

Amber was *finally* sleeping. Which meant yay—I could watch some TV! Fock, I needed to get outta bed just to cool my stiffy off. Which was still drizzling dude juice and somehow getting harder—that Viagra stuff was *serious*. Good thing I didn't take more—'cause what I'd already scarfed was gonna propel me into a desperate search for something—anything—to wilt my wang. Seems that having a chub for more than six hours mucks up the arteries and makes it rot off. It's called priapism, which sounded vaguely Catholic.

The first warning's when your wang turns purple—which means your blood flow is fucked. And if your boner lasts much longer it goes dead banana black—meaning gangrene's set in and some doc's gotta lop it off or you die! Yikes! But I was nowhere near penile panic mode yet—nope, I was smoking ganja and watching TV. Which seemed as weird as Amber tonight—for one thing, most all the channels were static. Did they ax our cable for non-payment again? And the few channels I did get were stranger than squirrel porn—these weird nature flicks like *Day of the Cricket* or *The Zen of Roaches*.

At least CNN was funny—the weather chick was being chased around by—what the hell—was that a giant praying mantis? Hard to tell—you only caught maybe a leg or snaking claw shove the camera away. What kinda weird April Fool's joke was this? Especially since it was only September. I finally settled on *Soul Train*, this hokey dance show where prepubescent hoochies sling acetate thong to that rap-masta beat, a kind of syndicated afro soft-core where ballerina crack smurfs pander to insomniac geezers. Except even this dependable ghetto product was crawling with mantids! Who kept losing their gangsta pants and couldn't dance worth shit. Till uh oh—it finally hit me. I knew what was going down.

I was obviously baked—hallucinating—maybe time to cut the ganja down. Or maybe these were ecstasy flashbacks—even *Reader's Digest* warned me about gobbling rogue psychotropics. With articles like *Your Child Is Toasted* or *Let's Rave About Raves*. And when those TV mantids swarmed some screaming DJ to that freakazoid beat I knew my brain was neural pudding.

But brains can fix themselves—I had a dick to worry about! Meaning this engorged and throbbing peter that even after a half hour of channel surfing hadn't drooped a bit—if anything, thing was even more swollen, a woody that put the pecker back in peckerwood. Mook, I was starting to get antsy—what if Amber woke up? She might think I'd been stroking out over hot cable porn—flicks like *Gilligan's Sodom* or *Amish Hookers on Mars*—or even worse, she might want more humping!

Eeek! So since TV didn't bore my stiffy to death I tried a shower—dousing my dong in hot then cold then hot water again till it glowed pinker than a Jedi light-sword. While I thrust it around in a fake battle with Darth Vader—szzzwank—szzzwank—*Luke, I am your father—bend over for daddy*—but it didn't wilt it a bit! Next I tried frozen peas, wrapping that Jolly Green Giant right round my unit—but all I got was blue balls and minor freezer burn. Even thinking about my mom doing Amber didn't work! Fock—now I was worried—what if it stayed hard for days? Well, on the good side it would nix any job hunt—no one asks for references when they spot Shamu the zipper fish nosing out your pants. But on the minus side, I wouldn't get ten feet into any minimart before some flat-land hunter pumped his shotgun and snarled “We got no truck with pederasts.”

Unless they're kin. But either way this monster wiener meant no good—it was time for drastic action. So I guzzled this warm 40-oz malt liquor I'd stashed—which only made both me

and my stiffy lurch. Finally I even tried a quick ménage-a-moi with lube and Kleenex, fantasizing about Mothra doing Marge Simpson—and only got a watery spurt and an even stiffer dong, its veins writhing like nuked tapeworms. So next I did what any modern geek would—I logged on the net and looked up *Viagra overdose* on unlicensed medical sites, all of which pretty much said the same thing—droop it or lose it! *Gangrenous priapism* one warned and *Chubectomy advised* another screamed and *Dr. Mengele recommends Panzer Boner Cream* one advertised—that one was a white-supremacist pop-up—but all these doc-in-a-box sites agreed that if I didn't defuse my pork popsicle within six hours it would clot up, turn purple and then black and drop off. Which meant it was time to hit the local Rite Aid and request pharmaceutical intervention.