The Invention of a Curse Word

by Jerry Ratch

I saw his face. The word "fuck" began in an isolated village on a plain in Mongolia, somewhere where they made films about a dying dog lying on its side. Or the weather-beaten face of an old plainsman after sucking on a lemon for the first time. And that word began forming on his face first, then came to his lips. "Phh…phhhu…" and then it just flew out of his mouth into the wide open world. "Fuck! Ffffuuuuckckck! Fuck!"

Then onward from Outer Mongolia into the brain of mankind everywhere. And now we just can't get rid of or forget it no matter how hard we try, or even want to. Because it has become so useful. We need it more than oil. More than coal. More than religion or snow. We need it more than ever.