

**I** gotta admit it, I like me some porno. I enjoy looking at all those fancy gals with their big boobies bopplin' out all over the place and their vaginas all spread-open like the mouth of a moray eel, ready to take me inside of itself and show me the sort of rootin'-tootin' night on the town that I haven't seen in a long, long time. I like to look at these fillies' poopers, all round and bouncy and soft, imagining that one day I'll be actually able to insert parts of my body into a girl's derrière without someone calling the cops.

I'm proud to the point of robustness at the fact that I currently use my credit card to subscribe to over three dozen Internet porno sites. I spend more on porno every month than I do on rent, and looking at the pictures of these fine ladies gives me a tingling sense of warmth, community, and a very strong idea of what a vagina actually looks like.

Until quite recently, I've never been disappointed with my porno purchases. Usually, these cool porno websites deliver exactly what they promise—"AborigineNudes.com" features thousands of photos of HOT aborigine women frolicking in their natural element and playing with beach balls.... "MormonTwats.com" boasts several galleries of discreet ladies from Utah having polygamous sex with their bearded hubbies while several delighted farm animals watch from afar.... And my current favorite, "CafeteriaWoman.org," is the Net's premier location for tasteful naked pictorials of middle-aged women who work in high-school cafeterias.

So let's just say I was more than a little peed-off when I recently subscribed to this "SuicideGirls.com" thing, only to discover that it doesn't have a SINGLE picture of a chick actually committing suicide.

That's right. You heard me correctly, mister. This isn't like some sort of Emergency Broadcast System test where they pretend there's a nuclear war but they're just making sure that all the equipment works. This is the God's honest truth, yo: All of *les jeunes filles* on this bogus website are ALIVE 'N' KICKIN' and doing quite well, thank you very much, and not ONE of them has committed suicide like the advertising materials promised me.

I signed up for a subscription with the best of intentions. "Cool," I thought to myself, "I don't mind shelling out 48 bucks a year to see lots of hot chix swallowing poison and slitting their wrists and jumping from buildings and letting their car run with the windows rolled up. That's easily worth four bucks a month for all the pleasure it would bring me."

But I was duped. Swindled. Hoodwinked. Hornswoggled. They pulled the wool over my eyes and sold me some oceanfront property in Kansas. They knew what they were doing all along, and



I'm sure they're sitting somewhere in their cushy offices with bean-bag chairs, glass-top coffee tables, and secretaries with push-up bras serving all the snacks you can eat, laughing at my misfortune and waiting for the next sucker to come along.

I mean, a lot of these girls are really cute, and they even feature several naked minorities, which I didn't even know was legal. Sure, they're young and skinny, but give 'em a few years and a few turkey dinners and they'll blow up real good and look like actual women. Seriously, if any of them were to come up to me on the street and say, "Howdy, big boy—you wanna slip on back to my place and plop your wiener inside of me until I scream and holler and say, 'Hey, now, that feels kinda good?'," I'd definitely say, "Yeah" and even try to buy them some tasty beverages as we headed back to her crib. I'm nice that way. I'm nice like spice in a bowl of rice.

But I don't like being played like a barnyard fiddle, and that's exactly what I feel like—a freakin' barnyard fiddle. An angry barnyard fiddle. A barnyard fiddle that seeks justice, compensation, restitution, and a sense of fair play. Instead, I am left with a mossy, grainy, somewhat grapefruitlike taste in the roof of my mouth. It is the bitter taste of betrayal. These chicks can talk the talk, but they don't walk the walk, and they definitely aren't committing suicide like the ads say. This is false advertising, and SuicideGirls.com is filled to the brim with poseurs who, I hate to say it, probably won't EVER commit suicide until the authorities get involved and force them to either shut down or deliver on their promise.

I want a refund.

**396** # of suicidegirls, late September 2004

**0** # of suicidegirls who've actually committed suicide, late September 2004

**suicidegirls.com**  
**all girls, no suicide**  
**what's up with THAT?!?**