

Entry of the Gladiators

Hollywood contracts weren't the same as they are today. Technically, I had to go where the studio sent me, which might be acting as a retaining wall in a beach cottage the owners will not come back to till spring.

For several months, i was placed as a dancer in a circus. It was not glamorous job, reading bingo numbers and making out with Peaches the Elephant.

I dated a Ringmaster Jeff, who at the time worked for the Bleed Brother's Circus for Glum Animals. The place started off as a pet shelter, but then some bright spark whacked a tutu on the freaks to make a little money. They had a hawk that swallowed needles, a horse with mange, and a troupe of acrobatic dogs that could leap through a ring of fire unscathed except psychologically. This was all just a warm up though: their star attraction just had to be a giant sea lion that walked on his hind flippers and sold peanuts and spoke english and now I think about it was definitely a man in a costume.

The Bleed Brothers themselves were actually only second cousins, but they kept up the magic for the kids in the crowd. The Bleed Brothers actually hated each other, and would constantly try to cut each other down in a series of revenge pranks. It started innocently enough, with a handful of attempted maimings. The next thing you know, they have stolen each other's wives and so they both ended up married to wives they didn't like but were too stubborn to swap back. Untimely, the rift grew so large they broke up the circus into two smaller rival circuses that continued along the same tour, hurting abuse through the tent windows and making potential patrons very nervous.

The best thing about the circus by far, alongside scoring weed from Ringmaster Jeff and eighteen clowns in the back of their car, was hooking up with Zsombor the Strongbor. Zsombor was the circus strongman, a Hungarian shear wall of masculinity and muscle that could bend nails with his teeth and rip a sheep in half. Just my type. He had several sexy scars. One was being shot with a silver bullet, just in case. One was from a pacemaker he swallowed. One was from a particularly badly received performance. One was boredom I suppose. Honestly, we would bang for days, he would fill up on a shake of oxen milk and bone, and then we'd bang some more.

I don't know if you've ever been crushed like a tennis ball in a giant's hands while in the peak of ecstasy, and honestly I'm not sure if I have, but it sure felt like it.

I got him some good work in my movies, just so I could keep him around. He made a good Tarzan, or Atlas, or a craggy outcrop for the hero to hang off. But honestly, the life didn't suit him. He just wanted to bang. You gotta let a free spirit like him bang.