

Pantomime

In C-sharp minor

Oh! Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah!

An explosion of colored paper, assorted ribbons, and small cards tucked into delicate envelopes, bearing the names of... of the brood. Climbing the stepladder is like putting on a smock to hang the star at the top of the tree. Up above, the ceiling; down below, the gifts.

Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah!

The Chr*stmas tree star was glowing. It did not sparkle or shine brilliantly, but it did indeed cast a faint glow—a glow that sure was suffusing enough! For me, family Chr*stmas has always been one of the most trying days of the year. The matching gift that hits the spot—and is totally gender-coded.

Ah-ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah!

She growled as she climaxed. A growl that, without a doubt, cast its sound far and wide! And then, I jumped. Just a little. I was curious about its origin and the reasons for this. Granny is in custody inside the loo. She is now singing “Oh my lou,

Oh my lou,
Oh Marilou!”

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh!
Ooh-ooh!

I don't know what she was shampooing, but she was really going at it! Also, I was startled. And there she goes, segueing from her bathroom—or rather, toilet—opera number straight into Disney’s Big Bad Wolf. But, but... But-u-ut! A draft...

BLEW THE DOOR half open! *Oh my!* It wasn’t the wolf I saw last night, but Granny on the chamber pot and she was playing with her middle initial, sh*tting it out of her mouth again and again. Her name is Suzy O. Fleurimont.

And there, she embodied a veritable lethal weapon born of the opening up of the sex markets! She’d swiped Mom’s d*ldo, I though, and—bam, just like that—was switching between holes! *She growled as... She growled... Ah-ah!... She growled as she she climaxed. Ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah! Suddenly, exhausted, prostrating, she turned into a coyote and whined.* She had just returned the Chr*stmas tree star!

Ah! Ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!

And there, she was a true lethal work of open-up sex markets! Ah-aaaa-ah! Grandma has turned 94; as for me, I’m 16 and I’m sucking on my teeth while waiting for capitalism to collapse. Ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah! Ah-ah-ah! If that happens... Ooh-ooh! ^{Ooh-ooh...} devoured our grandmothers? Ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah!

Tomorrow, at a low ebb she would lie and say she had dreamed of a 13-something-year-old girl who had been abducted while in her care. It’s the usual story since she is in trusteeship.

Ooh-ooh... ^{Ooh!} At the age of nine, ^{Ooh-ooh... Ooh!} she was r*ped by an uncle; at thirteen, during a Chr*stmas family ^{Ooh-ooh... Ooh!} gathering, by a cousin who had caught him in the act of committing another act of sodomy. Ooh-ooh... Ooh! ^{Ooh-ooh... Ooh!} At the age of nine, she was r*ped by an uncle; at thirteen, by a cousin who had caught her in the act of yet another sodomy.

The cousin was the r*pist’s son; in his sixteenth year, he hadn’t given a damn about her ass.

He took her virginity.

At Chr*stmas, Grandma is always stuck in the bathroom.

Is Grandma a st*ndard?

Ah-ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah-ah-ah-ah!

The Chr*stmas tree star was glowing. It did not sparkle or shine brilliantly, but it did indeed cast a faint glow—a glow that, beyond a doubt, bathed everything around it!

What’s up, girl?

Ooh-ooh...

Ooh! “I’m not afraid of Suzy O. (I’m not!)

I’m not afraid. (Oooooooh!)

I’m not afraid of nothin...

No afraid (oh, oh, not afraid at all).

I’m not afraid of Suzy O., Suzy O., Suzy O.!

I’m not! (Ooh!)

I’m not afraid, not afraid of nothin!

I’m not afraid (ooh, ooh)!... No, I’m not!”

Ooh-ooh!

Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh! Ooh-ooh!

The fireplace is a television set; your gifts, a barcode to be scanned at the central purchasing office. Everything is already there—your kit, pre-packaged in the st*ndard format.