



## It Will Be a Hot Epoch in the Aged City this Evening

A FEW YEARS AGO, I GOT IT INTO MY HEAD that I could earn a living writing porno stories. I cranked out a dozen or so, sent them off, and waited for the checks to come pouring through my mail slot.

Then the first SASE arrived. More followed, some editors having scrawled suggestions on the MS as to how I might *improve* my stories. Improve them! I was indignant, for these were the editors of *Leg Action* and *Big Butt*, not *Granta* or the *New Yorker*. So, huffing and puffing, I stomped away from the world of pornographic literature and didn't look back.

The stories gathered dust on my hard drive until, surfing the web one day, I came upon Systran ([www.systransoft.com](http://www.systransoft.com)) and InterTran ([www.intertran.net:2000/InterTran](http://www.intertran.net:2000/InterTran)), two pieces of natural-language translation software. The web sites invite visitors to try a free online translation before buying the software.

It occurred to me that a good way to test the limits of the technology would be to try it on my failed pornography. I dug into my archives, and reopened a story entitled "It's Gonna Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." I started by feeding a paragraph into Systran. I translated from English to Portuguese, then Portuguese to French, and French back to English. I then spent about thirty hours running the text of the story through Systran, InterTran or both programs, choosing arbitrary sequences of languages—French/Ice-

landic/German, Dutch/Russian/Italian, Danish/Japanese/Serbian—always returning to English.

Here is the result, abridged but unedited:

*This is a modern-day, kinky take on the Mrs. O'Leary's cow legend.*

*Our narrator, Randy, and his lover, Laura, are on their way to dinner in a fashionable Chicago neighborhood. They appear to be a happy monogamous couple, at ease, playfully fondling and teasing one another:*

Let me say to you that my girlfriend and me began the second fire of Chicago. We were outside on the city one Saturday, strolling by crowd, more on Clark and Belmont. A gust of apartment. Of the evening gown of Laura, drawn with effort by breeze, proud tit-mouses recoiled underneath perspicuous cotton wool. I grafted my arm to the top of his silky fillet.

He punched my shoulder, lowered his eyebrows and pretended to seem insane.

"Stop that," he thundered.

He opened his purse and produced a package of cigarettes.

"Obtain a light?"

We changed from action to rest by means of a crosswalk. His nipples were held outside under his dress like balls. He *picoté* me on the cheek, drew aside and looked to the top of me nicely, handling the beater with long lashes. I dug in my pocket for my Zippo.

*Yes, Laura is a man. I myself was surprised to find it so, as I had originally conceived the character otherwise. Systran, however, consistently corrected me. Laura and Randy arrive at the restaurant.*

"Right this manner," the hostess said, smiling.

It looked very familiar, but I could not think why. It had an exotic glance of fatal woman about it, raven-haired of the jugs, red-lipped, and *āndarna* which were worthy of the warship.

"Here you go! Appreciate your meal," it said.

It aimed menus in front of us and smiled to me still. This smile, this temptation...

"The Veronica!" I howled.

"Randy?" it said, shocked, "Randy! I thought that you seemed familiar! Defect of the sound reproduction! It is large to see you! I must obtain again with work, but I will come close inside a little. Okay?"

I inclined the head and tightened my shoulder.

*The encounter touches a jealous nerve in Laura.*

"To see...I known as...which was that?" I said.

"Who was the Veronica?" Laura asked.

"It was a friend with me in the lyceum," I replied, "We lost the contact during years, but it and me were accustomed to being good friends."

Yes, I knew the Veronica in the lyceum. However, we were not exactly friends. The Veronica measured a wild baby. Friday nights, whereas my buddies failed, unhappy their efforts to avoid causing damage to the nether garments of cheerleaders, the Veronica and me would drink cheap alcoholic drinks, bombarding around in transport of its dad, *fodendo* where, and in each manner we could imagine. One of these nights, our elder year, we penetrated by *effraction* in the house of its neighbor.

*Randy recalls their breaking-and-entering tryst. The Veronica dressed up in the neighbor's lingerie, and urged Randy to light a fire in the fireplace, whereupon, they had sex. The Veronica, who can only get off under circumstances involving crime and fire, did. End flashback. Randy's "just an old friend" explanation does not convince Laura, and Randy knows it. The tension between them peaks, and finds relief, in the story's first sex scene:*

Laura and me led to the house without speech. I was the *nicotinism* with chains. As soon as we were inside the apartment, I approached Laura with the floor. He embraced me hard, sucking my corrosive

lips. He pushed his hips, groaning as he rectified his fork in my construction. I hogged him among the carp, and pinned his bean. I sucked his cervices, felt his ardent aspiration at my cannon, then his burning bat.

"Kiss me! Randy! Kiss maintaining me! God of the...oh, kiss my cat! I want you!" he shouted.

I trimardé to the hairpiece with his frock and slipped into summation for him, knee-deep. He transmitted there to me, being twisted, his she-cat opened in full flowering, his legs of ivory widened always outside. His eyes were half-closed and his cheeks were rinsed.

"Now, Randy! I want it now!" he whispered.

I pumped with the soft and hard races, this lost creation being opposed in an extravagant way under me, his feet rebounding the sky. He came already. I was tedious in his tunnel of love like a machine. I rubbed more and more quickly, my tightening of balls and came, squirting in the belly of hot Laura, a torrent everywhere, his thighs, his face.

*In the shower, Laura loofahs Randy's semen off his skin. They dry off and Randy basks in the afterglow. Their encounter with the Veronica is forgotten, but not for long. The phone rings. It is the Veronica. It tells Randy it will drop by the next day. The following morning, Randy steps out for a walk. He soon returns, for he finds the summer heat unbearable.*

The door to the apartment was open when I returned. I dripped my keys on the coffee board.

"Laura?" I called.

I heard voices whispering behind the door of the alcove. Then I heard the *gémissements*, the soft one, and the squeaking bed.

*He assumes that Laura is in bed with another man.*

This bitch! I imagined naked Laura with his diffusion of legs, striking far while he scratched with his behind. Or perhaps he sucked his

dick while he deceived. Slovenliness! I absolutely booted the doors, my fists tightened, adrenaline pumping in my veins. I stopped well there and *baillé*.

Laura was indeed naked, and naked with him was the Veronica. They were *enlacerés* on the covers. The arm of Laura was around the shoulders of the Veronica, his hand formatting one of its boobs. He and it shared an impassioned kiss. All the moment, the incredible poop of the Veronica balanced in my face. It was that the bubble, smooth and impeccable like the wet marble, had puckered gently the pink moron and the bailer notch.

It twisted and contracted. I was on the receptacle, cheek by jowl among them, without knowing I arrived there. I put myself at knees by the face of Laura, my hand cherishing the Veronica also. I drew aside the head of Laura and fished my phylacteric insignia of authority to the bottom with his ripe lips. He *bâilloné* a little, then started to suck without jolt, and ardently. I was to jump from my skin and Laura had the period of his life.

The Veronica, in addition, seemed reamed.

"I am not to just go down," it said.

*The Veronica, unable to achieve orgasm, sets fire to the room, and takes command of the situation:*

"Laura! Immateriality! Come short of your vision in my absence of fear! Now!"

Laura obliged.

"Randy!" said the Veronica, "Kiss my ass! Hasten!"

I was before the palpitation of the Veronica, which seized the thighs of Laura and started to be regaled between his legs. Heat was intense and the light of fire around the bed danced above our bodies of flutter. Quickly, the salmon net of the Veronica *digity* while I bordered the crater. I rose on my knees and struck the Veronica's secrecies with the head of my personnel. Then I touched the nose of Laura.

*A perilous predicament indeed, but the Chicago Fire Department speeds to the rescue.*

Laura closed his eyes, threw his head and whistled by his teeth. I gave ear to fire pumps descending the block. Sweat was reversed in my face.

I was thoughtless. The blaze yelled. Somebody broke up the front door. The Veronica arched behind and let out another *gémissement*. Just as I inferred, and drew an input of liquid lava, the door of the *sängkammaren* broke downwards. Three firemen were there, shocked, one with an axe and the others with the pipe of fire. We were soaked while cold water struck the wall and the vapor billowed around us. The Veronica looked outside the ass of Laura at the disconcerted firemen.

"Why do you not join us, boys?" the Veronica said, "or is it too hot for you?"

*Se Loppu*