

Glynn Foxx with a short take on caveat emptor (fiction) • **Rob of RobSays.net** gets salty (essay) • **Barry**

Nishizawa spins a tale of vegan woe (fiction) • **Charlie Winkle**

reveals the state of the West

(fiction) • **Ernst Graf** celebrates intelligent

decadence • **Roman Astral's** pinup art



Sex Robot

by Glynn Foxx

The box was nearly seven feet long.

She wrestled the Chad3K into bed and spent 15 minutes deciding on a nice pink penis attachment.

Chad3K whirred to life, surveyed his new surroundings and asked, "Is it legal to own this many cats?"



Honor, Virtue, & Chivalry

by Rob @ RobSays.net

The definition of honor according to Webster: A good name or public esteem.

The definition of virtue according to Webster: Conformity to a standard of right.

The definition of chivalry according to Webster: Literally, mounted men-at-arms. Or, a gallant or distinguished gentleman.

These things all sound great don't they? Sure they do. They all sound great on paper and in theory. However, honor, virtue, and chivalry are nothing but "container" words. What is a "good name?" You get to decide what that is. You get to put that meaning in the container. What is a standard of right? Again, you get to put that meaning into the container. Same with a gallant or distinguished gentleman. As a bonus, gallant and distinguished are also container words.

They are vague. They are "hypnotic." What they have in common, though, is expectations. When you throw around words like honor, virtue, and chivalry, what you are really doing is telegraphing your expectations. Your expectations of you, and most likely

other people. News flash: You are setting yourself up for disappointment. People are going to do what they want to do and rationalize it and justify it after the fact, but they are still going to do it. Meanwhile, you are going to be disappointed because they didn't live up to that expectation of your definition of honor, virtue, or chivalry. But hey, you get to burn.

I've had a problem with honor, virtue, and chivalry because they are going to mean something different to everybody. Sort of like the word, love. We all "know" what it is, but it's going to be different for everybody. I have a problem with honor, virtue, and chivalry because more likely than not, your definition of these words are going to differ from mine. I know I'm not going to hold you to my definition of these words, and that's because I don't "deal" in them. I guess I'm not "honorable, virtuous, and chivalrous" like "everybody else."

I would rather deal in "what is," instead of what was, or even better, what ought to be.

To me, talking about honor, virtue, and chivalry is mostly mental masturbation. We are jerking off over definitions of something that is vague and is out of reach. It's an ideal. Philosophers both recent and long deceased have argued the merits and terms of these words, and that's fine. I don't care. I'm just going to live my life and "do me."

I would rather choose to live for experiences than argue or discuss what is or isn't honorable or virtuous. I would rather feel the burn of a good scotch going down my throat than talk of the mythical days of yore.

I would rather feel the sting of cigar smoke in my eye, especially if it brings a tear. That's an experience.

Here's a fun experience I had recently:

Me: "Mmmm... You are salty!"

Her: "My attitude or my skin?"

Me: "Yes."

Massive amounts of laughter ensued.

That's the kind of shit I live for.

Maybe my lack of interest in honor,

virtue, and chivalry may make me "immoral" in some people's eyes. I don't care. I don't consider myself moral or immoral. I guess I'm amoral. I do what I want to do for the experience that doing whatever it is, brings. I try not to infringe on other people and what they are doing, because I don't care for it when they infringe upon me.

I guess I spent so many years in my head, talking about ideals and codes and what ought to be, and ultimately ending up miserable, that now as I've gotten older, I realize that ultimately, nobody gives a shit, and that set me free. For the most part, I can do what I want. If people don't like it, nobody gives a shit, especially me. As long as I'm not putting you in harm's way, I'm good.

If you want to wax poetic about honor, virtue, and chivalry, that's totally fine by me. You do you. You do your thing. I'm not interested in those subjects though, and frankly, I don't think I would have anything to add to it, other than what I'm saying about it right here, right now.

I'll be over here, feeling the burn of booze in the back of my throat, smelling the sweet smell of a good cigar, tasting the spice and heat of some good food, and enjoying her salty attitude and her salty skin.



Jin and Alie Roman Astral

Vegan Penis

by Barry Nishizawa

Two birds frolicked on a branch just outside his bedroom window and their chirpy bullshit was starting to annoy him. She had given him an ultimatum the night before and he was finding it hard to concentrate with those fucking birds rooting around outside. It hadn't actually been an ultimatum, but he had taken it that way. It had been more of a statement. They had been together for a while now and rather than being an impulse decision, she had reached a point where she could no longer stay silent through an accumulation of moral distress. The good news was that her issue with him was easily fixed if he was willing to make the necessary changes. She took her veganism extremely seriously and if they were going to continue having sex his dick needed to be vegan compliant.

So he sat there thinking it over while those goddamn birds fiddled each other on the branch outside. He wished he had a gun. A shotgun would be best. He'd blow not only those avian arseholes away, but the entire fucking branch would be turned into sawdust on the grass for some stray cat to piss on. Was she worth becoming a vegan for? He had voluntarily gotten a vasectomy to save the earth. That had been her idea. At the time he had agreed with the logic, but of late he had started questioning the decision. She had been so proud of him for doing his bit to halt the population overload and the sacrifice of never being a father was somewhat offset by the look of admiration in her eyes whenever she looked at him. That look had faded, however, and now he was faced with another life changing decision with the request for vegan dick compliancy. He banged on the window to scare the birds off. They just stared at him. One of them shat.

A knock on the door got him out of his bedroom and downstairs. He was yet to shower and was still in his pyjamas. He probably stunk, but he hadn't checked. She was always telling him that his body odour was unbearable due to his meat consumption. One time in the middle of an argument she had called him a "murdering meat eating piece of stinky shit" before stomping off into the night. He had felt that the use of stinky had been overkill

as there was not a hunk of shit on earth that did not smell. He had heard of people whose shit apparently smelt like roses, but he was yet to encounter any. He opened the door. Standing on the other side was a dwarf in a butcher's uniform.

His navy coloured apron with white stripes looked to be custom made, but the knives on his utility belt were standard size. At first glance he looked like a toddler playing dress up, but the knife on his belt caught the sun on its steel and put to rest any assumptions that this was a game.

"MOTHERFUCKER! HAVE I GOT A DEAL FOR YOU!" said the dwarf.

"Excuse me?" he said.

"I've got a deal for you," said the dwarf.

"Did you call me a motherfucker?" he said.

"Yes, but it was in the context of the deal," said the dwarf.

"Oh, that's ok then," he said. The dwarf then proceeded to tell him all about the four pounds of meat he was willing to provide him for \$30 a week. "Look, the deal sounds good," he said.

"Fucking oath, it's good," said the dwarf.

"But I'm going through a transition in my life," he said.

"You transgender?" said the dwarf.

"No, I'm making some changes, he said.

"What's that got to do with meat?" said the dwarf.

"Well, I'm going to become a vegan," he said.

"So you're gay?" said the dwarf.

"No. Why would you say that?" he said.

"BECAUSE ONLY LESBIANS BECOME VEGANS!" said the dwarf and he kicked him in the shins and ran off. The dwarf had been wearing steel capped shoes so the kick had hurt a considerable amount. He considered calling the little bastard's company but realised he had gotten no information from the dwarf other than being told he was a lesbian for considering veganism. He closed the door.

He went into the kitchen to get something to eat. His phone started ringing and he looked at it before deciding whether he'd answer it. The display read "private number." Against all better judgement he answered it. "Hello," he said.

"Lesbian," whispered the voice on the other end.

"Who is this?"

"Lesbian," whispered the voice again.

"Listen here you midget fuck, just fuck off," he said.

"No," said the voice and it hung up. He put his phone down and opened the cupboard. There was so much food in the kitchen that would have to be thrown out now that he was a vegan. *(continued)*

Had he actually decided to do this, though? The encounter with the dwarf had pushed him towards taking the leap, but if he was truly honest the main motivation was to have a vegan certified penis. He got a text message on his phone. It was her. "So, did you decide?" she texted.

"Yeah, I'll become a fucking vegan," he texted back.

"I sense anger in your text. Where is this coming from?"

"I had a run in with a dwarf before. It's ok though."

"Dwarf is kind of discriminatory. The correct term is vertically challenged or little people."

"He was trying to sell me meat."

"Fucking midget!"

"Yeah."

"I'm so glad you're doing this."

"Yeah. I just want to have sex again."

"Well, it'll take a few weeks for all the meat to leave your system."

"Right."

"Anyway, maybe we can catch up later?"

"Sure," he texted and put down the phone. He opened the cupboard and pulled out a box of vegan approved rice crispies. He jammed his hand into the box and brought out a fistful.

Instead of eating them he crushed them in his hand and put them back in the box. He then kicked the box across the kitchen. He was angry at her. He thought about eating a steak and fucking a prostitute after killing the dwarf. He decided he had to get out of the house.

He drove for half an hour until he ran out of road and only had the ocean in front of him. Groups of people were running along the sand, chasing each other into the water. He hated sand and the thought of it touching his feet gave him goosebumps. He was still angry about having to wait a few weeks after ceasing all meat consumption to have sex with her. He wished a dolphin or whale would beach itself so he could run down to it with his shoes on and stab it multiple times. He especially hated dolphins with their rapy smiles and dick shaped noses. If any animal had been designed for sexual assault, it was the dolphin. He wound the window down to let the sea air into the car but a whole heap of seagulls were picking the shit out of a fish carcass and the stench had bummed a ride on the breeze and found its way up his nostrils. He pulled the middle finger at the seagulls and backed out. An elderly couple who were enjoying the view of the ocean mistakenly thought he had pulled the finger at them. They responded with their own version, a somewhat more arthritic incarnation of the said physical expletive. He drove off oblivious as to what had happened.

He spent the next two hours driving around in circles. This got boring so he pretended he was a tour guide and he was driving a bus full of holiday makers. He pointed out various locations that he drove past and gave a detailed run down of what used to be there. He spotted a vegan grocery store and decided he'd go inside and check it out. In one of the aisles was a sickly looking guy with a full faced beard. He looked close to death, most likely from AIDS. "Hey there, shop assistant. I need help," he said.

"Sure," said the shop assistant.

"I need a vegan penis."

"What?"

"My cock. It needs to be vegan."

"I don't know anything about that."

(continued)



“Why not?”

“My cock hasn’t worked since going vegan,” said the shop assistant, a touch of sadness in his otherwise dead eyes.

“So why the fuck are you still doing this shit?”

“My girlfriend insists,” said the shop assistant. Seeing that he wasn’t going to get anything worthwhile out of this insect shell of a human being, he bought some organic soy chips fried in soybean oil and left.

He called her when he was back in the car. “Hey, this vegan shit makes you impotent,” he said.

“What? Who said that?”

“The guy in the vegan grocery store.”

“He doesn’t know shit.”

“No. You don’t know shit, you fucking bitch. There’s no such thing as a vegan penis! You’ve been bullshitting me all along.”

“I think you need to think about how you’re speaking to me. You chose to be a vegan so we can be together. I can’t have a murderer in my life,” she said.

“What?!” he said and he heard a male voice on the other end of the line.

“Who the fuck is this?” said the voice.

“Her boyfriend,” he said.

“That’s funny, I’m her boyfriend. You must think you’re her boyfriend,” said the voice.

“No, I’m pretty sure we’re a couple,” he said.

“Well, this is confusing,” said the voice.

“Hang on, have you had the vasectomy?” he said.

“No, next week.”

“Well I have and I’m in the process of becoming a vegan for that bitch.”

“Extreme,” said the voice.

“You can have her,” he said and hung up.

The rest of the night played out like the dark thoughts that had plagued him most of that day. The first thing he did was eat a steak. Part of him wanted to ask the waiter if they had cuts of meat that had come from tortured cows but he thought better of it. Instead he ordered it rare and repeated the words “bitch” and “cunt” between each bite of meat. When he had eaten he then drove around looking for a prostitute. The streets were virtually empty and if he was completely honest with himself, he didn’t know the first thing about soliciting a woman for sex. He had never so much as been to a strip bar. He drove back to the beach. It was dark now and he could no longer see the waves crashing into the sand. He wondered if there was anyone down there fucking. He thought about what having sand on your genitals and inside the various orifices might feel like and winced. He tried calling her, but it went straight to voice mail. She’d clearly blocked his number. He put the phone down and it started ringing. “Hello?” he said in the dark.

“Lesbian,” whispered the voice on the other end.

“Not you again. Look, I’m not a vegan anymore. I just ate a steak.”

“Where did you get it?”

“At a restaurant.”

“How much?”

“Does it really matter?”

“Yes, it does actually. I like to keep informed of my competitors.”

“Anyway, how do you know my number?”

“It was written on the phone bill you had on your fridge,” said the dwarf.

“And how the FUCK did you see that?” he said.

“I’ve been breaking into your house every night for a month.”

“HOW DARE YOU!”

“Did you notice? No. So what’s the big deal? We spooned three nights ago for fourteen minutes.”

“Gross.”

“Whatever, man. Just come home, I miss you,” said the dwarf.

“You’re at my place?”

“Yep. Fancy another steak?” said the dwarf.

“Sure, why not? See you soon,” he said and hung up. On the drive home he thought about killing the dwarf and leaving the head on her doorstep.



A Visit to the Doctor

by Charlie Winkle

Emma sat in the doctor’s waiting room. Painted a bright yellow with rainbows splashed across the walls. In the middle of the room there was a small table with magazines and another larger table with a variety of stuffed animals. There was a bright green elephant, a red tortoise, a black cat and an orange lion. These were not toys for children, rather “comfort animals” for the adult patients. Much psychological literature had been released over the preceding decade detailing how traumatic and overwhelming a visit to the doctors could be and the addition of these “comfort animals” to the waiting room had seen a great reduction in the average stress and anxiety levels of Dr. Malkin’s patients. Dr. Malkin and his receptionist Ms. Adebayo (who had emigrated from Nigeria) could both attest to that.

Emma’s appointment with Dr. Malkin was for 11am and it was now 11.22am. She picked up the orange lion and stroked him although then deciding he looked a little aggressive and fierce, placed him back on the table facing away from her. Just as she did Dr. Malkin’s current patient, a massively obese Indian woman, waddled out of his office, breathing and huffing noisily. Any walking was obviously an effort for this woman and Emma said a silent thank you that whilst she wasn’t in perfect shape she could still move with great energy and agility. Ms. Adebayo looked up at Emma and said “You can go in now Emma.” Emma stood and went in to Dr. Malkin’s office.

“Emma! Good morning. I’m sorry to have kept you waiting although I had a little trouble with the previous patient who had got herself lodged in the chair. It wasn’t easy getting her out! Okay. Well, we got your cholesterol test back from the lab. Do I have your consent to read you the numbers?” Emma was frightened. She knew that she didn’t eat as well as she should and wasn’t expecting stellar results. College was tough. Gender studies was an involved degree and took up so much time! Was she to blame if her diet had to take second priority to learning how to fix a broken society?

(continued)

Dr. Malkin looked at her and asked again, “Emma, do I have your consent to read you your cholesterol numbers and explain to you what they mean or would you rather they go unread? The choice is yours.” Emma braced herself and bravely nodded her consent for the good doctor to inform her of the results....

“Well Emma, your HDL reading is at 28 mg/dL. Which is not ideal. Healthy is above 60. Your LDL reading is at 170 mg/dL which is again, not ideal, it should be below 100. Your triglyceride reading is 470 mg/dL which is high and not ideal. I want to see that number below 150.... Now Emma, you’ve been very brave in consenting to hear these numbers and although the results are not perfect that is not a reason for you to despair. There is a raft of medicines I can prescribe to you to help you optimize these results for next time. I will write you the prescriptions before you leave. I also have to stress to avoid meats, especially red meats and saturated fat.”

“Doctor, I’ve taken this step recently! Both my boyfriend, Gregor, and I only eat the Beyond Meat burgers.”

“Well this is very good news Emma and certainly a step in the right direction.”

“Also, whilst you’re here I’d like to take your weight and blood pressure.”

Emma started to sweat and found it hard to talk, she eventually whispered “Is that really necessary, doctor?” “It is Emma, although when I take your weight I will of course ask your consent before revealing the figure to you. You’re under no obligation to know it yourself.

Emma stepped gently on the scale and heard the needle swing violently to the right. “Emma, do I have your consent to tell you your current weight?” Emma gritted her teeth and gave a weak nod. “Okay, your current weight is 286 pounds.” Emma breathed a sigh of relief. Her diet of only eating cereal with fruit and low fat milk in the morning was paying off! “This is an encouraging result Emma although still there is room for improvement. You’re doing great though.”

“Now Emma I’d like to take your blood pressure.” Strapping the band around her upper forearm it tightened until the machine went beep, beep and then gradually lost its grip. “Emma, do I have your consent to tell you your blood pressure number?” Emma was very proud of herself having already consented to hearing her cholesterol numbers and weight. She saw no reason to stop now. She nodded. “Emma, your blood pressure is 150/100 mmHg. This I’d like to see come down. The next time you’re here let’s see a number of 140/90 or lower.” No encouraging words to soften the blow! Emma was staggered at how inconsiderate and heartless Dr. Malkin could be. So harsh and rash in his language! Obviously she was going to have to find someone who didn’t have such a strong ingrained hatred of women. “Thank you Emma for being so brave today. I will send through your prescriptions now to Ms. Adebayo and she will have them printed out for you to collect at the desk. Have a lovely day.” Emma, still staggered by how insensitively Dr. Malkin had finished their appointment nodded in a kind of dazed way and left his office.

Completely forgetting to stop and collect her prescriptions on the way out Ms. Adebayo called her back just as she reached the door, “Emma, your prescriptions!” Emma wandered over to Ms. Adebayo’s desk who had a big smile on her face. “Emma, Dr. Malkin told me over the phone how brave you were! On 3 out of 3 occasions you consented to hear your results. That’s a perfect score. A 100% success rate. I wish that all our patients were as brave as you.” Emma smiled. She was brave. “Emma, a score of 3 out of 3 deserves a lollipop. Which flavor would you like?” Emma looked greedily down into the bowl. “Raspberry.” Ms. Adebayo handed her a raspberry lollipop along with her prescriptions...Emma lingered, “Ms. Adebayo, is it possible I may have 2 lollipops?”

Ms. Adebayo looked at Emma with a conspiratorial glint in her eyes and a mischievous little smile on her lips, “Of course Emma, although keep it our little secret.”



I think I will go to the boudoirs again; because I like it! (27 February 1999)

by Ernst Graf

I think I will go to the boudoirs again; because I like it! I will return to Boulevard and Sunset Strip. Perhaps I should write a Confessions of an English Opium Eater, describing the intense transcendental sensual pleasure that Soho offers for the connoisseur. It is the thrill of doing something that you shouldn’t, that society says you must never do, and you come out thinking “I just did it!” Still going to the boudoirs? Or even still wanting to? With all this abuse, and shame, and humiliation that is being heaped on me now, I would still do that? I am addicted to the RISK, the incredible thrill of doing something that you shouldn’t do, and will bring you nothing but humiliation. On Tuesday in Boulevard I was absolutely ready and calm and relaxed about going straight into a room from there, even in Brewer Street in the open, in daylight still! That’s what made me smile and laugh with shock and admiration at myself while I was in Boulevard! The thrill of going up the stairs into a lamplit boudoir and stripping naked with a woman you’ve never met before, it is a unique sensual experience; and I don’t regret having done it one bit, that is the truth.



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Roman Astral is an American fantasy pinup artist. Imagine the babes on World War II planes, but fantasy themed: <http://opiumtales.com>.

Glynn Foxx writes backwards. She is constantly battling a barrage of characters and alternate universes trying to escape onto paper. She is an executive consultant, semi-pro comedian, actress, and single mother—who hopes her children are much older before they discover and read her stories. Visit her website at www.GlynnFoxx.com.

Ernst Graf, AKA the Marquis de Shard, a slut and a lush, lauded by such respected figures as Troy Francis as “one of the greatest degenerates of modern times” and by Nick August for “proper artful decadence and degeneracy” and “the mindset that conquers” can be found at amazon.co.uk/-/e/B079B1H2QC and newrhinegargoyle41.blogspot.com.

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