

# HOME BREAST-IMPLANT KITS

IT WAS AN INVENTION AS REVOLUTIONARY as the home computer, one that promised a porn star's body for every dumpy housewife in Peoria—the "Home Breast-Implant Kit" exploded into the national consciousness two years ago, providing endless material for comedians, millions in profits for manufacturers, and bigger, better boobies for countless grateful women.

All women desire nicer, more robust breasts—and all men like to look at them—but until the advent of the home breast-implant kit, the cost of plastic

## WHAT ARE THEY?

surgery put such breasts out of reach for all but the richest of women. Whereas the old cosmetic breast-implant surgery cost anywhere from a few thousand to tens of thousands, most home breast-implant kits retail for under four hundred dollars...with some as low as forty dollars! These days, all a gal needs is a few hundred bucks, a sink or bathtub, a steady hand, a strong stomach, and a tolerance for certain anesthetics and painkillers, and she's able to give herself the sort of breasts that she and her suitors always wanted. It's a revolution in human sexuality!

Recent advances in anesthesia, as well as the development of the "home stitch gun," a handheld device which is like a miniature sewing machine that enables someone to give themselves

surgical stitches, made the home breast-implant kit possible. At home, and for pennies on the dollar compared to what she used to spend, a woman is now able to anesthetize her breast area, make a surgical incision, insert a medical-grade saline bag, stitch herself up, apply the proper antibiotics, anesthetics, and bandages, and be walking around town with a spectacular new pair of Maguffeys within a week or two after the healing begins.

## HOW MUCH DO THEY COST?

"THESE GODDAMNED HOME KITS are putting a lot of plastic surgeons out of business," gripes **Thane Rothschild**, a licensed dermatologist from Lake Oswego, as we sit in his parked car and stare at passersby through binoculars.

Rothschild, a towering seven-foot-one Colossus with a prominent nose and almost no chin, says that fifty percent of his business used to be breast-implant surgeries, but the home breast-implant market has cut into that share to where only one in ten of his operations now feature breast implants. "There's other stuff to pick up the slack," he tells me, removing a Desert Eagle handgun from his glove compartment. "like penis enlargement and vaginal episiotomy and rectal dilation and scrotal electrolysis and hemorrhoidal cauterization. It keeps me busy, you know?"

"Uh-huh," I assented. "Are you gonna put the gun away now?"

"If it makes you nervous, sure," he told me.

"Thanks," came my reply.

"IT'S BARBARIC, IT'S PATRIARCHAL, IT'S SICK, it's foul, it's abominable, and it's degrading to *all* women, including my recently deceased mother, who died of breast cancer," says **Myrtle Tushner**, founder of WAHBIK (Women Against Home Breast-Implant Kits), an organization which describes itself as "a grassroots guerrilla street-theater troupe fighting the Powers That Be in defense of all women," but which in reality is composed of rich, sheltered, white, suburban women such as

Tushner who already hold a disproportionate amount of wealth and power in this country and who should really enjoy the remaining benefits they have before the precious "underclass" they champion rises up and eats them alive.

Like all fanatics, Tushner is a master of emotional propaganda and frequently resorts to manipulative breast-implant horror stories in order to pluck her listener's heartstrings and win them to her side. As I sit in Tushner's office, surrounded by nauseating full-color posters of home breast-implant surgeries gone wrong, she tells of cheap, useless anesthetics and carcinogenic glues. She tells of Peruvian implants that explode inside the woman's body under the merest pressure, immediately poisoning her to death. She tells of forcible home breast-implant surgeries performed in Somalia by street gangs armed only with kitchen knives and two tennis balls.

After a half-hour or so of battering me with such tales, she pauses. "Doesn't this all make you *sick*?" she asks me.

"Yes, it does," I retort. "That's why I don't understand how you're able to subject yourself to this sort of material day after day."

"Hmm," she says, sitting back with a befuddled expression. "Maybe it means that *I'm* sick, too."

"WE GIVE THEM BETTER TITS FOR A LOW PRICE, and *still* they complain," **Sal Bugberg** shrugs as we play *Super Mario Bros.* in a NW Portland arcade near Bugberg's million-dollar home. Bugberg has sold an estimated one hundred thousand units of his **10-Minute RACK ATTACK!!!** home breast-enhancement kit, widely regarded as the cheapest and most dangerous

kit on the market. Bugberg's many critics say that he has built a fortune on the savage mutilation of gullible females, most of them working-class or poor. He currently faces over a two dozen lawsuits in ten states from permanently maimed and terminally ill victims of his RACK ATTACK!!! Still, Bugberg acts as if he's done nothing wrong and instead says his detractors "are acting like assholes because finally they have to deal with a real professional like me."

"I try to do people a favor, and this is the thanks I get," Bugberg sighs, expelling a breath cloud that smells like salami and mothballs. "These bitches were born with shitty tits, then they use my product, and suddenly they have some self-esteem and they start looking for someone to blame besides themselves, and it

falls on me. I sell a nice, solid product. A *safe* product. I'm not to blame if a lot of bitches are crazy."

"But Sal," I counter, firmly placing my thumb and forefinger on pressure points in his shoulder like they taught me in Wing Chung class, "women are *dying* because of your product. They're getting mutilated for *life*. They're getting *cancer*. You promise them beauty, and they wind up *deformed* or *dead*."

"Oh, really?" Bugberg responds, assuming the "Praying Mantis" Kung Fu position and making snakelike hissing noises as if to warn me that he's ready to defend himself against an attack, "Huh. Must *suck* to be dead. That's too bad. I got my *own* problems."

**JANIS PRINGLER DISPUTES SAL BUGBERG'S CLAIM** that his product is safe. A small, bitter woman with sharp features, thin ankles, and naturally tiny breasts as pointy as two cheese wedges, Pringler was initially delighted to receive a 10-Minute RACK ATTACK!!! kit for Christmas last year.

"By New Year's Eve, I had the new tits on," Pringler tells me as we enjoy a plate of creampuffs and lady fingers at a local homosexual bakery. "I looked a lot better. All the men wanted to fuck me. I felt great. I had new tits and a new attitude."

But by St. Patrick's Day, those "new tits" had fallen off, along with her *old* ones, leading to severe blood loss and nearly causing her death. What's worse, much of the tissue that remains in her chest area has been diagnosed as cancerous.

"I wanted bigger tits," she says, wiping some confectioner's sugar from her chin, "and all I got was big tumors." I nervously bite into a lady finger, trying to avoid the sadness in her eyes.

"Like all American women, I was excited about the home breast-implant kits when they first came out," Pringler volunteers as we daintily chew our pastries and try to ignore the hostile glares of the surrounding crowd of spoiled homosexuals. But to Pringler, her initial excitement soon curdled into heartache, physical pain, and thirty thousand dollars in hospital bills for remedial surgery.

"I wish I had my old tits," Pringler says, looking off into the distance. "I wish I had my old tits. I don't want justice, I want VENGEANCE!" Pringler suddenly blurts out, eyeing me up and down as if I was a potential foe. "I want them to feel a *hundred* times the pain I felt. I want to torture them and take pleasure in their suffering. I want to teach them that what they did to me was wrong. Even when I finally go to heaven, I still won't have the original tits that God gave me, and to me that's *wrong*."

**WE ALL WANT BETTER TITS** for our women. That's not the problem. But the question is—at what cost to their health and dignity? Are we *killing* our women just because we want to see them with bigger, better, rounder, more succulent tits? Are we *slaughtering* them because we're taking the money we would have spent on legitimate plastic surgery and spending that money on hookers and drugs? Do we sacrifice our souls...and the lives of our girlfriends...in order to have a nice set of *maracas* to squeeze every night? These are serious questions, comrade.

Nice tits shouldn't have to come at the expense of human life. But either way, they sure are nice. X

## RATING THE "TIT KITS"

EXOTIC Reviews the Three Top-Selling Home Breast-Implant Kits on the Market

### PRODUCT: HOMEMADE HOOTERS!

**SUMMARY:** With sales of over a quarter-million units (meaning over a half-million fake breasts), **Homemade Hooters** has every right to call itself "America's Favorite Do-it-Yourself Breast-Implant Kit!" It first broke on the market two years ago, a full year before any other home-breast implant kit became available, and it still controls over fifty percent of the self-performed mammarian-enhancement market.

**PROS:** It comes with three saline bags instead of two, which is a godsend for the nervous novices out there who invariably botch either one breast or the other and then "have to buy a whole 'nother kit just to get another bag." It contains a small tube of industrial-strength anesthetic to lessen the pain during the self-operation as well as during the healing process. The scalpels and the instruction manual are the finest we've seen.

**CONS:** The price (**\$299<sup>99</sup>**) makes it difficult to afford for the average working woman who wants a bigger set of breasts. **Homemade Hooters** is a fun, safe product, but it is also the most *classist* of the home breast-implant kits.



### PRODUCT: TITS...IN A JIFFY!



**SUMMARY:** The newest and most innovative home breast-implant kit currently available, **Tits...in a Jiffy!** is the first product of its kind which can be customized to fit a woman's body type and ethnicity. The aspiring self-performed-breast-implant recipient merely fills out a questionnaire on **titsinajiffy.com**, pay **\$249.99** in e-cash, and within three working days, they will receive a FedExed home breast-implant kit uniquely tailored to their individual needs.

**PROS:** The **Tits...in a Jiffy!** people host a toll-free hotline whereby the self-surgeon can talk to a home-breast-implant expert who will guide them through those first crucial incisions.

**CONS:** The chick on the **Tits...in a Jiffy!** box looks like a lesbian.

### PRODUCT: 10-minute RACK ATTACK!!!

**SUMMARY:** The most notorious kit of all. The source of most of the physical disfigurement and class-action lawsuits in the home-breast-implant-kit industry. In fact, it wouldn't be proper to call these breast implants—shockingly, the kit consists of a hard-plastic simulated set of breasts which are permanently glued *OUTSIDE* the woman's real breasts and can never be removed without severe tissue trauma.

**PROS:** That plastic set of tits is a really *nice-looking* set of plastic tits. The home "surgery," which consists of gluing the plastic rack onto one's chest, takes even less time than the ten minutes advertised in the product's name. And at **\$39.99**, it's by far the cheapest of the home breast-implant kits we've surveyed.

**CONS:** The glue leaks into the woman's real breasts, causing cancer and death.

