

WIENER DOG HEARTACHE



I am not proud to be telling you this, my friends. If there is any pride, any dignity here at all, it is that I'm mildly proud that I'm not so proud that I'd try to hide something this embarrassing from you. I'm sure some of you will be shocked by my story. Others will congratulate me for my candor. Others will call me a fool. Some will pat me on the back. Yet more will challenge me to a fistfight. These are the risks that one takes in life, risks that grow yet riskier when one reveals that as a teen, one tried to make one's brother's dachshund blow him.

How sad is it that I couldn't even get a *dog* to have sex with me?

And it was a *male* dachshund, which doesn't help things at all.

All I can say in my defense is that I was horny. My teen boner was a Fist of Life reaching toward the sun. From morn 'til midnight, I'd be walking around bumping into things with that vicious, snarling narwhal tusk, that divining-rod perpetual early teen soupbone, that never-say-die desperate sort of erection you never really seem to achieve again after those initial glory years.

'Twas an age when I feared that literal death would occur if I didn't masturbate at least once daily. Teen vagina still seemed unattainable, and at this point in the mid-'70s at a Catholic school, real live intercourse was rare. So I jerked off a lot. Jerked off to models in ads from *Philadelphia* magazine. I still remember one blonde with combed-back wet hair and a wet T-shirt...I came on her tits a few times....don't remember what the ad was for, though. Jerked off to the sound of Donna Summer's grunts on "Love to Love You, Baby" as it floated from the transistor radio in our bathroom. Within six months of discovering I was able to have an orgasm, I had yanked enough wads out of my dick to fill a gallon bucket of ice cream.

It was the fall of 1975, my freshman year in high school. Jethro Tull and Blue Öyster Cult ruled the airwaves. Sideburns and free sex and lava lamps and party vans and serial killers dotted the landscape. My favorite album was Queen's *A Night at the Opera*. The kids' favorite TV show at my school was *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

I was a lonely, socially crippled virgin, spilling cherry Coke all over myself at the mall during an excruciatingly awkward date with a real live girl, a girl I never even got to kiss, much less fuck with that eterna-boner of mine.

A social idiot, I lived almost exclusively within my own head. One lonely Friday night a few months prior to my sexual encounter with the dachshund, I'd gulped a half-dozen Vivarin diet tablets, danced my pale, jiggly ass off to The Sylvers' "Boogie Fever" blaring from my bedroom radio, then puked my guts out and swore to myself that I'd never do drugs again.

My brother lived in a sprawling, grimy apartment in a dead industrial patch near where south Philadelphia becomes Delaware. Oil refineries and bikers. Blueberry soda and swamplands. He had just finished with his first marriage and lived alone.

Well, not truly alone. Not if you count his dachshund.

For some reason which escapes me now as I'm older and fairly punch-drunk from life's indignities, my brother was gone that night and I was alone at his apartment at the edge of railroad tracks and biker bars and refinery towers.

Again...I was not *truly* alone. Not when one considers the dog. I forget his name. A stout little dachshund, the so-called "wiener dog." Before the evening was over, this particular dachshund would become a wiener dog in another, sicker sense of the word.

My brother kept a stack of porno magazines in his bathroom...1970s porn, the best there ever was, the best there ever will be...unabashed porn featuring women who had never been told that what they were doing wasn't dirty, who labored under the belief that they were doing something wrong and would someday be punished for it. Women revealing the sort of charms that men tend to forget when women are clothed. Lurid, garish bubble-gum twats hiding amid tall, thick bushes. Natural boobs hanging every which way. A girl who tied her flappy cuntlips into pretzel shapes. Ads for battery-powered devices ensured to save your marriage. Pornography seemed magical and golden back then rather than boring and clinical.

I can't remember which publication I settled on for inspiration that night...*Hustler* or *Oui* or *Gent* or *Swank* or *Cherry*, but something of that caliber and aroma.

But it only took a few ganders at those curvaceous, Gerald Ford-era shrimp

cocktails before I was veiny-hard and ready for action.

It was then that I looked down at the dog. The poor, innocent, unsuspecting dog.

After all, a warm, wet tongue is a warm, wet tongue whether it's on a dog or a human or a Martian, right? I mean, it's not like I was going to touch *his* dick, right? Are you with me? No?

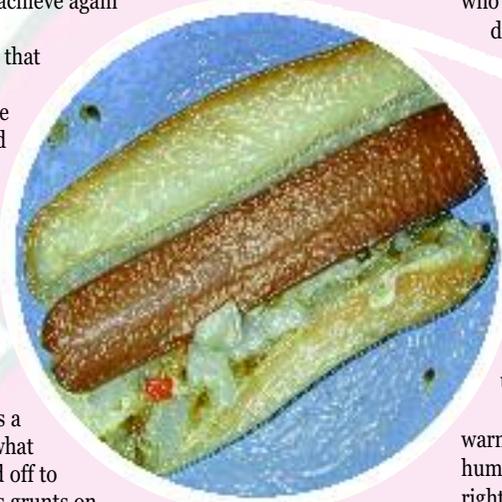
My pants around my ankles, my cock hard as leather nunchucks, I waddled into my brother's bedroom, jumped on the bed, and summoned the dog to join me. He eagerly jumped up, unaware of the innocence-shattering abuse which would befall him. Somewhat firmly, I guided his head toward my rigid teencock.

I'm not really sure what I expected the poor beast to do. Did I really think he'd start sucking away like some seasoned sea hag?

Thankfully, the dachshund, unlike me, was born with the sort of instincts that told him this was *not* a good idea.

The dog sniffed my cock, took a few licks, and then jumped off the bed. He seemed bored, and perhaps disgusted, at the prospect of sex with me. I felt like a total asshole. I felt worthless. I didn't have a girlfriend...I didn't have *any* friends...and now I was forced to endure the unique shame that occurs when a presumed inferior animal rejects your offer of some quickie bestial sex.

Nevertheless, I was still feeling randy. I pumped my still-hard wang until I shot my teen-goo all over my brother's bedroom. I don't even remember if I cleaned it up. If I didn't, well, I'm sorry, Johnny. And I'm sorry for the sexual abuse to which I subjected your pet dachshund, a creature that I'm sure has passed into another dimension by now...a pure, celestial dimension where things such as sexual abuse between different species don't exist...a safe, fluffy place where dachshunds aren't forced to suck cock and where lonely teenaged boys don't wind up feeling sexually rejected by canines.



MY EMBARRASSING TALE OF SEXUAL REJECTION AT THE HANDS OF A MALE DACHSHUND