

# Rape is Love

by Shaun Partridge

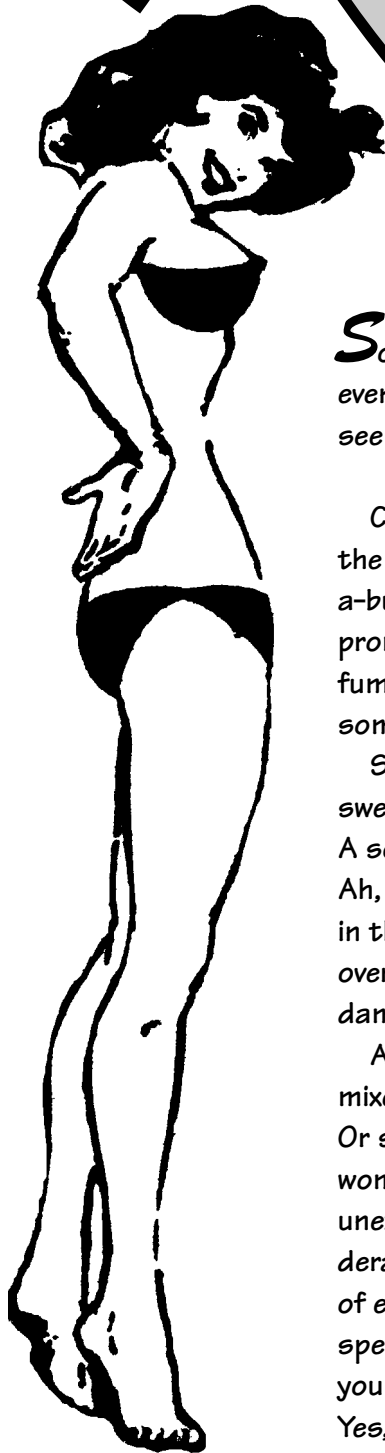
*S*ome enchanted evening, you may see a stranger...

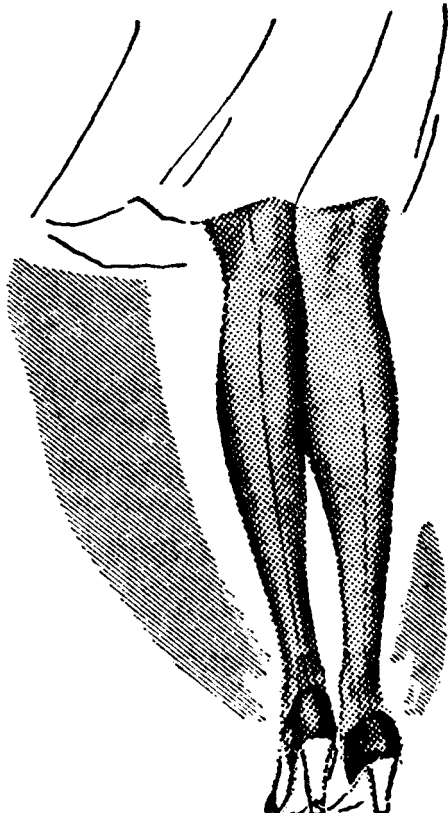
Crickets humming, the smell of wooden stoves a-burnin', a crystal-clear, promise-filled night. Car keys fumbling in hand, you hear something behind you.

Suddenly, a tall, dark stranger sweeps you off your feet. A scream shatters the stillness. Ah, yes, two ships passing in the night. The night will be over in the morning, but the damage is forever!

Ah, what a crazy, wonderful, mixed-up emotion—love! Or should I say rape? When a woman gets raped, it is an unexpected pleasure. A delightful derailment from the monotony of everyday life! It's when that special someone who admires you from afar says, "Hey, you! Yes, you—YOU ARE MINE!!!"

Whether she's young or old, rape is a cherished event in any gal's life. Heck, my mom was raped once, and she's a better person for it. It shows, it really does. And hey, homely gals need lovin', too. The best advice I can give you broads would be to loiter in dark, desolate parking lots and other unpatrolled areas. Trust me—it works! I know, I know—some busybodies go around whining about how horrible rape is, how it's hatred directed at women. Hatred directed at women? Good night, nurse!!! What the hell are these skirts going on about? If these guys hated them so much, I don't think they'd be balling them. I think they'd be killing them. Dig?





FACT: Most rapes go unreported. Why? It's as simple as a subhuman—those babes loved every second.

FACT: When she says no, she means yes. She's just playing hard-to-get, gents.

FACT: Rape is emotionally and sexually satisfying for both partners. Some people say that the woman doesn't enjoy it—whatta load of malarkey! If she isn't enjoying it, why is she screaming so much?

FACT: When a female rape victim makes love to her husband or boyfriend, she will conjure the image of her assailant. She will fantasize that her lover is the man who gave it to her and gave it to her good!

Face the FACTS—the main reason that so many females denounce rape is simply because they're not getting any. They're jealous and horny, with clits the size of golf balls. I am woman, hear me whine. I am woman, watch me grovel. I am woman, watch me beg for worth, the worth which can only be found in a fat, swollen cock! Rape is mm-mm-good!

Women, like roadside drinking fountains, are there for everybody's use. Go ahead—take a sip! There's nothing like a big ol' buxom bimbo with "Victim" written all over her dull-witted mug! Hey, tits—kiss the Rod, and I don't mean McKuen.

Rape assures women that they're still sexually alluring, that they still "have it." I mean, can you imagine how crestfallen a tit-sac would feel if she got dolled-up all nice and asking-for-it and didn't get any?

But she'll get some. Women have been getting balled, beaten, punched, and drilled in the ass since the beginning of time. And I don't reckon it's gonna change any time soon. Rape is the world's oldest pastime. And fellas, can you think of a nicer way to spend your free time? ■

