

PEARL'S CHRISTENING

1 of 7
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BY: DUWLZ

FOR: THA ONE WHO DARED TO CARE

TEALPOU FAZES WHILE AUTOPILOT CLOUD-SLIDING IN A PLUM
SEVENTY 'CUDA TO SOME GYPSY CRUNGUE.

THE GYPSY CRUNGUE:

"PANEGYRIC"

THE "DEMONIC RAGE" WHICH MERGES WITH BONE-WOBBLING
INSTRUMENTALS ON A SYSTEM PROGRAMMED TO CONTINUOUSLY
REPEAT IS:

INFANTS OF THE STRUGGLE
NEED

LAMB KABOBS AN' CLOTHES
CLEFT FROM SHEEPLE

SO

LIE ERADICATOR

ALONE OR IN FORMATION

SET ONE-VERSE ABLAZE

WITH YOUR SPARKING ADZE

THRASH! PILLAGE? BLEED.

RECYCLE BOBBIES

WIT' SERRATED RAZORS

'FORE THEY REACH CLUB! GUN! TASOR!

WASTREL
SQUASHED ON NARPY-TABLE
FILL OUR AIR
NOW'S RIGHT
HEIR
OF ZA PLIGHT
EVERYWHERE
FIGHT!
FIGHT!
FFFIIGGGHHHTTT!

THE FAZE IS A CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF A GRAVITATIONLESS
ASTEROID.

THE ASTEROID:

A CELESTIAL HODGEPODGE OF NOM DE GUERRE
(TEALPON)/DEFINITION (THE SHADE OF SAINT BLOOD UPON
A POWDER-BLUE SKY)/WHY (MUSICAL MAYHEM, MUSCLE
MEMORY, AND A MAGICIAN'S MYSTIC MEANDERINGS
MAGICALLY MASQUERADE THE WINDSHIELD AS TEALPON'S
NARCISSUS'S FOUNTAIN).

SLOSH:

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

I'M A RAMBUNCTIOUS ADOLESCENT IN A MODERATELY
SIZED NUN'S OFFICE. THE SCHOOL DAY HAS GONE. SISTER
MARGARET USES THE MATE OF THE ERGONOMICALLY
FASHIONED STOOL I'M ON. A FAIR TEAK DESK DIVIDES US.
WHATEVER SHE INTENDS FOR ME TO HEAR GETS

JUMBLED BETWEEN HER POUTY LIPS AND MY ELFISH EARS.

IN SUMMATION, MY TALL ATHLETICALLY DEVELOPING BODY CONTRASTS WITH HER 5'6" CURVACEOUS FRAME. I SWEAR ON THE VATICAN'S BURNING BIBLES THIS LADY'S SEATER PUT THE HEART IN HEART-SHAPED. PLUS SHE HAS A SET OF SOUL-REFLECTORS UNLIKE ANY OTHER. RIGHT ONE IS HAZEL. LEFT ONE IS SEAFOAM GREEN.

MY THOUGHTS FOCUS ON PRAISING WHOEVER ALLOWED HER ORDER OF NUNS TO WEAR SUMMER DRESSES.

ONLY PROBLEM IS THE FURNITURE'S PLACEMENT IN RELATION TO THE UNINTERRUPTED WINDOW'S VIEW. THIS LIMITS THE AMOUNT OF SUNLIGHT THAT CAN REACH THROUGH MARGARET'S DRESS'S FICKLE FABRIC.

AS THE WORKER OF WONDERS, I KICK OUT OF MY STOOL AND ROCKET ACROSS THE SEMICLUTTERED DESK TOP; TEAR AT LOVE'S PINK-ROSE-PATTERNED NECKLINE; AND WITH THE OPPOSITE HAND DELIVER AN ASTONDING COMBINATION OF FERAL BLOWS TO SEXY'S FACE, NECK, UPPER TORSO.

DUE TO MY SPEEDY ASSAULT, SHE WAS TOSSED HERE AND THERE BEFORE REALIZING THE DIRENESS BROUGHT ON BECAUSE OF UNBRIDLED HORMONES.

TWISTS. TURNS. TURNED TWISTS. JERKS. JAMS. PLOPS. FLAP. PULL. MARGARET FINDS HER NECK IN A ONEARM WRESTLER'S BRACE.

SISTER CHRISTIAN-SOLDIER NOW SNIVELS OUT MUFFLED PRAYERS TO CHANGE OUR SITUATION:

SITTING ON THE OAK FLOOR AMONGST STREWN BOOKS, A SHATTERED CERAMIC VASE, SOME PARTIALLY CRITIQUED STUDENT ESSAYS ON THE EXISTENTIALS OF BREATH, OFFICE SUPPLIES [STAPLER, SCISSORS, LETTER OPENER, ETC.] WITH HER LOCKED BETWEEN MY LEGS. SHE COULD PASS FOR A FRONTIERSMAN'S DAUGHTER'S RAG DOLL EXCEPT MY FREE HAND SENSES GOOSEBUMPED FLESH AROUND HER STIFF NIPPLES.

AROUSAL METER REGISTERS FLACID ERECTION. NOT ENOUGH. MUST CONTINUE ACTION.

TO SILENCE THE BRAINWASHED RANTS FOR UNSEEN HANDS TO ASSIST I RELEASE MY LEGLOCK, RISE SLIGHTLY AND DROP FORWARD SO AS TO STRADDLE HER BACK. NOW COMES THAT FUN FROM GRABBING BOTH SIDES OF HER TENDERIZED NECK AND WHILE BOUNCING LIKE A BUCKING BULL RIDER SMASH HER HEAD INTO THE POLISHED FLOOR. IN MY HEAD THE BAND PLAYS CLASSICAL MOZART. WHEN ALL IT IS IS MARGARET'S LUNGS GASPING FOR AIR, TEETH BREAKING LOOSE OF THEIR MOLD, AND CRACKING VERTEBRAE.

I COMMENCE TO YANK FISTFULS OF AUBURN HAIR OUT OF A SKULL WHICH HAS ROUGHLY KISSED THE SHARP END OF MARBLE HANDIED STAINLESS STEEL. HER BODY BEING THE JEALOUS TYPE JUST HAD TO GET IN ON THE FORNICATION.

UPON NOTICING A PECULIAR SLICE IN DOLL'S CHEEK, THE AROUSAL METER DINGS VOLCANIC PHALLUS SKYWARD.

SO, I REPOSITION MY BLEMISHED LOVE AGAINST THE WINDOW'S WALL; UNLEASH "LAVA HOSE"; REACH MY FIST INTO HER MOUTH TO DISLOCATE HER JAW; AND HENCEFORTH THREAD MY HOSE IN AND OUT OF THE SLICED CHEEK AND ROUNDED FINGERS THAT REST INSIDE THE GRANDEST OF TOOTHLESS GRINS.

THEN WAS WHEN NATURE'S ART—SPLATS OF OXYGENATED BLOOD HIGH ON THE WINDOW'S GLASS—CAUGHT MY ATTENTION. ADDING TO THIS MARGARET UTTERED WHAT SOUNDED LIKE, "TEALPOU" AS SHE POINTED TO AN OPTICAL ILLUSION OF BLOOD ON A POWDER-BLUE SKY.

BEST OF ALL WAS REACHING THE EPITOME OF A DIVINE ORGASM.

GLASS?

FOUNTAIN?

WINDSHIELD?

SPLASH:

A FACE.

NOT TEALPOU.

YOUNG...?

BREAKS BANSHEEISHLY SQUAWK SCREEECCHINNO.

KAH CRAQUE.

WINDSHIELD OCTOPUSES.

TEALPOU'S BATTLE FORGED NERVES KEEP HIS PULSE LOW AS HIS EYES GATHER INTEL.

INTEL EQUALS A DAY-OLD-SAD-FULL-MIDNIGHT-

MOON FROWNS ON A SCARCELY POPULATED FARM AREA. WHEN HE OPENS THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR THOSE INTIMATE SCENTS OF RELAXED BOWELS, SEEPING MARROW FROM SPLINTERED SKELETON PARTS, AND AUTUMN'S ROTTEN MULCH COME INTO TEALPOU'S FOREBRAIN.

HE'S OUT OF THE CHARIOT.

THE FACE TURNS OUT TO BE A TRICK-OF-TREATING COUNTRY LAD. ANY OTHER DAY TEALPOU WOULD HAVE SLICED AND DICED THIS CREATURE'S THORAX TO FORCAST TOMORROW'S GOOD LUCK RATIO.

YOUNGESTER WAS FACE PAINTED AS AMERICA'S PRESIDENT-ELECT. THIS FACT SHOOTS THE KAARCHIST MANTRA, "IF ONLY KAARCHY FLOURISHED," INTO TEALPOU'S HEAD.

BUSINESS MUST COME FIRST. NO OMENS BECAUSE OF HIS CROSSROAD DATE. SO ACTION LETTERS TICK OFF IN THIS KAARCHIST'S SANCTUM AND ARE PERFORMED.

- A. REALIZE CAR IS NOW WORTHLESS
- B. POP TRUNK WITH KEYS REMOVED FROM IGNITION
- C. REMOVE TWO GALLON GAS CAN
- D. REMOVE THREE ANARCHIST-COOKBOOK-TYPE BOMBS
- E. WEDGE BOMBS AROUND GAS TANK
- F. CONNECT WICKS TO ONE FOUR MINUTE STRING
- G. SATURATE CHILD WITH GASOLINE WHILE CONDEMN-
ING TO HELL (A WONDERFUL FAREWELL)
- H. ONCE AGAIN THANK COLLECTOR OF STOLEN BARRACUDA

- I. PULL BOX OF WOODEN MATCHES OUT OF FRONT LEFT POCKET WITH LEFT HAND
- J. GO BACK TO TRUNK AND REMOVE RUBBER HORNERD-IMP MASK
- K. ADJUST MASK ON HEAD WITH BOTH HANDS
- L. LIGHT FOUR MINUTE STRING
- M. CONFIRM STRING IS UNOBSTRUCTED AND RIGHTLY LIT
- N. ADVANCE ON DEAD
- O. USE TWO MATCHSTICKS TO FIRE UP FUNERAL PYRE
- P. TIGER-STALKING-WALK AWAY
- Q. PAUSE TO SCOOP UP MINITURE CANDIES
- R. PLACE IN FRONT RIGHT POCKET FOR EARLY SNACK
- S. INSERT MATCHBOX IN FRONT LEFT POCKET
- T. EASE AWAY TOWARDS DESTINATION

FIVE MINUTES AND FOUR SECONDS LATER THE MOON BECOMES A GRANDMOTHER'S PRIZED CHINA DISH BEHIND A SMOG OF BURNING INCENSE.

DUNLZ ^{atime}
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