

I am standing naked
porcelain clay, a flowing,
depressions stretches to the
the clay field. Carefully I dip
quickly find a stable standing.

Then I set my second foot
Slowly I move further into the
step my feet become
the ground. Every time I pull
When the mass reaches my
surrounded by a white, endless
not afraid. I feel welcome in

Then suddenly, there is
The earth beneath my feet shakes and trembles slightly. A tickling sensation in the back of my knees
draws my attention. A snake-like creature emerges from the ground. Crawls up my leg. Circles my
knee and reaches the inside of my thigh. An opening at the top of the clay forms a small mouth.

It sucks on my flesh and slowly pushes itself higher, dragging its long body behind. The strange object
circles my thigh and reaches my vulva. The strong clay lips pluck at my labia. Carefully

drill into my cavities and orifices. Explore my body. While I watch this process with
fascination and excitement I feel another clay creature forming. It slowly crawls up my
other leg while the first makes its way between my buttocks, reaches my stomach via
my hips. A curious tug at my belly button before it continues unperturbed to one of my

breasts. Exploring, it sucks at my nipple. It creeps under the crook of my arm to my neck, behind
my ears, sucking on my earlobes, circling my head. The small clay mouth opens my lips, enters my
oral cavity. Suddenly, new creatures with mouths appear. They cover my whole body, circling me,
sucking on me, touching almost

grows. When I feel I can no
into the depths by the countless
of clay. More and more until
moves convulsively around me,
by one hundred hands. After a

and I lie there completely exhausted. The last
vagina withdraw. The ground calms, becomes
me, and offers a welcome rest. When the
rhythmically against my body. I feel I'm lying
arousal return. Slowly, I straighten and look
to the horizon on all sides. The bright, blinding
Has dimmed. The hills and elevations cast long
mountain rises in front of me. I begin to crawl
slippery wall. Smaller and larger phalli grow out of the earth. I grasp them with my hands,

pull myself upwards. They gently enter my body from below, push me forward. Although
I keep slipping back, barely making any progress, it is a thoroughly pleasurable undertaking.
Liquid sound spills over me; new phalli keep emerging from the floor. I gradually glide up
the slope. Until now, I intuited that the porcelain mass was reacting to my wishes, shaping

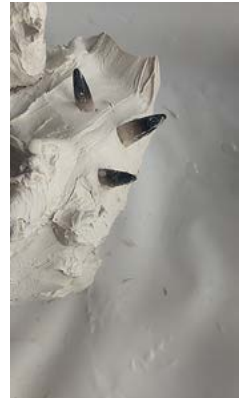
itself according to my desires. But suddenly I feel a great urge to
climb this mountain. Something beckons, pulls me irresistibly
forward. I don't know what it is, but it drives me. On and on. I reach
the edge of a large clay crater in an excited state, full of curiosity.

What awaits me here? Bubbling, smacking white lava erupts in
new shapes—volcano-like hollows, bizarre phallic shapes, vibrating
surfaces, fountains of mud that rise up into the air, then smack the
ground with force, creating splashes right up to the edge. I'm covered with clay sprinkles
in no time, entirely fascinated by the spectacle. Without fear and with the clear goal of

diving in, I climb over the edge of the crater. Glide gently into the billowing
material. It seems to welcome me, has been waiting for me, absorbs me, spits me
upwards, slaps me down, kneads me, penetrates me, surrounds and strangles
me. Twitching, convulsing, I become one with the sludge. I don't sink, but
gradually dissolve into this lava in one huge, eternal orgasm.



on the edge of a huge muddy desert. Fine
undulating surface with small elevations and
horizon. I am curious and feel strangely drawn to
one foot in the sludgy ground. I sink slightly, but
Soft clay rises up through my toes—a pleasant feeling.
down, put all my weight on the soft, yielding surface.
mass. I feel held. More and more I sink in. With every
increasingly covered in clay. It's hard to get them off
one foot out, it makes a smacking sound.
calves, I stop. Look around. Now I am
landscape glistening in the light. But I am
this unknown element. I stand motionless.
movement in the mass surrounding me.



every inch of my skin. My excitement
longer stand, gradually I am pulled
tentacles. I sink into the plastic mass
the mud covers my neck. The clay
squeezing and releasing me. A massage
while, the clay slowly works me up,
tentacles penetrating my anus and
completely still and smooth beneath
material liquefies once again, it sloshes
in the surf. Gradually, activity and
around. The desert of mud stretches
light has changed.
shadows. A high
up the steep,

