



Rough Draft
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One morning as Marsha Phares woke from anxious dreams, she discovered that during the night her world had changed. All of the furniture in the room, the pictures above her bed, even the curtains were different than they had been before she had fallen asleep. The walls were a different color, a dark red, almost bloody, that she would never have chosen or allowed to remain for long anywhere she lived. She was also naked, her nightgown not visible anywhere on the bed. A nightmare, she thought, pressing her eyes shut in an attempt to reenter unconsciousness. But sleep would not come, and Marsha just stared at the light patterns on the backs of her eyelids for several minutes. The clock on the nightstand ticked erotically with the steady rhythm of copulation.

What kind of a thought about an alarm clock was that? Only an insane person would make a connection between an inanimate object and sex, she thought. Had she lost her sanity during the night through some arterial kink that had fogged her reason? Surely, it was all the pressure of being a first year teacher, of having a principal and many students who disliked her, that was causing her to be disoriented and have strange thoughts. There were valid explanations. The walls only looked darker in the hours before dawn; she had become too warm and thrown her nightgown off in the middle of the night, perhaps kicking it to the floor during her restless sleep. Marsha declined adjectives in her head to prove that she was of sound mind.

But when she opened her eyes, the morning light flooded through the windows revealing the paint to be an even more ominous color of red. Her nightgown was not on the floor or anywhere in the room. She lay there watching the clock. It was eight-thirty on Saturday, and a student, the unfortunately surnamed Jason Dumbell, was coming over at nine-thirty for a tutoring session in remedial English. He was a very slow, shy boy, teased by the crueler kids in her class, whom she had taken under her wing. She had to shower and dress now, crazy or not. Things would sort themselves out as the day went on.

Naked, Marsha walked into the bathroom where everything became clear as she turned on the light. Her body was deformed. Her breasts were huge, but rose up from her ribcage in defiance of the laws of physics. She had a figure like the old Vargas drawings with an impossible waist and hips, her hair a strawberry blonde color that did not exist in nature. She knew now that the author had changed her story, a tale of a woman whose life had meaning in the lives of other people, into some form of pornography. All her ambitions, her very life would be sacrificed now on the altar of sexual fantasy.

As a fictional character, Marsha was accustomed to slight alterations of setting and tone, sudden deletions of characters she liked, even an occasional disease, but this was a radical change to her story. Her creator often moved in mysterious directions, but this was the worst. For a while she had worked with special needs pupils and had a wall-eye that made her too shy to seek romance. She hadn't been comfortable in that plot line and neither had the author, so it had been abandoned. Recently, she had been teaching a high school English class in the inner city with lots of social commentary that had given her a sense of significance. That appeared over. Of all the mysterious directions and points of view the author had attempted, this was the worst, and she wondered if he was just tired of having his manuscript rejected. Authors do desperate things in this economy. Even though she was angry and disappointed by this development, Marsha spent a few seconds studying her new physique in the mirror before continuing her morning rituals.

Of course, her shower was a libidinous experience, the streams of water "licking" her breasts and pudenda. Her best efforts to control any arousal were futile (hypersensitive erogenous zones came with her new body), and she found herself powerless before the author's command to experience spasms of desire coursing through her like electricity. When she finally turned off the water, she was not sure if she was truly clean, or just exhausted.

If only she could convince the author to take pity on her and see her as a flesh and blood character with desires other than carnal ones. This would be difficult as so many human traits had been taken from her in this story. She had no need to use the toilet, for example, since such a bodily function would detract from her rather narrow function in this plot. She thought she could cry, but that might have the wrong effect in this situation. Although she could still think, her awareness might be detrimental in the story about to be told.

She had to dress in a hurry to avoid being naked when Jason arrived; she was determined not to greet the boy in her robe providing the author a quick road to a hot denouement. He would need to work at this narrative, pornographic or not. When she opened her closet, she was further disheartened. Her choice of clothing, as selected by her creator, was in direct opposition to her wish to remain chaste. The pairs of underwear were all thongs, the bras black and lacy, yet she worried less about them than the rest of the outfits. All the skirts in the closet were too short and tighter than anything she had worn in any previous draft. She was thrilled to find a pair of jeans, even though they fit like a second skin, and she had to pull hard to fasten them. At least she found a shirt that could be buttoned up and not expose

her ample cleavage. This small victory was immediately eclipsed as she discovered that every pair of shoes had at least a 3 inch heel. All were either black or dark red. She put on the most conservative pair just as the doorbell rang.

She answered trying to strike as teacher-like of a pose as possible while wobbling on red heels as her ridiculous, thick red hair cascaded down her back and snaked sensuously across her left eye. Jason stood in the doorway, taller and less pimply than she remembered, but still retaining his diffidence and a respectful attitude toward her. He acted as if he did not notice her outfit or her overall voluptuousness. Marsha felt safe as they went into the living room. Maybe this was just farce. Or maybe she was like Blanche Dubois, a passionate character, whose debauchery would be merely referenced.

They sat at opposite ends of the large couch talking about school and bland topics with no hint of sexual tension, though the dialogue was perfunctory as if meant to be skipped by the reader. She thought about tapping the arm of the couch three times and then did so to prove to herself that she still had some free will; she relaxed. She and Jason moved on to a discussion of his problems with English grammar, the supposed purpose of the session. Marsha explained the difference between the use of the apostrophe in contractions or possessives, and he appeared to understand the usage of ‘it’s’ and ‘its’ fairly well. As she continued to instruct him, she could feel the power of her profession returning to her and knew that nothing would happen between them.

Jason took out a notebook and asked Marsha to look at an essay that he had written last night for a history class. She agreed and reached for it, but he had already slid next to her on the couch holding the paper between them. Although it was an innocent gesture allowing her to point things out directly to him, her guard was up as she began to read. She kept her posture very straight, well aware that any leaning toward him could create a dangerous intimacy. This strategy seemed to be working very well, but just as she was busy explaining a problem with subject verb agreement, she felt her massive new bosom strain against the conveniently weak thread of the top button on her shirt. She tried not to breathe for several seconds. When she did, there was a faint snap as a pearl missile was launched directly onto the paper Jason was holding. It remained there for several seconds before he picked it up and handed it back to her.

“Whoops!” he said, and she mumbled a nervous thank you. Marsha tried to put the button into her pocket, but the jeans were too tight and shot it back onto the couch. She stuck it between the cushions and continued reading his essay, painfully aware that the tops of her breasts and a strip of black lace of her bra were now clearly visible. Continuing with the lesson, she explained that a reader had to understand the context of a word in a given sentence before he could determine its actual meaning.

“Yeah, it’s like ‘screw’. Sometimes it’s a noun, and sometimes it’s a verb,” Jason pointed out suddenly, way to suddenly for belief. Shocked by the obscene outburst, Marsha used her calmest teacher voice to admonish him for using such a crude example. She let him

know that such language was not acceptable. His shyness seemed to disappear as she spoke again.

“I meant like screw in the screw. What verb was on your mind Miss Phares?” He turned to her, his nose only a few inches from her cheek as the author began to take control of their metabolisms. Her thong became drenched, her nipples hardened into rocks, and a turgid tumescence stirred beneath his trousers. Marsha could feel the style of this story becoming more explicit and clenched her jaw to combat its effects. (That damned apostrophe was wrong. The author was becoming too aroused to pay attention to grammar just discussed).

As she strove to regain her composure, another button popped off with the facileness of a weak plot device. Jason caught it in his huge hand staring at it for several seconds before offering it to her. She held out her palm, and he laid the object in it allowing his finger to rest on the large mound at the base of her thumb. The button slid away and clicked as it landed on the hardwood floor. As he placed his other hand on the nape of her neck, she could only manage a weak, “Oh, no,” before the impending embrace.

What followed was fairly trite. They shared a passionate kiss while his hands roamed to the obvious parts of her body; she was stripped of her clothing and carried to the bedroom. There they engaged in a variety of coital positions initiated by the surprisingly experienced Jason, who was, of course, well-endowed and in marvelous control of his steely erection. Physically, Marsha enjoyed the experience. If an author decides that you love strawberries, then you will always ask for seconds in the story. At the same time, she was still enough of her old self to regret what was happening. She began to despise her author for wanting her to feel terrible about it. Not just terrible, but sinful like the strumpets in the Bible. Could this writer be Catholic?

To avoid becoming just a gorgeous mammal in heat, Marsha tried to concentrate on the further change that the language of the narrative was taking since Jason had tossed her on the bed. The writing was now an inarticulate jumble of gutter obscenities and archaic words from 19th century erotica in an attempt, she supposed, to either avoid redundancy, or perhaps he could not settle on a style. Many just came out wrong to her ear. “Gams” was too anachronistic considering what was happening on the bed, while “honey pot” seemed to evoke innocent childhood stories, not the image of a woman in a paroxysm of lust. Some of the words, like “funbags,” were new to her and some were impossible to decipher until the defilement of that particular part of her anatomy made the term obvious. Marsha moaned and begged, as she expected, but also “mewled” during the several page onslaughts. She had to admit that the author had a large vocabulary even as she was mewling.

Eventually, all of the possibilities were exhausted, all orifices violated, and both characters had contorted in a simultaneous crescendo of release. The climax, as written, was so intense that she felt herself losing consciousness. As she drifted off, Marsha wondered how

the author could adjust his style to deal with the emotional trauma she would have to feel when she woke up.

Her awakening was yet another surprise, as she found her hands tied to the bedposts with two of her silk scarves. Two other characters were in the bedroom, whom she quickly identified as former students from a previous draft. Students she had failed. The girl, Rhonda something, put a CD of raucous noise on the stereo and turned up the volume. Pulling off her t-shirt, she revealed a large tattoo of a dragon covering her entire back and breasts larger than Marsha's.

“I told Jason-boy you wanted it, and from what I could hear in the hallway, I guess I was right. Now you're gonna get to party with the whole gang. Just think of it as detention payback, bitch.”

So, Marsha thought, this may be the revenge quasi-rape sequence with its sociopathic overtones and a female authority figure as the victim. It was. The three teenagers began touching her intimately as they mouthed some obscenities that had been used two pages before. Her wrists writhed against the bonds in vain. She pleaded; they laughed.

The language of the story became coarser still, now with an added element of cruelty, and the action became more acrobatic. On and on it went, as the three tormentors became interchangeable to the point of descending into the basest of clichés. Marsha, too, felt her individuality slipping away as the author ignored her personality for erotic effect. She wondered who would be aroused by this and tried not to think about those readers.

Suddenly, the action stalled, and her defilers seemed confused about what acts of debauchery to perform next. Sensing a hesitation on the part of the writer, Marsha sank her incisors into her upper lip, biting hard until blood flowed over her chin and onto her throat. The action stopped. Her bonds dissolved, and Marsha floated slowly away from the scene on the bed as her former students were swiftly backspaced into oblivion. On the ceiling she felt the swirling motion which accompanied a plot revision. None too soon, she thought. Her principal and a 300 pound chauffer carrying a riding crop had just entered the apartment. She said a prayer that the author hadn't given up on her.

Marsha awoke in her old bedroom with the powder blue walls wearing her flannel nightgown. On the nightstand was the photograph of Ben Harkness, the Biology teacher who had dated her for six months, yet never introduced her to his large family. She felt that she was once again in a real story where acts have consequences, and most of our desires are suppressed. She sighed and walked to the bathroom in her worn slippers waiting for her actions to attain significance.