Coffee and Cream F**k the Shit out of Me

by Herbert Ramsden

"All magnifiers must inevitably confront the problem of impetuous particle conversion. They are divided into two schools on the nature and value of this process:

The first, seeing it as a battle which can be won to preserve the essence of these particle manifestations; then the second, as a necessary process for growth within eternal monistic reconstruction.

There is of course, a considerable amount of research published on both sides, however, most modern magnifiers tend to lean towards the latter. These modern scholars of impetuous particle conversion (chiefly Comte' and Voraise) refer to this process as mawing."

Derrin Balenhan, author of Magnifiers, Magnification, and Man.

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There is a quiet coffee shop that some days will have pie and on others, not.

Herbert Ramsden, a man of no great importance to society was sitting in this shop. He did not like coffee, nor did he like pie. The fact of the matter was that Herbert Ramsden was prone to severe constipation and the only remedy for his particular brand of constipation was hot, creamy coffee. Herbert was thus accustomed to spending large amounts of time in the coffee shop of some days pie, and some days none. This did not bother Herbert in the least, because it was during these visits that he completed a great deal of his research.

Thus, Herbert sat adrift in the void of equivocalness, examining a familiar scene at his preferred stool along the counter.

As new customers arrived to inquire about the status of pies, Herbert examined his cup thoroughly and with reverence. Upon entering, none of these customers failed to notice this strange sight. It

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was as if Herbert was some living painting or out-of season busker.

Herbert's ass-crack had stolen freedom beyond the borders of his jeans and now rested just an inch short of the flannel country that was his baby blue button up pajama shirt. He was unwashed and bent over, holding his face so close to a freshly poured cup of coffee that it looked as if he might burn the tip of his nose. This of course, was all part of his research.

Herbert Ramsden had no formal job, although he often debated that fact. Should you meet him in the street or at a homo-gathering, he will be glad to tell you that he is quite proudly, the world's last professional “magnifier”.

“A magnifier?” once asked a man with soft looking teeth.

“Yes, as in one who studies the human condition within all nature's particles.”

So on that day in the coffee shop, Herbert looked into the mug of swirling cream and coffee and watched the two substances dance with one another; reluctantly willing to become a single caffeinated aggregate. There was a kind of romantic tension stirring within the depths of his cup.

Of course they (the coffee and cream) were lovers, chemically made for one another, warmly exploring their partner's particles with the passion of a first kiss. In a moment that was sudden and without meditation, Herbert dropped a red stick into the coffee universe and forced the two upon one another with a slight stir.

It was then that these lovers simply transcended duality. The particles within them waved and the waves within them parted to one another, each and all forming the drink's final state.

A wisp of thin, whitish steam climbed upward in curls from the coffee. This excretion met Herbert Ramsden's face warmly.

He smiled as he placed a finger and thumb upon the handle of the mug containing this new oneness and lifted it toward his lips.

Mawing:

His coffee went down smooth and warm. However, the harmony and singularity caused by Herbert's stirring stick was ended quickly as the coffee passed through Herbert's epiglottis and cardiac orifice.

The plummeting universe of coffee and cream was therein invaded by various enzymes and acids that began to tear apart the drink's molecules like a kesselschlacht.

Parietal cells rounded up the weak and isolated caffeine molecules, sending them to the circulatory system to end their existence in hard labour.

The cream, now a mere shadow of its former self was instead amalgamated into the great and fiery pit of Herbert's stomach only to be churned around and out into the small intestine where it was then broiled in a merciless ocean of repugnant bile and pancreatic juices.

It was there that the very soul of the cream was seized and stripped with immense and unfeeling lassitude. When that finished, what remained of the cream dripped its way into Herbert's large intestine where it silently allowed itself to be robbed naked of any fruitful particles the rest of the disassembly line had missed.

At the end it was warm, dead, and fell lifelessly into Herbert Ramsden's rectum. At the same time, in a final act of vengeance (and perhaps even sorrow), the coffee staged an uprising.

Meanwhile, Herbert had been sitting in the coffee shop wondering calculating the value of nets, hooks, and such other things.
It was then that he had a sudden urge to take a shit.