

## **CHICK MAGNET**

I was doomed from the start. I didn't know it, of course, because I had no way of knowing what I was. If anyone had known, they probably would have done me in. They would think it far better to lose me than to lose hundreds of others along with me, and I certainly agree with that. After all, as I said, I was doomed from the start.

But nobody knew. So it happened . . .

I turned into a chick magnet on December 12<sup>th</sup>, at precisely 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in an airplane, flying over Little Rock, Arkansas. Now that I'm gone, and I can talk to all these dead people (the dead are a very exclusive society, they won't talk to you unless you're one of them), I know that it would have happened at some time in my life, no matter what. This type of thing used to happen all the time in the Middle Ages, so the dead know all about it. But it happened in a prop plane over Little Rock.

I digress. And I'm getting ahead of myself. I suppose you folks don't even know what a chick magnet is! I didn't, until I died and all. Well, a chick magnet, excepting popular usage, which indicates "sexy man," is a person who actually creates a type of field around himself similar to the one created by a magnet. It's very simple, really: instead of attracting positive or negative poles, he attracts chicks, a.k.a. beautiful women. Chick magnets will not activate until some time in their late teens, and will increase in magnetism rapidly until they die, which is usually several hours later, by suffocation in an immense pile of women of beauty. Chick magnetism is a genetic trait, and all chick magnets are, in essence, doomed. As I was.

And so it happened. On a very small plane, with only ten passengers and a pilot and copilot. The whole plane was filled with mostly ugly people, as is the statistical probability, except this one girl who promptly attached herself to me, but it was only one, and that's no problem for a magnet. My friend Johnny – he was a chick magnet, too, one of the select few

from this century, that is, when he was alive – it took twelve women stuck to him before he finally suffocated in a phone booth in Palo Alto, California.

Anyway, as I was saying, I was completely confused, and things started to get very weird just then. The bottom of the plane began shaking, and there was this sound, as if someone were punching it. The sound grew louder and louder; became faster and faster, so that everyone in the plane started screaming. No one knew what was happening until a voice spoke to us over the loud speakers:

*“Please turn off all electronic devices! An alarming and inexplicable event is taking place. It appears that women are flying up from the streets below like birds . . . I can’t see. The windshield is covered with beautiful women . . . The plane is going down . . . There are hundreds of them . . . Evacuate the plane!”*

People were panicked. Several were trying to open the emergency exits; others were looking for parachutes and attaching flotation devices. Everyone was frantic, pushing and pulling and searching for a way to escape. I couldn’t understand what was going on. I was scared witless, and I merely stood there, gaping as people ran wildly about. Finally, someone opened an emergency exit, and I was promptly sucked through.

When I fell from the exit, the women stopped hitting the plane and fell with me. There were hundreds of them, falling towards me, and even more flying upwards from below. The beautiful women and their beautiful body parts soaring through the air, faster and faster . . . One hit me, then another, then another, and another, and on and on, again and again . . .

I was pretty upset by the whole thing, especially the part about dying. But the sad fact is, no one feels sorry for a chick magnet. Not even the dead.