

The woman in the dumpster 1.

DUMPSTER DIVING gave pleasures and treasures, so Codell made it his habit. They stank sometimes, so you held your breath. Every once in a while it was worth it. Usually nothing good, but you never knew.

This time Codell was in luck. He lifted the lid of a dumpster, and there on top was a magazine with a naked woman on the cover. The title of the magazine was in big red letters that seemed to throb: *Female Masturbation*. Codell snatched it, rolled it up, and pushed it into his backpack.

In his bedroom that night, Codell pulled out his find. It was full of black and white pictures of women touching and holding their crotches. Some of the pictures had writing underneath them, like “Lolita’s a nice girl: a girl who puts it in for you.” “Maria’s pretty religious. You have to date her a couple of times before she puts out.” “Dolly hopes you enjoy her pectoral pictorial.”

Codell flipped to the center of the magazine where a color picture took up two full pages. A woman with boobs larger than Codell knew existed sat on a red blanket, her legs spread. With both hands she held a long, thick, sausage. One end of it was between her legs, inside of her. Her head was cropped off in the picture so that she only showed from the neck down. Codell couldn’t stop looking.

After several minutes, he rerolled the magazine into a stiff coil, held his breath, slipped it into his back pack, and went to bed. He kept thinking about the woman’s missing head. It was like she had been beheaded. #