

Title: Twas the itch before MOASS (repost)

Author: HRH\_Anand\_Rajaram

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Twas the itch before MOASS, I was in a rut

Cos the cause for my scratching seemed open & shut

Many comments & posts said the fault was my own

Lack of hygiene the reason I scraped to the bone

All the medical tests had provided no scope

Neither pinworm nor ringworm & it wasn't my soap

I had tried different water, stayed at inns & hotels

But the itch wouldn't leave, yet there wasn't a smell

Didn't seem like my body was falling apart

Yet my scouring increased every \*poof\* of a fart

Could it be that inside me some other thing hid

I remembered a moment when I was a kid

I had loved action figures, Star Wars, G.I.Joe

But we couldn't afford them, too poor, don't you know

So one day at the Kmart, on a crowded sale day

While my parents were busy, I tiptoed away

And I went to the toy aisle where a bunch of kids played

And I saw a rich kid, drinking fresh lemonade

He had plenty of toys in a basket filled full

Cos his folks gave him everything, everything was too dull

He was bored with his bounty, hadn't e'en left the store

He was calling it all stupid, throwing toys 'cross the floor

Ripping open the packages, pulling stuffing from bears

I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "Nobody cares"

"But you're wrecking it all" "Their insurance will pay"

He said "My dad's the boss. I can do this all day."

"Ya but why?" I didn't get it, how could he find joy  
Not in playing with things, but in wrecking each toy  
He said, "Don't you know, stupid, that this stuff is all junk?"  
"It costs nothing to make" and my little heart sunk  
I used popsicle sticks to make Hans, Leia, Luke,  
And this kid's crazy tantrum was making me puke  
If my parents had bought even one action figure  
I would cherish it years, even as I got bigger  
But this kid had too much, didn't value a thing  
And that's when I saw a tiny Yoda keyring  
It was so very small and no packaging 'round it  
And it felt like it sparkled the moment I found it  
It was tiny & fit in my hand, no one'd know  
I could leave without paying, I started to go  
"Are you stealing that?" he asked, I was shocked he had seen  
I never stole anything. I said "What do you mean?"  
He said, "Don't worry kid, I won't tell" with a grin  
I felt my heart thumping so loud deep within  
"But you can't leave like that cos they'll catch you, no doubt"  
I said, "I don't really know what you're talking about"  
He said "Hide it, ya dummy, put the thing in your pants"  
Then he yanked off a doll's head & started to dance  
In his eyes he looked crazy, and he twitched like the devil  
I scurried away from his satanic revel  
Yoda in my palm felt like a hot burning coal  
I was sweating profusely, pulse outta control  
Should I steal it or not, didn't know what to do  
Heard a voice inside say, "They don't care, why should you?"  
But my conscience was strong, though integrity waning

I remembered the sound of my parents complaining  
How they couldn't pay bills and keep food on the table  
They worked really hard, yet our life was unstable  
"It's all rigged" my dad said "They like keeping us down  
"They enjoy that we struggle cos it keeps us around  
"Doing all of the dirty jobs they'll never do  
"While they laugh at mass poverty, these corrupt few  
"Then they say we are lazy, don't work hard for our pay  
"While we sweat, hardly seeing our kids every day"  
My mother worked too, sometimes three jobs at once  
Just so they could afford my Kraft cheese sandwich lunch  
I would hear my folks fight & I'd hear them both cry  
Cos the bills were killing us long before we would die  
And I looked at the Yoda so wise in my palm  
And I suddenly felt both courageous & calm  
I went to the changeroom, random shirt in my hand  
The logo said "Hellman's". (I would later understand)  
"Where you going?" said a voice, and I spun fast to look  
An employee. I sweated & felt like a crook  
"Wanna try on this shirt" "Ok dear, go ahead"  
My heart was full throttle, felt like I was near dead  
A nice lady, like mom, in Kmart uniform  
She took me inside while I fevered a storm  
"My you're sweating" she said, in a kindly dear voice  
"I'm okay" I lied feeling I had no other choice  
"Take your time" she said sweetly, and pulled the door shut  
And I felt a deep gurgling inside my gut  
All alone in the changeroom, had to make a decision  
If I did this it'd have to be with thought & precision

It felt like an hour or three then did pass  
'Fore I chose to put this Yoda keychain up my ass  
I spat on it, pulled my pants down, bent & spread  
It hurt, pointy ears sticking out of his head  
Some more spit, then more grunting, incredible pain  
In the mirror I saw my forehead, throbbing vein  
With a punch & a yelp & immediate regret  
I had Yoda inside & my fingers were wet  
Wasn't spit, it was blood, I was gushing a lot  
I passed out & what happened next, I quite forgot  
But I woke in the hospital, parents so mad  
Disappointment the worst punishment I ever had  
Didn't hear them alternately screaming & crying  
Felt like garbage as I lay there and prayed I was dying  
As it turned out, they didn't know what I had done  
Saw my pants off & blood, terrified everyone  
Kmart didn't know, nor the docs at emerge  
That the ears of my Yoda had led to that purge  
Everyone thought I had some other illness, weren't mad  
And Kmart gave gift certificates to mom & dad  
Cos the paramedics rushing in made all shoppers scared  
So the Kmart team acted as they had prepared  
Always damage control, if, in case they got sued  
And my parents weren't mad but in a festive mood  
They thought I was dying, they were crying with joy  
And they hugged me real tightly their wee baby boy  
Said I needed to pee, limped to toilet from bed  
I fingered inside of my butt, Yoda's head  
And I pulled it out slowly, more blood & more pain

Got him out, washed him off, then I passed out again  
When I woke up the next time, I was back in my home  
Beside me on my pillow, my small Jedi gnome  
I could almost hear Yoda speak, "Lucky are you  
"Could've died", then I cried cos at that point I knew  
I was no longer a kid, I had learned adult tricks  
Got away with my theft, now a grownup at six  
Then my mother came in, kissed my forehead goodnight  
As she left me in darkness, saw a shaft of moonlight  
Hit my closet door, open, laundry had just been done  
And what I saw will be of surprise to no one  
As I felt the first itch where my scar tissue grew  
Round my anus where Yoda ears cut through & through  
As I itched, overcome with such guilt, pain & gloom  
A moonlit white t-shirt glowed bright in my room  
The last thing I saw drifting off sleepily  
Was the logo of Hellman's on my freshly washed tee  
My hand, as I itched, disappeared out of sight  
Scratching anus & balls. GME, make me right.