

# Atom And His Package, Connor, Welcome

Usually I'm against this species propagating, and I do not like to think about my best friend mating. But this one time, I will grant a big exception, when I heard about the plan for Connor's conception (yeah, so the tenses don't agree, so what?). Chris and Amy, they had a little boy, and the godfather of the child was not Brian or me, but it was Roy. A bouncing baby buggy bumper who likes to pull on my glasses. I can't wait until Chris enrolls him in some punk rock classes. Connor, welcome to the family. Connor will be brought up professing anarchy, and he won't be scared of green hair, just the masons and the illuminati. Babies. Oh, I love my bananas in pajamas, I can eat 'em in the night with Franklin Tananna. Oh, Bananas in pajamas all the time, I can eat bananas in pajamas with some cheap red wine. yeah.