

Steaming Up My Panties

By Brad DIEGHAN

A wild sweating body. A temperature of one-hundred and four. No break, no breath, no stop. Go, go, go. Head down, the same pumping rhythm over and over. I love it. Sometimes I go with my girlfriend, sometimes myself, and sometimes a friend. Sometimes there are a few people. Sometimes I get hurt, sometimes I get bruised, and sometimes I bleed. But that's my own fault, I'm really not very careful while enthralled. Just two weeks ago my chain snapped, and you know how much that hurts. Hint, hint. Nudge, nudge. Know what I mean? Say no more, say no more; A wink's as good as a nudge to a blind bat. Where did I here that before?

Once, twice, thrice, or more. As many times as I like, or until I'm spent. I enjoy biking, I've done it all summer, and I'll enjoy it for the better part of the winter too - if I can manage. I do have a truck, but I've left it to hibernate for the... yeah, summer, and you know what, I'm glad I did; I'd forgotten how much fun it can be to smash around on a thirty-dollar bicycle. I've hit curbs, cars have hit me,

I've even launched myself from my seat to land on an old broken down couch in the slow process of hitch-hiking its way to the dump. I've run into poles, ditches in the dark, I've even run into another bicyclist on the Rails to Trails immediately behind this school (also in the dark).

A picture of ballet slippers. A kick-boxing helmet for "safety", and two empty heads

If you think about the benefits of employing a bicycle for transportation instead of an automobile, you'll notice that there are several; Riding a bike is much less destructive to the environment than is driving a car, and think of the cash that will be pooling in your hands instead of flowing into your gas tank, through your car, and out into the air. Think of the cost of buying an automobile, keeping it up, and registration and insurance. Think of all those hours you have to put in on the job at shitty pay just to afford all of this. Besides, the fact that you get around on a bicycle gets you out of

playing taxi to your fat, sweaty, drooling alcoholic mother/sister and the rest of your parent/siblings. Maybe you're not worried about the cash, maybe you really don't care about the environment, a lot of people don't, but do you care about your own health?

Maybe, maybe not. It doesn't matter, but if you do, biking is a good way to go. Cardiovascular fitness is important, probably one of the most important aspects of a person's... physical health anyway. I'm almost sure that Cardiovascular diseases are one of the leading causes of health-related deaths in North America. This type of fitness helps to create muscle endurance, or the ability of the lungs to supply oxygen to the blood, for the muscles, for over long periods of time.

Also, if you want to get rid of the chub off your legs, ass, - or body in general - without killing yourself with a long jarring run or without being enclosed in a hot humid room (or stuffed in a car doing sit-ups on the way to school) with sweating packages of male, female, or male/female hormone... well, biking does the trick. In

saying this I don't mean to give the impression that there is anything wrong with that chub you have - may have, because there really isn't. If someone's got a problem with that, that's their fudging problem, not yours. Right?

I'm really not very careful while enthralled.

One thirty-dollar bike. Two guys; one peddling, one sitting on the luggage rack over the back wheel. A twelve pack on the passenger's shoulder. Yellow roller-skates tied his a back-pack, and a shirt that says "Dancers Rule". A picture of ballet slippers. A kick-boxing helmet for "safety", and two empty heads. A person can have fun getting into shape and helping out the environment if a person really wants to. And you don't have to bike like me, but if you want to, set up a time and I'll meet you in the Emergency ward at the hospital - you can really have a good time anywhere - if you want to of course. Anyway, biking really steams up my panties, how 'bout yours?

Windstorm Claims Cyclists Dignity; Brain

By Brad DIEGHAN



In biking around a large tree, the occupant of this environmentally not-so-hazardous bicycling machine notices a large frightened - and likewise frightening - ant on the grassy ground in front of his rubber tire. With decisive action, and interest in ant preservation,

(ant's do practise mutual aid, they ralph up their little ant cookies from their second stomachs in order to feed their hungry), the operator of this not-so-deadly but still possibly deadly vehicle swerves, crashes, contorts. Groans, blood, and bones complain of pain. In remem-

brance of all those beautiful days, all those great lightless nights, and all those other times self-extraction has become all too necessary, the ant-conscious boy decides to simply go to sleep. However, he did not go gently, much to the sick satisfaction of a certain poet.