Pinned Band

A low cry, as snaggy as a rose thorn—a slow one.

His balls are nothing more than a toothless bulldog's jaw—an ugly contraption with sagging cheeks that leave a bristly scrotum hanging limp. Circumcised foreskin; his cock, straight as a lit Bic lighter, is like an extended middle finger—pierced by a ring three-quarters of the way up the shaft, near the glans.

And bam—you take it full on.

Julie's feet smelled—but that wasn't all. "Carry Poodles Poop" was worse. We'd never smelled anything like it, anywhere: a mixture of cannabis resin and flaking skin. "Electroclash my ass!"

Before we go down that line again, she says to me: "What's your problem?"

— Huh, what?"
— Yeah, before I started eating that slop of yours—what was the subtext there, exactly?
— Ugh, You all right?
— Well, yeah—it's the fast beforehand!"

I rumbled my thoughts a little bit, let them wander further. But sometimes, on the borderline between fiction and reality—which is, in fact, nothing more than the former put into words—there are false leads, much like deceptive lines on the palm of a hand. "Really?!..."

There's actually something kind of funny about this "hobo-chick" vibe. Her only deodorant is an all-purpose solution: baking soda. But "Sodium hydrogen carbonate" my ass. Well-toned glutes, with my back comfortably propped against that odd sofa!

In fact, it's the same story with her teeth: despite all the Lucy she's sucked on by keeping them under her glottis, they are neither broken nor cracked!

When it comes to floor cleaning, it's the closest thing to a classic, punk-style Mohawk. Soda her butt!

She explains that she does all her cleaning—while sporting that Mohawk—using St. Mark detergent, and that, for her own personal hygiene, she swears exclusively by baking soda.

Let her go f... herself!

Nejlah Shaddouh | Julie Hancock