

Only the best climbers



The tiny men inside her womb were at it again, dragging their miniature ice hooks down the lining of her uterus. The pain was excruciating. Inside, the men had no idea of the effects of their fun. The soft nutrient-rich tissue was the most natural place in the body for climbing. Clean walls, angling slightly. Only the best climbers could reach the top and lay claim to fame. The spongy tissue usually held their hooks, let them explore.

Audrey Rose lay on the ground, feeling the coolness under her, the sun beating down on her naked belly, warming her from the outside in. She felt the movements inside of her, the cost of being a woman. Behind her eyes, waves of red flashed. Audrey Rose imagined blue, the cool depths of the ocean, the shadow of a tree on a winter's day. These thoughts brought her away from the pulling, numbing inside.

Once a month, when the lining began to fall away, the ice axes would slide down, pulling away her insides and flushing them out. Because there was such an opportunity for womb climbing, the last unexplored frontier, every man in Audrey Rose's womb had a go at it. There were only a few really good days between the replenishing of the lining and the flushing of her walls. Every other day the men had to occupy themselves with other misadventures. They were small enough to venture up into her fallopian tubes to her ovaries, then slip down them like a giant slide. Most times they jumped off before they spilled out between her lips, like a vaginal hiccup. Some were flushed away and their tiny gills let them swim beside the fishes before they became a tasty dinner for some hungry water creature.

Sometimes Audrey Rose would find a miniature man lounging in her panties. His skin was red and eyes bright blue. While the men had limbs, they also had gills in order to survive the enclosed world of Audrey Rose. Their arms were strong and muscular and their bodies hard as rock. Audrey Rose never understood why there were only men and tried to ask them but they didn't speak her language. They only grinned and laughed, a hearty noise for such small men. Audrey Rose would swallow these beings whole so they could navigate her system back into the womb. Figuring a woman might distract the men from climbing her uterus, she went in search for companions for her men. She searched under four-leaf clovers, amongst chocolate covered almonds, in the heart of a rose and

the rosy cheeks of a robin. Nowhere were any to be found.

Then, like a ton of bricks, the solution struck her. Tiny women could only be inside of a man, probably surfing the swells of blood during their erection, kayaking down the rivers of sperm. She knew this positively, so the only problem was how to get them out of a man and inside of her.

She went to Sunpie's where the men are always happy to see a pretty girl. Finding what she wanted, she took a flushed-cheeked boy of barely twenty one home with her. She offered her pink sweetness no strings attached and he responded. Each time she captured his life in her hands, sifting it between her fingers in search of a woman. After thirty seven times, the boy barely able to lift his head to meet her kisses, a tiny redhead appeared. Her wet hair and oceany scent were immediately swallowed by Audrey Rose and the boy sent home.

From that moment forward, there were no more ice hooks in her womb, only a gentle tickling as the men found a new distraction. Saturday nights became dance nights and those were the times Audrey Rose would sway to the beat inside her no matter where she was.

-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose's life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection.