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# ANOTHER GOOGER TALE

by Chris Miller

Harry Immelman, young instructor of theoretical mathematics at City University, was awakened one night by something wet squirting in his

face. His first thought was that he must have been dreaming, but when he brought his hand to his face, he found a rivulet of warm, sticky stuff

running down his cheek. He blinked at the darkness. Was his wife playing a prank on him? He reached for her, found the other side of the bed

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empty, then remembered that Sara, a new doctor now in her residency, had been assigned the night shift at the hospital this week. Completely puzzled, he turned on the light. Other than a few wet spots on the sheet, he could see nothing out of the ordinary. Finally, shrugging, he wiped his face with a Kleenex, turned off the light, and settled his head back into his pillow.

*Splat!* What, again? Growling with annoyance, he turned on the light immediately this time. His jaw dropped. Hanging in space, about a foot in front of him, was a . . . penis. No body, not even balls, just a penis, glistening wetly and aimed straight at him, a few milky drops still oozing from its end. Harry stared at it unmoving, paralyzed by the improbability of it all. The penis, he noted, though at first fully erect, was now shrinking perceptibly. Then, without warning, it began to disappear. It disappeared from the rear forward, until just the head was still visible. Absurdly, he was reminded of the Cheshire Cat. Then the head also vanished, leaving behind one last accumulated drop, which fell warmly on his stomach.

"Yah!" cried Harry. He leapt from the bed, trembling. He felt simultaneously badly frightened and utterly disbelieving. If it weren't for the long, viscous strand of stuff hanging from his chin, he would have written off the entire experience as a bizarre nightmare. Hell, it *had* to be a nightmare. What he had just seen

—*imagined* he'd seen—could have no possible reality. Maybe . . . maybe he had come in his own face, gotten a hard-on while sleeping and had a wet dream. Sure, that had to be it. After all, his wife's nightly absences this week *had* made him incredibly horny, his appetites being what they were. He examined his penis under the lamp. It certainly didn't look recently active. Still, that must have been it. He suppressed his trembling and went to the bathroom to wash his face, feeling surer all the time about his wet dream theory. But not so sure that he didn't stop at the toolbox and bring a pair of metal shears back to bed with him. Just in case, he told himself, laying them on his night table. Climbing back under the covers, he put the other pillow over his face and tried to fall asleep.

Abruptly, there was a sharp poke in his stomach, then another, then a whole series of pokes, as if he were being attacked by a snubnosed woodpecker. He hurled the pillow away and switched on the light. Something was dancing about like a small ghost under the sheet. He tore the sheet off him and there was the penis, not *his* penis—he checked his groin to be sure—but the same disembodied one as before, only rock-hard now and plunging repeatedly into his midsection. He stared in terror, unable to move, pinned to the bed by this thrusting intruder. Suddenly, the penis made a particularly deep thrust, knocking the wind out of him, and stopped. Hot come blasted his stom-

ach and ran down his sides onto the sheet.

A scream tore from Harry's throat and he grabbed the penis with both hands. Immediately, it began to thrash and struggle. Because it was quite slippery, he had to squeeze very tightly to hold on, but hold on he did and finally, like a beached fish whose strength has ebbed at last, the penis heaved and lay still. Maintaining his grip with his right hand, Harry reached for the shears with his left. As he just touched them, the penis gave a tremendous jerk, almost tearing free of his grasp. Hastily, he brought his left hand back to join his right, knocking the shears to the floor as he did so, and held on for all he was worth. The penis subsided and lay passively in his hands.

Swallowing, he began to grope about blindly on the floor for the shears, keeping a tight, careful hold on the penis with his other hand. At last he felt them and gradually worked his fingers into the handle holes. Flesh crawling, he brought the shears slowly up, fit the penis into the V of the blades and squeezed them shut with all his might.

The penis, sliced through, dropped into his lap. The stump hung suspended before him for a frozen instant, a red disk welling blood, then vanished.

Whimpering, Harry leapt out of bed, rolled the sheets into a ball with the penis somewhere in the middle and hurled the entire bundle down the incinerator chute. He then dropped two Seconals, took a shower, remade the bed and lay beneath the covers with his eyes squeezed shut until he lost consciousness.

Harry never mentioned the grisly events of his long night to anyone, even Sara, lest he be thought crazy. In fact, when morning came, he wasn't even sure himself that any of it had really happened, except for the indisputable fact that a pair of sheets was missing. And even that could be explained by the theory that he had had a particularly powerful nightmare and, waking suddenly, imagined the sheets covered with blood and thrown them out. Hell, if *he* couldn't believe that he had sliced off a disembodied penis in the middle of the night because it had come in his face, how could he expect anyone else to? So he said nothing.

Seven years passed. Harry became a full professor, highly regarded by his colleagues and fulfilled by his work. Sara, by this time quite highly thought of in her own field, gynecology, had been hired to work for a research and development firm headed by a wealthy, quirky genius named

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"Heck, no! We're not crazy! Why? Do we look crazy?"

Max Plumb, one of whose many world-saving projects was an investigation into improved methods of birth control. Both Harry and Sara prospered. To augment their city apartment, they bought a house in the Berkshires. Life was full and good.

One night in June of '74, with the semester over and his vacation begun, Harry took Sara out to dinner at a fancy French restaurant and both consumed immoderate quantities of wine. Before the dinner had ended, they were staring lustfully at each other. In the cab on the way home, they necked like teenagers. By the time they got to their apartment, they were so ready for each other that they left a trail of clothes on the way to the bedroom. They made love long and hard, Harry entering Sara in the canine fashion, a favorite position of theirs.

Afterward, curled under Harry's arm smoking a cigarette, Sara said, "Well, unbeknownst to you, my dear, we've just given Plastic Tess her first trial run. What did you think?"

"Plastic who?" Harry was only half listening. Already he was thinking how nice it would be to start fondling again.

"Plastic Tess. You know, the new IUD I developed for Max. I've told you about it."

"Oh, Plastic Tess. Of course. Uh, you say we've just tested it?" He felt a little nervous at the notion of some imperfedcted device suddenly

making him a father. "Are you sure it works?"

"Completely sure. That's why I was willing to be my own guinea pig."

Harry smiled wickedly at his wife, whose maiden name had been Rossi. "Maybe a guinea, darling, but never a pig." Pulling her back up to her hands and knees, he scrambled around behind her and initiated a second round.

"Well, feels as good as ever," Harry told her when they were finished, "so your new gizmo is okay by me. What is a Plastic Tess, anyway? Like a copper T?" Much as he respected his wife's competence, he still wanted assurances of foolproofness.

"No, it's an entirely new concept. Most IUDs try to make sperm ineffective. The Plastic Tess gets rid of it altogether."

"Gets rid of it?" Harry was watching the rise and fall of her breasts, feeling the first rushes of renewed desire. He was hot tonight. "How is that possible?"

"Well, we don't fully understand it yet. But we know it works." She paused. "Strangely enough, I got the original idea from something you once explained to me."

"Really?" Harry stroked one of her nipples, watched it harden.

"Sure. Remember one night you told me about the Möbius strip, how it converts a one dimensional continuum into a two dimensional one?"

And how a Klein bottle makes two dimensions into three? And how, theoretically, there would be a means of applying the same principle to a three dimensional solid, transforming it into a four dimensional form called a tess . . . Harry, are you listening?"

Harry was not. Instead, he was nuzzling at her breasts. All thoughts of dimensional continuums quickly flew from Sara's head and, groaning, she slid limply down in bed and opened her legs. When Harry had excited her to a fever pitch, he mounted her and slid himself all the way in. With a small yip, Sara brought her legs up and closed her eyes. Smiling happily, Harry pushed up on his hands and, using the springs of the mattress, began to bounce himself up and down, faster and faster, until he was plunging in and out of her like a piston. When she unleashed her scream of orgasm, he thrust himself as deeply into her as he could go and came like a skyrocket.

Abruptly, something seized his penis and held it in a grip of steel.

Harry gasped. "Hey, Sara, stop it! Let go!" He pulled as hard as he could, but the grip only tightened.

"What are you talking about?" Sara's eyes were wide with alarm. "I'm not doing anything."

Harry stopped pulling and stared at her. "I'm stuck! It's got to be the IUD!"

"The IUD? But that's impossible! Harry, it couldn't possibly . . . look, I'll relax myself completely. Try again to pull out."

Harry gathered his strength and gave his hips a tremendous yank. For a second, he thought he felt himself begin to pull free. But only for a second. Then he felt himself grabbed more tightly than ever. "Sara," he said hoarsely, quite frightened now, "what is a Plastic Tess? How does it work?"

"Well, I was trying to tell you. Max got one of his topologists to apply the principle of the Möbius strip and Klein bottle to a three dimensional forin, making it four dimensional, then miniaturized it to fit inside a vagina. . . ."

"A tesseract!" hissed Harry. "A Plastic Tess is a miniaturized tesseract!"

"Right. And when the semen passes through the Plastic Tess, it moves from a three to a four dimensional continuum and vanishes. As I said, we don't fully understand where it goes yet, but since the fourth dimension is . . ."

"Time!" cried Harry Immelman.

"Oh, no! Oh my God, no!"

"Darling, what is it?"

Harry screamed. □



"Oh, oh — the Vaccines."