

The Parable of the Sacred Bull

Enrico Salazar

As Enrico stepped off tuna boat onto fine soil of this country, he was immediately molested by a strange man in a rumpled suit with crazed eyes. Normally this would not bother Enrico at all, on the contrary, he advertises for it—but this man wasn't interested in Enrico's crotch at all, he was only interested in talking religion and philosophy. He asked Enrico, "Do you believe there is such thing as a true religion?"

Enrico snorted and replied, "Isn't pornography the religion in this country?"

He told Enrico that it was not, which saddened Enrico for a few moments; it was after all why Enrico had come to this country in the first place. Immediately his visions of becoming a pope of porn melted away—he would have to find other ways to get people to accept his 'host,' he realized. He was only sad for a moment, of course, because Enrico rarely has to do much persuading, being the virile testicle squid that he is.

The man pulled a medallion from under his shirt and waved it before Enrico's eyes. Enrico, in turn, pulled seventeen medallions from under his shirt and waved them around too, thinking 'what strange customs these beautiful people have,' but was distracted from his inner monologue by the man saying, "This is called the Sacred Cow."

"Sacred Cow?" Enrico asked, then added: "In Enrico's homeland that is Beatrice Arthur."

"No no," the man said. "Cow! See Ayche Aye Oh. Cow. It is the singular version of Chaos."

"Chaos," repeated Enrico.

"Yes," the man said. "Chaos is the natural state of the universe. Aspects of chaos are order and disorder. Both are natural, so do not shun the disorder as false, it is true."

"You speak bullshit," Enrico laughed. "Enrico likes that."

"This is not bullshit. This is truth that will set you free."

“No,” said Enrico. “Is bullshit. But, bullshit is important.”

The man’s eyes widened in amazement. “Bullshit? Important? Why?”

Enrico was surprised that the concept of Bull hadn’t been taught to this man. What else was going to be different in this country?

“Bullshit is very important.” Enrico told the man. “Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread bullshit wherever you go.”

“Why?” asked the man.

“Is simple. If you speak to someone and tell them truth you have made them think nothing, is true?”

“No, they think about what you said.”

“How many peoples do you know?” Enrico asked. “Most peoples, they are not completely right in the head. Most peoples accept your information like a baby goat accepts your root. If you give them bullshit, though, the person will later find out about it, become angry, but then they will need to go look up the information themselves. They will need to use their own head gravy, instead of relying on other peoples to do their thinking for them. In this way bullshit is very very important. So spread bullshit everywhere, my fine friendly faggot.”

Enrico was about to leave when the man called out to him: “But what if they never find out that the information is bullshit?”

Enrico turned back to the man. He shrugged. “Fuck em. If they are that stupid, they deserve to stay that way.”

And that is how Enrico taught the silly man about the Sacred Bull.