

HUMOR

The boiling point

The accidental fetishist

Right now I'm wearing a diaper. No, it's not a fetish, it's a medical necessity. Perhaps I'd better explain.

It all started with this boil that, for some unknown reason, decided my crotch was a nice, friendly place to take up residence. I can't say I blame it; I like to think of my groin as a warm, welcoming spot—but only if you've bought me a drink first.

For those of you who've never experienced a boil, imagine a pimple the size of a pingpong ball. Now imagine it in the space between your genitals and your anus. Now imagine trying to walk. It's like having a third testicle—a horribly painful testicle from an evil, alien universe.

Deciding there wasn't enough room down there for both of us, I went to the emergency room to have the evil boil lanced.

Now, I'm a good patient. I bring my own magazines, and I don't even mind the backless gown. But when my blond, tan, muscled doctor swept in, I began to panic. I took one look at the soul patch, the beaded necklace and, most importantly, the naked ring finger, and my gaydar went off in such a big way it shorted out some poor guy's heart monitor down the hall.

Normally I wouldn't object to a gorgeous stranger asking for a closer look at my groin, but the lighting in the emergency room is so unflattering.

Regardless, Dr. Hottie no sooner had me on my back with my legs apart when he asked if he could stick his finger up my ass. He gave me the medical reason for the inspection, but I was too preoccupied imagining our tasteful little wedding in Vermont.

"This might hurt a little," he said as he put on the rubber glove.

"That's what you think," I replied.

He didn't get it. Guess he was a straight boy after all.

"Just remember, Doc," I added, "any gold or diamonds you find in there are mine."

Foreplay completed, Dr. Hottie proceeded with the S/M part of our session. I'll spare you the painful details of lancing a boil and packing it with gauze, but suffice to say it involves a raw, open wound and a very sharp object. It was like root canal but near a different root.

Explaining that my boil would have to drain for several days, Dr. Hottie suggested I wear an adult diaper to keep from ruining my clothes, then handed me something that looked like it was from Gandhi's new fall line.

I went straight to the grocery store to fill a prescription for painkillers and to find a

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



diaper that didn't make my butt look so big. Sauntering bowlegged down the aisle like I was John Wayne ready to rid Junction City forever of Black Bart and his gang, I noticed a chic senior citizen in a tailored suit and Hermes scarf breeze past the diaper shelf. Without even slowing down, she reached for a package with a beautifully manicured hand and tossed it into her cart nonchalantly as if to say: "So I piddle in my pants. Big deal." Figuring this woman would only wear the most fashionable diapers, I bought the same ones. (The package did say "unisex," after all.) But when I got home, I discovered they looked like a pair of pleated bloomers from a Merchant-Ivory movie, complete with lace trim.

I spent the next day lying on the couch in my 19th century pantalettes, unable to move because of the pain. As I struggled to get up to pee, an idea suddenly occurred to me: "Hey, wait a minute," I thought.

"I'm wearing a diaper. I don't have to get up." So I piddled in my pants. Big deal.

But I did it for you, dear readers, because that's the kind of sacrifice I make for my art. For those of you who haven't soiled yourselves in a while, I can honestly say it was not an entirely disgusting experience. In fact, it felt pleasantly warm at first; if I wiggled my hips, it was like having a Jacuzzi in my pants.

More importantly, however, I've gained significant insights into the diversity of our community. I now understand you fetishists out there, particularly those of you who like being peed on. And what better way to understand piercing than to have someone stick a sharp object in a sensitive place?

Yes, I've learned firsthand something very important I shall never forget: You people are completely wacko.

And that, my friends, is The Gospel According to Marc. **JA**

Syndicated writer MARC ACITO is accepting get-well wishes at marcacito@attbi.com.



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