

ROTICA

(a zine by Martin and Dan)



THE INTIMATE TRUTH ABOUT RONALD REAGAN

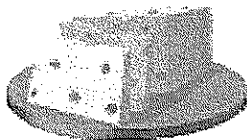
1st
issue



Cover Story:

THE INTIMATE TRUTH ABOUT RONALD REAGAN!

Ronald Reagan has a penis.
Can you see it in your mind's eye?
Imagine how dangerously low his weathered
and fragile testicles must hang behind it!
Imagine their relief as they are gently
cradled in a fresh pair of underwear,
once again nestling close to their long-
one-eyed friend!



SANDBOX:

- > I am a stupid fat fuck, and I like to eat my own fuck, and I spill my fuck on the ground and
- > then I don't like Seven-up, I drink it up and then you barf it up and then you lick it up and I
- ? eat my own sandbox and then I spill my fuck in the box and I like when the box is sandy and
- > I fuck up the sandy box cause it's all rough and makes me spill my fuck faster.

I agree Dan: nothing like a nice sandy cunt. I always carry around my own private Bag O' Sand so I can pour it down a hot, wet, melting cunt before I Begin Surgery. I think it all started that time I lay with Mr. Sawicki's wife on the shore of Professor's Lake under a burning sun. We were reclining both; squinting ahead over the sun-creamed bodies of the aroused children; trying to defend our failure to maintain an engaging conversation, when her groin muscles suddenly tensed, and she threw her hips in my direction.

I moved my head to get a better view of the body beside me. The sun trickled down her parting lips.

"Martin," she issued, "I miss my husband."

My body froze: minutes ago I had been in lazy plateau, and now suddenly she was demanding my release.

But Mrs. Sawicki was a sensitive woman. Conscious of my tension, she coaxed me with a gesture gentle: "He has left me to buy a plaything for my tongue. But his absence has stretched beyond my expectation. Do you feel the itch that I feel?"

Under her heavy black gown, I felt her hips shift again. I must speak: but would she spit on my words, or would she wholeheartedly swallow?

"Perhaps," I began hoarsely, "perhaps he is selecting a sausage sufficiently thick to fill your generous bun."

To my horror, her frown indicated that I had moved in the wrong direction. I made efforts to regain my lost rhythm.

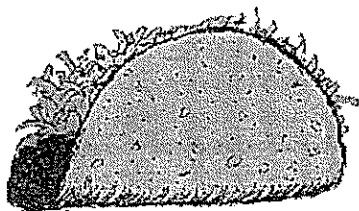
"Perhaps," I hastened, "the tardy Apollo is taking the time to pour a delectable syrupy mound for his Venus."

Her eyes now gained focus on my face again, and I could detect a form of pity gathering in her features. "Martin. You have no clue how to satisfy me. You are blind to my demands."

"Mrs. Sawicki..." I pleaded. "Please! I mean only to retrieve some semblance of control in your mature presence! You have put forth only to exhaust me; to address your motion is beyond my power!"

But she just scowled and shook her head, black habit flapping. "Just do what you feel, Martin. Approach me only with confidence; dare me not limp, but proudly erect."

"Mrs. Sawicki! I've watched your adult films, and I've downloaded 3D Java models of your swaying buttocks, but your presence is overwhelming! How can I" But she cut me off. "Shut up Martin! Do not repress: ejaculate!"



And, to my peril, the blood pumping to my face indeed made me take action: I reached forward with my fist, and tore from her the black gown, the habit, and hurled said articles to the fierce whims of the North Wind. How could I have known where those whims would direct?

Mr. Sawicki's torso, returning from the snack stand, was cut clean in half by the razor-sharp gown, and to his embarrassment, his wife's habit landed square on his head. But for you, Dan, and the explosion you caused opening your crisp bottle of Kokanee lager, all gazes would have swung towards the heaving, murderous mass that Mrs. Sawicki and I had become. Surely I would have never seen love beyond the crude homosexual thrusts of prison again.

But Dan, I owe my freedom to your beverage, and the quick thinking you demonstrated in downing the bottle whole in front of your bewildered fans. Without you, Dan, I would never have been able to spill my seed inside Mrs. Sawicki's bum. I owe you more than life itself can ever know.

That night, Mrs. Sawicki must have sneaked over to the post-box while Mr. Sawicki was settled in his favourite armchair, and mailed me a large mock-up of her vagina. As I greedily opened the package, some sand must have fallen into the passages therein from the top of my head. When I took it to my attic, and plugged it into the Internet cable Mrs. Sawicki had thoughtfully connected to her electronic penis, I failed to notice the grains. What should have been a satisfying session of masturbation turned out to be the most terrifyingly intense, horrifically thrusting, painfully drenching, and unforgivingly convulsing experience of sexual gratification anyone has ever had the fortune to experience.

Apparently, my spasms overloaded the Internet Sexual Relay, and Mrs. Sawicki was found dead from explosions in her cunt the next day. But as soon as he had perceived the noise, Mr. Sawicki must have run into the laundry room to see what had happened, because I suddenly heard his voice emerging from the clitoris in the mock-vagina: "Who is this? Who's responsible for this electronic penis?!" I was terrified that he would discover what had happened and report me to the police, but luckily he had slipped on a wet piece of his late wife's skin, and sat hard on the electronic penis, burying it deep within his colon. In anger, I gave another thrust, bringing myself to a second orgasm, and removing the pesky pipe smoker from this world once and for all.

From that day (and that magical night!) forth, I swear by the Bag O' Sand that swings eternal from my trouser belt. I never fail to "add a pinch to the pot" before I "dip my ladle."

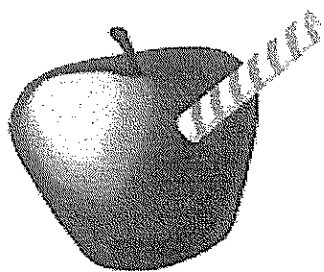
I am delighted that we can share with each other this secret technique, may it ever, as you are mine, be ours to treasure,

Giles



Dan, Dan, the jogging man
He can jog as fast as he can
He runs on the road
He runs on the street
He runs anywhere on which he can put his feet

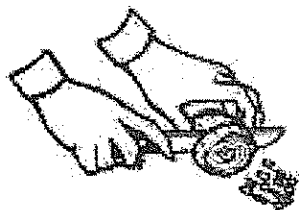
Dan, Dan, he runs too fast
He runs so fast, he just won't last
He runs really quick
He runs really fast
And that's why they say that he just won't last



Dan, Dan, he runs all the time
He runs all the time, it's almost a crime
He runs in the morn
He runs at noon
I think he's even going to run again soon

Dan, Dan, his legs are long
He runs so much so they're also strong
His legs are long
His legs are strong
So he runs a lot, and I don't think I'm wrong

Dan, Dan, he jogs outside
He jogs into work, unless he gets a ride
He runs to work
Or he drives to work
Or sometimes someone else drives him to work



Dan, Dan, he knows how to run
I've seen him do it, I've seen him run
He likes to run
He knows how to run
He can teach you how to run because he knows how to run

A Joke

Ordinarily, it's the bronzed, muscular, whiskered cowboy that walks into a bar—but not so hasty! This time it is none but a determined, pink-limbed toddler of 17 who bustles in, demanding in her gravest little cry, for a "man's drink."

Surprise alone registers on stares of the card-playing patrons, as the child takes a fiercely independent stance at the bar, legs wide apart like a real cowboy, feet inadvertently turned inward ever so slightly, head tilted to her shoulder, pigtails dangling, hand decisively rooted to hip, wet chest heaving, cotton dress sticking to the sweaty, energetic body.

The barman answers, but what he says is difficult to comprehend, he evidently having trouble disguising his mirth behind a macho grunt and fiercely measured frown. Perhaps he offers her a milk, because he seems to have used the term "milk."

The infant responds awkwardly, clearly unbalanced by the offer, because she resorts to some local playground language in reply. Her thirst, however, becomes ever more obvious, as her pink tongue unconsciously ventures over her lips, moistening them in anticipation. Her posture too, leaning ever-closer towards the bottles behind the bar, reveals her unpunctuated desire. The dear child is almost forgetting to cover her posterior!

The barman, making an increasingly difficult effort to cover his amusement with a gruff answer and harsh gestures, reminds her that she has no money, reflecting perhaps too philosophically for the child on the evolving system of exchange in the town, as he mentions, with some distaste, the word "favours."



But the poor dear has slipped far forward in her curiosity for the refreshing male liquids behind the bar. She has even failed to notice the embarrassing ascent of her crocheted hem! The youthful energy of her strong pink thighs emerges in that instant, as her legs splay wildly in attempt to prevent her sliding full over the bar, but the heat of the American desert having slicked her skin, she can not reverse her tumble.

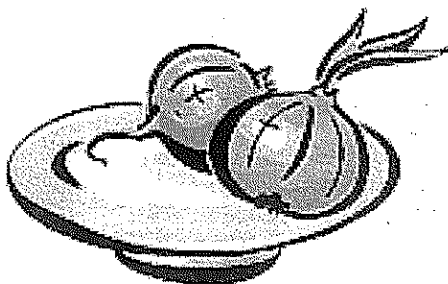
Following some time, as cowboy after cowboy strides behind the bar to help the deposed bartender and the wild infant, and several disappear from view as they help clean the mess on the floor, who should appear but Peach-Bottom herself! And what should be in her hand, after all that determined struggle and noisy knocking about, but a broad whisky tumbler, which she greedily devours, eyes closing in pure pleasure from the refreshing coloured liquids she has imaginatively mixed within!

My darling Emily,

We were seven years old. I wore a scarlet tunic—you wore that blue velvet smock and the green hosiery. We were young and adventurous; as eager to explore each other's bodies as we were to explore the beautiful fields and small thatched cottages nearby. As soon as we were out of the sight of our parents you would remove your smock and hide it in a nook in the stone wall by Morton's field. Then you would remove your hosiery, and use it to tie your penis and testicles to your leg, allowing you full freedom of movement. We would run and chase each other, grabbing each other's buttocks and crotches, thereby tagging the other person as "it". The it would then chase after the non-it, attempting to repeat the process. Then we'd get tired, sit in a circle, and you would make up a story to tell me. I'll never forget your tails of pirates, treasures buried deep, whales, scarecrows, crisp white paper, gnomes, and that charming little mouse that was the hero of your all tales: Gerald.

After your stories, we would feel more relaxed, and we would remove every last stitch of our clothing, and play with our private parts. It was years later when I would discover that most girls don't have both a penis and a vagina. It was all so wonderful then, and I did feel a little jealous that I had fewer interesting parts between my legs. Later on, the sun would start to go down, and we would race home to the backdrop of a swirling pink and purple sky.

You were so excited about your birthday that year. You had asked for a bicycle, and you would jump up and down with anticipation just thinking of when you'd get it. Your obsession even changed our games near the brook, for a while. I would get down on all fours and you would ride me, pretending I was that bike. You would stroke me and kiss me, just as you planned to do to the two-wheeler that filled your dreams. That particular game only stopped when I crashed into that tree, and you went flying. You cut your penis on that sharp rock, and I lovingly sucked the wound clean. I took good care of you, and bandaged it up with a torn piece of my tunic, but from that point on you were too nervous to climb astride me again.



Finally your birthday came. You looked so pretty in your frilly purple-flowered blouse and pink skirt. Your face was radiant with your excitement. I even wore a tuxedo for the occasion. You tried to blow out the candles on your cake before your mother had even set it down; before we all finished singing "Happy Birthday", for that matter. You were so impatient. As soon as the dark brown cake was sliced, and we were each given a thick slab, your father retreated to

the verandah to fetch your present. Along he came with the bicycle, poorly disguised in a wrap of light yellow tissue paper. You removed the large navy blue bow and tore away the paper with a vicious frenzy, and gasped in delight at the shiny red bicycle before you. You hugged it, and clutched it close while all the games went on, not wanting to be apart from it. I felt jealous that day, I must admit. I tried to attract your attention by repeatedly fingering myself, but either you didn't notice, or you didn't care.

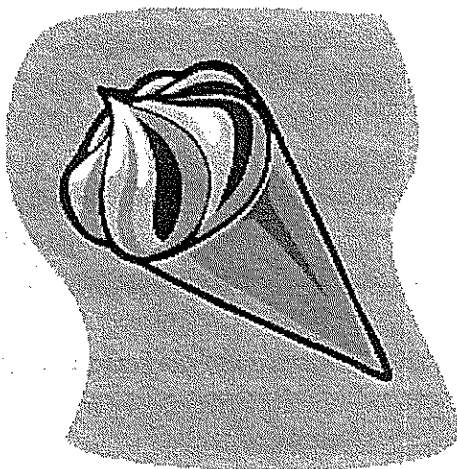
Who can forget the day that we were riding double and the handlebars got stuck in your vagina? We tried and tried, but it wouldn't come out! The bruising to your testicles was so agonizing we had no other choice but to push the entire bicycle deep into your vagina. It was uncomfortable for you, and I held you while you cried on my shoulder. I don't know what hurt more—the physical pain, or the thought that the bicycle might be lost forever up your urethra. We walked home, your bike-filled pussy causing you to walk slightly crooked. You knew that you could never tell your parents about our adventures, though, so you never did tell them that you had that bike inside you. I don't know if they believed you when you said you lost it—they knew how attached you were to it, and how you were never seen without it—but I think that they wisely judged by your tears that it would never be seen again.

What a surprise, then, when we were sixteen, in your bedroom, and it happened. I inserted your penis into your vagina, and you rubbed the connected organs against my ass until you climaxed, pulling on my pud all the while...and when you orgasmed, out popped the bike! The bike was slick with your bodily fluids, and the smell filled the room. The aroma was so delightful that I finally shot my load as well, covering the back of your head as you knelt next to the bike and wept. The three of us lay together in your bed that night, and we both slept soundly, curled up against the clean bike, its thick white covering devoured earlier by our eager tongues.

I'm sorry if my letter is filled with nostalgia—I can't help but dwell on those happy moments when I think of your current state. Please get well soon—you know I'm thinking about you. I love you! Everything will be okay. Have faith! The leprosy will be cured.

All my love,

Ronald.



new from ROTICA...



COMING
FALL 2000

email us: rotica@mail.com