

# Inane Gets Spooged

by Iona Dildeux

**COURTYARD OF THE TWO TWISTED SISTERS** – During a raucous and thoroughly orgasmic news conference, where spooge flowed like wine, the Krewe of the Mystic Inane announced that they had discovered the legendary Fountain of Spooge. Don't know what spooge is? Neither did this reporter until just yesterday. But after fraternizing with the good krewe, I am now proud to count myself among the newly spooge addicted.

In an adventurous attempt to discover the secret of immortality, the Mystic Inane instead discovered the joys of unbridled immorality.

This lively krewe, bored with the prospect of another night spent knitting belly button lint into shawls for the destitute, decided to make a name for themselves in the annals of history by journeying to the deepest swamps to discover the legendary Fountain of Youth. Masquerading as Cumquistawhores, and headed by their virile leader, Poncey Leon (affectionately known by other krewes as Ponce da Longdong), Inane mounted their mule-drawn float, dubbed "Insatiable" for the journey, and set off from The Den of Muses on a quest for the deepest nether regions of the dusky, musky Okeydokeyletspeky Swamp.

Our hapless krewe, never known for having their heads screwed on straight, let alone being able to walk straight, took a wrong turn at Esplanade Avenue and instead ended up in the fabled Vieux Carré. Not used to navigating the French Quarter sober, they were soon hopelessly lost. For hours on end, the brave krewe wandered up and down side streets and in and out of alleys (with a few stops at favorite watering holes to stock up on provisions), ultimately finding themselves in a lonely, moonlit courtyard.

At first glance, it seemed a typical flagstone courtyard. Tucked intimately between two legs of a town house dependency, and effusive with bushy, if damp, tropical vegetation, it could have passed for any of the many secret gardens hidden in the moist private parts of this seductive and fertile city.

As their eyes grew accustomed to

the gloom, however, the Inane discerned a large and imposing shape looming in the middle of the courtyard. Some described it as a column, or pillar. Others saw an impressive and imposing tower, an erection that was clearly not man made. It stood proud and naked in the silver moon light, spurting an opalescent milky substance.

At the base of the large protuberance was what appeared to be a young, well-formed maiden, bathing her nubile body in the viscous fluid which landed in clumps at the base of the fountain.

"Who are you, and what is this place?" Poncey queried.

"I am Chris Owens, entertainer extraordinaire, and this is The Fountain of Spooge!" she exclaimed.

"But you can't be Chris Owens!" he replied. "My mother caught your debauched, er, show when she was a young lady of eighteen, and that was 50 years ago! That would make you at least 78, and you look no older than... well... not quite human anyway."

"Yes, lovely isn't it?" she titillated. "And I have The Fountain of Spooge to thank for it. The fountain is the giver of everlasting Freakastikness and Love. But I warn you. Once you partake of the joys of spooge, you will never be satisfied with the taste of mere man made juices. Like a tot craving mother's milk, spooge will become your one obsession."

Upon hearing Miss Owens extol the virtues of spooge, and always eager to add another addiction to their list of innumerable of vices, The Krewe of the Mystic Inane dove en masse into the pools of spooge that had congealed in the gutters and gullies of the courtyard. Hours of merriment followed, and many were the grunts and giggles heard coming from the surrounding shrubbery.

The mission of The Krewe of the Mystic Inane is now to spread the intoxicating joys of spooge throughout this fair metropolis. In a bawdy, raunchy, cavalcade of debauchery, they plan to parade through the streets of New Orleans, spurting the syrupy love juice from one corner of the Quarter to the other. Cum and catch the fun on February 7,

when you too can climb aboard the love boat, Insatiable, become a krewe "member", and sally forth on the ocean of ooze that we've cum to love...SPOOGE!

## HISTORY COLUMN

### Going Down in the Underworld

The ancient Egyptians believed that life after death was a lot like life before death, and that therefore, the Quest for Immortality would never end. They also believed (this, mind you, refers to the nobility – the unwashed hordes didn't have time to believe much of anything) that one key to a successful life in the afterlife was to have bevyes of servants to take care of one's every needs.

Therefore, a common find in many Egyptian tombs are legions of tiny figures, or *Ushtabis*, meant to represent the slaves that would serve the deceased in the afterlife. Being voracious in their Quest for Immortality, the Egyptian nobility also included large numbers of sex slaves, known as *Tushtabis*, in this number.

*Tushtabis* were sacred to several gods, including *Whore-Us*, *Sukmeat*, *Numnut*, and *Nysitities*. These little guys and dolls, usually quite well endowed, first appeared in tombs dated to the reign of Pharaoh *Hop-on-hos* and his consort *Suckface*, but became immensely popular under later rulers such as *Anus-pokem*, *Suk-me-oph* and *Tutti-frutti*, and the legendary female monarch, *Likm-clit*.

Even today these six-inch servants arouse a curious thirst for knowledge of the past, a lust for learning, a search for a sensuous sense of what life was like on the ancient Nile (especially if they are used properly). One can only imagine the passions that *Tushtabis* awoke in their Egyptian masters, revived after the long, hard night of death, swelling into the glorious afterlife and the eternal Quest for Immortality.