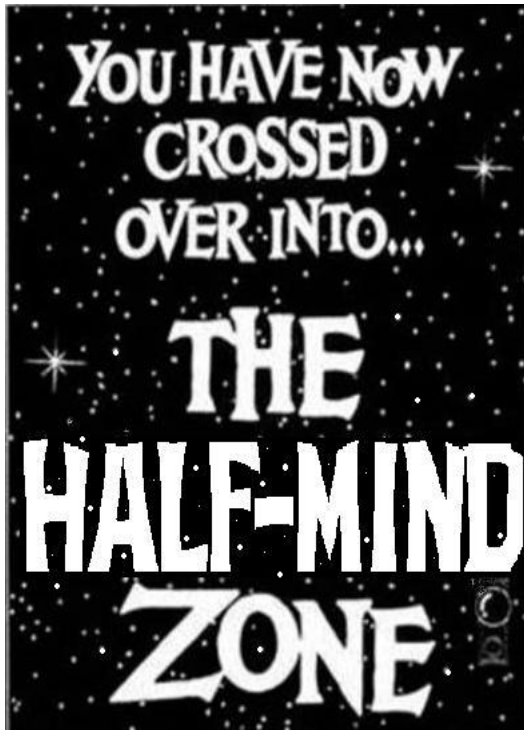


CLUBBIN IN THE HALF-MIND ZONE

Sunday, 08 November 2015

Hares: Porn Again Christian, Tight Embouchure, and Ur-a-gay Gloryhole



Half-minds.....	~40
New Boots.....	0
Visitors.....	3
Quadrupeds.....	8
Beer Stops.....	3
Song Stops	2
Shiggy Rating	8 of 10
Cajun Food.....	Naw, just flour

Witness, if you will, a gathering of humanoid creatures, curious beings with limited intellect.

As they haphazardly converge, everything is in black-and-white. A grainy picture like a 1950's television show. They meet at a dilapidated drinking establishment along a neglected road near a by-passed town. Their world is moving forward, yet they are moving back, back into an area which we call the Half-mind Zone...

The Half-mind Zone is brought to you by...Hydrocodon Pool Products. We solve your pool problems with a simple pain numbing pill. Now back to our show.

Imagine this group of humans, zombie like, wandering out of the shabby bar. But they are not in search of brains. They are searching for Cajuns. Cajuns who have wandered up from the South like some wanderlust Mexicans. Cajuns who have dribbled a trail of flour through the shiggy, and the rioted courses of golf. The uninitiated would say it is a trail without checks. But they are wrong. It is filthy with checks. And yet the checks have no wait. And the more mobile of the humanoids quickly outpace the more humble or frail...

By this point, you will have noticed that they carry what would appear to be beach towels. Some might even be wearing flip-flops. They travel as if to a beach or a countrified club. As if they were going to sun at the pool. And there, there it is, languishing amongst the tumbleweeds, a wrecked and ravaged Swim Club...

Now, we submit for your appreciation, a view through the eyes of the humanoids as they flitter about the derelict pool. . . . Notice that we are no longer in grainy black-and-white. We are in full color. Look at the expensive furniture. The spotless tile flooring. The pool is crystalline. The women look much like playboy bunnies in skimpy bikinis, who smile and wink. The men in their Speedos who flex and pose their well tuned athletic bodies. The glamour. The nostalgia. . . . We feel reluctant to leave this wistful scene, to flip back to black-and white, but we are about at the end of our allotted time here in the Half-mind Zone. Say goodbye. For now...

Tune in again next week as we hash ourselves into another half-mind dimension.

Posthumously,

DM

