## RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, Many score ago, Dorothy Nell Studer Pewitt gave birth to her first child, a son, one Billy Randell Pewitt, who proceeded to exist on $R C$ Cola (including in his baby bottle) and never spoke until his second year; who has since not stopped talking, even if no one is listening; who has continued the cola habit, although upon doctor's orders, has been modified to the healthier version of Diet Coke, on the pretext of health and longevity when taken with Austin Land \& Cattle cheeseburgers and fries; and

WHEREAS, Born April 18, 1953, the ancient Billy Randell Pewitt is still alive, perhaps his unconventional diet merits consideration; and

WHEREAS, Despite tightened security measures, Pewitt, who never wielded more than a water gun, and was able to earn his concealed handgun license, and is still allowed in the capitol proper, has his target, peppered with off-target bullet holes, hanging in his garage with a push pin that he inadvertently stabbed himself with; and

WHEREAS, He's still a legend in his own mind, with lodgings directly across the street from the Capitol, appears quite hard to get rid of; and

WHEREAS, His lovely trophy wife of 31 years as of yesterday, Shannon McCann, continues to manage to plausibly deny any knowledge of the details, having determined long ago just how unbecoming an
orange jumpsuit might be; and
WHEREAS, Old Man Pewitt and his long-suffering wife have had three children in each of their decades together, it seems likely the dynasty will persevere; and

WHEREAS, When not holding court and embellishing his own life story, Pewitt enjoys bragging on his own offspring-or tries to get them jobs; and

WHEREAS, His eldest son Will, who served as a congressional intern in 2002, and is now a professor of English at several Florida universities, has forced meddling Father Pewitt to leverage his influence to find Professor Pewitt employment inside the Great State of Texas, no doubt in a dubious conspiracy to influence the minds of the youth of this great state in bending to the father's nefarious schemes; and

WHEREAS, Middle son Jack, who, when also serving as an intern, was asked to run some documents to another office, actually did run at break-neck speed through the hallowed halls of the Capitol until slowed by peace officers, clearly demonstrating a genetic predisposition to his father's headstrong, ham-fisted, heavy footsteps, has thankfully more often demonstrated his mother's creativity by becoming quite an accomplished artist, recently completing a memorial sculpture for Casis Elementary School; and

WHEREAS, His youngest, a daughter, Jill, born in Pewitt's advanced old age, is now twelve, teetering on teenhood, is constantly having to remind her friends and teachers that Pewitt is indeed not her grandfather, though the hardship has only served to
strengthen the character of this young women who shows dominant
traits of her Mother's beauty; and
WHEREAS, Pewitt has become famous, or infamous, for his
elaborate parties at his home, and said homestead is currently
under construction, this session will be no different as even more
guests will be accommodated at his blowout session party next
month; and

WHEREAS, Billy Randell Pewitt is now officially old and decrepit, he still beats his chest, coughs, takes a draught of Diet Coke and proclaims to be in his prime; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the House of Representatives of the 83rd Texas Legislature hereby commiserate with Billy Randell Pewitt on his 60th birthday and extend deepest sympathy to those of us who must humor him; and, be it further

RESOLVED, That an official copy of this resolution be presented to the Ancient Pewitt to remind him that he really is 60, though he really appears at least two score older.

