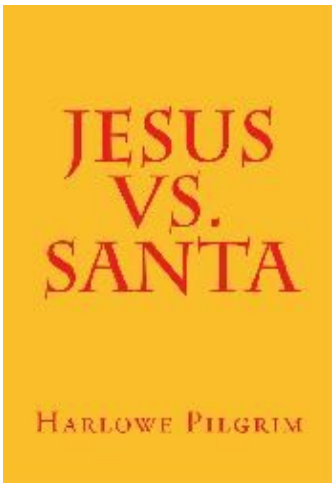
Don't Eat Me Bad

By : Harlowe Pilgrim

Itâ s a funny thing, being eaten alive.



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Itâ s a funny thing, being eaten alive.

A little mouthwork between friends with benefits is a wonderful thing, as long as everyone *comes* â ¦ back from it.

If your idea of eating me involves *your teeth* and *my blood*â then count me out. Iâ m not the least *bit* interested.

But such is life that one sometimes finds themselves in situations where they donâ t have a passed-out coedâ s say in the matter.

Like when youâ re the special guest at a vampire blood orgy (even less fun than it sounds).

Or stewing around in a cannibalâ s crock pot (whatâ s for dinner, Doc?).

Or when you go for a swim.

A swim? Whatâ s the big deal about swim?

You have to ask?

The water, boys and girls, is full of monsters that want your body. And not the way you want it to be wanted.

They want it for food.

You see, thereâ s sharks in these waters â ¦

I thought everyone on planet Earth had seen the movie Jaws by now. Come on people, do your fucking homework. Youâ ve had almost 40 years to get this doneâ stop neglecting your education.

I just saw a report of a guy whoâ d apparently neglected his own studies, and became the victim of an *unprovoked* shark attack.

Unprovoked, huh? That strikes me as a curious designation. Is that what makes the incident so awful and newsworthy? Because the swimmer didnâ t *ask for it*? So we have to admit itâ s the sharkâ s fault?

Is that supposed to be a joke, or is it just funny?

Talk about our blame-the-victim culture gone awry. Just like when some handsome young stud gets abused by a gang of horny housewives holding him at gun pointâ society seems to prefer standing up for the perpetrators. As in, â Look, kid â ¦ you canâ t go around looking like a Chippendale, and expect not to be taken advantage of. People have natural urges, you know. Girls will be girls.â

Youâ ve got to love the wildlife apologists (the poor dumb arrogant bastards), who make excuses for natureâ s sweetest, most innocent, most lethal, killing machines. Theyâ d have us believe that sharks only mistakenly attack humans they think are other sea creaturesâ ones that are listed on the official sharkbait menu.

Do you think a shark has ever said, â Sorry dudeâ I thought you were a seal. My bad.â

If I was a shark, Iâ d thank science for the free pass. Nice how the smarter we are, the dumber we are â ¦ and the intelligentsia always seems to find the best in our cold-blooded killers.

Still, I wonder just what is sufficient provocation for a shark attack to be considered â ¦justified.

Do you think a little, good old fashioned verbal abuse would do it? As in, â sticks and stones may break my bones, but call me names and Iâ ll devour youâ ?

What do you say to piss off a shark?

â Yo mommaâ s so fat, I thought she was a manatee with a dorsal fin!â

â What? You swimminâ at ME? You ainâ t nothinâ but a squishy little octopussy!â

â Bring it on, sperm whale!â

â Bite me!â

That last one seems a little risky. Ask and ye shall receive.

I guess they could just blame the guy for being made out of meat.

So, if you swim with the sharks, then sooner or later, youâ ll end up sleeping with the fishes. Itâ s as true in the water as it is on the mean streets. And since I donâ t want my remains being picked out of shark shit, you wonâ t catch me swimming anywhere near â em.

The problem with that is, sharks can smell blood from like, 3 miles away. So, I guess that splashing around in the water would be one of the rare cases when a menstruating woman is *not* your best friend. Period.

So, bring your other girlfriend on vacation with you, if you have to. Or just meet someone there. Itâ s in the interest of safety. You have the perfect excuse.

Even marriage is not a suicide pact (depending on whom you ask).

Of course, murder-by-animal could be preferable to murder-by-scorned lover. At least a sharkâ s not *trying* to make it a painful experience â ¦

A good way to avoid either of those untimely death scenarios would be to find yourself one of those new-fangled *cement ponds* to go swimming in. If you can see the bottom of the pool, and thereâ s no scary marine life down there, you should be golden.

And the little lady can turn it into the Red Sea if she wants toâ the chances of some Great White shark flopping his way into your party should be next to nil. The neighbors might be a little reluctant to join you, but hey â ¦just tell them *â donâ t worryâ the chlorine will take care of itâ* .

You never know â ¦maybe it will. If they have a problem with it, they can get their own pool.

Unless it *is* their pool.

And then *theyâ ll* want to kill you.

The moral of the story is, the world is out to get you.

Watch your ass.

And be careful whoâ s got you in their mouth.

-Harlowe Pilgrim

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