

My Heart goes Boom

by Stuart Millard

Jimmy “Bang” Stitts was the first, the pioneer. On his knees in front of the transplant board, he pleaded for his ailing heart, spluttering on its last dying beats, to be replaced with a bomb. Round and black, like in old cartoons, they sewed it into his chest with the fuse already lit. “Better to blow up than fade away,” he’d said, paraphrasing Kurt Cobain as his lungs hit the ceiling. The fad swept from those with withering, wasted lives, and onto jaded thrillseekers or people who were just mildly bored. From businessmen with C4 dentures and the impotent judge who proudly replaced his ineffectual wang with a fizzing stick of dynamite, to me, who settled for a set of hair-plugs made from that explosive wire they use to blow open lead safes, which leaves me just enough time to finish typing befor

