



ORAFICE & EURODISH

BY JOHN D. WICINAS

Eurodish was a reporter for *The United Conscience of America*, the monthly rag of an extreme right-wing think tank. The very same Eurodish, whose name and face had been synonymous with the pages of fashion magazines, now created images instead of being one. She was sitting in the third row at Madison Square Garden observing a live performance of the hit song, *Counting Dead Sheep*, by the popular rock band *Compost Heaven*. She was working on her latest piece, *Playing Chicken with Hell: The Collective Destiny of our Youth*. She was deep in enemy territory as her pen sat motionless in her right hand. Her notebook had fallen to the floor as her left hand caressed her right breast. She gazed in dumbfounded bliss at the lead guitar player's taut abdominal muscles.

Orifice was the lead guitar player for *Compost Heaven*. He was on stage performing his critical role in *Counting Dead Sheep*. He worshipped Ajax and Bacchus equally as he, Orifice, was their disciple. He was a demigod of rock and roll: muscular, winsome (yet rough) and *wasted*. He was high on alcohol, barbiturates *and* cocaine. His fingers flew over the guitar strings with eclectic movement; a queer cacophony, in confluence with every nerve in his body, somehow produced the paradox of a pleasant, intoxicating sound.

He looked over the crowd, deftly playing the final few chords of the song. His abdominals were indeed awesome. He was aware of just two things: throngs of horny women wanted to touch the icon and he was so fucked-up he could barely feel his body.....

An incited Eurodish met Orifice backstage for an interview, dubiously arranged by one of her outfit's counter intelligence agents. Eurodish entered Orifice's dressing room and found an evil looking woman straddling his lap; Orifice sat facing his dressing room mirror as the woman stared at Eurodish over his shoulder. This gross interference to Eurodish's presence ended immediately. Orifice ousted the harlot by sending her on a fictitious errand for *more* drugs (this was a feeble excuse since he had a cornucopia of substances). He needed to be alone with Eurodish as he fell in love with her the moment her face appeared in the dressing room mirror. In this frozen moment, she appeared as if on the cover of a magazine as the mirror framed her image.

They gazed into each other's eyes, forgetting everything they had ever experienced. They made passionate love all over the room. As they climaxed, they crashed into an oversized coat rack, knocking it to the floor. A draft of *Playing Chicken with Hell* fell from the pocket of Eurodish's coat. The sight of it stung her like a thousand asp bites.

Orifice grabbed the papers but did not react at first. He was so fucked-up that he actually thought it was an article about the history of dressing room coat racks. He soon realized the truth as he read the sub-heading: *Ignorance is No Excuse: Orifice of Compost Heaven is Guilty*. He expelled Eurodish from his life.

Yet, Eurodish (driven by lust) followed Orifice around the country mingling with the cheaply garbed she-monsters that craved her Orifice. Eurodish found herself among the undulating masses, hell in a new city every night. Her work suffered, and the deadline for her article loomed over her like a shroud. Each night, she failed to slip backstage and/or accost Orifice as he got off the *Compost Heaven* tour buss; her ubiquitous image chronically foiled these attempts.

Eventually, after a full makeover, in confluence with some creative counter-intelligence, she got her chance. Eurodish found herself alone with Orifice in his dressing room after he finished playing for a heated and horny Los Angeles crowd. She told him not to directly look at her face as she gave him the best fellatio in human history (as far as Orifice knew).

Orifice, however, could not bear the idea of others seeing this woman's face, when she left his dressing room, without viewing her himself. Others would know why she had been there (to touch the icon)

and he could not bear unattractive publicity. Orifice seized her and looked upon her face. He could not deny that he would storm the gates of hell for her; Orifice was in love. Yet, he threatened to banish her from his world forever, if she ever wrote of Orifice again..... She agreed.

The sad consequence of Eurodish's years of extreme right-wing perspective was her conscience. Her morals gnawed at her, even as she fucked Orifice until her body turned into an insular sexual organ. She was blind in lust, but only in one eye.

Immediately after Orifice's decree, she continued to write under a pseudonym, as a young C.H.B. (Compost Heaven Bimbo), until completion of her article (on the very day her uterus accepted Orifice's seed). *Playing Chicken with Hell: The Collective Destiny of our Youth* was hailed as a breakthrough in the quest of understanding the destiny of our young, rather than looking back on the youth of the old. Whether resurrected or merely reinvented, Eurodish was a celebrity once more.

Although he never read the article, Orifice caught wind of the situation and permanently banished Eurodish from his life. He left her at a truck stop outside of Cleveland. Thereafter, he cashed in his mutual funds and took off for Jamaica, where he imagined that drugs and alcohol were plentiful as bronze colored leaves in autumn.

Eurodish was aware of Compost Heaven's scheduled tour of Eastern Europe the following week. She hitchhiked from the truck stop to New York City to catch a plane in order to intercept Orifice. At JFK airport, twenty minutes before she was to board her flight to Riga, her boarding pass fell from the pocket of her coat. A perfumed C.H.B. (just barely seventeen) picked it up. The bimbo recognized the name on the boarding pass as the blasphemous slanderer of Orifice (her creed, her destiny and the like). She riled up a mob of perfumed bimbos and proceeded to pummel Eurodish to death.

Meanwhile, Orifice sat quietly under a Jamaican sunset. His acoustic guitar lay silent on the sand. With his left hand, he cupped an icy margarita; in his right, he pinched a hand rolled cigarette made from some of the world's finest marijuana. Under his breath, he quietly sang a song about love.