

# ◇ Defenestration ◇

## Volume III, Issue X

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**Cobra**  
**by**  
**Bryan Thao Worra**

The more I think about it,  
The more I think

I'm going to name my first  
Girl Cobra

Just to see how many  
Will rush to kiss her

Expecting a belladonna flower  
To explode in their mouth

Like a yellow cluster bomb  
Everyone thought

Was a dud.

That's paternal instinct for you.  
But I suspect I'm going to be  
Overridden

By her mother,  
Who loves all beautiful things.

**White Boy With Dreadlocks**  
by  
**Nicole Henares**

I see Big Sur upside down,  
my hands are filled with feathers,  
the sun lives between my toes.

I chant to Krishna,  
I have a BA in teledramatic arts,  
and a \$800 airline ticket to Thailand.  
My home is your couch.  
I go to Rainbow Gatherings  
and sell what I collect in my store.  
This is freedom.

Lakshmi dances  
while I spin records,  
but she never touches my decks  
unless I have a chance  
at her hot goddess ass.

Let's chant to Krishna  
while we make out.  
Want to do some CEE?  
Technically we're all dead anyway,  
so let's get free.  
Want a massage?

I always see Krishna in concert,  
I have his latest album.  
The seven chakras  
are tattooed down my back.  
I wear clothes from Tibet  
and organic Patchouli.  
I smoke American Spirits  
and see lotus flowers when I walk.  
I never fuck fat girls or fags.

Krishna and Buddha are my best friends.  
See my crystal collection?  
I am a god too.  
I Om Hari Rama.

Here, hold my crystal  
while I finish this beer.

**gorilla**  
**by**  
**Vin Davis**

sometimes it gets so stagnant  
and you know it's coming  
but all you can do is lay there

it's like a 400 lb gorilla  
hanging over your head  
by a strand of dental floss

and you can't move

because your arms and legs  
have been amputated

you're sobbing  
then you're laughing

you're exhausted

and the pain of waiting  
is so excruciating  
you just want to scream out,

"you hairy motherfucker  
just drop already!"

**When In Rome**  
**by**  
**Charles Liem**

Jonathan's small town in Ohio, with a name too ordinary to mention, was just short ride from middle of nowhere.

It wasn't exactly rural, but then again, not exactly urban. Sure, it had a Wal-Mart, but who doesn't?

Not even at a bar in South Beach could he escape that annoying Midwest habit of feeling it necessary to strike up conversations with complete strangers.

Jonathan shouted over those infamous conga-beats of Gloria Estefan.

"This is my first trip to Miami. The corporate office sent me down here to whip the local stores back into shape. I'd figured I'd live a little, and hit the town tonight. Ya know, experience the wild club scene."

The neatly dressed man next to him was the picture of a metro-sexual. He looked at Jonathan and with a smidge of sarcasm said, "Really? You seem to blend right in."

"Thanks, I went shopping today and picked up these fancy new clothes." Pinching the coral colored silk of his new shirt Jonathan continued, "I'm not usually into pastels, but I guess when in Rome...."

"Indeed. Well, if this is Rome, where's my Spartacus?" the man said laughing.

Jonathan was a bit confused by this last comment, but just politely laughed and nodded.

"Well Mr. Roman, I'm Robert."

Robert held his hand out, oh so diminutively, with his palm down. Jonathan reached across and awkwardly and shook the man's fingers, and said, "Wow, that is certainly a different kind of handshake. Is that a local thing or something?"

Robert sat looking confused and said, "Well, I thought it was universal through the Empire."

"Right, right, the Empire," said Jonathan tentatively.

Robert leaned over to Jonathan. "Look, you seem like a nice enough guy, a little nervous but nice. I usually don't do this, oh who am I kidding I do it every chance I get. What do you say we head back to my place?"

Robert started laughing, "Of course will have to pick up some Trojans along the way."

Jonathan was puzzled by what he thought he just heard, he mumbled, "I don't understand. Trojans? Back to your place?"

"That's a joke silly. Romans. Trojans. You know. Condoms. That's okay I've always been a

sucker for the dumb ones," Robert said still laughing into his white wine.

Jonathan responded with a look of horror in his eyes. "Oh no! Oh I'm not..."

"Sure you're not. I'm not either if it makes you feel better. How cute, still in the closet, now c'mon."

"No really, I'm not gay!"

With reality settling over the situation, Robert said, "Then what are you doing here?"

"I told you, the corporate office sent me," Jonathan said nervously.

"The corporate office sent you to a gay bar?"

"This is a gay bar?"

Looking around for any shred of evidence, as if his manhood was on trial, Jonathan thought he found vindication.

"What about those women over there?"

"Sweetie, those aren't exactly women."

Jonathan pondered the implications, and almost as though his brain couldn't fathom androgyny, he immediately retreated to the concern foremost on his mind.

"What would make you think I'm gay?"

Robert looked incredulous. "I am now extremely worried about your grasp of the obvious. Okay, you mean what about you besides the fact you're in a gay club? And furthermore, you're asking me to overlook the fact that you had to wade through a sea of shirtless men to get to the bar?"

"Yeah, besides the whole gay bar thing, that was an honest mistake."

Robert said, "You know what the irony is here? Most nights you couldn't swing a dead cat in the middle of South Beach without hitting a gay man. Instead, I'm here with a very confused heterosexual discussing why he appears gay in a gay club. You got to be kidding me!"

Jonathan was undaunted by the Robert's tirade.

Robert continued, "Fine, you want to know? I can't believe I'm doing this. First of all, straight men don't use their full name. As a full fledged heterosexual you should call yourself John, and they don't say things like 'when in Rome.'"

Jonathan replied without thinking, "Touché."

Robert sighed, "...And they definitely don't say touché."

"Okay, if I was gay, would I be like Nathan Lane in the Birdcage, or more like James

Gandolfini in the Mexican?"

Robert stood from the bar in absolute frustration, "C'mon, let's see if we can find you a bar for your kind. I think there's still one or two left in this town, but I'm signing you up for the parade this year."

**The Spam King of Fourth Avenue  
or, A Day at Wal-Mart  
by  
Chris Allen Clark**

I follow the scent of black cherry candles into the Wal-Mart. My eyes bother me. It is either from a rum fit or Diplopia. I have both. Gastritis as well. I smell. Not like black cherries but Spam.

In the pharmacy section there are rows and rows of diet pills. I wish I had a Spam filter on my computer; maybe a fork and a bottle of rum nearby. Spam was invented in 1937 by George Hormel who also invented the chili my sister loves. Where did my obsession with Spam come from? I think I was forcefully bottle fed Spam as a newborn. It is possible. Somehow we find ways to cram things in bottles we know a baby would not dare eat. But I liked Spam even then.

Isle three smells of flowers. Roses. Dandelions. The scent of Carnations. Who died on isle three? I am alive here and blessed by what I have. Still, there are the diseases: Syringomyelia, an Arnold Chiari malformation of the brain, Dropsy of the left leg, high blood pressure. How old I must be. Sometimes, I want to revert back to my childhood and be bottle fed. So I revert on isle three while people watch me and wonder why I look eagerly for bottles and Spam.

A few nights back, I was kidnapped while in a drunken stupor, shoved into one of those electric wheelchairs and taken into Wal-Mart. When I could not operate the switches, my mother pushed and spoke harshly to me. "Now dammit, we're going inside to look for your Spam, then you're going to go home and sleep!" I did not. The fire department was called later that night after I drank rum and almost burnt Spam. The next day, I asked my mother: "How did I ever fit into the basket?"

Turkey Spam has a delectable taste on nights like these. I usually can't taste, nor remember. All of the great recipes from Emeril, Paula Dean, and Rachael Ray have been wasted on a drunken night. I wonder if Rachael has ever had Sailor Jerry's Rum, then gone to Wal-Mart in a basket.

One night, I ate two cans of turkey Spam fried in olive oil, along with six pieces of bread to make a sandwich, and four pieces of raw salt pork. I did not know it was raw pork. The diseases that are carried in raw salt pork are tumultuous. Trichinellosis, a worm disease. Again, all kinds of worms. Something called Taenie Solium worms. Tapeworms. Did you know that gentile ladies in the 16th century would intentionally eat tapeworms in order to lose weight? I push my basket through Wal-Mart and think of worms.

A can of Spam has been left in the Roses department. Who would do such a thing? When no one is looking, I toss it in my basket. I don't know why I am paranoid. Wal-Mart has no Spam detectives, no potted meat FBI, of which I am aware. Still, people watch me. I hide behind stems of cattails and hold my can of Spam as if it were the Holy Grail. I wonder if John, Paul, or Peter took Spam when they fished.

When I mix rum and spam, I have chronic dysentery, or something the Civil War soldiers called the Tennessee Trots. The cow farmers would refer to it as the scowers. Whether I'm

trotting fast or scowring slow, I glow from gastritis and probably bleed on my insides from the spicy foods I consumed the previous night. You would think I would learn by now, but still I look for that estranged potted meat people call Spam. If I'm John Boy lost on Walton's Mountain, I look under a rock or down a stream for that can which might float in water. The cans float empty downstream and a school of dim-witted Salmon has eaten my Spam. Good night, John Boy. I'm down in the kitchen frying Spam with Ma and Pa.

Good. They play elevator music here. It sounds like Anitra's Dance from Edward Grieg's Peer Gynt suite. I push into the Pasta Isle to Grieg. How peaceful it must be to the Italians to sit at a table and eat a big bowl of pasta and listen to Norwegian music. With dozens of packages of bowtie, spaghetti, angel hair, and whole wheat pasta before me, I recall how beer and pasta don't mix. I found out one night, after I had binged on a six pack of Budweiser, and then eaten an entire bowl of bowtie pasta with a jar of creamy alfredo Ragu sauce. Believe me, I live for their product, would double quick to a store to try and sell this delicious item, but it doesn't travel well in a drunk. The next day, I eat Tums and Beano like candy. I have often thought of a water cooler for my room for those mornings after I have binged on foods like Spam, cow tongue, and Kentucky Fried Chicken. In Bangkok, there is an ancient ritual which involves eating chicken testicles. Thank God, I will never go there to drink rum.

During Thanksgiving, I would eat leftover turkey and awake to a refrigerator that holds the carnivorous skeleton of some beast out of a Salvador Dali surreal painting. Worse, if we still raised cattle, they would be mute and tongue less. A new breed of cow? I should hope not. Still, I wonder if Wal-Mart has overalls. I want to raise cattle.

The Electronics Department has plasma televisions. Two giant 36" sets are tuned to Sesame Street. I stop for a moment to observe the Cookie Monster give a child a demonstration of the game patty cake. The producer of Sesame Street should have strayed away from Toll House and invented a Spam monster. The Cookie Monster is an idiot savant. He doesn't know the proper way to teach a child patty cake. I want to pull the horn rim glassed granny away from the Kodak cameras and play, as the "old school" would, a game commonly known as patty cake.

At the checkout, a young girl smiles at me as I ask for a pack of Winston's and a bag of ice. "We're all out of ice." She says. Imagine that. "That's good. Wonderful." Her eyes roll back. "Wonderful?"

"Never mind. I'll look someplace else." I'm thankful for Wal-Mart anyway. I got Turkey Spam and lots of Tums and Beano. I am tired of walking. I want to drink rum, pop in my Grieg CD, listen to the Peer Gynt Suite, cook Spam and be left alone. Later at 4:00, I'll invite the crew from our volunteer fire department. I hope they like Spam.

**Alan Sugar**  
by  
**Kay Richardson**

I'm always breaking eggs on the bus back from the supermarket. Eggs that are brought home only to be broken. The irony doesn't help clean up the yolky mess. The irony doesn't help placate the bus driver who's shouting about his egg bus.

At home:

"Would you like soldiers?" you cry. "Would you like some Sunny D?"

On the bus:

"Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. I'll pay for more tickets or something, sir."

People break eggs (at home) for breakfast. Very seldom are they used for cakes. Cakes are made by huge Supermarkets and frozen for our convenience. We do not have time to make cakes unless we are bored housewives. Very few of us are bored housewives. I am not a bored housewife. I am a highly respected IT developer.

I cried when I last broke breakfast eggs. I cried because I knew that the breakfast and egg-making meant that the best evening of my life had finished. The breakfast was like the full stop at the end of the sentence. The sex sentence.

I put the spatula to one side and wiped away the tears with my shirt. It stank of the previous night – stale beer, caustic fags and somebody else's aftershave. This made me even more upset – I prefer my shirts to smell of washing powder.

"Would you like soldiers?" I cried at the woman's back. "Would you like some Sunny D?"

The woman didn't turn from the kitchen window. She shook her head. A black wig perched upon it like a witch's familiar. I knew it was a wig, and not a tragic haircut, because I saw her put it on. She'd done that in my bedroom. She'd also allowed me to watch her dress. I had been half-eyed, wondering suspiciously.

As her arms bent unnaturally behind her to zip up the dress's back, she'd told me that I was 'a dream lover' and not to ask any further questions.

I hadn't yet asked any questions.

I scratched the hair on my stomach with contentment.

She told me to make breakfast, but to ensure that I washed my hands beforehand.

Tall, she was. And angular. Like the letter 'k'.

I did what I was told. Sometimes I enjoy following instructions. Hands were washed, eggs were scrambled.

"Serve them upon a white plate," she purred, facing the window still. "I'll take three quarters of the eggs."

She ate standing, with her hands. The eggs were pan-hot. She didn't flinch. I thought better than to comment on her lack of manners. One shouldn't eat scrambled eggs without cutlery.

The eggs tasted of strength and milk.

"Where are your keys?"

I pointed through the open door to my chinos, lying still in the centre of the lounge floor, a proud stain of last night's lovemaking.

"Trousers?" she asked.

I explained the keys would be in the back pocket, where I always kept them.

A sharp, mechanical, inhale of air, and she swept her long left arm to take the cream trousers from the floor in the manner of a horse-mounted cowboy picking up a calf from the dusty prairie floor. The keys were extracted by her spider-like fingers, the jeans were abandoned and I was told not to leave the flat, that she'd be back very soon.

I stood unmoving until her footsteps faded in exterior hall. Decision made that she had definitely left, I sprinted to my bedroom, dived upon bed and shot hands to top of bedside table. There they fell upon their target – my phone.

I'd missed six calls. Eight text messages sat unread. I didn't open them; no need – I knew what they'd all say. Instead, I expertly traversed the menus to create a new message:

I HAVE HAD THE MOST AMAZING WOMAN. YOU WILL ALL BE SOOOO JEALOUS.

"Give me that."

Her voice boomed from hall. I craned my neck. She stood (halfway down the hallway) like Lara Croft. Her shoulders were thrown back, projecting bosom towards my eyes. Her right hand held a large, albeit thin, suitcase – a suitcase I hadn't seen before.

I smiled. She repeated her order. I threw the phone towards her.

She would find the message. And her morning frost would surely melt upon reading such a complimentary communication.

Her left arm darted skywards and plucked the telephone from the air. With a flick of her wrist, it had disappeared into her back trouser pocket.

Slowly, she began to move towards the bedroom. The pace of her walk and the metal of her stare were in no way sexual. This was in marked contrast to the previous night.

Where there was once erotic intent, there was now steel threat. I edged away, across bed. She came to a sudden stop at the threshold of the room. Her left arm moved quickly to the door handle, and with a blur of motion, I was shut in my bedroom, quivering at a closed door.

What was going on? I had read on the internet of women who enjoyed 'role play'. Was this what it was? Should I join in and act all freaky?

It seemed too good to be true. Perhaps there was more sex to be had. Perhaps this was what happened every morning-after? I was unsure, but such doubts didn't prevent a stirring of penis under boxer. I tried to recall exactly how I had come to sleep with this sexy eccentric.

The night previous, I arrived at 2000 in my corner of Lee Wetherspoons. It had been the fourth successive night of meeting with Clive at 2000 in my corner of the Lee Wetherspoons. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday had passed like any other night in my corner of the Lee Wetherspoons. Clive and I would talk (largely about Formula One), we would drink (not to excess – four/five pints) and we would tread home, alone, to sleep.

Not Thursday, though. I arrived at 2002 and Clive wasn't there. There was only a space where he should have been sipping. This was unusual for Clive. He always placed greater emphasis on good timekeeping than even personal hygiene (of which he placed little emphasis).

I ordered a Mild, and sat in the corner alone.

I noticed her shadow fall across the beer. I looked up and gulped.

Staring down at me was the most beautiful face I had ever seen in the Lee Wetherspoons. Her features were perfect, as if sketched on CorelDraw. I couldn't have imagined a woman that I would find more attractive. She even wore a mole underneath her left eye – something I've always thought sexy. Her skin was flawless and seemed to throw off a dull yellow, light.

"What is your name?" she said. I told her, voice faltering with embarrassment. "Good," she said and looked over her shoulder. "Your friend Clive said he could not arrive."

And before I could quiz her further, she was sitting in Clive's seat and we were kissing. Time hadn't even reached half eight before we were back in the flat and I was hunting for a clean duvet and finding one and I was having sex with her on the clean duvet.

And so I found myself closed in bedroom with a 'role-play' playing stunner.

The me of yesterday might not have left the bedroom. I would have assumed that she didn't like me after all and the sex had been some kind of mean trick. But, and I remember it clearly, in the middle of the night she had told me that 'I was a superlative performer' and asked if I had enjoyed sex on many occasions in the past. I told her that I had, of course.

The morning-after saw me newly invested with confidence, however. I did leave the room, quietly, playing along with her mock-violent threat making and icy stares and strangeness with my mobile and sudden large suitcase.

I crept along the hallway and I turned into the lounge on my tiptoes.

The image that I was met with will be forever burnt into my memory.

There she was, not waiting for me. She was crouched upon one knee at the unopened until now opened lounge window. Last night's dress was pulled tightly across her perfect bottom. The suitcase lay empty at her feet. Her breasts moved up and down with her taking of breath. And in her arms proudly was a rifle. Pushed up against right shoulder, barrel resting in right hand, left hand tightly gripped around stock and trigger. I know my weaponry. This was no gun I had ever seen. This was no gun that existed. The whole weapon throbbed with a neon pink energy for a start. Guns shouldn't throb with neon pink energy.

Her head remained above the rifle's barrel. She must have been searching through the sights.

I decided to creep back to the bedroom. But the moment I took one silent step backwards, she spoke.

"Do not move. Do not speak. Do not look."

I did as I was told. She was holding a gun. I closed my eyes.

Such was the stress, I cannot accurately gauge how much time elapsed before the gun blast. I half expected to be shot myself. The explosion rocked the room, the sound of a car crash. A tiny amount of urine escaped to be absorbed by fresh boxer short fabric.

A broken horn sounded from the real world outside and didn't stop sounding. Voices shouted.

"You may look now," she spoke.

I opened one eye. She stood at window still.

The shouting and banging outside continued. In the distance sounded a siren.

"I am from the future," she continued.

I smiled wetly.

Slowly, like the child from the Exorcist, her head span 360 degrees. When it returned to face me, she spoke:

"You see? I can rotate my head. I am an electronic lifeform."

I asked if she meant a robot.

"Yes," she replied.

I asked who she had shot.

"Sir Alan Sugar." I nodded. I had never liked him. "My weapon fires a pulse that causes instant coronary failure. You will not be suspected."

I asked how she knew that Alan Sugar would be driving without a chauffeur past my window at that exact time.

"I am from the future."

She picked her suitcase up, asked me to move from the doorway, and left the flat.

I went back to the bedroom and slept for eight hours. Upon waking, I had hoped that I had been dreaming. I could still taste her breath upon my lips, however, and, sure enough, upon checking the internet, Alan Sugar had died – crashing his car outside my house after suffering a heart attack.

I regret not asking her why an 'electronic life form' might want Alan Sugar dead. Perhaps, one day in the future, it shall be revealed.

Clive messaged to apologise for missing our Thursday pub meeting. He had met a statuesque (and wig wearing) woman in the Bromley Forbidden Planet and they had spent the afternoon having sex. He had awoken at ten o'clock to an empty flat.

And I wasn't answering my mobile. And he'd assumed that I'd gone home. He was right, of course.

That evening we met in the Lee Wetherspoons. We spoke largely of Formula One.

**Demonic Laughter**  
by  
**Kirsten Anderson**

One day, the demon Moluthar forgot how to laugh.

The change in his condition alarmed him. Moluthar was famous for his terrible laughter that emanated from hell to spread across earth like a foul cloud of pestilence, tearing sheep apart, causing children to flunk their hearing tests at school, and driving poets into madness. And his talent had earned him the adoration of his fellow fiends along with a flattering article and photo spread in the last issue of Demonic People magazine.

In a panic, he tried to re-awaken his killing-joke bone. If he didn't resume his power, the other demons would disown him, exiling him to live on earth as some nerd of a human. All day long, he made faces at himself in his obsidian mirror, read highlighted selections from his favorite pamphlets, "101 Ways to Terrify Mortals," "Not Only Are You Not OK, You're Also Stupid, You Wretched Human," and "Hey, You've Been Shredded," and then taught his monster cats to howl in the six tone scale of the outlaw bards.

But mirth eluded him. And the overdue bill for the repairs of his private jet pushed him over the edge. As much as he hated to admit it, he needed help.

That night, Moluthar traveled to the ancient, hidden city of Lulea to seek counsel from the twelve scholars who resided in the Institute of Leisure, as the Great Library was closed due to bookworm blight. Inside, the scholars loafed in the recreation room, playing ping-pong and arguing over Foosball, looking self-important in their designer robes.

Grabbing the neck of the scholar at the pool table nearest to him, Moluthar yelled, "I am ill and need a diagnosis. No longer do I find the pain and suffering of mortals to be the utmost of hilarity." A frown creased his large, scabby forehead. "Don't tell me I'm going through demon menopause or I'll drown you in the lake of fire."

The man struggled to pry the thick, leathery paws off his neck. Moluthar released him with reluctance. After a bout of coughing, the scholar gasped, "Don't worry, you're still young in demon years. You don't look a day over two hundred."

"Damn right," roared Moluthar. "I have plenty of good years left. But I don't want to spend the rest of those days as a," he shuddered, "human."

The man cringed and stepped back. "You're just burned out. May I suggest a long vacation on a faraway tropical island that would require the sipping of novelty drinks and the eating of exotic beasts?"

"Nonsense, human psychobabble. Demons don't get burned out," Moluthar growled. "I love destruction as much as ever. You should see my production numbers from last month." He unsheathed his claws and advanced on the scholar.

In his haste to escape Moluthar's wrath, the man turned to flee. But he tripped on his robe and fell down the stairs into a basement filled with old badminton racquets and roller skates.

Moluthar peered down at the man's twisted body. His five eyes blinked. Then he threw his head back and laughed.

His laughter froze the starlight into icicles. The other scholars fainted, billiard cues and playing cards still in their hands. On earth, sheep exploded, children glared at their teachers and cranked up the death metal, and somewhere, a poet put down his pen with a sigh and signed up for a retail management class.

Exultant, Moluthar began to leave, but concern for his public image made him pause amongst the strewn bodies. He looked over his shoulder.

"Thanks for your help," he shouted down into the basement in case someone was listening. "Couldn't have made my comeback without you. You're what it's all about."

He left the Institute and boarded his jet, making a note to contact his PR flak for another article in *Demonic People*. A careful, staged photo of him laughing over the dead scholar while holding his cape aloft at the right dramatic angle would make him the perfect cover demon for the magazine's "100 Hottest Fiends" issue.

**A Touch of S and M**  
by  
**Maureen Wilkinson**

Steve scanned the personal ads. He had done this since puberty removed thoughts of sport and replaced them with women in all stages of undress. He acquired a large selection of top-shelf magazines and did what boys do under bedclothes and in bathrooms. He did it with such enthusiasm his wrist ached and he was exhausted. Lately he'd become bored with the procedure and his imaginings took on a slightly more sophisticated twist. While his peers were fumbling and groping their way into various girlfriends' knickers, Steve felt he was above these mundane beginnings. Having had a good education from his well-thumbed magazines, he felt ready to start at the top. Determined his first taste of sex was to be memorable, he scrutinized the personal column in Girls Galore. Outlined in thick black double lines, one advert stood out from the rest.

OUR SATISFACTION IS SEEING TO YOURS

Madame Medusa, Lolita Submit and Scarlet Clause.

We catered for male or female clients

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Group discount

Appointment only.

Steve's heart was thudding against his ribs as he dialed the number.

A husky voice came over the line 'Hallo, Madame Medusa, how can I service you?

'Hallo.' Steve squeaked. He coughed, deepened his voice to a mature drawl and made an appointment.

\*\*\*

Steve was in the pub with the lads and on his second pint of the evening, when the talk got round to women and sex.

'Had your leg over lately. Steve?' One of the boys said slyly. Knowing that at eighteen, Steve's bad case of acne put his attractiveness to the opposite sex at zero.

'Piss off, Rob. I can't be bothered messing about like you lot. I'm paying a professional, someone who knows what she's doing,' he said. There were plenty of jeers, but Steve ignored them. He would have the last laugh when he described real sex to the boys.

\*\*\*

A light film of sweat coated Steve's brow as he pressed his finger to the bell. He rubbed dust from his well-polished shoes onto the backs of his trouser legs and straightened his tie.

He heard bolts sliding and the metallic chink of chain. The door opened an inch and just visible in the crack, appeared an eye.

'Yes?' said a male voice from below the eye.

'Er, good evening, my name's Steven.'

'Congratulations.' The door closed.

'Excuse me,' Steven rapped lightly on the door panel, pushed open the letterbox and shouted through the space. 'I was invited. I read your advert in Girls Galore and phoned.'

The letterbox remained open and the eye squinted though it. 'Who did you speak to?'

Steven gave a nervous cough. 'Ahem, she said her name was Madame Medusa.'

The eye disappeared and a muffled voice reverberated back through the door. 'ere, Trace, there's some bloke called Steve at the door, saying he's got an appointment with Madam Medusa - What? - I thought you were Miss Whiplash? - Bloody hell; make up your mind. You'd better answer this, then'

The sweat from Steve's brow dripped off his nose. He wiped it with the back of his hand and eyed the windows across the street. He fancied he saw eyes scrutinizing him from behind net curtains. To his relief the door opened and he slipped through.

The woman in the hall was tall. She fingered a fake diamond choker at her neck and looked at him as if he had a bogey hanging from his nose. 'You're late,' she barked.

'No, I was here on time, your friend wouldn't let me in.'

'Don't argue with me, you scumbag. I said you were late.'

He looked at her out of the side of his eye. Madame Medusa's hair was fashioned into tight ringlets resembling long black snakes hanging from her scalp. Her greeting and a slight stir in his jockeys, took Steve aback. Wow, it's starting already.

A red leather corselet pushed her full bosom up towards her chin. She'll never get crumbs in her lap, he thought as he struggled to raise his eyes above her shoulders.

Madame Medusa grabbed him by the tie. Her patent-leather sling-backs clicked on the tiles as she pulled him along the hallway. 'Come on, scumbag, this way.'

'Er, my name's Steven, Madame Medusa,' he said, thinking she might have misheard his name over the phone.

Her full, wide lips were painted bright red and as she ran her tongue across them, Steve saw the gleam of studs. He closed his eyes for a moment and his knees went weak at the thought of the added pleasure those tongue studs were going to give him.

'You're all scumbags to me,' she said shortly as she pushed him through a doorway at the end of the hall.

The room was in semi-darkness. Two red lamps threw a rosy glow across a satin quilted bed. Attached to the iron bed-head was a pair of handcuffs. Steven felt his heart pumping blood down into essential areas and he knew a moment of pride. His hand slid down to his trouser front and he adjusted himself for more comfort.

'Money first, you moron.' Madame Medusa's green eyes narrowed to slits.

'Yes - of course, er how much? You didn't put a price in the advert.'

'Oh, God give me strength. A wunner,' she said, putting her hands on her hips and spreading her legs slightly. Sheer, black seamed stocking contrasted with the creamy whiteness of her thighs.

Steven could see a few curly hairs peeking from the side of her thong. His breath left his body like he'd been kicked in the chest. Turning his eyes away, he gasped, 'How much is a wunner?'

Madame Medusa frowned. 'You're a virgin ain't you? How old are you?'

Panic in case she threw him out, gave Steven a moment of bravado. 'Old enough, I've done it loads of times - I thought I'd try a professional - just for a change.'

She stared at him for a minute. 'Ok, if you say so. It's a hundred for the full works,' she said, holding out a scarlet nailed hand.

Steven's appendage drooped along with his spirits. 'I've only got fifty pounds on me.'

Her laugh was a short bark of contempt. 'What are you expecting for that sort of money?'

'A blow job, perhaps?' he said carefully.

Madame Medusa sighed. 'Put the money on the table and take your clothes off, you insipid, unimaginative little toad.'

Steven unbuckled his belt with trembling fingers. He wished she wouldn't keep calling him names. It was a bit off putting. She could at least pretend that she fancied him, he thought. He turned to face her. 'Shall I take my jockeys off, now?'

'What - are you expecting me to play hunt the thimble as well?'

Steven's dropped his shorts and his face flushed, somehow his manhood had slipped away during the exchange and it hung limp against his thigh.

'What's that?' Madame Medusa said leaning down and pointing at his unenthusiastic penis. 'If you think I'm going to give that a blowjob. Think again, needle dick.'

A choking sensation rose to the back of Steven's throat and he knew he was near to tears. 'I'm sorry,' he said.

'Shut up, and get on the bed - and pull back the quilt first, I don't want you messing it up.'

He climbed awkwardly onto the bed, lay on his back and closed his eyes. 'Is this all right?'

he murmured.

'On your stomach first.' She said and dug a pointed nail into his side. She leaned over him and slipped the handcuffs on his wrists.

Steven heard them click as they locked and wondered how she was going to give him a blowjob if he was on his stomach. Of course, he thought- this was some sophisticated lead up, to help me rise to the occasion. A wave of gratitude overcame him. The bed sank under her weight and he held his breath waiting for her touch. Nothing happened, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder. She had removed her thong and was standing astride him. He tingled all over as the blood rushed like a tidal wave through his veins. Such was his preoccupation with the view Steven didn't notice she was holding a leather thronged whip. He pulled his knees up under him and lifted his hips off the bed to allow his engorged member to spring into an upward position and heaved a sigh of relief that it had decided to co-operate.

There was a soft swish as the whip swung through the air and cut across his buttocks. 'Ffffuckin' hell,' he screamed as the leather bit into his skin. 'What're you doing? That frigging hurt.'

'No, you sniveling little worm, what you say is - that frigging hurt, thank you so much, Madame Medusa. Let's try again, shall we?'

Pain shot through Steven's body as stinging blows reddened his skin. 'Stop it, you cow.'

'Tsk, tsk, Needle Dick, that's not very submissive, now is it? I think the leather mask will quieten you down.'

The soft leather enveloped Steven's head and he felt Madame Medusa's breasts on his naked back as she tightened the straps under his chin. There was only one small air hole at the mouth and he struggled to breath. The material clung to his sweating face and he was choking on the tightly drawn strap. A wave of fear overtook him and his feet beat a panicky tattoo on the sheets.

'Like it on your feet do you?' Madame Medusa lashed at the upturned soles.

A whole new concept of pain opened up for Steve. His lower body was on fire and the only tingle he felt now was in his head as darkness swept in.

'Get the wassy out of here.' Steven heard a feminine voice hiss as he floated out of swirling mists. Someone dressed him while he had been unconscious. The mask had gone and he was on his feet.

'What happened?' he said faintly.

'You fainted with pleasure,' Madame Medusa said as she ushered him towards the bedroom door.

'I did?'

'Of course.'

'What about the blowjob I paid for?'

'You had it.'

Despite burning pain in his buttocks and feet, a small smile creased the corners of Steve's mouth. 'I did?'

'Of course you did. That's when you fainted.'

'Did I - er - you know?'

Madame Medusa held up the wet cloth she used to bring Steve back to consciousness. 'Of course,' she said with an ironic smile. 'Our motto is - your satisfaction is our satisfaction.'

Steven hobbled painfully to the door and took a last look at the few drops of water dripping slowly from the cloth. His chest swelled with pride. Wait till I tell the boys, he thought.



**A La Recherche Du Temps Depardieu, Part Deux**  
 by  
 Ricky Garni

A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS DEPARDIEU, PART DEUX



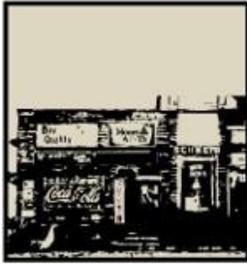
AND THEN THERE WAS ALSO BOB DYLAN TO WORRY ABOUT.



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, THERE WERE SNOWFLAKES, LOTS OF MAPLE TREES AND BIRCH TREES, AND SEASONAL FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.



NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME MORE HAPPY ON ONE OF THOSE COLD AUTUMN DAYS THAN A DEPARDIEU DOUBLE FEATURE, SAY, THE LAST METRO AND JEAN DE FLORETTE.



AND THEN, APRES THAT, A LEISURELY TRIP TO THE CONFECTIONS & SUNDRIES STORE TO BUY A GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, ONLY TO LOOK AT THE WONDERFUL TURBIN AND BUTTERNUT SQUASH AS I PASSED BY THE GROCERY STORE.

TURBIN AND BUTTERNUT SQUASH WAS ALL NEW TO ME, AS WAS GERARD DEPARDIEU.



IT WAS A LOVELY, COLD, LONELY, INTERESTING TIME, FILLED WITH PLACES AND ACTORS AND DEAS AND VEGETABLES AND EMOTIONS AND THOUGHTS AND, ALMOST ALWAYS, REVELATIONS.



"I'M NOT GOING TO HANG ON LIKE AN INSECTE," SAID FAMED FRENCH ACTOR, GERARD DEPARDIEU.



THERE IS NO NOSE QUITE LIKE THE NOSE OF GERARD DEPARDIEU.



BUTTERNUT SQUASH

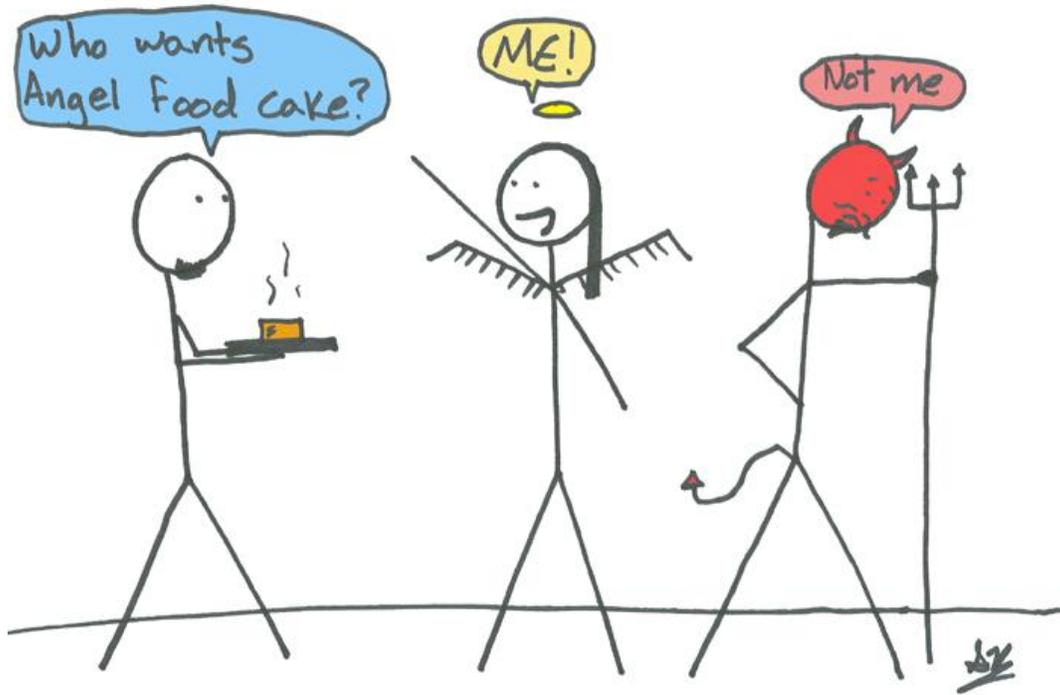


TURBIN SQUASH



GERARD DEPARDIEU

**Angel Food Cake**  
by  
**Scott Kersey**



## Contributor Biographies

Bryan says, through haiku:

**"Bryan Thao Worra**

Is a strange haiku this month,  
Always sending stuff."

<http://members.aol.com/thaoworra>

A native of the Monterey Peninsula, **Nicole Henares** authored her first book, at the age of five, about visiting the Monterey Public Library's lop-eared rabbit, Bigfoot, with her enigmatic grandmother whom she believed was Endora from Bewitched in disguise driving a Thunderbird instead of a broom. Throughout her childhood young Nicole wrote several books about friendless fairies attending Monopoly championships in Las Vegas, and elves on the run from chicken vendors. As a student at UC Davis Nicole had the dubious honor of not getting accepted into poetry classes taught by Gary Snyder and Alan Williamson, and flunking altogether Introductory Creative Writing due to her misadventures with Davis' midget cop and other miscreants. Nicole would like to give all pseudo new age hipsters a swift kick in the pants.

**Vin Davis** lives in Fleetwood NY. He is currently working on his first collection of poems and stories titled, "Running In Place." His work has appeared in Grindhouse Press and Digital Abstract.com. He can be contacted at [vinnydavisstudio@aol.com](mailto:vinnydavisstudio@aol.com).

**Charles Liem** is two different shades of crazy. And those shades are based on the color mauve.

**Chris Allen Clark** lives in the mysterious nether-regions of Morton, Mississippi. We could tell you *exactly* where, but we doubt Chris would like that too much.

**Kay Richardson** demands that you visit this place (apparently):  
<http://devonboy.blogspot.com>

**Kirsten Anderson** is a highly caffeinated writer and folklorist based in the antechamber of hell known as Los Angeles. When she's not busy writing or shopping for overpriced glass slippers, she curls up in the O in the Hollywood sign and howls at the moon. Her short fiction has appeared in recent issues of *The Rose & Thorn*, *Wild Violet*, *Flash Forward*, and *MicroHorror*.

**Maureen Wilkinson** says: "I'm a little old lady of seventy and the nearest I get to sex these days is watching the pidgins jumping each other on the windowsill. My idea of writing this was to scare the bejesus out of the younger male population. After all - if I can't enjoy myself, why should they?"

International superspy **Benjamin Rae** would prefer it very much if you didn't know he was and international superspy. Our bad.

Visit **Ricky Garni** at this place: [www.crispyworld.blogspot.com](http://www.crispyworld.blogspot.com). We double dog dare you.

**Scott Kersey** enjoys films, grammar, British comedies, plays, his girlfriend, and bathing regularly. If you want to contact him, do so at [quixoticboy1@yahoo.com](mailto:quixoticboy1@yahoo.com), although I'm not sure why you would.