```
/spank/
/box/scramble/fuss/
/imbroglio/fight/wage war/grapple/
/hug/
```



"Spanking The Monkey", the box read. It made you anxious, scared, sweaty. Scrambling back home, you find the building's janitor, a fussing yet elusive political type with an engrained fascination for the Panama Canal and all evangelical imbroglios, standing on your door step, smirking.

Fight? flight? Waging war was the last thing on your mind. Still you've always held him as a surprisingly good wrestling buddy. Soon you are both grappling on the floor, sweating and moaning, being spent. You won't be spanking the monkey this afternoon. I suppose you also found your daily hug. So be it.