

No Face World Champ

by Robert Vaughan

He had a thing for gimps. Scanning pages of para- Olympic competitors, surfers riding the shark munch waves, cutting out photos of stumps, prosthetics, limbs that were missing, unattached, removing more and more in his mind until he was rubbing a rubbed out image. Shadows of his former wheel-chaired marathon racers, downhill ski racers with singular poles. The last time he saw his psychic, she told him you're gonna die within six months. Her prediction nearly took over his fantasies of stubby limbs, of one-eyed jacks, of spinal biffs. Instead, he started a support group for People With Missing Limbs (PWML) and posted it all over the social networks, and Craig's List. The first meeting attracted a large crowd, but he was completely unprepared to respond when Patty, a dwarf who had gone through recent gender reassignment, whose toddler feet had done a tango with a lawnmower, asked him, "So what are you doing here?"

