

A Sharp Love Affair

As her beauty was in freefall—and I say this pejoratively—whenever she wore those bras, she sought to achieve a peerless quality that would leave us awestruck. *But only our private remained speechless.*

Instead, I pictured her blood- and shit-smearred donut—she who had perhaps given birth between seven and twelve times, her tissues stretched by those deliveries, not to mention a few miscarriages for good measure. *Hoo-Ha! What an intense love story she must have been fantasizing about!*

She walked stiffly, like a nuclear-tipped missile launcher, pivoting slightly—alternating right and left in a 180-degree arc—to lock onto her target. Just as our most intense and bloodthirsty narrative dreams erupt on the front line in times of war: “Long live the great overseas-deployment festival of gang rapes and fornication in combat gear!” she says. The old woman worked in demographics; they were at the Macroeconomic Data Bank, desperately hunting for raw material to feed their troops. They thought they are so groundbreaking at the Ministry of the Armed Forces! The pound sludge of her, the heavy, viscous mass she presented—that sort of doughy heaviness her body displayed as she moved about the military career counseling office—did little to encourage us to re-enlist, even on a part-time basis, for civilian life. Ew! She was a thoroughly off-putting figure—a walking advertisement for dishwashing duty and taking out the trash.

Family planning centers have overhauled their services: no more voluntary pregnancy terminations or contraception! They are actively seeking individuals willing to provide a mash of their testicles and for others to donate a lot of eggs. Wife and mother—responsible parenthood, *union*, & *procreation* are the only guiding principles!

THEY WERE PUSHING WOMEN not only toward childbearing but also toward marriage; and, furthermore, they encouraged us—urging us all to act as a collective sperm bank, a sort of Kolkhoz-style trash bin—not only to have children but also to get married!

Married, my ass—I’d much rather have the whores from the occupation zones... Yeah! High-five, single life! And hooray to the big hoedown! Oh yeah! As for procreating—my ass again: it’s nothing but a hassle and regrets, too high a price to pay for an anchor! Talk to me about fatherhood: yuck!

Its heavy, viscous mass—that sort of fleshy pulp it displayed as it moved about the military career counseling office—didn’t exactly inspire us to re-enlist for civilian life! How she was a thoroughly off-putting figure—a walking advertisement for dishwashing duty and taking out the trash.

I mean, the daily grind of screwing and raising those filthy brats! So, while her beauty is STILL TOBOGGANING—and I mean that in a derogatory way—by wearing those bras, she was seeking a sense of nonpareil; and so that we might be filled with wonder at it. She must have pictured us reaching out to reload the ammunition magazine!

INSTEAD, our light machine gun had jammed completely, and the echo of that rout made our voices stammer as we had never stuttered before. *Hoo-Ha!* Wow! What an intense love story in store! Oh no, Colonel—Chief Medical Officer—we would far rather be in the war zone than in the company of those haridans and scallwags!

Hand them over to me, and I’ll gladly get rid of the whole lot within days. A bullet in the back of the head or a kick in the ass—for us warriors, it amounts to the same thing.

For couples with fewer than twelve children, sanctions apply—such as heavy fines, workplace penalties, and the loss of benefits related to transport, childcare, employment, housing, or healthcare—as do forced insemination and the use of a surrogate mother for men and women who are single or women widowed by war before conceiving their twelfth child.

Family planning centers have revamped their services. They are eager for some to provide purvey the mash of their balls and for others to bring a large quantity of eggs. Dependent, elderly, and disabled individuals are not excluded, as doing so would amount to serious and reprehensible discrimination. *Ooh! Ooh!*

Ooh-oh! Huddled within myself—limp, curled up like a snail inside my jacket sleeves and the narrow legs of my combat trousers, standing firm in my combat boots—while the dough-boy had actually reached the point of deserting! Oh yeah! A friendly pat on the bachelor’s shoulder!