

A LETTER OF AGHAST DISMAY

Dear Dog Fucking Weekly,

It has recently come to my displeased attention that some members of your writing staff have committed sexual you-know-what with animals in real life. I am outraged, appalled, and unequivocally disgruntled to learn of this. When I began reading your publication, I took your references to “bestiality” being “pleasant” as a metaphor, a sort of artistic exaggeration, if you will: I am a supporter of women’s lib and many other “new age” concepts like gay marriage and even pronouns, and I had felt, when I began reading your glossy, well-typeset, and sharp-as-razors mag, that I had found a likeminded cohort, a clique who “gets it.” I had thought that all of you, WITH TONGUE IN CHEEK, were claiming to have had sexual affairs with the four legged as a way of JOKINGLY saying, “Lay off, mannnnnnn. We’re the NEW hip thing. We’re what your grandma isn’t happenin enough to hang with. You weren’t ready for what two men do in the privacy of their own bedroom? Well you definitely aren’t ready for what one of those men and his dog already did last Tuesday.”

In essence, it had been my understanding that Dog Fucking Weekly was *satire*. And, in my heart of hearts, I still cling to hope that for some of you it IS satire, fiction, analogy, make-believe, etc etc, and that only a couple of rogue ne’er-do-wells among you have so YUCKILY missed the point. But, late yesterday evening, I was in attendance at a soirée at a lakeside

house, and was speaking to a disgusting and slovenly lowlife named “Garrett” who was remarkably tall and had tribal tattoos adorning his arms and neck and smelled of lilacs. When we got to discussing our reading habits of late, I came to find out that this so-called “Garrett” fellow was none other than Ghosthand Jack N. Yadogoff, whose regrettable writing has been featured in your magazine quite regularly. While I was in the MIDST of complimenting his shameful and hamfisted wordsmithery and his impeccable sense of sarcasm, the man observed a Golden Retriever walking by, seemed to forget that he and I were mid conversation, and he and the dog sat on the floor together at the edge of the room, petting, kissing (here I could have still believed this was his signature sarcasm), and then they had oral sex (by this point I no longer held the opinion that this was sarcasm).

I am now forced into the understanding that, at least for a couple of you, this talk of “bestiality” is NOT a mere joke or a merely provocative motif, but is in fact something you ACTUALLY do, IN REAL LIFE.

Along with this letter, you will find a few of the many dozen photographs I took as proof of this event.

What IS this? Is THIS the kind of behavior that Dog Fucking Weekly, the premier weekly advice magazine for zoosexuals, ACTUALLY endorses? It’s one thing to “say” that humans and non-humans “can” have sex, but to ACTUALLY DO IT? What would Ghosthand’s friends think? How betrayed would they feel if they learned that their “zoosexual” friend was not just wearing the label as a chic aesthetic, but that he had actually-actually touched-touched the forbidden-forbidden bits with a canine? I submit that all of his friends would stop being his friends quite quickly, if THIS news ever came to their attention.

I am, of course, demanding that Dog Fucking Weekly cease all publication of new content immediately, and that a full investigation into this matter be conducted by a third party (preferably the team behind the infallibly on-point “zoo” satire program, Animal Genitals Have The Inalienable Right To Cum Hard And We’re One Of The Only Species With Hands Quarterly).

I was here for zoo pride slogans; I was here for zoo pride stickers; We all love to play dress up. But to then be “proud” of oral contact with an animal? Think of the smell.

Freedom of speech is for fun, not for reality.

With great shame and with many confusing memories to now reflect on,
SoftTummyFeathers