

This Isn't a Title, But I'm Fingering Your Mother, While You're Sitting at the Computer, Reading This.

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"O.K., asshole . . . Let's see what you have to say! . . . You think this shit is *funny*? How do you know my mother is even *alive*, you inconsiderate, heartless asshole . . . You post-modern fiction writers are all alike: post-*modernity*, so the whole idea of a stable family structure hoes right out the window . . . I grew up *squirming*, you know that? Lacking a crucial layer of 'emotional epidermis,' if you want to call it that . . . Chances are pretty good that my *father*, in one of his drunken, frat-boy-eque binges, tried to clear my poop chute and fingered *me*! . . . Yeah, tragic stuff *happens*, Mr. McMock-you-all, but how'm I supposed to *remember*? I didn't have an ego yet, that happens, psychologists say, right about age 2, with the formation of the 'I' vs. 'you,' and the sexual orientation, fixed for life . . . Who told *you* anything about my goddamned *mother*? She was so shattered & ruined, we couldn't *flush* the *toilet* when I was little without waking her up, and her shooting us accusatory glances . . . That's why I always go to church! 'Praise the Lord, and Pass the Ammunition,' that's what I always (also) say . . . Been spending time at the firing range, you bet your ass . . . You're one of those *Obama* supporters, aren't you? Well, I'm comin' to *get* you!"

THE END

"Was she good? My mother, I mean . . . she was never *any* good, to us kids!"

FUCK YES!

