

READ OR I PUNCH YOUR FACE!
THE EPILEPTIC VAMPIRE
ANTHOLOGY (XXX)





Poetry, Prose, Short Stories – 2008 to 2017

Newamba Flamingo

Read or I Punch your Face

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Foreword:

I've written occasionally my whole life, mostly just for school or work, and didn't really get into it seriously (subjectively speaking) until I came back from Britain to Florida in 2008 and used writing as therapy to deal with some personal issues I'd been facing.

While taking an English course at Manatee Community College, I was exposed to Ginsberg, Plath, and Tim Dorsey for the first time, and they inspired me to start writing poetry and stories, or at least something resembling that.

Then I found Everypoet.net, Myspace blogs, and Literotica, and posted a few pieces for the fuck of it, and things snowballed from there.

I met other writers from all over the world and was subsequently encouraged to submit to literary mags, some of which actually published me, and I had over 300 subscribers to my blogs at one point and would end up getting over a million page hits and thousands of comments, emails, and even some threats of physical violence from humans, vampires, Canadians, and aliens from other galaxies.

The most fun I had was probably getting into BTR online radio shows with 10K poets, Yossarian Hunter, Nick and Dan, Murphy Clamrod, Hijack Flash, Sigerson, Pantifesto, and, most of all, probably the best friend I made throughout the whole thing, Frankie Metro.

Around late 2010, as Myspace and Everypoet started to die, and my hatred of Facebook grew (oh, its sterility and conformity!) I decided to step back from social media and writing and got the fuck out of my gulf-side apartment where I'd been taking too many prescription meds and drinking too much and masturbating and being on the computer too much and decided to go travel the world more before I die, the earth dies, or we all blow up.

I've sporadically written since then, posting shit occasionally to the blog "The Meth Lab" I ran for a while with Mr. Metro and every so often sending out a harassing submission to some lit mag or another.

It recently came to my attention that Myspace removed their blog function in favor of shitty music pages no one looks at and that Everypoet also got rid of their blogs, effectively wiping much of my archive off the internet.

While I'm sure this makes some people happy, I feel it's my duty to still harass, annoy, disappoint and amuse whomever might be goggling subjects like aliens, baboons, and buttsex, so I decided, for the fuck of it, and 7 or 8 years entirely too late, to put together a simple E-Book compilation of all my best (or worst) known pieces, re-edit some, add a few pics, and have it all one place.

In this compilation is stuff from 2008-2017, divided into categories of description, with a few unreleased pieces (that were wisely rejected by editors- the best rejection I got being from Jersey Devil Press, reminding me their submission guidelines outlaw stories involving rape, even that of cats! Touché!). I've also included one new and a couple fairly new pieces.

I doubt anybody is going to read or give a shit at this point, but, if you do, please download this, read it and like it, share with friends, your blog, on Torrents or wherever.

And THANK YOU for checking this out, for reading my blogs, publications and for finding my spot on the net. Out of the petabytes of info out there in the abyss of the net, I'm honored you came across mine.

And for those who don't like it, it's free, so go fuck yourselves! But thanks for reading anyway. Seriously.

Much love to everyone, my cat, the aliens, and all the hookers. RESPECT!

Chapter One: Fun Time



Punch You in the Face

The next time I see you

I'm going to punch you in the face

Don't ask me why

I'm not really sure

It could be that thing you said to me a long time ago

That I forgot and you can't recall

But, nonetheless, it pissed me off

Maybe it's because you like that song My Humps by the Black Eyed Peas

Maybe it's because you talk too much during movies

Or possibly it pertains to the peculiar sound you make when you eat

Perhaps it's the way you look in a hat

Perhaps it's the things you say to my cat

(I'm glad she always hisses and scratches you)

Whatever it is

I'm going to punch you in the face

And I'll record it and upload it to the internet, too

So you and everyone
Will know and will see
That you got punched in the face
Punched in the face
By me

Getting Naked at Work and Reciting Shakespeare

Sitting in desolate isolation entrapped by a cubicle
My boredom melancholy counted by ticking clocks
Water coolers burping passing time like hour glasses
Co-workers gossiping about the celebrity couple that punched a nun in the face
And adopted a one legged orphan from Sri Lanka with rabies named Pujuma
I can no longer bear the monotony
So I jump onto a table in the middle of the room
And begin to scream out a Shakespearean sonnet
Tearing off my work clothes with each stanza
Instead of an English accent,
I recite it with the voice of Tony Danza
Now totally nude and completed all verse,
I tie my necktie around my head
And strap on running shoes with no socks
No socks, not now, not today
I yell out...
"I am Ezra Pound, and this is my lost Canto!"
Jumping down from the table, colleagues point and yell
Some laugh, some gasp
A lady faints, a man spits out coffee and drops things
My frightened turtle shrivels in the cool air-con

But I care not
For today I am free
I run into my boss's office
Turning around and bending over,
I sing "Don't worry, Be Happy" in B Flat and slap on my buttocks for rhythm
Not even exiting his conference call, I don't think he notices the intrusion
I wave "ta-ta" and run down the hall to the elevator
A woman had been standing there but took off running when she saw me
Once in the elevator, I hum to musak that sounds like "Kokomo"
"Aruba, Bahama" "Key Largo, Montego"
I love that song and it sounds much better when you're naked and in an elevator
Getting out, I dodge a security guard trying to capture me
"To be or not to be!" I yell and run out into the street
As I run down the street, I sing Christmas Carols and put quarters into vacant parking meters
(I keep a roll of quarters inserted in my rectum at all times just in case a situation like this develops)
Stopping and saluting a leashed dog,
I revoltingly recant Walt Whitman and have sex with a street sign
Now smoking a cigarette I picked up off the street,
I begin running and singing again, even more out of key
People scream and point and cover their children's eyes
It's amazing the reactions that a naked man running down the street smoking,
bellowing out "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" elicits
I point to the sky and proclaim wildly:
"Today, and only today, I am the antique's teeth from 'The Waste Land' without the cockney accent, and they are me!"
I run into a tumultuous shopping mall
Crawling with suburban zombies and credit crunchiness
Climbing up the escalator, I begin to give the Gettysburg Address
Suddenly I'm shot in the back of the head by a deranged Burger King employee on a homicidal rampage

I die instantly

I'm still naked

Shooting Midgets from a Catapult and Watching Our Teacher Tap Dance Nude

I woke up late today

The alarm clock had grown arms and legs and ran away

Scratching my testicles and stumbling into the kitchen,

I found an alligator eating my Cheerios

There was no time to fight him,

so I took off my nightgown and slipped into some edible panties,

red tights, a green tutu, retro basketball jersey, and funky tennis shoes

I brushed my teeth and put my hair into pig tails

Then I stepped out the door

and mounted the unicycle I ride to school

After giving a stranger the finger, I took off onto the highway

(The "Miami Vice" theme song played in my head)

Upon arrival at school,

I saw Tiger Woods out on the front lawn

with a neck brace on,

shooting midgets from a catapult

A group of mimes were next to him,

involved in a limbo contest

Behind them was a three legged homosexual donkey called "Rufus,"

chasing a rogue peacock in circles like a loon,

whilst singing Lady GaGa's "Poker Face"

completely out of tune

Inside the school, a roaming pack of football players,

in pads and helmets, tackled random people throughout the hallways,

as two cheerleaders named “Buffy” followed, waving pompoms,
and chanting the school fight song
As I walked into class,
I noticed that our teacher, Mr. Schlomsky, wasn’t there yet
Everyone looked puzzled...
When out of the blue, without warning,
Mr. Schlomsky fell through the ceiling and landed perfectly on his feet
(Totally perpendicular to the podium!)
A balding, obese and hairy Polish man of 5’2,
he was entirely naked except for a large pair of Versace sunglasses,
Polka-dotted bowtie and large red clown shoes
He looked around the room and didn’t say a word for about thirty seconds
And then
Burst into a fiery lecture about Confucius,
which was peppered with Russian curse words,
spastic hand and arm motions,
and brief outbursts of tap dancing
At the conclusion of the lecture,
he juggled pineapples,
and I stood up and applauded
Mr. Schlomsky then shapeshifted into a pterodactyl and flew out the window
After class, I saw Tiger Woods riding away on my unicycle,
giving me the finger and throwing golf balls at pedestrians
I tried to hail a taxi, but they were all full
Fortunately the baboon that lives in my closet, Fred,
was driving an ice cream truck nearby,
so I pole-vaulted onto the roof of the vehicle and surfed it all the way home
I hoped that alligator wasn’t still in my kitchen because I was hungry and needed something to eat.

Holy Shit! Ezra Pound's Ghost is in my Refrigerator!

The other day I read a poem by a British human named Debs
about an entity that attacked her in the middle of the night
and tried to steal her Calvin Klein underwear

It was a good poem;

after having a chuckle about it, I ate some shrimp, drank a bit of whiskey,
and went about my business

everything was fine

UNTIL

Something strange happened later that night...

As I slept the sleep of a newborn-tit-sucking-shit-machine,

I felt my Scooby Doo blanket being pulled off me

Slowly I awoke, looked up into the darkness at the foot of my bed and
saw what looked like the ghostly figure of someone I recognized

It was the long dead poet, Ezra Pound!

I said, "Holy shit, are you Ezra Pound?"

He said:

"AHHHHH! Motherfucker! I'm Ezra Pound's ghost, bitch! AHHHH! BOOO! SCARY! AHHHH!!!!!"

Doing what anyone would, I sprung out of bed, grabbed my vacuum cleaner
and chased him around "Ghostbusters" style

but he was fast!

Ghosts of dead poets are really swift!

He jumped into my refrigerator

(I keep the refrigerator door open at night because I like to use a lot of electricity)

I slammed the door shut and trapped him inside

He was like "AHHHH! Let me out! Let me out! AHHHHH!"

However, I decided to keep him in there and went back to sleep like nothing happened

Next morning I opened up the refrigerator and Ezra was still in it

He said he actually likes living in the fridge and handed me a couple eggs and a cuppa coffee and gave me some awesome recipes for pasta he knew from his time in Italy

He asked if he could stay; I said OK,

because I like having a dead poet in my refrigerator

I really don't know why people are against having evil spirits in their house

I think it's fun having demons and stuff, I use my Ouija board all the time to contact them and ask them to drop by and play Scrabble

What does this "Debs" person think is so wrong with nocturnal entities?

Fighting off malicious spirits in the middle of the night is a gas and such great exercise

Much better than going to the gym!

You know, it all reminds me of this hippy girl I used to have sexual intercourse with in Tennessee

As soon as we moved into a house, she put on a Harry Potter costume, burned incense, and started some sort of séance to rid the place of evil spirits

I told her "NO! Stop doing that!"

I like having wicked spirits in my domicile!

So what if they're a poltergeist or something!

They have a right to be there, too, and were here before WE moved in,

so it would be like totally rude to kick them out

What am I, an asshole?

Poltergeists and demons are people, too, with hopes, dreams, aspirations and families

Leave them alone you fucking bastards always harassing them!

(Needless to say, that relationship was short-lived!)

(Besides, she always hated it when I'd shave off my eyebrows, paint a turtle on my chest, and go do aerobics in the

graveyard.)

After that I moved into a 1920's bright pink art deco Miami Beach hotel that was possessed by something or other

(probably an old pissed off Jewish lady from Manhattan)

Stuff would disappear all the time and things would fall off the refrigerator a lot

(this was before I had a dead poet living in my fridge)

At first, I didn't believe it was haunted and accused my girlfriend at the time, who was from Switzerland, of hiding

things,

like my neon green goggles that went missing for a week

and then turned up in the bathtub when I was having a shower and eating cereal

(I eat cereal in the shower sometimes)

I pointed at her and said forcefully that I don't know what types of weird shit you do over there in Switzerland,

but here in America we don't steal people's goggles when they want to go swimming in the Atlantic!

If I were attacked by a shark and mangled to death like an Australian surfer it would all be her fault!

So anyways, even after I chased her away at 3am with a hot frying pan full of bacon,

stuff still went missing, so I'm pretty sure the place was possessed by a spirit of some sort

The whole incident with Debs and Ezra Pound reminds me of that place

Upon reflection, I think I'll move back there now, buy a purple-assed baboon to keep as a pet,

and bring the refrigerator with Ezra in it, too, and maybe invite Debs over so we can read poetry about ghosts,

and I'll also invite that Swiss girl, if she wants to come back

Listen, Magda (the Swiss girl's name), I'm really sorry about chasing you with that frying pan.

Can we be friends?

I've got this really cool new ghost in my refrigerator I want you to meet!

Now if you'll please excuse me,

Ezra and I are going outside to do aerobics in the graveyard

Talk to ya later!

Bye Bye!

EIEO00000000000000

EEEEEEEEEEEXXXXXXNNNNNMMMMMEEEEEBBBBBEEEEEWUWUWUWUWUWUWU

“Here is my scalpel, cold and hungry”

“Will you marry it?”

(only if it comes with a prenuptial agreement)

(I swear I’m not an anti-Dentite or anything like that)

AHH

Aaaaaarrrrrrrrrrrrrrggggggggggggghh

PTTTOOOOOUUUHHHHHH

“We’re all done here today”

“Don’t eat anything for the next two hours”

“Nurse Ratched will finish you off”

NAAAAAHH!!!!!!

(bleeding, rinsing, rising, walking, puking, gripping my jaw, searching for the old lady)

“I’m afraid your insurance doesn’t cover this procedure”

“Will that be cash or credit card?”

(NOO)

“How will you be paying us today, sir?”

(weeping)

SWIPE, SWIPE, KA-CHING!

“Now let’s schedule your next appointment”

(running)

Free Enterprise Amongst the Waste Management Industry (Collab with Yossarian Hunter)

I

AM <- and I mean that

a porn addict in the physical

with a and the

taco beer gut metaphysical

done gone nuts senses you see

became a

compulsive fart[er]

driving

a big (ass) nasty garbage truck.

that bitch:

bright (ass) green.

and I play

ice-cream truck remixes

of Donna Summer classics

you can hear a block away

((in between songs

weather updates

they're never wrong

they're never late

--Jeff Sibley is the weather man

apparently he is accurate

and punctual--

today's forecast:

bukkake showers followed

by Sarasota sunshine

perfect for felching the

hippopotamus sublime))

FUCKBOTS *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS*

gotta Michael Jordan bobble head on the dash

and a sweaty

(ass)-flavored pine tree

hangin'

from a light on the ceiling

--it used to be a light

it doesn't come on anymore
guess it' aint much of a light--
plus a Key Largo payload of dead ballerinas

fixing to disappear
just as soon as I find
a chrome plated pitchfork
to unload them bitches with

you just absolutely would not believe what dead ballerinas command
on the open market these days I mean if you dress them up in wedding
dresses with pink slippers and make it so they lactate when you give
them the old butt rape then oh my god in just a little while like a week or
three you'd have enough to help Uncle Frank pay the Thai Lady Boy's
ransom and then, man, talk about the poems we'd read

her gonorrhoea reflections *sparkle*
from the clip-on vanity
mirror shades
I wear

My friends

I

AM

<<-- I put two stars

gonna be

'cuz this is

the new Billy-The-Goddamn-Kid!

the second

amongst big

time we've

NASTY (ass)

been over this shit.

garbage truck drivers

I'll pull up in your front yard

spit ya a pearl diver

wipe my (ass) with my hand

give ya a high fiver

FUCKBOTS *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS*

This bright (ass) green demon

needs no gasoline to get around

the block my good friend Glen

has a still makes the best moon

shine around you could fly to

fuckin' mars on that shit put a

gallon in and it's ballerinas for

a week

first day on the job:

bicycles

second day on the job:

televisions

third day on the job:

assorted bits of

scraps of

pieces of

torn paper and used condoms

and moldy loafs of

bread that we

use for- [shut the fuck up man,
you'll queer the market!!]

{what market man chill the fuck out

we got 'em in every stop-n- rob

from NE Mississippi to

Alligator Alley

it's cool}

FUCKBOTS *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS*

bet your (ass) we make the best

FUCKBOTS

in town we make 'em

out of all that stuff

them other schmucks threw away

{step right up folks and catch your self a

glimpse yes that's right folks you heard

right what we have here is the amazing back-

wards walking *FUCKBOT* it dances the
Macarena it talks like Richard Simmons
it has a white boy afro and doesn't mind if
you share it with your friends}

The trick to making a quality

FUCKBOT

is twisting the hypothalamus

into an introverted

logarithmic diaper

[it took me ten thousand

tries to get the thing right

(during the movie, a seven

year old girl punched her

grandpa in the face)]

the testicle milk of

a healthy baboon

is an effective lubricant

and gives the

FUCKBOT

minty fresh breathe

to boot

I

AM

<<<--- don't be makin' me

mendacious about my go over this again
penis size to or no more

a hairy plastic vagina *FUCKBOT*

on the phone sex hotline for you

[you'd think with the *FUCKBOT* market booming I could
take a day off but with bum wine, Florida drivers, open heart
surgery, George W. Bush, beasts of savage sea-turtle pussy and
the bad (ass) case of diarrhea I got from eatin' the beans them Texas
motherfuckers served me I can't find no damn body to drive the
truck the bright (ass) green truck and we gotta keep the spare parts
rolling you see we're all addicted there's this lady from Scotland
she sells us words on the cheap and we're all junkies now that's
why we keep dancing naked through the flames across the page]

please

no

more

I can't

breathe

twin dildos attached to a chain twirl like nunchucks stirring up terrible clouds
of dust causing a collapse an uncertain arrival flippant fistfucks the rain dry

{we interrupt your regularly
scheduled programming

to bring you an update
Chris Reeves was discovered
alive today he was locked
in a phone booth with a man
in a dolphin suit the dolphin
claimed to know some long
forgotten truth but he won't
cough it up until the booth
is open and the tacos are freed
and normal scheduled routes
of roadside pick up resume
he looked like the zig-zag man
Reeves that is the dolphin
man looked rather like a dolphin
in an unrelated incident
diseased flaming emu dicks prick the purple-(ass)ed Elvis

who was skydiving into a tornado clutching a teddy bear
and now a word from
our sponsor:

FUCKBOTS *FUCKBOTS* *FUCKBOTS* }

"yes, I'll have a strawberry flavored
chocolate chip spam-burger and the
taco flavored cookie and a monster
sized Vanilla shake..." [you'll take your (ass) back
to work is what you'll
do we got parts
to collect *FUCKBOTS*

{quit calling me to engineer you schmuck }
a schmuck damn you
I ain't thrown
away nothin' we could use
and besides I done built three
FUCKBOTS
and tested another two}

<we have a ballerina incident on
aisle four could somebody get the
garbage man on the line now>

I am thank you!
say please drive thru-

to the Mr. Garbage Man:

Ta-Ta!

The Baboon Living in my Closet Is Named FRED

There's a baboon living in my closet

His name is Fred

The voices in my head tell me his name is Steve

But I still call him Fred

The first time I saw him, I got totally freaked out

I was about to leave for my mitten knitting club

and reached into my closet for a Sombrero and spandex miniskirt to wear

completely unaware a baboon was in there trying on a pair of fishnet stockings!

!!!@@@@@!!!

I screamed, shrieked, hopped, and hollered, and started spraying him down
with a fire extinguisher,

I'm not sure why, it just seemed a logical thing to do in the situation

After slamming the door shut, I called the police and reported the incident

But they didn't believe me at all and disconnected the call

So I dialed the number for the psychic hotline

They'll know what to do!

They're psychic!

My psychic advisor informed me

that this is all a result of the subliminal messages being sent

through my computer from the poetry sites I visit

and that I might turn into a zombie and start eating people

or a 1970s street pimp that says things such as "jive-so-turkey"

or I might even have a nervous breakdown in the supermarket and

make sex with a melon while running

through the produce aisle in front of lots of onlookers

(sort of like Joaquin Phoenix rapping on David Letterman)

To avoid all this, I need to make friendly with the baboon in my closet,

then everything will be peachy, and I might even get laid with a bar slut, the psychic said

So I went back to the closet and apologized to Fred for shooting him with that fire extinguisher,

fed him some cereal and gave him a foot massage

Then we started talking, and I really got to know Fred

He speaks fluent French and is quite knowledgeable about foreign films and political matters

Now we've become very good friends and spend quality time together,

putting on Togas and having in depth intellectual discussions about socioeconomic issues,

doing crossword puzzles and drinking tea from exotic countries,

and lifting weights sometimes in the afternoons after "Oprah"

I really like the baboon living in my closet

If you, or anyone you know, finds out that they has a baboon living in their closet
Please be nice to that baboon
Especially if his name is Fred

The Exploding Penis

So I woke up this morning and got out of bed to use the toilet,
when suddenly
MY PENIS EXPLODED!
No, not like a spontaneous ejaculation,
(though that happens to me sometimes)
I mean like my entire penis blew up into tiny smithereens
Subatomic particles of my dick burst out into infinite directions
scattered on the floor, the smoldering ashes...
flashes of vanquished pubic hair singed...
behind what was once an erection...
Miraculously, however, my testicles were unscathed
(but it looked really strange only having a pair of balls with no penis attached)
I cried out in vain,
“What shall I do?”
“How will I urinate?”
“How will I have sexual intercourse?”
“How will I find Mrs. Right?”
I immediately phoned my doctor to inform him of my plight
He said that this thing happens quite often and is
vastly underreported by the media
It could easily be an unwanted side-effect

of all the prescription and non-prescription drugs
that I've been abusing
He said I should come to his office at once
so I can be fitted with a brand-new penis
I ran out my door into the humid Florida morning
(wearing only a hot pink bathrobe and hair curlers)
and jumped into my car, peeling out of the parking lot,
CRANKING up that new Lady GaGa song "Just Dance"
During the drive, I do hand dances along to the music
I "Vogue," I "Pulp Fiction,"
I do that swim dive move that has been out of fashion since
before I was born; but I still do it anyway
The traffic on the Palmetto Expressway was a pain in the ass
I worried that I'd never get to the doctor's office fast
Time is of the essence when these sorts of things occur
Fortunately I saw a cop decked out in fake fur
I pleaded to him "Officer! Help! My penis has exploded! I need to get to the doctor at once!"
He told me that the same thing happened to him four years ago in the Yucatan Peninsula
and provided me a police escort with blaring sirens through the highway
(he also did funky hand dances along on the way)
(and even did the YMCA)
When I arrived at the office,
my doctor showed me a bunch of new shiny penises to pick
He really had an amazing selection of pricks
I chose the latest model, in neon green, that came with a lifetime warranty
This one will never explode, the doctor guaranteed
My doctor also had an impressive assortment of vaginas,
which he attempted to cajole me on,
just in case I was interested in switching my sexual organ preference

I told him no; I'm satisfied with my current genitalia
And, as much as I love vaginas, they require too much maintenance
While he swore that he knew an innovative vagina mechanic, who does express
gynecological examinations in 15 minutes or less from his bedroom in Hialeah,
I told him no thanks and asked to be fitted with my new penis
After this, I left the office feeling refreshed
and happy
Nothing like a new penis on a sunny day
Nothing at all

Mr. T, the Ouija Board, and the Conga Line of Transsexual Ninjas

HEY SUCKA!

Remember that time with Serge in Homosassa?
The air was humid and the sun seemingly solar
We was riding on an air boat poached from the Everglades
Sailing down a cantankerous suburban canal in a demented subdivision
Smoking that PCP I jacked from Mr. Roger's Neighborhood,
There was choking, coughing, cursing in Spanglish, floral shirt wearing
Then Coleman told us a riddle that was totally bubonic...
He said that if you chant Mr. T three times into a mirror
Mr. T will appear!
Just like "Bloody Mary" or the "Candyman!"
THIS AIN'T NO JIBBA JABBA!
So one night I'm lonely and afraid
Poking my teddy bear with hypodermic needles like a voodoo doll,
I look into my coke mirror and righteously repeat:
"Mr. T! Mr. T! Mr. T!"
Voila!

Here he is!

Right here!

Jumping outta my mirror!

Mr. T then slaps me upside the head

...I think he said:

"I pity the fool that don't know about the epidemic of school kids

Ditching class to go to the library and read Emily Dickinson poems

Only to graffiti villanelles into the handicapped toilet stalls!"

Mr. T says we need to get to the bottom of this

I say, "Well, let's attempt to contact the reclusive spirit with my Ouija board and ask her advice"

Mr. T thinks that'd be swell,

Possibly even nice

Then we joyously jump onto my two-seated bicycle,

"Nous devons aller!" cries Mr. T

We start pedaling fast,

Pedaling so fast,

Faster than death

Faster than Lance Armstrong on crack or meth

On our way, we ride by a conga line of transsexual ninjas

Dancing like Kevin Bacon to Journey's "Don't Stop Believing"

We also pass by a gas station on fire

Where Mike Tyson is out front getting beaten with a tire

His attacker a 12 year old girl in braces, dental headgear and wires

(This completely reminded me of the time Lady Sovereign fucked David Cameron up the ass with a strap-on in front of British Parliament but nobody noticed)

!

!

(Hello. My name is Macadangdang. I have no reason to be in this poem other than to complain about the two hairy Italian guys playing tennis with testicles. Please make them stop.)

(Mr. T, Katie Couric, Mike Tyson, Lady Sovereign, David Cameron, Serge, Coleman, Emily Dickinson's ghost, any dancing transsexual ninja or 12 year old girl or ballerina, nor any Emus were harmed during the making of this poem; unfortunately, neither were any telemarketers.)

(Serge and Coleman are characters of Florida author Tim Dorsey. Check out his books, especially "Hurricane Punch," if you've yet to do so.)

The Warlock who STOLE my SOUL

The TV in my bedroom suddenly came on around 3AM. I'd been asleep. It'd woken me up.

I wiped my eyes, sat up in bed, and on the screen I saw the warlock. He was hanging upside down from the leg of a flying helicopter and told me telepathically that he'd decided to steal my soul. Then the TV flicked off.

I went back to sleep, thinking it was probably just a dream. But when I woke up, everything seemed askew.

First off, the walls in my apartment were painted hot pink, instead of the white they'd been before. And all the furniture was in different places.

And, as I stepped into the kitchen, all the pots and pans and dishes were scattered about, lying everywhere, like someone'd thrown them around.

I flicked on the coffee maker, the one possessed by the ghost of Charles Bukowski, and instead of brewing my coffee, it just made a hacking, wheezing sound and shut off.

Opening my refrigerator, one of the handguns I keep in there rang like a cell phone. I picked it up, stuck the barrel to my ear and answered. It was the warlock.

"Stole your soul, bitch!!" he taunted.

Politely I asked if I could have it back. But the warlock dodged the question entirely and went on to tell me that he was writing a musical about the Italian mafia. He said how it would star current and former mobsters, dancing and singing, and that it would be performed in public places, spontaneously, rather than in theaters.

I again asked if I could have my soul back. Sounding frustrated, he sighed and told me to come down to the art gallery, if I really wanted it. Then he hung up.

I put on a leotard, cowboy boots and hat and stole the rabbi next door's pet ostrich and rode it down to the art gallery. When I got there, I tied the ostrich to a parking meter and saw Snooki and The Situation from that show "Jersey Shore" standing outside.

They had handheld video cameras and were shoving them into random people's faces, shouting expletives, and making jokes about car bombs.

I ran past them, into the gallery. Inside was a narrow corridor that led to a dark, cavernous room.

In the room were a group of Sikhs, in turbans, sitting in a circle around a smart phone, which dangled by a USB cable from the ceiling. On the smart phone's screen was looped video of masked terrorists on monkey bars and headless obese people on American streets. The Sikhs were humming some sort of mantra and staring at the phone's screen.

Then my cell phone vibrated. It was a text from the warlock, asking: "Find it yet?"

"No" I typed back.

"Come to Dr. Walker's office. It's down the block." He replied.

So I left the gallery. On my way out I saw Snooki and The Situation, lying dead on the sidewalk, bloody gunshot wounds pockmarking their bodies.

A man dressed as Ronald McDonald stood over them, thrusting his pelvis and filming the corpses with a handheld camera.

We made eye contact and he put his finger to his lips and made a shushing sound.

I continued down the street and arrived at a public bathroom. On the men's door was "Dr. Walker DDS" spray painted in red letters. I walked in and saw the warlock handcuffed to a urinal. A hairy chested man wearing only a surgical mask, flip flops, and hot pink miniskirt was probing the warlock's mouth with a switchblade.

From somewhere in the background, I could hear Guns N Roses' "Mr. Brownstone" playing softly.

The miniskirt man turned to me, pulled down his surgical mask, hacked and spit out a tiny key. The man looked exactly like Chuck Norris. I think it was Chuck Norris.

The Chuck Norris asked me, in German, if I'd seen Godzilla, last time I was in Tokyo. I shook my head.

At this Chuck Norris was angered and yelled, still in German, how Godzilla must have been there, and how could I miss him, swatting down planes, stomping on yellow people, and kicking over buildings?

I continued to shake my head and Chuck Norris shook his head back at me, sardonically, and proceeded to carve a large inverted crucifix into his stomach with the switchblade, laughing as he did so.

A window in the corner then shattered and a bunch of Japanese schoolgirls climbed in through it and rushed into one of the stalls, carrying Happy Meals and giggling.

Chuck Norris broke wind, stuck his hands down his miniskirt, fished around his crotch with the switchblade, and sliced off his penis. Then he flung the penis out the broken window and went into the stall w/the Japanese schoolgirls, slammed the door shut and started banging on the closed door and shrieking.

I turned to the warlock. Blood streamed down his mouth, to his neck and chest. Breaking into tears, he asked me solemnly if I really wanted my soul back. I told him yes. He asked me to free him, and, picking up the key Chuck Norris had spit to the floor, I did.

The warlock wiped at his bloody mouth with his shirtsleeve and unzipped his fanny pack. From it, he produced a Ronald McDonald voodoo doll with a dead wasp scotch-taped to its face and extended the doll to me.

Then he bowed his head and whimpered: "He won't leave me alone."

I'M AFRAID OF NAKED WOMEN! (The Satanic Toilet Monster Dream Remix)

Ever had that dream where you're walking into the girls' bathroom
of your old high school about to shave your hair into a mohawk?

Well I had that dream the other night...

I was in a tuxedo, and when I walked through the bathroom door,
there were Al Bundys in every stall,
sitting on toilets with the stall doors wide open,
pointing remote controls at TVs which didn't exist,
and bursting into tears about their fear of naked women.

There was also a Frankenstein-like Korean Elvis
singing karaoke into a makeup mirror,
shooing away an imaginary wombat,
and sporadically banging on the lone closed stall door,
yelling curse words in Spanish to its inhabitant
who'd only occasionally counter with a meek-
"Whatchu talkin' bout Willis?"

Pairs of hair clippers began raining down from nowhere,
so I picked one up and initiated my mohawk cutting...

But then floor abruptly started rattling...

And it felt like an earthquake was hitting!

I turned around and saw geysers erupting from all the toilets,
shooting the Al Bundys through the ceilings...

The toilets then grew arms, legs, bat wings and devil horns,
and seized the Korean Elvis, flushed him down one of their mouths,
and began circling me, séance style...

I got gangster, levitated, and Matrix-style-flying-karate-kicked
several of them and then ran out the door into the hallway
making pigeon sounds and obscene hand gestures.

The hallways were somehow filled with celebrities and annoying people
from my high school with masks
of their social networking site profile pics over their faces...

(I even saw The Queen of England in a dominatrix suit
punching a Walt Whitman statue
and screaming into a bullhorn whilst performing
simultaneous rectal exams on
androgynous Rosie O'Donnell impersonators
wearing rainbow afro-wigs and stupid frilly dresses.)

Somehow my hair clippers were still running;
accordingly I decided to make the most of it
and grabbed random celebrities
as well as the annoying drooling high school people,
put them into headlocks,
and shaved their heads into mohawks.

The Toilet Monsters soon caught up to me, however,
so I spotted the nearest catapult and shot myself from it,
right through the fourth story window...

I landed on my feet, in the street, but I wasn't in Florida anymore...
I was in Paris and suddenly dressed like a Buckingham Palace guard!

And, instead of French people,
there were Satanic Toilet Monsters everywhere!

They were sitting outside cafés smoking cigarettes,

walking poodles, playing accordions, eating cheese,
having anal sex,
and doing all the things normally associated with Parisians!

The sky started raining a redolent thunderstorm
of pot smoking iguanas and Siamese twin camel fetuses
and the French Toilet Monsters began pointing, screaming,
and coming after me.

I got on all fours and ran like a cheetah through the streets
and reached one of the bridges which transverse the Seine,
when out of nowhere, another angry mob of
French Satanic Toilet Monsters came running at me
from the other side of the bridge;
it was like the Bastille all over again!!!!

I was completely cornered
and had no other option than to plunge into the Seine,
Michael Phelps hitting a bong style.

I figured I'd swim back home to Florida
but unexpectedly breast-stroked into a big, nasty shark!
And I said to that shark, "Hey, what are you doing here, man?
There aren't supposed to be sharks in the river that runs through Paris!
Why aren't you in Florida or a dumpster in New Jersey?"

The shark told me that the Toilet Monsters chased him
out of the Gulf of Mexico
and got him fired from his job as a telemarketer
and so he got a really cheap travel package to Paris
from his sister who is a travel agent in Iowa,
and even though he felt bad for me
because he knew how awful it is being harassed by Toilet Monsters,
he was still hungry and was going to eat me.

And then he ate me and I was dead
and never even did get to finish shaving my hair into a mohawk.
I'm glad this was only a dream
but am worried something like it could happen one day.

Bald Head Fred

Bald Head Fred in camo cargos
Bald Head Fred, his Hillary for Prison 2016 tee
Bald Head Fred, El Chapo of the Viagra Cartel
Bald Head Fred, hairy man-tits, hotel balcony fits
Bald Head Fred, throwing beer bottles at feral cats
Bald Head Fred, proselytizing and cursing into humidity
Bald Head Fred, Gospels of Al Bundy Butt Sex Terrorism
Bald Head Fred, the Jesus of sodomy

One Night in Bangkok

No more popping pills

Here they've traded ulcers and commutes
for tiki temples and tire fire sunsets

Krung Thep
Soi Cowboys with shiny new teeth
HiSo(s) with two right hands of Terminal 21

Here we got all the latest trends in coconut oil colonoscopy

Here we have dreams of soapy massages,
Australian ass crack, and true arhats

Here Bangkok narrow streets
are water buffaloes in Issan

Asoke!

Bangkok BTS, feel the devil, hope it's a She
Phoelchit!

Bangkok BTS, bored to the Go Go

Chitlom!

Bangkok BTS, levitate, levitate thee

Siam!

Bangkok BTS, Here the dialect is a bar fine

Here there is no God

we seek the new Seth Warshavsky

or Marilyn Manson

maybe a recovering Mormon

or some other fallen star

Here there's no God, but there's bars

Oh the bars, they got Tequila shots, but no Tila

They got Tilaks and some smoking hot honeys

They got coyotes and horndogs
those crotch sniffers cold canvassing carpets

They got surgical masks and food stalls
spicy smells and papaya salads,
banana roti(s), emojis and part-time palm readers

They got
Laotian club kids
the only ones
who can truly relieve your resting bitch face

"Mmmm, Baht Baht!"

"Mmm, Baht Baht..."

Here there are fantasy cockroach leagues
Klong Toey caravans beckoning sunburn,
Saan phra poom purges of
youngsters playing badminton in Donald Trump masks

Here
street corner dildo police publicly piss test the masses

Here there are 35 degrees of heavily veiled women

Here Colonel Vikorn has lookouts on the prowl for handys and Brexits

Here

there are violent gangs of post-midnight ladyboys
plaguing Pattaya,
fucking up Dutch tourists, roughing their shit
Tuk Tuk taxi drivers on about Obamacare pre-ops
Tuk Tuk taxi drivers
planning on planting pipe bombs at Siam Paragon

(Mr. 303 voice) Listen man:

You want a blowjob at the massage parlor, a cunt punt, or a fist full of yaba?

(a twenty year stink in the Bangkok Hilton or twenty thousand farang Franklins, motherfucker!)

Yesterday's Bangkok Post:

Seventy Two Twitter Users Protest Koh Pee Pee Midnight Screening of new Ghostbusters

这里有

a new Fat Joe, brass knuckles, and a high wai for the Walking ATM

这里有

lotus flower riots, cheap booze, cough syrup coups,
red shirts, re-used condoms and live ammunition shutdown options

(now let's see what Owen Wilson has to say about that, shall we!)

Saturday Night, Nana Plaza:

Thunderstorm MILF, the short time queen,

silky brown skin

Cambodian butt cheeks encased chocolate thong lo

berserk it, work it, twerk it, bitch

90 Baht, 80 Baht, 70 Baht

Led Zeppelin, buttock, and Britney Spears

Monday Night Karaoke:

This girl is poison

Tuesday Night:

Thunderstorm MILF in Sukhumvit, street-side

straight up grabbing random tourist man-ass

Make me wanna ask that slap attack monk

He who slap attacked that cracker tourist on a train:

“So why is it okay for a woman to just go up and grab a random dude’s ass? How is he any less violated?”

And the monk might or might not answer:

“Back in the Tsunami of 2004, there was a man peacefully walking down the beach alone as the first big wave was approaching the shore. People started yelling out to him, warning him, imploring him to flee to safety. The man looked over at them, confused, unsure as to why they were so panicked. Then suddenly the massive wave engulfed him.”

Me:

“Did a hooker just grab his ass prior to that?”

The Monk:

“No.”

Me:

“I fail to see the correlation or logic.”

The monk:

“You seek logic. The wave does not.”

สวัสดีสวัสดีสวัสดี

Transvestite Snoop Dogg Goes to a Gay Bar

Transvestite Snoop Dogg hops like a frog
down the aisles of a grocery store and
throws eggs at the Chinese guys in chicken suits
who are shouting obscenities in the produce section,
and blatantly biting people in the buttocks.

Transvestite Snoop Dogg wears stovepipe hats to funerals and gooses the pallbearers.

From time to time he'll even disguise himself as the dead person, hide in the casket, and burst out during the wake singing “Kumbaya.”

Transvestite Snoop Dogg plays the British National Anthem on a kazoo.

He punches leprechauns in the stomach whenever they pizza alone or get ants in their pants.

And SOMEBODY

has been fellatiating abstruse vampires and doing palates on the subway platform again-

I bet it's probably the Transvestite Snoop Dogg.

!?!?!:

(I was dressed like a beekeeper when I wrote this. I just wanted to tell you that.)

!?!?!.

Transvestite Snoop Dogg rides a rocket-propelled mobility cart into a gay bar
and gets up and forms a circle with several bare-chested, sweaty homosexuals:

they all do that Russian dance with the arms folded and the legs kicking up in perfect unison.

Transvestite Snoop Dogg bodyslams the Bully Fart Man,

speaks vulgar French, and

gets psychosomatically sodomized by the samurai who disguises himself as a poodle;

then

he plays urban golf on a city street with that male politician

in Victoria's Secret lingerie

who defecates on the hoods of taxi cabs because he'd rather get

piggyback rides from buck-toothed midgets at the taxpayer's expense.

Transvestite Snoop Dogg knows a girl from New Mexico called "Toaster." She looks a lot like a circus clown and smells kinda peculiar.

The stand-up comedian with an erection-shaped nose

told his probation officer that it was Transvestite Snoop Dogg

who sought the insentient placation of casual 3way intercourse

with that bald-headed homeless man in a wedding dress and

Ronald McDonald's emotionally disturbed twin brother.

(I'm not sure if that's true, but it perhaps could be.)

NOW DON'T YOU DARE CHECK YOUR VOICEMAIL! Transvestite Snoop Dogg knows about it every time you use the bathroom.

Chuck Liddell, The Ostrich, and The Rape Room

our supervisor

got a bird nose,

long neck and big fat butt

that juts

out

when she walks

we call her "The Ostrich"

but never to her face

The Ostrich carries clipboards

and deducts salaries

we poke our heads up from cubicles

like gophers, whenever she makes the rounds

her appearances always causing instant silence

every day

she seemingly appears from thin air

you never see her coming

but when she does

she'll often pull people into a backroom

usually those who go there never return

but if they do

they look like zombies

pale, with dead eyes

we call it the rape room

no one really knows what happens back there

one day The Ostrich

went up to this new employee

maybe to bring him to the rape room

this guy was scary looking

fucking scary looking

looked kinda like Chuck Liddell

so we called him "Chuck Liddell"

but never to his face

motherfucker had a mohawk,

piercings and tattoos everywhere

always sat alone during breaks

looked like he just got out of prison

The Ostrich said something to him

and he calmly peered around the room

stood up and wiped his nose with his shirt sleeve

the entire office was totally transfixed

fucking transfixed

and the already soft volume on the floor faded

like someone'd turned down a TV

I imagined Chuck Liddell

throwing a right cross

connecting squarely

on The Ostrich's big ass bird nose

and her big ass bird nose flying right off her face

and the bitch crumbling to the floor

and hovering on hands and knees,

searching for it

like Mike Tyson vs Buster Douglas

circa 1990

but Chuck Liddell didn't throw a punch

instead he reached into his pocket

and I thought for a second

he's gonna whip out a gun

and shoot everyone

but actually

he broke out a box of tic tacs

and gave one to The Ostrich

and smiled

flashing his rotted teeth

and sat back down

the entire room stayed quiet

everyone looking around at each other

perplexed

and the janitor

an old skinny black guy

who was emptying out a wastebasket

near Chuck Liddell's desk

stopped for a second

and looked over at me

with bloodshot eyes

and he looked over at Chuck Liddell

and then looked over at The Ostrich
and he just chuckled a bit, shook his head,
and went back to work

The Urinal Cake

IT

was those people that follow you around the museum
to make sure you don't bend over, pull down your pants
and shit explosive diarrhea at the "Mona Lisa"

IT

was swinging from vines like Tarzan,
curing every vaginal yeast infection in town,
singing that Foo Fighter's song "My Hero"

IT

was flying kamikaze helicopters, dropping skydiving midgets without parachutes,
throwing empty soup cans at homeless people in Houston for a questionable, lifeless reprisal

IT

was drinking urine mixed with gin and MDMA, eating cake while wacking off to paintings of Marie
Antoinette's

decapitated body

after driving a Smart Car into Monte Carlo with faulty brakes and no muffler

IT

was fucking the cunt of ten pence tomorrows,
slapping the fog out of today in rancid retribution,
pissing blood at Margret Thatcher's Wikipedia page in an abandoned public library somewhere in Leeds

IT

was wearing a trench coat,

running in circles,
flashing schoolgirls while castrating itself with a dental saw
screaming under the tongue, "HALLAYYLOOOYAAAHH!"

IT

was babbling bibliographies, singing the theme song from the "Brady Bunch,"
eating pancakes soaked in mescaline
breathing in fecal fire on a hot winter day in Perth

IT

SPAWNED THE SEED OF SATAN!!!!!!

THAT URINAL I USED IN 1993!!!!!!!!!!

IT

hated poetry and brutally fistfucked every poet's surgically repaired pussy and torched every white trash
mobile home

in Kentucky because

IT DID NOT understand or appreciate cinquains and really wanted to punch Moliere in the stomach

IT

flew on the wings of vultures wearing Sarah Palin's skidmarked thong,

but didn't have adequate dental coverage

and just let out a nasty fart in a crowded elevator

IT

wore a dunce cap and kicked little boys in the nuts because of a small dick syndrome

that the prickly penis pump picked out of a precocious pantry in Pasadena

only

circumcised

IT

raped Mother Goose with gas guzzlers on the highway driving too slowly

leaving the left blinker on for twenty fucking minutes!

IT

waded through fields of animal carcasses due to the hungry, vegan, and ashamed

IT

marched in teargas protest, however, was afraid to unleash that secret army of sweatshop slave 11 year olds from

Malaysia

who want to free Tibet with fur coats, nun chucks, skateboards, and top hats

IT

shot people in the face with piss filled water guns all over the streets of Cincinnati;

and broke down crying later;

called the Psychic Hotline,

watched Oprah,

laughed hysterically for an hour

and then took a big, hairy shit in the bathtub before calling "Joe the Plumber"

IT

lined up outside the mall on Black Friday- last Tuesday- in makeshift tents made out of excrement

trampled several store employees to death in a melee

and even didn't find what it was looking for anyway

IT

maxed out a credit card – just to replace a loan – just to live a lie

IT

stole Paris Hilton's right testicle and took transvestites hostage in Stockholm after removing their breast implants on

the back nine of Augusta

dressed up in Bath Ruth's uniform smoking a Cuban cigar, making noises like an orangutan with constipation

IT

burned books with Reality TV and had Ambien nightmares of Spoken Word Poets digging ditches while wearing

barbed wire corsets and dancing (occasionally) the "Spastic Cabbage Patch" sporting those four-hour erections the TV

keeps on warning us about but nobody expects will happen to them, maybe to somebody named Fred or Bob or Ted or

Chad, but not to them

IT WAS TRAVELLING WITH VAIN HOPES OF NOTHING IN:

Berlin

Zurich

London

Paris

and some city in Eastern Europe...

IT

banged on the doors of occupied toilet stalls at the airport in Frankfurt and ran apeshit amok poking random people

in the eyes, doing earsplitting Three Stooges impersonations

IT

dressed up like Ronald McDonald and dangled Happy Meals in the faces of starving children only to jump into a

Hummer and drive off playing loud, bass booming CRUNK Hip Hop music, throwing up gang-signs like Ali G or a

demented deaf person on some type of mind altering hallucinogenic drug, yelling "YEAHYAH" rapidly like Lil Jon or

Dave Chappelle

IT

ate twenty black bean dinners out of a sombrero while stranded in an alley in Mexico City

where a flock of 40 year old heroin hookers prayed to IT every night out of spite,

laughing themselves delusional,

they wept later and played a solemn flute

then bought a live cobra off Ebay,

watched "Die Hard" on acid,

and read "Lazarus" fifty times in a row to J. Alfred Prufrock who was strung out on meth and Barbie dolls and was

attempting to contact Robert Frost

because his neighbor was building an intrusive fence somewhere in Cambodia

IT

NEVER REPEATED

IT

NEVER REPENTED

IT

brought denial to every repulsive reflection

IT

crippled every aspiration in Santa's satanic six block radius

Now let

IT

ask the reader this,

Do YOU, fair reader, believe in reincarnation?

The urinal cake does...

** DEDICATED TO WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS **

I Called a Phone Sex Hotline and Impersonated an Elderly British Woman

XII:

I walked into Wal-Mart dressed in Eskimo gear and jumped an imaginary jump-rope all through the aisles and stagedived off a dining room set and yelled "I want a new television" at the security guard who escorted me out the door while hitting me in the head with a broom.

So I didn't buy any new televisions.

And I cross-country skied through the city streets back to my home where I flapped one arm like a bird and practiced my mating call.

XI:

One of the circus clowns I have duct-taped to my balcony had a boa constrictor erupt from his mouth.

That circus clown broke free and ran into my apartment, tried to fuck the floor, and then frantically banged on my neighbor's front door, repeatedly requesting to use the bathroom.

X:

I called up a phone sex hotline and impersonated an elderly British woman.

IX:

Thought about punching the snaggle-toothed Jamaican bus driver who has one eye which is slightly bigger than the other.

VIII:

Saw a short Pakistani man in a one piece pink miniskirt sleeping on the roof of a cop car and screamed out my window to him about the naked man with a machine gun that lives in the park and says he gotta octopus and a banshee in his fanny pack.

The short Pakistani man subsequently accused me of riding kangaroos like ponies and dancing like a gay person...

neither of which I deny.

VII:

unbeknownst to me, the pelican-faced math teacher that crawled out of my toilet punched the broken kitchen sink.

VI:

Thought back to when I was a transvestite:

I done dragged my psychiatrist by his webbed foot and phoned the man of self-destruct on a payphone, and told him I found an ass-painted toilet abandoned beside a graveyard;

it probably don't belong to nobody.

V:

Took a mule ride on a sand dune canyon and stuck a crayon in ma rectum and sang Enya and later watched the Conan O'Brien show; you know, Conan's hair is not really hair, it's a toupee-like mammal with frog legs, which once leapt off his head during a live taping and bit audience members in their noses; after that it calmly crawled back up on Conan's head, and everybody acted like nothing happened, and they all went on with the show without further incident.

IV:

While hang gliding, I picked up a hitchhiker with a shrunken head and mechanical feet who said that Octo-Mom windsurfed the Caribbean and got shipwrecked on a verdant island infested by one-legged turkeys with mohawks and nose rings, and the turkeys purportedly ripped her apart and sent her remains by carrier pigeon to:

The Stolen Cat Living in a Dishwasher.

III:

Viewing too many LOLCAT pictures can cause erectile dysfunction and abnormal vagina movements

!

Drunken Cell Phone Call to my Baby Mama, 4 AM:

Hi. I went into the department store, tried on a little black dress, and proceeded to pay for it with a wheel barrel filled with 50,000 pennies. I dumped the pennies at the clerk's feet and said "Merry Christmas, motherfucker!" CLICK.

My phone doesn't seem to be working properly anymore so I'm mostly communicating with people via smoke signals, telepathy, and sign language.

MANATEE COUNTY COURT, 8 AM:

Furthermore, Your Honor, I talk like a pirate on the phone when I call customer service representatives...

And after I found the Loch Ness Monster in my bath tub performing analingus on 50 Cent, I ran like a dog and urinated on fire hydrants.

II:

DIDN'T I TELL YOU MY NAME IS NOT PAUL

?

I:

The talking lizard I hallucinate when I have the sexual encounter with disgruntled poets wearing Richard Nixon masks in parking lots of dimly lit motels on Route 1 says he saw

"JLO'S BUDDI TURN INTO HOT AIR BALLOON. SHE FLY AWAY AIRBORNE BY HER BUDDI."

"...."

/dragon shit is frozen on my vanity mirror and you can throw a dead horse through my window but I still won't shave my uneven facial hair growth.

FUCK

Where's My Voodoo Shakespeare Testicle?

I was out on a nude beach
with my metal detector
looking for buried treasure,
when I stumbled across something
that appeared kinda weird.

It was a hairy, sphere-shaped object,
which looked strangely like
the testicle of an Englishman.

I took it home and
showed it to the baboon
who lives in my closet, Fred.

Fred said it might be the testicle
of William Shakespeare
because legend has it,
following his death,

The Bard's left testicle
detached from his genitals,
after being re-animated
by a magic spell, cast by an
agoraphobic sorcerer
called "Mookie."

The testicle is rumored to have then
worked as a street mime for a while
before joining a bizarre cult of people
who wore pirate costumes and chicken suits,
as well as ladies' underwear
on the outside of their clothes;
the testicle is said to have escaped the cult,
then sailed in a bathtub all the way
to a beach in Florida where he
lived out the rest of his days
telling mildly offensive jokes and
kickboxing manatees.

Could this be that legendary testicle?!

I decided to consult the
voodoo witch doctor
that lives in the dumpster
behind my apartment building
(and occasionally sells pretzels to transvestites)
about the matter;

I brought the testicle to him and
when he saw it,
he began shaking,
convulsing, and
speaking in tongues.

The testicle then
began expanding,
hovering in the air, and
quickly morphed into
an Elizabethan-clothed man
with a pompadour haircut,
gigantic testicle for a head, and
long, skinny penises
for arms, legs, and digits.

The testicle man
snapped his fingers and
pointed at me, saying how he
wouldn't let me hide him in my
pony-themed bathroom
like I do with that giraffe I have in there;
he took off running and then
jumped into a gondola
full of penguins

who were doing Tai Chi
to death metal and
sailing at warp speed out
into the gallows of Biscayne Bay.
I looked up in the sky and
saw the wicked witch
from the Wizard of Oz
flying above me on a broomstick, and
so I shot Fred from a circus cannon at her,
and he hit her in the head,
knocking her unconscious;
I then broomstick-jacked
her punk ass and
went after the Shakespearian Testicle-harboring gondola.
“Come back here! I wanna sell you on eBay!”
I howled as I
launched into the air
on the broomstick and
flew after them over the waterbody.
Their gondola appeared to be headed downtown.
When I finally caught up to them,
the Testicular Shakespeare and
the penguins had been joined by a
pack of nuns with stun guns and
were now roaming the streets of Miami
giving impromptu dental exams
to random pedestrians whilst
performing sock puppet interpretations of King Lear.
This motley crew noticed me

coming on my broomstick and
quickly dispersed, with
Shakespeare Genital Dude running on all fours
into a movie theater.
I followed him in,
now riding on the llama,
which I stole from Marilyn Manson
who was outside the theater,
wearing a kilt, and
dryhumping a malfunctioning parking meter.
I didn't see the Shakespeare Sexual Organ
anywhere when I rode into the darkened theater,
so I dismounted and
ran down the aisles,
slapping people upside the head,
yelling "WHERE'S MY SHAKESPEARE TESTICLE!?" at them.
I then remembered what my grandma told me to do in such events-
"Flail your arms spastically and
sing show tunes at the top of your lungs."
After two painful renditions of Oklahoma,
I finally found my voodoo testicle creature.
He was hiding in the elephant's anus
which was dangling upside down from the ceiling
like a chandelier, and
he was sobbing uncontrollably.
Without delay,
he profusely apologized for the trouble he caused;
Shakespeare Testicle said he just wanted to be friends with me and
really didn't wanna be sold on eBay or kept

in the bathroom with a giraffe.
I then burst into tears,
apologized back,
hugged him, and
we rode away together into the sunset
on Marilyn Manson's llama.
We spent the rest of the day
cursing in faux Australian accents and
bursting into public libraries,
jumping up on tables and
shouting avant-garde poetry
written by angry lesbians.
Voodoo Shakespeare Testicle says he now plans to
join the witch doctor in the dumpster
selling pretzels to transvestites;
I think that'd be a really good career choice for him.

I PUNCH YOU WHILE YOU USE THE TOILET, MOTHERFUCKER!

Hi.

I wanted to let everyone know that I've been going into public bathrooms, creeping up behind people using the urinals, and punching them in the back of the head, sometimes running and flying karate kicking them in the ass.

I've also been attacking people in occupied toilet stalls. I'll hurl stink bombs or cherry bombs at them or bash open the stall door and beat them senseless with a sack of potatoes while they sit on the toilet.

It's only recently that I've been doing this. I used to be much more normal.

These bathroom attacks all began shortly after a strange thing happened in my apartment during Christmas break.

One day when I got home from my alien abductees support group meeting, I found that the television in my living room was on.

I had not left it on when I left the house.

Obviously, I always check that all my appliances are off any time I leave.

However, the television was on, and it was tuned to a bizarre channel I'd never seen before...

On the screen I saw Shaquille O'Neal, in S&M attire, bent over the side of a bed in a grimy Bangkok hotel room. He had an apple duct taped to his mouth and was being beastfucked in the ass by a transsexual Asian midget who wore a feather boa, fishnet stockings, and leather jacket.

The midget was squealing loudly like a pig, then turned to the camera and told me that my ex-girlfriend has magical powers and that she controls YouTube.

The screen became fuzzy and the pixels all turned to orange. A couple seconds later, the picture reappeared. Shaq and the midget were gone and I was now seeing a warped black and white scene that appeared to be taking place somewhere in the highlands of Scotland.

Several Scottish men, who wore kilts and looked like "Groundskeeper Willie" from the Simpsons, were hand in hand, Riverdancing in a circle around a steaming Jacuzzi filled with blood and blond, blue-eyed Swedish swimsuit models.

The models sat in a single row, massaging each other's breasts.

One of them pulled out a rabbit vibrator from the bubbly water, pointed it at the sky, and a bolt of lightning struck it.

The screen flashed bright blue, and my television burst into flames, quickly disintegrating to ashes...

I backed away from the ashes of my TV and stepped into the bathroom. I was about to urinate when an Australian person in a bear suit jumped out from behind my shower curtain.

The Australian pointed at the bathroom mirror, where I saw Osama Bin Laden standing on a cliff, smoking a hash pipe, and playing Russian roulette with his penis versus a cactus.

Bin Laden pointedly scorned me, saying that normal human beings don't dress like a pirate and stand on the hood of their ex-girlfriend's car at 3 AM, yodeling, and playing Metallica songs on an accordion.

I threw a soap dish at the mirror, shattering it, and picked up a shard of glass off the floor and chased the Australian person in the bear suit out of my apartment.

Then I pulled out a flask full of liquid LSD from the medicine cabinet, took a big swig, and dove off my balcony, falling ass first into my apartment building's heart-shaped pool.

Next thing I know, I'm attacking people in public bathrooms, and I don't know why.

Even the psychic advisor I call from payphones when I'm drunk at airports doesn't know why. I don't think anyone knows why I do this.

The people in the bathroom don't seem to appreciate it very much, either.

I also suspect that my cat is gay and conspiring to kill me. Maybe it's my cat that is making me attack people in the bathroom. I don't know.

Well, I think I'll get naked, paint my ass purple, strap on a faux fur tank top and Russian babushka hat, and go punch or kick someone in a public bathroom now.

Bye.

The Alien Michael Jackson Testicle Experiment

The barrier island is unbearably hot and humid, day and night; it breams with swarms of mosquitoes and is inhabited by an indigenous tribe of cannibals who live along the shore in huts made from broken televisions.

Aliens, little green men that dress, talk, and sing like Michael Jackson, have been stalking the island for months, randomly patrolling it via spacecraft, intending to perform bizarre sets of experiments on the island's cannibal population...

One night they spot a male cannibal climbing a palm tree, harvesting coconuts...

The man has a lazy eye, multiple facial piercings, wears only palm leaf speedos, and consistently makes a litany of chicken-like head and arm movements...

The aliens approach, fly their craft low, angle a gamma ray, and shoot the man dead on in the buttocks with a purple laser beam.

The cannibal shakes and convulses, drops his coconuts, and falls from the palm tree, landing on the ground in a fit of seizures, screaming incoherently until he slips unconscious...

The next morning he awakens to find that his testicles have grown to the size of large melons and his nutsack has become so elongated that, as he stumbles to his feet, his massive testicles drag to the ground.

He picks his testicle sack up, throws it over his shoulder, and attempts to walk home, when he is then cornered by an entourage of voice-over actors wearing scuba diving suits and strange hats...

The actors begin to do those fast voices of legal mumbo-jumbo that occur during the last 5 seconds of radio commercials.

They form a circle around the man, and unleash a barrage of lightning fast disclaimer talk, a cacophony of repeating phrases such as "certain conditions may apply" "not valid in Alaska or Hawaii" "subject to approval"

The man quickly loses his composure and swings his enlarged testicles wildly at the voice-over actors, beating them senselessly, bludgeoning them...

Several more voice-over actors in strange hats jump down from nearby palm trees and erupt out of the mangroves, and they all menacingly inch towards the cannibal who curses in the island's native tongue,

throws his testicles over his shoulder again, and runs out to the shore, dives into the water, and attempts to swim to the nearby mainland.

Soon he realizes swimming is all for naught as his humungous testicles start to function as a flotation device, which he uses to sail the current...

As he reaches the mainland, he notices it is in a total state of anarchy...

On the Rue De La Merde, full scale rioting has broken out:

Elderly women in velvet tracksuits have attached submachine guns to their walkers and mobility carts and shoot indiscriminately at the flatulent ballerinas who loot pet supply stores while talking loudly on imaginary cell phones.

Scores of circus clowns pour out of Smart Cars and give themselves enemas by way of unloosed fire hydrants; obese red-haired homosexuals in mangled tutus chase each other with feather dusters, tickling one another's prolapsed assholes; dentists with mohawks wear ice skates and perform oral surgeries via wild karate kicks on unsuspecting rednecks in bumblebee suits who masturbate at the sight of pickup trucks set ablaze by drunken Korean karaoke singers walking in awkward limping motions.

Portapoddys with propellers on their roofs fly around like helicopters, dropping Oprah clones who parachute into the streets and fire homemade flamethrowers fashioned from cigarette lighters and hairspray cans at 7 foot tall basketball players dressed like 7 year old girls.

Televisions with ostrich legs run wild, blaring annoying penis pill advertisements at discarded urinals on the side of the road that house the reincarnated souls of boiler-room telemarketers...

The enlarged testicle cannibal is unsure of what to do and considers sailing back to the island, as dealing with the voice-over actors in strange hats might be better than this...

Unexpectedly his testicles start to vibrate; they detach and hatch like eggs and two small green aliens emerge from them, dressed in full Michael Jackson gear; the testicle aliens then moonwalk and point up at the sky, cackling...

The cannibal looks up, shouts a random set of curse words, and sees the aliens' spaceship reemerge...

Down from it beams Elvis, Michael Jackson, and Tupac, all wearing neon green leotards.

They form a human pyramid and start to sing "Billie Jean" in unison acapella...

Upon hearing this, the rioting parties cease their mayhem, sing along, and everyone forms a circle, and they all take turns playing bongos and discussing their feelings.

Totally shattering this touching moment of unity, a 100 foot high and wide TV slowly emerges from the sea, floats into the air, and illuminates the sky, replacing the sun.

On its screen, a talking baby shackled to a computer monitor, wearing a singular sequin glove, jumps up and down and implores one and all that they are paying far too much for car insurance

The crowd stares at the colossal television, transfixed, and begins to do peculiar dances and chants until the sun and television fade away gently into the sky...

The aliens, having concluded their research, beam back up to the spaceship, and sail off into the horizon, "Beat It" blasting...

The Suicidal Dell Computer

Recently I found a Xmas sale on Dell Computers. Only \$600 for a brand spanking new laptop, with all the bells and whistles. So I bought one, and the first couple months I had it everything worked great... until the motherboard blew out.

How did it blow out? I don't know. But it did. So I called Dell's customer service line and scheduled a technician to visit my apartment.

The next day, at 4AM, my doorbell rang. I staggered out of bed, to the door. In my hallway stood an African tribesman, body painted in various colors, face covered in tattoos and piercings. He was totally naked except for a lion skin loin cloth over his privates.

He spoke to me in an indigenous language full of clicking sounds, but I could make out something about "Dell" and "computer."

Of course I'd figured the Dell technician'd show up around 4PM and not 4AM and probably not look like a National Geographic picture, but whatever, I wanted my computer fixed.

I waved him inside and he did a beeline for my computer, which was on my desk. He picked up the computer, held it to the sky, and then threw it to the floor. Incredibly, it didn't shatter or break. He proceeded to burst into a series of wild chants and danced in circles around the computer, stopping every few seconds to point and say something at it in his clicking language.

After maybe five minutes of this, he stopped dancing, went quiet, picked up the computer and put it back on my desk. In a perfectly clear American accent he said to me: "Should be all fixed now. Call us if you have any problems." Then he walked out the door.

I approached the computer and was about to open and power it up, but it opened on its own, and the screen illuminated neon green. Two USB cables shot out of each side. The cables stretched upwards, like legs, lifting the computer upright.

A face swirled into the screen. It looked like Michael Jordan but with a handlebar mustache. The face peered at me, with fear in its eyes. The computer then scurried like a roach up the wall and hung from the ceiling, staring at me, uneasily.

I asked if I could at least check my email, but it ignored me and just stayed put, on the ceiling. Thinking it was all a dream, I went back to sleep and woke up a couple hours later, but couldn't find the computer anywhere.

When I came home from work, I found the computer sitting on my couch, watching basketball, a bottle of my best scotch next to it, open and half empty. All over my apartment were pictures of my ex-girlfriend's face, photo-shopped into pornographic scenes. She was doing bukkake, gangbangs, double penetration, even some stuff I'd never seen or imagined possible.

Picking up one of the pictures from the floor, I implored the computer, demanding to know what was going on. It again ignored me and just kept watching TV. When I started to shout at it, it closed its monitor and ran and hid under the couch.

I really needed to check my email, so I went to the Internet cafe next door. When I logged into my Gmail account, I had about 500 something messages from spammers. Nigerian Princes, Christian singles in my area, penis pills, everything.

Plus, there were several angry messages from my friends and family on Facebook. Seems someone had logged in there, pretending to be me, and put up a bunch of white supremacist crap. Almost everyone I know had deleted me.

Furious, I phoned Dell to complain. The customer service representatives who answered just laughed and hung up.

So I decided to get even and went to Wal-Mart and bought a shotgun. I got home, loaded it up, and stalked through my apartment, trying to find the computer.

But it was nowhere to be found. Frustrated, I sat down in my kitchen, by the window, and cracked open a beer. I looked outside and saw the computer standing on the ledge of my building, crying tears from its monitor. Little electrical zaps jolted as tears rolled down its keyboard.

I jerked open the window and poked out my head and asked the computer what was wrong. It turned to me and on its monitor were flashing images of Godzilla and footage from various plane crashes. I pleaded with the computer to please tell me what was going on.

My cell phone vibrated and I reached into my pocket to check it. It was a text from the computer, with a photo-shopped picture of it fistfucking my ex-girlfriend. Atop the picture said "LULRSKATES!" I turned my head back to the computer and the Michael Jordan handlebar mustache face had returned and was laughing at me.

I spun around, grabbed my shotgun, and came back to the window, in hopes of shooting the computer. But it was gone. I looked down to the street below, thinking it had jumped, but it wasn't there.

I looked all over my apartment, but didn't see it anywhere. I went to my bedroom and sat on my bed for a couple minutes, not sure what to do.

Then the doorbell rang. I crept slowly, shotgun pumped, thinking it was the computer. I flung open the door and found myself pointing my shotgun at a tall skinny white guy in a blue "Dell Tech" uniform.

Shaking nervously, he held a laptop in his hands.

Glasgow Gidget

Glasgow Gidget lass she had a piss on the building society front anti automatic door didn't open @nytime that cold night, Glasgow Gidget, her Cradle of Filth, Glasgow Gidget her ghost in the fog, Glasgow Gidget her vomit on the street, Glasgow Gidget her broken fingers and cockroaches in the kitchen, Glasgow Gidget, her Royal Bank of Get to Fuck, Glasgow Gidget, fifty pence fuck all to Paisley, Glasgow Gidget, taking the piss, Glasgow Gidget, Glasgow Gidget, Glasgow Gidget in Shawlands on Segways wearing green hit the pavement pure drive-by boomerang attacks on Celtic supporters, Glasgow Gidget in Ibrox on skateboards wearing blue hit the pavement gyrating axe answer attacks on Rangers supporters, Glasgow Gidget cow knows where Maddy is, aye, Glasgow Gidget on pogo sticks pipe bombs in confession booths, Glasgow Gidget the Gordon in Brown, Glasgow Gidget sees ya lochness monster locusts in every lorry cockpit, Glasgow Gidget spontaneous cricket bat outbursts,

Glasgow Gidget, tuberculosis in the call centre, Glasgow Gidget, allah youse, Glasgow Gidget in wee hooses, Glasgow Gidget cannae ya cunts, Glasgow Gidget in a gondola on the River Clyde

Mitt Romney's Phone Number

Ever since he bought that iPhone it'd been ringing day and night. But every time he answered, there'd be dead silence on the other end of the line. And every call came from a "private number" so he couldn't phone back.

What was going on? Who was calling? Was his phone broken? He just couldn't figure it out. It was driving him crazy, though, the constant calls. Finally he got fed up and angrily dialed customer service to complain.

However, when he called customer service, the only thing he got was a constant maze of menu options, press "1" for this or that. Not a single human being would actually answer.

He tried several different customer service numbers, and they all netted the same result. Except for one which got through to someone speaking an Oriental sounding language he couldn't understand.

Aggravated, he gave up and stormed over to the Apple store. On his way there, he passed by an electronics shop with a large display of plasma screens in the front window. The televisions were tuned to Fox News. Looped footage of Mitt Romney smiling and laughing gregariously showed on every screen.

When he entered the Apple store, the salespeople glared at him suspiciously. He slammed his phone down on the checkout counter and demanded a refund, declaring that it was defective.

The salesman behind the register, a chubby fellow with bad acne, shot him a quizzical expression and remained silent for a minute, then asked cautiously, "what phone?"

"This phone!" He screamed back, pointing down at the counter. He fished out his receipt and stuck it right in the salesman's face.

"S-Sir," the salesman stuttered, "th-that's a campaign flyer..."

He drew back the paper and what he saw was clearly a credit card receipt. Again the phone started ringing, again from a “private number.”

“You see! This is why...” He began to shout, when he felt a tap on the shoulder. Two burly security guards stood in back of him. They were about to say something, but he shook his head dejectedly, scooped his phone up, and walked briskly out of the store.

Stepping into the street, a man dressed as a big foam cell phone danced by and imitated a ringing sound. On the foam cell phone man's chest read, in red spray paint, “private number.” The foam cell phone man stopped and started to point and laugh and do the “Dougie.”

Enraged, he cursed and screamed and went after the foam cell phone man, chasing him up the street. The foam cell phone man ran like hell and ducked into the electronics shop he'd passed by earlier.

He followed the foam cell phone man into the shop. Inside were televisions and computers everywhere, all tuned to Fox News, which was still showing the same looped footage of Mitt Romney laughing. He peered around but couldn't see the foam cell phone man anywhere.

His phone vibrated and rang. It was once again from a “private number.” He answered. This time, though, there was a sound on the other end of the line.

It was a hysterical, cackling laughter that increased in volume by the second, so much so that it quickly became unbearable. He was about to press the “end call” button but froze when he noticed that all the plasma screens and computers had suddenly switched to a live video feed of him, standing in the electronics shop.

Dressed as a big foam cell phone, he was holding an empty hand up to his ear.

Ode to the Internet

[CLICK HERE!](#)

Crack Whore Lewinsky the Hillary Rodham Clinton

P2P the HIV BOMB

Watching MTV.COM without a condom on

TROJAN MAN!

DOWNLOAD CLICK DOWNLOAD

Fulfill the search engine query

porn, ass, tits, teenage cumslut bucket cream pie

never did see Britney Spears get a rim job!

Motherfuck, dicksuck, cuntstuck

Erection pills for the erectile dysfunctional

Mortgage rates have fallen to their lowest levels in 2006 seconds!

?! ISN'T IT JUST SUBPRIME!?

Myspace friend ad, make me sad banner ad

Hot or Not? Face the book!

Thumbnail and masturbate cyber fuckdolls on Prozac!

Jenna Jameson plastic pussy for sale on Ebay

GET IT WHILE IT'S COLD!

Please excuse me while I pray to BRB the chat room God of LMAO

Matchdot the online stalker

I sure hope he's an eharmonic serial killer

NOT A FLASHER

Marilyn Manson poisoning children

Hanson, Ted Danson, Branson flooding Missouri

Las Vegas fifty bucks a room with pubic hair ridden buffet tables

Anita Hill Doesn't Eat There Anymore

Stock market ticker feed

Credit card fraud a factory made wanna-be

Email my Ebay PayPal and Google my Yahoo;

I has a bucket!

:) :(

IM me OMG

;)

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WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AA

AA!!

Lil Wayne with an insipid verse

Solja Boy so terse with poor grammar and a nefarious dance

Pull up your pants on YouTube!

MILF BOOB! MILF BOOB!

April 2000, CNBC, more honey less money

Dancing babies getting rabies

I hate that bear on a trampoline

Only on Tuesdays, though

Get paid to work from home!

Click here!

SPANK THE DANCING MONKEY AND LOSE A FREE WII!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MP3, MP4, JPEG, WAV, ISP, FTP, SPAZ, a very animated GIF

MARTHA STEWART SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP FOR GOOD

Message board feed my inner forum's troll with non-nude preteen child models

YOU COULD BE A WINNER! CLICK HERE!

Broadband, DSL, DIAL UP AND DOWN, 58K, 28K, and Napster was the end of it

Transsexual, Homosexual, so very GAY, Lesbo dike licking ass lick

New York Sheik or Tennessee trailer hick

Thai LadyBoys wield electronic toys

Inspect my gadget

restarted soda retarded
EXE and the hacker cried foul
Retype your password to our server virus please
Eat your phish cooked in Hotmail
The crass identity thief lurks
And do you know your credit score yet?
CLICK HERE! YOU HAVE CANCER TODAY!
Log off – Shut Down – WTF – SHUT UP
Fifty bucks a month and a jar of Vaseline
Hand cramps getting carbuncular and carpal
Order an eczema pizza WITHOUT parental controls
GOOD BYE!
YOU DON'T HAVE MAIL TODAY!!!!!!

SOMEBODY STOLE MY CAT!

I think somebody stole my cat.
It was here last night before I went out drinking and
having sexual relations with truck drivers.
Now it's not here and the window is open.
I didn't open the window;
I don't know who did.
Was it those aliens that abduct me sometimes,
make me dress up like Marilyn Monroe
and probe my orifices with chopsticks?
Did they come over again?
I told them to leave me alone!
Where did my cat go?
It's gone!
Someone must have taken it.

I WANT IT BACK!

So now I'm going around in a purple tutu to every house in my neighborhood

banging on doors asking

"Have you seen my cat?"

Most of the people just slam the door in my face

but some ask if I had a picture of it, which I don't.

They ask how they'd identify it,

and I say that I'm not sure.

Then I start dialing random cell phone numbers and

asking the people who answer if they'd seen my cat.

I get through to someone in Paraguay who curses me out in Spanish;

I don't think they have my cat.

In fact, I don't if anyone has my cat because I'm not sure it even exists.

Maybe I just imagined it

like I did with the baboon that I think lived in my closet

for a year before disappearing.

Its name was Fred but the voices in my head said its name was Steve.

I still called it Fred.

Anyway, if you see a cat somewhere it might be mine, though I'm not sure;

please return it to me regardless because I like cats.

Thanks.

Diary of a Crack Smoking Cannibal (The Epileptic Vampire Remix)

Day 1:

Went to the rodeo in a wedding gown

and lassoed up a gorilla to bring home

to the illegal monkey farm I've got going in my attic.

Took a trip to the mall and shoplifted a kangaroo costume to wear to a funeral.

Day 2:

Looking past the obvious signs of moral decay,

I confessed to a crime I didn't commit and was thrown into a Cuban jail cell

with a semicircle of nuns shimmying in hula hoops,

singing "God Bless America"

while a Korean priest with a three foot high burgundy red mohawk jumped on a pogo stick,

screaming "I GOT THE JEEEEZZUS! I GOT THE JEEEEEEEEEEEEZZZZZUUUUUUUUUUSSSSS!"

Reverend Jeremiah Wright was there, too.

Day 3:

Vomited prescription medicines from an acid washed TV commercial not yet shown on YouTube

and forced a silver dildo into a stranger's ass on the subway

claiming I was only trying to take his rectal temperature

because he looked like someone I saw on CNN with the BIRD FLU!

Day 4:

Broke into my neighbor's house last night whilst they were at the Opera.

Camped out in their bedroom closet, roasted marshmallows and spray-painted vulgar words on the ceiling.

When they got home and went to bed I burst out of the closet dressed like a vampire and had an epileptic fit in the

bathtub.

Day 5:

Wore a full body condom, talked like a pirate

and had rough sex with four West African hookers,

most of which were female... I think.

Made spaghetti in the toilet and pissed in the sink.

I could be a werewolf, though I'm not entirely convinced.

However, what I do know is this:

Normal human beings don't smoke cat food and get into fistfights with one-armed men.

Day 6:

Former Teen Star Justin Bieber Arrested for Smoking Crack, Attacking Handicapped Nun, Public Nudity, and Sexual Indecency

Unassociated Press- Tues June 8, 2032 12:37pm ET

Los Angeles, California- Former teen pop superstar Justin Bieber was arrested yesterday afternoon on Vine Street in Hollywood after allegedly parachuting naked from a flying car while smoking crack, using nunchucks to attack several innocent bystanders, and performing a sex act on himself in public.

Horrified onlookers report seeing Bieber, 38, who's recently become morbidly obese and has tattoos from rival violent Mexican street gangs all over his face, parachute down from the sky, smoking a crack pipe, and babbling in gibberish.

He is purported to have then pulled out a pair of nunchucks from his parachute pack, flung the nunchucks around, and used them to viciously strike at random pedestrians.

According to eyewitness Jethro Smothers, a tourist from Alabama, "Most people were able to get away from him, because he was too darn slow and couldn't twirl them nunchucks too good, but he did manage to whack a couple folks upside the head, 'specially them Japanese tourists who was taking pictures of him."

The worst recipient of Bieber's alleged nunchuck rampage was a 65 year old wheelchair-bound nun from Guatemala, who was taking part in a food drive for former Facebook employees when Bieber is said to have coolly moonwalked up behind her, dumped her from her wheelchair, and stuck her in the buttocks several times.

Recalled one teary eyed witness who spoke on the condition of anonymity, "She didn't even see him coming. After he threw her to the ground, he just kept hitting her in the rear, over and over. No one knew what to do. A priest nearby was saying something about him probably being possessed by the devil and tried yelling Psalms from his Kindle Reader Bible at him. But that didn't work. I swear I saw Justin Bieber flash vampire fangs at the priest and the priest ran away pulling out his own hair and screaming."

After savagely beating the nun, Bieber is said to have ripped off her habit and put it on his own head.

Witnesses say that at this point his mouth was moving at a different speed than his gibberish speech, like a 1970's Kung Fu movie.

He was then chased by an angry mob into a local supermarket, where he is reported to have jumped up onto a checkout counter, defecated explosive diarrhea at a bag boy, and anally penetrated himself with the nunchucks while singing his 2010 hit "Baby."

Shortly thereafter he was apprehended by sheriff's deputies, arrested, and booked into LA County Jail.

This isn't Bieber's first brush with the law. Just last year he was given probation and community service after being convicted of breaking into a Las Vegas Llama farm, spray painting the Llamas with pentagrams, and sodomizing one of the animals. Bieber has steadfastly denied spray painting the pentagrams.

Four years ago he was found innocent of carjacking a large truck full of live chickens and letting the chickens loose on I-95 near West Palm Beach, Florida during rush hour.

Bieber's career took a nosedive in 2013 when he underwent sex change surgery and attempted to perform under the moniker "Diva Justina," a faux Latina, Brazilian type persona with a penchant for sequined leotards, tightrope walking, and spontaneous outbursts of tap dancing.

Bieber later had a reverse sex change operation and is reported to have blown the entirety of his earnings on purchasing Michael Jackson's cryogenically frozen penis and having it attached to his own body.

Following his reverse sex change operation, Bieber has been spotted all around the globe, for a time as a Hare Krishna in airports throughout the Midwest, briefly hosting a late night psychic hotline infomercial in New Zealand, and often appearing at mass trampoline jumping demonstrations both for and against the Quebec sovereignty movement.

Most recently he has been performing in Las Vegas as an occasional opening act to the Insane Clown Posse.

Bieber is currently being held on \$250,000 bond and could face up to five years in prison if convicted on all counts. He also faces additional charges for violating his probation. His next court date is set for Friday.

The Terrorist's Meth Lab on Sesame Street

I'm wearing a wet suit with a scuba mask in a crowded subway
Out of breath because Big Bird just chased me six city blocks
Screaming obscenities and brandishing a sawed off shotgun
He refused to tell me how to get to Sesame Street

In the kooky subway carriage, a doomsday cult of ventriloquists without dummies
Tell knock-knock jokes
and quote Ginsberg sporadically
Emphatically poking my ribs with used vibrators,
They attempt to sell me yesterday's lottery tickets
I politely decline their solicitations but enjoy their unique interpretations of "Howl"

Nobody in the crazy car asks me for change or identification
Not even the homeless homophobic circus clown who keeps on farting
Or even the cross-eyed mime wearing a rainbow afro wig and only one shoe

When I get out at my superfluous stop,
I meet Martha Stewart on the pitch-black platform
Her head is revolving like the "Exorcist," and she's dressed in a 1920's purple polka dotted bathing suit
She asks me how I am in Chinese street slang, vomits, and offers me stock tips
She tells me I should run sideways into oncoming traffic shouting korma recipes and
Quickly waves goodbye with a middle finger, dancing the "Running Man" out of the revolving door
"Too-da-loo!"
"See ya later, alligator!"

Walking out into the suicidal street lacking empathy,
I see an eclectic electronics store with a large window display of TVs
24 hour news cycles are euphonic in fast moving imagery and perfect alignment
Talking impatiently in interruptions about missing white teenagers, sports scores, and celebrity gossip
As brief crawls regarding the genocide in Congo pulsate, I try to remote control click away pedestrians
Where's a TV guide when you need it?

Walking past an asinine alley,
I hallucinate the Tooth Fairy holding up Cookie Monster at gunpoint
Cookie Monster incoherently mutters something in a Cuban accent about:
"I ain't got yo money, mang!"

A commotion soon ensues as Paul Wolfowitz runs down the street on all fours, nude, disoriented
He barks like a dog and bites random people; ruff! Ruff! Ruff! Ruff! Ruff! Ruff! ERRRRRRRRR!!!!!!
Foaming from the mouth,
He squeals a profanity laced tirade against the liberal commies that want to take away his
Alpaca farm full of Iraqi children chained to radiators in his basement
Whilst doing a partial handstand, he whispers like Brutus in my ear,
"Pūrṇam adaḥ pūrṇam idam
Pūrṇāt pūrṇam udacyate
Pūrṇasya pūrṇam ādāya
Pūrṇam evāvasiṣyate."

Nearby, in front of a foreclosed on church...
Seven Hooters waitresses gather for their weekly support group...
Though they aren't there for personal reasons...
It's all about the fire hose enemas, bad coffee, and "Mattlock" reruns

A group of German tourists walk up next to me

I yell "Fick Dich" to them so they feel welcome

When they ask me where I'm going

I tell them I'm on my way to see the Terrorist

He lives in the Meth Lab on Sesame Street

It's between Washington, DC

And New York City

Eerily east of Essex

North of Bangkok

West of Sydney

It used to be in Caracas

But now it's just a few blocks away

The last time I went there, I drove home at 90 miles an hour in reverse on the wrong side of the highway for seven hours straight blasting Celine Dion from my distorted radio in a constant loop

This time I'll come back on a Segway or a rickshaw instead!

"Auf Wiedersehen! So long! Goodbye!"

We part and exchange hostile text messages

[woleb rorrim eht nI

eotletsim eht rednU

stimrep tuohtiw stimreH

timreK dna yggiP sM kcajraC]

Walking to the spot, I enter the goofy ghetto sponsored by Bank of America

Pompous posses of gangly gangsta rappers on every street corner have gay sex

While smoking banal blunts rolled up from Florida 2000 butterfly ballots

They spit at me and throw gold chains and urinate in my direction

I thank them and perm my hair with pepper spray

This sure isn't Mr. Roger's Neighborhood!

On the next street hopscotch a pack of crack smoking girl scouts
They calmly riot, throwing Molotov cocktails and
Smashing windows and pumpkins, too
I ask one named "Betsy Lou," why the upheaval? Why the evil?
She tells me that their jobs selling cookies have been outsourced
To coarse robots controlled by girl scouts in New Dehli
Like a jellyfish,
The little bitch,
Kicks me in the nuts, struts, and steals my subway ticket and runs away yodeling,
Flailing her arms like a windmill, but still,
I thank her and brush my teeth in the sewer

CONTRA NATURAM

I finally arrive at the Meth Lab
To get in, I have to give the password to Oscar
He's the grouch who lives in a garbage can out front
I noisely knock on his lid, da-dada-da-da-da-da!
He pops up reeking of cheap whiskey and the perfume of an Asian hooker
He belligerently inquires (in a voice that sounds like an angry Black Man), "What, muthafucka?"
I tell him "Karl Rove's Rectal Exam" (the password)
As he opens the door, I ask him why he is such a grouch
He says, "You'd be a grouch, too, if ya lived in a garbage can, bitch!"
I concur with him and walk inside backwards doing the "Moonwalk"
Inside, Elmo smokes a bong and collects money from a prostitute with three tits
Bert and Ernie watch "Will and Grace," bake a quiche, and talk shit
Snuffaluffagus watches snuff films and sharpens his knife
Talking about how he's gonna cut up Big Bird and make fried chicken outta his wife
I ask a psychotic 6 year old girl sorting powder like Scarface if I can see the Terrorist
She hands me a mirror

Chapter Two: Sexy Time



Frankie Metro Fucked a Goat

Recently I did a BTR online radio show with the poet Frankie Metro. During the show, a poet by the name of Yossarian Hunter called in and proceeded to read a poem about fucking a dog. Yossarian went on to discuss various forms of animal fucking as well as the numerous virtues of bestiality.

Seems this type of thing happens a lot where he lives in Mississippi and that his favorite animal to fuck is a goat. I'd never really thought much about fucking a goat. But Yossarian made a really good case for it.

You can buy a goat for much cheaper than you can a hooker, and a hooker you only get for one night, whereas a goat you can keep for many years, plus it'll mow your yard. (Try getting a hooker to mow your yard!)

Plus all you gotta do to make a goat happy is feed it. Just 99 cents will buy you an apple to feed a goat and make it happy, as opposed to a hooker who you gotta pay at least \$50 for head alone, plus you might also have to buy him or her crack cocaine or some shit.

Frankie Metro and I were initially repulsed though amused by Yossarian's praise of bestiality. However, through telepathy after the show, we discussed the matter in greater detail, and the more we talked about fucking a goat, the more turned on we got by it, so we decided to meet up the next night, at a peyote farm in the New Mexico desert, to try it ourselves.

We agreed to rendezvous up at the farm at around 2am. When I got there, I didn't see Frankie Metro anywhere. I was walking around for a little while making tropical bird mating call sounds, trying to locate him, when all of a sudden Frankie Metro fell from the sky, landing right in front of me.

Upon landing, he made some kind of mentally retarded, retching type yell, and did a Japanese style bow.

I swear a gong clanged in the background.

Frankie Metro was in perfect attire for the occasion. He was wearing bright red tights, knee high silver platform boots, a brown leather motorcycle type vest, and a white, ill-fitting cape with a large marijuana leaf on it.

He also had on weight lifting gloves, one of those leather 1920's football helmets, and pink Barbie swimming goggles.

I couldn't make out much of his face, probably because underneath the football helmet smoke was pouring out, a greenish type smoke, and I could see that he was pulling on a fat blunt.

Without even saying a word, Frankie passed me the blunt and motioned me to follow him up to a nearby hill. I hit the blunt a few times and was instantly buzzed. It was some chronic shit. I almost forgot why we'd met anyway, but then I saw a goat gnawing on a bushel of hydroponic ganja up at the top of the hill, and I remembered why we were there.

At first I thought maybe we were going to tag team the goat and suggested this to Frankie. However, neither of us wanted to be the one in front and to take a chance on the goat biting our dick off. Neither of us wanted to go for sloppy seconds, either, so we flipped a coin for first fuck.

Frankie called heads and won. Initially he was somewhat reluctant to fuck the goat since he's married to a lovely transsexual midget, a Korean Karaoke singer named Tang Wu Doo Doo Kai, and worried fucking the goat would be like cheating on him/her. I assured Frankie that it's not. Bestiality doesn't count as cheating or adultery. I confirmed this as well through telepathy with Yossarian. Frankie and I hit the blunt a few more times and Frankie was like fuck this shit, it's time to get all up in this goat ass.

He yanked down his tights and broke out a penis I can only describe as monstrous. It wasn't as big as Yossarian's, but it was still big, about the length and width of a 1.5 liter water bottle.

Besides the sheer size of it, noteworthy as well about Frankie Metro's penis was that it had dragon wings tattooed on it, big, neon purple ones, and that it was uncircumcised, with an especially long and floppy foreskin, which kinda resembled a folded slice of smoked turkey.

His dick really looked like a weird fucked up faced neon dragon or something you might see if you were taking acid and watching Sesame Street.

I was expecting Frankie Metro's penis to start shooting fire or singing the alphabet at any minute.

His testicles were also unique. One testicle was damn near the size of a football, and the other the size of a ping pong ball. I'd no idea how they got so uneven like that or how this motherfucker even managed to walk. They were some hairy shits too. Fucking hairiest nads I'd ever seen. Looked like somebody'd caught Slash in a headlock.

Frankie Metro cradled his dragon penis in his hand, stroking it 'till it achieved erection. He calmly approached the goat, which seemed oblivious to the whole thing, and rested his hands on the goat's furry buttocks.

Frankie arched his ass backwards, then gave the goat a sudden pelvic thrust, and his massive unit rocketed right up into the goat's vagina. His dick entering the goat's pussy made a loud squishy type sound, like someone'd squashed an orange with a sledgehammer.

Frankie closed his eyes, bent back his head, and began thrashing away at the goat, truly fucking it like the animal it was. The goat only made slight "bah" type murmurs, but Frankie, in trance of pleasure, started screaming uncontrollably, speaking in tongues, and again making those retarded retching sounds he'd made when we first met.

After about five minutes of frantically fucking the goat, Frankie Metro appeared to orgasm into it, his whole body gyrating in spastic, violent, epileptic fit type convulsions, except his arms, which remained frozen still, in almost a yoga-like contortion.

Once it appeared he'd finished orgasming, he reached down and tried to withdraw his penis from the goat, but couldn't.

It seemed his penis had gotten stuck.

Frankie Metro tried in vain to pull his penis out, but it was to no avail. Soon he started really freaking out, yelling, slapping, and punching at the goat, trying to break its vaginal grip. He cried out to me to help and I ran over to assist and attempted to yank the goat's head forward, thinking this might undo it.

But it didn't.

Actually it just pissed the goat off. The goat glanced up at me with a Satanic expression, as if it'd been fucked by one too many poets and it growled and butted forward, knocking me over.

The goat “bah”ed with such an ear splitting squeal that I had to cover my ears, and I thought for a second my eardrums would explode.

The goat then took off running... with Frankie Metro still attached to it.

It ran like a racehorse, faster than any animal I could recall. The last I saw of it, it was dragging Frankie Metro by the dick over the slope of a sandstone hill.

Frankie Metro's arms were flailing and slapping madly at the beast, his cape flapping in the wind, as the goat pulled him away, and I could still hear Frankie Metro's painful, retarded retching type screams for a couple minutes until they gradually faded away into the moonlit night.

I then tried to contact Frankie Metro by telepathy but only got his voicemail. So I picked up his blunt, which was on the desert floor and still burning, hit it a couple times, plucked and ate a handful of peyote, sat down on a rock, watched the stars in the sky change colors, and for some reason thought of that episode of “Who's the Boss?” where Tony sees Angela naked in the shower.

Bill O'Really fucked his Mother

Bill O'Really was always a bully.

In school he'd pick on most everyone. With his height and large frame, he could kick pretty much anyone's ass.

But he never fought much with the other jocks. Usually he'd pick on the smaller kids, since they were easier and more fun to push around.

He especially enjoyed beating up on this retarded kid in a wheelchair.

Bill and his jock buddies would sometimes dump the kid out of the wheelchair, and give him purple nurples and wedgies, just for laughs.

Bill was reviled by the majority of his peers, from elementary to high school, and being such a bully, none of the girls ever liked Bill.

Plus when he went to an all-boys Catholic high school in Levittown, Long Island, so he never got much of a chance to meet any.

That didn't mean he didn't like or want girls, though. Quite the contrary. He jerked off to them constantly, and found solace in porn.

All throughout high school he'd stay home beating off to porn while everyone else was out having "free love," dating, and fucking in back seats of cars.

Bill loved porn but didn't only enjoy traditional, girl/guy stuff.

Actually he got bored of that pretty fast. His attentions soon turned to harder core shit, fist fucking, anal, gang bangs, interracial, but what really caught his fancy was incest porn.

Once he turned eighteen he went to XXX movie theaters countless times and masturbated to the underground incest films they showed, mostly ones from France.

Maybe the reason he got into incest porn so deeply was because many of the MILFs in those films reminded him of his own mother.

Bill had always had more than just a usual love for his mom. And this could be understood, as his mom was a stone cold fox.

She was tall, around 5'9, with long, lean legs that led up to a perky, tight apple of an ass. Her abs were tight, too, from her daily aerobics routine and her tits were biggish C cups that showed a slight sag from age, but still bounced in all the right ways.

What Bill liked most about her, though, was her curly sandy brown hair, which she usually wore in a cute bun, and, most of all, her face.

Her face was simply angelic. It was almond shaped, with high cheek bones and glittery blue eyes that were intoxicating to him.

Around most people Bill was a belligerent asshole, but to his mom, when he looked into those eyes, he became a gentle child.

He loved to watch his mom, spy on her doing the housework, stare at her sexy body, and sometimes rummage through her underwear drawer when she wasn't home and sniff at her panties.

But his real bag was to watch his mom do aerobics in front of the TV in the morning. Bill would tip toe down the stairs from his bedroom and peep in on her from behind the open doorway of the living room.

He'd scope out her ass in those tight spandex pants she wore and touched himself a bit before running back upstairs, locking himself in the bathroom and beating off furiously to the thought of pulling down those spandex pants, bringing her down to the floor, and fucking the hell out of his mom's sweet pussy.

It wasn't long after Bill's eighteenth birthday that his mom turned her head one morning, mid-lunge, and caught Bill staring at her, hand down his pants.

"Bill!" she screamed, "What are you doing?!"

"Uh, nothing, Mom!" Bill exclaimed nervously, whipping his hand quickly out of his pants, turning around, and running upstairs.

After that, Bill and his mom didn't talk for nearly two weeks. Bill wouldn't even look her in the eye at family meals and his mom awkwardly kept her silence as well.

Bill's mom decided to keep the sliding door to the living room shut during her aerobics routines to avoid future encounters.

Following the day Bill got caught, his bullying severely worsened and he beat the kid in the wheelchair so badly that the kid was sent to the hospital.

Facing expulsion, Bill's high school principal had a meeting with Bill and his mom. Bill's dad wasn't there, because, as always, he was away on business.

"So, we know Bill likes to roughhouse with other students, but this is going too far. What exactly precipitated this? Has something been going on at home?" The principal asked, eyeing both mother and son curiously.

Neither answered.

"Well, given the fact that Bill has done well here academically, and is a star goalie for our hockey team, I'm not going to expel him, provided that he makes a full apology to the boy he beat up, and that Bill's father pays all the boy's medical expenses, which shouldn't be a problem, considering your family's financial situation."

"However, some punishment is in order. I'm going to suspend Bill for five school days. And we're going to take a zero tolerance policy with him. Even the slightest infraction and he's expelled, no questions asked. Got it, Bill?"

Bill sneered and nodded.

"All right then. I hope you take this time to think about what you've done. I'll see you in a week."

The principal and Mrs. O'Really shook hands solemnly and Bill and his mom headed out to the parking lot and got into her black Mercedes Benz station wagon.

On the way back, Bill's mom broke the icy silence.

"Bill, I've been thinking about what happened."

"Look, mom, I'm..."

"Bill, at first it scared me, but then I thought about it, and, well, I'm kind of flattered that a young man

would take an interest in me, especially since your father, he..."

"But anyway, you shouldn't be sneaking around, looking at me like that. You need to start dating some girls your own age."

"Girls don't like me."

"Of course they don't like you when you go around beating up on kids in wheelchairs!"

"But he's a retard. I hate retards. They're stupid and dumb when they talk, making all those 'eh' 'eh' 'eh' sounds."

"Bill, that's just so insensitive. You never act so awfully around me. How come you treat others like that?"

"I don't know."

"You'll never get a girlfriend if you don't quit being such a jerk."

"I told you, girls don't like me."

"Have you ever had a girlfriend?"

"No."

"Have you ever asked a girl out?"

"No."

"So you've never been on a date?"

"No."

"You're eighteen years old and have never been out with a girl?"

"No. Never."

Bill hung his head in shame and tears swelled up in his eyes. He then began to sob heavily, something his mom had never seen him do.

"Oh, Bill." His mom cooed, and pulled the car over to the side of the road.

Unbuckling the seatbelt, Bill's mom took him into her arms and hugged him tightly. Feeling a rush of pity, she spoke without thinking.

"Bill, I'm going to teach you about girls."

"Really, Mom?" Bill said between sobs, snot dribbling from his nose.

"Yes."

Bill's mom kissed him on the forehead and Bill perked up immediately. It felt so soft and sweet, her kiss. She'd never kissed him before, and he loved the feeling of her lips on his skin.

"Now let's get you back home." She whispered, blushing at what she'd just said and not yet knowing exactly what it meant.

While Bill's voyeurism had startled her at first, later, the more she thought about it, it had begun to intrigue her that such a young man lusted after her.

Her husband hadn't fucked her in years, and she desperately wanted to be with a man.

But being a good Catholic, she couldn't bring herself to have an affair with some stranger, go out to a pickup bar, or any of that nonsense.

She did feel lonely, though, and didn't want to relegate her sex life to a thing of the past.

But could she really be thinking about her son, Bill, like this? She wondered.

While he wasn't as handsome as his father, and was sort of big and fat and goofy looking, far from an Adonis, he did at least have a cuteness to his awkwardness, and she loved his youth. Something in him brought back to her feelings of her own adolescent years.

But what could she do with him? She surely couldn't do anything physical... Could she? She did start having those thoughts... Naughty thoughts she'd never had before.

Thoughts of taking Bill's virginity, teaching him how to fuck.

Every time, however, her mind went too far down that route, she'd pinch herself or slap cold water over her face and then read the Bible.

But here Bill was, going to be home for the next week. The two of them all alone together, the whole time. She'd already opened things up by saying how she'd "teach him about women," whatever that meant.

That night after taking him home from school, she twisted and turned in bed, mind racing. She knew she could take two different paths. Either send Bill to talk to a priest or psychiatrist, or give into her ever-growing carnal urges and do something she might regret forever.

She knew which path she should take, but had no idea which path she would take...

Bill also didn't know what to make of his mom's comments. What did she mean by "teach him about women?" He knew what he wanted it to mean, however...

In his bed, with his hand on his cock, he imagined them alone, in a classroom of sorts, her in high heels and a tight black, short miniskirt and low cut white blouse showing off her ample cleavage.

She had a long humming vibrator in hand and was using it to point at a scientific drawing of the female anatomy up on the blackboard.

Then she disrobed, pointed out all the female body parts and how they worked and hopped up on the teacher's desk, spread her legs, fucked herself with the vibrator and then let Bill come up and pound her pussy raw, as Simon & Garfunkel's *Mrs. Robinson* played in the background.

Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey, hey, hey...

Bill so wanted that. Her to be his teacher. Her to be his first fuck. He masturbated five times or so that night after they came back home from school...

The next morning when Bill's mom went to the living room to do her aerobics, she was about to close the sliding door, but stopped at the last minute and left it open, then went about her exercise.

Bill had woken up late since he didn't have to go to school. Coming downstairs in his pajamas, he noticed his mom in front of the TV, bouncing around, not wearing her spandex, but this time, only a tight little lime green leotard.

Bill stopped in his tracks, mesmerized by the jiggle of her ass cheeks, which he could see like never before. How he wanted to touch and squeeze them.

Stopping at the living room doorway, his cock stiffened and pitched a tent in his pajamas. He reached down and began to stroke it softly as his mom's ass clapped.

Her leotard was ridiculously tight and small and only covered a fraction of her cheeks. He could see practically everything, even a bit of her pubic hair poking out.

Suddenly then, his mom stopped her movements and craned her neck around, making direct eye contact with Bill.

At first she had a startled, aghast expression, and Bill quickly removed his hand from his pants and took a couple steps back.

But then, she smiled and did something that shocked Bill.

She bent over, all the way, and touched her toes, bouncing a bit while doing so, giving Bill a view of her ass like she'd never really given any man before.

Then she rose up slowly, running her hands along the silky skin of her long legs, until she was standing totally upright, with her hands on her hips.

She tilted her head slightly backwards, let out a breathy moan, and ran her hands passionately up her stomach, up to her breasts, which she cupped for a minute or two, rubbing, pinching and caressing them.

It was at this time she looked over her shoulder and saw Bill jerking off wildly.

As soon as they made eye contact, she smiled and he appeared to cum in his pants, and then nervously ran away, back up the stairs to his room...

His mom suddenly felt a pang of guilt deep in her stomach. What had she just done?

It was like that whole morning she'd been on auto-pilot, like something was controlling her. She'd not even thought it through when she put on that leotard instead of her usual work out attire.

And that tease she'd just given her son, what was that? She'd not planned that. It just happened spontaneously.

But as guilty as she felt, the whole thing turned her on immensely. She could feel her pussy soaking wet and she did something she hadn't done in many, many years.

Right in the middle of the living room, she reached down into her leotard, stuffed her pointer and index fingers into her wet, hot, long neglected pussy and fingered herself until she came, all the while thinking of Bill's boyish cock stabbing into her...

Bill stayed in his room the rest of the day, not even leaving for meals, eating only some candy he had stashed under his bed. His mom heard him come downstairs later that evening for food, only to quickly rush back up to his room and lock the door.

Bill's mom stayed in her room most of the rest of the day, too, reading the Bible, feeling guilty, and trying to forget about what happened that morning.

But at the same time, she couldn't wait until tomorrow morning.

She knew which path she'd taken and that there was no going back.

She didn't know exactly how far it would go, and she didn't want it to go too far, but as bad as she felt about the whole thing, she couldn't lie herself into believing she didn't enjoy it...

Bill, in his room all day, was on cloud nine. He'd never had a woman do anything like that to him. He never thought anyone ever would.

He had no idea what to make of the whole thing. Had it even happened? Was it a dream?

And now what could he do? Should he make a pass at her? Try to fuck her? Would she let him?

Suddenly he was an actor in one of those French incest movies he loved so much. He'd fantasized constantly about something like this happening, but now that it was, he didn't know what to do about it.

He also felt disgusted with himself. Had he forced her into doing this? Was this his fault?

It was so fucking wrong, everything about it, but yet he couldn't stop beating off all day and night to the thought of his mom's jiggling ass in that leotard and the way she moved and touched herself so seductively in front of him...

The next morning Bill came down to breakfast, in his pajamas, with a serious look on his face.

His mom was in the kitchen frying up some eggs, wearing a white bathrobe and slippers, underneath, though, she was naked.

Upon seeing Bill enter the kitchen, his mom was surprised he was up so early when he didn't have to go to school.

Strolling right up to his mother, Bill breathed in the lovely scent of her flowery shampoo, took her into his arms, and planted his lips to her lips and aggressively jabbed his tongue at her tongue.

Bill's mom lightly shoved him off her, causing Bill to step back, with a shamed look on his face.

"No, Bill, you need to be gentle." His mom said, pushing her face to his and kissing him, her tongue smoothly slipping in and twirling at his softly.

Bill caught on quick and the two spent a good couple minutes making out before smoke from the burning eggs caused them to split apart.

After taking the eggs off the stove and opening a window to air out the room, Bill's mom smiled at him and ran her hand down his chest.

Bill went to open her bathrobe, but she stopped him.

"Not so fast. Was that your first kiss?"

"Yes." Bill answered, looking down at the floor. "I want you to teach me..."

"You really should be with girls your age, you know..."

"I know. I'm sorry..."

"So am I. Let's just have breakfast."

"But you burned the eggs."

"Ah, darn it, you're right. We can just have cereal, I guess."

And they ate cereal, neither saying a word, until Bill's mom got up and said:

"I'm going to brush my teeth. And go do aerobics..." And with that, she flashed him a smile as she left the kitchen...

Taking off her robe in the bathroom, Bill's mom stopped and stared at her naked body.

She'd done quite a good job taking care of it, all these years, she thought proudly, as she shifted positions in the mirror, inspecting her vicious curves.

She couldn't understand why her husband never fucked her, but couldn't help but suspect he must be having an affair, which was probably why the asshole was out of town on business all the time.

Though she didn't think it consciously, she knew she was going to have an affair of her own, with the last person she should be having it with.

She desperately wanted to get fucked and couldn't imagine going to a bar or anything like that. This was going to have to be it...

Bill felt so proud of himself for having had the courage to kiss his mom like that. He felt like a man.

He felt even better than when he beat up on kids in school. Making out with his mom was the best feeling he'd ever had. And he wanted more.

He knew something was going to happen in that living room when his mom came downstairs. But what exactly it was, he had no idea...

Bill went straight to the living room and sat down on the couch, anticipating his mom's arrival.

And soon enough she arrived, in grand fashion, wearing only a pair of white cotton panties and matching bra.

She coyly ignored Bill sitting there on the couch and walked right past him, flipped on the TV to her aerobics show, and started doing her routine.

Bill reached into his pants, stroked his bulging erection, and watched his mom's tits and ass bounce around as she bobbed, kicked and thrust.

After working up a sweat, Bill's mom froze, turned to him and asked: "Enjoying the show?"

Bill couldn't respond verbally, he only nodded as he stroked his cock.

Then Bill's mom slipped off her bra and panties and stood naked in front of Bill.

Bill was enamored at the sight of her, her big teardrop shaped tits with silver dollar sized purple pink nipples. Her bushy brown pussy peering right at him in all its glory. Her wondrous thighs.

It was the first live naked woman he'd ever seen, and my, was it a fine one.

She crept up to him slowly but deliberately, dropped to her knees, and tugged down his pajama bottoms. He let go of his cock and it flung upwards into the air upon being freed.

Bill's mom was a bit disappointed at the size of it. It wasn't as long or thick as his dad's and definitely not as big as she'd expected from a boy of his height and stature.

But still, it wasn't a bad cock. Maybe a tad smaller than average, but at least it was a live cock, the first she'd seen in years, and it was rock hard and all for her.

She took ahold of it and sank her mouth over it, sucking it slowly, taking it deep throat, all the way down to the base.

Bill sat back and ran his fingers through his mom's soft curls and closed his eyes. His whole body tingled like it never had before. So this must be what a blowjob is like, he thought...

He realized then and there that he really should have been paying more attention to girls and asking them out and that he should stop beating up on retards if it meant he could get more blowjobs.

He decided to do whatever he could with his life to get more blowjobs. It was the best feeling he'd ever felt and he didn't want it to stop.

But it did stop after only maybe a minute and Bill's mom rose up above him, then mounted him and took his cock into her hand.

"We shouldn't do this." She said.

"No, we shouldn't." He replied.

"We should stop this." She said.

"Yes, we should." He sighed, as he placed his hands on her hips and began to lick and suck on her breasts sloppily.

They both gasped and moaned as she lowered down and his throbbing cock slid all the way into her slippery warm pussy.

Upon feeling her first cock in years, Bill's mom began to grind on him with a pent up rage and aggression she didn't know existed.

Bill loved the feeling of being in his mom's pussy. How hot and velvety soft it was. He'd actually preferred her sucking his dick, but this was pretty awesome too, he thought, and he thrust back at his mom's tight hole as she rode him.

As she fucked him, Bill sucked and slobbered all over her tits and she kept on yelling the whole time, "No! Stop! We shouldn't! We shouldn't!" as she bounced up and down on him, riding his cock like a pogo stick.

"Ah, I'm going to... I'm going to..." Bill yelped, and after just a couple minutes, he shot a big fat load into his mom's burning pussy.

Bill's mom screamed out "No! No, don't do that!" and dug her nails into his back and came herself.

Then she leapt off him and ran into the bathroom and wiped out her pussy, worried about him possibly impregnating her.

Bill's mom couldn't bring herself to look at her reflection in the bathroom mirror, and started tearing up a bit, realizing what she'd done, that she'd just fucked her own son, cheated on her husband- and enjoyed it so thoroughly.

When she came back to the living room, Bill had pulled up his pajama bottoms and was watching the news on TV. His eyes were a little red and it looked like he'd also been crying.

"Bill..." His mom said.

"Yes..." He answered, staring straight at the TV.

"That didn't happen." She said.

"What didn't happen?" He replied.

Murphy Clamrod and the Tom Brady Transsexual Hooker

I'd been staying in Hong Kong for about two weeks, in a shoebox size hotel room, on the outskirts of the city. Every night I'd been having sex with a different hooker. Most of them were women. A few were transvestites.

The other night, around 12 am, there was a loud knock on my hotel door. I answered, in hair curlers and hotel bathrobe, but no one was there.

I went back over to the bed and heard another knock. But this time it seemed to be coming from the window.

I swung my head around to see what looked like the poet Murphy Clamrod outside my window, standing on a tightrope that stretched between my hotel's 27th floor to the neighboring, equally tall and narrow high rise building.

Murphy was wearing only a plaid, Japanese schoolgirl miniskirt and silver high heels. He didn't have a shirt on and his chest was gorilla hairy and beer gut maybe the biggest I ever saw.

On his head was a raccoon skin, Davy Crockett type hat, with bushy tail. Facial hair obscured most of his face. He was smoking a hand-rolled cigarette.

I was shocked to see him, not only because he'd somehow shown up to Hong Kong, but also because we'd never met in real life. I only knew him from the Internet. Sometimes I thought he wasn't real and that I was imagining him.

However, here he was, all 6'4 of him, standing on a tightrope, outside my hotel room in Hong Kong, half naked and banging on my 27th floor window. Confused, I tiptoed warily up to the window, and slowly opened it. I asked Murphy what the hell was going on and how he'd found me.

Murphy replied in such a thick New England accent that I couldn't figure out what he was saying.

When repeated shrugs of my shoulders clearly indicated to him my lack of understanding, he gestured down towards the ground below, and then jumped off the tightrope, plummeted 27 storeys, and landed with a loud thud, face first on a delivery van parked next to the hotel.

Aghast, I screamed in horror and quickly got dressed and rode the elevator downstairs. I'd expected to go outside and find a bloody and mangled Murphy Clamrod atop the van.

But instead, he stood in my hotel lobby, unscathed, and now wearing football pads, cleats, and helmet and a Tom Brady Patriots jersey.

Before I could say anything, he motioned me to follow him, and took off running into the crowded, late night Hong Kong streets.

Murphy tore through the streets at a frenetic pace, knocking the far smaller Chinese to the ground, seemingly purposely shoving them over, and occasionally stopping to kick or punch one.

Whenever he saw a Chinese baby, he'd grab it and punt it like a football.

I ran after him, following him into a public bathroom, where he slammed a policeman using a urinal into the wall, then picked him up, pushed his bloodied face into the basin of the urinal, and finally flung him, by his hair and seat of his pants, out of the bathroom, into the street.

Murphy scanned the bathroom for a minute, I guess trying to see if anyone else was there.

He checked under each stall, but didn't find a soul. He stared at me for a second, pointed at me, and pointed at a stall door. Opening the stall door, he undid his chin strap and removed his helmet, throwing it angrily to the floor.

Waving me over to the stall, I followed him in. He nodded a couple times, yelled out some kind of weird prayer, and flushed the toilet. The toilet beamed us, Star Trek style, away, to a barren, snow covered landscape.

Wherever we got to was freezing cold and the sky dark grey. A burning plastic stench filled the air. There was nothing but icy, snowcapped trees as far as the eye could see, except for a small camper van nearby, underneath a large tree that had a maze of crisscrossing crystal branches.

Murphy walked backwards, almost moonwalking, to the camper, twirled around, snapped his fingers in the air, and stepped inside.

I didn't really want to see what was in the camper, but was so cold, I decided to go in there, if only for warmth. I reasoned that if he didn't have a heater, I could go Jack London style and kill Murphy and live inside his gut for a couple days and eat his fat.

Not that I wanted to do that, but when you get teleported to a freezing cold place by a poet who shows up outside the 27th floor of your Hong Kong hotel room late at night, you've got to make contingency plans.

So I crept cautiously inside, thinking maybe Murphy wanted to kill me and do the same thing.

When I got inside the camper, I saw Tom Brady posters covering every inch of the walls. The burning plastic smell grew much stronger, and The Insane Clown Posse played on a boombox in the corner. Scattered about the floor were pieces of paper with free verse poems written in cut out newspaper letters, ransom note style.

The camper wasn't much warmer than outside and didn't have any furniture. There was only a white coffin with the number "12" handwritten all over it, lying in the middle of the floor. The coffin was closed.

Thoughts raced through my mind of Murphy waiting inside the coffin, with a chainsaw or something, ready to jump out and kill me and eat me. I could just totally picture that motherfucker being a cannibal.

I saw a golf club next to the front door of the camper and picked it up and approached the coffin.

I kicked the coffin as hard as I could, to piss him off and maybe make him burst out of there, hopefully without a chainsaw. But nothing happened other than the lid of the coffin flying off.

Golf club cocked back, high in the air, I stepped forward, but what I saw in the coffin shocked me.

There was a toilet seat in there, with a laptop inside it. The laptop was open and one of the transvestite hookers I'd fucked last weekend was on web cam. The transvestite wore a Tom Brady Halloween mask and danced and jumped on the bed.

Then the web cam feed dissolved. The laptop's screen turned blue and a tiny video player came on, showing grainy footage of Tom Brady being sacked by various Giants players in the Super Bowl, again and again and again...

Unca Frank's Midget Porn Party

I was kinda bored the other night,
so I contacted Unca Frank by telepathy
to see if he wanted ta come over ta my apartment,
read some blogs, and masturbate a little ta midget porn.

About fifteen seconds later he appeared in my bathroom as I was painting my toenails.

Seems he'd built a teleportation device like the one from Star Trek.

Must admit it was quite shocking seeing him in person for the first time...

He was disturbingly hairy, wore only a black lace teddy, and had eight tentacle, octopus-type arms.

There were malt liquor 40s in four of his tentacles, lit cigarettes in two, and king sized dildos in the other two.

This mahfucker came ready ta party.

I spastically grabbed his testicles and led him into my living room.

I had a poet named "Yossarian Hunter" hanging upside down in there from the ceiling by suction cup boots and had been using his hair to wash my dishes and was beating him occasionally like a piñata for the things he did to my cat.

Uncle Frank immediately got the party started and began aggressively fucking Yossarian up the ass with a dildo; he then began voraciously jerking me off while playing my pet baboon, Fred, in Madden on the Xbox, AND started passing around a bong to everyone AND was even doing multiple badass kegstands.

Midget porn was raging on the computer; alcohol and ejaculatory bodily fluids were erupting in every direction; and I thought to myself, "Yup, gotta have this mahfucker over again soon. He know how to party, mang."

I FUCKED A MIDGET

"I'm telling you, I fucked a midget."

"Dude! No way!"

"Yeah, I'm serious."

"When? Where? And why didn't you phone me immediately afterwards!?"

"Listen, it was kinda fucked up. I... I didn't want to tell anyone about it."

"That's understandable. We are talking about fucking a midget, after all, but still! Tell me about it, pretty please..."

“Alright, alright, so I’ve been using the ‘Casual Encounters’ section of Craigslist a lot recently to meet girls. Well, not meet them, but hook up with them, casually...”

“Gotta love that site.”

“I saw this ad for a ‘petite’ single white female, non-smoker, 26, looking for fun, and I answered it.”

“Usually most of those ads turn out to be porn spam.”

“I know. So I was wary, but the photo looked different than usual porn spam. It was a headshot from a weird angle, looked like it was self-taken from a camera phone in the bathroom, and her head was only in the bottom part of the mirror. She was sort of sexy... though I could tell she was a midget.”

“How did you know?”

“How do you not know? Midgets have very particular faces.”

“Yeah, that’s true.”

“So anyway, I had just taken some LSD and was watching the Fox News Channel. Big mistake...”

“What the fuck does the Fox News Channel have to do with the midget?”

“Nothing really.”

“Are you on acid now? Have you been taking it again before work?”

“Nah, and I’m not on it now, but I was the night I fucked the midget, some really potent shit I scored at a Dead show parking lot.”

“Fuck yeah! Damn hippies have the best shit. Back to this midget, though, please continue...”

“Anyway, yeah, okay, the midget. So I respond to her ad, and like 20 minutes later she replies.”

“That’s quick.”

“I know! And it gets weird too. Her name’s Bridget.”

“Bridget the midget?”

“Bridget the midget.”

“We shoot a couple emails back and forth, small talk. Then she, yes, she, suggests we meet at the bar down the street. Surprisingly, she lived only a few blocks away.”

“And you’d never seen her?”

“Nope. But I guess it might be easy to miss a midget.”

“You’re probably right. I bet a lot of people have midgets living near them and don’t know it.”

“So we meet at the bar, and she turns out to be even hotter in person. Had the rosiest cheeks I’d ever seen. Looked a bit like a midget Nicole Kidman.”

“A midget Nicole Kidman?! Dude!”

“A prime Nicole Kidman too. Not the cockeyed owl-looking bitch she is today.”

“I don’t know what Tom Cruise did to her, but it wasn’t right! Fucking Scientology...”

“Yeah, and I’m like tripping balls at this point, having trouble keeping a straight face because I’m at this bar slamming brews with a midget who looks like Nicole Kidman. Her voice sounded funny too. Midgets have very particular voices. She sounded like some shit from the Wizard of Oz and starts cracking all types of jokes. A fucking comedian, this midget was.”

“Soon enough I’m laughing so hard that I’m clenching my gut and beer’s shooting from my nose and she’s howling like a wolf and slapping on the table after every joke and people around the bar are looking at us crazy.”

“That’s not right, though. I bet midgets get weird looks all the time, even when they aren’t cracking jokes.”

“We’re both pretty fucked up at this point. And she, yes, she, suggests we go back to her place... for ‘coffee.’”

“‘Coffee’ with a midget. That’s fucking awesome.”

“You know, it was when we left our table that I really realized I was with a midget. After standing up from our chairs, I was just towering over her. She couldn’t have even been four feet tall.”

“Well, she is a midget.”

“Yeah...”

“So we’re walking back to her place and I’m wondering what it must be like, her place, like if all the doors were tiny, everything’s shrunken, what her toilet must look like, etc... If it’s a secret midget colony or something...”

“But we get there and it was a normal place; a nice, upscale, modern and fashionable one bedroom apartment, except she did have step ladders everywhere.”

“I guess she has to. She is a midget.”

“Once inside, she disappears into the kitchen, and I think she’s going to actually make coffee, as if the ‘coffee’ wasn’t just a euphemism.”

“But she comes out of the kitchen totally naked with a can of whipped cream in her hand. And damn, her body was hot. Had smallish but firm little tits with large light pinkish nipples, neatly trimmed blond bush, and was all together thin and shapely. She really did look like a naked Nicole Kidman, just in midget form.”

“Fuck...”

“Yeah, so I’m sitting there on the couch, tripping hard, seeing trails and colors everywhere, and like I’m saying, this midget walks out of the kitchen, naked, holding a can of whipped cream, and of course, I sprout instant wood.”

“Who wouldn’t?”

“She sits down on the couch next to me, doesn’t say a word, smiles and calmly hands me the can of whipped cream. I shake it up a bit, then spray some in between her legs, then suck the nitrous right out of the can, and go in and commence the act of cunnilingus.”

“You ate out the midget?”

“One might think a midget’s vagina would be really tiny or something, but it was normal female sized. She even had a rather large clitoris.”

“Bridget the midget, with a large clitoris, wow...”

“So I’m eating away down there, totally slobbering all over her vagina, my face covered in whipped cream, and she’s all squirming and whimpering as I lick at her private personal part. And dude, I could have sworn that as I was eating her, I was hallucinating her vagina lips moving, speaking to me in a voice that sounded like Fran Drescher.”

“The ‘Nanny?!’ Whoa...”

“Her Fran Drescher talking vagina mouth pushed me over the edge, and I just couldn’t bear anymore foreplay. So I get up and tear off my clothes, kick off my shoes, grab the emergency condom out of my wallet, rip open the wrapper, roll the rubber over my manhood, and dive back down to the couch and mount her, missionary style.”

“Always wondered how someone would fuck a midget...”

“Plunging it in, I feel she’s tight as fuck, and I close my eyes and imagine that I’m fucking her, the midget, and Fran Drescher’s mouth at the same time, which was disturbing, but strangely arousing...”

“Dude, I always wanted to shove my penis in her mouth, just to make her shut the fuck up if nothing else...”

“And so I’m on this couch, pure beast-fucking this midget. Skin slapping skin sex sounds very audible. And she’s yelling loud, screaming and moaning, and I start screaming and moaning and cursing and dirty talking to her.”

“But then it gets even weirder... I’m pulling on her stubby little legs as I’m banging her, and suddenly, one of them comes off!”

“Dude!”

“Yeah, a prosthetic...”

“How did you not notice she had a prosthetic? Couldn’t you tell that she limped or something?”

“I guess I was tripping too hard to notice...”

“Dude...”

“So her prosthetic comes off, and I’m holding it in my hand and wondering if this is really happening or if it’s the acid.”

“Duuuude...”

“But I’m horny as fuck and figure I’ll just go with it and I keep on fucking her and screaming and she keeps on screaming, even louder now, like not even noticing her prosthetic leg had come off, and now I start hearing her next door neighbor screaming and banging on the wall, telling us to shut the fuck up, and all three of us are screaming in unison and then I start beating on the wall with the prosthetic leg, yelling shit at the neighbor and at the midget concurrently.”

“That’d definitely be some shit I’d complain to my landlord about if it was me living next door.”

“Pretty soon I orgasm and collapse on top of the midget, but then I start smothering her, because she’s so small... and I’m still holding her prosthetic leg in my hand too, so I get up off her and lie down on the other end of the couch.”

“And she reaches over, takes the leg out of my hand as if it’s no big deal. Then she reattaches it, picks up the can of whipped cream, and walks back into the kitchen. A minute later she comes out, still naked, holding a huge bong, almost as tall as her.”

“I thought she was a non-smoker?”

“As did I. But she didn’t say anything in her ad about being a midget w/a prosthetic leg, either.”

“Fair enough...”

“So we take some bong hits, listen to some music for a while, and even dance a bit.”

“You danced with the midget?”

“Yeah, she danced pretty well for having a prosthetic too. Did the latest hip hop moves, the ‘Dougie’ and everything.”

“Damn...”

“Then we sit back down on the couch and watch ESPN for a while. Turns out she was quite knowledgeable about sports. We soon get into a heated argument about who was the overall better quarterback, John Elway or Joe Montana.”

“Who’d she think was better?”

“I can’t remember...”

“But she got really mad about it and threw me out of her apartment.”

“Some people take sports far too seriously...”

“Tell me about it! You realize that when you’re tripping on acid and a naked midget covered in whipped cream, hopping around on a prosthetic leg, starts throwing shit and pushes you out the door.”

“If that isn’t a ‘teachable’ moment, I don’t know what is.”

“Yeah, I liked her though, wanted to call her the next day and see her again, but I don’t think I ever got her number. And I couldn’t remember exactly where she lived, either, because I was so fucked up when I went over there and more so when I left. Also couldn’t find her emails or her ad again on Craigslist.”

“Maybe you hallucinated the whole thing and just stayed home that night, tripped on acid and jerked off to midget porn...”

“You know, I probably did...”

“Fucking hippies, they always have the best shit.”

Teacher Fucks Student, Fucks Hooker

Keith Jones was a slightly overweight, fortysomething American teaching conversational English at a small college in China.

The college was located in a rural area, about an hour away from the closest city. There wasn’t a lot to do at the college and buses to the city were few and far between.

Like pretty much all his colleagues, Keith was bored. And lonely. Nearly the entire foreign teaching staff at the college was male, and the few female teachers were painfully unattractive. The Chinese teachers, most of which were female, wanted nothing to do with their foreign counterparts, and most didn’t speak English anyway.

Keith tried hitting on a few of his students, as some of his colleagues had been dating their students, but he didn’t have any luck. He also tried the city, but his lack of Chinese and all the women he met’s lack of English caused him to have no success there, either.

Fed up and not having had sex in almost a year, he turned to prostitution. But all the hookers he found in the city were too expensive. So he asked around to his colleagues and found out about a place in the nearby village, underneath a highway bridge, where some hookers lived and would fuck for only about \$15.

However, he was warned the hookers there were way, way past their prime. In fact, he was told most were pushing at least forty or fifty and were fat and ugly and appeared to be in quite ill health.

But Keith didn't care. Sure, he wanted better, but was tired of his hand and decided desperate times call for desperate measures.

So he biked down to the village one drizzly afternoon and happened upon the bridge he'd been told about. Under it were four women standing around in a litter-filled street, in front of a row of dilapidated shacks.

The closer he got, the worse they looked. All four were nearly fifty, flabby, and all had terrible skin and overall unhealthy appearances.

He'd not paid for sex before and figured that if he would, it'd at least be for someone attractive. But the thought of again going home to his hand pushed him to keep going, and he rode his bike up to the hookers, picked out the least unattractive of the lot, and followed her back to her shack.

Inside her shack there was only a single bed, an old TV, and a bucket of water on the floor. The whole place smelled like shit and looked filthy. Even the tiny bathroom in the back, consisting of just a shower head and squat toilet, looked dirty as fuck.

He paid the hooker and she pulled off her shirt, revealing dangerously low hanging boobs with large purplish nipples. She then peeled off her pants and granny panties and out came her pussy, which was jungle hairy and stunk royally.

Keith undid his pants and whipped out his cock but wasn't turned on at all. His cock fell limp into the cold air of the room. He closed his eyes and stroked it, trying to think of his 18 year old students, Megan Fox, porn, whatever he could, but it was to no avail.

The hooker grabbed onto his cock and started to wank him w/her clammy hand. Not getting any reaction, she squirted some lube onto him and tried again.

Keith did his best to think of anything other than this nasty whore and her disgusting shack. But he wasn't feeling anything and just couldn't get horny.

The hooker continued wanking him for about a minute, finally giving him a semi, and, mere seconds after that, he prematurely ejaculated into her hand.

Disappointed in himself, he did up his pants and got the hell out of there, not even looking at the hooker or saying goodbye. He went back to his apartment at school and wanked off later that night to a picture he'd snuck from his cell phone of one of his students, bending over a desk in her short skirt. Suddenly an idea popped into his mind.

The next day, he biked back to the bridge, this time carrying his rucksack. He saw the same hooker but instead chose another, who looked even older and less attractive, though was still better than the other two there.

The hooker took him into her shack and, after Keith paid her, he turned her around, bent her over, and rolled up her skirt. Then he took out a printed copy of that picture of his favorite student in her short skirt and taped it onto the hooker's back.

He broke out his cock and quickly stroked himself hard, and, in the heat of the moment, neglected to put a condom on before pulling down the hooker's shit-stained thong and plunging himself into her somewhat dry but surprisingly tight and warm pussy.

He stared down at the picture as he fucked the hooker, angrily, and she moaned and cried and was shouting out something in Chinese that he couldn't understand.

Ignoring her, he pretended he was fucking his student in their classroom, underneath that tight little skirt, her cute pink panties all hanging around her ankles.

About two or three minutes later, he came, in heavy gushes. He took out his cock and instantly felt sick as he saw his spunk dripping out of the hooker's old, hairy cunt.

He ran into the bathroom and washed his dick with the shower head. The hooker, still with the picture taped to her back, was frantically wiping at her pussy with a towel and screaming at him in Chinese. She sounded rather pissed.

Keith zipped up his pants, ran out the door, got on his bike and rode back to his apartment. It was only a week later that the rash around his genital region broke out, followed by a painful burn- in a most unfortunate location...

Necrophilia: A Love Story

Usually she bought nickelbags of weed

that freckle-faced girl

maybe 18 at most

lived 'round the corner

from his ground floor apt

had no idea how she found him

but he couldn't takthe e his mind off her

those wavy dirty blond curls

sweet smell of her shampoo

way the bottom tips of her asscheeks

peeked outta her hot pants

infatuated

though he wasn't in love

never thought he knew

what love was

gradually he moved up

from spots of weed

to big bags of black tar heroin

but he held onto his favorite customer

one muggy afternoon

she came by

hair in pigtails

noticed a different shade in his drawer

got real curious

first he played it off

didn't want her involved

perhaps due to their decade (or more) age difference

he felt protective

but she insisted

so he sold her the first bag of a new batch

showed her how to shoot it up

offered her a free needle and his couch

flame met spoon

syringe punctured skin

blood mixed with syrupy contents

from the burnt spoon's mouth
her eyeballs rolled white
eyelids clamped shut
she melted silently into the couch
motionless

he figured she'd passed out
plucked the needle from her arm
went back to playing Xbox

'bout a half hour later
she still lay like a rock
was turning kinda blue

he poked at her idle thighs a couple times
nothing
then seized her arms and shook her
no response
felt at her neck
no pulse
panic overtook him
his heart raced
he ran around the room
grabbed a beer, threw it over her
still nothing

he sat back down to the couch
buried his face in his hands and broke into tears
thought he'd go to jail

get assraped by white supremacists

he remembered all the episodes of "Oz" he'd watched

he was scared shitless

so he decided to bring her body to the canal later that night

figured it'd get eaten pretty quick by 'gators

picking her up in his arms

he brought her to his bedroom

and laid her on the bed

didn't want any other customer who might come by to see her

later that night

after smoking weed and drinking all day

he went back to his bedroom to fetch her

was about to chuck her into his duffel bag

and drag her to the canal

but, as he gazed at her,

lying so peacefully

in a Jesus Christ pose

he just couldn't do it

he couldn't let such a thing of beauty

be ripped apart by 'gators

lying down next to her

he ran his hand around

on her bare midriff

which was only lukewarm

slowly he inched up further
caressing her perky young tits
which jiggled at his touch

instantly he sprouted an erection
and twisted down his sweatpants/boxers
and pulled off her hot pants and pink frilly panties
peering in wonder at her barely hairy purplish cunt

he hovered above her like an apparition
spread her legs, angled himself between them
then stuck his cock up inside her

she felt kind of cold
but much better than his hand

he took a few strokes
her tightness caused him to cum quick
he pulled out and lay back
blacked out soon after

when he awoke the next morning
to the air conditioner's clunky hum
something stunk
like the worst stink he'd ever smelled
like 20X worse than a skunk
it was her

a surge of vomit tapped at the back of his throat

he was about to stuff her slightly bloated body
into his duffel bag
but still couldn't do it

her angelic face
her legs spread eagle
the magic of her nearly bald cunt
mesmerized him

so he kept her for a few more days
masking the smell as best he could

late at night he cuddled with her
told her his secrets
kissed her frigid tongue
poured hot olive oil in her pussy to warm it up
and fucked her every morning and night
until skin started to peel off her bones

finally, he knew he had to let her go
so he stuffed her into that duffel bag
and brought her on down to the bowels of Sarasota
to the 'gators

they made quick work of her
chomping up every bit of that soft little body
like a National Geographic special

and as he stood at the edge of the canal

watching them devour her
his eyes got watery
and for the very first time
he thought he knew
what love was

Dick Sucked by a Tranny Hooker

I read in the newspaper that Craigslist closed their "erotic services" section, which made me sad, because I've used it a lot to find prostitutes.

For some reason reading about this reminded me of a particular experience I had with a hooker from that site.

There was one night, just before Thanksgiving, when I couldn't find any prostitutes in my price range. However, I did see a Craigslist "erotic" ad for a "TS" girl fitting my budget, and so I clicked on the link.

The picture showed an attractive, feminine-looking, Latina, on top of a white sheet covered bed. She was perched atop the bed on all fours like a cat ready to pounce, with her sexy, sneering face eying the camera seductively, and her tight, red thong clad ass pointed toward the heavens.

It seemed unbelievable to me that such a lovely creature could have a penis.

But I guess that's what "TS" means.

Anyway, I was drunk, high, and horny and wanted my dick sucked. So I gave her a call.

She answered the phone quickly, sounding kinda out of breath and with a heavy South American accent said her name was "Amanda" and that she was only a block or two away from me in a hotel around the corner. So I got her room number, took another shot of rum and a bong hit and walked over there.

After I exited the elevator that carried me up to her hotel floor, a bushy haired, preppy looking college aged guy walked by me with a guilty expression on his face, leading me to wonder if he'd just been in Amanda's room...

The hotel hall reminded me of the movie "The Shining," and after stumbling around for a few minutes aimlessly, I stumbled upon her room, almost accidentally.

As soon as I saw the room's door, it opened automatically, and Amanda was standing inside by a king size bed, dressed in a butt tight, jet black one piece miniskirt.

She looked a lot more like a dude in person than she did in her Craigslist pic.

I was a bit disgusted by it and started to feel like kind of a fag. But I was horny, spinning head drunk, and still wanted my dick sucked. So I stepped into the room, reached in my pocket, and put the money down on the mahogany coffee table next to the couch.

Amanda then stepped up to me and planted a tongue-laden kiss on my lips.

Usually hookers don't kiss mouth to mouth , and I felt sorta uncomfortable about the whole thing since I was basically kissing a dude, whose schlong I could feel poking against my upper thigh through the fabric of her miniskirt.

(Plus kissing her made me feel weird because who knows how many dicks she'd sucked that day.)

She guided my hands towards her hard, silicone boobies, which were glorious. Then took my sweaty left paw further southwards, down to her erect penis, which was enormous, larger than mine. My penis envy and reluctance to touch a penis that wasn't my own made me snap my hand back as soon as I felt it, almost like I'd touched a hot stove.

At this point I broke away from her coyly, but instead of being deterred, she looked me deeply in the eyes and asked authoritatively if I wanted to suck her cock.

I politely declined and asked her if she'd give me a massage.

(This is how I usually start my hooker love experiences, with a massage. Instead of going to a professional masseuse, I get my massage and my sexing done in one go, saving both time and money.)

I tore off all my clothes and laid myself down, face first on the bed. She followed my lead and ripped off her one piece, revealing naked, perky silicone tits and purple thong holding her massive dong.

She got on top of me, sat on my butt, and I could feel her erect cock jabbing into the small of my back.

She busted out some hot oil, rubbed my shoulders, deep tissue style. Then wasted no time to reach down underneath me and start tugging on my shriveled, drunken wang. I flipped over and next thing I knew, she's got my now erect wiener in her mouth.

Usually hookers put condoms on your dick before they suck you, but this one didn't, and her cold/warm mouth vacuuming my bare unit in deep throated motions sent tingling waves of pleasure throughout my body.

As she was sucking me off, I reached back up into her butt, up under her thong, and used my middle finger to finger fuck her asshole, causing her to moan and hum on my penis while she bobbed her head up and down on it.

This transvestite really gave a tremendous blow job, working the tongue like a master, making no dental contact at all and sucking at a rapid but not hurried pace.

I thought to myself that I should visit more transvestite prostitutes, not only because the head was good, but because her rates, and others I'd seen, were far more affordable than many females'.

And in this economy, that's important

After around 4-5 minutes, I ejaculated furiously into her mouth and she swallowed every drop of it and even sucked a minute or so after, licking and swallowing up all the post-ejaculatory fluids, until my little drunken penis went limp.

After she finished, we smoked a cigarette together and watched Jerry Springer on the hotel room's TV. Then we hugged goodbye. She tried to tongue kiss me again, but I didn't want to, since I'd just come in her mouth a few minutes ago. So I kissed her on the lips and left back home.

When I got home, I could still smell her ass on my finger. Even though I washed it like several times and cut my fingernails short as possible, I still smelled her shit on my finger for days.

But that's okay, because it was some good head.

And you know, although I felt like a total fag afterwards, I gotta admit, I'd definitely let another transvestite suck my dick if the opportunity presented itself.

Though it might be harder to find one now that Craigslist took the "erotic services" ads down.



Chapter Three: Attempts at Realism



Amputee

He attended an all-boys Catholic school from kindergarten through 12th grade.

At around age 9, Father Ryan, a short, bowlegged, freckly Irishman with a nervous twitch in his right shoulder, started pulling him aside after math class, into a backroom, where he'd fondle the boy's genitals as he jerked himself off under his long, black robe.

The boy never told anyone, and after a couple months of these encounters, Father Ryan abruptly disappeared.

When the boy turned 12, he began having fantasies about the opposite sex, but found himself unable to achieve orgasm by masturbation; instead, he'd simulate intercourse with his pillow, cuddling up to it in the middle of the night, kissing it, and rubbing his penis against it, usually imagining the pillow to be the wheelchair bound girl named Marlene who lived next door.

One drizzly Sunday afternoon following church, his mother walked in on him having sex with the pillow.

The fact that the pillow had a bra he'd stolen from her dresser strapped to it only made matters worse.

Upon witnessing this scene, his mother shrieked loudly, grabbed one of his belts off the floor and beat him violently with it. Then she snatched the pillow off his blue NASCAR bed, stormed out of the room, and never once spoke to him about the incident.

With his pillow gone, he turned to having sexual relations with other objects, such as fruit. He'd steal cantaloupes, poke a hole in them, stick his penis inside, and fuck them, sometimes while spying on Marlene from his window.

He also tried anally penetrating the family cat, but its anus was too small for his penis to enter. The cat hissed and scratched him on his second anal penetration attempt and would later always scamper away in terror at the mere sight of him.

As a teenager he never had much luck with girls. He thought about Marlene daily, but could never summon the courage to approach her. A sudden debilitating fear overtook him whenever he'd even get close to any female, let alone speak to one.

Plus, being at an all-boys school didn't provide many opportunities to mingle with the fairer sex.

Secretly, he wished women were as easy in real life as they were in TV and movies, but grew to accept that they seemed to be better in fantasy than reality.

Following a brief stint at community college, he got a job and moved into a one bedroom apartment by himself and was delighted to be able to have pillows again(his mother had removed and never replaced the pillows in his room following that day).

He was also able to have his own computer and internet access for the time and was soon surfing the web daily, exploring such subjects as sexual voyeur sites, toilet spy cams, upskirt pics, and snuff films.

But he really found his niche in amputee fetish, or "Acrotomophilia" as it is known medically.

For hours upon hours, he'd watch video of men with large penises engaging in sexual intercourse with women missing legs and/or arms, and would often place his laptop on his bed, in front of his pillow, with a melon underneath the pillow, fucking the melon wildly as he streamed video of amputees or stared at their pictures.

Soon enough, though, he wanted more, and decided to purchase a realistic humanoid sex doll online.

When he received it, he sawed off its arms with a hacksaw, and named it Marlene.

He'd spend hours sitting with it, kissing and hugging it, and fucking its synthetic vagina until his penis burned raw.

He had intimate, personal conversations with his Marlene, and got to know her in a way he'd never known anyone else.

She became the most beautiful thing he'd seen in his life, and he swore she had a halo hovering above her head in the morning when slivers of sun shot through the venetian blinds in his bedroom where they slept together in his single bed.

But it still wasn't God.

He began to feel unequal to Marlene, disgusted at himself, and unworthy of her presence. In addition, every night he was plagued by horrible nightmares about hands and arms.

Hands and arms would appear from nowhere, break through walls, poking, punching, and clawing at him. And anytime he looked at his own hands or arms, he started to feel a pain, embarrassment, seething hatred, and shame erupting from the deepest dimensions of his soul.

One night, while watching an internet video from Iraq of black veiled women being executed in a ravine via machine gun fire, he received a telepathic message from one of the corpses, taunting him, telling him he'd never achieve the angelic innocence and cosmic purity that he saw in Marlene's prosthetic eyes.

The next day, after work, during a particularly violent thunderstorm, he brought home a bouquet of rain soaked roses, placed them on Marlene's lap, pulled out a small power saw from his closet, fired it up, and, still wearing his three piece suit from the office, buried the humming saw into his upper right arm near the deltoid, cutting quickly through the bone.

The pain was immense; blood spurted, splattered, and eventually gushed out as the arm fell to the hardwood floor with a loud thud.

Seeing the limb had been severed, he turned off the saw and sat down on the red crush velvet couch, next to Marlene.

He softly smiled, stroked her hair, and then his vision slowly faded to grey, and he drifted silently into the mouth of the most peaceful sleep he'd ever known.

FAGGOT

He was a chunky, awkward, and short 15 year old who wore coke bottle glasses, spoke with a slight lisp and walked with a gimp step due to his left leg being two inches longer than his right.

School was not a kind place for him, and, because of his lisp and awkward walk, nearly everyone called him "faggot."

Although he was tormented by the majority of the student body, the jocks gave it to him the worst.

When walking through the hallways to class, they'd regularly slap him upside the head, shove him into a locker, or play keep away with his glasses.

On account of a medical condition he'd occasionally have to use crutches or a wheelchair and the jocks especially enjoyed kicking his crutches out from underneath him or dumping him out of his wheelchair.

As bad as his walks through the hallways were, gym class was most horrific for him. He'd always be picked last for teams, tripped up, spit on and intentionally fouled roughly during games.

After class, in the locker room, was where he got it the worst.

One of the most menacing jocks, a 6'4, muscular linebacker everyone called "MadDog" would administer the boy a variety of wedgies, such as the "Melvin" which involved pulling the boy's tighty whitey's up from the front, causing much pain to his genitals or the "atomic wedgie," where Mad Dog'd sneak up from behind and hoist the waistband of the boy's underwear up and over the boy's head.

The most painful wedgie of all, though, was the "hanging wedgie," in which the boy would be hung by the waistband of his underwear elevated from the ground and sometimes twirled around in airborne circles, and, once released, flung clear across the distance of the locker room.

Every once in a while the jocks had contests to see who could make the boy fly the farthest via such maneuvers.

The wedgie attacks, name calling, and hallway beatings turned increasingly violent, eventually reaching a crescendo one day after school when a group of jocks ambushed the boy in the bathroom while he was urinating.

They seized him from behind, pushed his face into the piss filled urinal trough, pulled his pants down to his ankles, and forced a hard green banana up into his ass.

Laughing madly, the jocks raped him brutally with the piece of produce, yelling such things as "you know you like it, faggot!" among other taunts.

Mad Dog even filmed the incident on his cell phone, joking about how he was going to put it on the internet.

After sodomizing the boy for a minute or two, the jocks removed the banana from his bleeding anus and threw him to the cold tile floor.

One of the jocks plucked a live cockroach off the graffiti covered bathroom wall and shoved it into the boy's mouth and held his jaw shut and made him swallow it, which elicited a boisterous round of applause from the group.

The jocks then filed out the door, high fiving each other, still laughing hysterically.

The boy stumbled up to his feet, vomited into the urinal trough, pulled up his pants and limped home where he showered and brushed his teeth several times.

That night the thoughts of revenge that'd swirled in his head for years began to rapidly intensify.

Stealing his dad's guns and carrying out a Columbine style attack.

Planting a car bomb in Mad Dog's Confederate Flag painted monster pickup truck.

Hurling a Molotov cocktail onto the field during a football game.

Poisoning the punch bowl at the prom with liquid LSD or cyanide.

All types of ideas crossed his mind...

But for now, he just sat back in his bean bag chair, unsheathed a hunting knife he kept under his bed, rolled up his left pant leg, revealing a large patch of scars, and slid the tip of the knife about four inches down his upper left quad, drawing a small stream of dark red blood, which trickled slowly over his inner thigh.

Watching the blood drip pierced through his cocoon of learned numbness like millions of needles.

His eyes then welled up and he started to sob uncontrollably. He got up, locked his door, crawled into bed, and yanked the covers over his head.

That night he prayed for anything to happen that'd prevent him from having to go to school the next day.

A tornado.

Snowstorm.

Earthquake.

Terrorist attack.

Anything.

He just didn't want to see those faces anymore. He didn't want to hear the laughter. He just wanted to stay in bed.

Kidney Thief

Where did that girl go?

The one that punched me in the throat

Stole my kidney

Abandoning everything

Cuddling two weeks candle-lit bathtubs

Giving backrubs to strangers with butcher knives

She's a modern day Medusa, I tell you!

Totally and unquestionably...

AWOL

Disconnected

Out of reach

Not in service

A user that is NOT currently online

After sloshing through ten thousand puddles of deceased roses,

I WILL slam her closed doors!

I'll KILL all those tear ducts dry

Because SOMEONE has to slaughter the calf

The innocent little calf of hope

The creature no longer so prim and precious

Now that I step out of this Jacuzzi filled with ice cubes, clutching my side, I'll feint this whimper:

"Oh, pale Ramon!

Where, where did she did go?

Did you, or anyone, see the burial plots?"

While waiting for the ambulance, I send an email to:

Pale.Ramon@Prozac.con

...so he'll print this inept ad in the personal cesarean section,

:(because antibiotics alone won't impede this infection):

"If somebody sees a slender silhouetted slut of 5'6

Sort of looks like Stevie Nicks

Has curly blond hair and soaking red hands
Vain with conceit and gluing back fallen strands
Is smuggling a cold kidney in a rotten purse
Is juggling souls in an old, forgotten hearse
Would they please present her with this restraining order?
AND TELL HER I WANT MY FUCKING KIDNEY BACK!"

Mr. Whiskers

Bobby Green's mom never could figure out why Mr. Whiskers would run in terror at the mere sight of her son.

Little did she know how much Bobby enjoyed backing the animal into corners, mocking its cries, and lashing it with belts or electrical cords...

Probably the boy's favorite thing to do was snatch up throw Mr. W down a flight of stairs. How the animal always landed on its feet! How its claws sounded on the hardwood floor as it'd scamper away afterward, so fast!

There were occasions when Mr. Whiskers got the upper hand, though. It'd slip Bobby's grasp and leave him with bloody scratch marks along his hands or arms. But overall, the boy was usually the winner of their constant battles.

Eventually, however, Bobby took things too far. Following an ambush of the cat as it slept on his parents' bed, he stuffed Mr. W into a burlap sack and zipped it shut. Perhaps his subsequent onslaught of slaps and punches was too much, because Mr. Whiskers stopped hissing and moving around.

Alarmed, he unzipped and opened the sack and saw syrupy blood dribbling from Mr. Whiskers' nostrils. Mr. W's front legs were all mangled, hanging limp. The cat was unconscious and didn't seem to be breathing.

Bobby poked the cat, but it didn't move. He started panicking, envisioning how pissed off his mom would be. Worse even would be having to deal with his dad.

So he again zipped the sack closed, crammed it into his backpack, and went down to the wooded section in the back of his gated community, where there was a small lake.

Standing at the edge of the lake, he pulled out the sack and was about to give it the old heave-ho. But right before he could, the sack came back to life, shocking the hell out of him.

Mr. Whiskers wasn't dead after all. It cried and hissed like he'd never heard before. The cat mustered all its might and kicked with its hind legs at the bottom of the sack so hard that Bobby had trouble holding on.

He thought for a second of letting the cat go but decided against that, knowing it would be too hard to explain to his parents. He struggled to gain control of the frantically moving sack, but was able to exert enough strength to steady it. Then he flung it as hard as he could into the murky brown water.

Out of breath, he hunched over, hands on knees, and watched as the thrashing sack sank quickly. The cat's cries and hisses turned to silence once the sack dipped below the water's surface. A short series of bubbles followed its submersion.

When his mom asked him later that night where the cat was, he feigned ignorance and shrugged. Must have run away, he said, staring out the window.

Two weeks of flyers and a sparsely attended search party with neighbors followed. But still no cat. So his mom reluctantly gave up and bought a cute new kitten, but never fawned over it the way she did with Mr. Whiskers.

Bobby didn't care much for the new kitten, either, but rarely attacked it, instead spending most of his free time playing the new "Call of Duty" and shooting at squirrels with his air gun.

Two months passed and the boy'd forgotten all about Mr. Whiskers. Until that Tuesday, after dinner, when the gated community's groundskeeper appeared at the front door, holding a large black garbage bag.

His mom eyed the bag warily and then looked over at Bobby, who dropped his controller to the floor, rose to his feet, and stepped away from the TV. His dad got up from the La-Z-Boy nearby and gulped down a prolonged swig of beer.

The groundskeeper stared and nodded at Bobby, with a blank expression, but didn't say a word.

His mom stepped forward and reached into the bag and pulled out a partially deflated football that looked a lot like the one the boy'd lost last summer. On the side of the football was Bobby's name, in capital letters, scribbled in permanent marker.

His mom chuckled and handed the football off to his dad. His dad just sighed and then threw the ball to him, with a bit too much pop, and it stung as it landed in his arms.

The Rejected Writer

Miles Chester's stories and poems had been rejected by all the small press magazines he read. And every single response, every single rejection letter was a form letter. Never once did he get a personal response from the masses of editors he'd sent his work.

And why not? His cover letters were personal. He'd praise the magazine, mention specific pieces, writers he enjoyed. He'd address the editors by name and even request feedback. But none ever came. Always it was the same form letters. Over and over again.

Following each rejection, he'd drink vodka to dull the pain. Sometimes he'd snort bath salts and sit alone in his ground floor studio apartment, on the mattress on the floor, watching infomercials all night and listening to his next door neighbors, that young Mexican couple with the crying baby, scream and curse at each other in Spanish.

Rejections and noisy neighbors aside, Miles often had trouble sleeping at night. He'd stay awake, lying in bed, dreading waking up in the morning to go to his job at the call center, where his bosses timed his

toilet breaks and he had to repeat the same scripted greetings and responses to the angry voices in his headset.

Miles was happiest when he was writing. And when he was writing, he was writing. He'd slave over his compositions tirelessly, in front of his computer screen, until the small hours, editing and inspecting every last word. Then he'd fire off submissions to as many places as he could and hope that maybe, just maybe, he'd get finally get published and earn his big break.

But the end results were always the same. Form rejection after form rejection. And the more and more he got, the more disillusioned he became. His dreams of being the next John Cheever, Chuck Palahniuk or Raymond Carver dissipated further with each letter.

Little by little, he started to hate all the magazines he previously liked. The cute authors with their sharp wit and incomprehensible allegory! Their stupid little stories nobody other than a pompous critic could enjoy! And those oh-so clever poets and their overly metaphorical poems that no one ever really understood but somehow found so brilliant...

After receiving four form letter rejections in one day, Miles stood naked in front of his mirror that night, tears streaming down his face, and his hatred toward the small press boiled into full blown rage.

His body began to shake as he thought about the dictionary abuse by some of these writers, especially the "clever" poets. Like how many people actually use words like "mellifluous" anyway?

Damn them and damn their narcissistic diatribes! What good was poetry and stories that made no sense!? It suddenly dawned on him that most of the bullshit he had read in small press magazines was merely smug attempts by worthless authors at making themselves look smart.

Damn them! Miles thought, slapping his bathroom mirror lightly. What about his genius? Why shouldn't he be heard? Why was it that everyone else gets published? Damn them! Damn them all, Miles thought, as he slapped at his bathroom mirror harder and harder...

Damn them all with their academic, look at how great I am writing! Damn their worthless Pushcart nominations! Damn every writer and his or her pithy bio and those annoying lists of places they've been published! What a bunch of phonies! No wonder it's the "small" press! No wonder nobody reads these magazines! They all suck!

Miles then realized he'd been now punching his bathroom mirror and that his right fist was covered in bloody glass shards.

Miles saw himself hyperventilating in the shattered mirror and decided it was time to exact revenge and concurrently move beyond the incestuous small press world and really get himself noticed.

He'd recently read online about a convention, a gathering of the small press, that'd be happening in a couple weeks, only an hour away from where he lived. There, nearly every editor from every magazine that'd rejected him would be in attendance. What's more, their pictures and names were up on the website.

His plan began to materialize. He would visit the convention, with an M16, and shoot as many people as possible and then himself. But beforehand, he'd send a compilation of his writings to news agencies, big magazines, publishing houses, and popular blogs. Finally, after completing his mission, he'd be heard!

It wasn't the first time he'd plotted a killing spree. He'd done so in high school, inspired by Columbine. He'd thought up a similar attack against the jocks who'd terrorized him and his friends, but his friend who'd planned it with him chickened out, so they didn't go through with it...

Miles always had a fixation on spree killers. Sometimes he didn't agree with their motives, but he respected their courage and how they were able to make themselves heard. When he wasn't writing, he'd usually be spending hours online researching mass killings.

He particularly admired those who'd been able to kill more than 20. Anything under 20 kills he often wasn't too impressed by, except for Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, due to their teamwork, charisma and meticulous planning. (He'd even signed an online petition demanding "the basement tapes" immediate public release...)

Though he didn't care much for racists or politically motivated rampage killers like Baruch Goldstein, Dylann Roof, or Nidal Malik Hasan, probably his all-time favorite spree killer was Anders Breivik, due to his 77 kills, and use of both guns and explosives.

At number two was Seung Hui Cho for his high kill count and how badass it was that he'd chain-locked the exit doors to prevent "those spoiled brats" escape, and that he'd sent an awesome video manifesto to the media, which Miles had watched over 100 times on YouTube.

He also quite liked Adam Lanza and felt Lanza didn't get the respect he deserved among mass killers. Lanza was a writer and a student of mass killings, even editing Wikipedia pages and keeping a massive mass killer spreadsheet. Miles admired that and admired Lanza's choice of targeting an elementary school, knowing it'd generate more press.

Rounding out his top ten were Martin Bryant, the perpetrator of the Port Arthur massacre; George Hennard of the Luby's Cafeteria massacre; James Huberty of the McDonald's massacre (enjoy your Happy Meal, motherfuckers! he'd always think while watching news footage of that one); the "DC Snipers" John Allen Muhamad and Lee Boyd Malvo; Woo Bum-kon, the kooky South Korean policeman; and Charles Whitman of the University of Texas shootings.

He also kinda liked T.J. Lane for his antics in the courtroom, especially the riff to his victims' families about jerking off with the hand that killed their sons. What a laugh riot! And he loved Jiverly Wong's confession letter: "I am Jiverly Wong shooting the people..." That always cracked him up. He gave Robert Hawkins style points, too, even though he'd only killed 8 people...

Miles decided their way of making history would be his way. So he went to the gun store and bought a fully automatic assault rifle and plenty of ammo. Then he went to the army surplus store and bought some combat boots and fatigues.

When he got home, he found the movie "Taxi Driver" playing on cable. After watching it, he took a piss and stared into his reflection in the bends of his bloodied, shattered bathroom mirror and decided to shave his head into a mohawk, like the movie's protagonist, Travis Bickle.

Then he listened to Pantera's "Vulgar Display of Power" on his phone and tried to sleep, but couldn't, so he read "Catcher in the Rye" and thought about Mark David Chapman and wrote a quick poem about how Chapman should have shot Yoko, too, and sent the poem off as a submission to "Poetry Magazine", "The New York Quarterly", the "New Yorker" and even Yoko's publicist just for shits and giggles.

The next day Miles quit his job and spent the couple weeks before the convention preparing, putting together manuscripts of his writing, doing push-ups in his apartment and target practice at a local shooting range.

He repeated his routine of watching "Taxi Driver", listening to Pantera, and reading "Catcher in the Rye" every night. Every night he'd also write a poem about a different spree killer.

Finally the big day came. He was so amped up the night before that he only slept for an hour or so and when he woke up, he had a touch of vertigo, but, while taking his morning shower, he felt a tranquility and sense of calm he'd never had before.

After dressing up in his army fatigues, he grabbed his supplies, and headed out the door. Before getting into his car, he put on a pair of aviator sunglasses and dropped several packages of manuscripts into a mailbox.

He peeled out of his building's parking lot and drove to the convention. On the way there, he maintained the speed limit, listened to Pantera, and thought excitedly about how a movie might be made about him and his writings and wondered which directors and actors would be involved.

The convention was to be held at a hotel downtown. But when he arrived to the hotel lobby, carrying a duffel bag, the young lady at the reception desk eyed him curiously.

She asked him if she could help him and he asked her where the convention was. She warily pointed him to a conference room down the hall. Without responding to her, he turned and began to walk in its direction.

As he neared the room, he noticed there were only middle aged men hanging around outside the conference room's doors. They all had on three piece suits and a lot of them had slicked back hair. None of them looked like writers or the pictures of editors he saw on the website.

As he drew closer, a couple of the middle aged men went inside and, from behind where they'd been standing, he saw a sign that read: "Rich Dad, Poor Dad."

Dejected, he thought for a second of carrying out his plan, going in there and opening fire, but he decided against it. Instead, he went back to his car and drove home.

When he got home, he logged onto the Internet and tried to check the convention page, but when he typed the address, all it brought up was a blank window, containing an Error 404 "Page Not Found" message.

Non-Nude Preteen Model

He lived in a ground floor apartment, next to the playground. Through his blinds he liked to watch the children. Especially the little girls.

There was one girl in particular, must have been 10 or so. He didn't know her name so he gave her one. "Melody" he called her.

Melody always wore ballerina clothes. Tiara, tutu, all that. She'd carry a fairy wand and wave it around and dance and pirouette near the jungle gym.

Her movements dazzled him. So graceful and smooth. That slender frame. Those budding breasts.

He loved the way the sun would glint and sparkle off her golden hair. The way her pig tails rested on her shoulders.

She occupied his thoughts endlessly. Sure, he fantasized of her sexually, and would pleasure himself while watching her from behind his blinds. But his feelings were more than merely sexual. He genuinely longed for her romantically.

He'd picture the two of them slow dancing somewhere in the forest, Mozart in the background. Them having candlelit lobster dinners in posh restaurants. Walking through the streets of Paris. In a gondola in Venice. Them in a convertible, top down, cruising the Mediterranean coast.

The majority of his free time was spent on Melody, but he liked other young girls, too. Not only on the playground but also on various non-nude preteen model sites.

He enjoyed viewing the photos of scantily clad prepubescents in high heels, makeup, and thongs. Especially when they bent over. Pretty much every time he visited those sites he'd wind up masturbating.

After masturbating, he'd wash his hands in scalding water. Then he'd delete the photos and clear his browser's history. Sometimes he'd cry. Sometimes he'd pray to God. Sometimes he'd cut himself w/a razor blade, usually near his armpit.

Curiously, he never cried or cut himself w/Melody, though. Not even w/the photos he'd taken of her from between his blinds. She felt different.

However, shortly after the crash of Flight 150, his relationship w/Melody took a turn for the worst.

He began having unsettling visions, which'd usually occur while he surfed the Internet. In them, he'd be alone on a white sandy beach w/her. They stood naked, facing each other, on the shore, crystal clear blue water lapping at their feet.

He'd hear a soft sibilance and see a raging fire somewhere off in the distance. Ashes floating around them, he'd gently finger her bald vagina while she cried into her hands.

His erect penis would then grow, into a boa constrictor-like snake, and it'd wrap itself around Melody's neck and strangle her. As she gasped for air and slapped at it, he'd come to, out of breath, screaming and grabbing and punching at his crotch.

These visions disturbed him terribly. He hated them. To cope he cut himself more and in different places. Sometimes even the tip of his penis.

But it didn't help and the visions evolved into a series of night terrors, which all took place in his kitchen.

In every one, teeth unloosened in his mouth as bent Melody over, in front of the kitchen sink, which was running and producing a deafening hissing sound. The window behind the sink would burst into flames and he'd pull a plastic bag over Melody's head, yank her tights and flowery panties down to her feet and his snake-penis'd shove itself inside her and rape her, under her tutu, blood streaming down her legs.

He'd often awaken from these nightmares w/o clothes, in the kitchen, sweating, out of breath, holding his penis in one hand and a plastic bag in the other. A few times, upon awakening, he found he'd defecated on the kitchen floor.

The nightmares were so vivid and disturbing that he didn't want to sleep anymore and decided he wouldn't. So he went over to the rough part of town and purchased some meth from a guy in a hooded sweatshirt. Then he went back home and snorted it.

The drug kept him up for three days. During this time he called in sick to work, watched the 700 Club, cut himself and did all he could to erase his thoughts of Melody.

But it was no use. And the stuff in his visions and nightmares he started seeing all the time. He saw Melody in every room of his apartment. Appearing and disappearing. Sometimes nude. Sometimes w/a plastic bag over her head.

What's more, her left leg seemed to be deformed, and she'd often limp toward him before disappearing.

And he swore his penis really was a snake, and every time he went to urinate, he sat down to piss so he wouldn't have to look at it.

And that awful hissing sound soon began to replace the volume on his computer and TV. And it'd even bleed into his mind, drowning out his thoughts.

He worried what might happen, like really happen. That he might go outside to the playground and try something. Little by little, he realized he couldn't control himself. Eventually, however, God told him what to do.

Around midnight, he made a few holes in a plastic bag, pulled it over his head, painted a cross on his bedroom wall w/his own feces and mumbled a quick prayer to it. Then he prostrated and crawled on his elbows and knees into the kitchen, where he stumbled up to his feet and flung open the drawer under the sink and dug out a Ginsu knife he'd bought from an infomercial.

Fishing out his dick from his soiled sweatpants, he tugged its tip, elongated it and swung downwards w/the knife, hacking it off at the base.

Blood erupted from his crotch like a geyser. He threw his amputated appendage into the kitchen sink and saw it slither into the drain. He then flipped on the garbage disposal.

Then he collapsed to the floor and saw a flickering computer screen image of Melody hovering atop his kitchen counter. She was smiling, w/her arms reaching out. He smiled back and pushed the button.

KKK Cannibal Dentist (with Frankie Metro)

9:35PM: Patient, Mr. Jethro Flatual, returns home from weekly Klu Klux Klan potluck dinner. Mr. Flatual folds Klan robe, enters living room, practices children's puppet show re: myth of the Holocaust. Drinks canister of Pabst Blue Ribbon. Briefly juggles three apples and attempts hand to foot slapping/jumping dance to German folk music playing at volume 6 ½ on his iHome.

10:47PM: Mr. Flatual initiates bedtime routine. Disrobes, cakes face in avocado, enters bathroom in order to brush teeth.*

(*Patient is maniacal re: oral hygiene, brushing, gargling, flossing after every meal. Maintains fully loaded dental kit on his person at all times. Kit includes: 2X spool floss, toothpaste, toothbrush, Listerine, dental tape, toothpicks, and 9/10 dentist recommended chewing gum.**)

(**Patient is extremely proud of his teeth, like parent of child. Perhaps subconsciously, he unleashes his sizable arsenal of nigger jokes at any opportunity simply so he can flash his prized pearly whites upon delivery of punchlines.)

10:54PM: Tooth brushing commences. Only seconds pass before sharp pain from second left mandibular molar jolts Mr. Flatual. Cringing, patient withdraws toothbrush, finds it reddened w/blood. Contorts mouth, inspects orifice in mirror, discovers hemorrhaging originating from gums below affected molar. Hemorrhaging rapidly intensifies. Patient spits globs of blood into sink, begins hyperventilating. Dashes out into living room, digs through pile of "White Power 8.8" pamphlets, unearths phone book. Locates Dr. White DDS, 24/7 emergency dental services, after disregarding other two 24/7 dentists whose names sound Jewish. Mumbling and crying, patients phones Dr. White, reaches answering service, makes immediate appointment.

10:57PM: Patient exits front door avocado faced, wearing only furry Bugs Bunny slippers and dark green boxer briefs. Jumps into pickup truck, peels out driveway hastily, running over and crushing plastic toys and tricycle used by neighbor's children. Hears hiss and cry of unidentified cat.

11:22PM: After short drive in which patient doubles/triples speed limit/ignores all red lights/stop signs, patient arrives at Dr. White's office, which is located in rear partition of Dr. White's McMansion style residence. Patient double parks horizontally in gravel driveway.

11:23PM: Banging on door of office partition, blood previously slowly trickling down patient's jaw/chin is now gushing, trailing fluidly in veins down patient's neck, chest, and distended stomach.

11:26PM: Door answered by short frail white woman of indeterminate age, her bleach blond hair obscuring face. Patient is shown to operating room where he climbs into dental chair and is temporarily blinded by white hot circular light just inches from his head, which is illuminated w/o warning. Squinting eyes shut, patient just barely witnesses pair of arms extend from behind field of vision and feels someone or something insert some sort of apparatus that stretches his mouth agape, locking it open. Patient also feels suction tube jam in under tongue and hears whirring vacuuming sound. Smells mint. Then, through tiny horizontal slit in between clenched eye lids, patient witnesses dentist, Dr. White, a black man of enormous physical size, i.e. about 6'7"/tremendously muscular, enter operating room. Dentist's shoes make peculiar squeaks on tile floor.

11:27PM: Dr. White, wearing scrubs, surgical mask, safety goggles, and head lamp walks towards patient, Mr. Flatual, wielding huge syringe, aimed dead at patient's mouth. Patient tries to kick at Dr. White, but such attempts render feckless, as patient has been secured by restraints to dental chair.

11:28PM: (Whirring suction sound increases notably in volume and blends harmonically with soft hum of room's central AC vent.)

11:29PM: Dr. White DDS jabs needle, angling it into patient's mandibular gums, sending sharp stinging wave of pain sweeping across entirety of patient's jaw. Only seconds later whole left side of patient's face is frozen numb. Patient gasps, is unable to enunciate words from underneath dental contraption caging his mouth. About a minute later patient again sees arm poke out from behind field of vision. Arm covers patient's nose with a clear mask-like plastic casing. About another minute later patient falls unconscious.

12:56AM: Patient awakes to sensation of thick/warm object probing his mouth. Looking up, he sees Dr. White levitating over top of him, the dentist's body glowing radiantly, neon green, the dentist's arms outstretched, having shifted into white feathered angel wings. Dr. White's pants are around his ankles, and his penis, which resembles a boa constrictor, is plowing, on its own accord, into patient's mouth. Scattered about the room are African tribesmen, with pierced faces and painted bodies, some of whom

are dancing in circles around dental chair, beating on chests, warrior chanting. Patient sees individual he believes to be Adolf Hitler down by foot of chair, naked, in legs behind head yoga position. Mr. Flatual also spots conjoined hip Siamese twin Barack Obamas in back left corner of room savaging frail white woman who'd answered door. One Barack Obama is twisting out her teeth with pliers and other is tearing open her Caesarean section scar w/bare hands and is scooping out and feasting on her inner organs like zombie.

12:58PM: Patient catches sudden whiff of peanut butter and tastes something salty. Thinks he feels vibration of his cell phone. Fades back unconscious.

6:36AM: Patient awakens in waiting room of Dr. White's office, clad in lime green hospital gown, sitting next to Klan buddy, Cleetus. Cleetus is shaking hands with Dr. White DDS, who is still wearing scrubs but no surgical mask. Dr. White no longer is black, instead, having blond hair and blue eyes and white skin, although he does possess that faux white skin, black person painted white look.

6:41AM: ()

6:47AM: Cleetus and small frail black lady, her face obscured by dreadlocks, help patient out to idling pickup truck. Cleetus's pickup truck, as patient's is nowhere to be seen. Patient, unable to speak, begins to shake/develop spittle in corners of mouth/form tears/cry. Appears as though he is trying to tell Cleetus something. Something important. However, Cleetus punches patient in arm, pushes him into pickup truck. Patient glances up into rear view mirror and sees himself in painted black face, like character from a minstrel show. His mouth is swollen like chipmunk's. Patient again tries to mumble something to Cleetus, who again punches patient in arm, instructing him in no uncertain terms to shut up. Cleetus then makes derisive quip about patient's prized teeth, before grinding pickup truck's ignition, shifting into reverse, and driving, still in reverse, down residential street, into direction of a low hanging morning sun.

9:35PM: Patient turns off the t.v. which until this point has been illuminated with boisterous images from blackploitation cinema. Patient has recently sat threw both Bucktown U.S.A. and Foxy Brown. Patient is forty seven tomorrow. Patient remembers the first time he ever heard of Huey P. Newton and throws remote at television. Picks up an obscure title from the coffee table next to his glass of rye whiskey. Generic. The book contains Franz Kafka's short story: Metamorphosis. He reads while sipping

the spirits. He is amazed at how naïve white people can be..."Only a white man would wonder what it would be like to be a cockroach!" he spits when he speaks to the shadows. "Black folk know what it's like to live underneath someone's heel and try to keep your spine intact...Just try!" The whiskey is stronger than usual as he reads on...unable to pull himself away from the story- because of its "absurdity" he convinces himself. He inadvertently bites the brim of the glass. His right front canine shatters under the pressure. The cavity is in the root...

10:47 PM: (some years prior) Patient is attending premiere screening of American Gangster starring Denzel Washington at local cinema. Patient stops at counter and buys one box of Milk Duds. No popcorn. "Kernels get stuck in my teeth all the time. 'Bout like something white to be annoying and always in the way..." he murmurs at 17 year old Caucasian cashier, who only works the night shift.

Minutes later when patient bites into first Milkdud, he notices a sharp pain around the gumline of front right canine. Patient ignores. The movie is long, but good. The Milkduds go fast. During the scene where Denzel shoots a rival mob boss in broad daylight, mid- day in the streets of New York- during the late 1960's, with all those token whitefolk walking the streets of Harlem and Denzel obviously not giving a fuck seeing as how he's a cold motherfucker and all...patient rushes to concession stand to purchase a second box...Fuck the pain.

11:22PM: (present evening) After searching for several minutes for a twenty-four hour dentist "in this po-dunk town", patient pulls into the parking of Dr. Black's Emergency Dental Clinic. OPEN 24/7 bleeds the red neon marquee over the doorway. The doors themselves are automatic and make a strange sound when opening. Patient swears he hears "Nig-gurrr" when the motion sensor beeps and alerts the staff to his presence in the lobby. Not someone in the waiting room, but a mechanical racial epitaph of sorts. As if it had been programmed to alert the employees of a "coon" running lose in the hallway...Patient shakes off the idea that he is paranoid. 'There was definitely something strange about that fucking thing...'

11:26PM: Patient approaches the front desk and is met by what he perceives to be a snide smirk from short, frail black woman. "Yes?...Can I-help you?" Patient explains situation in a cross manner, which is not lost on receptionist who is equally nasty in her retort. "I suppose you don't have insurance right?" Patient slams counter with his fist. "What the fuck does that mean?" The receptionist remains unphased by the display as she reaches for a form. "That's what I thought. (sighs) Please fill these out, front to back, and check the payment arrangement option that best suits you. The doctor will see you momentarily." Patient violently jerks the clipboard from the receptionist. "What the fuck ever! Just tell 'em to hurry up. My shit is throbbing." He stares menacingly at her. 'What the fuck is her problem?' he thinks to himself. "I've seen too many broke-ass niggas come in and out of here." She replies, as he questions whether she had heard his thoughts or he had voiced them openly.

11:29PM: Patient is led to back room before he can finish filling out the proper documentation. There is a more relevant sense of urgency in the dental assistant's actions and demeanor, as she leads him to one of the vacant rooms. In fact all rooms are vacant and the way she shakes that bubble ass in those scrubs makes his dick hard as he follows her down the fluorescent hallway... He thinks what it would be like to pull her in a dark room and get up in that little pussy. Whether it was fat or she had a large labia was no concern. He had heard white girls keep themselves pretty neat down there and was always curious to find out for himself. But, the opportunity never presented itself and thankfully so. 'Brothers got enough problems these days without adding to it by fucking a white bitch.' He thought as she told him to take a seat in the chair. "Dr. Black will be right in."

11:40 PM: The door opens and the assistant appears with several indistinct instruments in tow on a small tray attached to a 3 ft cart. She wheels the tools of the trade next to the patient who looks overtly perplexed. "Where's the doc? This shit really hurts!" The assistant places her delicate ivory hand on his shoulder, which he finds ashamedly comforting. "Easy, hun. He'll be in here in a second. He's just reviewing the x-rays. Now, I need for you to put this mask on for me." She places the plastic apparatus around his mouth and secures the ties behind his ears. "Now I'm going to turn on the nitrous, and I want you to count backward from 10 for me okay?" The patient is still curious to Dr. Black's whereabouts. The assistant moves the overhead light just above patients head and goes for the nozzle on the nitrous tank. "Oh! Dr. Black." The door opens and closes behind her. I thought you were still reviewing those x-rays. I was gonna-" "Yea yea. I see what you were going to do." Dr. Black interrupts. "I'll take it from here." Patient peeks over shoulder to see a burly white man in his early forties wearing a long lab coat. He has a greasy, unkempt mullet, which leaves brown stains on the collar of his coat. His fingers are fat and covered in what appears to be motor oil. He spits a glob of tobacco juice into a vintage spittoon located at the back of the door and scratches his groin as he takes a seat beside the patient. "So boy...what seems to be the problem here?" Patient makes out an iron cross on the back of Dr. Black's, just behind the left ear before the light is readjusted and he can see nothing else. "Well...looks like you need a root canal boy. Guess you come to the only place that could help at this hour huh?" Dr. Black slaps his knee and cackles manically. "Hahaha! It's a joke boy. You can lau-well, I guess it would be hard with that thing over your mouth eh?" The patient's contempt for the "good" doctor swells almost to the proportion of his gumline, which is slowly becoming more and more infected. "Well, shit. I ain't one for small talk usually. Let's get 'er done! Hahaha! I don't guess you watch the Blue Collar Comedy Troupe do you?" Patient fixates his eyes on Dr. Black's with a foreboding glance. "Yea." Dr. Black turns the nozzle on the nitrous. "I 'figgered as much."

12:56 PM: Patient awakes to the sound of deeo moans and the lose jingle of a brass belt buckle.. All he can see is a mound of leather, which he makes out as being the back of the dental chair, While he careens against it in a succession of violent thrusts; patient gets the impression that his body is not his own when he feels a warm explosion splash against his prostate. "Arrrrrrrrrrggghh!!!" He hears Dr. Black's southern drawl behind him as it bounces from the multiple corners of the room. Patient catches a glimpse of the sweaty redneck behind him in the dental mirror-which is resting on the arm of the chair-secured by a metal clamp. The dentist is surrounded by both the black receptionist and the white assistant as they perform cunnilingus on each other with forked tongues that are covered in gangrenous

whelps. He turns his neck to scream but no words come out. In an opposite corner of the room, behind the two ladies who have begun to scissor each other while reciting Malcolm X speeches verbatim, the patient makes out what appears to be Marcellus Wallace (Ving Rhames) being anally raped by Zed from Pulp Fiction on the flatscreen t.v. Above the t.v. is a rebel flag with the face of Hank Williams Jr. emblazoned in the middle. The words: "The South Will Rise Again" are displayed in Times New Roman text surrounding the bearded menace and it almost looks as though the son of a bitch is laughing at him while this is taking place. Rod Serling peeks up over the headrest of the chair, making eye contact with the patient and shakes his head in agreement of the sodomy. Patient notices there is an eerie glow coming from the window where the blinds were drawn earlier. A set of burning crosses turn the sky into a mixture of ash and regret as he loses consciousness once again.

6:36 AM: Patient awakes to the sounds of larks outside the window. The crosses are gone. The event itself is shrouded in gaseous mystery. The door opens behind him as he hears a pair of squeaky shoes approaching. A tall black man with a full goatee and corn-rows sits by his side-clipboard in hand. "Alright. It looks like we're all done here, hun. Sorry it took so long. That was one of the hardest root canals I've ever had to perform. That cavity was really bad. I really suggest staying away from the Milk Duds there." Patient's cheeks are still numb, but some words are decipherable. "Whoo...are, you? Where's that son of a bitch Dr. Black?" The dentist looks at patient puzzled. "Now I know we hit a couple of rough spots during the procedure...But that's no reason to be call me names, hun." Patient leans forward dizzily in the chair. "You been smokin' that sherm, nigga? Where the fuck is that cracker Dr. Black? I know he's still here! Tell 'em to get his saltine ass in here now. I got beef!" The dentist places his hand on patient's shoulder, but it is not comforting. "Now Mrs. Brown...I know you're a little upset at being here all night but-" "Mrs. Brown?!" the patient screams. He grabs the dental mirror from the armrest and holds it up to face-level. The reflection is a young, Caucasian woman-mid to late 20's with blond hair and blue eyes. "Are you okay Mrs. Brown? Should I call your husband back here? Jamal's in the waiting room. Been there waiting on you all night." Patient stares blankly into mirror.

Rampage

Steven Barkley awoke slowly, sat up in bed, and checked the clock radio on his nightstand. It was 6:41 am. Wiping his eyes, he staggered out of bed and into the kitchen.

He had a quick breakfast of instant coffee, toast and a banana and then brushed his teeth, got dressed, opened his umbrella and ventured out into the elements.

It so cold outside he could see his breath. The icy, horizontal rain and wind lashing at his face didn't make things any better, either, and he tried to angle his umbrella into the wind's direction, to shield himself, but it was to no avail. There was simply no stopping Mother Nature's wrath on this morning.

The wind and rain whipped at him seemingly from all angles, soaking his work slacks and powder blue dress shirt entirely, drenching his loafers, too. His feet became so water logged and the standing water on the street so high that he felt like he was walking through wet concrete.

After somehow making it a couple blocks, he saw his bus stop off in the distance. A huddled mass bravely tried to form a queue beside it, but were thwarted by the constant splashing of water from the road's traffic. With each wave crashing at them, they'd duck and cower backwards.

Steven saw a taxi with darkly tinted windows parked on the side of the street and tapped on its driver side window. The back door opened automatically and he trudged in, slamming the door behind him.

"Some weather we're having, eh?" He muttered to the taxi driver, whose face was barely visible underneath the large hood of a black sweatshirt.

The taxi driver didn't respond. Steven rolled his eyes, barked out the address, and picked up part of a partially soaked newspaper from the taxi's floor and tried to read it.

The paper appeared to be in English and looked like one of the usual free city papers, but for some reason it made no sense to him. It was like it was in another language. He couldn't understand a word. Confused, he set it back down on the floor and got out a few minutes later at his destination.

The rain had cleared up by the time he stepped out of the taxi, but the sky was still overcast. Steven gazed up and saw a singular heavy black cloud hovering above him. Not wanting to get drenched again, he rushed into his office building.

Walking in, he pulled out his ID card to swipe at the security desk in the foyer. Taking out the card from his wallet, he noticed it had his picture but with a different name. A security guard he'd never seen before then greeted him friendly in a language that sounded like English, though Steven couldn't understand a word of it.

Thinking he'd just not had enough coffee, or that maybe it was the guard's thick regional accent, Steven nodded politely, swiped his card, went through the lobby and rode the elevator upstairs to his office.

Once he got to his floor, several of his colleagues passed by him, and spoke to him in the same strange language the guard had spoken. All were smiling and seemed honestly happy to see him. But Steven couldn't make out a word of what they were saying, not a word of it. So he just nodded politely to them and faked a smile.

Starting to feel extremely uncomfortable, Steven rushed into his office and shut the door behind him, locking it immediately. His backpack then felt unusually heavy and he set it upon his desk, unzipped it, and lost his breath at the sight of its contents.

Inside were several grenades and an Uzi, with a bunch of spare clips, fully loaded.

Steven stumbled backwards, placed his hand on his chest, and could feel that underneath his shirt was a bulletproof vest.

Steven zipped up his bag and exited the building as quickly as he could, ignoring everyone on his way out. He didn't even take the elevator, either, instead he ran down the stairwell and out a side exit.

As he got out of the building, the rain started to pour again. Fortunately for him, though, the same taxi, the one with the darkly tinted windows and hooded driver, idled out front.

The back door again automatically opened and the second he got in, he heard a cacophony of sirens and saw police cars, fire engines, and ambulances, coming from all directions, swarming onto the scene.

The taxi peeled out post-haste. Once Steven got back to his apartment, he flipped on the TV and saw aerial footage of his office building, flames and smoke pouring out of its sides and particularly gruesome pictures of carnage, with several of his co-workers staggering out of the building, bloodied and in tears, bodies being carried away on stretchers.

The newscasters in the studio and reporters on the scene all had grim expressions on their faces and spoke animatedly in that language Steven couldn't understand. He couldn't make out any of the news crawls, either.

Then Steven saw a picture of himself on the TV, with that same picture from his work ID card, and with the same name that wasn't his.

Hyperventilating, Steven felt nauseous, ran into the bathroom and vomited in the toilet. Then he heard screaming and loud banging coming from his front door. Steven hurriedly closed and locked the bathroom door, spun around and suddenly noticed himself in the bathroom mirror.

He had dark red blood splattered all over his face and was holding an empty bottle of pills.

PTSD

When they first met, through a mutual acquaintance, she wasn't exactly smitten. He was short, not very handsome, and shy to the point of being awkward. Plus, he seemed somewhat aloof.

But at least he was there.

Following a brief courtship, he grew on her and surprisingly proposed, only one week before his deployment.

When she told her parents over the phone, her dad was indifferent, but her mom was apoplectic, saying how he was all wrong, how she could see it in those pale blue eyes of his, how you could never trust a man w/a cleft chin, and, worst of all, how he was Irish and Catholic.

But she didn't really care what they said. She was 29 and her options were running thin. She knew she had to get married. And fast. So the next day they eloped.

He left six days later, via Greyhound bus, on a windy night.

After he left she couldn't sleep because she couldn't stop crying. She stayed up until dawn, sobbing into her pillow, listening to the howling wind beat at the bedroom window.

His tour was to be 18 months. And, from his first day gone, she barely heard anything from him, except for an occasional brief letter, usually requesting stuff from home, like magazines, candy, or clothes.

Ever since he'd left that windy night, she'd had problems sleeping. First it was because she'd cry uncontrollably the second she got into bed, but then it turned into plain insomnia. She'd just sit up all night in bed, listening to the ceiling fan, the weather, barking dogs in the distance, cars, or whatever other sound God, the house, or the neighborhood made.

However, although her insomnia worried her, she never felt tired the next day after not sleeping. She didn't exactly feel awake but wasn't really tired. But she was smart enough to know it wasn't healthy, the not sleeping, so she saw her doctor and got a prescription for a new type of sleep medication.

The medication worked like magic and she was sleeping well again. And, to her surprise, one snowy evening, her husband returned home, after only five months.

He seemed different, more aloof than before. And his hands were cold as ice cubes, even after being inside the house. He told her his tour of duty had been shortened due to reductions in troop levels. That he'd been honorably discharged.

Then, after only being home for a little while, he slipped out the front door, w/o saying a word, and didn't come back home for days.

And so this routine continued. He'd show up late at night, only for a few minutes, often smelling of liquor, and then he'd disappear again. Wouldn't answer his cell phone, either. She had no idea where he'd go and would be worried sick.

She quickly tired of his transience and confronted him about it. But what she got in return shocked her. He slapped her, w/a freezing cold hand, across the face. Then he threw her to the floor, lifted up her nightgown, raped her, and took off again, into the night.

This became the new routine. He'd come home at night, every few days. She'd yell at him and he'd slap her around w/his cold hands and sexually attack her.

She began to hate him and thought of leaving. Thoughts swirled in her head of killing him. But things changed when she fell pregnant.

Throughout the pregnancy, he changed. Though she only saw him sporadically, and only at night, when he was there, he was kind to her. He didn't hit her anymore and his hands were warm. He'd tell her she was beautiful and lay w/her in bed and hold her. But when she'd beg him to be there more, he'd never respond. He'd just run his fingers through her hair and stare blankly out the window.

However, after the baby was born, and he never saw her in the hospital, things worsened dramatically. He'd not just show up late at night reeking of liquor, but would do so wearing her clothes, usually her church dresses, and he'd beat her relentlessly, his hands again cold, and he began to rape her anally.

During his sexual attacks, he started threatening to kill the baby. She didn't think he'd go through w/it, but one night, after fisting her, he told her he couldn't stand the baby's cries any longer.

He stormed into the baby's room and yanked the infant from the crib and shook and slapped the baby across the face so hard that blood splattered from its tiny mouth.

Enraged, she ran to their bedroom, grabbed the 9MM he kept under the mattress, and ran back into the baby's room. There, she saw him w/his hands around the baby's neck, strangling it.

She pointed the gun at him and he unhandd the baby and raised his hands to the air. He then sidestepped slowly, out of the baby's room, and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

Lowering the gun to her hip, she dashed over to the baby, and, despite its incessant cries and a tiny bit of blood around the corner of its mouth, it seemed fine. She scooped it up into her arms, brought it to bed w/her, took a handful of pills and fell asleep, w/the baby to her left and the gun to her right.

When she awoke the next morning, there was someone banging loudly on her front door. Wiping away the sleep from her eyes, she didn't see the baby or the gun anywhere. She groggily stumbled downstairs and opened the door.

In her doorway were two uniformed soldiers holding an American flag folded tightly into a triangle. One of them asked if she was "...". She confirmed. The soldier went on to say that he deeply regretted to inform her that there'd been an incident in Fallujah, involving a routine patrol...

Timothy

I wasn't a rich kid but wasn't poor, either. Being an only child, I got a lot of toys and presents from my parents and relatives. By the time I was 9, the basement had become my play area and was full of GI Joe's, Legos, stuffed animals, and all sorts of other little kid stuff.

Many of the other families in my neighborhood weren't too well off. I guess they were poor. Though I never really thought about it back then.

There was this one kid named "Timothy" who I'd play with sometimes. One weekend he slept over at my house. I don't recall much about his being there other than him getting sick and vomiting on the way up the stairs.

Not long afterward, he and his mom showed up to my door. His mom looked angry and told me he had something to say.

Head held low, he handed me a GI Joe figure I didn't even really recognize, and said, without eye contact: "Sorry for stealing your toy."

I didn't know how to respond. I kept silent as he and his mom turned away from my doorstep and vanished into the cold of the night.

A couple days later on the playground he mentioned laughingly about the time he stole my toy. Even at that age, however, I could sense something uncomfortable in his voice and that his smile and laugh were forced.

I forced a smile and laughed along. We never talked again after that.

Pampers

Paul was always a fuck up. Even back when we were kids in summer camp. Remember he used to wet his bed and get into confrontations w/everybody. Eventually he got kicked out of our cabin and banished to some empty bunk, all by himself. Was banned from activities too. Pretty much the whole camp hated him.

Didn't see him for a couple years after that, until high school. Freshman year, first day, after school, ran into him outside as we waited on different buses. I went up and said hello, but he snubbed me. Acted like he didn't know me. Never saw him around school after that.

A few years later, I heard from a friend that Paul'd lost a couple teeth in a fistfight outside an all-night diner. He'd called my friend from a payphone at 3AM, sobbing and talking about how he'd punched out a window in the diner and that the cops were coming and that he wanted to die.

Most recently I heard he'd been robbed at gunpoint by a mutual acquaintance. Not only was a pound of his hash stolen, but he'd been pistol-whipped and tormented for a half hour or so. Supposedly he shitted his pants. Everyone was talking about it and calling him "Pampers."

After that, he had a nervous breakdown, became a hippie, and moved out to San Francisco.

Apparently out there he and some friends were planning to pool together to buy an old Ferrari so they could drive it up and down the hills.

Wonder how that's working out for him.

The Skinhead

Big Jim was a skinhead. I'm not sure if he was a racist, neo-nazi type skinhead, but he was a muscular white guy with a shaved head who always wore a bomber jacket and combat boots, so, at least to me and my friends, he was a skinhead.

Big Jim used to hang around our high school and fuck this freshman stoner chick. I don't know how old Big Jim was, but he was definitely a few years older than us.

My friend Eduardo, this skinny Mexican dude, had a crush on Big Jim's stoner chick. Whenever we'd get high, he'd always tell me how he wanted to smoke a joint while she rode his dick.

Eventually he got his chance to do just that. Over this three day weekend, at a small party at my house, while my parents were away, Eduardo showed up to my doorstep, drunk and alongside the stoner chick.

We three went up to my room and the stoner chick broke out a gigantic slab of hash and we all ripped bong hits off it. Around the third cycle of the bong, Eduardo and the stoner chick ripped off their clothes and started fucking, right in front of me, on my bed.

Now I'm sure I could have joined in, as I saw her eying me as they fucked. But I knew my friend had feelings for her, so I kept at bay and continued to smoke up on her hash.

The next day, my friend showed up to my house alone and told me how the stoner chick dumped him. How she all of a sudden didn't want to see him anymore.

He was hurt. I told him to forget about it, but he couldn't.

A few weeks later, there was this morning at school when a girl's purse went missing. Security searched everyone's lockers, but it still didn't turn up. An hour or so later someone left an anonymous post-it note on the stoner chick's desk saying: "I know you stole the purse, bitch!"

The stoner chick broke down crying, stormed out of class, and disappeared from school.

It was around lunchtime that she returned, riding shotgun in Big Jim's car, and they drove slowly up to the parking lot across the street from school where we'd all eat and smoke cigarettes.

Pulling into the parking lot, she pointed Eduardo out to Big Jim and Big Jim parked and got out of his clunky late model Buick and strode straight up to him.

The two of them stared each other down. It looked like they were gonna fight. Which would have been bad for my friend, because Big Jim probably would have kicked the living shit out of him. But no punches were thrown.

After some initial posturing, Big Jim just started laughing and told my friend to forget about the whole thing. They shook hands and Big Jim invited Eduardo and me to come chill with him in the woods behind the parking lot and smoke some chronic shit he had.

Eduardo and I gladly accepted his offer and ditched afternoon classes to go with him. The stoner chick even joined us, too.

Big Jim smoked us all up and we laughed and talked and listened to Bob Marley on a boombox and had a good time. I thought everything was cool.

But afterward, at Eduardo's house that evening, Eduardo started talking about how he wanted to kill Big Jim. He called up his cousin, a member of the Latin Kings street gang, and his cousin came over and they kicked around ideas of how to kill the "puto" as we smoked PCP and drank ghetto wine.

It turned out, though, that they'd never get the chance. About a week after the stare down and subsequent bong hit session, Big Jim got into an accident. A bad one.

He'd been taking acid and him and some friends went out "train surfing," jumping down from bridges onto the roofs of trains and riding the trains to wherever.

Well, unfortunately for Big Jim, when he leaped down from a bridge, he didn't land on top of the train. Instead, he fell in between train carriages, and his left leg got caught in the machinery and ripped off his body.

Miraculously, he survived and was in the hospital for a while. A couple girls from our school visited him there and brought him coloring books and food.

However, the stoner chick didn't join them. She didn't even visit him in the hospital once. She stopped talking to him immediately after she'd heard the news.

And he didn't come around our school anymore after his accident.

Interview with a Vampire

It's New Year's Eve.

The vampire and I sit in a smoky bar overlooking the Himalayas.

It's colder inside than it is outside.

The vampire's wearing only combat boots, an undershirt, and tightie whities. He's got a Welsh Dragon tattooed on his muscular right deltoid.

He says he's 43, but in the right lighting he looks mid-30s, even though both his fangs are chipped and his hairline is receding.

The vampire says he's traveled to 85 countries and that he once fingered a Korean chick on a flight to Seoul.

He goes on about how his worst travel experience was getting giardia in Egypt and that he loves Cricket but hates American Football.

The vampire leans in closer to me, getting only two or so inches from my ear, then whispers over warm, gin soaked breath:

"The things people say when they're mad or drunk, those are the things they really think. If you ever want to know what a person truly thinks about you, just get them mad or drunk."

Then the vampire slugs down the rest of his drink, smashes his glass on the counter, spins around and punches me in the face.

Interview with a Vampire 2

The vampire and I are on adjacent stools in an airport bar.

The vampire is fiftyish, bloated, and eerily pale. He wears shiny wingtips and a tacky suit and looks sort of like someone from the Sopranos.

We watch ESPN on a muted TV hovering above us, like God.

The vampire hums Enya, then turns to me and says it's amazing how we don't just live one life, but many lives. How who you were at 16, 26, or 36, those are essentially different people...

He checks his watch and suddenly gets angry at an acne-faced young woman at a table nearby, whom he overhears squawking into her cell phone something about "karma."

Pulling out a wad of crumpled bills from his pocket, and picking out a few to pay for his drink, the vampire vehemently proclaims there's no such thing as karma, and if there was, why did the bankers, Stalin, and Mao get away with what they did? Why will George W. Bush die warm in his bed?

The vampire yells "bullshit!" so loudly everyone in the bar can hear it. Then gets down from his stool, and I notice he's got a prosthetic leg.

Pushing the Wheel Barrel of Regret

The ashes we remember

Soil every seed...

The pain in the garden

Fulfills every need...

Laughing sideways, convulsing in secret

Pushing the wheel barrel of regret-

We'll televise our confessions;

because life is just an IED

never a box of chocolates

or an innocuous evening stroll...

EVERY DECEMBER WE MUST REMEMBER!!!!!!

... there will be no accounting of the broken files

...when seizures sever the chins of the mounting token smiles

(really it's quite similar to the nomadic goat-herders of Mongolia when one contemplates it)

So just use

the proper utensils

And flush

the mildew like a clam

(Stopping to smell the caramelized onions once in a while!)

This is all anyone can ever really do

I Set my Hair on Fire Whist She Fucked Her Boyfriend

I set my hair on fire

Because her eyes

are so crystal

Blue

like a carious Caribbean Sea

And now she

laughs in a daydream far away

Pouring sexual silk astray

Milking tampons in dismay

On her exhibited display

Night thoughts-

despondent-

feckless in disarray

AND I AM

Languishing hollow,

through wrist slitting sonnets

as she renders diffident cackles-

all very respondent to a depleted decay

I was born in this burial gown

Subconsciously,
she burglarizes every terrific tomorrow...
a gruesome gesture of testicular amputation-
a fire-breathing panty-clad corpse so
bipedal, Darwin's luck, her
text-message ringing elsewhere and
her ocular telepathy
playing inseminial,
subliminal communicates
forwards,
diagonally,
mumbling...
Terminal...
Her crumbling hourglass anomalous to a swastika
And now.
As a banshee in bondage.
I WILL scream at her mirror!
Lest we not forget Melbourne?!
Melbourne!
Loading kangaroos
onto assembly lines
with pockets of pearls
Melbourne!
Kangaroos hopping backwards
Sizzling in her sun
Melbourne!
Kangaroos flopping comatose
Rumbling in her rum
Melbourne, the palace of infamy!

Mierda!

Can't SHE see? That was ME again!

I WAS the kangaroo

I AM the kangaroo

Oh, what the hell,

Never Mind!!!!!!!!!!!!

She's probably fucking her boyfriend as I write this

Passive Aggressive

Crane your head

Just walk away

Scribble down words

You'd never say

Cold shoulders

Make passing nods

Oblivious yet lascivious

Behavior starkly odd

These pathetic rages

Litter feeble pages

Post it notes sticking

Clicking furious condemnation

"Weren't you once my friend?"

"My only friend?"

Forsake to resist

Refute it so silent

Coolly opprobrious

Mentally violent

Set alight

Freud's delirious couch
If you kick him he'll say ouch
If you kick him he'll say ouch
Face to face at its pace
Whatever will be the case?
You'll bend over in acquiescence
On all fours for the knife
Through you know it's not right
You've no will to fight
(Until tomorrow)
So passive screaming
Massive seaming
Email trails condensing shame
Never point the index
Just index the blame
Passive Aggressive
Massive Depressive
Beat the Paxil into the wall
Please give Sigmund's cell another call
But I'm sure it'll wind up being a harshly worded text message instead

The Mad Ones

The tornado siren blares as dams explode, causeways and bridges collapse and political pundits prate over partisan politics on cable news channels...

And I wonder, wonder, wonder-

Who was it that surfed tsunamis, prayed for catastrophic hurricanes, and chucked corpses at homeless shelters in Chicago and danced outside in the LA riots, contemplating earthquakes and famines?

Who strapped their testicles full of explosives on Christmas Day flights from Amsterdam?

Who watched American Idol as the body count climbed in Fallujah and shed tears over the death of Michael Jackson while the bombs dropped in Afghanistan?

Who drove SUVs off cliffs and chased foreclosures all over Florida, selling swampland timeshares which opened sinkholes, and expostulated conspiracy theories of implosions and clandestine missiles shot at the Pentagon while wanton military drones were flown into skyscrapers?

Who separated the rich from the poor with palm trees and drained the seas to fill swimming pools and took cell phone videos of teenage girl fights, ran through the Louvre with Freddy Kruger gloves slashing paintings

and kicking over sculptures, and hijacked cargo planes, dropping pay loads of piss-filled water balloons over crowded football stadiums in square states that no one gives a running fuck about and then updated their Facebook status with Ninja Zen-like precision?

Who opened zoos, unleashed wild animals into crowded city streets, unleashed hyenas into kindergartens, and let feral monkeys loose into shopping malls?

Who threw flaming bags of dog shit at Santa Claus and pushed PETA activists into lion pits and heaved hand grenades at poetry readings?

It was the mad ones! The mad ones! The MAD ONES!

The ones who spike city water systems with LSD and blast fog horns in movie theaters, poison slaughterhouses, derail subway cars, throw acid at supermodels' faces, juggle samurai swords, steal your iPod, and creep up behind people at baseball games, setting their hair on fire...

And reincarnate dinosaurs only to give them herpes sores and then open mangled umbrellas and jump off tall buildings while screaming out the pledge of allegiance and giving the Nazi arm salute...

Oh! The mad ones! The mad ones! The straightjackets to be filled!

The hooded men carrying spears, impaling Lady GaGa drag queens up the ass with these spears, and parading around the shrieking fairies on sticks like trophies, dragging them into pro-life rallies, demanding Sarah Palin be buttfucked by Obama's Siamese twin brother the mainstream media isn't telling you about...

Yes! YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The mad ones! The ones with

Hindu God armed HD televisions clawing out of their proletariat vaginas and anuses during the morning commute!

Fire-breathing satanic catatonics dreaming up narcolepsy!

Chaotic renderings of Kabala justice! Monsoons of analeptic seizures! Unspeakable palsies!

Identity theft Balloon Boy schemes of school shootings and Stanky Legg abortion dances!

Those with ass grabbing homosexual necrophilia tendencies who would dump commie bastards in wheelchairs into meat grinders and throw handfuls of cockroaches at lazy eyed lawyers running on treadmills!

MAD ONES!!!!

Offensive cartoon riots, Jesus with a mullet and a shotgun, terrorists on monkey bars, headless obese people on the news, serial killer playing cards, pharmaceutical Buddha bandits meditating machine gun fire, levitating Halliburton owned nooses cutting loose the duct taped savior no one believes in anymore!

The mad ones!

Their rock and roll salvation catcalls social security numbers through telekinetic Nigerian emails!

Mad ones!

Viral file-sharing floods of torrential torrents carpet bombing YouTube with video of

AK-47 sodomizing Wal-Mart shoppers on hands and knees begging a supermarket messiah to burn illegal immigrants at the stake with water from the Gulf of Mexico!

They will eat at Taco Bell and beat off to Glen Beck's photograph and laugh as Native Americans in full headdress drive tanks into gated communities and bulldoze McMansions!

The MAD ONES!

Blast napalm at libraries, piss all over museums, crucify intellectuals, drive golf carts into lakes, give fire hose enemas to telemarketers and psychiatrists alike, spike swine flu vaccines with swine flu, and call 911 on 9/11 telling racist jokes instead of Tweeting at Tea Parties!

MAD ONES!

Midgets in hockey masks queuing up to enter ossuaries, pedophile priests sexually assaulting autistic street mimes, decapitated giraffes in abandoned buildings mocking cancer and determining a pre-existing condition!

MAD ONES!

And mad ones, mad ones, mad ones, YOU FUCKING MAD ONES, I am you and I am with you...

I AM WITH YOU as we read more status updates than books and crooks decide our decoded destinies for decades to come and the asteroids become our new landmines...

And I am with you Carl Solomon,

And I am with you Allen Ginsberg,

And I am with you Dred Sista Ren,

And I am with you Amiri Baraka,

And I am with you Walt Whitman,

I am with you as the greatest minds of my generation masturbate away our posterity and watch Paris Hilton sex tapes and dance with celebrities in front of telepathic televisions!

I am with you.

I am with you.

I AM WITH YOU.

Casey Jones and the Naked Hippie

The hippie and I walked briskly out of the movie theater, into the moonlit parking lot. Sirens blared as a cavalcade of cop cars, ambulances, fire engines, and media vehicles descended onto the scene. A SWAT team rushed by us in single file.

We arrived to an empty parking space.

“Some sumbitch stole my van!” the hippie shouted, his Mississippi drawl barely audible over the sirens.

“What?” I shouted back, more out of surprise than not being able to hear him, because I did hear him.

“The van! It’s gone! I had all my gear in it!” the hippie screamed, this time even louder.

I realized by gear he didn’t just mean his favorite electric guitar. He meant more his book of acid sheets and tub of homegrown.

The hippie stared down at the ground in disbelief for a good few seconds. His long, curly red hair and bushy red beard blew around in the wind, which seemed to be picking up.

“Over there...” he pointed, across the street, to a dimly lit public park.

He slung the acoustic guitar he’d been carrying over his shoulder and ran across the intersection, through oncoming traffic, into the park’s direction. Cars honked and swerved out of his way. I waited for the stoplight and followed him. Off in the distance, from the movie theater’s parking lot, I could hear gunshots.

The hippie stopped and stood in the sidewalk in front of the park, put down his guitar, and tore off all his clothes.

His tall, obese frame was covered in red body hair. His skin was pale as a ghost, and he had a protruding beer belly that hung so low it obscured his privates. Nearby pedestrians who’d been rubbernecking at the scene across the street shrieked and scampered in terror upon sight of him.

Picking up his guitar, he strummed and sung “Casey Jones” horribly out of tune for about a minute, then took off running into the park. I again followed him.

I heard someone from the park yelling “fuck you!” over and over. The farther we ran into the park, the louder the yelling got.

We ran into a forested area. It was dark. I could barely see anything except the hippie’s red mane and pale flabby ass, between the trees, fading into the distance.

Finally we got to a steep hill and the “fuck you” yelling was now deafeningly loud. The hippie ran up the hill way faster than someone his size should, hurdled over a thicket of bushes, and disappeared into the night. Just after he disappeared, the yelling ceased.

I took a few steps back but stopped when I bumped into something large, warm, and hairy.

It was the hippie.

He was behind me and still naked and had a flashlight in one hand and his acoustic guitar in the other. He shined the flashlight into his face, under his chin, and stuck out his tongue. On it was several hits of acid. He then withdrew his tongue, shut his mouth, made a gulping sound and smiled.

Then he shined the flashlight to his left. Another hippie was there, who looked sort of like him, red hair, tall, obese, but with a shorter haircut and a goatee instead of a bushy beard.

The other hippie wore two garbage bags as clothes and had plastic shopping bags tied around his feet. The garbage bag hippie began to yell "fuck you" at the naked hippie. Then the naked hippie threw the flashlight at him and proceeded to beat him over the head with the acoustic guitar.

The guitar hummed as it broke over his head. After it completely split apart, the naked hippie bludgeoned him with the fretboard and stabbed him in the throat a couple times with it, too, and, soon enough, the garbage bag hippie looked pretty well dead.

Halting his assault, he turned to me.

"I know who stole my van..." he said, pointing to the hill, the top of which now appeared to be on fire.

"I know who stole my van..." he repeated and he ran back up the hill, into the spreading fire, singing "Casey Jones" and waving his bloody fretboard triumphantly in the air.

FUCK YOU

Fuck you

I am not your marketing statistic

Fuck you

I am not your demographic

Fuck you

I am not defined by my bank account

I am not my clothes

I am not my car

I am not my bling bling

I am not how many women I put my penis in

I am not my penis size

I am me, myself, and I

A human animal with fingers instead of claws

Ready to cock back my fist full of fuck yous and punch the world in the face

Ready to piss some gasoline all over this fire

Because I don't wanna see your terrorist boogeyman anymore

I don't wanna see your constant loops of planes flying into buildings
I don't want your anorexic models, celebrity sob stories, and murdered children
I don't want your rapist politicians,
and I don't want the latest death toll
So FUCK YOU

Fuck your pills
Because I don't have ADD,
I just don't pay attention to your bullshit

Fuck you and fuck your Viagra
Because if I ever do get a four hour erection
I'll be seeking a lot more than medical attention
And did I not mention that I don't even have health insurance
So how the fuck am I supposed to talk to my doctor?

Fuck you
Fuck your wars
Fuck your sport scores

FUCK YOU
The world is not right and left
The world is not Democrat or Republican
The world does not end at America's borders

Fuck you
Open your mind
Think for yourself

and go, go, GO

Get the fuck off the couch

Go read a fucking book

Go turn off the fucking TV

Open your eyes

OPEN YOUR MIND

And to those

who choose not to

And to those

who don't like this poem

And to those

who can't dig my message

All I gotta say to them is

FUCK YOU

On Snorting and Smoking Crystal Meth

I'd been smoking large amounts of marijuana for three or four years and sporadically taking acid, mushrooms, pills, and heavily drinking, too, on occasion. Soon enough, I was introduced through a friend to cocaine, and became a regular user of the drug, often going on multiple day binges.

A couple months after beginning to use cocaine, I came across the drug "crystal meth" for the first time, discovering it at my friend's townhouse, which functioned as our hub of drug activity. This new substance, "the meth" as it was being colloquially referred to, was rocky and powdery, like cocaine, but a more yellowish crystal white, as opposed to the snowy hue of the yay-yo we'd been buying.

I either purchased or was given, I can't recall, a small sack of meth, which I'd previously never even heard of. My friend said it was stronger than coke, so I was instantly intrigued. And being in the midst of a coke binge at this point, too, I was seeking some additional enjoyment.

Following my receipt of the meth baggie, I set out a few lines on a small vanity mirror for my friend and me, and we got down to business.

Having snorted a good deal of cocaine and every so often crushing up and snorting pills, I was accustomed to ingesting drugs nasally. However, upon first snorting meth, my nasal passage burned in a way it never had w/prior drugs. I could have sworn my nose was going to bleed after taking that first line, but fortunately it didn't.

The drug coursed into my body, and I felt a heavy head rush, more intense and producing a higher degree of euphoria than I was accustomed to w/coke. I stumbled back and had to lay down on my friend's waterbed for a few minutes to compose myself.

Afterwards, I got up, suddenly feeling energized, and took bong hits of pot w/whoever was at the townhouse, played video games, and argued about everything unimportant for hours.

At some point, I realized I had to go back home, exited the townhouse, and got into my car. Driving back to my house was kind of scary. Every other automobile on the road seemed like a cop to me and I drove very slowly and carefully, so as not to arouse suspicion.

Upon arriving home I somehow was able to sleep for about 45 minutes before I awoke to a friend banging on my door. We were supposed to go on a camping trip together. When I groggily pulled open the door he said he thought I was dead and that he'd been knocking for 10 minutes.

We then hit the road, to the campsite, somewhere in the Everglades. On the way there we smoked a pipe of high potency weed, a "kind bud" known as "AK-47," and I almost lost control of the vehicle on the highway, as I temporarily forgot what I was doing, and nearly hit a mile marker sign. Luckily my friend was alert enough to grab the wheel, probably averting a fatal crash.

Once at the campsite, I don't remember much of what happened, other than getting there, selling a lot of weed and some coke and hooking up w/a group of girls. My friend who I'd come w/and another close friend of mine who was there disappeared w/some girls they'd met and I set off w/three girls and a Cuban dude, who I think was gay.

The girls, the probably gay Cuban, and me smoked a lot of pot and snorted a bunch of coke in a girls bathroom. Later that day, the probably gay dude and I snorted most of the remaining meth I had. I can't remember offering it to the girls or if they were smart enough to refuse it.

I don't remember the meth hitting me as hard, snorting it the second time, but I do remember us, the probably gay Cuban and me, smoking the last bit of meth from a small glass pipe and that really, really fucking us up.

I think it was around nighttime that we smoked it. I recall it tasting very harsh and chemically. Not long after, I started having very vivid audiovisual hallucinations, stronger and unlike those from acid, causing me to see and hear some things I'll likely never forget.

Out in the mangrove thickets lining the campsite, I started hearing all sorts of hissing/meowing cat sounds and what sounded like people talking in African languages w/all those clicking vowels, which led me to believe painted-face African tribesmen were out there w/spears, stabbing feral cats to death or maybe snatching up and strangling the flailing animals, then sinking decayed, mangled teeth into them and devouring the cats alive, blood splattering everywhere, like some shit from a zombie movie.

Inside a campfire we were sitting around, I saw a couple cop cars, sirens blaring, crashing into each other, over and over, exploding into mushroom clouds.

I also saw my hairy gorilla of a next door neighbor, from when I was 8 or so, who, while smoking PCP, got into a fistfight w/his wife and was dragged out of his house by the police, barefoot, wearing just his pajamas. His penis was fully erect, pitching a tent under his pajamas, and he looked over at me and yelled something in a language I couldn't understand as they stuffed him into a paddy wagon.

For some reason I kept seeing that gorilla man, all hairy, in his pajamas, penis fully erect, struggling w/the police and being dragged in the direction of the exploding cop cars.

The hallucinatory images of the erected penis hairy gorilla man on PCP and exploding cop cars and horrific sounds of the African tribesmen brutally slaughtering and eating those feral cats alive were really starting to fuck w/my constitution, and as I stared at the fire, this one older dude sitting nearby, maybe a park ranger, seemed to notice me tripping out. We made eye contact a couple times, and I thought he'd say something to me, but he didn't. Maybe he didn't really notice me and it was purely delusional paranoia. Perhaps he didn't really exist.

That night, I slept w/one of the girls in her sleeping bag. I don't remember if we had sexual relations or not. I do remember her getting up out of the sleeping bag every 20 minutes or so to crouch down in the bushes nearby to piss and me being absolutely terrified the painted-face African tribesmen w/spears might jump down from a tree to kill or eat her.

I also had more weird visions, such as that girl in the sleeping bag w/me's long dark curly hair looking like medusa snakes and that really freaking me out, too, and me not being able to actually sleep the whole time.

Thinking back on it, that girl and I probably didn't have sexual relations that night.

The next morning, that girl and I snorted some coke again in the bathroom. Then afterwards I got into an argument w/her about something I can't remember. I remember cursing her and some random people out and leaving the campsite. Upon telling her I was leaving, she looked at me like I was crazy, and pleaded w/me not to go, but I left anyway.

Driving home was a blur, but somehow I got back to my neighborhood. Next thing I knew I was trying to walk home but couldn't recall exactly where I lived, so I went to a friend's house.

He wasn't home, maybe he was also on the camping trip, I don't know, but I needed a place to stay and so I tried to break into his house. Unfortunately, I was unable to pry open any of his windows or kick in his door.

Instead I stayed in his backyard for two days.

Those next two days, spent in an old treehouse, I didn't eat, and drank my own urine. My skin grew severe rashes, which I scratched to the point of drawing blood, and I pulled hair from my head and carved my ex-girlfriend's name into my arm w/a switchblade, as I thought doing so would save me from her appearing at any moment, in a wedding dress, ready shoot me w/a sawed off shotgun.

After finally passing out, I woke up to a call from a body shop, saying my car was brought to them, totaled, and that it would cost \$5000 to repair.

I haven't touched meth since and probably won't anytime soon. Especially, too, since I've heard that shit can really run up the dental bills.

Justin

back in middle school

those pimple face days

I knew a kid named "Justin" a tough, nasty son of bitch who came from a family full of nasty sons of bitches

his brothers, cousins, even his sister all nasty sons of bitches

Justin was the school bully used to beat up on everyone and finally one day

it was my turn and he and his friend the one with the missing front teeth cornered me in the locker room after PE

Justin told me he wanted to "beat my ass" and that he wanted to "throw hands"

I refused

not out of fear because I fought a lot did martial arts used to fight my much bigger

and scarier older stepbrother but I didn't want to fight Justin or anyone that day because, for some reason,

I just didn't feel like it

when I told Justin I didn't want to fight he looked confused maybe because I didn't look scared because I wasn't he turned to his friend and his friend shrugged

Justin then spun around shot me an uppercut to the stomach

it was a hard punch I lost my breath for a second clutched my gut and stepped back but it didn't really hurt that much because I'd taken far worse from my stepbrother

Justin waved his fist triumphantly in the damp
testicular locker room air

he stood poised and looked at me like he wanted to drink my blood or maybe it was an anticipatory glare like he was expecting me to hit back engage with him I don't know but whatever it was I didn't budge I just stared him in the eyes then turned around went back to my locker like nothing happened

Justin called me a "fag" and he and his toothless friend left

that was the last interaction I ever had with him and soon enough, he got expelled and sent to the some "alternative" school for fucked up kids

last I time I saw Justin his dad dressed in a navy blue janitor's uniform was picking him up from school

his dad had this certain expression on face like the exact same look Justin'd had
when he'd punched me in the stomach

I never saw Justin again after that last I'd heard of him he'd gotten thrown in jail for a stretch for killing a police dog that'd been chasing him after a burglary

for a good long while when I'd reminisce about the times in my life when I'd backed down or lacked courage or acted like a "punk" or a "pussy"

or whatever I'd think back to that time in the locker room with Justin I'd think about how I should've used my fighting skills

that maybe I could've fucked him up gone after his knee caps, hit one of his pressure points part of me regretted not fighting back going on all Chuck Norris on him

but whatever

many moons had passed and I'd moved on

until one day when I was reading my old local paper online and saw a story about a local man caught for child molestation and manufacturing and distributing child pornography on the Internet

seems he'd been doing it for years even to his own family

it was Justin's dad

that same guy

in the janitor's suit with that look on his face

and now when I think back to middle school and that day in the locker room

I don't really feel that bad about not hitting Justin back

The Trolls of Literotica

Literotica offers a fantastic site in which people can read and share erotic and non-erotic stories with millions across the globe, all for free. In addition to being able to share and read stories, users of the site are able to respond to authors' works by offering their feedback, public or private, either from a registered screen name or from an "anonymous" handle.

This ability to use these "anonymous" handles has not come w/o abuse and has enabled many to make some downright hostile remarks to authors, all without the fear of reprisal. These individuals who make such remarks are popularly known in Internet terms as "trolls." And on the website Literotica, they are many, many such trolls, some rather vicious ones.

In fact, having been on the Internet for over a decade now, I must say that of all the trolls and mean-spirited individuals I've seen, and I've seen a lot, the trolls on Literotica are amongst the most abusive of any I've ever come across. Which has led me to wonder, who exactly are they, these trolls? Why do they do what they do? What do they want?

I've pondered the matter in great detail, especially after registering to the site and receiving some, shall we say, pointed criticism. Upon uploading a couple humorous pieces, which were admittedly ridiculous and posted to the "Humor & Satire" section, I was greeted with such encouraging public/private anonymous comments as "No more posting, you can't write" "Learn how to write an actual story" "Give

up" as well as receiving death threats, political diatribes, and being called a "nigger," which was confounding, since I'm not even black, nor did I ever claim to be.

At first, I was entertained by this and felt special for having provoked such reactions. However, after spending more and more time on the site, reading several stories, and perusing the Literotica message boards, I discovered that I wasn't alone in having received such responses and even found far worse, far more vehement examples.

Of all the examples of trolling I've seen here, all have come from behind anonymous screen names. I don't recall once seeing such a response from a registered screen name, which, again, made me wonder, just who is shooting off such replies? Who is a Literotica troll? Perhaps a bit of personality profiling is in order to attempt to make sense of it all...

Who would be motivated to make such disparaging comments? Most likely, sadly, other writers. Sure a few trolls are probably just readers, but I think most trolls are other writers. Other writers are often the toughest critics. Which is okay, when the criticism is constructive. Receiving constructive criticism can help a writer improve on his/her weaknesses and can help better the quality of his/her writing. Writers should always be open to critique, especially when it comes from a more seasoned, experienced, and successful writer than themselves.

However, many writers, when reading a piece that particularly pisses them off, will take the easy way out, and instead of offering any meaningful criticism, they'll hide behind an anonymous handle and lash out. I believe they do this in part out of laziness and in part out of cowardice and fear of retribution. They probably have a writing account on Literotica, too, and are scared of the consequences they might incur if they use their real screen name to make hostile remarks.

I believe those who engage in such behavior are either not very talented and/or haven't been successful in the endeavor of writing. (This is evident in the often poor grammar and stylistic quality of many troll comments.) Probably these trolls have suffered a tremendous amount of rejection from publishers. They've probably never had anything published or featured anywhere, except for maybe back many years ago in their high school or college paper. Whether they're doing it consciously (though in all likelihood it's subconsciously) their lashing at out others makes them feel better about their own failures and inadequacies. Misery loves company...

Such failed writers are probably not very successful on Literotica, either. The popular writers here, all of whom have surely suffered endlessly from trolling, are probably too content with themselves to engage in such antics and are probably too busy actually writing to be bothering with trolling anyone. It's likely that the trolls are largely ignored as writers here, much to their chagrin, and are jealous of others whose

writing is more successful than theirs and are inclined to attack those who've received a better response than they have, or anything they just don't like.

In many troll comments I've read, there also seems to be a very superior, holier than thou attitude amongst trolls. Perhaps this is what leads many to troll, that they view another writer as inferior and feel the need to make that opinion known. Perhaps they feel the need to "put others in their place" or to somehow guard the sanctity of the website in some perverse way.

Such trolls are probably the ones who scan through stories like stray dogs gnawing at a slab of meat, desperately trying to seek out any imperfection, any grammatical error, the slightest typo, or whatever word pisses them off. The troll will cut and paste the offending section into their comment, throw it back in the author's face, and use it to attack and to demonstrate their superiority.

Furthermore, I believe there to be a cyclical effect to and from trolling. Many trolls were trolled on themselves, and this is what has lead them to engage in the act of trolling. They troll another author, and that author trolls another author, and so on and so on. It's very much akin to bullying in elementary schools. The bully who beat you up and stole your lunch money was probably also beaten up himself.

I've noticed that trolls tend to gravitate to and cluster in certain categories, such as the "Loving Wives" section. The trolling there is legendary. The trolls' reactions tend to be vile but also ones of indignation, as if they hate all such stories. Which begs the question, why would anyone even read stories about a subject that offends them?

My guess is that trolls go there with the exact intention of getting pissed off. They enjoy it. It's like people who watch the American cable TV network "Fox News" and its talking heads "Bill O'Reilly" and "Sean Hannity." Many people simply watch such programming to get angry. I think that's what these trolls are doing. They want to be angry and offended and to fight with someone.

And what about the trolls themselves, as people? Who are they in real life? Where do they live? What do they do?

My guess is that the average troll is male. Sure, some are likely to be women, but mostly it's men who take part in such bullying, nasty behavior. A troll probably fits the typical loner, serial killer description. He's in his 20s or 30s, white, socially retarded, and not very successful in life. He probably lives alone, in a shitty apartment, and doesn't have many friends or family. He probably is grossly overweight, unattractive, and has some sort of noticeable skin problem, likely affecting his face, or maybe a gross disfigurement. He might have Tourette's syndrome or an involuntary twitch that others find unnerving.

For some reason I see him as also having long hair, in a phallic-like pony tail, which is never a good look for a man, at least one who's not a rock star.

Far from a rock star, it's very doubtful that he has a girlfriend and is quite possible that he's a virgin or hasn't had sexual relations in many, many years. He probably spends most of his time in a dirty, dark, smelly, cockroach infested room, littered with soiled tube socks and shit-stained tighty whities. He's probably even there now, hunched over a computer, with bad posture, drinking a Slurpee, and trolling Literotica stories. He probably spends the rest of his free time jerking off to porn, playing video games, and trolling on other sites, too.

This sort of sad individual is likely to be a sociopath, one unaware and/or uncaring of the psychic pain they inflict on others. I think it's possible, too, that Literotica trolls are the sorts who torture animals or watch snuff films and view pictures of gory accidents, death photos online. I could also see Literotica trolls being the sorts of individuals who're likely to walk into a shopping mall with a machine gun, open fire, and ultimately shoot themselves.

To further why I believe trolls to be sad, lonely individuals, I've noticed a spike in trolling around holidays, and have seen many Thanksgiving, Christmas, etc, dates on troll comments. These are probably the worst times for trolls, so they feel the need to strike then more than ever.

However, it should be said that not all sad, lonely individuals engage in such behavior, many just tough it out, many do something to better themselves, but many do turn to Literotica trolling in order to make themselves feel better about their miserable, lonely predicament. Trolling enables them to fill a hole inside themselves.

Also possible is that trolls could be completely "normal" individuals. Like you always hear about the serial killer or child molester, no one ever suspected him. He seemed so "normal." The same could be true of Literotica trolls. You could pass by one on the street and not think anything of him. You could be working with one. Your neighbor, a member of your family, the guy sitting at the next table in a restaurant, etc, could be a Literotica troll. In all noticeable ways they're "normal," except for deep down inside, they aren't human anymore. They're outward appearances might lead you to believe that they're human, but, in reality, they're trolls.

It is important to note that trolls were once people, however. They weren't always trolls. They were once people with hopes, dreams, and aspirations. They wanted to be fireman, astronauts, professional writers, etc, and now they're not and they're pissed off about it and feel the need to take these feelings out on other authors on Literotica, instead seeing a psychiatrist or life coach or something.

As for the cumulative effects of trolling on the website, that remains a mystery. There are some definite effects, though, such as some writers being extremely hurt by such remarks. There are probably many who've removed their works from the site after a nasty attack, robbing readers of what might have been great stories.

There are some writers, though, who laugh it off, engage with trolls, and get a kick out of it, happy their story pissed someone off so much that they'd be inclined to go out of their way to leave such a comment. For others I think it leads them to turn off ratings and anonymous comments altogether, in an attempt to starve out the trolls. I've no doubt Literotica provided the "disable anonymous comment" option due to excessive trolling.

Stories' ratings are definitely affected by trolls, as they tend to hit the "1" at a high frequency. And I believe there are trolls out there so vicious that they probably vote a story down multiple times in order for it to lose a high quality rating and to, in their minds, hopefully discourage others from reading it.

I bet some trolls hate certain authors with such a passion that they follow everything that author does, trash every story he writes, and make sure to vote his writing down as much as possible. Such trolls are without question the most malevolent on the site, and are quite similar to a poltergeist or demonic spirit possessing a house.

So, in conclusion, I'm not sure how much use this case study has been, but hopefully it's provided at least some insight into the phenomenon of trolling here at Literotica and into the minds of those who spew such comments.

It's actually quite sad that people troll, when you think about it, especially writers doing it to other writers, especially on a free site. I do think, though, that trolls should be taken with a grain of salt, as how seriously can comments be taken if they're from an anonymous screen name?

Really, the entire act of hiding behind a computer keyboard, lobbing offensive remarks from the shield of an anonymous handle screams chickenshit, and says a lot more about the commenter's insecurities than it does the author's writing. Such people are to be pitied more than anything. At least that's my take on it. I think it's much easier to trash another's work than it is to create your own and that it takes a lot more courage to post a work in the public domain than it does to troll.

The McMansion

The newly built McMansion towered over every other house on my street. Everyone, particularly the old timers, hated it, and some tried to block its construction.

The elderly cat lady next door to it was especially incensed and petitioned the town in civil court to stop its construction under zoning laws. When her petition failed, she went completely ballistic and put up crudely drawn protest signs all over her front yard, and repeatedly screamed at, harassed, and called the INS on workers during the construction.

However, none of her efforts were able to stop the McMansion from being built and built it was.

The guy who had it built was some sort of hotshot businessman. After moving in, no one saw him much as he didn't talk to or associate with anyone in the neighborhood and was usually out of town.

On the few occasions you did see him, though, he was hard to miss, and was a large, red-faced, bear of a man, who talked loudly and animatedly into a cell phone ear piece. I can't remember seeing him not yelling into that ear piece.

His son, Tom, enrolled in my high school, and, on an overcast, chilly morning we met at our school's bus stop.

Tom seemed completely different from his father. He was short and thin, as opposed to his dad who was unusually tall and portly. Tom was also somewhat quiet and soft-spoken, though friendly, and we hit it off and started to hang out.

Tom was into the same things as me. Smoking weed and playing video games. Tom especially loved to play video games. It was basically the only thing he talked about or did.

And he had plenty of opportunity and an awesome spot to game, too, as his dad's platinum card he was given afforded him the ability to stock his massive bedroom with a big screen TV, surround sound stereo system, leather couches and practically every game title.

His bedroom instantly became the place where me and every other stoner in school would congregate after class (or during it) to play video games and get high. I started going over there about every day.

His place was the perfect spot for our activities since his dad was never home and his mom was always passed out drunk on the sofa downstairs in the living room.

Speaking of his mom, seriously, every single time I went over there, morning, day or night, she'd be passed out on the couch, next to an empty bottle, the TV across from her on and blasting at a high decibel, usually tuned to E! or another Reality TV channel.

It started to worry me and one day I saw her seeming so zonked out that I thought she might be dead and told Tom. He laughed and told me how she's like that all the time and how her daily routine is to get up, microwave something, drink vodka, watch TV, then pass out again. And he said that when she passes out, she's gone so cold that you could do anything to her and she wouldn't wake up.

Suddenly he got a mischievous grin on his face and told me to come check something out. I followed him downstairs to the living room and he walked over to his passed out mom, who was lying like a zombie, sleeping with her eyes open, face up on the couch. A string of drool dribbled down the curl of her mouth.

"See..." He said to me, devilishly, and he pulled open her white bathrobe, revealing her naked body.

"You can do anything to her..." He said, staring down at her motionless body, a noticeable bulge forming in his pants.

His mom was an attractive woman. In her prime she must have been a blonde bombshell and was now a total MILF. Being a horny teen, I couldn't help but gaze in awe at her shapely nude figure for a few seconds. But then I was overcome by guilt and awkwardness and politely suggested to Tom that we adjourn upstairs for some bong hits.

Tom's stare lingered for a little bit longer and he smiled and tied her robe back shut. Then we returned to his room and ripped pulls from the bong. But I couldn't really get high.

I didn't see Tom in school for the next week or so after that, which wasn't unusual because he ditched a lot.

Then, early Sunday morning, a cavalcade of cop cars and moving trucks descended on his house. Sherriff's deputies pounced in and emptied out all the house's belongings into the trucks. Everyone in the neighborhood came out, stood in their front lawns, and watched the spectacle unfold.

Tom's mom, looking comatose as usual, was escorted out (and practically carried) to the backseat of a squad car by two female deputies. I watched from my bedroom window and was waiting to see Tom but never saw him.

The news came shortly thereafter that Tom's dad was involved in an elaborate insider trading scandal and had fled the country.

The McMansion was auctioned off and bought by an anonymous bidder. Much to the neighborhood's delight, it was torn down.

But instead of a new house, a small library was built in its place, which most people in the neighborhood, especially the old timers, opposed vehemently and petitioned against. And the cat lady next door again planted protest signs all over her front yard and screamed every day at workers during the construction.

FUCK THE CHILDREN

The children! The Children!

What about the CHILDREN?!

FUCK THE CHILDREN

FUCK

THE CHILDREN

Cult of the child

Running wild

Soccer moms with pipe bombs

PTA interventions resenting

FCC contraceptions repenting

Bleep it out!

Bleep it out!

(!@#%!)

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Bleed them ignorant unto yourself

Teach her to rely on everyone else

Preach him to worship vapid wealth

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Forecast their every minute

Who really needs to be self-sufficient?

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Defecate teacher slave wages

Waist deep, we flail in fecal taxation

wir brauchen Herr Embalmer, weil,

that pesky oil war still rages

(Cheerfully Callous fat fucks in three pieces of propaganda merrily buried deep six pages)

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Veto impoverished health care

Halliburton a thousand yard stare

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Little Abdul,

Shed tears to the moon in spite of the infidel

Whose

Spurious democracy surges to devour his decomposed

In Brooks Brothers linens

Specious dollars never composed

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Father Herbert

Gently fondles miniature genitals

Then cleanses his penis in unholy waters

VISA

Everywhere you shouldn't be

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Cum forth with a sacrifice to the altar of TV

ADHD riddling a drive thru lobotomy

FUCK THE CHILDREN

"Dr. MD slanging them prescriptions!"

"Working him this here office park street corner!"

Minivans cruising on by sequentially

His most loyal customers exponentially

He'll pack an Uzi and a smile

Rape a paraplegic child's corpse for the insurance co-pay

Then masturbate Lolita kiddy porn computers defiled

To his step aerobics perspiration naked wearing only Nikes

Singing karaoke with drunken Japanese businessmen

Very middle aged doing the Macarena

Shouting in harmony though not in key...

"OJ killed JonBenet"

"OJ kill JonBenet"

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Pill popping waves of insipid Rush

Coo such hostile parables...

"Little Bastards need to learn,

Life ain't pretty,

You only get,

What you earn!"

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Really shoulda conceived an abortion

(condoms to be sold in larger portions)

FUCK THE CHILDREN

Gonna Columbine us at the birth of a first gun

When I see Children of the Corn

I fucking run

FUCK

THE

CHILDREN

Respect to Bill Maher for inspiration

Judenburg, Austria

Gertrud Warten lived and worked on her family's farm in a small village in the west of Austria, near the border with Switzerland.

She had striking features. Big blue eyes and a doll-like face. Long wavy sandy brown hair and a tight, voluptuous figure. She'd have been a hit with the boys if it wasn't for her left leg being an inch longer than her right, giving her a slight though noticeable limp.

Despite her disability, Gertrud was happy with her life, a life that'd always been full of family and friends; however, deep inside, she was desperately lonely, having gotten to age twenty two without ever having a boyfriend or even having kissed.

At night, in bed, she'd close her eyes and dream of that proverbial "knight in shining armor." She imagined him emerging from the mountains nearby and riding off with her into the sunset, like in the German soap operas she and her mother watched in the evenings.

And then her knight came. But he wasn't her ideal tall, Nordic type. Instead, he was a somewhat short, 5'7, American, who'd married her neighbor's daughter, her former classmate, and had come to teach English in Austria.

The American's name was Aaron. Though he was nine years older and not much taller than her, it was love at first sight.

He had rugged, dark features, broad shoulders and a hook nose. His body was muscular and it was because of this that Gertrud's father asked him to do some part-time work on the family farm...

Not only was Aaron instantly distinguished by being American in a small Alpine village with no foreigners, but he also was a Jew, in an area that hadn't had Jews even in the vicinity for years.

There was once a small population nearby, hundreds of years ago, but they'd been massacred in a pogrom at the onset of the Crusades. A few more trickled in after that but were banished for centuries by the monarchy and then the small number who'd returned around the 19th century were killed or driven out during WWII.

Almost no one in the village had seen a Jew in person. They'd only really heard and read about them in history books, mostly as just dying in the Holocaust.

When he arrived to the village, most of the townspeople (other than a few elderly Hitler youth, who eyed him with contempt) were both fascinated and mystified by him, the American, the Jew, though none could bring themselves to do much more than stare at him.

But ever since first laying lovelorn eyes on him, Gertrud wanted to know him. She wanted to know everything about him. And she wanted to know more about the Jews and didn't understand why everyone had hated them so much. She remembered the shame she felt when she learned Hitler was Austrian, that there were concentration camps in Austria.

Before he came to the farm for his first day at work, she asked her father to have the American paired with her, working in the garden. Her father objected, instead wanting him to tend to the pigs, but Gertrud explained that she'd read online that Jews couldn't touch or eat pigs, that it was against their religion, so her father agreed.

However, her request wasn't completely altruistic; what she really wanted was a chance to talk with him, to be around him.

His first day, she was shy in his presence. But his smile and easy-going demeanor put her at ease.

Through a mix of his mangled German and her broken, heavily-accented English, they hit it off, and he told her all about America, himself, even the Jews.

She learned that while he was Jewish, he wasn't religious and ate pork and whatever he wanted and that he had some relatives killed in the Holocaust, in Germany, but didn't hold it against the Germans or Austrians now, because he thought it wasn't fair to blame them for their grandparents' and great-grandparents' crimes.

He said he liked Austria a lot, the food, the land, his students, and that he hoped to stay.

What's more, although she got the impression he was happy in Austria, she did sense he wasn't altogether happy with his wife, as he barely mentioned her, and if he did, it wasn't in a positive light.

Plus, Gertrud noticed him looking at her in ways no other man had. She felt his eyes grazing her chest whenever she'd lower down to pick up something and sensed him watching her from behind, especially when she wore her tighter fitting pants.

He also talked to her and smiled at her in a way no other man had. And she felt differently around him than she had around anyone else.

Finally, after a couple weeks of buildup, flirting, and eye tennis, on a sunny, crisp fall morning, while they were bringing in bags of seed to the shed, the American closed the door behind them, sauntered up to her, lowered his face to hers and kissed her softly on the lips.

She stepped back in shock, staring at him in amazement and confusion.

This wasn't how she imagined her first kiss to be, with a married man, an American, a Jew, in a storage shed. But her shock suddenly dissipated and gave way to carnal instinct and she stepped forward and kissed him back, not really knowing how, but doing so anyway.

It was all a blur from the moment they locked lips. She was defenseless and didn't protest as he propped her up on a table, pulled down her pants and his, and started having sex with her.

He didn't put a condom on and she knew she should have stopped him and made him do so, but she didn't.

At first maybe it was because of the powerlessness she felt from the shock of his actions. Then maybe it was the physical pain she felt from it being her first time.

But in truth, it was that she didn't want to stop him. She wanted to get pregnant and to have his baby, because then he'd have to leave his wife and be with her, and she imagined their wedding as he gasped and pushed up inside her, her vaginal pain gently subsiding at the first warm bursts of his semen.

They kept up the same routine nearly every day at work, having sex in the shed, every time without a condom. And, after a month, she missed her period.

Finally things were perfect in her life. She was in love. She was complete. Everything was falling into place- until that day. That overcast late afternoon when she heard a gunshot, then another. Two loud claps.

She walked briskly into the sound's direction. It'd come from her house. Approaching the house, she saw a few of the farm's workers running in and out of the front door, frantically, some crying, all with expressions of horror.

One of the older Slovenian workers wiped tears from his leathery face and held her back from entering the front door. He tried to block her, but she could see into the living room, where, in a pool of blood, her mother lay on the floor.

Her grandfather sat on the couch, with a hunting rifle in his mouth and the back of his head missing.

She found out later her mother had been having an affair, and her grandfather, her mother's father, had discovered it and killed her and then himself.

Being a small village, everyone knew what happened, and afterwards, pretty much all the townspeople stopped talking to her and her family. Not necessarily out of callousness, but more because they simply didn't know what to say. They just stared blankly and with looks of pity, but would look away upon eye contact.

Gertrud never talked about it directly with her father or other relatives. But her friends were there for her, and so was Aaron, though she saw less of him, probably due to her father scaling back the farm's operations.

Following what happened, her father decided not to raise and slaughter pigs anymore, which'd been the farm's main purpose, and instead he planned to turn the farm into more of a garden center, growing and selling plants, seeds, and crops.

Although Gertrud was obviously distraught and grief-stricken, the thing that kept her going through it all was Aaron. Knowing they'd be together, thinking about their baby, their future.

About three months after their first sexual encounter, she'd still not had her period and the small bump on her stomach began growing larger. She knew she had to tell him and was going to the next time she saw him at work. Then they could begin to make their plans.

But he didn't show up to work for a week. Then another. So she went by his wife's house and found out from his mother-in-law that Aaron had been constantly quarrelling with his wife and that he'd left town a couple days ago, in the middle of the night, leaving behind a note saying that he'd left to America and that a divorce petition would soon be arriving in the mail.

Speechless, Gertrud stumbled backwards but stopped in her tracks when she saw Aaron's wife walking down the staircase near the front door, looking frail and red-eyed. They made eye contact for a second, and a shiver went down Gertrud's spine.

Gertrud went home and thought for sure that she'd hear from Aaron any day. Perhaps he'd already tried to contact her and she missed the call or his email went to her spam folder.

He'd be back, she was sure of it. Maybe he'd bring her to America and they'd start a new life there. He probably just had to return to get the divorce and didn't have time to tell her before he left. It all probably happened too fast.

He'd be back soon and they'd be together again, she thought, that evening after dinner, as she sipped mint tea on her front porch and glanced out at the orange sunset that cast a halo-like glow over the jagged, snow-capped mountains in the distance.

Bad Karma

"I remember that kid. What ever happened to him?"

"Didn't he join a cult?"

"Last I heard he was in jail."

"Doesn't surprise me. He was always a stupid fuck."

"Remember how he used to smoke freebase and then do shit like go running down the street, slapping at people, or bursting into grocery stores, making old Kung Fu movie sounds, punching and kicking people and shit..."

"Think he played too much Vice City."

"He played that game non-stop. Wouldn't even really do the challenges and levels, either. He'd just try to shoot and kill and rob as much shit as possible."

"Remember how he'd steal cars and run over tons of pedestrians?"

"In real life, he did that?"

"I don't know. But he did in the game."

“Him and cars, shit... He was always getting into accidents, rear-ending motherfuckers. Sometimes I think he was doing it on purpose. Didn't he fail his driver's license test like nine times?”

“I remember the time he finally got his license... Fuck, we had that party in his basement, with that girl who blew like four guys in row. Then we all got drunk and filled squirt guns with piss and drove around and shot at people.”

“And I shot that middle aged black guy in the face. Remember when I shot him, at first, his face puckered and he moved his lips and tongue around like he was checking the taste. After a second or two he realized it was piss and flipped out, threw his brown bag of McDonald's at our car, yelled “fuck you!” and chased after us.”

“Good thing that old piece of shit bucket didn't break down.”

“Wonder if that guy killed the next white person he saw.”

“Wonder what happened to that black dude... Maybe we could search for him on Facebook and try to apologize.”

“That had to be some bad karma for us.”

“At least we shot a couple rich ladies' fur coats with bleach, though. So maybe it evens out.”

“Didn't you shoot one of those ladies with piss too?”

“Think I did. Think I did...”

“Break's almost up. Better get back to the phones.”

“How many calls you make today?”

“About 70, you?”

“43, but got a couple fronts.”

“Anything promising?”

“Nah, not really, probably just wood.”

Tel Aviv

Tel Aviv.

Baby Beast of the Middle East. Litter lined streets that reek like piss and perfume.

Tel Aviv: Run down Bauhaus buildings on the eyesore. Jutting luxury towers, unfurnished, flanked by crumbling Art Deco caves, rotting in an epileptic fit of Mediterranean sun.

Tel Aviv: Beach bombs. Bloody noses. Speedo-wearing Scandinavian tourists. Russian Mafia. Israelis in sunglasses, hot pants, and facial expressions betraying broken promises.

Tel Aviv: High end fashion stores. Shi-shi, faggot Obamas. Insider traders. High tech cyborgs in sporty little Porches, running down Holocaust survivors. Travis Bickles playing chicken with Chomsky's shadows.

Tel Aviv: Telepathic televisions, pay toilets in every online casino. Nazi day dreams. Shape shifting sleepwalkers telekinetically nudging tectonic plates in the Austrian Alps. Existential terrorists summoning bulldozers, fooling imaginary firing squads.

Tel Aviv: Brutally expensive subterranean apartments with roaches for roommates and ants crawling concrete crevices. Broken leg stray cats screeching in the night, limping atop hotel dumpsters. Bus stop palm readers, ski mask ventriloquists, Syrian surgeons cannibalizing the six scarred Cheremic.

Tel Aviv.

And here/here we live in this jungle ecosystem of a city, in the ass crack of civilization, in this treacherous land, its borders pissed with blood. This wholly Holy Unholy sliver of Earth. This pubic hair of God, embattled, battled over by Canaanites, Philistines, Phoenicians, Pharaohs, Israelites, Babylonians, Assyrians, Marmalukes, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Arabs, Turks, British, Jews, and who....

Tel Aviv: Paranormal equations of paranoid consumerism. Curse words in Arabic and spasms of solipsism detailed in colloquial, secret Hebrew poetry.

Tel Aviv: Air Raid Sirens. Suicide bombers on the promenade. Scud showers from Saddam. Missile attack threat from Lebanon. Nuclear Iran. Underground communists spray painting socialist slogans, in defiant resistance, as they plan the neo-Marxist revolution.

Tel Aviv: Tent cities. Telfins in every urinal. Eritrean infiltrators scrubbing your toilet and stabbing you in the stomach near the Central Bus Station. Fatherless rent boys, taking it up the ass, their noses full of gasoline stench, their live corpses buried in the catacombs of invisible alleys.

Tel Aviv.

יש אבל א"ת סליחה (Text message from Ben Gurion: Bibi Netanyahu's expense accounts include a night of necrophilia with Rachael Corrie, torched soup kitchens, and Palestinian midget tossing contests.)

ש' ו (Email from Moshe Diyan: Submarines powered by Ariel Sharon's respirator snake ocean floors off the coast of Gaza, where no one forgets to remember. Qassam attacks on those Kibbutzim were just an amputated arm of a reprisal. And yes, Gilad Shalit is alive and well and eating dinner and doing bong hits with Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. Zionism 2.0) ל שלום שבת Tel Aviv...

Tel Aviv: White City full of cocaine hybrid theories.

Tel Aviv: Boogeyman by the sea, made the Loch Ness Monster go buy a gun.

Tel Aviv: Still smell Rabin's blood on the stones. Meat for the BBQ on Yom Kippur.

Tel Aviv: Synagogue doubling as a brothel. Orthodox Rabbis out back on roller-skates, jumping on trampolines.

Tel Aviv: The bicycle foot proletariat, in tutus and bunny suits, living other people's lives.

Tel Aviv.

Here everyone lives next door to an escort, her Jonathon Pollards belly dancing in crooked aerobics on the Knesset floor.

Here Moldovan massage parlor prisoners will suck your dick without a condom, their eyes like two televisions that won't turn on.

Here the city never stops or sleeps but does suffer from narcolepsy.

Here the city reproduces asexually.

Here the sand dunes sink softly in anticipation of the next earthquake and/or bucktooth Jesus on a unicycle sighting.

Tel Aviv.

Where we'll build the Third Temple and sell all its rooms to the French.

Tel Aviv: A hermaphrodite. A big stinky pussy waiting to be fucked by its own vampire penis, which may or may not be circumcised.

Tel Aviv.

Tel Aviv?

Tel Aviv.

Next Year in Jerusalem

Nobody in my family was really into religion. Sure, a few went to synagogue occasionally, and most of us went to Hebrew school as kids, but practically none of us kept kosher or wore a yarmulke other than on holidays.

So when my second cousin Miriam turned religious, married an Orthodox Jew and moved to Israel, no one in our family knew exactly what to make of it. Her conversion to that way of life came as quite a shock to everyone.

I myself didn't have much of an opinion on it. Spiritually, I'm agnostic but have always felt one's religious beliefs are personal and that as long as they don't force those beliefs on me, I could care less.

Miriam's whole religious awakening was never an issue for me, and when I came to Israel for the first time, to travel and see the country, I wanted to see her and where she lived, the North, which is where

our ancestors originated from millenniums ago and which had looked so beautiful in the pictures I'd seen of it.

My first couple months in Israel, I lived and worked on a Kibbutz in the South, near the Egyptian border. The Kibbutz was predominantly American, so it didn't feel much different being there than it would in a gated community somewhere out in the desert of Arizona or Nevada...

Although in contrast to an American gated community, the Kibbutz had a high, prison-like barbed wire fence surrounding its perimeter, bomb shelters, burly security guards roaming the grounds with fully automatic assault rifles, and five or six nights a week one could hear the claps of gunfire and feel the thuds of practice bombs coming from the IDF base nearby ...

Miriam and I were in regular contact since I got to Israel and she invited me to celebrate the upcoming Passover holiday with her neighbors and family. I gladly accepted the invitation, and Passover morning I took an Egged bus up to see her.

The bus ride took around six hours. The bus itself was crammed with machine gun toting, uniformed IDF soldiers and there were people sitting, standing, (and some even sprawled out sleeping) in the aisles. I got fairly lucky and found a seat on the steps next to the door in the middle of the bus. It was anything but a comfortable ride, though.

When I finally arrived to Tiberius, the closest city to my cousin's village, I got out and walked around and was amazed by the scenic beauty. The city was built on the hills encircling the Sea of Galilee and from almost anywhere you could gaze out at the dark blue water of the sea.

In stark contrast to the Arava desert, which looked like Mars, Tiberius was amazingly green. Perhaps I'd just been in the dead of the desert for too long, but the landscape in Tiberius seemed like the most beautiful I'd ever seen.

Shortly after my arrival, my cousin met me at a coffee shop in the city. I'd expected her to be a total religious hardcore, clad in a black robe, with some kind of head thing, but instead she looked like a normal middle aged Jewish woman- aside from the long sleeved shirt and ankle length dress she wore on an unusually warm and humid spring day.

We hugged and caught up. I'd actually not seen her since I was little and she was in college. After truncating the last couple decades over iced lattes, she drove me up to her village, which was about half an hour outside Tiberius, and I marveled at the jutting, rolling green hills and epic peaks and cliffs along the way.

Her village was also gated with a large barbed wire fence, though it wasn't as heavily fortified as my Kibbutz. After passing through the front security gate, we drove slowly up a winding, steep hill that went on for ages, until we arrived to a block full of caravans at the hill's apex. From there you could see out to a stunning valley that led all the way to the biblical (and now predominantly Christian Arab) city of Nazareth.

Atop this hill, in this neighborhood of caravans, was where my cousin and her four kids lived.

It kind of shocked me that they lived in a caravan, the same sort of doublewide type contraption I'd always ignorantly associated with Jerry Springer guest, white trash Americans. But it was common in Israel to see American Jews who'd made Aliyah abandon their larger houses and creature comforts in order to live out the Zionist dream. Still though, it was weird to see a bunch of trailers all huddled together in such a picturesque surrounding.

Looking around this lot, it dawned on me how the old stereotype of all Jews having tons of money was so very untrue, as many of the trailers appeared to be in various states of disrepair. Hers included.

It was homey, however, and comfortable and she welcomed me to her house with a large plate of food, which was quite the custom in Israel—whenever you went into anyone's house, the second you stepped in, they plied you with plate after plate of food.

I then met her kids, who were ages 8-17, and lovely. Following the barrage of (mostly sweet) culinary delights, my cousin and I took a walk through her neighborhood and she showed me the nicer part of it, where there were some three to four bedroom houses and villas, a few of which were impressive but still modest by American standards.

Miriam took me through a bit of wood, up to an empty pass, and showed me a plot of land, with an incredible view of the valley below, and she told me how she owned it and planned to build a house there one day.

Walking around her neighborhood, I met and saw many of her neighbors, some American, some Israeli, some French, and all religious. None were the black hat, Hassidim sort, but every one of the men and boys wore yarmulkes, several with long beards and peyos, and the women and girls all wore ankle-length dresses and long sleeved shirts.

Whatever was this place, although it was kind of strange to me, I did start to feel very at home there. I felt like I was amongst my people. Not being religious myself, there wasn't any kind of spiritual connection, but I did feel a strong cultural and ethnic connection that I'd never had before.

Perhaps it was because, for the first time, as a Jew, I wasn't a minority. I was part of the majority. Not only that, but I was on the very same soil my ancestors walked. It was an amazing and indescribable feeling.

However, that feeling wasn't long lived. One of my cousin's neighbors, a forty something, Mizrahi Sabra named Aaron, came storming into Miriam's house only a few minutes after we returned from our walk. The second he barged in through the creaky front door of the trailer, he and Miriam got into some bizarre screaming match over an air conditioner, part of which was in Hebrew.

He stormed out of the house as quickly as he came and returned twenty minutes later acting completely normal. This was typical of Israelis. They get into hysterical screaming confrontations with one another, then only a few minutes later act as if nothing happened.

Aaron introduced himself to me and I must say I was instantly taken aback by him. He was loud, even for an Israeli. Just his normal speech pattern almost sounded like yelling. His English was broken and he acted nervous and fidgety and had a perpetually agitated look to him. His tiny blue yarmulke hung from his curly, unkempt salt and pepper hair at such a weird angle I couldn't figure out how it stayed on.

Not long after we made our introductions he asked me to speak to him outside Miriam's trailer for a second. We went out there and he placed his hand on my shoulder and asked me not to touch any of the wine bottles on the table during the Passover Seder, which was to be at his house.

He said I was welcome in his house but again asked me assertively not to touch any of the wine bottles on his table. Then he hurriedly walked over to a clunky old van idling out front and peeled off in a cloud of exhaust smoke.

I didn't really know what to say or how to react. I hadn't even responded to him verbally, I'd only nodded. I stepped back into the trailer, completely puzzled, and my cousin's seventeen year old daughter saw the expression on my face and asked what was going on. I told her what happened. She seemed confused and said she didn't understand it, either.

Then Miriam came out of the kitchen, where she'd been preparing food for the Seder. She brought me into her bedroom and told me matter-of-factly how non-Jews aren't allowed to touch the wine bottles on the Passover table, how it had something or other to do with the "goyim's" idolatry.

But I wasn't a "goy," I told her. She seemed uncomfortable and without eye contact told me how because my mom's mother wasn't Jewish, even though her father was, technically I wasn't Jewish, either. Then she abruptly ducked out the door and left me in her room by myself. Me or my mom being Jewish or not wasn't something I ever thought about much, until then. I'd always considered myself mixed but more in touch with my Jewish roots. I'd been raised in a neighborhood with several other Jews, went to Hebrew school, gotten crap a couple times for being Jewish, and now here I was getting crap for not being Jewish, being asked not to touch wine bottles on a table...

And how did Aaron even know? I'm circumcised so it couldn't be that he peeked in on me in the bathroom... Nope, my cousin must have told him, I realized. Obviously it mattered to her, too, and suddenly I felt betrayed.

I was angry. And the more it sunk in, the angrier I got. I wanted to leave, but the buses had just shut down for the holiday and I didn't have a car. There was nowhere I could go. I was going to have to stick it out.

So I decided to try to make the most of it. I tried to put the whole thing out of my mind, went back into the living room, and spent my time before the Seder hanging out with Miriam's eight year old daughter, playing board games with her, which was actually a lot of fun. She was an adorable and intelligent little girl and her infectious smile and zest for life lifted me up and at least temporarily made me forget about what had happened.

Before the Seder I went to synagogue with Miriam's son and was shocked at how different an Orthodox synagogue is from a Reform one. The men and women were separated, with the women sitting behind a sheer curtain in the back, and there was all sorts of singing and chanting and standing up and sitting down and strange ways of praying that I'd never seen. It was heavily involved.

Then came time for the Seder. And I went over to Aaron's trailer (which was immediately adjacent to the village's lone bomb shelter) with Miriam and her kids, quite reluctantly.

The Seder was a tiresome affair. Growing up, our Seders were pretty quick, we'd read some stuff from the Haggadah, eat the horseradish, hide the matzo, etc., then have our dinner.

However, Aaron, being an Orthodox Jew, drew the thing out for hours. Hours. There was an onslaught of prayers and numerous things we had to do. It was even more involved than the synagogue. It was painful. Even some of his family seemed tired of it.

To finish it off, he spoke of the family in the settlement of Itamar, who were murdered, whose ten month old baby was stabbed to death. It wasn't the most cheery topic to end on. By this point my blood sugar was so low I thought I might pass out, but fortunately, after yet another set of prayers, the food got served.

The food was definitely the highlight of the evening. Both Miriam and Aaron's wife were excellent cooks. Being so hungry, though, and traumatized by the incessant prayers, I might have eaten and enjoyed anything by then...

I must say that the whole Seder made me wonder about God. If Orthodox Jews are keeping true to "His" exact word, why did God have to be so tedious and demanding? All the prayers and so on... And I mean, really, if you read the Old Testament, God is always punishing and putting Jews through such grief. He's like an abusive parent... And after everything Jews have been through, how could they even believe in God or want to be associated with Him? And why do all this stuff? I can understand keeping the holidays, even I wouldn't want to give those up, but the prayers, the fasting, the 613 rules? Come on...

Other than the (possibly) good food, nice too was speaking with Aaron's relatives, who, unlike him and his children, were secular and charming and interesting to talk with.

Speaking with them made me curious about Aaron, why he became religious, since his family obviously wasn't and some of whom seemed even more perturbed than me by the prolonged prayers which had proceeded dinner...

While eating I had passing thoughts of grabbing one of the wine bottles from off the table, taking a swig from it or even playfully poking my fingers in its direction, like only a couple inches away, just to see what Miriam and/or Aaron would do. But I respectfully resisted such urges...

After dinner, Aaron's and Miriam's kids played some board game and the adults drank spirits and talked, but I left as soon as possible, went back to Miriam's place, read for a bit and went to sleep. The end of the night for me couldn't come soon enough...

I awoke the next morning to Miriam's teenage son, who I'd been bunking with, praying loudly in the corner of the room. I couldn't believe he prayed first thing in the morning, but he did. And not only was he praying, but he wore a tefilin.

And as he prayed, he appeared to be in an intense state of trance and his eyes were shut and his body rocked back and forth as he clutched at the Torah in his hands and muttered stuff in Hebrew.

I didn't know if he might speak in tongues or something next, and I didn't want to find out, especially first thing in the morning, so I dressed as fast as possible and got the hell out of there and stepped into the kitchen.

Unfortunately for me, Miriam's family kept kosher to the nth degree and didn't use electricity on Shabbat or holidays so I couldn't put anything on the stove or into the microwave. Dejectedly, I scarfed down an apple and a piece of matzo and decided to go for a long walk.

As I was about halfway out the creaky front door, Miriam emerged from her bedroom, in a bathrobe and hair curlers. She was in tears. Although mad at her, I couldn't resist the urge to ask what was wrong.

She pulled me outside, in front of her trailer, to the same spot where Aaron told me not to touch the wine bottles. If prior experience in this location were any indication, I knew what she was about to tell me wasn't going to be good. And it wasn't.

She started to talk about her husband, who'd been curiously absent last night and the whole time I'd been there. Turns out she'd caught him a couple weeks ago on the computer looking at nude pictures of underage boys. The next day she threw him out of the house and told him her intention to divorce.

Then she went on to say how he'd never had much sexual interest in her and how she suspected him of molesting neighborhood boys, how all he did was smoke pot, how she felt like she and her kids were a mere cover for his homosexuality, how he'd run their business in the States into the ground, how they'd had to file for bankruptcy, how the last twenty years of her life were basically a lie, and on and on.

I felt less pissed off at her after hearing all this. I guess it's hard to stay too mad at someone who discovers her husband is a pedophile. We took a walk down her street in the crisp dewy morning and she continued to divulge more than I wanted to hear. But I dutifully listened and tried my best to console her.

I stayed until that evening, until after sundown, when the buses started running again, and then made an exodus of my own, back to my Kibbutz, sneaking away without saying goodbye.

For as at home and one with "my people" as I'd initially felt, by the time I left that village I never wanted to go back there again.

The Massage Parlor in Eilat

Amit Rosenberg lived in the Red Sea resort town of Eilat, Israel and worked the register at a small store that sold cold drinks and tourist trinkets.

Next to her store was a flight of stairs, leading down to an all-hours "massage parlor."

Amit hated working next door to this place, this brothel in disguise. And she detested its customers, all those repulsive men with guilty faces, going up and down those stairs, day and night.

Amit liked to sit out in front of her store, fan herself w/a newspaper, and give each and every patron the evil eye. Even in the summer, in the scorching Arava sun and 50C heat, she'd still make time to sit out in front of the store for a little while, just to shame the men with her judgmental glares.

And she was equally as disgusted by the place's employees, the girls who worked there. Although they weren't as much girls as they were middle aged women, usually chubby Russians in short skirts, impossibly high heels, pungent perfumes and too much makeup.

They'd always arrive to work in taxis, wearing large sunglasses, smoking cigarettes and looking hung over. Amit couldn't believe anyone would actually have sex with them, let alone pay for it.

But most of all she hated what appeared to be the boss, or pimp. He was a short, hairy, fifty-something Russian with a walrus-like mustache, who always wore tacky Hawaiian style shirts and lots of gold. To him she'd cast the vilest eye of all.

One day Amit noticed a new girl, younger than the others, far younger, appearing to be only 18 or so. Also unlike the others, she was pretty, extremely pretty. Her dark, exotic looks very Mediterranean, and not at all blond, blue eyed, as were her counterparts.

Amit eyed the new girl with curiosity. Who was she and how'd she wind up there? Amit wondered. She felt greatly saddened the young girl had found herself in such a predicament.

Every day the young girl would arrive by taxi to the massage parlor, but never went straight inside, like the others. Instead she'd stand outside for a few minutes on her cell phone, talking to someone, usually yelling, in a language Amit didn't recognize. It sounded Slavic, though different than Russian.

The more Amit saw her, the more she burned to talk to her. Maybe there was something she could do to help. Maybe she could find her a job in one of the hotels, a store, anything other than that. The thought of the young girl down there with all those creepy men she saw every day coming up and down the stairs made Amit want to puke.

It bothered her so much that she began losing sleep over it. Amit knew she had to do something.

So one afternoon Amit approached the girl as the girl got out of her taxi. But the girl barely spoke any Hebrew and just shook her head. Amit tried English, but that didn't work, either. The girl just shook her head and began to walk away. Amit then tried the little Russian she knew, but the girl continued to shake her head and disappeared down the stairs.

Amit was hurt. Why had the girl ignored her? She only wanted to help. The least the girl could have done was said hello. She must have spoken some Hebrew, or at least some English or Russian. There's not anyone in Israel who speaks none of the three.

After that day, though, Amit stopped seeing the girl. Two weeks went by without a trace of her. Amit began to worry even more. She thought of calling the police, but she didn't even know the girl's name. And what exactly would she tell the police anyway?

After another couple weeks, Amit started to figure the girl had left, maybe gone back to her country, who knows.

She liked to think of the girl back in her home country, back with her parents, safe and unharmed. Eventually, however, Amit pretty much forgot about the whole thing.

But then, on a particularly hot night, during a week in which Amit had been doing overtime shifts, she heard a commotion coming from the massage parlor. A couple of the men who'd just entered a few minutes ago came running out, with terrified expressions.

Then out came the young girl. But this time she looked different. She looked older than before and was crying, with mascara tearing down her cheeks. She had her hands balled into fists and held her arms up in front of her like a boxer and there was blood gushing from her wrists.

The girl yelled out something in her language and collapsed to the ground. Amit ran to call an ambulance but one came just as her trembling hands rummaged for the cell phone in her purse.

Paramedics pushed by a nearby group of onlookers, dressed the girl's wounds, and whisked her away on a gurney. Amit watched and started to cry.

Later that night, after work, she went by the hospital, but they wouldn't let her in, as she wasn't immediate family and didn't even know the girl's name.

Amit then went to the police station to talk to someone, but no one would talk to her.

She expected to read about it in the paper or online or hear something on the radio or TV. But there was nothing. Not a word.

The next day, the police shut down the massage parlor and led away a bunch of the chubby Russian women in handcuffs. Only a few days later, however, it opened again.

And when it opened, the boss was there, and, for the first time, before he went down the stairs, he stared directly at Amit, chuckled a bit, and smiled.

That Fucking Dog

IT'D BEEN GOING ON FOR WEEKS, that unbearably loud, incessant barking. Emanating from somewhere behind his apartment building, it'd usually start around 11 or 12 at night, which was inconveniently right around the time he'd be attempting to go to sleep.

The barking had an impeccably distinct tone to it. It was earsplitting, thunderous and bass-heavy, and at the conclusion of each "whoof" was a sort of high-pitched squeal, akin to nails running down a chalkboard. And it was rapid, too, sequential like semi-automatic machine gun fire, pausing for only brief intervals of perhaps 10 to 20 seconds, creating the comforting illusion it'd finally ceased, before resuming relentlessly for hours on end.

{ Running around wildly in a loosely fenced yard full of mangled old wheelchairs in back of a ramshackle little slanted roof home, just adjacent to the rear of his apartment building, the animal looked to be in nothing other than a wretched, pitiful state. }

For the first couple weeks upon its unwelcome debut, he'd tried to locate the barking's point of origin. Though he could quite audibly hear it, every time he looked out his window and peered around, he couldn't see a dog anywhere. He'd even set out on foot a few times, late at night, groggy and bedheaded, in only a bathrobe and slippers, hoping to find the four-legged offender and have an angry word or two with its owner, but his searches were always to no avail.

Finally, after three weeks of sleep deprivation, he looked out his bedroom window and saw... it, that dog, the mangy piece of shit that'd been so painfully preventing his rightful entry into the realm of REM sleep. The creature he'd come to refer to as simply "That Fucking Dog."

And a truly mangy looking mutt That Fucking Dog was too. Running around wildly in a loosely fenced yard full of mangled old wheelchairs in back of a ramshackle little slanted roof home, just adjacent to the rear of his apartment building, the animal looked to be in nothing other than a wretched, pitiful state.

It was tall in stature, appearing to be a Scottish Deerhound, but it had a curiously long, angular, rat-like face and floppy tongue that flapped around like crazy as it barked its lungs out. Its gray shaggy fur was quite unkempt and probably home to an entire species of fleas and various other blood-sucking parasites. The offensive canine's physical manifestation was made even more unsettling due to it looking extremely emaciated and something being wrong (i.e. possibly deformed) with its front left leg and it was running and galloping in circles around the wheelchairs with a disturbingly peculiar gimp bounce as it barked and barked mercilessly under the flickering light of a semi-operational streetlamp.

Having finally located the miserable beast, all his recent thoughts of putting a violent end to its continual disturbances started to come to a boil. Instinctually he thought of shooting it, but bludgeoning it to death with a baseball bat or other blunt object would give him greater personal satisfaction. Rising out of bed, he went into his closet, reached into his toolbox, and pulled out a hammer. This ought to do the trick, he thought, while That Fucking Dog's barking only amplified in volume as he approached his apartment's exterior door, hammer in hand.

But he wasn't able reach for the doorknob and go out there. He just couldn't bring himself to kill the flea-ridden sack of shit. He suddenly felt ashamed of himself for wanting to bludgeon it to death (and even more so for searching for Michael Vick's phone number on the Internet a few times). Instead of going out to kill That Fucking Dog, he turned around, went back to his closet, returned the hammer to the toolbox, and then proceeded to go outside, sans hammer, gun, or any object w/killing capability, and simply walked over to the neighbor's house and banged on the door, angrily.

However, no one answered, and as soon as he started banging on the door, the relentless barking stopped. Perplexed, he went back to his apartment and crawled back into bed. Pulling the covers over his head, it started again, that fucking barking. Since he'd located the animal and its presumable owner, he decided to file a noise complaint and phoned the local police's non-emergency number. Unfortunately, the cop who answered was anything but sympathetic, telling him in a deep Southern drawl that it was a civil matter, and the only thing he could do was take it to small claims court.

Frustrated, he hung the phone up on the cop, downed a shot of Nyquil and passed out on the couch. All that night he had Nyquil-coma dreams filled with a cacophony of barking dog sounds, and acute visions of that particular dog's hideously angular face and wildly flapping tongue floating around all over his apartment, in multi-headed hydra beast formations, and him wearing a Richard Nixon mask, hula skirt, and Native American feathered headdress, doing gyrating, flailing dances in concentric circles, humming "Sympathy for the Devil," and stopping every few seconds to punch and karate kick at the floating hydra-dogheads, which would always disappear into thin air before impact.

The series of dreams culminated in him hanging upside down from his apartment's ceiling, making breaststroke swimming motions, smelling the scent of bacon cooking, and then his teeth starting to fall out and his hair suddenly catching fire, and him running across the ceiling upside down, into the bathroom, and seeing the dog's face instead of his own, spinning clockwise in his bathroom mirror, and him smashing the bathroom mirror to pieces with a can of shaving cream.

He woke up the next morning screaming, beating the back cushion of his couch with a clenched fist. His nose was bleeding and That Fucking Dog was still barking, which was bizarre, since it usually only barked at night. Stumbling up to his feet, he plugged up his nose w/a roll of slightly moist toilet paper lying next to the couch and decided he couldn't take anymore and hurriedly dressed and rushed out the door, post haste, but so post haste that he unfortunately stepped directly into a steaming pile of dog shit as he ran out into his apartment complex's parking lot.

He then let loose a harrowing wail of a scream, tore off his shit-covered shoe, hurled it into the street, and jumped in his pickup truck, grinded the ignition and slammed his barefoot down on the accelerator pedal, taking off in the direction of the nearby mountains, where he had a dilapidated but cozy mobile home.

Driving up into the mountains, he relished the quietude of the rolling green pastures and endless trees that covered the hills like bushy hairs. He didn't even bother to listen to any music or the radio or anything on the way up there. He just kept his driver's side window 1/3 open, listening to the sound of various birds, the occasional mooing cow, passing trucks, and continual whirr of the crisp wind that tapped refreshingly against his stubbly, unshaven face.

(Stopping for gas along the way, motorists at the neighboring pumps shot odd glances at him, and he realized that in addition to wearing only one shoe and having bloody toilet paper clumps hanging out of his nose, his "Kiss Me I'm Irish" t-shirt was on backwards.)

When he got up to the mobile home, he strapped on a pair of hiking boots, cracked open a breakfast beer, and went out fishing in the lake nearby in peaceful solitude. He grilled up the catfish he caught later that night and was joined for swigs of moonshine by a few mullet-headed neighbors, who played "Freebird" over and over again from the radio of an old, beat up Wrangler Jeep.

{ He grilled up the catfish he caught later that night and was joined for swigs of moonshine by a few mullet-headed neighbors, who played "Freebird" over and over again from the radio of an old, beat up Wrangler Jeep. }

Feeling almost narcoleptic, he turned in early, lying spread eagle on the mobile home's sofa-bed, watching TV, falling asleep softly to the calming sounds of a recurring infomercial featuring some short portly guy with a scruffy white beard, monotone voice, and Christmas morning sized smile.

Unfortunately, his sleep was brief, as he was awakened quickly by a familiar sound... a barking dog. And no, it wasn't one of the mullet-headed neighbor's dogs or anything like that. No, this was that same distinct, gut-wrenching bark, with the nails across blackboard tinge that'd plagued him for so many nights.

It was That Fucking Dog.

How'd it find him here? Had it stealthily jumped into the bed of his pickup truck and rode up with him? Was this a sick joke? His mind raced and his heart began to beat faster and faster.

Whatever was going on, this is it, he thought. It was time to put an end to this once and for all. Casting aside all inhibitions, he ejected his Nascar sheets off his body, which was trembling with anger, and stormed over to the nearby closet and pulled out one of the many shotguns it contained. This one was a double barrel, and he promptly clicked the neck open and stuffed in a couple shells.

He then kicked open the squeaky, thin wooden door and pointed the shotgun in the direction of the barking. But there was no dog out there. And the second he stepped out the door, the barking had ceased. He swiveled his head around from side to side, took about ten steps forward, but still didn't hear anything. Creeping slowly backwards, he failed to spot the rolling mechanic's cart his mullet-headed neighbors use to get under the various automobiles parked on the shared lawn.

The cart took him off his feet, and he nearly flipped backwards. His entire body became inverted in mid-air, and he then crashed down to land, doing a piledriver into the ground. After he unpleasantly completed his fall into the hard, oil-stained lawn, his shotgun landed, nozzle first, next to him and discharged, sending a barrage of pellets sinking into the left side of his face and skull.

The swarm of pellets felt freezing cold at first as they entered, but after a millisecond or two, they burned with solar intensity, causing him the most intense deep somatic pain he'd ever experienced as the barrage sliced through the skin around his cheek, tearing off a large particle of his jawbone, and what must have been a sizeable portion of his cranium.

Shortly thereafter, like in less than a minute, his body's endorphins kicked in, causing his pain to instantly subside into an utter numbness. Everything then swirl-faded to a gray-like color, from left to right, in sort of a gentle wave, and he lost consciousness.

An indeterminate amount of time later, he woke up in a hospital bed, only able to see from one eye. A large Jamaican nurse, who looked strikingly similar to Aunt Jemima, was hovering above him, mumbling and pulling out a bedpan from underneath his ass. He could feel a urinary catheter attached to his dick. He noticed he was attached intravenously to bags of clear fluids and beeping machines. Looking out the window, he saw a pigeon take off from the ledge outside the window and disappear from the edge of the red brick building into a fluffy grayish-white cumulus cloud that was only partially illuminated by the sun. It must've been late afternoon, he thought.

A doctor of Pakistani, Bangladeshi, or Indian origin suddenly appeared in front of him, almost as if he'd beamed in from some sort of Star Trek device.

"Mr. ' , ' the doctor began, his heavy south-Asian accented voice oscillating between octaves, "you have had a very bad accident." The doctor's voice soon started to be broken up by what sounded like a distorted hum, and all he could make out was bits and pieces of what the Star Trek South Asian was attempting to convey.

"Compounded fractures on the right side of... VZZZZZZReconstructiveVZZZZZZZZ... Otoplasty..."

"Ocular... VZZZZZZZ... IncisionSteelVZZZZZZZZGraftIregretoZZZZZZZ..."

The hum grew louder, tuning out the doctor entirely, and just as fast as he'd appeared, the South Asian faded away.

Now alone, he lay in his hospital bed, staring with his one working eye out the window, watching little clouds of grayish/whitish hues go by. Gradually the hum dissipated, and the Jamaican nurse came in and out of his room a few times, changing clear bags of fluid to which his right arm was connected by white tubes. Her speech was punctuated by many "mons," and she was telling him about some hurricane approaching the Cayman Islands. (He was unable to speak, so he couldn't respond, and wasn't sure he would've anyway.) Every time she opened and closed his door he saw the same geriatric man in a rusty wheelchair, swatting at what were probably imaginary flies, being wheeled around reluctantly by a tall nurse who appeared to be transgendered.

Dusk passed. His window darkened and he felt what must've been a morphine drip, [i.e. like probably a nice shot of (5 α ,6 α)-7,8-didehydro-4,5-epoxy-17-methylmorphinan-3,6-diol], course into his veins. His sole operational eyelid inched shut in millimeter increments. He was beginning to feel a certain level of relaxation he'd not felt in weeks. But then, in just a split second, his serenity was shattered.

He heard it again.

That barking.

That Fucking Dog.

It sounded like it was coming from directly outside his window. He looked out but couldn't see anything. He tried to yell but couldn't even do that. He started to feel like the guy in Metallica's "One" video. But he wasn't that bad off, for he could still move, and move he did.

He sat up in bed, tore the urinary catheter off his dick and threw his bedpan, which fortunately was empty, to the floor. He yanked his arm free of his IVs, causing fluids to splatter out in every which direction. Feeling around his face, trying to cover his ears, he could tell his entire head was encased in a huge bandage, particularly heavily on the right side.

He rolled out of bed, crashing into the linoleum floor, but robotically stumbled up to his feet, as if he was a zombie. Barefoot and wearing only his hospital gown, he walked as fast as he could, which wasn't really fast, but seemed fast to him, out the door of his room, down the stairs, through the intake area, and out into the cool evening, following the direction in which he heard the barking originating.

And there it was, That Fucking Dog, standing in an ovular pond underneath a large phallic water sculpture in the middle of a traffic circle across the street from the hospital. With drool dribbling down both corners of his mouth, he whimpered, then summoned all his strength and ran, flailing his arms, across the street, knocking into pedestrians, shoving down a prepubescent girl in dental headgear, sending her tumbling to the pavement. He dodged and weaved through oncoming traffic, cars blaring horns at him, and he jumped into the ovular pond, wading through stacks of wish pennies as he approached the hideous beast that barked louder and louder with every water weight resisted splashing step he took in its direction.

Only a yard or two from That Fucking Dog, he dove at it, arms outstretched, but only fell, face first into the shallow water. When he arose, he wiped at his lone working eye and looked around, but didn't see the dog anywhere. Instead, at the foot of the pond, he saw only the geriatric man in a rusty wheelchair from the hospital, sans transgendered nurse. The old man was staring straight at him, laughing with a toothless smile, and swatting away furiously at what were probably imaginary flies.

In response to the Pixies' 'Ed is Dead'

Back in high school,

I had a friend named Ed

He had a long black pony tail

and big buckteeth...

Ed was always smiling...

We used to get high at lunchtime

huffing Glade, smoking pot

and popping Percocet

One time we got drunk

and double-teamed a big titted ginger bitch with lots of freckles

in the handicapped bathroom of the school library

My ex-girlfriend Wendy said Ed'd fuck anything with two tits and a heartbeat

and Ed said he'd fuck his older half-sister if she'd let him...

Ed stole weed from his dad, who was also named Ed,
and Ed's 12 year old brother stole weed from him...

Ed liked run around the hallways between classes, yelling "slay the beast" in a British accent, making spastic motions with his arms, sometimes stopping to slap a random person upside the head

One time Ed was driving his parent's wood paneled station wagon, lip-syncing "Straight Outta Compton" by NWA, and he stopped at an intersection, rolled down his window and punched a bicyclist in the face for no apparent reason that I could reasonably gather...

Ed said he spent a summer vacation in New Mexico with his cousin Gabriel and that they shot at Devil Worshipers in the desert and that he thought they killed one

Ed said he wanted to shoot Marilyn Manson too...

(Please note that this Ed is not to be confused with another Ed I know, who had testicular cancer and had to have one of his testicles surgically removed. That Ed I studied Classical Chinese with at a training center in Taiwan and got a nasty case of giardia with in Tibet... BUT THIS IS NOT THAT ED.)

My friend from high school Ed was half Mexican and got jumped into the Eighteenth Street Gang by his cousin Juan

His cousin Juan tattooed 18th Street in Roman numerals on the inside of Ed's right ring finger with a sewing needle, cigarette lighter, and india ink

Juan went to jail, and when he was released, he knocked on Ed's window at 2am, wanting Ed to come with him to blow up some fool's car

But Ed didn't go...

I haven't talked to Ed since 2002

Last I heard of him, he was doing well

He got married, bought a townhouse and was working as a paralegal

I wonder if he still has that tattoo

The Great American Novel

I want to spend the next ten years writing the great American novel

and when I send it out to publishers

every single one will reject it

all with form rejection letters

instead of the sardonic

and/or personal criticism I'd prefer

I want to write the great American novel

and self-publish it online

to a password protected site

only I can see

I want to write the great American novel

and let my only friend read it

and she'll tell me how it would make a wonderful screenplay

Going to Singapore

"Singapore... yeah... was there back in 06. Great nightlife."

"Really? Wouldn't have thought that. Says here on the embarkation card something about death for drug traffickers."

"But they don't kill you for drinking."

"I can't drink anymore for a while. I got oral lichen planus."

"Oral what?"

"Don't ask."

"If you can't drink, at least you can go banging hookers. Prostitution is legal there."

"Yeah?"

"Don't litter, or spit on the street, though. They'll cane you for that."

"Cane you?"

"Yeah, it's a common punishment there. They strip you naked, throw you into this thick body suit with a hole in it where your bare ass hangs out, and they string you up and whack your ass with a cane. Whack your ass tomato red, 'til it bleeds..."

"Damn."

"But they don't usually cane you if they sentence you to death."

"I guess that's compassionate."

"But they do do it for stuff like spitting on the street or littering."

"Streets there must be clean."

"Sure are."

"Think they cane you for spitting on a hooker?"

"I don't know."

"They cane you for all sorts of things, even for overstaying your visa..."

"Really?"

"Yup, but only if it's a couple months or more. I mean, if you miss your flight or something, they won't pull you into some room in the airport, and, you know..."

"Sure is an incentive to not miss your flight, however."

"..."

"You know a lot about Singapore."

"I go on Wikipedia sometimes."

"Think they'd cane Westerners? Like, Americans?"

"They would and do. You're probably too young to remember, but they did it to some American kid back in 94 or 95, for throwing eggs at cars, I think. Michael Fay, Ray or Day, the poor bastard's name was. Beat his ass pretty good."

"For real?"

"Sure did, a lot of people in America were up in arms about it too, on CNN and talk shows, crying about it, but I remember my old man was saying how they oughta do that here to these young punks..."

"Think that'd be a deterrent? I could see idiots all bragging about it, like they do about going to prison. Like Lil Wayne taking out his naked ass in music videos, pointing at it, showing off his scars, like it's gangsta."

"Who's Little Wayne?"

"You don't know who that is?"

"Nah, I must be getting old. That's a sure sign you're getting old, when you don't know who Little Wayne is."

"Actually it's Lil Wayne."

"Lil?"

"Lil."

"Whatever."

"Just seems sorta demeaning to be known as 'little' something or another."

"Chris Rock calls him a retarded midget."

"I know Chris Rock. I like Chris Rock."

"Is he really retarded, this Little Wayne?"

"I'm not sure. He is quite short."

"Still, if you're a kid and they call you 'little' whatever, I guess it's alright, but if you're fifty, would you still want people calling you that?"

"I wonder that about 'Young Jeezy' too."

"'Young Jeezy?' For Christ's sake..."

"I don't know if Lil Wayne or Young Jeezy will make it to fifty. They'll probably get smoked by some hater. Rappers get shot all the time."

"Smoked by a hater?"

"Never mind."

"..."

"Hey, scope the tail on that flight attendant there, the tallish one, with all the makeup."

"That is a sweet yellow ass right there."

"Asian women are just beautiful."

"You catch that yellow fever if you're out here long enough."

"Oh, I already got it."

"And there's no going back from it either. I can't even get an erection for other ethnicities."

"Walking Viagra, these women."

"Never understood the yellow fever, until I came out here."

"It's something serious. They should pass out pamphlets about it when you apply for visas."

"What I wouldn't give to grab that ass..."

"I hear guys grab flight attendant ass a lot on flights out of Hong Kong."

"But we're in Singaporean airspace now, on a Singaporean airline, so you wouldn't get away with it... I bet they'd cane you."

"An ass like that might be worth it."

"Nah, in all seriousness, I'd never do that, molest a woman against her will. I only molest consensually."

"Can one molest consensually?"

"I can and do. Non-consensual molesters deserve to be caned."

"And getting caned on the ass, for grabbing an ass, talk about the irony."

"Look, that's what being a man is all about, being able to hide and suppress your perversions."

"I guess that's what separates us from the animals on all fours."

"That's right. Much more so than anything else."

Save the Chinese Babies

It was my fourth marriage. I'm sure it's tough being married to a cop, yano? Didn't even think I'd marry this one. Met her on the fucking internet...

She ain't really my type, neither. Kinda tall, skinny, short hair, used to be an army broad, but she's gotta tight little ass you could bounce quarters off and she fucks like a \$500 an hour call girl.

So anyways, we're partying in Vegas, we're drunk, and we wind up eloping, getting hitched by an Elvis impersonator. Not the first time something like that happened to me, either, yano.

Then a week later I take a bullet in the leg, some asshole sticking up a pharmacy for oxy.

So I'm laid up and my new wife wakes me up one morning and tells me she found Jesus.

"Where was he?" I ask her, thinking it's joke or something. Never really been a believer myself, 'specially after 9/11.

But she's for real. Starts going to church every weekend, watching "The 700 Club," all that shit.

Then she sees something on "The 700 Club" about orphanages in China and these abandoned girl babies, 'cause of this "one child policy" or whatever the bullshit.

So she starts saying how she wants to go there and save the babies.

All the time, she's in tears about the Chinese babies and how she's praying, talking to Jesus and how Jesus wants her to go to China to save the fucking babies.

And she's looking into it and finds a job teaching English at this high school in China, way out in the sticks, near this big orphanage, and she's all begging like a junkie to go.

At first I'm like fuggetaaboutit, what's a Brooklyn cop gonna do in the fucking sticks in fucking China. People in triangle hats, doing Kung fu, all riding around in rickshaws and shit.

But then I figure I always did like Chinese food and no one out there's gonna shoot at me, probably, so what the fuck. Let's go for a year or two. It'll be like a vacation.

So my leg heals up and we go out there. My wife finds these other Jesus freaks, and I'm liking it too. So quiet—no car horns or sirens all night. No assholes shooting at me, neither.

And I'm eating Chinese food every day. But the Chinese food there was kinda different, too many fucking bones, no General Tso's chicken, no buffets, not even a fucking fortune cookie, but it was still decent, and a lot cheaper than in the States. Only \$1, maybe \$3 for king-sized meal, yano.

Found I liked teaching too. The kids there are so respectful. Not at all like these little fuckwad, gangster wanna-be American kids, all talking back to you, giving you the shits.

And I'm even taking up Tai Chi. Doing that shit every morning with this little old toothless Chinese granny who doesn't speak a word of English, but is always smiling at me.

And I'm listening to Pantera on my iPod, doing Tai Chi like a bastard, looking out at these tooth-shaped green mountains. Every morning. I'm fucking love it, yano.

Things are going okay until my wife brings home one of the babies from the orphanage. And this baby was a fucking train wreck. Had some kinda thing where like her whole upper lip was all twisted up. "Cleft lip" or some shit like that.

And the fucking thing cried all the day and all night. Kept waking me up. Had me taking two hour walks at 3 AM down to the village near the school just to get my head right.

That fucking baby hated me, too, I think. Her beady little slanted eyes staring at me like I'm the devil.

I mean, I'm closing in on 50, for Chrissakes. I'm a grandfather. The fuck I need some mangled face Chinese baby?

But my wife loves the fucking thing, and she's still riding me every night like a \$500 an hour call girl and I likes my job there and my Tai Chi so I don't complain too much, yano.

Things were going alright until my wife decides to actually adopt the fucking baby. Now I didn't wanna do that, but how am I gonna tell her no? She thinks the baby's hers and is calling it her daughter and carrying it around in a sack over her stomach, looking like a kangaroo and all.

So we fill out the paperwork and bullshit and we get this other teacher there, this tall skinny whitebread chickenshit motherfucker who I never liked for some reason, who also volunteers at the orphanage and who's been there forever and speaks Chinese and we ask him to help us and translate the paperwork and with the interview with the adoption assholes.

Turns out this guy doesn't speak Chinese as well as we think and he gets something wrong in the translation and because of him rubbing the adoption assholes the wrong way, the application gets rejected and the adoption people literally fucking snatch the baby away from my wife's arms.

And my wife, she goes ballistic. Starts sobbing and comes back home and trashes the apartment like she's some fucking rock star or something, Guns N' Roses, this broad.

Then she grabs this kitchen knife and storms over to the office and tries to stab the tall skinny douchebag shit ass translator.

And the Chinese office workers are holding her back, yelling in broken English, and they wrestle her down, and the police show up, screaming in Chinese, and they fucking deport her, kicking and screaming about her baby, all the way to the airport, but the school offers that I can stay, like I'm gonna just leave my wife, though the thought did cross my mind.

So now we're back in America and my wife's like a zombie, sitting around watching trashy talk shows, like a fucking vegetable, and she's calling psychic hotlines, and she threw away all her Bibles and religious stuff and she won't go to church and every time she's sees an Asian looking person she bursts into tears.

And I'm back to being a cop and I'm thinking about divorce. Bringin' wife number four to China probably wasn't a good idea. Four is an unlucky number there, yano.

African Safari

We were all a bunch of fuck ups.

Most of our time was spent smoking weed, playing video games, and putting our dicks in any slut who'd let us.

The majority of us didn't finish high school, but some did or got their GED and went to community college, like a dude I grew up with, my big homie Kevin.

Kevin was a bodybuilder and street entrepreneur. He started off selling small bits of weed to friends and classmates and moved up to moving ounces and keys of coke and became a real life "Dopeman" like his favorite NWA song.

He got himself a used Benz and a townhouse near the local community college, and it became the party house, stoner central.

It started off mostly just longhairs on couches and loveseats in the living room doing bong hits, but as more and more coke came around, the people, like the drugs, got increasingly hardcore.

Like this fat, bushy mustache face cop from Palm Beach that Kevin bought most of his coke and weed from.

The cop'd come by with these Little Haiti street thugs, and sell various contraband, often automatic firearms, out of the kitchen, to other roughneck types.

But the most fucked up person to turn up had to be Ben, who had moved into one of the bedrooms.

Ben had a presence to him that sent a chill over the stoners. Whenever he'd enter the living room during bong hit sessions, everyone would just get quiet and uncomfortable.

Maybe it was his look, his eczema covered face and hands and his long black trench coats, even in the dog days of summer.

Or maybe his work. Ben was a mortician, and if you went into his room, it was like entering death.

He kept the AC in there blasting to frigid levels, and there were satanic, thrash and black metal posters all over the walls. Cannibal Corpse. Cradle of Filth. Anal Cunt.

He'd sit by his TV and computer (which were both always on) watching horror and snuff films, mass killer and serial killer documentaries and raw footage of car accidents, natural disasters, and plane crashes.

Most didn't go in his room, nor mention their disdain of Ben to Kevin. Probably because they bought their substances from Kevin and Kevin and Ben were tight. Kevin would always call Ben "his boy" and talk about "all the shit he did for me."

Ben didn't leave the townhouse much, except for work, so everyone was shocked when he brought home a girl, Stella, who lived with him in the house, from the day she arrived.

Stella was petite, with a small head and boyish bowl haircut. She'd an assortment of facial piercings, big blue bug eyes and bad teeth, but, surprisingly enough, she had a decent body.

She'd walk around the house wearing only a long t-shirt and most everyone caught a glimpse of her juicy thighs and hairy pussy at some point or another.

And, as Ben got worse with the coke and hardly ever left his room, even for work, Stella started to fuck everyone, all the stoners, the cop, the roughneck street thugs, and Kevin too, though he tried to pass it off, saying how he was drunk and she'd "left her shirt on the whole time" and it "just was a couple minutes."

She was certainly a unique person. No one knew how she met Ben or why exactly she was with him. Maybe it was because she was also into death. Really into death. That's all she talked about. Death. What happens when you die, ghosts, murders, psychic mediums, reincarnation, all that shit.

She only listened to hip hop, but only to rappers who were dead.

Biggie, Big L, Big Pun, Tupac, Eazy E. Nothing new, like Kanye, Pitbull or something, saying how she'd wait until he died, because then "you could truly understand him."

Things around the house took a turn for the worse when Kevin got some PCP from this short stocky Cuban with shifty eyes and a speech impediment (who, of course, also fucked Stella).

That PCP had a really bad effect on everyone, but most of all Ben and Stella, who'd both taken quite a liking to it.

Now chain-smoking cigarettes, and having lost a lot of weight, Ben began to emerge from his room and had somehow come into possession of a baby pig. The pig would shit all over the house and he and Stella would walk around, cradling it like a baby, singing lullabies to it.

The whole house stank a musty combination of pig shit and cigarette smoke.

Worse yet, Ben would frequently interrupt bong circles, in hysterics, brandishing his Nazi paratrooper knife, threatening to cut off one of his fingers for one reason or another, although he was talked down fairly easily by fake sympathy and bong hits.

Kevin and the stoners who lived on his living room couches tired of Ben and a council convened and decreed he be kicked out of the house.

Ben left the house balling his eyes out, taking the baby pig with him, but Stella stayed.

A couple weeks later, vice cops and a SWAT team raided. Stella broke down crying and turned state.

Kevin took the heat for everything and spent \$20,000 in cash on a lawyer who helped him avoid jail time with house arrest, probation, fines, and community service.

The lawyer was able to get some evidence thrown out on a technicality but had told Kevin his case was tough and that he could have gotten him off easier if he'd just raped a 10 year old girl or something like that.

Kevin was convinced Ben snitched him out and drunkenly talked of hiring someone to shoot him. Then he talked of hiring someone to beat him up with a baseball bat in the parking lot outside his job at the funeral home.

Later he claimed he'd pay an ex-hooker with HIV (who he'd met at an NA meeting) to fuck Ben without a condom.

Kevin's troubles didn't end. He had a botched dental operation that resulted in his jaw having chronic, debilitating pain. He tried unsuccessfully to sue the dentist.

He called me one night at 3 am from a pay phone in Key West and said he planned on buying a bulletproof vest and body armor and storming into the dentist's office with an AK, or at least picketing out front with a big sign, telling everyone what the dentist did to him, but, ultimately, didn't do either.

He'd moved back in with his folks, but they kicked him out as he kept accusing his sister for the diabetes he'd developed and of poisoning his food.

He then got an online TEFL degree and found a job teaching English in Madagascar.

I received a Facebook message from him a year ago saying he was in Kenya, mostly staying inside his compound, though occasionally going out on safaris.

Mr. Speed's Safe

Mr. Speed was over 7 feet tall and lived on the top floor of a six storey condominium.

A virtual shut-in, he barely ever left his apartment. The few times any of his neighbors saw him, night or day, he'd be in dark sunglasses and biker apparel, though no one ever saw Mr. Speed riding a motorcycle.

Mr. Speed's only visitor was a tall and lanky Persian man who often wore a heavy overcoat that looked like it had a cape. He'd visit every couple months, in the early mornings, and usually carried with him an unmarked cardboard box.

Mr. Speed wasn't friends with anyone in the building, nor did he attend any of the building's social functions. Never did he say "hello," make small talk, or even nod politely to anyone in the hall.

No one ever heard any sounds coming from his apartment, either, and there'd be week, month long periods when no one saw him, leading to persistent rumors about his possibly being dead.

And it wasn't only rumors of his death that floated around the building. All sorts of speculation as to who he was ran rampant, too.

It was said that he was everything from a Hell's Angel (of course) to a bodyguard, semi-pro basketball player, CIA operative, computer hacker, terrorist of some sort or deposed third world strongman...

Rumors also had it that he'd once been an obscure poet and then a drug dealer and that he'd worked for decades on a yak farm in Turkmenistan after leaving the Russian mafia...

The Weintraubs in 204 said they once saw him scale the building, hoisting himself up six storeys by a drainage pipe, entering his apartment via the balcony...

The children in the building all thought Mr. Speed was a werewolf or vampire or other kind of monster and were afraid to trick or treat at his door and screamed, pointed, and ran away upon sight of him...

Eventually Mr. Speed died and really was dead, too, as paramedics carried out his body in a gurney draped in a white sheet, his long legs all dangling out. The police on the scene said he'd apparently died of natural causes.

His lone visitor came a couple days later with a moving team and cleared out Mr. Speed's few belongings. All was removed, except for one thing the movers left behind in the building's lobby...

A locked safe.

The safe was about a foot and a half tall and a foot wide. It had a circular black dial flanked by a small lever in the center of its door and had been crudely spray painted hot pink.

Members of the condo committee tried to locate a relative of Mr. Speed's to come remove the safe, but couldn't find anyone. It was hoped maybe the visitor would return to retrieve it, but he didn't.

Following the safe's being in the lobby for over a month, and an increasing number of complaints regarding its existence, a Tuesday night meeting was called to address the issue.

The meeting was contentious from its onset. A few in the room believed it was best to keep the safe for another couple weeks, to see if it would be claimed.

However, some, such as Mrs. Tennenbaum in 502, wanted it taken away, right this instant. It was an eyesore and who knows what kind of vile and possibly illicit things it could contain, she pled, her voice slightly raised and cracking, as she hugged her pet Chihuahua tightly.

Mr. Harvey in 101, the cagey Vietnam vet, known colloquially to the building as "Old Whiskey Breath," shrugged and sighed hastily as Mrs. Tennenbaum delivered her sermon.

Once she finished he arose from his chair, hiked up his corduroy pants and sauntered over to the center of the room, where the room's overhead lights refracted brightly from his bald head.

Mr. Harvey broke wind loudly, showing no shame at doing so, and then pointed at Mrs. Tennenbaum and launched into a fierce rebuttal about how the building should see what's inside the safe and claim any valuable contents, as it was (for "Christ's sake" he implored) left behind in the lobby.

The meeting soon devolved into a shouting match between Mr. Harvey and Mrs. Tennenbaum and was called to an abrupt end, and another meeting, this one featuring a vote on the issue, was scheduled for next week.

During the time between meetings, rival factions led by Mrs. Tennenbaum and Mr. Harvey formed and lobbied wavering tenants.

However, the second meeting also ended in a stalemate, with neither side receiving enough votes to garner any action. Passive aggressive exchanges between the two sides and light shoving between effeminate Mr. Parker in 104 and cat lady Ms. Howell in 404 ensued at the meeting's conclusion.

A third meeting and vote was scheduled in two weeks. This time, the rival factions lobbied even more aggressively, with Mrs. Tennenbaum bringing her famous oatmeal chocolate chip cookies door to door, and Mr. Harvey cornering neighbors in the hallways and elevators, plying them with wine and scotch, and even going as far as to take a few out to a minor league baseball game.

Perhaps it was the drinks and baseball, or, most likely, the building's boiling curiosity over what lay in the safe, but, whatever the cause, Mr. Harvey's contingent won the vote in meeting number three, sending a dejected Mrs. Tennenbaum and her followers storming out in protest.

A couple days later a locksmith was hired to open the safe. Being somewhat small, it would be opened rather quickly and Mr. Harvey and nearly the entire building, including Mrs. Tennenbaum and her Chihuahua, stood breathlessly in a semicircle around the safe, awaiting the discovery of its contents.

The crowd huddled and gasped as the safe's door popped ajar with a whispering creak. Murmurs fluttered about the crowd but were silenced entirely when the door opened all the way and everyone saw that there was nothing inside.

Chapter Four: Bitch Time



Assraped by a Crazy Poetry Bitch

The rain hadn't let up for days, and I tried to make out the road as best I could from behind my rapidly moving windshield wipers. I'd come from America, Miami, and now was currently on my way up to Glasgow, from Bristol, to visit a few former colleagues.

En route to Glasgow, I'd decided to stop by Manchester to see a couple friends, who were putting on some sort of an arts show at a local pub.

When I found the pub, thanks to my rental car's GPS, there was only one (rather tight) parking space available nearby. Trying to squeeze into it, I bashed into a hot pink Smart Car that was covered in flowery stickers and peace signs.

Stopping and exiting my half-parked car, stepping into the wet elements, I noticed barely a scratch on my rental but did spot a nasty gash to the Smart Car's tiny hood.

I thought about leaving a note, but paper wouldn't hold up too well in the pissing rain, so instead I took down the license plate, on my phone, and decided to get in touch with the owner later.

First, though, I abandoned my failed parking spot and ventured down another block or two, soon discovering a much better and more spacious alternative.

Trudging through the rain, I made my way into the pub, which was full of smoke. Making my way through the packed crowd, way past fire marshal capacity, I found my friends sitting at a small table up front.

Hipsters, whacko artists, eccentrics, whatever you want to call them, they were decked out accordingly for the occasion.

One wore a Scooby Doo costume, and the other wore a plaid mini-skirt, Dallas Cowboys cheerleader half-shirt, go-go boots, and tall WW1 type military top hat, with multi-colored feathers at its apex.

Both wore monocles, were sipping pints of Guinness, and were slamming down shots of Ukrainian vodka, while making catcalls at a sluggishly moving, 50ish burlesque dancer, who was awkwardly gyrating to a Justin Bieber song.

The dancer's large eyeglasses, frumpy figure, and granny panties were none too appealing.

Fortunately, though, she exited stage left soon enough, right as I started throwing down shots with Scooby.

The crowd gave the dancer a tepid but polite applause, and onto the stage, through a cloud of smoke, mystically appeared a slightly overweight, however quite alluring woman, very tall, around 6'8, and maybe of age 37 or so.

She had corpse white skin, and large breasts, I mean shockingly large (though not saggy) breasts that tested the laws of gravity in the tight fitting black low-cut blouse she wore. Her matching black microscopic miniskirt only extended to the very top of her succulent, pleasantly plump thighs.

It took me a second to notice, likely because of how entranced I was by her breasts and thighs, that she was strangely wearing only one high heeled black pump, and I also became aware of the fact that her flesh colored stockings had many, many runs and rips. Almost as if her legs had been attacked by an angry cat.

Scanning her body upwards, I discovered her clumpy, jet black hair was extremely disheveled, sort of like a dead, really furry cat was tied to her head. (Like maybe she'd killed the cat that attacked her legs and turned it into a hat or wig.)

Possibly more disturbing was that one of her eyes appeared much bigger than the other and her makeup was running, mascara tearing down her cheeks, lipstick jutting way too far past the corners of her mouth.

This freakish creature seemed to slowly hover like a ghost, through the nicotine mist, up to the microphone stand.

She swatted away the smoke around her, made a hacking sound, and then launched into a bizarre, hushed voice, metaphorical poem about the moon.

Every so often she'd pause and do these little weird swaying dances which involved an unhealthy amount of arm movement. At the end of her poem, she made an orgasm, moaning sort of noise, threw her lone shoe into the audience, stormed off stage, and ran into the men's bathroom of the pub.

Looking around, a fraction the crowd's audience appeared aghast, but a quiet stream of applause gradually built up into a raucous standing ovation.

People in the crowd yelled out "brilliant!" and "encore!" and my friend Scooby broke into tears, saying she'd never been so moved. A couple people fainted.

The next act involved a tall bald man in overalls and pink flip flops, and a midget, in a Spiderman costume, sitting on a stool, quoting Shakespeare, while the tall bald man rotated between doing jumping jacks, casting voodoo spells on politicians, and making farting noises with his armpits.

Their act didn't seem to be in unison, and the crowd wasn't paying much attention to them, except for cursing and booing every so often a politician's name was mentioned.

Scooby and I had resumed our shot slamming, when, from behind me, I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the weird poet lady. Turning around, all I saw was her leaning over me, her tits hanging like two melons off a tree. They jiggled like jello as she breathed.

Before I could say anything, she pulled up a chair, sat down, picked up my remaining beer, chugged it down in one gulp, and threw the empty glass to the floor, shattering it.

Then she looked me straight in the eyes for about a minute, staring at me in complete silence. As I cycled through possible salutations, she drew herself closer to my face and muttered between clenched teeth, in a thick northern English accent, "Come back to my flat and shag me rotten."

I'd never been propositioned so directly before and had a hard time mustering words to respond to her request. Plus I was already a tad drunk by this point.

Next thing I knew, though, she grabbed me by the arm and flung me out of my seat and dragged me out of the pub, into the pouring rain. As the door shut behind us, I could see Scooby and her cheerleader friend, laughing and pointing at me, in stitches at the whole situation.

"Think you might want to put on some shoes," I pointed out, noting her bare feet sloshing through the dirty brown puddles lining the Manchester streets, as we made our way to who knows where.

"The ancient Macedonians didn't need shoes, did they?!" She snapped back at me. I didn't bother to mention that they probably at least had sandals or something.

She continued to pull me down the street, still by my arm, until we reached a hot pink Smart Car, which had a pretty good gash on its tiny hood.

"Grrraahh!!!" she shrieked in a retard-like howl, upon witnessing the damage.

She opened up the driver's side door for a split second and slammed it. Apparently she didn't bother to lock her doors. It was a Smart Car, after all. I guess if someone wanted to steal it, they could just pick it up and carry it away.

She then shoved me into the car and walked backwards, in a circle around the car, keeping an eye on me and pointing at the sky the whole time.

After yelling some curse words at a random pedestrian, she got inside the vehicle, pulled out a screwdriver from the glove compartment, jammed it into the ignition, and ground the engine to a start.

I was starting to think maybe she'd stolen the car, which she may have, but it also occurred to me she might not be the type of person who could handle the responsibility of carrying around a car key. Maybe the screwdriver was easier for her.

She peeled out and drove only a block up the street and parked the car in the middle of the sidewalk, knocking over a couple trash cans and scattering a few stray cats.

Getting out of the car, she pulled me out, carjacker style, threw me over her shoulder and carried me up four flights of stairs, up to her flat, which wasn't locked, either.

Her flat was tiny. And I mean tiny. Only a small room with a kitchenette in the back.

The once-white paint on the room's walls was moldy and peeling and the whole place reeked like an unhealthy concoction of sandalwood incense, Chinese food, and old shoes. Funny enough, though, it had an enormous red velvet couch, which practically took up the whole room.

The poetry lady flung me down on the couch, pointed at me, with an agitated expression, and disappeared into the bathroom.

Looking around her flat, I noticed there was a huge ball of hash on a coffee table adjacent to the couch, next to a large glass crackpipe, which was lying on the floor.

Not wanting to let the hash go to waste, I picked up and packed a fat wad into the pipe, took a few hits, and was a bit shocked when I realized the floor was covered, practically flooded, with books, all types of books, from Agatha Christie, Chinese poetry (in Chinese), Kurt Vonnegut, even Dr. Phil. Guess I didn't figure her for that much of a reader.

A couple minutes later the poetry lady emerged completely naked. Except for a massive strap-on dildo and a long silver hunting rifle.

She pointed the hunting rifle at me and cried out, in an American, street pimp type voice, "Don't move, you chickenshit, honky ass motherfucker!"

It was sort of weird being called a "chickenshit honky ass motherfucker" by another white person, but I was too freaked out by the gun she was pointing at me to really ponder this.

Prodding me up to my feet, with the icy tip of the rifle, she ordered me to turn around and place my hands on the edge of the couch.

It took a second to register, but soon enough, especially when she undid my jeans, I realized this crazy bitch was about to rape me.

Everybody, I'm sure, thinks about getting raped at some point. It's the worst fear of most women. But for most men, aside from maybe prison, the Catholic Church, Penn State, or the backwoods of Mississippi, we don't really think about that shit happening to us.

But here I was, pants around my ankles, gun to my head, soaking wet, drunk and high and staring down at a Dr. Phil book cover, about to take it in the ass from some crazy poetry bitch. It was the kind of moment that really leads one to serious introspection...

I guess she'd lubed it up, because it slid in my butt fast, the strap-on dildo. It didn't hurt as bad as I thought it would. Just felt like a big piece of shit going back into my ass rather than out.

By and by, it wasn't nearly as awful I'd imagined, the few times I'd pictured getting assraped in a prison shower or accidentally wandering into a gay bar, drunk, wearing a kilt or something.

Speaking of prison shower rape, the scene in the film "American History X" totally fucking scared me, but this wasn't nearly that bad.

It was a big breasted woman, after all, raping me, and not some heavily muscled, tattooed, white supremacist. Yeah, I'm sure it could have been a lot worse. As far as assrapings usually go, mine wasn't so bad, actually.

After about 20 seconds, my ass just went kinda numb. I pretty much stopped noticing the raping and focused my attention more on the quotes from Dr. Phil that adorned his book cover. I wondered what ole' Dr. Phil would say about this whole situation or how he might react to getting raped.

I didn't think he'd like it very much. I also wondered what it'd be like getting raped by Dr. Phil. I think that definitely would be worse than this poetry bitch, or even the prison Nazi.

The crazy poetry bitch seemed to be enjoying herself and was making strange monkey type sounds and every few minutes was yelling something about "gimmie that choon choon, you white bitch!"

Her chants were suddenly halted when I heard the front door to the flat open. Into the room walked a jaw droppingly beautiful girl in her late teens, around 18 or so.

She looked exactly like the crazy poetry bitch, tall, monster tits and all, though younger, much slimmer, and without the disheveled hair and messed up makeup. She did also have that one of her eyes looking bigger than the other thing, however.

"Oh, mum, not again!" The young girl screamed at the evening's proceedings.

The crazy poetry bitch didn't answer and just kept raping me. I was quite surprised she had a daughter, considering everything.

The daughter stepped angrily through the piles of books and slammed the door to the bathroom.

A minute later, she came out naked, also with a strap-on, and stepped up behind her mom, who was still raping me, and started fucking her mom wildly, slapping her on the ass, pulling her hair, and cursing at her in French.

Her mom, now being fucked, anally apparently, too, slowed down her raping momentum, and dropped her rifle to the floor. I took this as a cue to break free, which I did, and I limped over to the couch and tried to sit down but couldn't totally, since my ass hurt had returned a bit upon breaking free of the strap-on.

So instead I shifted my weight onto only one buttcheek and rested my left shoulder against the soft, velvet couch, which felt quite nice on my naked skin.

Watching this young chick pounding her mom from behind turned me on. It sort of reminded me of an online video I saw of two ladyboys fucking. For some reason it had really aroused me, although I did feel like a complete fag after watching it.

The scene presently unfolding in front of me again brought up those confused feelings and I looked down and noticed my cock was rock hard, which led me to wonder if it'd been hard throughout the entire anal raping.

The possibility of that made me feel like far worse of a fag.

The more the mother/daughter team screamed out in pleasure as they fucked, the more hot I got, and before I knew it, I spit in my hand and started wanking like crazy as the poetry bitch's huge tits twirled in circles as her daughter banged away from behind.

Her daughter even started giving her mom a reach around, which I thought was polite, and the mom seemed to enjoy, which was hot, and I got that tingling feeling one gets right before orgasm.

Hoisting myself up, I pointed my hard cock at the poetry bitch's twirling tits and tried to aim my load at her rapidly revolving nipples, but it was hard to hit them, almost felt like an arcade game.

I got at least one of them, though, and spaffed a bit on her daughter's strap-on jerking hand, too.

Exhausted, a rush of vertigo overcame me, and I fell back into the couch and passed out.

I woke up the next morning with a headache and a sore ass.

Next to me on the couch was the poetry bitch's daughter, still naked and still wearing the strap-on. Her big juicy tits stood to the sky, even as she slept.

The sight of her, so young and innocent, yet so vile and perverse, wearing a pussy juice saturated strap-on (and having my shit on her hand) turned me on immensely.

My morning wood stiffened significantly, and I reached over and lightly stroked her firm, slightly muscular abdominals.

She awoke quickly, but wasn't startled; instead, she smiled at me, and cupped her shit-covered hand over the back of my neck.

I tried to climb atop her, but my ascent was interrupted by her strap-on nearly impaling my stomach. Pushing the instrument to the side, I mounted her and snaked my stiffy up into her moist young pussy.

It slipped in easy, into an extremely tight, warm opening, and we were sharing a deep, passion soaked French kiss until her mom burst through the window, smashing the glass and climbing into the flat, after maybe having come up the fire escape or rappelled up by a rope ladder or something, fuck knows.

She was wearing an elegant evening dress, but I could tell she still had the strap-on on underneath it. She was also still barefoot.

When the crazy poetry bitch saw me on the couch fucking her daughter, she flew into a rage, screaming in banshee-like, incomprehensible sounds. She then began picking up books off the floor and throwing them at us, well, mostly at me.

Having a dictionary whack me in the head kinda killed my boner, and I withdrew my semi from her daughter's pussy, shielded myself with my arms and ran out of the apartment, naked, into the gray, chilly English morning.

The poetry bitch followed after me. She continued to throw books and whatever else she could, chasing me about two blocks, barefoot, her feet bleeding and tracking bloody footprints down the sidewalk. She only ceased her pursuit when she got too winded to keep running.

Peering over my shoulder as I ran, I could see her hunched over, gasping for air and reaching one arm out in my direction, making a clawing motion at me as I escaped and disappeared into the city street.

I kept running for about another block but stopped when I saw a familiar looking vehicle. It was my rental car. I could jump in it and escape the crazy poetry bitch and this entire fucking city and entire fucking country. I could go back home to Miami, where things are much more normal.

However, I realized I didn't have my car keys, wallet, or passport. All that shit was back at the poetry bitch's flat. And fuck, I'm gonna have a hell of a time showing up to the American consulate like this, asking for a new passport.

A group of young yobs emerged from an alley nearby. Some were laughing, some were grimacing. One was mentioning something about the blood around my ass.

“Fucking hell! What happened to you?” asked one of them, a tall, bald headed kid, with blond eyebrows that had stylish slits.

He bore a slight resemblance to the bald guy with the midget from last night's show. Maybe that was his dad. (Probably the bald guy, not the midget.)

“Listen, dudes, it's a long story...”

They just stood there staring at me, with puzzled expressions, almost like they expected me to tell them.

And for some reason I actually had the urge to recount the entire incident, in vivid detail, which I bet is what Dr. Phil would have done. But then a sudden idea hit me.

“Hey, any of you fellas got a screwdriver?”

Hot Dog Bitch

When I was 15, my friend and I ran into this really hot girl on the street. My friend sort of knew her, but I didn't. A couple days later, he called and told me she wanted my phone number. So I gave it to him and he gave it to her.

The girl and I started talking. She lived down the street. Pretty soon we started seeing each other, going over to whomever's house was parent-free.

We'd listen to Cypress Hill, smoke weed out of her tiny glass pipe and then make out and fuck. She had amazing tits and gave the best handjobs and blowjobs ever.

I quickly fell in love w/her. She really was beautiful. Looked sort of like Angelina Jolie. Even though her teeth were kinda rotted from bulimia and she had a pacemaker because of some sort of heart defect, she was still so perfect to me.

However, I wasn't her only admirer. Found out later she'd been w/almost every guy in the greater Miami-Dade area. Same routine, too, smoking weed w/them and fucking.

I was hurt at this revelation. But I was still in love. So I called her and told her I loved her. Told her I wanted her to be my girlfriend. She turned me down, though, saying how she'd just gotten out of a relationship and only wanted to be friends right now.

We saw each other less and less after that. Then I started hearing other things about her. Bad things... Really bad things...

First, someone told me she had HIV, but I didn't believe it.

Then I heard that she'd been at some party and these crackheads she hung out w/ had tied her up in front of everyone, like 50 people, stripped her naked and poured maple syrup over her and licked it off her naked body.

They'd also fucked her with hot dogs, stuck two up her pussy at the same time, and she'd moaned and squirmed and apparently enjoyed the experience.

Shortly thereafter she became known around the city as the "Hot Dog Bitch."

I'd laughed upon hearing the whole tale and joked about it w/friends. But underneath, behind my smile, it really burned me up, thinking of her on that table, at that party.

I couldn't bring myself to return her phone calls anymore or even say hello when I saw her in the neighborhood, and a little while later she moved to another part of Florida and I never saw or heard from her again.

Until 15 years later, when she found me on Facebook and wanted to be friends. In her request message, she said that through the fog of adolescence and drugs, she couldn't remember why we stopped talking but that she remembered really liking me.

I lied, and told her I couldn't remember why we stopped talking either. I accepted the request and every so often we chat online, usually about politics or traveling.

She's become quite an interesting person now. She lives far away, in the Pacific Northwest, deep in the forest, and has become a wine enthusiast, organic food grower, and vegetarian. She has lots of tattoos, reads tons of books, and is married with two young kids.

But, as much as she's grown and as long ago as those high school days were, whenever I see her profile pic, there's really only one thing I think about.

PEDRO ISN'T HERE, YOU FUCKING BITCH!

"Hello?"

"Hello, is Pedro there?"

"No, you've got the wrong number."

"No, I don't think so."

"Excuse me?"

"He's there, isn't he?"

"Who?"

"Pedro. I know he's there."

"No, he's not. I don't even know who Pedro is."

"Yeah, right. This is one of his boys, isn't it? Put him on the phone!"

"No. This isn't. There is no one here named Pedro. You have the wrong number."

"Whatever!"

click...

Ever since I moved back to Miami, this has happened to me with the last three phone numbers I've had. I've been getting constant calls for the previous number's occupants.

The first was for a "Larry's Tow and Garage."

Every day I'd receive calls from distressed motorists, yelling about how "my fucking car won't start!"

Worse though was the angry Cuban man who'd phone several times a day screaming "jou did no fix my transmission right, mang!" followed by a series of Spanish curse words.

I'd had so many such calls that I decided to change my number. Unfortunately, the new number belonged to a Mr. Michael Bay, who apparently had a pet store specializing in small monkeys, large lizards, and exotic birds.

Many of his former customers would call to complain about their chimpanzee shitting all over the house or their iguana attempting to eat the neighbor's cat.

Plus, Mr. Bay had run up several debts, and irate bill collectors would phone at all hours.

So I change my number, again, this time leading me to an obviously scorned young girl, likely in her mid to late teens, with a slightly nasal, Latin-tinged Miami accent, who has been calling me at least once a day, sometimes more, for a "Pedro."

Nearly every time she calls, I'm eating or cooking, and I wonder if she knows this. Her calls are especially aggravating when I'm cooking. She's caused me to twice slightly overcook a fish filet, several times to burn the onions, and just last night to leave the pasta boiling for two minutes too long, leaving it far too mushy and practically inedible.

And I can't just hang up on her. For some unknown reason I feel compelled to convince her I know nothing of Pedro, and I'm tired of changing phone numbers, so I feel like I should put my foot down and defend this one.

But after two fucking months, the mild annoyance of her calls and the genuine desire to logically persuade her that I know nothing of Pedro dissipate. Far too many meals both at home and in restaurants have suffered because of her, and my feelings turn to rage.

And so I start to automatically hang up on her whenever she calls, slamming down the phone (though one can't really slam a cell phone down, only push the button hard or throw it to the sofa or bed) as soon as she asks for Pedro.

In fact, I disconnect the call the second I hear her say "Is..." Then I begin answering the phone by not even saying anything, simply pushing the talk button.

You see, there's a certain background noise I hear over her phone every time she calls. It sounds like an air conditioner or fan or something, and once I hear that sound, I'll spike the phone into the couch without even saying hello, but from time to time I'll yell "NO!" and then hang up.

The other day, though, after three months of these calls, she rang again. This time, I decided to answer.

"Hello?"

"Is Pedro there?"

"No! He's not! Why do you keep calling!?!?"

"I don't know... It's just, I haven't heard from him. He won't answer my calls, and I don't see him on Facebook, or nothing."

She then bursts into what sound like tears and tells me the whole story in vivid detail.

He'd met her on Chatroulette and they hooked up at his friend's party and had unprotected sex in a closet full of tennis equipment.

She missed her period the following month. After that, she noticed a strange rash on her genital region.

Fortunately her period was merely late, and she's been menstruating regularly again, but the rash hasn't gone away. Actually, it's grown worse, now itches fiercely, and is accompanied by multiple triangular formations of large white bumps.

Her vagina has also developed an unsettling, rotten egg type smell.

"Listen. I'm really sorry to hear that. You should get, uh, that, checked out."

She's still in high school. Her parents would kill her if they found out. Her family doesn't have health insurance.

(Her crying now turns from subtle sniveling to thunderous, shrieking wails, causing me to keep the phone about an inch or so away from my ear.)

The compassionate human being in me wants to meet her, take her to a doctor, buy her some sexually transmitted disease ointment for her vagina or a pill or whatever it is that cures or at least alleviates whatever is going on down there.

Although I'm not a gynecologist, I'm sure a rash covered, rotten egg smelling vagina with bumps on it can't be good.

However, her being underage and me being 27 makes me wary of meeting her in any capacity. The mere thought of winding up on one of those "To Catch a Predator" type TV shows, trying to explain to Chris Hansen that I only want to take this girl to a doctor because of the rash on her vagina scares the shit out of me.

"I'm sorry. I really am. I... don't know what to tell you..."

"Thanks," she says, barely intelligible over her cries and what sounds like a terribly congested nose.

"Wwwell, if you see Pedro, pplease tell him to call me."

"OK. Uh, yeah. I, I will."

"Ttthank you."

"Sure."

"Bbbbye."

"Bye."

The following morning, as I'm about to stab my fork into a short stack of buttermilk pancakes, the phone rings.

"Hello?"

"Hello, is Pedro there?"

Bitch, I wear a gorilla suit!

I wear a gorilla suit

When I drive my car in reverse through a drive-thru
and tell the motherfucker in the window about how I hallucinate Woody Allen
pissing in somebody's cereal while he does a handstand on their kitchen counter

I wear a gorilla suit

When I talk to that tall girl with the awkward looking butt who walks with a limp and
says she's had a grizzly bear jumping on the trampoline in her backyard for three freaking weeks
Her name is Amanda, but I don't know what the bear's name is...

June 9, 2008

Bill O'Reilly is dressed like a Vietnamese hooker. He is levitating backwards into my apartment's laundry
room and sending me telepathic messages about how Lady GaGa is a transvestite and that Canadian
people on exercise bikes can summon meteorites and cause toilets to explode simply by snapping their
fingers.

I wear a gorilla suit

Every time I break into your house when you're sleeping and rub my testicles on your computer
keyboard

I wear a gorilla suit

Every time I get into fist fights with elderly women at Greyhound bus stops in Florida

May 21, 1997

Woody Allen mystically appears in my bedroom doorway shortly after midnight, having a hissing feral
cat duct taped to his head, he smells like a weird shampoo, smokes hash from a cowboy boot, and hurls
snarky insults into his armpits about my Spiderman pajamas.

I wear a gorilla suit

When I assemble flashmobs of Mr T. lookalikes via text-message

We run out naked into the streets, release animals from zoos and pet stores, ride on the backs of zebras,
and pull drive by feather duster tickle attacks on hairy men with sunglasses and foreign accents who pull
down their pants in public and feverishly masturbate at the mere sight of morbidly obese women in
mobility carts.

I wear a gorilla suit

Every time I has premonitions about how 100 years from now people will be looking at LOLCAT pictures in art galleries

I wear a gorilla suit

When I ride a pink moped to the beach and throw ninja stars at that parasailer with a sombrero and goofy grin

Motherfucker, I wears a gorilla suit!

and I get drunk and make horse sounds and beat those smelly hippies in the farmer's market over the head with nunchucks every Saturday afternoon.

April 8, 2014

My neighbor looks like French President Nicholas Sarkozy. He has a toilet tattooed on his forehead and calls me a warlock every time I see him riding the exercise bike in our building's gym

I think he might be a Canadian.

I wear a gorilla suit

Every time I sneak up behind people in crowded restaurants and perform the Heimlich maneuver on them- even if they aren't choking.

Bitch, I wear a gorilla suit!

Chapter Five: Ass Play



The Girl That Ate Out My Ass

so i'm in boston visiting a couple relatives and i meet this japanese girl in a bar
we had a few drinks, chatted a bit, and then went back to her apartment,
which was only a few blocks away

the minute we stepped in, we started making out and undressing,
and she led me by my penis into the bathroom and pulled me into the shower...
as the hot water ran down our bodies, she soaped me up with her scrunchy, fluffy,
purple girly shower sponge thing and quickly made her way down to my genitals
she then turned me around, opened my buttcheeks, and proceeded to
vociferously scrub away at my rectal region

i must admit that I enjoyed this butt-washing and scrubbing and developed a rather strong erection

she subsequently turned me around and led me by the testicles into her bedroom and pushed me
down onto her futon

next thing I know, she was madly attacking my penis with her mouth, like a starving man eating food..

after frantically vacuuming my wiener with her mouth,

she worked her way lower, sucking on my testicles, scooping up both testicles into her oral cavity and
humming on them as if they were a harmonica

soon after, she ran her tongue down my scrotum and continued her descent...

i then felt her hands cup each of my ass-cheeks and she spread them apart again and buried her face in
between them and began licking my anal orifice with twirling, swirling motions...

i'd never experienced such an event in my life; shockwaves of pleasure shot up my spine,

and i screamed out curse words in japanese even though i don't speak japanese

i nearly ejaculated during the course of this incident but did not

after a minute or so she relented attacking my anus with her tongue, sprung up, and mounted my
throbbing johnson, impaling herself upon it

i will be honest, i was only able to supply her the hot beef injection for about 30 seconds before i
prematurely ejaculated into her vagina

she didn't mind, though

she laughed, telling me i was too excited

to which i replied, “質問・依頼などに答え”

i spent the night at her place,
and we had sexual intercourse a few more times
and, although i performed cunnilingus on her,
i abstained from licking her anus, because she did not wash it in the shower,
and i was concerned it might contain fecal bacterias ...

we exchanged numbers before i left, but i've yet to return to boston,
and we haven't spoken since...

every so often, late at night when i'm in bed, i wonder what happened to that girl...
what is she doing? who is she with? whose ass might she be eating?

next time i go to boston i think i'll call her, take her out to dinner and a movie, then bring her home and wash out her butt in the shower and attempt to perform anallingus on her

because you know, it's only common courtesy that if someone eats out your ass,
you ought to eat theirs in return

I shoved a tampon up my ass

I'd always been interested to discover what would happen if I shoved a tampon up my ass, so the other night, after getting really drunk, I decided to try it.

Fortunately I didn't have to make an embarrassing trip to the store to buy any tampons, because my ex-girlfriend left a box of them over at my apartment, and I keep them in my medicine cabinet as sort of a reminder of her and all the times we had together.

Anyways, after finishing my beer, I went into the bathroom, pulled down my SpongeBob pajama bottoms, took out a tampon, and pushed it up my ass with a single hard thrust. It felt a bit weird, and nothing crazy happened, but as I looked at the box and read a warning about “toxic shock syndrome,” I became concerned my anus might get electrocuted or catch fire or something.

So I reached back into my butt to pull the tampon out; however, in my drunken state, it seems I'd put it in the wrong way, stringed side first...

I fumbled around with my fingers in my ass, trying to pull it out, but couldn't and wasn't sure what to do.

Should I ask my next door neighbor for help? I don't know... that really is asking a lot more than just having him jumpstart my car battery...

(This whole incident reminded me of a girl I knew back in high school who was masturbating with a hot dog and had it break and get stuck in her vagina; she had to go the hospital to have it removed. I thought about looking her up on Facebook and requesting her advice, but there wasn't time for that now.)

I called 911, told them what happened, and asked for an ambulance to come get me as I was in no condition to drive, but they just hung up on me, thinking it was a prank call.

Then I hobbled out to the street and attempted to walk to the hospital, though it was tough, because having a tampon stuck in your ass really does inhibit your range of motion.

So I decided to hitchhike, stuck out my thumb, and fortunately a strange car pulled up, and its driver rolled down his window...

The car was a tricked out hearse, painted fire engine red, with bling bling, shiny, spinning rims, hydraulics, and loud booming bass. Its driver was a dwarf wearing a ski mask, sunglasses, and army fatigues.

He yelled out to me in Portuguese to jump in, and so I did, and he drove me to the hospital at breakneck speed, on the wrong side of the road, occasionally playing chicken with other cars, and he even rode up on the sidewalk a couple times and ran over a few meter maids and pizza delivery men. It was as if we were in the video game "Grand Theft Auto."

He got me to the hospital quick, slapped me high five, and I limped out into the emergency room.

The nurse at the front desk was taking bong hits from a medical device and didn't seem surprised by my story.

She also didn't believe that it was a tampon in my anus and insinuated I'd been gerbiling and made thinly veiled references to Richard Gere.

She pointed me to the waiting room, but before I could even step foot in that direction, I started seeing trails, my vision got blurry, my head started spinning, and my shoes suddenly grew large ice skating blades and the floor turned to ice and I began skating and pirouetting like a figure skater (or a Canadian) into the direction of a large, vagina shaped operating room.

Upon entering the room, a doctor, who looked and talked like Borat, burst out of a large freezer sitting in the back of the room, grabbed me by the arms, spun me around, brandished pliers, and yanked down my pajamas and probed my anus with the pliers and used them to pull out the tampon.

It was surprisingly painless, and I wanted to thank him, but the second I turned around, he instantly vanished into thin air...

I skated back out to the front desk to settle up the bill, and the nurse told me my insurance didn't cover this sort of procedure, presented me with a bill for \$10,795.63, and chastised me for forcing feminine hygiene products and small furry animals up my ass.

Upon exiting the hospital, the blades from my shoes disintegrated, and I saw the dwarf in the hearse outside waiting for me.

I stepped into the car and noticed he had midget porn playing on a video screen mounted on his dashboard. He asked me in Portuguese if I'd ever fucked a midget.

I told him that I hadn't but probably would under the right circumstances, just to say I did.

The First Time I had the Buttsex

There was this European girl I met while I was sunbathing in South Beach. Probably somewhere in her early twenties, she had shoulder length wavy blond hair, sparkly blue eyes, creamy white skin, and rosy cheeks that had a small smattering of freckles. She stood a leggy 5-6, and her body was the definition of tight, somewhat athletic but not too muscular, with perky C-cup breasts and an apple-shaped bottom one could bounce quarters off.

I can't remember her name, but it was weird sounding, and she was from some tiny country in Europe that I'd never heard of and couldn't pronounce the name of.

After getting her phone number, we made plans for later that night. We were supposed to go to Ocean Drive but instead we met on Lincoln Road, where we had a few drinks at "Cafeteria," and then took a rickshaw taxi back to my apartment for a nightcap.

Back at my apartment, we sparked up some Jamaican red-haired ganja and slammed several Jagerbombs...

The weed and drink had me totally blitzed and I can't recall who started it, but next thing I remember, we're in bed in our birthday suits and her vagina was in my mouth.

Following a good bit of carpet-chomping, she flipped over, got on all fours, and pointed her apple-shaped ass at my face. I rose up, clutched my throbbing penis in hand, aimed and placed it in her vaginal opening, but she craned her neck around and whispered in her strange European accent-

"No, put it in other hole."

Other hole-

The bonus tunnel

The brown eye

The chocolate starfish

The anus

I'd never penetrated an anus before...

(The closet I'd came was the time I was drunk and making out with a chubby Korean girl at a party; I don't know what came over me but I put my hand down the back of her pants and stuck my index finger into her butthole. She got mad about it, punched me in the arm, and walked away.)

Anyhow, I brought my penis up to the crevice of the European girl's anal passageway and tried to insert it, but could not. Her bonus tunnel was far too tight. Not that my penis is that large, but her sphincter was so small, and I wondered how I'd ever be able to infiltrate it.

So I decided to put my pointer finger up in there to loosen it up a bit. I slid my finger in slowly and was pleased by how tight and warm her European anus felt. She responded with a series of joyous murmurs, and I was glad she didn't turn around and punch me in the arm like the Korean girl did.

After loosening her up with my finger, I realized I'd probably have better luck anally penetrating her if I used some lubrication, so I removed my finger from her rectal cavity and grabbed my tub of Vaseline I usually use for masturbating and slathered my erect penis with it and even rubbed some over her asshole, as well as the inner folds of her perennial divide.

Then I gently glided my throbbing member in between her slippery buttocks and worked it up into her rectum with a corkscrew motion.

As my penis popped in, I felt a tsunami of delight crash over me, as her anus gripped my wang with a heat and strength I can't ever remember feeling...

I sighed and pumped my wiener in and out slowly and she moaned and groaned and made incomprehensible mutterings in what must've been her native language; I didn't understand what she was saying but figured and hoped she was enjoying the experience.

(And as I discovered the wonders of the buttsex, I started to realize why so many people probably become homosexuals.)

The sexual inferno of her asshole and its kung fu grip were too much for me, and after only a couple minutes I ejaculated a massive orgasm into the European girl's buttocks, and she cried out in pleasure as I delivered her a hot sperm enema, which her anus muscles milked out of my penis like a farmer milking a cow.

Exhausted, we collapsed to the bed, shared a cigarette, and then ate some Italian ice cream.

I don't remember much about the rest of that night and if it involved anymore assplay or not and I only saw that European girl a couple more times before she went back to her country that I couldn't pronounce the name of.

I've never seen or talked to her since she left Miami but I will always cherish the time we spent together.

Bark Like a Dog and Bite a Random Woman in the Ass

Miami Beach 2006

News of the attacks spread quickly

A man, Caucasian, 25-35, 5-8 to 5-10

running up behind random females in public places

pulling up their dresses or skirts

and biting them in the buttocks

Sometimes he'd bite hard enough to draw blood
but usually he'd just leave teeth marks
and a very upset woman

It took a while for the police to get seriously involved
because when these incidents first started being reported
responding officers and 911 operators would think it was a joke

(One leathery skinned cop
laughed off a woman's biting claim and hung the phone up on her
so the lady showed up to the police station
stormed over to his desk
dropped her pants
and angrily took out her ass to show the teeth markings
[a plastic molding of the bite mark was later taken from her right buttcheek
in order to potentially identify the suspect via dental records])

Though the vast majority of these cases went unreported

Several women were too shocked by the incidents to speak up
as it isn't easy talking to somebody
about how a random guy ran up behind you and chomped you in the ass

After receiving nearly a hundred such reports, however,
in only two months' time
the police realized they had a serious problem on their hands
because a man running around
biting women in the buttocks
just isn't good for tourism

or the city's overall image

And once the media got a hold of the story
and amateur cell phone video of an attack surfaced on YouTube
the cops got serious about putting a stop to the menace
now colloquially called around town
"The Butt Biting Bandit"

Now, because the assailant would bark like a dog,
or make other animal-like sounds
before, during, and after these incidents
and would even run away on all fours
the police realized they were dealing
with an especially unstable and dangerous individual
so they set up an elaborate sting operation
involving the SWAT team to take him down

On a swelteringly hot and humid Friday evening
under a reddish sky,
illuminated by Saharan dust and a handful of stars,
an undercover female agent, attractive, mid 20s
clad in a tight, but not so tight it'd be difficult to lift,
hot pink one piece miniskirt
was planted in the area
that had the highest frequency of ass biting incidents

Several sets of cops in jogging suits
waited across the street in unmarked cars
with infrared binoculars

sipping 7-11 coffee
listening to sports radio
as they staked out the scene

And the SWAT team idled in a nearby house
watching "So You Think You Can Dance"
on an old clunky cathode ray tube TV with rabbit ears

The car cops, who all had comb-overs,
nearly identical scruffy moustaches,
and who all wore aviator sunglasses, even at night,
ate bear claws and ring dings
their sticky fingers hoisting up binocularized eyes
that paid special attention to the undercover female agent's ass
as she stood by a mailbox, chattering on a cell phone,
occasionally bending over (purposely)
to fidget with her silver Gucci stiletto heel shoes

Sure enough
the butt biter appeared
dressed in black jeans,
black Miami Hurricanes t-shirt, and grey skull cap

He crept up slowly behind the undercover agent
tip toeing like the Grinch
then plunged to his knees
made a shrieking, turkey-type bird sound
clutched the hems of the agent's skirt with his hands
and assumed a vampire contortion with his mouth

When suddenly
a hooded policeman perched up in a large palm tree nearby
threw a net down over the suspect
trapping him
as if he were a rabid animal

The female agent twirled around
pulled out a semi-automatic handgun from her purse

And with that
waves of crumb-faced cops in jogging suits
poured out of parked cars all over the street
and the SWAT team swarmed out of the nearby house
with laser-lit AK-47s aimed at the suspect

The suspect continued to make wailing, high-pitched bird sounds
and clawed, writhed, and flailed wild kicks at his captive netting

The first officers to arrive
beat him senseless with batons to subdue him
then they peeled the net off
handcuffed and shackled him
and flung him,
as he still made bird sounds,
though they were only whimpering bird sounds at this point,
headfirst into a paddy wagon

Later that night

the police searched the suspect's apartment,
a studio flat atop a laundromat,
in Little Havana

Every inch of the grimy little place was plastered
with pictures of women's butts
in various states of undress

Everywhere there were butts
on all the walls
all over the bathroom, refrigerator, stove, kitchen table,
on the toaster, even on the toilet
(and the toilet lid was duct taped shut,
and there was a kitty litter box next to it,
which apparently he'd been using)

And he had butt-shaped pillows crowning the soiled mattress in the corner
and covering the remainder of the mattress
was a tattered old beige sleeping bag
that had stitchings of butts all over it
which he'd probably knitted himself
as the cops discovered a sewing kit in his bathroom
by the basin of his mildew-ridden, bright purplish colored bathtub
that was filled with rubber duckies
with crudely rendered pentagrams painted all over them

The suspect's butt-covered, loudly humming
and mechanically vibrating refrigerator
was packed with cans of dog food,

enema bags containing cheap vodka,
and 2 liter bottles of Diet Sprite

On the top shelf of the fridge
they found a butt-shaped birthday cake
with a tiny red toy tricycle made of shiny plastic
wedged front wheel first into the cake's ass crease

And when one of the forensic guys
pulled the cake out of the refrigerator
he noticed
that one of the toy tricycle's little back wheels was missing

Don't try to fuck girls in New Orleans up the ass with sunscreen, not even the kind with moisturizer!

"So I'm in New Orleans, at a bar in the French Quarter, and I meet this chick, a hot one too. We kicked back a few shots of tequila and next thing I know, only 20 minutes after meeting her, she invites me back to her hotel room."

"So we get back there, and the second we step inside, she jumps on me and is kissing me, grabbing my dick, tearing off her clothes. It's almost as if her clothes were attached by Velcro, how fast she got them off."

"So now we're totally naked and on the bed. I'm about to roll on a condom and impale her with my helmeted soldier, but she stops me and asks if I want to fuck her up the ass. Of course, I oblige, as it isn't too easy to find chicks who'll let you walk on the brown side, especially only an hour after you've just met them."

"So she tells me to go into the bathroom and find lube. I hustle in there, thinking her bathroom was like the anal sex palace or something, like there'd be 50 types of lube, anal beads, electronic dildos, all that shit. But there's nothing of the sort. I couldn't find any lubes, whatsoever, not even hand lotion. I think of maybe using shampoo, but then I see some sunscreen, the kind with moisturizer, and figure that'll do."

“So I lather up my dick with the sunscreen and march back in there, ready to get down to business. I leap into the bed, grab her by the hips, about to flip her over and stick it in her ass, but she glances down at my dick with

a puzzled expression on her face. She asks me what I put on my dick, and I tell her that it’s sunscreen. Then all of a sudden she totally loses it, screaming about how could I possibly be trying to fuck her up the ass with sunscreen, what the fuck is wrong with me, etc.”

“So then she starts flailing kicks and punches at me and does that thing where she twirls both arms around like windmills, slapping at me, forcing me towards the door. In between slaps I manage to pry open the door and retreat to the hallway. I plead to her that it was the type of sunscreen with moisturizer, but she slams the door on me and I’m now standing out there, buck-naked, sunscreen on my semi-hard dick, hair all messed up from her windmill slap attack.”

“So I bang on the door and beg her to please give me my clothes, but she won’t answer. My hotel was a couple streets away, and so I walked down the stairs, through the lobby, right into Bourbon Street. Funny enough, not a single person gave me a strange look. I even walked by a couple other naked men, but I couldn’t tell whether or not they had sunscreen on their dicks, though it wouldn’t surprise me if they did.”

“So I get to my hotel and run into these cops outside and I tell them about what happened and ask them if they can help me get my clothes back from this chick. At first they just laughed at me, especially when I told them about the sunscreen thing. One of them asks me why I didn’t just spit in my hand or something, but then they agree to help me retrieve my clothes, especially since my wallet was in them, with my driver’s license and everything, and the cops were sympathetic to me about how much of a pain in the ass it’d be to go to the DMV and have it replaced, particularly if I had to explain to the people at the DMV how I’d lost it in the first place.”

“So I’m walking with the cops back to her hotel, still naked, mind you; surprisingly the cops didn’t ask me to put on clothes, but like a hundred people had thrown me beads, so like my neck and chest were covered with them, like I was one of those 1980s rappers who covered themselves with gold chains. Some short bald guy on a Segway, who said he was a mortician, rode by and gave me a pink ski-mask, which I put on, and it helped me feel a little less embarrassed.”

“So we’re about to step into her hotel when the cops say they want to grab a quick cup of coffee at McDonald’s. We walk in there and there’s this group of like 50 Chinese tourists, who are looking like they’re about to fight each other. But instead of fighting, they start break-dancing at each other, all aggressively, kinda like Michael Jackson’s ‘Beat It’ video, and then the cops and some guy who was dressed up like Ronald McDonald or who just looked like Ronald McDonald joined in, and so did I, break-dancing all over the place, jumping up on tables, doing my ‘having a diarrhea’ dance, all that shit.”

“So after break-dancing, we went up to her hotel, but I couldn’t remember which room she was in. The receptionist refused to call around or help me bang on doors, looking for her, and instead gave me a shower curtain to wrap myself in, and I said bye to the cops and walked back to my hotel. The staff at my hotel didn’t act surprised at all by me coming in there wrapped up in only a shower curtain, draped in tons of beads, wearing a pink ski-mask. I guess they see shit like that all the time.”

“So I guess the moral of the story is that if you meet a chick at a bar in New Orleans and you go back to her hotel room and she asks you to fuck her in the ass, don’t use sunscreen, even the kind with moisturizer, or else you might get into a break-dancing battle with Chinese people, and worse yet, have to go to the DMV to get your driver’s license replaced.”

Chapter Six:
Two for the road



Hardcore Chicago Sports Fan

Re: DanimalLecter85's accusation that I'm not a "hardcore" Chicago sports fan

NO ONE is a bigger Chicago sports fan than me! NO ONE.

This is how I roll...

I've got season tickets to Bears, Cubs, Blackhawks and Bulls games. All nosebleed seats.

I go to Bears games, no matter the weather. I paint my face and body in team colors. I go shirtless in 7 degree cold.

I've watched NFL Films' documentary of the '85 Bears 341 times. I've memorized every word of the "Super Bowl Shuffle" and can do the dance.

I follow more than 1700 current or former players and coaches on Twitter.

There's a Cubs tattoo on my right arm and a Bulls tattoo on my left. I've got the Bears logo tattooed on my left pectoral and the Blackhawks on my right.

I've got ten authentically autographed framed Michael Jordan posters hanging in my apartment, including 1982 North Carolina Tar Heel Jordan, 1985 gold chain wearing Jordan, 1988 prematurely balding Jordan taking off from the free throw line, 1992 Dream Team Olympian Jordan, 1993 first 3-Peat Jordan, 1996 72 game winning Jordan, 1997 "flu game" ("sick game" to Chicagoans) Jordan being carried off the court by Scottie Pippen, and even 2003 final comeback Washington Wizard (gasp!) Jordan.

My TV is always tuned to ESPN, dusk to dawn. I leave it on when I sleep. I also listen to ESPN radio in the shower, on the way to and from work, and during lunch break when I'm not arguing with my Packers fan co-worker.

I have 4 TVs in my living room so I can watch multiple games.

I have William Perry's likeness finger painted on my refrigerator.

I bid on eBay for sports memorabilia. Amongst other collectibles, I've got a game jersey of Brian Urlacher's that I had framed. You can still see the sweat in it.

I shook Dick Butkus's hand.

Every afternoon I watch YouTube videos of Harry Caray singing "Take me out to the Ballgame" and I sing along with him.

I bow my head in reverence to photographs of George Halas.

I cried and remained in a fetal position for 48 hours following the Bears' 2007 Super Bowl loss.

I made death threats to Steve Bartman on three occasions.

I'm afraid of Billy Goats.

I'm on a committee to get Shoeless Joe Jackson into Cooperstown.

I curate Wikipedia pages about Chicago Sports.

I named my cat Bronko Nagurski.

I know every name of every scout and position coach the Cubs have had in the last thirty years.

I have superstitious rituals I do before games.

I'm the commissioner of several fantasy football and baseball leagues.

During games I yell at the TV or radio, throw things and punch walls. I destroyed my TV after the 2011 Bears' Jay Cutler on the exercise bike game playoff loss.

I call in to sports radio talk shows daily.

I stream Chicago Blackhawks' minor league affiliate games online.

My Chicago Sports related apparel includes: 73 hats, 121 jerseys, 4 coats, 16 sweatshirts, 23 sweatpants, 29 shorts, 7 tracksuits, 3 watches, a Bears leather jacket, parka, and over 46 polo style shirts and t-shirts. I also own several pairs of team socks, wristbands, leg-warmers, and underwear. A couple scarfs, a sweater vest, and a fleece too...

I drove 15 hours nonstop to see Michael Jordan play minor league baseball.

I see Tim Floyd in my nightmares.

I tell my children that Walter Payton died because God needed another running back. And I believe it too.

I sleep in Chicago Bears pajamas, blankets, and bed sheets.

I trim my mustache to look like Mike Ditka's.

I go to Bears training camps. I go to preseason games and stay until the end of the 4th quarter.

I watch all seven rounds of the NFL draft and once received a personal tweet from Mel Kiper Jr., complimenting me on my mock draft.

I will be buried in an NFL officially licensed Bears team coffin, wearing a Bears helmet, pants, pads, cleats, and autographed Mike Singletary jersey and placed on my heart will be a signed Jim McMahon gameball from the Pro Bowl in 1986.

I

AM

HARDCORE.

True Love

one million poets
are scribbling stanzas into notebooks
at this very second

one million authors
are punching keys
completing chapters
computer screens burning their eyes

one million teachers
wish they could solve ADD
stomp on cell phones
and make their students
jump up onto desks
screaming "oh captain, my captain!"

But

299 million
are putting their deepest thoughts
into 140 characters or less

But

299 million
are laughing

at talking baby
television commercials
and googling celebrity gossip

But

299 million
would require
the threat of a firing squad
to visit a library

So why does the one million bother?

The answer shouldn't surprise you.

Biography

Newamba Flamingo was born on a chicken farm in the Florida Keys and raised by a suicidal cult of transvestite prostitutes who dressed up in gorilla suits and played loud Polka music from distorted speakers at all hours of the night.

After escaping the chicken farm, he was taken hostage by an Elvis impersonator that forced him at gunpoint to write poetry.

He was later able to flee from the Elvis impersonator and now wanders the streets in a purple tutu, spitting out bizarre poems as he pleases.

He likes dragon fruit, Ouija boards, and John Cheever, and is now fighting a Holy War against an armed gang of violent Asian ladyboys.

He knows the aliens who abducted his cat will return.

He wears women's underwear sometimes while jogging and doesn't appreciate what you said about his shirt.

He currently lives in the Far East.

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All way too late, I know, but it must be said:

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Much respect to all the people I had sex with, all the people who gave me drugs and alcohol, and to the all the countries that let me into their borders. We're all just tiny specks of nothingness clinging to a rock twirling around in the infinity, and I'm glad I've gotten to enjoy so much of the journey! PEACE!

Credits

"Punch you in the Face" published in Ink, Sweat, and Tears, and Zygote in my Coffee

"Getting Naked and Reciting Shakespeare at Work" "The Suicidal Dell Computer" "A Trip to the Dentist" published in Zygote in my Coffee

"Shooting Midgets from a Catapult and Watching our Teacher Tap Dance Nude" published in Wordriot, decomp, and Zygote in my Coffee

"The Terrorist's Meth Lab on Sesame Street" published in Paraphernalia Quarterly

"The Massage Parlor in Eilat" and "Mr. Speed's Safe" published in Kleftjaw

"That Fucking Dog" "Mitt Romney's Phone Number" published in Red Fez

"Save the Chinese Babies" published in Molotov Cocktail

"I Called a Phone Sex Hotline and Impersonated an Elderly British Woman" "Tel Aviv" "Next Year in Jerusalem" published in Unlikely Stories

"Teacher fucks student, fucks hooker" published at HORRORSLEAZETRASH

"Amputee" "Free Enterprise amongst the Waste Management Industry" published in Ronin Press

*And I know there are more, but it was so long ago and I've done too many drugs and can't remember, but much love to the editors and readers of ALL these fine zines anyway! I promise not to physically attack you if we ever meet!

PICTURES and ART



















Newamba and his dad, Oldamba











NEWAMBA



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