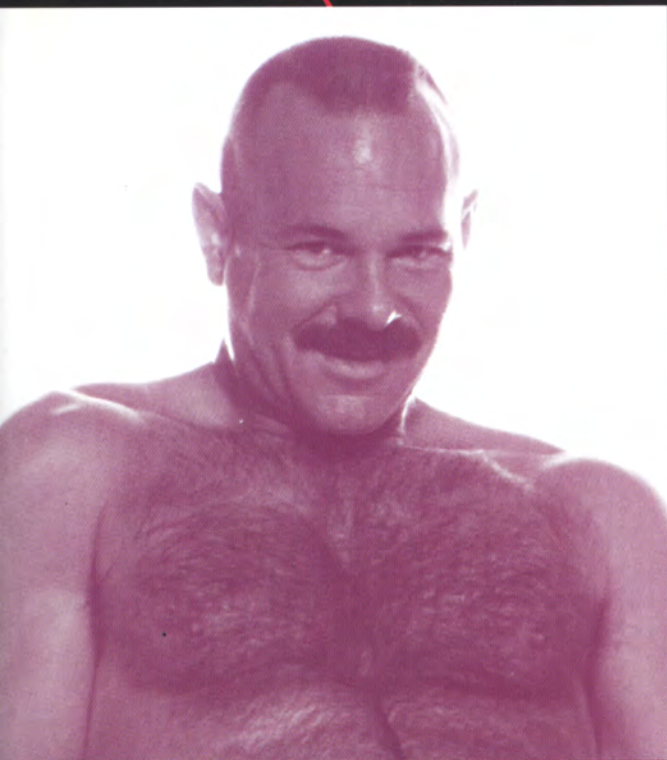
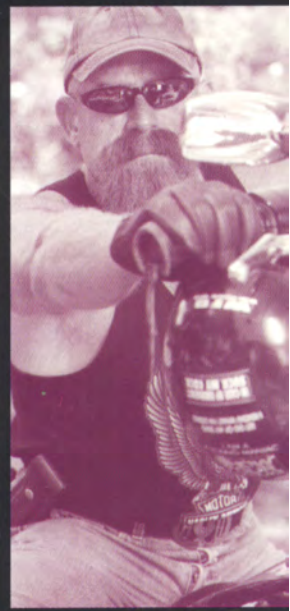


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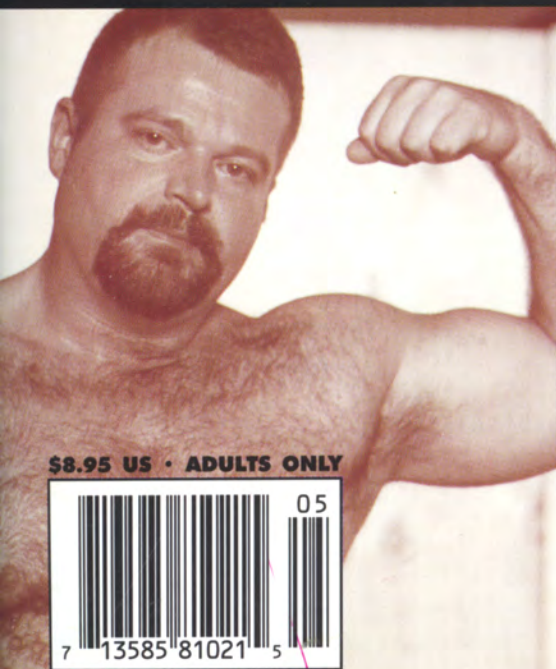
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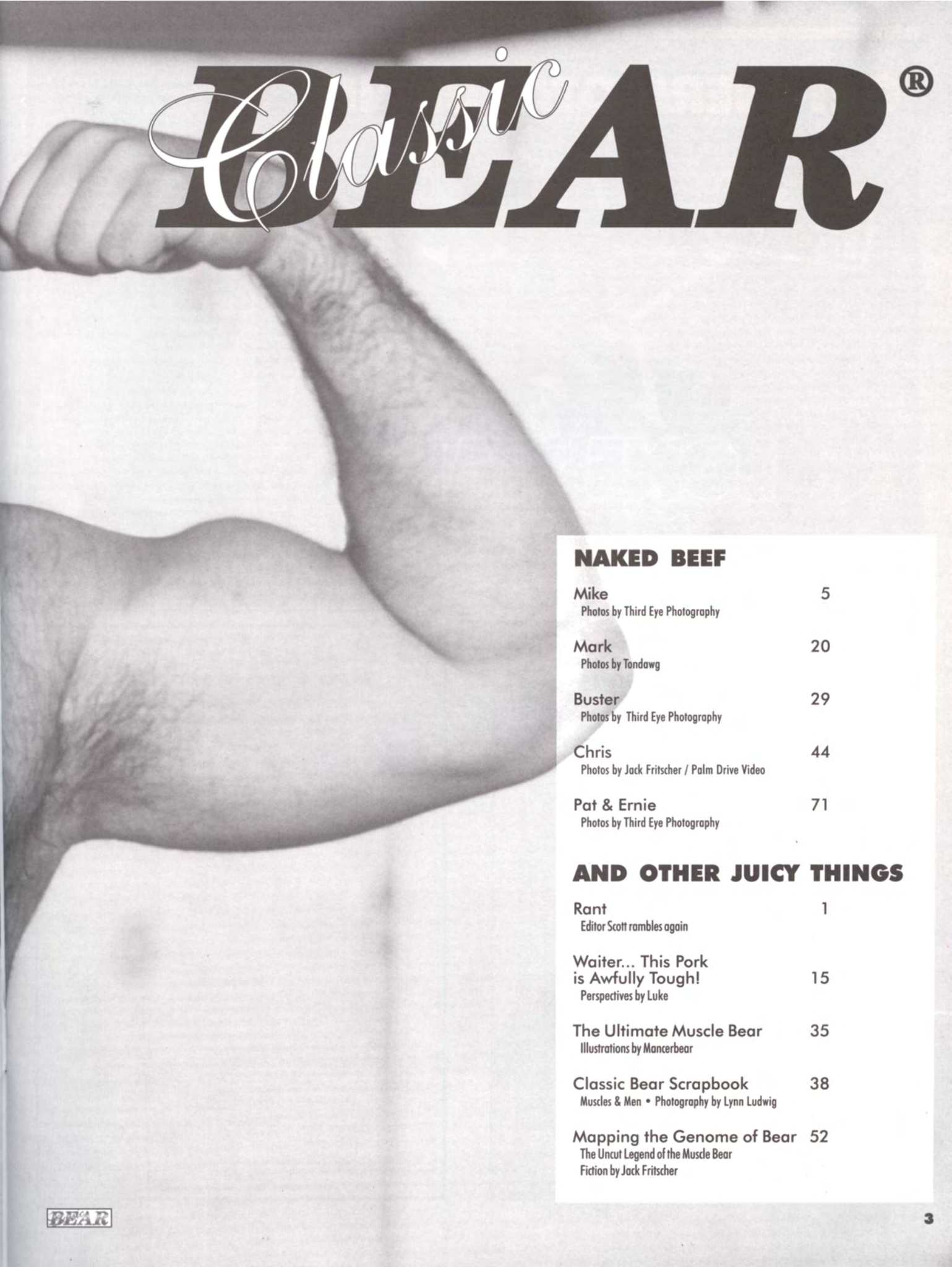
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MAPPING THE GENOME OF BEAR • THE UNCUT LEGEND OF THE

MUSCLEBEAR

MuscleBear put the b-e-a-r in *beard*. His powerful muscle pulled down from the starry night sky the *Great Bear* from *Ursa Major*. He was furred red-blond, hung big ... and uncut. His name was lost in the prison records. Warden Bull enjoyed bear-baiting him to amuse spectators slumming on Bull's very private and very exclusive VIP prison tour. Warden Bull poked with his nightstick through the bars at the chained bruin.

"Yee-haw," Warden Bull called. "You folks wanna see how us Bulls drive the Bears?"

The hairy prisoner was stripped to the waist, barefoot, cuffed at one ankle with a steel shackle to a bolt in the concrete. Bull razed the tip of his stick into the whirlpool of hair at the prisoner's navel and raked all the way up the *furry* powerlifter belly, crossing up through the hair grassing his abdominals, spreading the growth in the valley between his thick pectorals, right on up the strong throat, through the beard, to the mouth thatched by thick moustache.

"He ain't human," Bull declared. He was a bomb bully Bull was, and a Republican. He poked his stick at the lips and teeth of the prisoner. "You ain't no human," Bull said. "That's a fact. You ain't nothing but a MuscleBear." "Me spectator tourists laughed. 'They were Republicans too. Bull guffawed. 'Me insult became MuscleBear's badge of honor.

The Great Bear was no more than thirty-four and clocking twelve years hard time in solo lockdown. Three times he had made a fool of Warden Bull. Three times he had escaped and gone back to robbing banks. *WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE!* Three times he'd been snared, recaptured, caught in a bear trap, howling up at the full moon, surrounded by cops and deputies and agents with smoking guns and smoking cigars. He was a wild legend inside the zoo of the prison where the Feds dumped him, for the irony, in Arkansas, the Bear State. For three years, Warden Bull had kept MuscleBear welded, by acetylene torch, into his cage, a special cell, on display like a circus animal, on a tier housing general population.

Caged in this exhibit, MuscleBear ate, slept, and lived alone, stripped of privacy. He had no choice but to piss and shit-you who always close the bathroom door wanna make something of it?-in full view of the other prisoners who sneaked up to the bars and slipped him soap, and handcrafted playing cards, and small sheets of toilet paper they wanted back used, and pencils. All to be near the Great Bear. To stroke his fur. To touch his hairy muscle chest. To see his berry-brown nipples glowing sweat-wet, dripping nipplecum in the dark sea whorls and whirls of his pelt. To see his huge uncut dick furred halfway up the shaft, turning hard with blue-blood marble veins wrapping up to its gigantic skin flap.

His fur flowed this way and that when he rolled over in naked sleep. He flexed when he stretched himself awake. When he stood up erect on his big hairy feet and calves, his whole body rose full Bearmaster, a constellation of torso and shoulders and arms out of his massive flared thighs, and hung from his peninsula of Big Dipper dick. He was the map of the Genome of Bear.

MuscleBear never spoke. He was deaf and mute and gifted with the kind of sublime male body, hairy and lumberjack muscular, that the hearing and the screaming die for. He was, I think, wise, in his silence. He embodied a man's wisdom: he was unstoppable by talk, and even better off because of silence. I envied him. He could not hear the clamor and cursings and night screams of the prison where men scratched walls, inked their skins, tore their flesh, and screamed to fuck Jesus.

Some men, some of the naturally bearish, some of them growing bearish in confinement, survived the nights, the discipline, the crazed rugged sex of horny oiled cubs, grooming themselves, amping up the genome of bearness, brushing the sprouting hair of their bodies, rendering the raw masculine meat of themselves up to geneticists come into the prison to tweak their animal genes, turning caged convicts into caged bears.

To those who brought him gifts, MuscleBear nodded his thanks. He squinted his forest-green eyes and tugged at his red-blond moustache bristling across his upper lip and trimmed down in two long staches that passed the comers of His mouth and ended on either side of his big chin.

Once, Warden Bull had force-shaved off MuscleBear's sonic-red-gold beard to shame him, and that's the way he was for a time, shaved chin-raw by yobuddy tag teams of big bubba guards so young they hadn't even paid off the carpet in their trucks, till finally the bubbas said, 'Varden Bull, no disrespect, sir, but fuck this shit,' because hard-muscled as the big bubbas were, they knew the wild- animal danger in force-shaving MuscleBear.

After the bubba boys backed off, half in fear, and half in admiration of a man so magnificent, MuscleBear-so the delinquent genome cubs bet-started mindfucking Bull, and his bubbas, who all backed off to watch him. (More than one-tenth of them young bubbas at night dreamed of MuscleBear and woke up cumming in their beds all over their snoring girlfriends, Piggy Soo and Charlene and Claudine and all those other bulk-shopping containers whose names all end with the hog-calling *eeeeen*.) Half the young bubbas stood watch on the tiers, bored, scratching at their own new body hair curling like time lapse out of the skin on the back of their wedding-ring fingers and hands and arms and necks and under their uniforms on their chests and bellies and butts and shoulders.

FICTION BY JACK FRITSCHER • ILLUSTRATION BY SKIPPER

They shaved each other's heads four, five times a week, laughing nervously, and the more they shaved their heads, the hairier their bodies grew, and the bigger their young bellies bloomed, the louder the Raydeens and Doreens screamed, "Mister Man, you are turning into a hairy beast."

That was how shaving became an issue.

For himself, MuscleBear shaved no more than once a week. His cheeks and chin were a clock: the smoothness of the first day's shaving; the first bristle of day two; the longer stubble of day three; the light-catching whiskers of day four; the full red-blond thatch of day five; the rasping, rugged look of the sixth day; and then the seventh, the day that he shaved and took the one shower allowed him, standing buckass-naked over the hole in the floor that was his toilet, using a hose passed into him through the bars. By Warden Bull's orders, the water was always cold enough to freeze the nuts off a polar bear.

I know.

I was a Hose Man.

I had waited six months to be a Hose Man. Clocks and calendars turned. I watched MuscleBear shave, stop shaving, start growing his beard that sprouted from sandpaper to redblood cotton to a thicket of brilliant color climbing his cheeks, blooming on his jawline, falling full down onto his massive hairy chest. Finally, after six months of hardon longing, I felt the icy spray the first time I handed MuscleBear the black hose. I felt uneasy. The Hose Man before me was dead. Some spear-chucker had stabbed him over an unpaid debt of two packs of Camels.

When I handed MuscleBear the hose, our hands brushed. His palm was hard with yellow calluses. His fingers were long and thick and tattooed in blue jailhouse ink with the letters that ran to his thumbs, "M-U-S-C-L-E-B-E-A-R." My eyes jumped to his face. My lips wanted to suck his glorious beard. In a perfect world, I would have wrapped his long beard around my cock, tongued my way down his hirsute pecs, sucked the upholstery on his rock-hard muscle belly. His green eyes lasered through me, but not in hate. I don't think he had hate in him except for Warden Bull. His look was the kind of look a man gets when he's sizing another man up. A Hose Man was the only prisoner allowed to spend any time close to MuscleBear.

And I was the Hose Man.

"I can go," I said, meaning I could turn the water on and leave for the thirty minutes scrub-wallow time allowed him. I figured he could use some privacy, at least for his shower, even if he was welded into a cell where the bubba guards on the gunwalk had him in plain sight whenever they looked, studying the what-the-fuck way the hair growing on his shoulders swept down his back, like bear wings on his lats, to the perfect trickle of hair long enough to comb in the small of his back where it bushed out on his big round buttcheeks.

I'd bet the ranch that the cub bubba guards-trying' so hard to get big by scoring fur with the crackpot genticists-wanted to suck out his hairy bear hole, eat the dingleberries in his sweet honey crack twist tongue through the fringe of the rosy pucker of his shit chute to swallow down his bear essence. Q. Does a bear shit in the woods? A. Only if my mouth ain't around. And you can quote me.

"I can go," I repeated. But I wanted to stay. More than my lips, MuscleBear read the look on my face. He understood I meant to service him. He pointed with his index finger toward the concrete floor where I stood. I knew what he meant. As much as he was legendary for musclefur, his big uncut bearcock was a legend all its own. Maybe that's why the hairless Warden Bull who had small Republican fingers, small Republican feet, and a small Republican nose had it in for him in his small Republican brain. In that hard place, I had heard what it meant for MuscleBear to point and tell a Hose Man to kneel outside his welded

bars. Kneeling was a chance to become part of the uncut leg-end of the MuscleBear.

Not all Hose Men were given the nod, and some who were ignored grew so jealous they hated those who were chosen. More than one killing, like the knifing of the Hose Man before me, was less over a debt of Camels than over the favor of MuscleBear. Everyone held him in awe, as much for his genetic superiority as for the million bucks the grapevine said he made on his last big haul, the one up in Montana they caught him for, back in the woods, hidden deep in a cave where they flushed him out. All those stashed bucks waiting somewhere for him! Plus his record three breakouts! What a rep! To say nothing of his endless, patient defiance of Warden Bull, who was everything a warden always is, only worse.

I looked hard into MuscleBear's face. His green eyes had meant what they said. So I knelt. He smiled and his good-looking smile split wide his daz-zling beard into a grin above his strong chin. The red-blond of his eyebrows blazed with the light that filled the cell from the windows behind me. His red-blond hair was jailhouse classic:

combed with water and stiff bear grease straight back from his widow's peak to the weathered nape of his thick hairy neck. He raised his big furry arm and ran his tattooed fingers through his hair, dragging his palm to the back of his neck. His down-covered baseball biceps stretched the sleeves of his teshirt. He had big arms, big guns, thick, freckled, tattooed with a cross, a Mexican girl, a heart pierced with a knife, and a Grizzly starting at the bottom of one wrist rearing up in the hairy forest running up the entire length of his forearm he combed with a brush.

MuscleBear made a swift, eloquent motion read as easy as if Shakespeare had scanned it. He pointed at me, then pointed at his eye, and ran his finger from his face, down through his beard, down his hairy chest, down his musclegut defined in a six pack of fur, finally down to his beardick, and smiled his killer smile.

I smacked my lips.

MuscleBear was maximum. He hadn't been outside or seen the yard or the iron pen for three years, but welded in his cell, he daily pushed himself hard. Layered in raunchy sweats, he ran in place, pumped out push-ups and chin-ups, crunched out sit-ups, and generally turned the bars and walls and his bunk into gym equipment even Nautilus, the ancient Greek god of expensive spas, hasn't thought up.

Whatever species that MuscleBear was, he was stud.

And if he was stud, with all that red-blond body fur, he was himself stud grizzly bear.

He was an easy six-two, maybe three, weighing at least 245, carved like a ton of translucent marble, skin covered with a pelt of the kind of fur men hunt and lay themselves down on in front of a fire in a cabin with cigars and whiskey. He carried not an ounce of fat. Huge veins, like the thick blue veins around his big, uncut dick, climbed like thick vines from his big hands up through the curly hair of his forearms. Vascularity looped over his baseball biceps and ran up inside his white t-shirt, ending in his shaggy, ripe armpit where his arms and shoulders and chest and lats combined like a freeway exchange, making me hungry to suck out his sweaty armpit fur through the bars, because I could tell he was teasing me with his big uncut beardick, probably dripping warm cheese.

He knew when a hair balling cocksucker like me saw his ursine, legendary foreskin, I might forget about licking his armpits, sniffing his asshole, and eating his shit.

I figured if he was gonna tease me, I was gonna enjoy it. My daddy always said, "Son, if you ever wanna drown yourself, don't torture yourself in shallow water."

I knelt. When I bit my knees, one of the likeliest young bubba guards-himself a 69-cent meal with a mat of chest hair curling up and over his collar-whistled from the gunwalk opposite.

MuscleBear was the only show in town.

Down the tier of cells, hairy white forearms and fuzzy black forearms and silk-haired brown forearms held out mirrors to see what was happening. No one went crazy, but a buzz went down. A black voice yelled, "Shee-it! MuscleBear's got hisself another Hose Man! What's he got I ain't got?"

"Twenty-two-inch anus," a brother said.

"Ten uncut inches," a Mexican voice answered.

"And two inches of foreskin," a Cauc voice said.

"Yo' *mamma!* Woo-ooh!" Me whole cellblock started bear-howling.

MuscleBear couldn't hear the gab. I put the howling out of my head. I made myself deaf for him, blind for him. I focused on him. I was born for what was going to happen between his and me. I knew other Hose Men had got away with it. I was going to do what I was going to do, because everybody inside did it one way or another, so long as I didn't have to take it up the ass from some bubba-guard bear or some visiting Republican. Not with everybody watching. Sucking was like a bearable gift of foreskin and dick and hot smacks of white cum. Getting fucked was punk.

MuscleBear nodded to me, asking if I was ready. I smiled. He padded on big bare feet over to me, both of us inches from the bars chipped with green paint. He put his two big paws through the bars, fists closed, introducing himself to me, turning his fingers and thumbs reading MUSCLEBEAR so close into me I could smell bear grease curdling under his nails bit down to the quick. His hands could tear doors off tourist cars in national parks. His wrists were squared off the way gladiators named *Ursus* in movies are squared off, muscular, hairy chested, and bearded like gods chained up in front of some fruit-bowl emperor.

His forearms were hamhocks. He reached them through the bars and took hold of my ears. He pulled my face up to the cold steel so my eyes were flush with his big cock already bulging hard under cover of his prison blues. He moved one hand to my throat and held me by my tonsils as if to warn me not to scratch his dick or bite his foreskin or he'd tear out my larynx, and like him, I'd never speak again.

Then he smiled. Like a conspirator. Inside his bush of a beard, his teeth were perfect: spaced like well-kept pickets that flashed the way a white fence shines in the night when headlights hit it during a hard, fast rain. He was a carnivore, MuscleBear was, and I was willing to be any kind of hotdog he wanted to clean up around inside his foreskin. I was hungry for those bear-clots of head cheese. I knew if I was ever gonna drown myself, by taking the chance my daddy said, about getting in deep enough to do the job right, then, "Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic."

I was more than a cocksucker.

I was a foreskin sucker, a connoisseur of the biggest foreskins on the biggest of cocks on the biggest of men. I'd do anything-lick toejam, eat ass, suck butt, even tongue out a snot nose, or more than once, eat a young, young, young bubba boss-guard's shit when I was locked down in a straight jacket in isolation-to pay my dues. To survive. Anything, except of course, give up my butt

which the bubbas took anyway, drinking and swearing and shouting that fucking a faggot makes a straight man straighter, so my butt made eleven of them straighter, especially the hirsute Daddy Bubba who kept coming back to solitary, fucking me, burning me with cigars, feeding me his shit which in the eating, he said, makes a fag more of a faggot. *Fuck your correct attitude*, I'm a sick fucker and I was kneeling right where sick fuckers belong: in jail, doing hard time with a lot of other sick mother-fuckers, kneeling cock-level in front of a fucking MuscleBear, me begging him with my two eyes to suck cub-like on the soft nipple of his famous foreskin.

I knew what was coming. Prison legend was wise to what always happened the first time MuscleBear let a guy kneel in full view in front of his cell with guards and inmates watch-

ing. To steady myself for the forced exhibition I put my hands through the bars and held onto his massive furry Thighs, keeping my eyes on the big, week-old American cheese sandwich stuffed inside the foreskin ballooning out longer even than his lengthening meat. He liked me hanging on to his massive legs. He was proud of his fine body.

He smiled the way only a bear can smile.

Pow! With his right bearfist he punched me once hard in the eye. My head popped back. I saw stars: Ursa Major, Ursa Minor. But I never let go of him. I dared him. *Hit me*. Then he patted me harder with his left bearfist in the other eye. *Go ahead*. I reeled back, but his hand grabbed my hair and held my face steady against the cold bars. I snorted his sweaty foreskin through the clean smell of his prison blue crotch. I *can take it*. I raised my hands to my face. I knew he had given me a pair of shiners. They were his mark, his "Trade" mark. On the block, the queens called it "MuscleBear's raccoon effect." But what they called it, the queens never got, because MuscleBear wasn't interested in queens. *Hit me again*. He was interested in cubmen, which made me glad, because kneeling there for all the world to see, MuscleBear endorsed me, punching my face.

I deserve it.

I wasn't a punk.

I was a Hose Man.

The hose wasn't the long, green, garden variety. The hose was MuscleBear's big dick with its uncut nozzle.

MuscleBear let go of my hair and ears. He stepped back, raising both his anus to finger-comb his red-blond hair, dropping his hands to the back-neck of his white teeshirt, pulling it up from behind, revealing his tight musculature which is more than washboard abdominals-furred with hair more red than blond, then pulling the shirt off over his head, revealing the damp red hair of his armpits, and peeling it down his hairy tattooed arms. He tossed it to his cement bunk.

MuscleBear was more finely developed than any man I'd ever seen with or without gene-therapy upgrade. three years welded into a six-by-nine-foot cell had left him needing no better creation than his physical and mental self. his mind, his muscle, his meat. If Warden Bull was at war with MuscleBear, then MuscleBear had already won, even if he never left that solitary cell with the welded door that never opened. His torso was more perfect than a bodybuilder, which he was not. He was no raging steroid decoration posing for a trophy. His strength was real. His power was his survival.

He had created a hairy look wilder than any bodybuilder, strip-shaved and oiled, would ever dare to present on a civilized stage. MuscleBear could have won any physique competition, say a Mr. Bear Olympia, with juiced and gene-pumped contestants judged on yes-way hairiness as well as muscle, but he was beyond bodybuilding. He was beyond pro-wrestling. Beyond linebacker. He was a man, a big man, a fucking big man, thick and hairy, transmorphing into the stuff of evolutionary stars. He was a man heading beyond MuscleBear, beyond grizzly. He was man becoming beast.

He was desire.

I feared his primal power, but I did not fear him. Lust knows fear even less than it knows reason. I wanted to palm drive my hands over his thick masculine mass and my tongue over his red-to-red-blond upholstery. I wanted to have to comb my teeth. His furry waist was tight. His belly button was barely visible through the thick whorling constellation of hair that reddened down from red-blond, cascading down his muscle-carved belly into the waist of his prison blues, disappearing down toward his cock, nestled in his powerful crotch, red hairs circling up tight with his bear-grease sweat.

He pawed one big foot up on the horizontal bar.

Red-blond hair grew thick on each toe and thick atop the instep. He did not have to tell me to suck his foot. I did what a man does. My first taste of his body was sweet. I sucked each big toe, rimming under his crescent toenails. I lapped the sole of his foot-pad worn smooth by the smooth cement of his cell. When he was satisfied, he changed feet and fed me more paw.

"Oh, come to daddy, do!" a voice shouted. My world was MuscleBear's feet.

I would do anything he wanted to feast **finally** on his prized Great Bear foreskin.

He pulled back, looked down at me across the muscular mass of his red-blond pecs, and smiled. He reached to unbutton his fly. He took a step back, lowered his hand, and coaxed out the biggest uncut musclebear dick I ever did see. What I thought in his prison blues was so big it must be hard was, in fact, hanging soft, pendulous, languid as only a thick hairy dick squirming with seed can hang. Soft, he was bigger than the biggest dick I'd ever seen hard.

His was a dick of the imagination. Platonic.

Nothing in nature can match its textured beauty. Its proportions of circumference-to-length ran perfect. Its texture of pale white skin mapped with blue veins contrasted against its roots nestled in the red nest of soft pubic hair that

silked halfway up the shaft. The heft of his meat was match for his balls, the *cojones* of an ancient bear god emblazoned on Viking shields. How can someone who has never knelt before a lordly penis and worshiped its foreskin ever know what true divinity is? *I have murdered and blasphemed. Punch me. I deserve it. But let me suck beardick.*

MuscleBear's face laughed without sound. I must have looked pretty stupid with two blackening eyes and my mouth hanging drool-open in disbelief. The furry straight bubbas with the cigars were gonna love refucking my hole. He pointed to the tip of his dick.

The eye of his foreskin was completely blind. But jailhouse legend was wrong. His alabaster white foreskin wasn't two inches longer than his hard cock. It was three. His stiffening cock had tightened the balloon of skin so perfectly transparent that the mushroom head of his cock showed through beneath the nipple of foreskin. This size of his uncut dick was at least two inches more than the ten the prison skinny gave him.

MuscleBear took the tip of his foreskin between two fingers and hoisted his penis straight up. His foreskin stretched from the weight of his meat. His cock was growing harder, pumping itself up with blood and seed, enlarging inside his meaty bearskin foreskin, its head turning the angry red-purple color of cocks that have swung for eons between the Druid legs of red-blond Anglo-Saxon warriors, raping and pillaging with cocks and swords. Up and down the tier, the hand-held mirrors watched like coke compacts in a *noir* night club.

MuscleBear liked the watching, thinking perhaps of all those other hands in other cells, holding out mirrors in one hand, beating off their own meat, cut and uncut, locked down, watching his zoological exhibition that he meant

as much for their eyes as for the weasel eyes of Warden Bull, watching, always watching from his office, on his color video feeding into his laptop, recording on his DVD, transmitting real-time over the internet to the geneticists studying the incredible beariness of being bear.

MuscleBear moved toward me. Its rising cock was half hard. He dropped hold of his foreskin, bobbling his cock, moving it slowly toward me like the head of a bear on the prow of a warrior ship. I pushed my face between the dirty bars. I figured he wanted me to suck the tip of his foreskin. Instead, he aimed the iris-eye of his long

foreskin straight at my nose, dilating the eye, opening the foreskin wide, stretching his bearskin with his big tattooed fingers, pulling the skin wide as a parachute, so the iris-eye of the foreskin bloomed open to a circumference in proportion to the depth of its dark tunnel.

In that stretching balloon of foreskin, waiting, a mushroom piston, his dick-head, thumped with the pulse of his MuscleBear body. I watched cross-eyed as he pulled the tube-chute of his foreskin like a condom over my nose, pressing its lower edges with his strong thumbs hard against my moustache and teeth, pressing its upper rim hard on the bruised bones below my blackening eyes.

My nose, wrapped in foreskin, breathed the meaty interior smells of his MuscleBear cock. The aroma sucked me deep down the tunnel of bearskin, past the clean soap smells near the top rim, through the strata of sweat and layers of piss smells, down to the gritty caves of deep smegma. My tongue licked out and licked only foreskin air. MuscleBear, with his strong hands and huge arms, was dilating his muscle-pumped foreskin across my face, turning his foreskin into a mask across my face.

I knew how I would die. *Him transmorphing, transforming me.* I would feel my eyes disappearing inside the widening mask of his foreskin. Then my mouth and teeth and tongue and my chin. Till finally MuscleBear totally masked

MUSCLEBEAR LOCKED HIS BIG RIGHT HAND OVER MY MOUTH AND HIS LEFT HAND BEHIND MY HEAD. HE WANTED ME TO SNORT HIS CHEESE BALLS DEEP UP INTO MY SINUSES WHERE THE BEAR-GREASE SMEGMA WOULD DRIP FOR DAYS, THE TASTE RUNNING DOWN THE BACK OF MY THROAT...

he wanted to. I opened my mouth further to shout, but I could not, because MuscleBear, deaf to all entreaty, played his advantage and jammed his wild uncut cock deeper down into me, impaling me, more than any man or manbear before or since.

The last plunge set him off to full ursus.

He yanked his cock from my mouth and with all ten fingers pinched up the foamy mouth of his foreskin. His cock jerked. His body spasmed. He was beautiful, this MuscleBear, this beast, in rut, in heat, cumming, filling up the rubber of his foreskin with the hot white cum from his cock. I wanted it. His foreskin ballooned full of the volume of his bearcum. Some jism leaked between his fingers. His hips and butt were still fuck-pumping. He was still cumming. His whole body was flexing. His eyes were closed and he was a million miles away, someplace where he was free.

MuscleBear, still cumming, stepped toward me. I leaned my face between the bars and he put the fingered seam of his foreskin against my lips. I opened my mouth. He let loose with his fingers, and his cum still shooting, still running, still dripping, shot, ran, and squirted into my mouth. I sucked hard as a cub on his foreskin feeding a ravenous hunger that was a new appetite to me.

"Holleree-wood!" A voyeur shouted down the tier. I cleaned up MuscleBear's dick. I licked his furry crotch. I sucked dry his pelted balls. When he turned around and offered me his gnarly hairy butthole, I cleaned that too, because I was the Hose Man and I was more than a Hose Man. I ate my reward from the bearchute of his dark feast.

Warden Bull was one of those Nurse Rat-shit no-balls no-dick kind of guys who freak out whenever they meet an untamed man who can no way be broken, the way some bears just won't dance. I fear someday when Warden Bull's bored with MuscleBear welded in his cage, he'll fuck the geneticists' engineering. He'll drug MuscleBear's food, and when he's passed out in some deep hibernation, call in his crony, the prison doctor, who, if he's not too drunk, might remember how to circumcise some con who's got too big for his britches. Or worse, castrate him. I sure as hell hope that never happens.

Not to MuscleBear.

He was a man in rebellion. He was a wild thing. He was a hero waylaid on a journey. He was a red-blond Alaskan grizzly. He had an MuscleBear's power. He had foreskin, and, oh yeah, buddy, when he came, from somewhere deep inside him, somewhere so deep that it was not a human voice, because he had none, because he had no human voice at all, there came out of MuscleBear a roar that shook the walls of the prison and rattled the bars in the cage where he was welded the way beasts too dangerous for ordinary men are kept locked away, like creatures their keepers hope will never escape, but know somehow, someday, they will. *Aw, God, it was fun watching the coming Great Bear clawing up at the stars mapping the genome of Ursa Major!* 02000 www.JackFritscher.com

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