

Unholy Matrimony

I was six years old and it just so happened that we both were hiding in the same place, under the duvet cover, on the same bed. I decided to put my arm around her and she quickly corrected the misunderstanding. There was to be no cuddling, secret displays of affection or anything like on TV under the duvet cover while we were hiding.

The fairytale had ended and it was devastation. For months I had taken a liking in the girl. And the only reward for months of day dreaming was rejection.

At least there was still the game of hide and seek. Yeay!

A bit later a great friend of mine introduced me to SCOPE magazine. God bless his soul!

Back in the day SCOPE was a top shelf light porn magazine printed black and white with one classy color centerfold print per edition. Value, in other words. It was from a time however, when the ninja turtles were still considered a cunning ploy by Satan to steal the souls of little children, so needless to say... The articles had to be really good. And still you would hide this in a safer place than your gun.

It still enjoyed a reasonable market as difficult sociological issues were overcome.

The SCOPE immediately solved the problems related to finding your princess. First of all:

- There's no rejection.
- No climbing up hair, dangling from a tower, putting absolute trust in the dumb blond above.
- No sleeping beauty surrounded by thorns bushes [And they say porn is sick because it cheapens the women] what the hell does a thorn bush do to a man?
- No slaying of negatively inclined dragons.
- The ladies were mysterious as they always smiled and each dangerous nipple was covered up with a rather clumsy, but safe, (and for your protection!) star, which shrunk a couple of nanometers per annum. The only problems or dangers related to the SCOPE magazine were real women finding out that you had SCOPE magazine. Women could not know, as this would put the whole stockpile of secret sirens in jeopardy.

This was my pal's dad's collection. Every month we'd allocate sleepover time to peruse the loyal monthly increment to the collection. All planned to the last detail, complete with distractions etc... Sneaking it into the caravan, and also in a timely manner, sneak it back into the house again... the highest level of top secret. The CIA, to this day hasn't the faintest idea. His mom could never know and his sister could never know. There was no room for error and everything had to and did run like clockwork.

With each month heaven came closer as the stars on the nipples shrunk more and

more, probably as per government agreement, as nipples became safer for adult viewing. The smiles were as good as ever... all year round. Like moths to the flame, we were getting closer and closer to "the woman" until one day... there was no star. Well there was a nipple... slightly larger than mine. Slightly more protruding... Very tasteful, elegant etc., but there was no danger... No radioactivity, thorn bushes, big bad wolf or even high heels hiding behind the stars. Just soft human nipple?

The mystery and the danger had disappeared. Like a dog would turn its head to better understand human voice, I turned the magazine on its side. Maybe I was looking at it all wrong. To the side, upside down... same thing. It was human nipples. There was a moment of appreciation for beauty. A sublime calmness had come over me and I felt in a safe place... Was this love?

As I was reflecting on this full color centerfold the sociological guilt and shame of being part of a very crazy and neurotic race came over me. What if other people found me looking at this naked woman? How could no one ever speak about this? The fear of the whole momentous occasion had tainted the beauty. We quickly took the mag back to its hiding place and didn't say much. It was a bit weird.

When that happened the free supply of SCOPE DRIED UP. The mystery was solved. Case closed. My friend's dad stopped buying SCOPE. He must have been feeling the same guilt...

Something needed to happen to revive the porn industry...

HUSTLER MAGAZINE quickly exploited the apocalyptic chaos. Other magazines quickly tried to dress the girls up again but HUSTLER went nuclear with ALL COLOR PRINTS. Like the old saying: "A good plan today was better than a perfect plan tomorrow". Hustler simply deployed more firepower and squeezed the trigger. All color pages... full color, full fear, full guilt.

Porn was back and worth the risk again! Not only that, but they started sneaking downstairs and at that stage things were getting a bit too hot under the collar for me. Popular mechanics, Readers Digest etc nonetheless had died a violent death. Boredom however, had created the boomerang, and it wasn't long before I found my way back to HUSTLER.

But even though stiff competition such as popular mechanics and common sense no longer threatened porn... it was still dangerous times.

If my mom were to find out what I had been enjoying, never mind just looking. Enjoying I would be sent straight to hell WITH her blessing. We as teenager boys had the luxury of time to gradually adjust from the bra to the large stars to the little ones to the nipple or God forbid... the She-Devil panty. A woman finding the top magazine on the stack would instantly invoke divorce, a freak boating accident with dad drowning in the lake, whole families executed by shotgun, poisoned chocolate for Charismas etc. I wonder how many women killed their husbands over easily explainable porn magazines!

It was a soul taxing war... but we adjusted.

But with time like the above.... basically the same thing all over with the panties getting smaller etc. Once the panties were off... the mystery fear or danger had disappeared. It was all human anatomy down there, as well? This was getting a bit routine and furthermore... the mystery woman disappeared. That's when I thought it was time for reality. Maybe girls in reality contained the mystery danger elixir of pure bunny love and sweetness. Girls my age were developing breasts and like my earlier fantasies of Little Red Riding hood (that cheeky little tease!), Snow White [not that Springbok player's hooker] and Stacey from the top cop TV series "TJ Hooker", they too could hook up with me. Maybe they could sooth my imagination and bring love to me and smile at me at times of danger [Like when the magazine girls took off their clothes].

I would like them... BUT AT THE SAME TIME I'D BE IMMENSELY NERVOUS. I had seen the forbidden fruits. What if they were to find out that I sneak peeked into the realm of the sins of the flesh? Like a Gnostic or Alchemist heretic hiding secret teachings of Jesus, psychology and the distilling of a "Gold"en heart from the evil churches of medieval times. I carried within me the images of the beautiful bosom, enveloped in soft feathers and the ... sentimental in a world where everybody else covered up, their privates mutilated etc... Even holding hands was forbidden. Hugs... forbidden. Needless to say... the girls from reality and higher learning weren't used to touch, affection, compassion or even smiling. Handling a freak kid who had been watching sneak adult porn who pictured them naked wasn't exactly what they expected from the real life version of Ken. They grew up with Barbie, or went o Tupperware parties with mom and tried out polo necks and lipstick!

That created an immense sociological disaster for a teenager in puberty, as I was getting mixed signals. On the one hand there was Hustler magazine, and on the other there was the Gummy Bears and cotton candy and grumpy neurotic teachers fearing the sin of teenage pregnancy[Come to think of it ... I know what they've been reading and it wasn't popular mechanics]. Anyway... I was having difficulty reading between the lines. I lost perspective between the Gummy Bears and Hustler girls spreading their legs before I even said hallo.

That's when the internet started distracting. Thank God!
There was a bit of CGA and then kaboom VGA! First 256 color palettes and pretty soon after 16 million colors per pixel, MMX technology and... Yes, you guessed it... Video. Not only that. The whole porn collection could disappear with the flip of a switch. This was an amazing new feature.

If you ever see a picture of Bill Gates smiling... it's not because of his money!

The complexity of this feat outclasses the complexity of all other sciences combined. If this field was medicine, the average man's life expectancy would be 16 million years for men and 18.5 million years for women, and you'd subtract 4 million years if you were

in a wheelchair[Something about cardio ding dong and lymph not circulating Who cares].. Since medicine dwarfs in importance compared to free global "porn" for everyone, the color screen conquered and today still is getting larger, finer pixels. The word megapixel these days is common lingo for a primary school kid surfing the web. Bring up the cure for cancer or aids? Most kids think Cancer is star sign or a town in Russia and aids is something the USA hands out [Although financial aid in modern political terms boils down to the same enslavement, raping, pillaging and the same resultant disease, considering the evils of compound interest]. So as a fellow under-achiever I'd still give them a 50% mark for trying hard. Not bad kids! All irrelevant though...

To recap: Brilliant colors were immediately available for creating your standard business black and white document[productivity was the perfect alibi] and also... view the occasional little pit of color imagery associated with telnet porn downloads on your 2400 bits per second dialup modem... from the other side of the planet!!!! Man started flying a century earlier and is still falling all over the place. Internet, the instantaneous transfer of the megapixel, scanned photographs... zooming around the planet at half the speed of light for a couple of years but within a decade was in fact traveling the speed of light in fiber-optics.

Porn had entered cyberspace and the computer was completely reinvented. It no longer had anything to do with counting votes, or calculating tax, orbits or orbital... IT NEEDED TO CREATE, CAPTURE AND FORWARD COLOR! I'm pretty sure the majority of military research for years just focused on spying on the geeks perfecting porn.

The technology exploded as man pursued woman in full color.

I was beginning to feel like I was among friends... and my life started to get meaning. Clearly I wasn't the only heretic wanting to discover the woman. This was a global phenomenon and more money was needed...

Men started voting liberal and worldwide political uprisings, rights for blacks and women started becoming the norm. Giving more people rights and taxing their income wasn't enough. Women's rights, end to slavery was merely the precursor to Value Added Taxes [actually the value is diminished... idiots] worldwide. This ensured funding and the monies siphoned to secret nerd research facilities that would improve the pixel, the dots per inch and ultimately the nipple in 16 million colors. It began to make sense to me why Stacey from TJ Hooker had to work so hard as a police officer. She was busy brainwashing millions of women for enslavement to further the cause of porn. As women entered the police, military and mining sector as equals, nerds quickly invented automatic washing machines to save the home front. It was close.

Now with mom off to work the mines to pay for the family computer... We'd safely stay at home and browse porn... with hardware that was labeled:

Genius!

World chaos followed.

The majority of countries around the world immediately computerized and is still in a black hole of debt, plunged into eternal poverty as slave nations, and probably will never recover, with the majority of world leaders still wondering what the fuck happened! If you ever see a picture of Bill Gates smiling really widely... You know why.

But women quickly cottoned on to the scam everywhere. They retaliated violently by inventing things like... the Bikini, and the flowery deodorant. These two things, individually, seemed like pure innocence... But combined, they wreaked more havoc across the whole world than any other killing machine. The world's most deadly weapons are rated below:

- The Bikini [Ancient swimwear for women. They go naked these days.]
- The Cigarette [escapism for when the SCOPE magazine wasn't affordable. Became more popular with VAT]
- Alcohol
- The Automobile shares 4th place with Chlorine. [And you thought tiny little you were okay.]
- The Nuke
- McDonalds Happy Meal with extra fries [Carcinogen rating includes that of the happy toy].
- The AK47
- Religion[a common practice that states that people ought to be nice]
- China's human rights.[Its actually pretty bad if your humans rights watch actually makes the highest killer list]
- DDT
- Why do I feel like I've missed something?
- Oh yeah. Natural causes slip in at last place. Just when you thought you made it through the above death trap, you find that all along... you were genetically programmed to die... Sucker!

With cfc deodorants blasting holes in the ozone layer, it ensured that pale white geeks across the globe was getting severe skin conditions [Oily foods helped] and cancers because they followed the Bikini into no-ozone protected sunlight. Half of earth's geeks and male politicians died of severe sun burn, radiation poisoning, skin or other cancers within the decade. Not only that, cfc's in female deodorants, induced a "Climate Change" that increased the amount of tornadoes by factor 3.117, sucking little geeks out of their garages. Songs like "It's raining men, hallelujah" topped the charts and brought in billions for women's rights groups; all this while women casually sang along and spraying ridiculous amounts of the evil deodorant in their bedrooms before going off to feed for the night[it's called the "women's night out"]... The evil is unimaginable.

Clearly there was more to this smiling woman than just love, tenderness and nipples. They had a dark side, and if the T-Rex could speak from the grave it would tell a grim story... But what were they smiling about [women]? What kind of a sick cruel heartless organism conceives the above and still smiles so radiantly that they could light up a street in Ethiopia?

Before I had time to calculate the answer I was already suckered into marriage and I realized... they weren't smiling because I was so nice or because they had lots of love to give. They weren't smiling because I was so charming and funny...

They were smiling because... they didn't love me and was busy lining me up for the kill.

Like a man would smile before cutting into his T-Bone. So the woman would smile before sinking her tentacles and teeth into the flesh of her unsuspecting victim...

The men they truly loved as they would their kids... those they keep at a safe distance as friends. The rest were for feeding their cause.

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