

How does a centaur wipe its ass?

The question was an entirely innocent one. One I thought would just lead to a dirty joke for the next Pathfinder session. The boys would tousele my jewfro and ask me where I'd learned such things. We'd laugh it off and it would be filed away as an in-joke that could be rehashed each time a centaur popped up. Instead, this answer awoke something in me.

These awakenings are nothing new. History is filled with intellectuals who have found themselves through nothing more than a question. An academic of POC decent recently stumbled upon themselves through the question "Why does my anus itch around white people?" — being half Black myself, this is something that also befuddled me. His research led him to the idea of buck breaking, a psychic weapon that slave owners used to instill a cross-generational lust for white cock. A truly insidious device that explains so many embarrassing events throughout history and has clear lasting effects to this day. While I do take great offense to the idea that this lust for white cock does not extend to the chiselled members of the chosen people, I am willing to forgive my fully Black brethren. This is, after all, the result of a psychic attack, and not real discrimination. It's something that can be corrected.

Though that's not what we are here for today, as much as I would love to continue on about the seemingly endless suffering of our POC allies. Today is instead dedicated to why a centaur would not need to wipe its own ass, a fascination centered around the little-known mechanics of the horse anus, and the journey it took me on.

To understand this newfound obsession, you must first understand just what a marvel of engineering the horse's anus really is. A marvel of engineering that has not gone unnoticed by the scientific community and has led to many advancements in the field of manufacturing. We lesser shitters begin and end with a slow constricting of our bowels until they empty. Horses do much the same, but they incorporate a special trick at the very end. Four muscular rings line the inside of the horse sphincter, each with the ability to constrict to a vice-like grip. The horse seems to have full control over not only the contractions of these, but can seemingly position each ring up or down the rectum with precision.

The horse begins by prolapsing a large portion of its anus, expelling the first ring in the process. This first ring expands, causing the prolapse to double back around itself. This tucks the outer anus safely away, shielding it from the coming storm. The second ring acts simply as a gape, positioned at the new end of this prolapse. The real magic is reserved for the third and fourth ring, both of which have already aligned themselves at the starting line of the sphincter. An audible clap accompanies the next step, the proverbial starter pistol that announces the coming of the third ring. It has guillotined shut, bifurcating the turd. Our star of the show now races forward at lightning speed, violently releasing the shit. The fourth ring, the most gentle of them all, clasps shut before tracing itself along the third ring's path of destruction. A humble janitor who cleans up after the attraction falls silent. When all is said and done, the outer ring can undo its dilation and dance the whole prolapse back inside, clean as a whistle.

It really is a marvelous technique. One that only G*d could have conceived of; and one that only men of a higher order can truly appreciate. Those intelligentsia of the past were quick to see the practical applications of such a spectacle. The general process was adopted into all manner of machinery and, as a result, is all around us today. That perfectly portioned yogurt you had with breakfast? While it may not have come from the tailhole of our saddled sidekick, it may as well have. The importance cannot be understated, though neither can I understate just how overlooked this importance is. It very much is the biological equivalent of zinc.

I am not one to bemoan the forefathers of science, even with their worrying dependence on white Nazis. I will, however, say that each and every one of them suffered from one fatal flaw: They were all prudes. Raised on mysticism, they had already grown fat with purity by the time they found their passion for science. To them, this was no horses anus; it was a “viscous fluid separator”. It had to be. No man of that era could come home and inform his beautiful white wife that he had spent his morning elbow deep in a horse. It had to be reduced to science for purity’s sake.

I, on the other hand, am free from such distractions. The internet had long ago robbed me of my purity, and I bare no burden of a cumskin ball n’ chain eager to emasculate me. I am the fresh face required to truly take advantage of this miracle. Where, as those forefathers thought with their heads or their pocketbooks, I would think with my cock.