Prologue

William Control

Allow me to be frank at the commencement.
You will not like me.
The gentlemen will be envious and the ladies will be repelled;
You will not like me now, and you will like me a good deal less as we go on.
Ladies, an announcement;
I am up for it
All the time
That is not a boast or an opinion,
It is bone hard medical fact.
I put it round, you know.
And you will watch me putting it round and sigh for it.
Don't.
It is a deal of trouble for you and you are better off watching and drawing your conclusions from a distance than you would be if I got my tarse up you petticoats
Gentlemen, do not despair.
I am up for that as well,
And the same warning applies.
Still your cheesy erections till I've had my say, but later when you shag, and later you /will/ shag,
I shall expect it of you and I will know if you have let me down
I wish you to shag with my homuncular image rattling in your gonads.
Feel how it was for me, how it is for me,
And ponder;
Was that shudder that same shudder he sensed?
Did he know something more profound?
Or is there some wall of wretchedness that we all batter with our heads at the shining, live long moment?
That is it.
That is my prologue.
Nothing in rhyme,
No protestations of modesty;
You were not expecting that, I hope.
I am William Control,
And I do not want you to like me

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