

Mastery of All Thangs Including Sonatas and Piledrivers

by Shawn Misener

I'm suddenly virtuosic on the piano. You may think I look a little silly with a shaved and sprayed body, glistening even in the subdued aura of candlelight, rippling muscles tight and focused on the keys and footpedals, but I don't feel silly. The black speedo, tiny denim vest, and fully-groomed mullet may not pair well with a sonata, I realize this, but it's not like I chose this destiny. At least not on this night.

It feels great to be in this kind of shape. I could be a sex machine if I wanted to be, a real lovemaking jackhammer, but so far there's no sign of any women. I close my eyes and try to will one into existence, a kind of mash-up of every crush I've ever had, sprinkled with Lebanese, but it doesn't work. There are limits, even though I couldn't tell you what they are.

My old buddy Snoop Dogg saunters into the room, and we go through a handshake routine that takes over ten minutes, ending with double-backflips and some brotherly penis swordplay.

"Damn Snoop, did you get your shit *extended?*" I ask, popping my peccs.

"Naw Homey, I got it *expandified.*" Snoop leaves his package out as display.

"Awww Yeah!" I blurt, not knowing what the hell he means.

Eventually we get ourselves clothed again, and I step back on the baby grand, accompanied by some unbelievable beatboxing on Snoop's part. Our musical synergy feels so good, so *right*, that I find myself whoopin' and hollerin' and almost losing control of my incredibly buff body.

Andre the Giant crashes through the ceiling, and we immediately stop the jam in order to tend to his wounds, but he lifts himself up and brushes the dust off of his saggy nipples. "Keep playing," he urges us. "I came here to rap with you."

I can hardly contain my excitement, being in a trio with Snoop and Andre. What? WHAT? IT'S FUCKING AWESOME. I AM FUCKING AWESOME AT THE PIANO. I AM FUCKING AWESOME PERIOD.

After several hours of jamming- concluding with an unbelievably tight rendition of "Kasmir"- we hug and jump around and giggle like little girls. These guys are my bests friends EVER.

I ask Andre and Snoop if they know where the ladies are, and they look at me all confused, like they don't understand the question.

"Women?" I reiterate. "Females? Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"It's cool, it's cool," Snoop says. "You need me to give you a blowjob?"

"You're missing the point," I whimper.

Andre flops down on the couch next to me, which sends me about ten feet into the air. I land on his lap and he strokes my hair. "It's ok, little one," he says. "I will make you feel better." I can sense his gigantic hand creeping into my underwear, like a clumsy tarantula.

I suddenly remember that I'm a badass wrestler, so I go about throwing Snoop out of the stained-glass window, and then body slamming Andre ala Hulk Hogan at Wrestlemania 3. It quickly becomes a carnage, as nameless people start coming at me from all sides. I dispatch them easily, one at a time, for what seems like hours. It's a little like playing the piano; the less I think about it, the easier it is to break their bodies and send them out the window.

When the dust settles I clap the dust off my hands, yell "WOOOO!" and lean over the balcony. The pile of bodies is impressive. Slowly, like a confused ant finding his way out of a pile of wet woodchips, Snoop emerges from the tangle of limbs and torsos, holding up a lit joint and smiling. "Get your ass down here, this ain't gonna smoke itself!"

