



Official  
*Sweet Potato Queens*<sup>®</sup>  
Marriage License



The Sweet Potato Queens<sup>®</sup> and Boss Queen, Jill Tonner Browne, hereby recognize the marriage of:

Queen \_\_\_\_\_ (hereinafter, “Bride”)

to

Super Stud \_\_\_\_\_ (hereinafter, “Groom”)

The **Groom** understands that from this moment on, the bride’s feet *should not touch the ground*, figuratively and literally speaking. He should be prepared to tote her around on a little pillow until death do them part (meaning he falls over dead from exhaustion).

The **Bride** should promise to *try* to be nice to him—  
but only slightly *less* than he deserves—in order to keep him on his toes.

The marriage shall last a lifetime regardless of *how cute* anybody is or is not, regardless of *how often* the **Bride** cooks, or what the **Groom** may end up eating.

This contract is legally binding (hand-cuffing, hog-tying, ham-stringing, and otherwise). After you sign this paper there is *just no getting rid of him ever*, no matter what, short of his own untimely death (which hardly *ever* happens when you want it to, so don’t count on it). Note: We are completely *against* the actual killing of him your ownself.