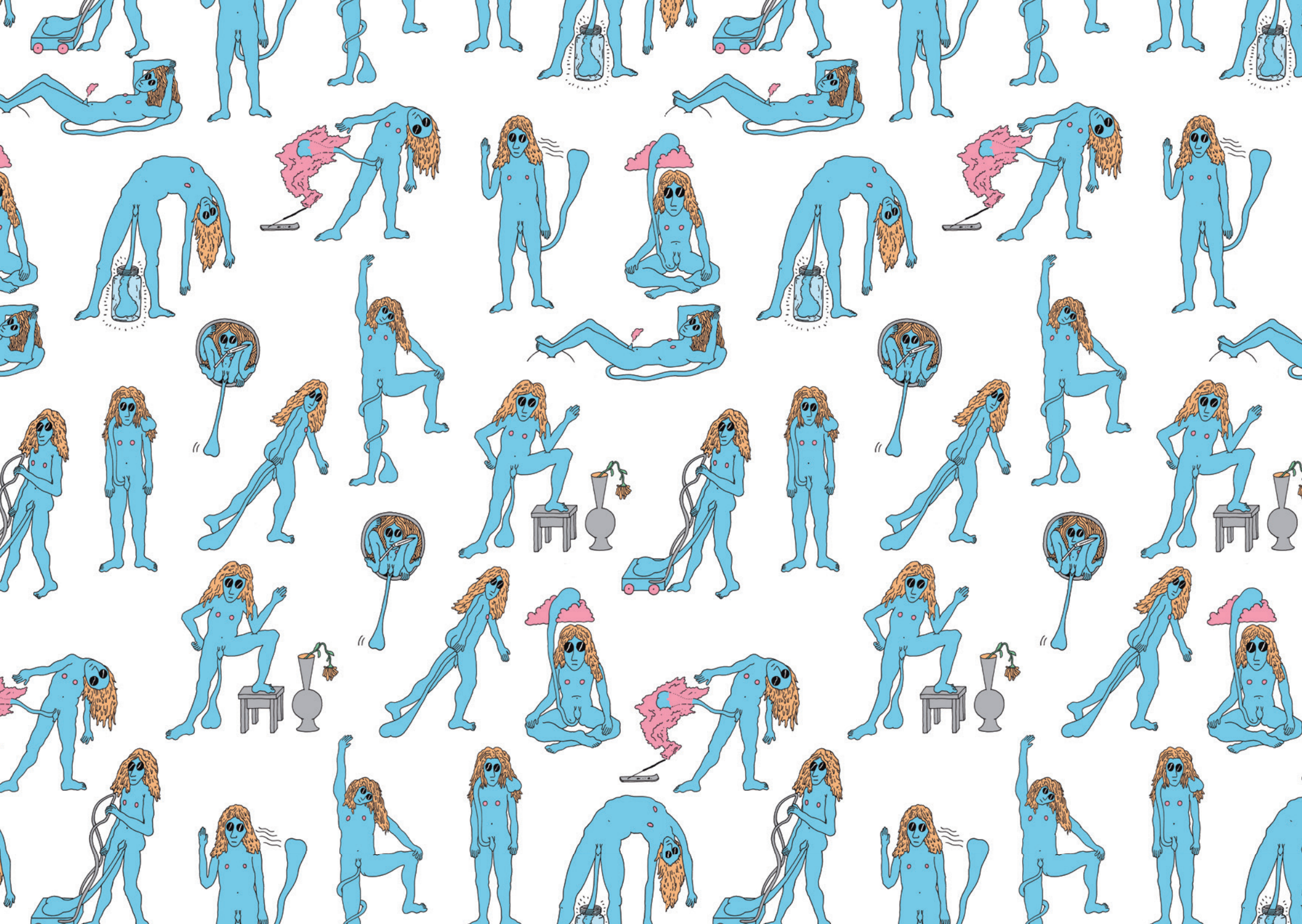


COSMIC LIMPNESS



**TODD
BARTON**



MY QUEST FOR COSMIC LIMPNESS

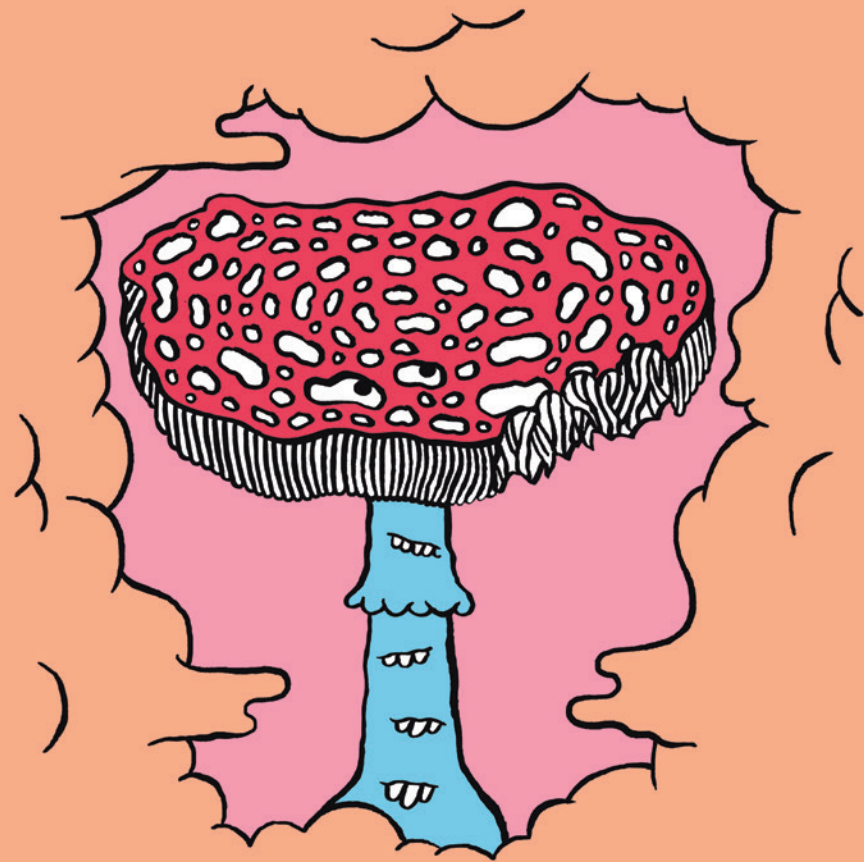
a cautionary tale

written & illustrated by

Jody Barton

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MY QUEST FOR
**COSMIC
LIMPNESS**

**TODD
BARTON**



Monitor
your own
Limpness
in
Real Time
on your
Smart
Watch*

* Gameplay
monitoring
requires the
Phalometric
accessory.

...another day wasted on
the addictive Danglebobs
smartphone game, and still no
nearer the limpness hall of fame.

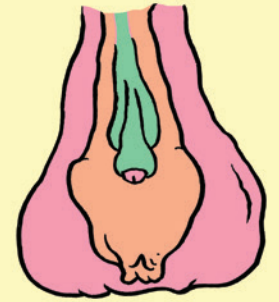
I scrutinised the high-scoring low-danglers forlornly, then donned my costume ready for the party.



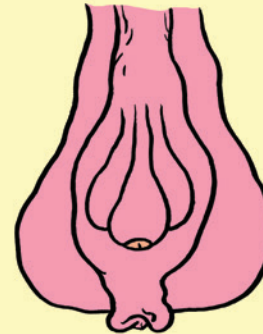
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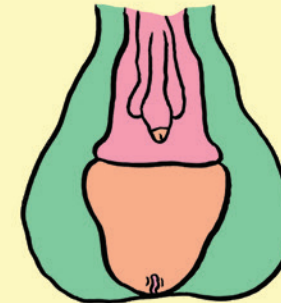
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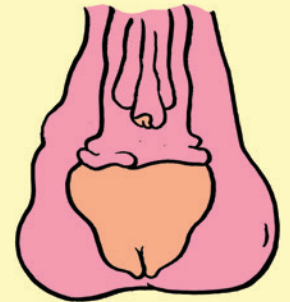
81176,380



66,541,203



9,775,258



8,731,657



8,163,006



7,644,301



6,392,512



5,599,741



487,497



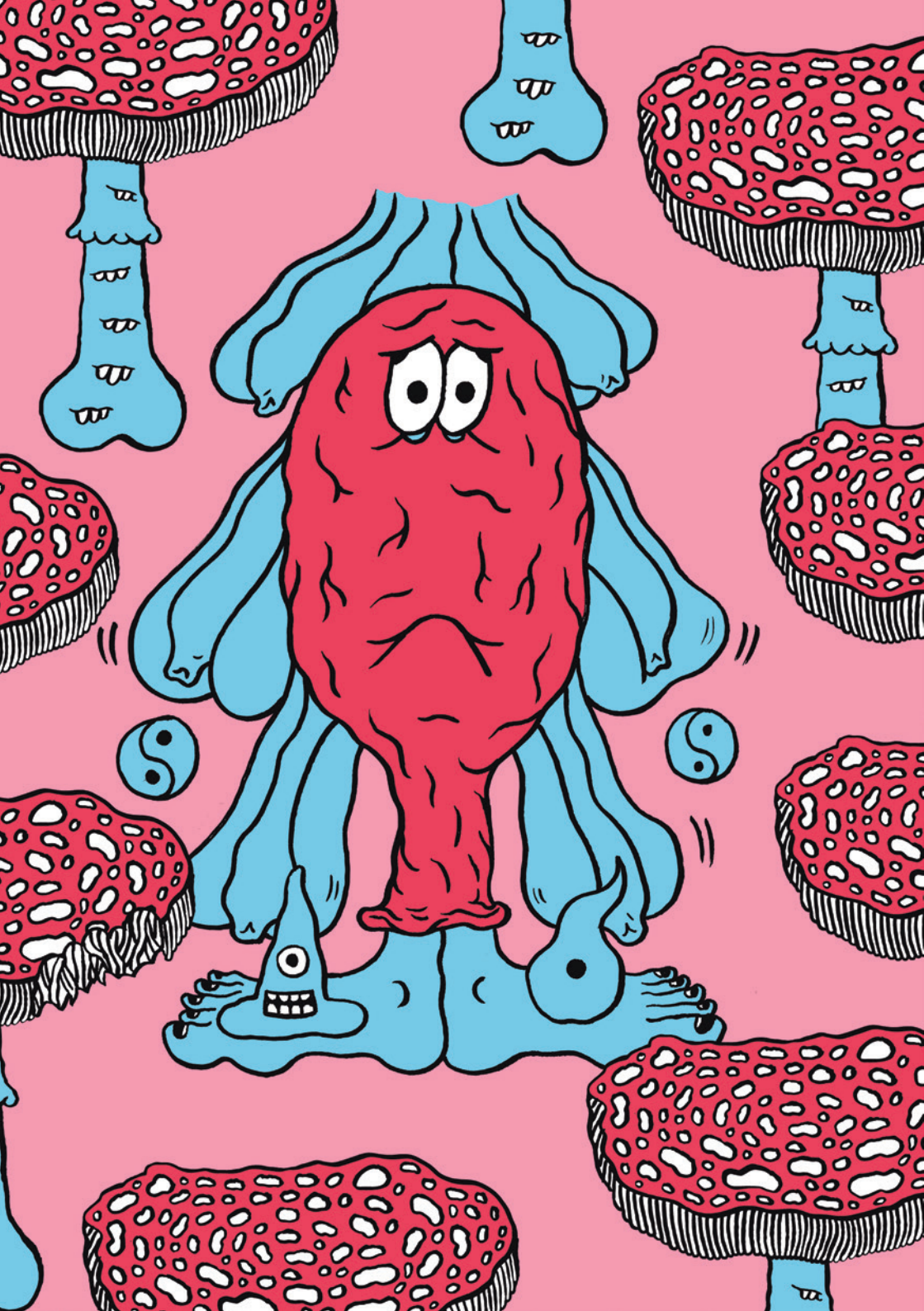
478,311



330,858



288,766



Soon after arriving, I was overwhelmed by the jostling crowd. Each deflating balloon seemed to mock my own unreliable limpness.

I cowered in the corner, my 'Galileo as
Mooncock' costume askew. It seemed like
EVERYONE was limper than me...

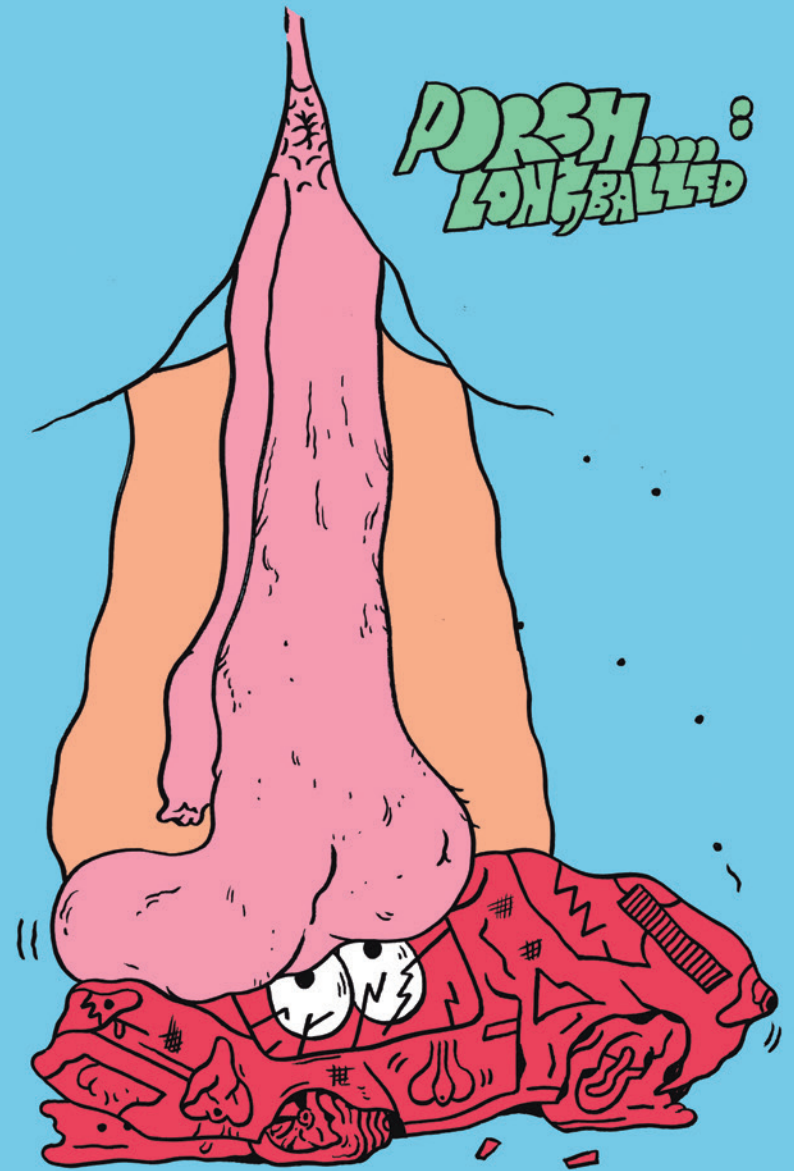
I dashed, in shame, to my 4-wheeled man
sanctum (Turbo)





Inside I felt a modicum of
comfort, but still, a vague sense
of tumescence was inevitable as I
gunned the engine - the shame.

At first the vehicle had symbolised renewed purpose. However, now it really only served to magnify my body's desirous urges further.





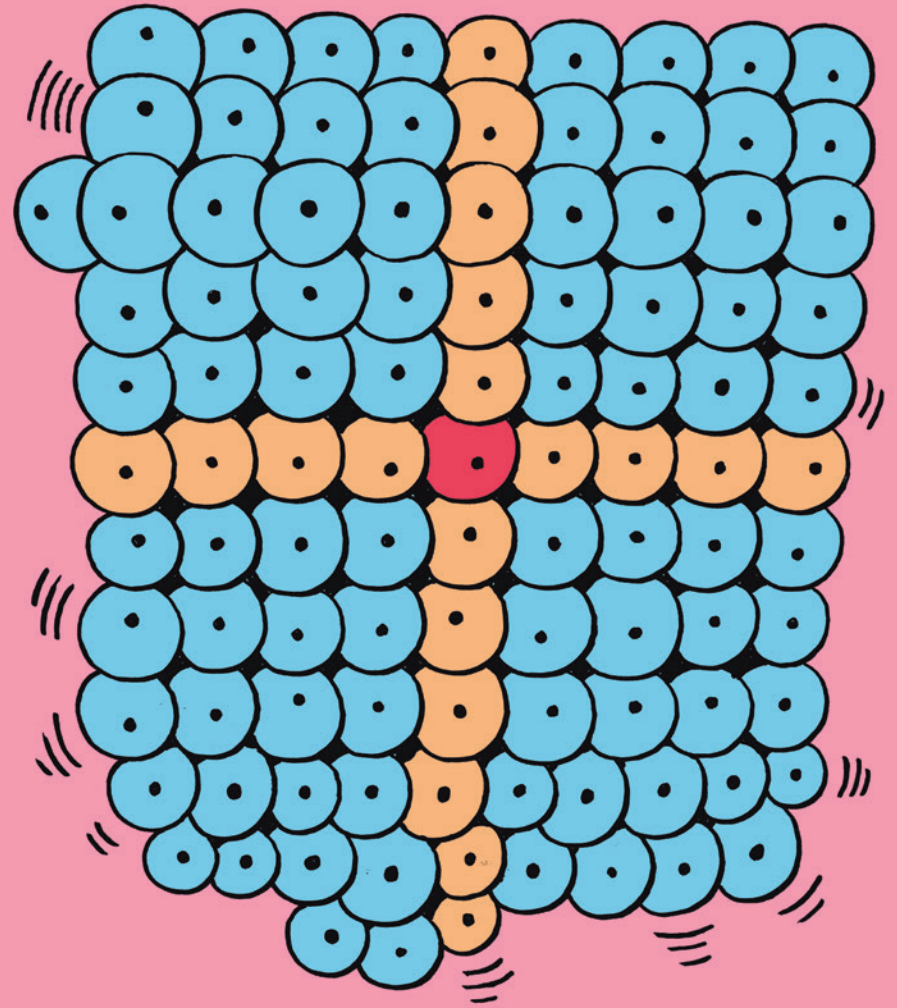
Once home, and unable to sleep,
I ran a bath. The cocktail of
hallucinogens I had absorbed earlier
saw its chance for dominance.

The mounting bubbles became a
quisling wall of eyes.

Those darting pupils seemed to represent a kind of lifetime Excel spreadsheet of all the lusting or disgusted looks I'd ever received.

Oh the endless shame and inflammation.

Red eye-cell E5 in particular stared into my very soul.





Nausea overcame me and I
puked athletically - consumed by
the intense conviction that I was
ejaculating into the star-filled
void inside a wizard's hat.

Eyes hurriedly closed against the horror, I had a vision of myself on a political march of some kind - 'The Orgasm would finally be Free' and we would all be 'Friends in Joy'.

A stylized, hand-drawn graphic of the text 'FREE THE ORGASM'. 'FREE THE' is written in orange, blocky letters with a flame-like top on the 'F'. 'ORGASM' is written in blue, blocky letters below it. The entire graphic has a thick black outline.

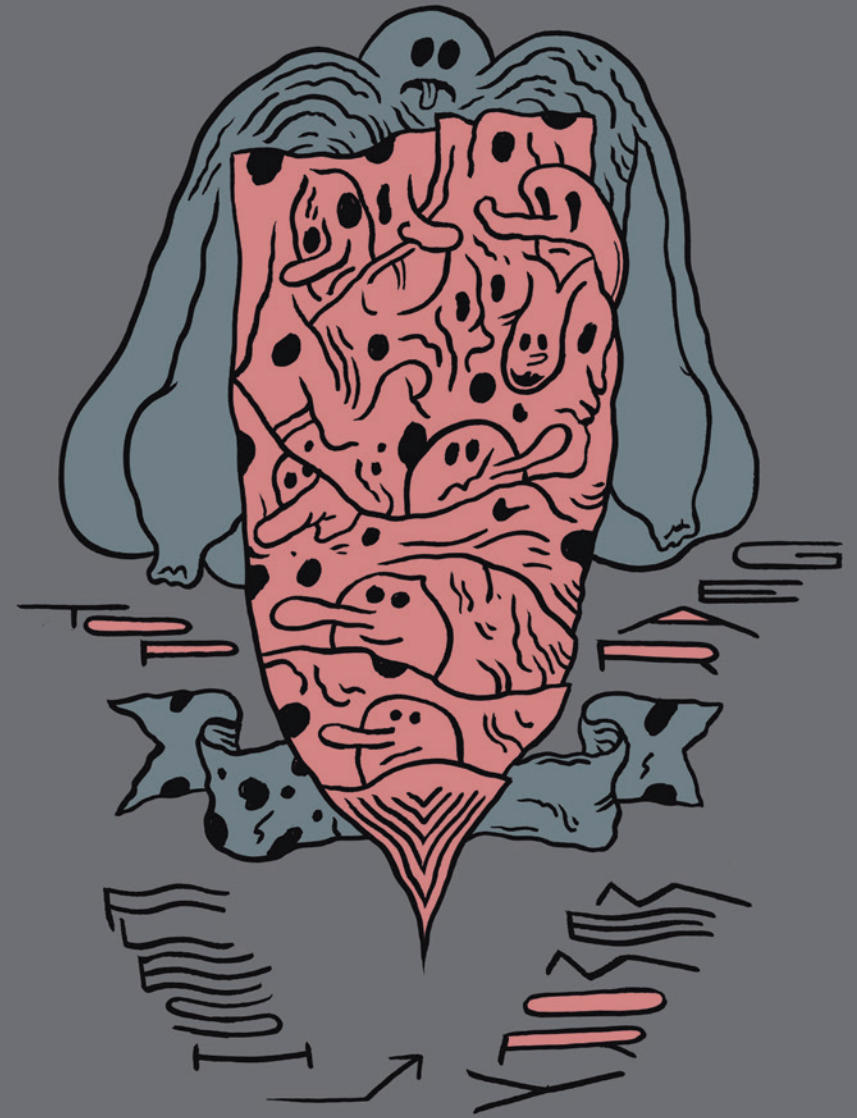
A stylized, hand-drawn graphic of the text 'DONT LET SCAPITALISM STEAL YOUR ORGASM'. 'DONT LET SCAPITALISM STEAL YOUR' is written in orange, blocky letters. 'ORGASM' is written in blue, blocky letters below it. The entire graphic has a thick black outline and is flanked by double parentheses on both sides.

A stylized, hand-drawn graphic of the text 'ORGASM ANXIETY'. 'ORGASM' is written in blue, blocky letters. 'ANXIETY' is written in orange, blocky letters below it. The entire graphic has a thick black outline and is surrounded by small lightning bolt symbols.



As they marched, crisp coatings of sugary resin spackled and glossed the crackling chests and hanging thighs of a group of cheerful protesters until they exactly resembled a huddle of sickly golden doughnuts.

Then a leaden darkness closed in,
and I felt sure that BBC Television's
'Top Gear' was to blame for
everything.





My eyes sprang open and filmy wings sprung
from my *penis in the foam* - which like
the mayfly, lived mostly in the larval stage -
emerging unbidden for its tilts at glory.

A leaking patchouli bathroom spray had
odorised the whole absurd cascade of
thoughts. Gasps of the pinkish vapour
still floated in the tumid air as I lay awake
and frozen, shaking in the grey dawn.





After that night, the scent of patchouli
haunted and enchanted me. It
encircled like a scarf, winding tighter
and tighter around my neck.

The powerful perfume controlled my every thought and action and after many diversions and delays it led me at last, to India.





Once there I learned of a pungent
'Special Pink' made from the freshest
Kashmir patchouli and rare dung
from the yak foothills of Tibet. I was
determined to experience it.

Before long it was to taint every item in
my backpack.

I joined the Patchouli Passivity Temple
and tried to follow the Fragrant Lord
Passiva on His journey to Cosmic
Enlimpness, which He had attained
some 3500 years previously.





Devotees were taught to believe that there was a simple solution to all humanity's problems. It combined universal nudity and really really dangly balls.

How much better would my fellow searchers look, I pondered, if they hadn't spent a lifetime gorging on pig paste and slaughterhouse strimmings?

They had paunches like flat tyres and ballbags like snooker pockets.



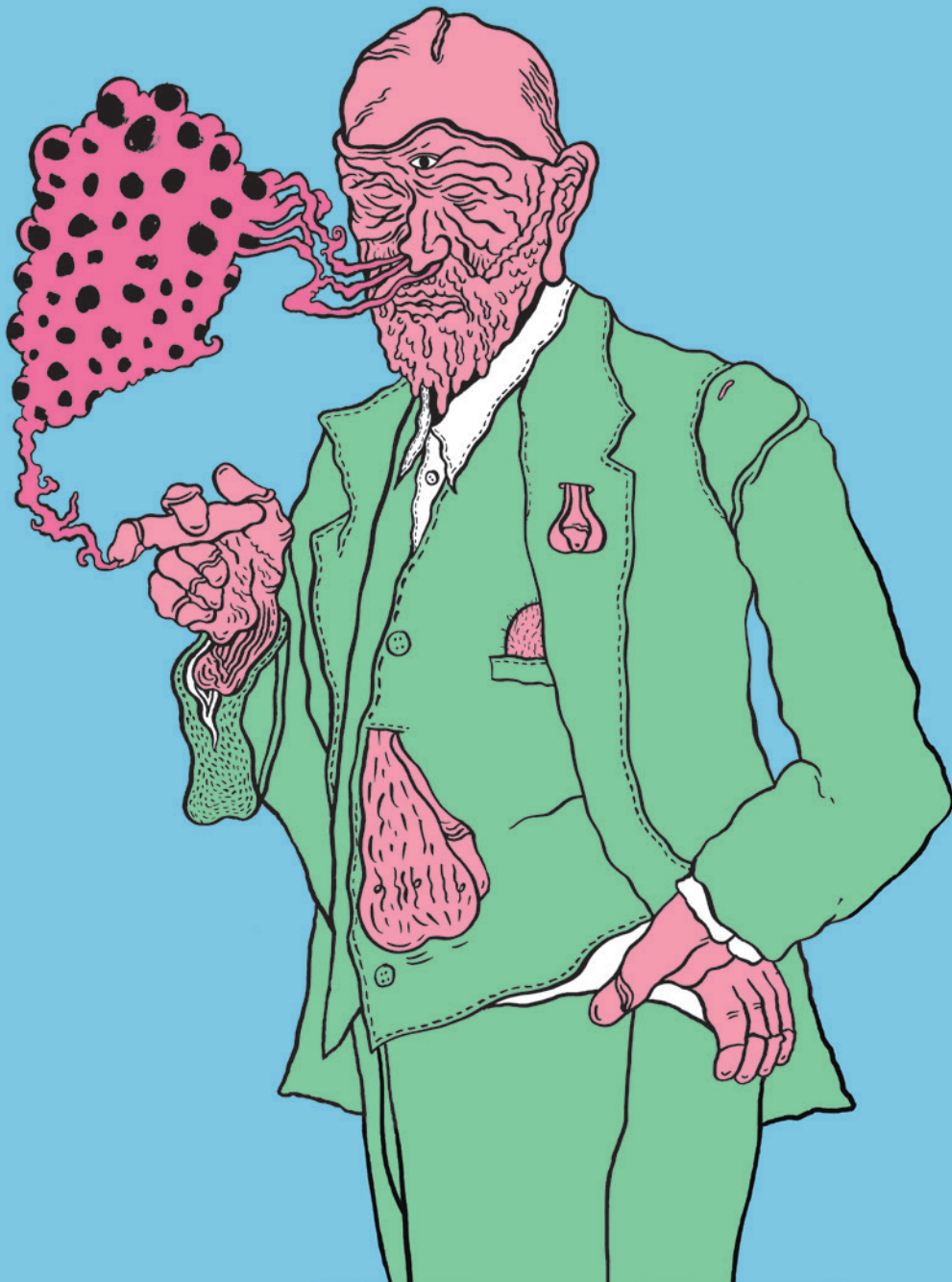


When young they'd spent their lives on fun and now they spent their age on wisdom - and although they were neither young, fun or very wise, their limpness did inspire me.

More than I dared admit.

Some of these senior dangles even believed it possible, at the instant of their own demise, to eject their souls from the penis eye as a puff of pure patchouli.





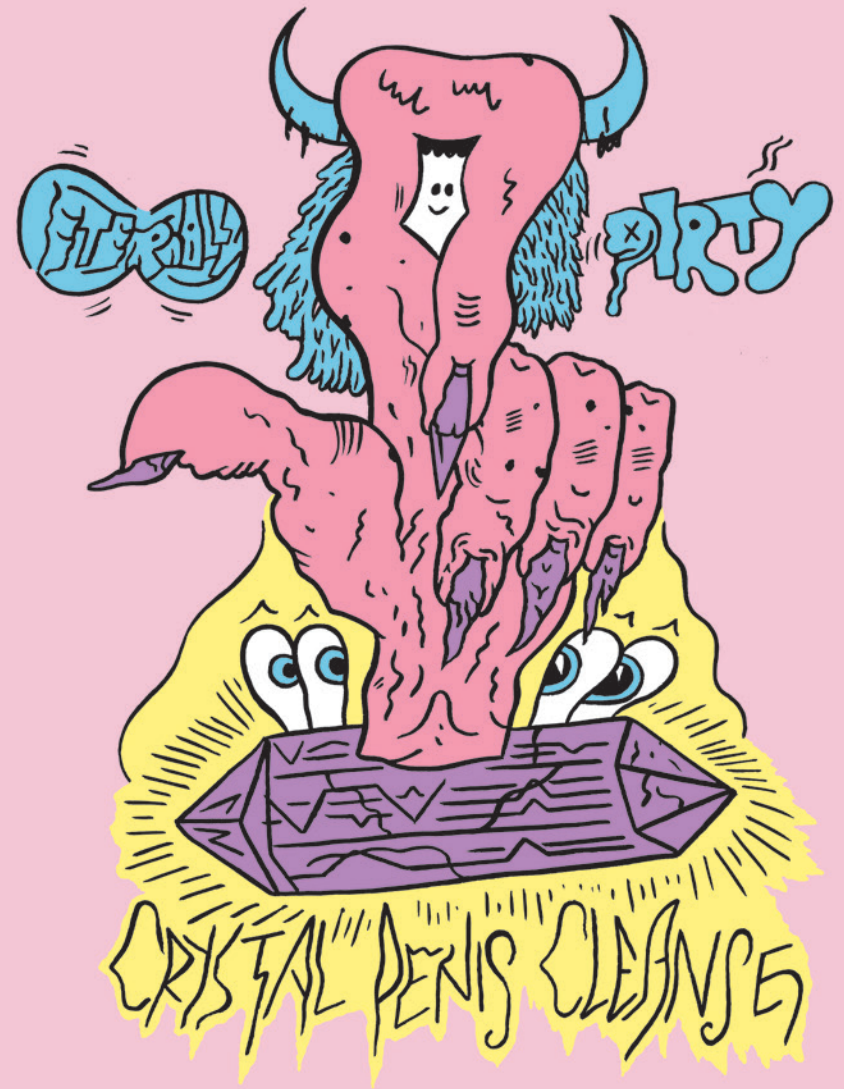
But had I absorbed too much of the rhetoric of Freudian psychoanalysis to attain this divine limpness?

Only a series of invasive tests on my sense of personal metaphor would reveal the truth.

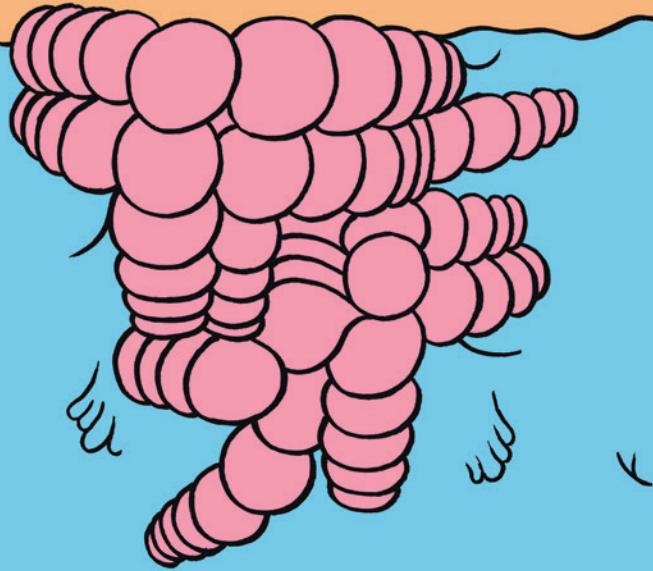
Soon the results were in...

I was a stiff. A real jerk.

A devotee snapped on a pair of surgical gloves from a bowl of pink talc before making passes with the crystal wand that would supposedly make me 'clean again' down there.



SWIM



NAKED

Renewed or not, it was certainly refreshing to swim afterwards in the cold sea, with its cocktail of antidepressants, hormones and organophosphates.

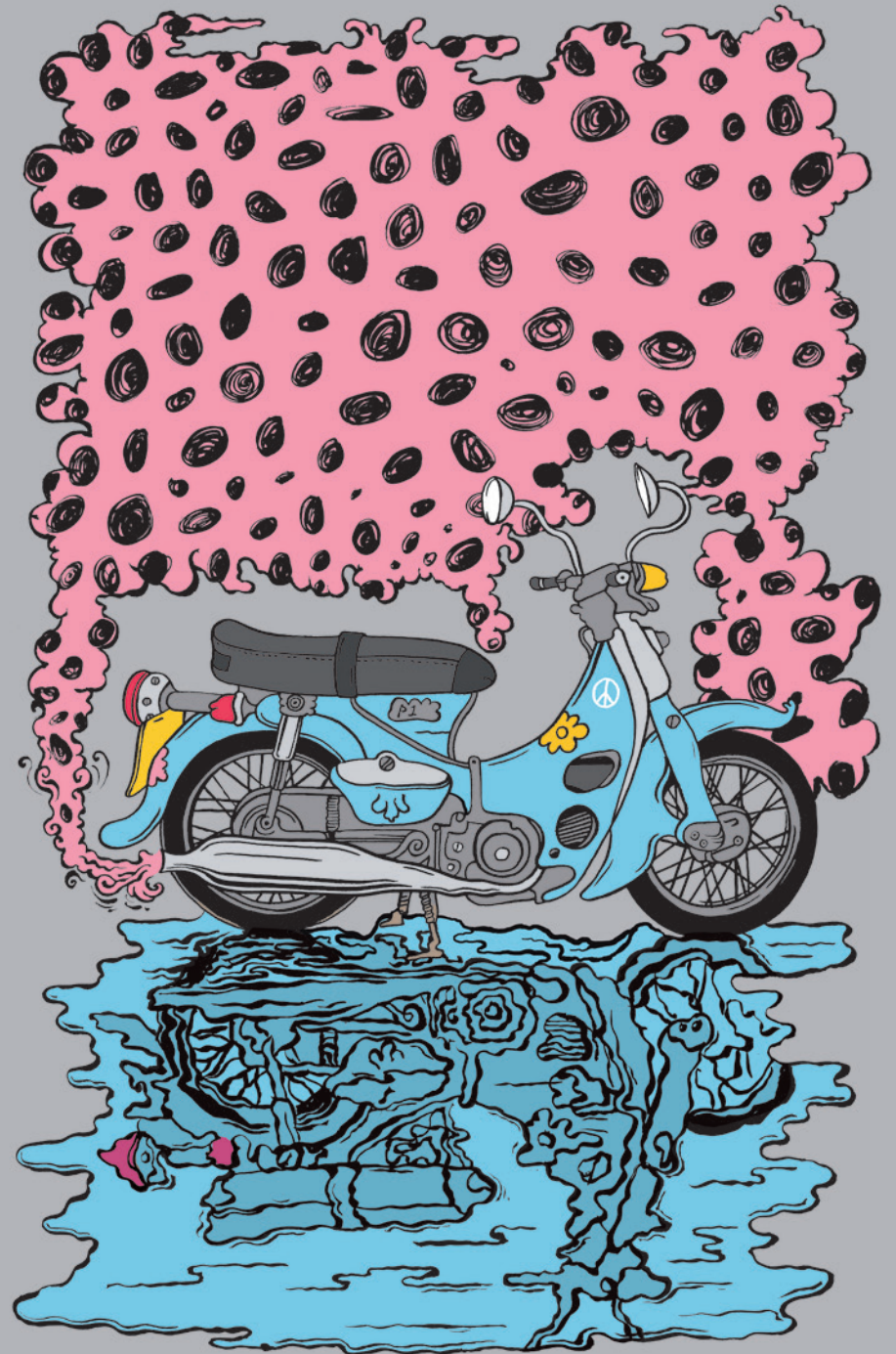
Some devotees, believing the answer lay in nature's pharmacopia, used ancient plant medicines to affect the fragrant flaccidity they idolised.

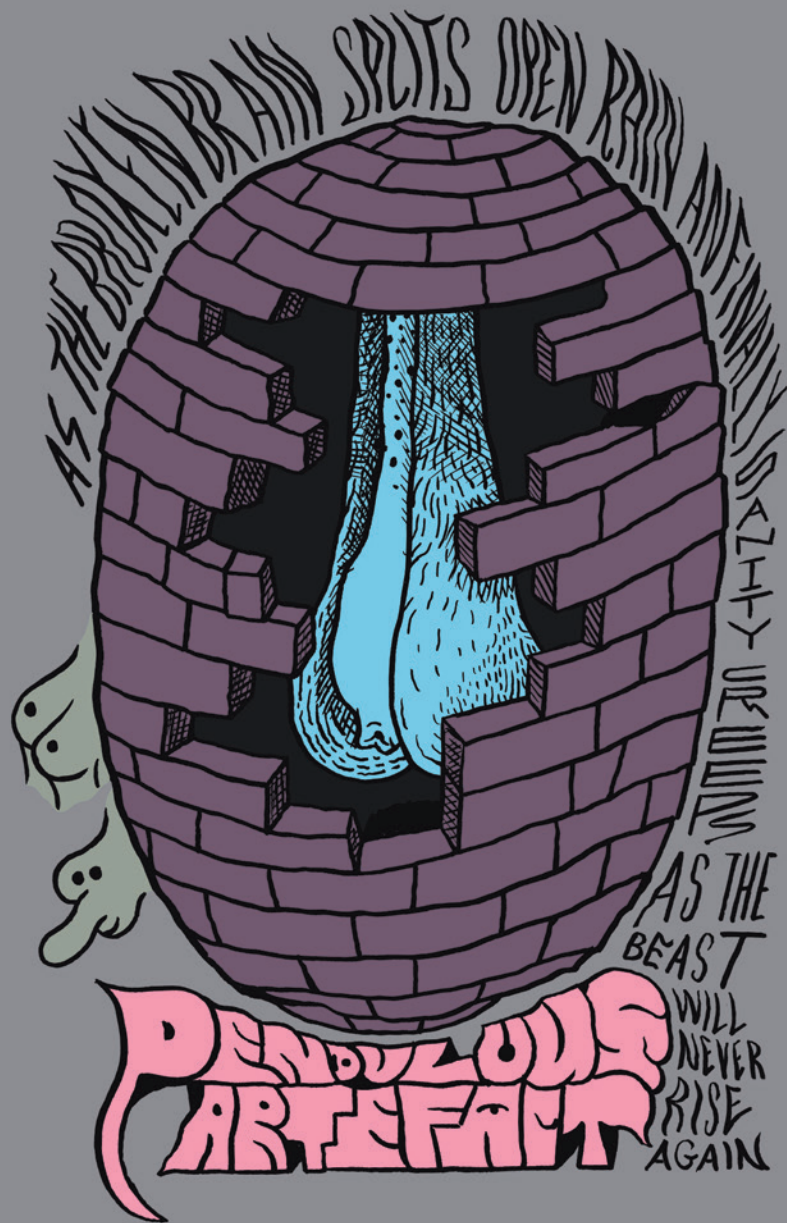




Once temporarily attained,
they'd celebrate this looseness
with extraordinary feats.

Nude scientists who resided at the temple had even engineered a moped solely fueled by patchouli oil. An entirely more fitting mode of transport for the slack-balled gentleman with its featherbed suspension and extra long seating unit.

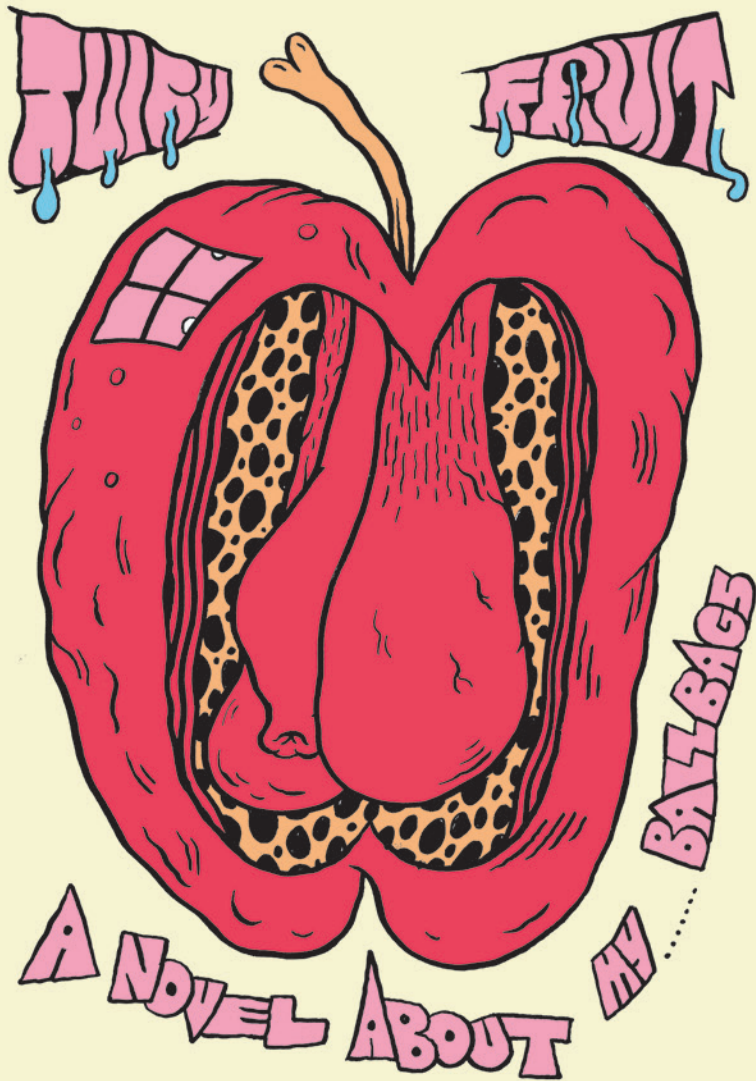




It was all very inspirational, but there was a general feeling among the inmates that only advanced old age could really rescue them from turgidity. There was a lot of talk of 'the last erection' - when would it be?

In the end, like a lot of the others, I realised I was just passing through. My final destination lay elsewhere.



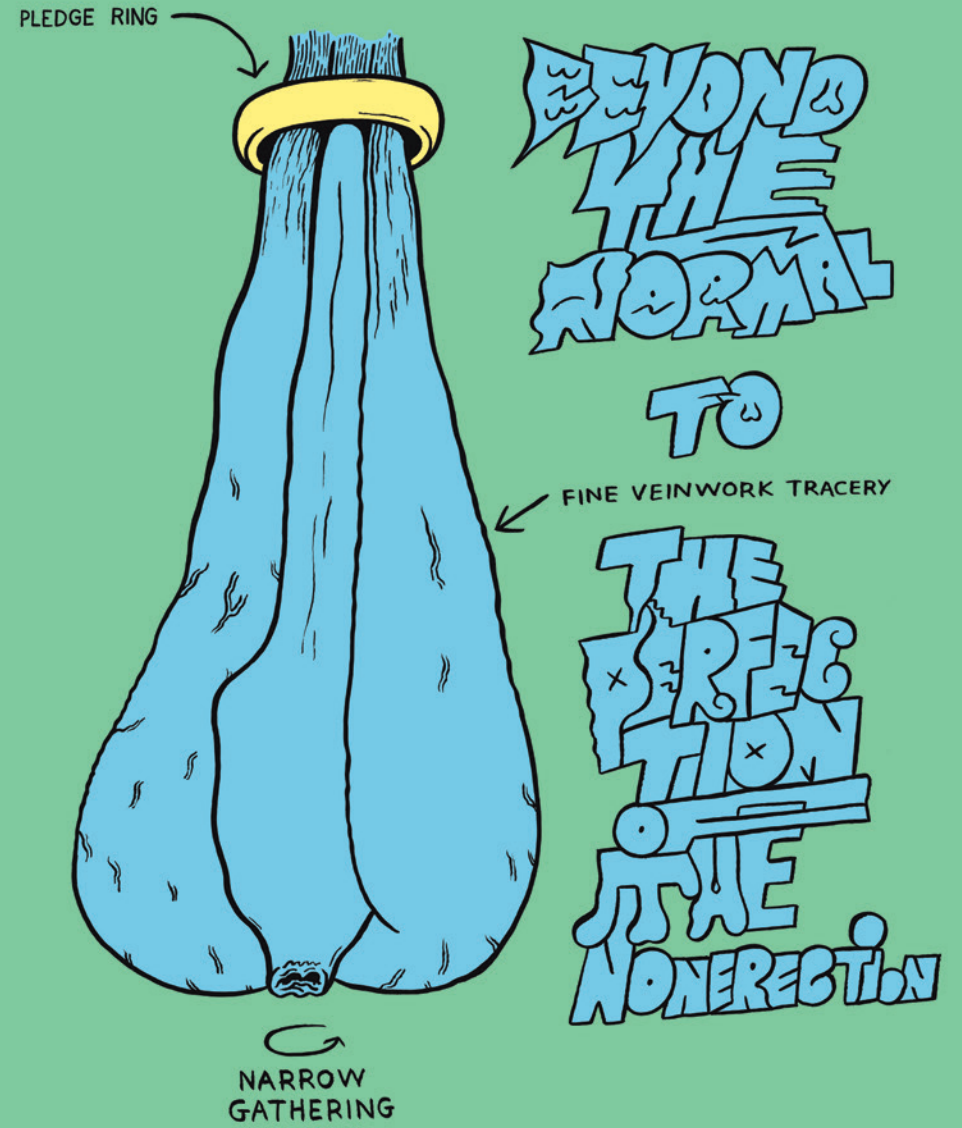


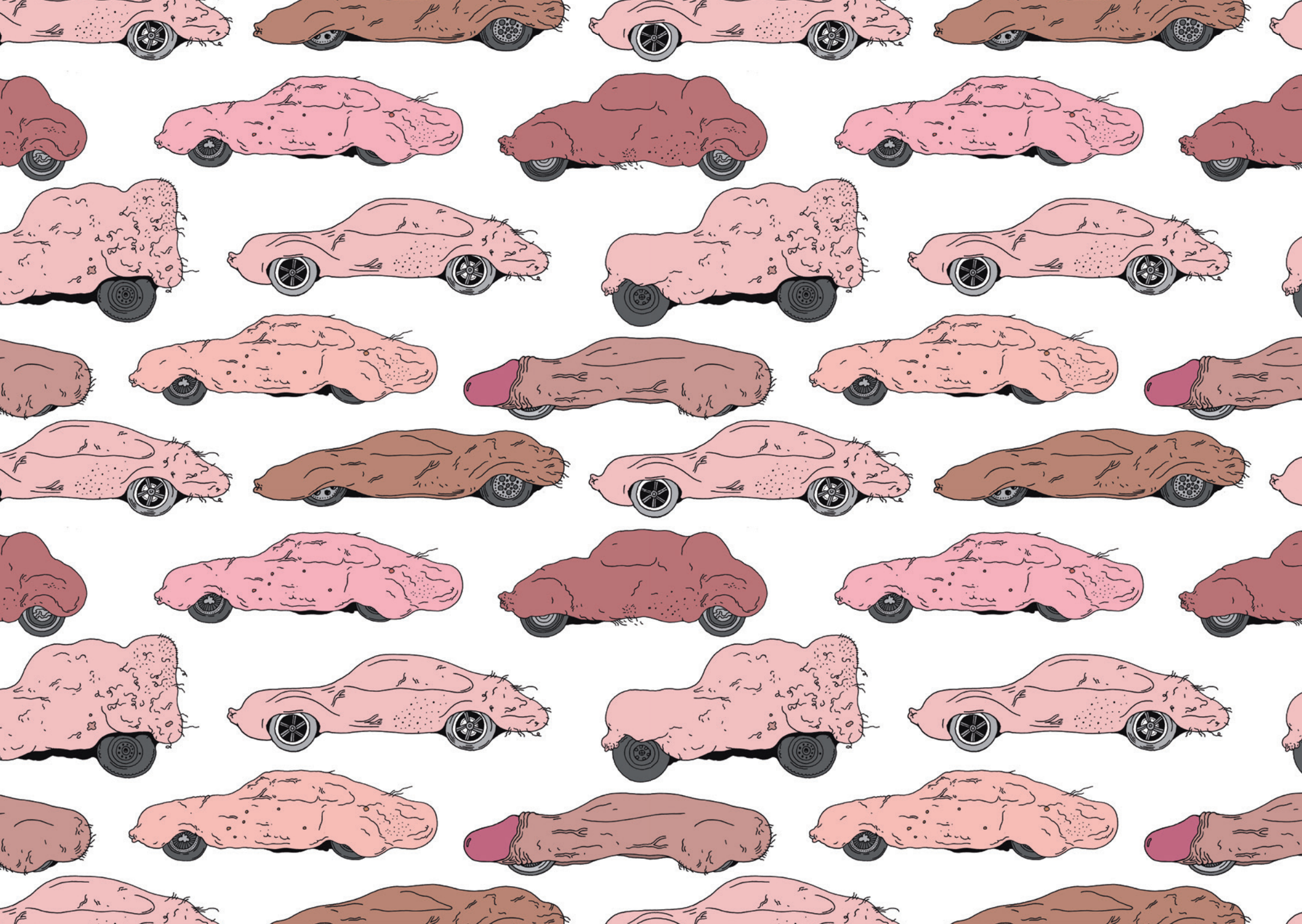
What did I have to show for my time
crouching, bending and dangling in the
pungent smoke with dangling blokes?

The rough draft of my soon to be
bestselling midlife crisis novel.

I returned home to meet my publisher
and burn my rucksack.

The End





ADVERTISEMENT

ATTAIN COSMIC LIMPNESS



WITH **PATCHOULI PASSIVITY**

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