

METHURBATION BLUES

There is no dignity in what I'm about to share with you. Few things in the world are less classy than smoking crystal meth. Speed is the bastard child of the drug family, cocaine's ugly retarded stepbrother. Like alcohol but unlike almost all other illegal drugs, it causes brain damage.

Yet maybe twice a year, when all my booty calls are out of town or otherwise engaged, I'll motor over to a female friend's house and ask her to light me up. I do this not because I enjoy being more agitated than I naturally am, nor because I savor the idea of being awake for 93 straight hours, but because it gives me the rampaging sex drive of an adolescent stegosaurus.

She'll dip into her bag using a knife blade, pull out a tiny pile of yellowy slush, fill the little glass bulb at the end of her pipe, and run the flame under it as I inhale a half dozen or so bronco snorts of pure white smoke. It tastes like hair spray and hits the brain instantly. All warm-cheeked and excited, I bid my friend adieu and head home quickly for a robust round of self-pleasuring.

It once took me six straight hours of masturbating BEFORE I was able to get it up. The last time, it took me TEN hours. All of this, mind you, while I was screamingly horny yet pitifully limp, a single-minded Sex Cyclops consumed with rutting mammalian instinct.

The larger my speed-induced lust, the smaller my penis. It becomes a pink rosebud. A decorative curlicue resting featherlike atop a miniature birthday cake. A whisper of a penis. At best, the *implication* of a penis.

Flopping and flailing, tugging and yanking, rolling my micro-burrito between my thumb and forefinger, I desperately Google "Hairy Asian Pussy"..."Big Black Tits"..."Shaved Mature Naked"...but am unable to focus on any single image long enough to construct a suitable fantasy. I click rapidly from one photo to the next, accidentally smearing vitamin E oil on the keyboard and mouse, all through the night until morning's cruel rays mock my soft, greasy loins.

I'll finally manage a pathetic micro-gasm while still half-hard. It resembles a tiny worm vomiting its lunch. I will then make lists for a day or two before finally falling asleep.

The upside is that I become hypersexual for a solid week after crashing, with hearty,

vein-laden erections and orgasms so intense it feels as if I'm pulling cartilage out through my perineum. This becomes handy when the booty calls start meowing outside and begging for a saucerful of milk.

SMOKING TWEAK MAKES THE
SPIRIT WILLING AND THE FLESH WEAK