to him for safety from vicious sea predators.
The Statue of Liberty raised her arm to Don Florentino—
as if to toast his coming.

45 minutes and 13 seconds after
his arrival, Don Florentino was fluent in English,
Italian, French, Japanese—but Spanish became the
language he loved best. His left eyebrow
cocked when he spoke it.

At age five, Don Florentino skipped straight to
age 13, developed pubic hair, chest hair—thick
as a lion's mane—and impregnated a third
of the women on the east coast.

It has been said, if you were born on the east coast
between 1918 and 1919 there is a 33.3% chance you are
the bastard offspring of Don Florentino—
do not be ashamed. Rejoice to have come
from his mighty life-sack.

He married his first wife at fifteen.
She prepared steak-stuffed enchiladas, which
Don Florentino spat out. A second wife attempted
enchiladas stuffed with gold. Don Florentino
preferred the taste of gold to steak, but these he spat
out as well. A third wife made enchiladas stuffed
with platinum. These he ate with gusto. With this wife,
he settled, and had thirty-two children. The woman's uterus
was exhausted. She spent her remaining years
in a wheelchair. Her name was Barbara.

Don Florentino and his thirty-two sons became explorers. Because they were fluent in every language, Don Florentino and his children were able to seduce the women of every country. And because—by the grace of God—they were sexually potent, they produced a harvest of children in every place a woman could be found. It is said, that if you have a mustache and chest hair, there is a 43.9% chance that you are descendant of Don Florentino.

At the age of 47, Don Florentino sailed out to the Atlantic—the location of his birth. Upon arrival, Mother Nature tested him with a hurricane. The sea opened like the jaws of an angry sea monster. He tried to fight back, but Mother Nature was not like the women Don Florentino and his sons had conquered. Mother Nature, in his language of choice, was—a “puta”.

She swallowed Don Florentino, along with his mustache, copper curls, mane-like chest hair, pubic hair, and male potency. It is said, that at the bottom of the Atlantic, one can find the body of Don Florentino, cradled in the arms of his drowned mother.