

## *PURPLE TOES*

**Stu**

“Is this great or what!?”

I always wondered why Stu said “or what” at the end of all his questions, but I had to agree with him - it was great. There was nothing like chopping wood on a crisp, snow covered, December afternoon in New England. Life always seemed so easy when I was out in the woods working with Stu. Sure, he had an irritating way about him, but we’ve all got faults. I’ll guarantee you one thing; the man sure could chop wood.

As we worked the day away, I let my mind wander aimlessly. I thought about my wife, music, success, my first sexual encounter, baseball, the meatball subs over at Tony’s Sub Shop, and other similar vital subjects. I honestly don’t think I could have felt any better, but a nasty twist of fate awaited me. I was in the middle of a back swing ready to split a log when Stu yelled, “Hey Charlie, is that amazing or what?”

I guess I must have jerked my head up as I began the violent down-swing of my well-sharpened ax. I saw a lovely doe gracefully striding through a picturesque cluster of snow-covered pine trees. It was an absolutely captivating sight. Unfortunately, my joy was short-lived – extremely short-lived! Within a mere second, I felt an excruciating jolt of fierce pain rapidly dart through my entire body. It hurt like hell! I quickly fell on what felt like a large soft pillow and noticed a deep red cloud eerily seeping outward from my severely aching foot through the cotton white snow. The initial jolt of pain was overwhelming, I don’t think I could have felt any worse.

### **Mrs. Gray**

Now in a highly confused state of mind, I immediately found myself lying on my back in a coffin-like wooden box. Being extremely claustrophobic, I was overcome with enormously intense anxiety as the walls of the box slowly moved inward and squeezed up against my body. I was squirming frantically when my frightening sixth-grade teacher Mrs. Gray leaned over the top of the box, eerily stared down at me, and chastised me. “Mr. Cullen, you and your goofball friends made my life miserable at Our Lady of Perpetual Help. If you had brains you’d be dangerous. This is your payment for your evil ways.”

Wide eyed and in extreme panic mode, I desperately tried to beg that inherently mean woman to help me. But, to my surprise, I was unable to speak which further freaked me out. Mrs. Gray disappeared for a moment, then reappeared holding a large rectangular piece of plywood. With a sinister smile on her face, she slowly placed the piece of wood on top of the box resulting in complete darkness for me. I was freaking out as I heard her nailing the cover down. I again attempted to scream for help, but it was as if someone hit the mute button on my vocal cords. I was experiencing a maddening level of frustration.

### **Mr. Nolan**

Several minutes later, I heard someone prying the board on top of the box. I was still squirming in fear when a sharp bolt of light hit me in my eyes. Then another familiar face peaked in and asked if I was okay. It was Mr. Nolan, my boss during my high school job at his tool rental store. He reached out his hand which I grabbed frantically and sat up. I managed to work my way out of the confines of the box and said, “Thank you Mr. Nolan.”

“No problem. Are you okay?” he responded.

“I’m pretty shook up. That was bizarre. I hate tight spaces.”

Mr. Nolan pointed off in the distance and then led me toward a large country home about 100 yards in front of us. I was feeling a bit tranced because of the recent series of surrealistic events I just experienced, so I closed my eyes for a moment. When I opened them, he was gone and I mystically found myself lying naked and wrapped in a blanket on a couch. I was surrounded by a bunch of people who were dressed formally in gowns and tuxedos. They standing around drinking, talking and listening to music oblivious to my presence. I was in a massive white room that had a light fog-like haze. The ceiling was insanely high and the room was encircled by a bunch of imposing gray statues of people with no heads wearing togas. I was desperately trying to figure out how I could escape and find some clothes.

### **Mr. Warden**

I then looked up and my old high school football coach Mr. Warden was leaning over me looking seriously pissed off. He yanked the blanket off of me and threw a red sweatsuit at me. “Put these on asshole.”

The next I knew I was standing outside in the cold with Mr. Warden who just silently stared at me with disgust.

“Is everything okay Mr. Warden? Can I go back inside? I’m freezing out here.”

“No everything is not okay Charlie. I’m still pissed off at you for quitting the team to start your pathetic garage band.”

“Hey, we weren’t that bad. I thought we did some quality Beatles covers.”

“You and your band sucked.”

Mr. Warden then aggressively tackled me and held me down on the ground. It was awful and I couldn’t get away.

## Miss Parker

I'm not exactly sure how it happened, but Mr. Warden disappeared and I felt a warm, euphoric sensation oozing through my entire body. It was an odd, yet very welcoming feeling. I somehow wound up in an indoor, heated swimming pool with Miss Parker my sensuous high school Chemistry teacher. I first met Miss Parker when I was an extremely horny 10<sup>th</sup> grader – dead center in the peak of my hormone-enraged development. During that time, I passionately looked forward to Chemistry class everyday to admire her as she poetically stated meaningless chemical equations which I could have cared less about.

As bizarre as it may seem, she was *now* at one end of the pool slowly sipping on a glass of red wine and I was at the other staring at her dumbfounded. All I could see were her tanned uncovered shoulders, her soft feminine neck, her long dark curly hair and her beautiful face. She looked magnificent! Her facial expression was focused and incredibly inviting. I felt like she was staring directly into my soul and her look said, "Come and hold me Charlie." My legs didn't move and I made no effort; but like magic I was standing with her face-to-face in the middle of the pool. I couldn't help but notice that she was naked! And so was I!

She offered me a sip of her wine. When I asked her what it was, she replied, "Chianti, the wine of love."

I took a sip and then handed the glass back to her. She gently grabbed it and guzzled the remaining wine. Right after she finished the Chianti she flipped the wine glass to the side, then reached up and touched my face while she stared directly into my eyes. I was completely captivated. "Things are looking good," I thought.

In a very tender manner, she stroked my face, kissed me on my cheek, and then devoured my lips with the most passionate kiss I've ever experienced. I pulled her close to me and held

her. She was so soft, so feminine and she smelled so good. I thought I might have died and gone to heaven. I fantasized about this type of experience every day for an entire year in Chemistry class. It seemed that dreams *do* come true as she whispered the words I longed to hear, “Charlie, make love to me.”

### **Doctor Wong**

The next few moments were perfect. As I was about to reach the anxiously anticipated peak of this incredible experience, my head fell back and the warmth of the pool rapidly oozed out of my body with an overwhelming level of intensity. I was overpowered by a fierce chill that caused me to open my eyes to a piercing light above. I saw five inauspicious faces with surgical masks staring down at my feet with unyielding concentration. They exchanged highly technical medical talk for a few minutes and then shook hands. Four of them walked away. The remaining “face” stayed and introduced himself as Doctor Wong. He was Asian; I was scared.

I looked up at Doctor Wang and frantically asked him, “Where’s Miss Parker?”

Doctor Wong explained, “You were heavily sedated, so you were probably experiencing an intense dream. And based on that ‘tent pole’ sticking up under the sheet, I’d guess it was a sexual dream.”

I must admit I was a bit embarrassed as he went on to explain that I was the recipient of a toe transplant - four to be exact. I didn’t know what to think because so much had happened in such a short period of time: Stu, the snow, the wood, the deer, Mrs. Gray, the swimming pool, holding Miss Parker, that amazing kiss, and now this - new toes! I looked down at my numb foot and noticed something quite unusual.

## Purple Toes

Sticking out from a mass of gauze were the tips of my toes, and four of them were purple. Doctor Wong explained that the toe donor died while he was taking a Mambo lesson. He was an elderly gentleman, 78 to be exact, and he was supposedly in excellent physical condition for his age. He had played 18 holes of golf earlier in the day, then went to the Senior Center for a dance lesson with his instructor - a lovely 24-year-old Hispanic woman. They were getting into really good and, as he was twirling his lovely partner, he gasped for air, then dropped to his knees. He looked up at his beautiful instructor, put his left hand over his heart and fell on his back. The instructor immediately leaned over and tried to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He died a few minutes later.

“Not a bad way to go Doc. Right?”

Dr. Wong looked at me with confusion and disgust, then mentioned that the donor also donated a kidney and an eye. “What a great guy!” I thought.

“So, why are my toes purple Doc?”

“You’re part of an experimental fluid-based procedure focused on replacing parts that protrude from the human body. We quickly extract the needed body parts from the donor, in your case toes. We then soak them for about five minutes in the recently developed fluid which is technically called: metaplasmioidide. The good news is that the respective body parts can be successfully transplanted and quickly synergize with the blood flow of the recipient. The bad news is that the transplanted body parts immediately turn purple. We’re still working on that aspect of the procedure.”

I was absolutely captivated and asked, “So, you can do this with toes and fingers. Also, any other male or female body part that protrudes from the body – is that right?”

Looking directly at Dr. Wong, I raised my eyebrows and pointed down at my groin area, then tipped my head to the side to nonverbally asked if it also applied to that part of my body.

Dr. Wong smiled, “If you’re asking if it would work on a man’s penis, the answer is yes.”

“Wow, that’s wild.”

I then reflected, “If it were there instead of my toes, I’d have a purple penis.”

### **Stu’s Return**

Dr. Wong again responded with a look of utter repulsion, shifted his focus to his clipboard and jotted down some notes. As I lay there in my perplexed state of mind pondering the latest additions to my now drastically altered anatomy, I again wondered what happened to Miss Parker. At that point, I heard a familiar voice enter the room. “Hey Doc, is he gonna be all right, or what?”

It was Stu and he explained the obvious to me. My misguided ax crudely severed four of my toes from my foot. Doctor Wong said that if Stu hadn’t acted so quickly, I might have bled to death. He then asked me what I thought about the whole situation. I searched deep within my soul for intellectual depth and all I could say was, “Damn I have 78-year-old purple toes.”

**THE END**