

NUMBER

It was raining only enough to moisten the ground but he was cold and decided to build a shelter in the dirt for protection. The mud was of exactly the right consistency: it was easily pushed aside and, when patted together, stayed firm. In minutes he was nestled within the warm dirt. When the ground began to shake, he was nearly asleep.

"Perhaps," he thought to himself, "it is raining harder." But when the ground continued to shake, dislodging some mud and exposing his anus to the sky, he realized it was barely raining.

The rumbling stopped. His exposed buttocks were cold, so he dug deeper into the ground. But each time he was nestled in the warm earth, there was another shaking, exposing a leg, a buttock, sometimes part of the head.

Repeated efforts and deeper tunnels were to no avail. The faster and more laboriously he worked, the faster one part would cave in and the more difficult the work became because his sweat made the ground harder to pull apart. Finally, from exhaustion, he was forced to remain motionless, even though his left buttock was being rained upon.

The rumbling ceased.

The rain soon became cold, and feeling rested, he once again crawled deeper into the earth. Almost simultaneous with his renewed effort, the dirt rumbled, exposing both his buttocks. When he stopped struggling, the rumbling again ceased. The rain steadily -- but not harshly -- pattered on his anus. The chill passed and soon he felt an enjoyable sensation, as if he were being massaged.

The downpour began to steadily increase but he was very tired and fell asleep without realizing he could no longer feel the rain.