

# Billy and the Circus Girl

by Terry Bisson

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1,100 Words.*

Billy had a little dick. When he rubbed it, it got bigger.

That seemed to defy the laws of physics as Billy understood them. So he decided to show it to his science teacher, Mr. Smart.

“Look here,” said Billy.

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“Why were you sent to the office?” asked Mrs. Sutton, the Principal. “Mr. Smart wouldn’t tell me.”

“I showed him this,” said Billy. “I don’t understand why it gets bigger when I rub it.”

“Home from school already?” asked Billy’s mother.

“They let me out early,” said Billy. “They said I took the prize.”

“That’s nice,” said Billy’s mother. “What prize?”

“I guess it’s for my trick dick,” said Billy. “It gets bigger when I rub it.”

“Billy!” said Billy’s mother.

“It’s like magic,” said Billy. “Watch this.”

“Go to your room,” said Billy’s mother. She started to cry.

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Billy hated his room. It was full of dumb shit. There was nothing to do so he rubbed his dick.

It got bigger and bigger.

It was like magic. Billy liked magic.

So he rubbed it some more. It got as big as a wiener.

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“Where’s Billy?” asked Billy’s father. He was home from jail.

“He’s in his room,” said Billy’s mother. “Rubbing his dick.”

“That Billy!” said Billy’s father.

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“Who’s there?” asked Billy.

“Your father,” said Billy’s father.

“Come in,” said Billy.

“Wow,” said Billy’s father. Billy’s dick was as big as a Polish hot dog. Billy’s father had eaten one once at a street fair. Billy had had one too.

“How did it get so big?” asked Billy’s father. Billy could tell his father was proud.

“Rubbing it like this,” said Billy. “It’s like magic.”

“We’d better shut the door,” said Billy’s father.

Soon Billy’s dick was as big as a bottle. Billy was tired of rubbing it. It was getting sore. Plus, he wanted to watch TV.

“You can’t watch TV like that,” said Billy’s father.

“How can I make it little again?” Billy asked. “It won’t fit in my pants any more.”

“That’s easy,” said Billy’s father. “Just keep rubbing it.”

That didn't make any sense to Billy. But he did it anyway. He knew better than to contradict his father.

But his dick just got bigger. Soon it was as big as a rolled-up towel.

"That didn't work," said Billy.

"We need help," said Billy's father. He went to get help.

He shut the door behind him.

After a while there was a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Billy.

It was Father McBride.

Father McBride came in and sat on the bed beside Billy. He had a funny haircut.

"I can help you, my son," he said. Billy's dick was almost as long as the bed.

"How?" asked Billy.

"You must pray for forgiveness, while I rub your dick with Holy Water."

"OK," said Billy.

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Billy prayed while Father McBride rubbed his dick. The Holy Water was warm and his dick got bigger and bigger. Soon it was as big as a baseball bat.

It bounced up and down like a spring and broke out the window by the bed. The glass was everywhere.

"Now you're in trouble," said Father McBride.

"In trouble for what?" asked Billy.

"For breaking out the window with your dick," said father McBride. "That's what."

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It was true.

Billy heard sirens. The police were coming.

Billy climbed out the window and ran away. He left Father McBride sitting on the bed.

Billy's dick was way too big to fit in his pants. It waved around from side to side as he ran down the street. It broke out the windows on the cars.

"Stop him!" people shouted. "His dick is too big!"

They ran after Billy but he outran them all. His big dick made him fast.

After a while he came to the circus. "Maybe they can help me," thought Billy. He had heard that circus people were smart. Everyone has heard that.

He told the Ringmaster his problem. "How can I make my dick little again?" he asked.

"That's easy," said the Ringmaster. "First you have to stop rubbing it."

Billy stopped rubbing it. But it stayed big.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Now you have to stick it into a circus girl," said the Ringmaster. He introduced Billy to a circus girl. She wore gold pants.

"Where do I stick it?" asked Billy. He didn't see any holes.

"There is a hole hidden here in my gold pants," said the circus girl. She pulled them down to show him and spread her legs apart.

Billy saw the hole and it was amazing. He stuck in his dick. It slid right in.

"Do it like a pump," said the circus girl.

Billy did it like a pump. Pretty soon he felt stuff squirting out, and his dick got smaller.

When he pulled it out, it was almost as little as usual.

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Billy heard clapping. "Good going," someone shouted.

Billy looked around. There was his mother, she was smiling. His father too. Also Father McBride and Mr. Smart, the science teacher. Even the principal, Mrs. Sutton, was there. She was smiling too.

Billy felt good.

He pulled up his pants. His little dick fit into them easily. He looked around for the circus girl but she was gone.

“That’s better, son,” said Billy’s father. “Now you can come home and watch TV.” Billy could tell he was proud.

“And you can come back to school,” said Mr. Smart and the Principal, Mrs. Sutton.

Father McBride didn’t say anything. He had a funny haircut.

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“You mustn’t rub your dick anymore,” said Billy’s mother, as they headed off for home.

“I have learned my lesson,” said Billy. “What’s for supper?”

It was turkey. They had turkey every night.

---The End---

About the Author

[Terry Bisson](#) is from Owensboro, Kentucky, as is Johnny Depp. Terry’s novel *Pirates of the Universe* has some especially wonderful evocations of growing up in Kentucky. Terry lived in New York City for many years, and he was active in organizing a great monthly reading series at the KGB bar in the East Village. Recently he moved to the San Francisco Bay Area, and has turned his organizational skills to starting up a monthly series of readings at the New College in the Mission District in San Francisco. Terry is a master of the short story form; he’s won the Hugo, the Nebula, and he even sells to *Playboy*. Last year Tachyon published his mind-boggling collection *Greetings* as well as his book of linked mathematical tales, *Numbers Don’t Lie*. Lately, Terry has been writing a series of deceptively simple fables, cast as children’s stories about a boy named Billy.