

# SAZICE\*BOX

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## Four Stories

by Craig Sernotti



he sun sinks away into my hair. Strange contemporary electronic music on the radio confuses me. In the distance, a gunfight. It does not concern me. I am invincible. Pictures of you, enflamed, do not even singe my skin. I climb up a building. I masturbate, ejaculate truth. The weak and the displaced drink my rain. They learn to not care. They learn true happiness.

2. I am painting your name on the walls. Everyone must know your name! I use sky blue mixed with semen I drained from you myself. The lettering I use is long and thick. I think of your cock, long and thick and hard for me in bed every night. I think of you on top of me, taking me, whispering lustful imaginings in my ear. I think of me under your desk, sucking you off as you type away at your computer. I think of you and I together forever, kissing and resting and happy. I rub my cock hard, attach the new cock ring you purchased for my birthday, dip it into the blue-filled can, and paint my love.

3. She woke me. He was having a very strange dream about a long-haired man holding a copy of Kesey's "One Flew Over the

Cuckoo's Nest." He was walking on water and saying it's because he did a lot of crank.

"What?" he moaned.

"I . . . just had an orgasm," she said, kissing my collarbone.

"What?"

"I've read about this in some of my books. I just had a nocturnal orgasm."

"What?"

"I was dreaming. I think you were there. Yes, you were. And you were taking me. I didn't want to, but you insisted. You just . . . took me, and . . . had me. You did everything to me.

"I was half-asleep. I mean, I was aware I was asleep and dreaming, but I was also aware that I was sleeping. I was touching myself. I had two fingers in me and in my dream you were taking me from behind and pulling my hair and talking real dirty to me."

"And then you came?"

"I came."

He kissed her forehead lightly. "That's nice," he said.

"Fuck me," she said.

He rubbed his eyes, looked at her. She wasn't going to let him fall back asleep.

So he fucked her. Hard and fast and rough, from behind, like in her dream.

"Talk dirty to me," she said. More like a demand.

He started talking.

She quivered and came almost instantly and then so did he (it felt too good) and they collapsed on the bed and soon they were both asleep, both very much content.

4. We were drinking together at her place. It wasn't like that, we were just friends. Had been so since before high school. She was married now. I was seeing someone. Her husband was at work. My girlfriend was out with her friends. So we were hanging out, drinking, talking.

"How's school going?" I asked.

"Good. Just a handful of classes to go before I finally graduate." She was a part-timer, going back to finish a degree she left nine years ago because she had no money. Now she could afford it.

I sipped my beer. "How's that Modern Europe class? I know you were having trouble with it last time we talked."

"That's no longer a problem."

"Did you hook up with a study group or something?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I let my professor fuck me."

I stared at her. "You let him fuck you?"

She smiled, nodded.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"One, you're married. Two, you're better than that. Three, you're smarter than that. Four, you're married. Five . . . I can't think of five, but I'm sure there is a five, and I'm sure that there's also six through ten."

"One, the professor is fucking hot. I mean HOT. Two, he's done if before, my friends from school told me so. Three, I'm young and carefree, and poo poo to you if you have a problem with it."

I sighed.

"He fucked me in the ass," she said casually.

"In the ass?"

"He has a nice cock. Silky and long."

I sighed again. I finished my beer. I wanted another one. "Did you," I said, "at least use a condom?"

"Of course. I'm not dumb," she said.

"Does your husband know this?"

"Uh-huh."

"What does he have to say about this?"

"He shook his head a lot, just like you're doing. Then he fucked me for two days straight. He fucked till it hurt. He said he was gonna do it so good I'd never look at another man again."

"And did he?"

"He was good."

"Good?"

"Very good."

I sighed. She got up and got me another beer. I opened it and sipped it.

"The professor was just sex. It was good sex, but it was just sex. I love my husband. I'll never leave him."

I smiled. "I'm happy for you," I said.

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because you're happy with him," I said.

She smiled, leaned over and kissed me. It was a nice kiss.

We talked more. Around one in the morning I left. We hugged, kissed again, and I went home. I stripped off my clothes and got into bed. I fell asleep wondering what a scene it must've been. The professor, young, studly, a female student bending over for him, spread-

ing her ass for him, he inserting his silky and long cock into her waiting asshole, he fucking her in the ass, maybe coming in her ass, promising a good grade for the class, watching the cum drip out of her ass and down onto his desk, messing some important papers. (I knew they'd used a condom - she'd said so - but this's my imagination, and anything's possible. . . .)

*email the author*

## Flower

*by Lil Eve*



retty little closed up flower  
just a soft, smooth slit of spendor,  
pink and warm squirming on the table before  
him.

its sweet, wet petals glisten with  
drops of shimmering promises.  
His eyes, golden stones of desire  
pierce the flowers delicate charms.....

it unfolds, opens  
with an unexpected sigh,  
enter into my center, the  
shinning pearl revealed; a  
jeweled heart for his tongues devouring.

*email the author*

## Lucinda's Locks

*by Terrie Relf*



ere it was Friday night, and Lucinda was alone in her upstairs flat at the Tower Apartments. Her roommate was gone for the weekend, and to make matters worse, the elevator was on the fritz again. She'd considered the fire escape, but it was caked with grime and rust, and was probably hazardous to her health.

It was nice on the balcony, though. The Santa Ana winds had died down a bit, and the air was crisp and filled with the pungent aroma of Magnolia. Lucinda loved the panoramic view of the city—especially the building across the street, where the latest star of her nocturnal fantasies was maneuvering through a complicated Kung Fu routine.

Lucinda poured orange-ginger oil into her palm, rubbed her hands together, then massaged it through her freshly-washed auburn tresses. After untangling the unruly mess, she wove it into a single braid, which swung, below her hips like the tail of a comet.

She was about to go inside for a glass of water when she caught another glimmer of the Kung Fu guy's sculpted flesh. When was she ever going to get up the courage to ask him out.

Did he just wave? Lucinda leaned against the balcony wall, scanned his balcony.

He waved again. She was certain of it.

Burning with voyeuristic embarrassment, she waved back.

“Did you get my message?”

“What message?” she called back.

“I talked to your roomie. Didn’t she tell you? Can I come up? I’ve got Coronas and lime.”

“Sure.”

”I’ll be right over,” he called, then disappeared from view.

Not believing her good luck, Lucinda dashed around the apartment, picked up dirty shorts and T-shirts, day-old coffee cups, a stray magazine.

”Oh no—the elevator!”

Lucinda ran from her apartment to the hall elevator door, heard its telltale whine, followed by a metallic scraping. There was a horrendous whine, and the elevator clunked to a halt.

“No!” she wailed, poking the button over and over again in the hopes of prying open the elevator doors.

Finally, they opened. Lucinda looked down, and there was the elevator half-ways between her floor and the floor bellow.

The Kung Fu guy had managed to open the escape door on the top, and was climbing through it.

“I’m so sorry—are you ok?” she called into the dark space.

”Can you give me a hand here? Gotta rope or something?”

Without hesitation, Lucinda gathered, then dropped her thick braid into his waiting hands.

While he wrapped the end around one hand, placed his other hand just above, Lucinda braced herself against the elevator doorjamb. After tugging to make sure that the rope was secure, he began to climb. With a few swift strokes, he was by her side.

He released her hair, shrugged off his beer-filled backpack, and extended his hand.

“Name’s Mario.”

“Lucinda.”

She loved the feel of his hand in hers, the scent of his sweat and her hair oil.

“How ‘bout that beer?”

“Yeah—I’m in 3-C. Make yourself at home. I need to see the landlord about something. Be right back.”

She watched him walk down the hall, sighed at the way his nylon shorts clung to his round, tight buns. There was only one thing left for a lonely, single girl to do.

“Nobody gets in the tower. Nobody gets out,” she intoned, going to work on the elevator emergency panel.

*email the author*

## Lord of The Manor

by Modesté Balthus



Lord Gustavo was on his castle rounds when he walked into Princess Brown Sugar's chambers. Secret Herbal potions and oils were being rubbed into her naked caramel skin by the elders from the church. At least 10 of them in their dark, heavy robes were attending to her needs around a large soft bed. She was gurgling with pleasure as her nipples were manipulated continuously, her breasts massaged till the nubs are swollen to hardness. Flowers were woven into her curly hair.

Just as Lord Gustavo walked in, the priests were spreading her thighs wide open and pinning them down with soft leather straps onto the bed. She was unable to move and lying there, vulnerably exposed. Her shaved pussy was swollen in obvious arousal, juices seeping from her deeply grooved slit.

Lord Gustavo was greeted with silent nods and space was cleared just between her spread legs for his daily examination. He expertly spread open the folds of her pussy, revealing the aroused crimson flesh and flicked out the swollen bud of her clit. "Beautiful!" He smiled. "Good work this morning your holiness" he remarked looking at a very pleased 58-year-old Father Gerald who was suckling on the girl's right nipple, while fon-

dling his own swollen cock, peeping through the panels of his robe.

Lord Gustavo knelt on his knees and closed his lips snugly around the girl's protruding clit. Hands belonging to the other priests flew into action, some held down the princess's trembling thighs, while fingers belonging to others did the finer work of keeping her labia spread open. Lord Gustavo expertly sucked on her clit as she moaned like a trapped animal, but in pleasure, pleasure that was beyond her control. Her pussy walls spasmed into a series of powerful contractions. Lord Gustavo released her tortured clit reluctantly, pulling at it before letting go and quickly reached between his robe for the stiff, long, thick cock which he forced into her spasming depths.

The priests watched as his meaty pole, with throbbing veins was forced between the girl's fleshy labia, disappearing inch by inch. Finally his massive writhing balls plugged against her stretched pussy lips. Her nipples were fiercely devoured by two other elderly priests whose cocks hung out stiffly from their robes, their massive shiny heads dripping with cum.

Father Gerald carefully untied the leather strap that was holding down the girl's left thigh and while she was still deeply impaled, carefully turned her to her right, her waist slightly twisted as he raised one slim leg high between Lord Gustavo and himself, resting it on his shoulder. His finger expertly sought out the girl's nether hole, between her tight buttocks and he placed his swollen cock knob

at the entrance. The girl moaned in anticipation just as he plunged in, feeling her impalation all the way to the hilt. Each cock, was stimulated by the presence of the other and both swelled in unison within her pelvis.

Both men knew that she was tightly tied to their swollen members. Lord Gustavo's fingers were poised on her swollen clit bud. "All ready?" Lord Gustavo asked, looking at the priests whose lips were loosely clasping her wet, erect nipples. The princess whimpered as the signal was given and both cocks plunged in and out, taking turns to slam into her tight holes as a finger strummed her clit feverishly. She screamed in pleasure her body vibrating with the impact as her pleasure points were claimed relentlessly and feasted upon. Showers of thick hot cum were deposited in climax and as soon as one cock slipped out, another strong hard tool took its place till every single

elder had deposited his holy seed inside her.

She lay there, when all was over, curled to her side, her orifices dripping with cum. Her pussy lips continued to spasm, squirting jets of cum occasionally as a few more orgasms trailed away.

Lord Gustavo who had already robed himself, sat by the curled up form of the young princess whose pussy peeped enticingly through her thighs, folded tightly together, her knees tucked under her chin. Through the deep groove of her slit, she seeped continuously as thick creamy cum flowed. He dipped his fingers into her slit, playing with her fluids as the priests busied themselves with the next stage of their ritual.

*(to be continued...)*

[email the author](#)

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## Things of Heaven and Earth

by *anah grace childes*



iven—things of heaven and earth.

Last night-given.

I wrap around you, wraith about you, smoke and illusory.

"My wife and I had one portrait hanging in the dining room above the mantle."

Ummm, I listen to you confess.

"Klimt, THE KISS."

I am su-rcled in you — we are a portrait.

I open in awe and know once again you have taken some “frase of import” I siddled on you—  
you have heard me, slapping me back with my own words.

Given and I am aware.

This morning dawned hyper pink and red, colours cosmic Valentine.

You lie in my bed.

Your head all buried.

I wanted to pounce, pounce at you—

”wake, lover, wake—the universe has sent us a card of valid love. See with me.”

I let you sleep.

”You are my lover, my times are in your hands.

Let your persona shine on me, complete me in your triumphant desire.”

You psychotically move me.

I swirl this on you as you step to leave,

Splattered about like Pollack with a musical background, dripping with colour-full semen.

Given

I open the card you gave.

”Our psychotic movement has left me entangled in you.”

mirror, mirror

on the wall

tell me something

quell it all.

This night the card of the day was closed. I go to a graveyard. I squat on the flat edge of a  
gravestone.

In the night sky, Orion holds court over the earth, straddling like a huge giant of a man.

Orion is you as you withdraw your “cock” from the covenant of me,

spread wide your legs,

heaved your head,

cover the tip of your manhood,

and I spring forward to lick at the excess,

”drink this too.”

It is complete.

Just as I marvel at the heavenly man reminding me of you—a large shooting star—white,  
globular, comet like in width emits just shy of Orion.

”Ahhh,” I breathe, “a heavenly ejaculation!”

I am covered.

Given.

*email the author*

## The Usual

by Terrie Relf



bevy of beauties to fulfill my every whim.

Bor-ing.

I mean, I've already known them in-and-out. There are no surprises, except for which one is available on which night. Madame Serte sees to that much.

"It is the least that I can do, mon petit. You are, how do I say, one of our best clients."

She had an annoying habit of pressing her short, dark hair behind her ears when she spoke. Why would they integrate that behavior into her program? Sometimes, I almost thought she was human, but I knew better.

I often wondered what it would be like to do Madame Serte, but I didn't think it was in her programming. She was an administrative type, that, and a bit of a hostess. It was a good thing that she wasn't human, because I could drive patient people to states of extreme anxiety when I changed my mind in mid-stream. It wasn't unusual for me to ask for Syrta or Evo, Syrta and Evo, then to learn that Mindi was available and take her instead.

There were dozens of others, but these were my current favorites. Mindi seemed shy at first, but once she'd played coy for a few minutes, she'd assume the dom role, commanding me to strip for her, then masturbate until I came.

That was her cue to leave the room, so I often made it last extra long, sometimes even longer than that, so that she wouldn't leave me alone. Imagine faking a wave of orgasms for a PD? If it weren't so pathetic, I'd still be laughing.

The alternative was being left alone. It reminded me that I was virtually stranded on Alsatian III's operations base for an indeterminate time period.

"Put your fingers inside yourself, baby. That's it. Deeper—deeper—dee—ee—per. Ooh-la-la. Doesn't that feel good?"

I could recite her promptings by heart now. Sometimes I'd even say them along with her as I pressed my fingers deep inside to feel that wondrous pulsing heat.

Then I would cry, remembering what it was like to be with a real woman—or even a man. It was ironic—really—as back on earth, I'd had similar fantasies, had thought my life would be much simpler without the complicated machinations of human physiology and emotions.

It's been weeks since I've been with a PD, as I euphemistically call the pleasure droids, an archaic term from another era, but no one on the base seems to care. Since sexual liaisons between crewmembers are forbidden, the PDs are it. Unless, of course, we satisfy ourselves or altogether abstain.

Good luck!

Someone had violated this directive once. I wouldn't be surprised if it was one of those urban legends to scare us into submission. No one here ever knew the three involved, but

the story circulated nonetheless. I'd been on Alsatia III about a week when Cara, my shift supervisor, told me about it over lunch.

"There were three of them. Rhea, Sander, and Neela. Sander got them both pregnant. Can you imagine being pregnant here? Well, one day they were called into the sup's office, and then next thing you know they're gone. All of them. How in heaven's gate could they get off this planet without a ship?"

"What do you think happened to them?"

Cara leaned forward, locked her eyes with mine. "I'm sure they were all executed."

I dropped my chopsticks. "They execute pregnant women?"

"They shouldn't have broken the primary rule here: no sexual liaisons between crew members—period!"

Cara went back to eating her fried noodles, slurping them up with gusto. I was nauseas, and couldn't finish mine. Even if it were just a story meant to warn and safeguard us against the disasters of a space pregnancy, I didn't want to chance it. So, when the urge to merge arose, I swallowed my pride and started visiting Madame Serte's Love Parlor.

I wasn't feeling particularly sexual lately. No one was, it seemed. A new crew was arriving later today, and none of us had been released from duty. Imagine it: fresh meat! It may as well be rancid because none of us were going to get any of it.

I had wild fantasies about stowing away on the cargo ship, not caring where it took me so long as it took me away from here. But perhaps there was a new PF series on board, or

maybe they'd brought in a techie to reformat the old ones, install some new softwear—something to stave off the boredom of the usual bump and grind.

They filed into the meeting hall, all twelve of them. All men. I turned toward Cara. She winked suggestively before taking my hand, placing it in one of theirs.

"Have a good time, Claire. I ordered this one specially for you!"

His hand was warm against mine. I could feel the tell-tale tingle of human heat, of human energy pulsing me. Could they simulate that now?

Noticing my surprise, Cara leaned down, whispered in my ear, "You don't want to know how I finagled this one."

It hasn't been so bad on Alsatia III lately. I've got my Mike3000 to keep me company. Sometimes, when I'm lying awake at night, I can almost hear him snoring.

*email the author*

## The Rose

by Savannah Skye



I was bestowed with a rose tonight  
Not you, but instead a red delight  
With smooth petals that slide  
between my fingers  
Where I want your ecstasy to linger

Slowly my fingers start to travel  
Travel further down the stem  
To where I feel a slight rise  
A slight rise in temperature  
As the petals glide over my  
velvet covered flesh

Ouch...  
A thorn  
The part of the rose that does not care  
For it pierced my skin  
Like that time you touched me when  
And does not care that you are not there  
As I walk home in the wind  
To where you are not there  
Not there to take the dare

The dare  
The rose knew  
Was that I wanted to taste you  
But... that was impossible  
So I substituted  
The rose in place of you  
The rose  
With lush petals  
That one by one  
I ate

Slowly at my leisure  
Ate them all  
For you I do treasure

Treasure more than the rose  
The rose that is still with me  
The rose that lays silently across my left thigh  
Whispering into my sex a sweet sigh.

*email the author*

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## A Day Like Any Other

By Jewel Niles



It is a day like any other day. The weather is dark and overcast, foretelling a storm brewing. My bare feet move noiselessly as I move about in the kitchen at 5:30pm, preparing to start supper. The air is heavy, lying almost physically on my skin. I hear your car enter the driveway. I smile to myself, happy that you are home and safe. I wipe my hands on the kitchen towel turning towards the door to welcome you. I look into your eyes as you enter the room. They are dark and shadowed. You have had a rough day, and your smile is noticeably weak. You come towards me as I stand waiting for you. As you approach me I hear thunder in the distance.

I open my mouth to speak and you cover it with yours. Passionately you kiss me. I feel your tongue invade my mouth; you cradle my head as I gasp for breath. You push your body against mine, and I can feel your hardness against my hip. Your need for me conveyed in

the hard lines of your body. I grasp your shoulders as I arch my body into yours, giving fully of myself to you. Your kiss softens, leaves my lips and trails down my neck. Nibbling softly at the delicate skin between my shoulder and head. I groan softly as your tongue traces the vein beating erratically in my neck. Your hands cup my bottom and pull me closer to you, lifting me so my hips cradle yours.

As I look into your eyes I can see the desire mirrored there in the flash of lightening that streaks across the sky. I can hear the pounding of the rain start on the roof; it matches the blood racing through my veins. My hand runs through the hair at the nape of your neck. Urging your head back to mine. This time it is my tongue that enters your mouth, teasing and enticing yours to play with mine.

I feel your hands pull up the dress that I am wearing. Caressing my thighs. I pull back slightly as my hands move to your shirt. Unbuttoning it and pushing it from your shoulders. I feel your hands caressing my buttocks, kneading and pulling me towards you. I resist as my hands work quickly on the fastening of your pants. I pull them down, along with your shorts, kneeling in front of you; I help you step out of them. My hands rove lightly over your stomach, over your hips, to lovingly stroke your buttocks. Your need for me is evident as your cock stands erect and hard before me. I feel a surge of heat and wetness between my legs. I gently wrap my fingers around you, stroking you, loving the feel of you, so silky and strong. My lips open and I lightly lick the head of your cock, tasting

you. I can hear your moan as your hands bury in my hair. I pull you closer and I take you into my mouth. My tongue rubs against you as I pull you in and out of my mouth very slowly. Loving the taste and texture of you.

Your hands in my hair pull my head back and I look into your eyes, my breathing coming fast. You pull me up and tear at the fastenings at the top of my dress. You push aside the material and cup my breasts. My nipples are hard and aching. Your mouth covers first one then the other. My head falls back as I tangle my hands in your hair, pulling you closer. I feel the coolness of a breeze as you push away from me, lifting me, carrying me to the bed. You undress me and lie me down. Your body lying next to mine, you touch me from face to thigh. As if you were memorizing every curve. Your lips then run the same path, leaving no part of my skin untouched. My head moves back and forth against the duvet. Reason leaving me, as your hands and mouth play upon my body. I feel you rise above me, and I look at you as you settle between my legs. I open my legs and arms, silently calling you to come to me. You lower yourself to me, covering me completely. You enter my body and I gasp at the way you fill me. You feel so wonderful inside me. My legs tangle with yours as I move my hips against yours. Aching to feel you move inside me.

Slowly you move inside me. My blood pounds in my head, echoing the thunder and rain outside. My hands move over your body, I can't get enough of the feel of you against me. Slowly you thrust into me, my tight wetness

contracting around you. Every breath is a moan from my throat as you fill me over and over. My hands move to your hips urging you against me. I lift my hips against you as I feel a tension mount inside me. It grows with every thrust into my body. I call your name softly, pleading with you. You move faster, thrusting against me, completing us. As my world shatters in orgasm, I hear you call my name as you tense above me. My muscles contracting around you over and over uncontrollably. I feel you cum inside me, pulsating inside me.

I feel your breath against my neck as you lie heavily upon me. Drained and sated. My hands lovingly caress your back and arms that hold me close. I hear you mumble something and your head comes up from my breast. 'I said what is for dinner.' I laugh and stretch. With a twinkle in my eye I say, 'Carry out?'

[email the author](#)

## Day At The Fair

by A. J. Heard



Wolsom Street is packed and I feel occasional contact against my naked skin, under my band-aid of a skirt as he pulls me farther into the crowd.

"What about here? I thought we were going to do something different?" I complain as he turns his head and gives me that devilish grin; but we keep walking, passing a perfectly good alley.

The air sends a sly finger under my skirt caressing my swollen lips and thighs that are already well lubricated by my juices, in anticipation.

I don't think I can't walk much farther in these shoes, I think as we stop in front of the bandstand in the thickest part of the crowd. All around us restless bodies jump and sway to the driving beat and there's hardly any room to move as he pulls me to stand in front of him. Holding me against his body, his insistence on these particular four and a half inch heels becomes apparent, as I feel him inch up my skirt. His hands grip my hips as he pushes me slightly forward. My hips writhe as the position I'm in, exposes my wet, swollen slit to strangers and a stray wisp of air.

For a moment, he teases me, rubbing his cock up and down the sensitive skin, allowing those around us to get enough of a view of

our activities, to make a pretty good guess as to what is going on.

As I moan loudly as he slides in all the way, and I arch my back pressing my ass against him. I had never before understood exactly how hot it would be to be watched by total strangers.

Pumping in and out to the throbbing beat, all too soon, he cries out a guttural moan and slams into me once more, grinding against my ass, sending me over the edge as we both come, mingling our screams with those of the frenzied crowd around us.

Furtively cleaning up afterwards, I think about what a great day at the fair this is indeed, and the day has just begun.

*email the author*

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## Fetishes r' Us

by Savannah Skye



Paint me with chocolate  
Drop on the strawberries  
Cream on the whip  
Kiss my red devil lips

Run fire over my bare skin  
Touch my hot burning fetish  
With the flame of your sex

Let the hot wax drip  
Drip from my nipple to ass  
Let it drip, drip, drip...

[Return to Sauce\\*Box Vol. 23 Cover...](#)

Drip me into a pure ecstatic mass

Now you be my pony  
I'll strap on the gear  
I'll hop on your back  
Hold on tight, having no fear

Then I'll take your toes into my mouth  
I'll guide my tongue over the whole of your foot

I'll go all the way down south  
Where your pleasure takes root

Then together we'll let the...

Mud envelop us, envelop us  
Spread it over us  
Mud envelop us, envelop us  
From head to toe

Mud cover us, lover us

Swirl around and around and around us

Mud lover us, cover us

Til' our deepest orgasms surround us

Afterwards we'll plunge underwater  
You and I

Where our bodies will buoyantly bounce  
and the...

Sex will fly

Then with your hand as paintbrush

You will paint my ecstasy

Red, black and blue

With my body as a canvas for you

After I'll wear my black

strapped patent leather

You'll touch me with a feather

Lovecuff me to a pole

Oh love, my heart you have stole.

*email the author*