

## WIE GISPERT SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY

Written by,

Stankpussy (Nerd Name: Bryan)

Stankpussy opens up his eyes, rolls over and glances at the clock. It reads, 7:52. "Fuck," he thinks. "Damn insomnia. Why can't I sleep passed 8?" It's day number 317 of unemployment. He gets out of bed, throws on his sweatpants and hoodie and starts a pot of coffee.

As the coffee brews he loads his computer and begins to check his bank statement. While signing in, he glances at his COBRA monthly bill. He looks back over to the computer and his balance is now on screen. "Motherfucker," he says aloud. "Only got enough for a few more months of health insurance." Suddenly, a grin comes over his face and he remembers that his COBRA benefits will only last another few months. A feeling of serenity overcomes him, because he realizes regardless of his ability to afford healthcare, there won't be any healthcare to afford. He gets up, walks to the kitchen and pours himself some coffee.

Returning to the couch, he rubs his hands together hoping that the friction warms them up. Peering toward the thermostat, which he keeps at 63 degrees (warm enough to prevent the pipes from freezing and cool enough to keep the Pepco bills manageable), he contemplates raising the temperature. But he does nothing. As he searches through the Internet for work, as he has done for the previous 316 days, he's suddenly bored and decides to masturbate. He opens a new browser window, goes to madthumbs.com, searches through the thumbnails, finds an enjoyable porn and proceeds to...

Ninety seconds later... he grabs a bagel and begins to eat breakfast. Shortly after that, bagel meets coffee and Stankpussy runs toward the bathroom to drop his morning deuce. While on The Can, he glances down and notices that he hasn't groomed in a while. He wipes, flushes, doesn't wash his hands, turns on the shower, grabs the bic, the barbasol and begins to shower and groom. "Gotta keep this high and tight."

After finishing the shower, he pats himself dry and is overcome with a feeling of satisfaction. "I think I'm going to write a poem about Manscaping." He sits back on

the couch, kicks his legs up on the table, the loose blue sweatpants dangling, he pulls his hood over his head, grabs his computer and begins to type...

*I look in the mirror*

*And I am in shock*

*At all of the hair*

*Surrounding my cock*

*An enormous bush*

*That covers my dick*

*A lot of hair*

*And it's fuckin' thick*

*Has it really been*

*So long since I groomed*

*I grab the clippers*

*The razor and broom*

*Gotta get this done*

*Before I go out*

*If a girl see's this*

*She's liable to shout*

*I plug in the trimmer*

*Attachment number one*

*I take a deep breath*

*And I turn that thing on*

*I'm buzzing around*

*My balls, shaft and crack*

*I'm being real careful*

*Not to nip my sac*

*I've gotten some nicks  
A few times before  
It hurt like a bitch  
And bled on the floor*

*I finish the trim  
And look at the tile  
I sweep up the small mammal  
That is my pube pile*

*I hop in the shower  
And I grab my bic  
It's time to clean up  
What's left on my dick*

*I lather my nuts  
Barbasol all around  
I stretch out my scrotum  
And I go to town*

*With razor in hand  
I hold no restraint  
Shaving all my junk  
Including the taint*

*I wash off my willy  
And then pat him dry  
I look at myself  
And let out a sigh*

*He's clean and he's trim  
Groomed high and tight  
He's ready to go  
And have a big night.*

He reads it, editing where necessary. "Man that was fun. Let me try another one. What's another subject that would be funny?" Suddenly it comes to him. "Crime Scene Sex!" This week his girlfriend had her period and sex on Tuesday was real messy. The imagery, vivid and fresh in his mind, he furiously begins typing...

*The stain covers my sheets  
Like a Rorschach test  
A thick bloody montage  
Formed by crime scene sex*

*It's that time of the month  
That week where she bleeds  
My penis the victim  
As well as my sheets*

*"It's not blow job week!"  
She surely informs me  
"I get mine to!"  
And I'm forced to agree*

*A towel down on my bed  
Would have been great  
'Cause during the sex  
She began to menstruate*

*I've surfed crimson waves  
A few times before  
I've earned my red wings*

*But without all this gore*

*I look down at my junk  
And it's less than clean  
Clotted blood on my balls  
A crust-scarlet sheen*

*My shaft looks like it's been  
Sliced by some blades  
Or like it was used  
In a murderous raid*

*Parts of the menses  
Is attached to my pubes  
Stuck all together  
Like they have been glued*

*Then I remember  
That I fingered her too  
I glance down at my hands  
And there's all this goo*

*I tear off my sheets  
And head to the shower  
Because washing this off  
May take an hour*

*Observing this rinsing  
Has caused mental strain  
Coriolis laundering  
Of blood down the drain*

*"Please wash of quickly,"  
I begin praying  
I'm scrubbing real hard  
While moving and swaying*

*This experience  
Has forced me to gag  
Repugnant sex happens  
When the chicks on the rag*

Reading it over, he finds the rhythm of the poem to be slightly off, but still, hilariously disgusting. "It's not iambic pentameter, but I'm not Shakespeare. So fuck it." He's on a roll. It's Thursday. A Hashing day. He contemplates writing a story about his name. He attempts another poem. Fails. Decides maybe the story would read better as a third person narrative. He types for 30 minutes...

*Royce has her on his bed. They're going at it. He get's her shirt off, kisses up and down on her chest and stomach. She's definitely into it. He decides to step on the gas and slowly puts his hand in her pants. She's sopping wet down there. He knows where this is going. Feeling how excited she is, he unbuttons her pants and slides them off. All that's left are the panties. He quickly grabs and... HOLY SHIT! STANKPUSSY! He can't pause or slow down. She might think something's wrong. He wants to get laid and if he hesitates she may stop everything. So he takes off her underwear. He barely had to lift up the elastic before the stink was released. Stankpussy. The aroma emanates from her nether region. He's tangled with this ill-smelling creature before.*

*After removing the panties, he quickly returns to the torso and neck. He continues to kiss and caress up and down keeping clear of the Stankpussy. He needs some time to regroup, assess the situation and evaluate his options.*

*He wants to get laid, so he plays it off by extending the foreplay. "I'll just finger the beast," he thinks to himself. He begins to jab at the monster. "Fuck!" Royce thinks. "I forgot about that." Unlike a skunk, which emits a terrible odor when frightened, Stankpussies release their foul stench when excited. Jabbing at the Stankpussy has*

*caused it to drool and the stench is growing stronger and more putrid with each poke. Royce begins to contemplate his next step.*

*Last time he encountered a Stankpussy he decided to eat it. Big mistake. Not only did it taste like a used hockey-jock, but he was sick for the next 3 days. He continues to finger the beast and suddenly remembers his Biology class. Receptors in the nose will become desensitized after a while and scents will seemingly disappear into the background. "O.K." he thinks. "I gotta get this thing as excited as I possibly can so it releases all the odors possible. Make it smell as horrendous as it can. Then, I can get after it." He pokes, jabs, digs, circles into the Stankpussy. With each dexterous digit movement and manipulation the monster becomes more and more wet. It's near dripping, moistness releasing further horrible scents by the second.*

*His eyes tearing from the smell, squinting in pain he continues on. Then. Suddenly. It happens. He can no longer smell the scent. Soon after his over joyous revelation, he hears a whisper "I want you inside me."*

*"Yes!"*

*He thrusts his man axe into the hairy axe wound. They copulate.*

*The next morning Royce wakes up. He and the girl get dressed, wash up and grab a quick bite to eat. He takes her home. A 10-minute roundtrip drive. He arrives back home to find his roommate Scott eating breakfast. As he walks through the door Scott stares at him with a slight smirk and begins to chuckle as Royce enters the living room.*

*"How was last night?" Scott asks.*

*"Not bad." Royce replies.*

*"Dude. I had to close your fuckin' door when I walked passed it this morning. It smelled fuckin' terrible. What the shit were you doing in there?"*

*"What are you talking about?" Royce asks.*

*"Dude. Go open your door. Take a whiff."*

*Royce walks passed the kitchen toward his room. A little timid, he glances back at Scott. He gets to his door. Opens it. BOOM! The smell hits him like a freight train of baked fish; soaked in year-old, dirty sweat-socks. The Stankpussy's affect has lingered into the next day. "Holy fuck," Royce thinks. He stumbles out of his room shutting the*

*door behind him with his hand over his nose. Stumbling to the kitchen he sees Scott laughing hysterically.*

*"I wasn't lying." Scott says. "It's ridiculous in there."*

*Royce takes two deep breaths, grabs the febreze from underneath the sink, turns around and marches back toward his room. He gives Scott a glance and a devilish grin. He takes one more deep breath. He thrusts open the door and goes running in. Spraying the febreze generously, he frantically runs to his left, opens the blinds and throws open the first window. He swiftly slides to his right. Continuing to spray with the bottle of febreze in his left hand, he yanks open the second set of blinds and pushes open the window with his right. Still, without taking a breath, he darts across the room to the last window. The blinds are stuck. He's running out of air and doesn't want to take a breath. He drops the bottle of febreze and punches his hand through two blinds pushing the last window open. Still holding his breath he dives out the door slamming it shut behind him.*

*Stankpussy.*

"Beautiful! Maybe my best one yet." Suddenly, Stankpussy gets a message from Dr. Too Little.

"They extended the WIE scholarship. You have until midnight tonight. You should do it. I think you have a good shot at getting it because you're pretty broke." She writes. Stankpussy replies, "But I was having trouble with it because I don't want to sound like a pity case. Writing about my situation is going to piss me off."

"Hmmm. That's tough," she responds, "you need to make it funny."

"Maybe I can figure something out."

Fifteen minutes go by. Stankpussy is trying to think how to write something humorous without sounding like a pity case.

"I think I have an idea," he texts Dr. Too Little. "We'll see what happens."

Stankpussy begins to write an opening paragraph. The words are easily flowing through his fingers. He's writing about today. He includes everything; what he's wearing, making coffee, the thermostat, checking his bank statement and COBRA bill, masturbating, pooping, showering and grooming. He continues to write,

figuring out how to include the hilarious poems and the short story that he had written. He even includes Dr. Too Little's texts.

He pauses. Checks the word count. "1971. Wonderful. Way over the 569 word minimum and it's definitely going to be short of the 10,469 maximum." He begins to ponder how to end the essay. How can Stankpussy make himself stand out? "I know," He says. "I'll write a poem from the female perspective and then have conclude with a solid final paragraph."

He begins to type...

*The morning after  
The deed has been done  
The guy and the girl  
Have both had their fun  
He gave it to her  
He's feeling real good  
Her time was sub-par  
From his 6-inch wood  
What he doesn't know  
Is that when he's gone  
She'll discuss his features  
And all that they've done  
She calls up her friends  
They go and they hang  
They discuss last night  
And whom she had banged  
She starts to divulge  
All the little details  
His motion in bed  
And grooming of nails*

*"His member was average  
But groomed up real nice*

*So I went down on him  
And I did that twice.  
His balls were real big  
His sack a bit droopy  
One freckle on the left.  
He told me named Snoopy.  
The first time he got off  
I wasn't too happy  
He gave me no warning  
And the taste was crappy  
On time number two  
He released his spunk  
On his gut it landed  
And the smell was funk."*

*The girls looked around  
They giggled and laughed  
It's not the first time  
A guy's made this gaffe  
Her story continues  
She's being descriptive  
Her friends gaze with interest  
And looking quite pensive*

*"He went down on me slowly  
A sloppy melee  
It didn't do much  
But I moaned anyway.  
I was hoping that sex  
Would help me climax  
So I grabbed a condom*

*And we hit the sack  
He started off poorly  
He wasn't real smooth  
A little bit clumsy  
With some of his moves  
But he's got potential  
To be a good lay  
The boys got endurance  
I'll be sore today  
I could not believe  
We went at it 4 times  
Once in the shower  
And once from behind."*

*"Part of the reason  
I let him take 4 turns  
Cause he made some noises  
That were hard to discern  
I wanted to hear  
If it happened each time  
And each time it happened  
It was hardly sublime  
Approaching the "O"  
His breathing got heavy  
With loud scratchy panting  
Like a broken down chevy  
And when he did finish  
That sound was the worst  
Like a wounded goat  
Or donkey giving birth"*

*“That’s all that happened  
With my hook-up last night  
If he calls for seconds  
I’ll say yes with delight  
Cause he’s cute and he’s nice  
Which can’t go unsaid  
And though some things were strange  
I can teach him in bed”  
The gossip from last night  
Had come to an end  
Guys should be careful  
Cause girls tell their friends  
Guys cannot be selfish  
And should try to please  
Cause when girls are talking  
There are no boundaries*

“Nailed it.” Now he just needs one last paragraph.

He rereads the entire essay hoping it will spark an idea. All 2490 words. He begins to type wondering if those who are reading it are going to find him worthy of the scholarship. He finds his essay hilarious but is unsure what the committee is going to think. Are they going to find it humorous? Are they going to laugh out loud? Are they going to be confused about the direction of the essay? Are they even going to read 2600 words of nonsensical babble? Will they find him disgusting? Will they question his sanity and discuss on whether or not they should commit him to a mental institution? All of these questions run through Stankpussy’s head. All he can do is write them down and think to himself...

“Only time will tell.”