



A Million Little Pieces Of Bullshit

by Josh Mitchell

FLYMF July 2006, The Bodily Functions Issue, Volume 3 Issue 7

From the number-one bestselling author of two previous embellished memoirs comes his most eagerly-anticipated collection yet: more half-true stories giving voice to the thoughts we all have but dare not lie about.

I'm sitting here on my bed, typing on an Apple Powerbook and watching digital cable with Dolby Surround Sound, and I can't stop thinking about how tough my life has been so far. I have a severe urge to head downstairs and grab a Vitamin Water and low-fat ice cream sandwich, but I'm too engulfed in my rough upbringing to leave my down comforter.

You see, I grew up in the slums of Ireland as a poor, gay geisha. Being that I am Italian and straight, it was a particularly bizarre scenario, but sometimes you just have to embrace your lineage.

After my parents died in a sudden tractor accident, I have been in and out of mental facilities for a handful of disorders. I am sometimes called Psycho. I don't believe I am. I think I just handle stress in a different way than other people. Also, my medication now plays a key role in helping me be stronger mentally and able to get an erection physically.

While my transgendered lover has been working part-time, I have spent the last few months as the primary income earner—and that's on minimum wage. By the time I get home I'm exhausted, and the house duties are still my responsibility. I sit down on the computer and spend all but maybe five minutes of it scanning the casual encounters section on Craigslist. I cook dinner, take our three-legged dog for a walk and finally get to bed about four hours before I have to repeat the process.

On top of all this comes the stress of not having conceived. After that mosquito bit me and I was diagnosed with HIV, I've never been able to relax during intercourse. While I know that stress doesn't help (and neither does my weight, but the South Beach Diet doesn't work, and I really don't have the energy for sit-ups right now), I can't seem to get away from it. I know that it isn't my fault, I didn't make my thyroid this way, but I feel a deep sense of solitude.

I don't know if it's the lingering guilt from my affair with my priest or my bird flu, but I'm definitely not as tough as I used to be.

I don't want to sound like an old man, but back when I was a kid and pitched a perfect game in Little League while high on the designer steroid THG, I had it hard. My crippled brother and I actually crawled to school—uphill and in the snow. The Irish district we lived in encouraged being vertically-challenged to appease the chemically-corrupted luses and Leprechauns.

My parents had things even tougher. After they were married and forced to work in a sweatshop to pay off their wedding rings, they were drafted for the Vietnam War and had to raise three kids on a battlefield. I was born on a rice patty in Ho Chi Ming city.

Maybe that's why I decided to fight in the Gulf War myself—as a sort of tip of the hat to my parents' patriotism. I could have never anticipated that my triple bypass surgery was going to go awry, forcing me to honorably discharge and take up work as a CIA assassin.

I don't know if it was my three-month stint in the Columbian penitentiary or the time I was kidnapped by terrorists, but something just didn't click with killing people. It was then that I fell into the lucrative, yet challenging, world of QVC. The late-night infomercial industry may prey on people who believe they can get rich doing nothing. But you know what? I busted my butt making all that money off of those idiots. I'm still kicking myself and my T. Rowe Price representative for suggesting 100 shares of Enron.