



### Andy O'Neal's Cure for Depression ...

Don't say it if you don't mean it!  
Jason was depressed and thinking of killing himself. He told me, and soon I had him agreeing to let me hang him! Perfect. I wanted to kill him, he wanted to die! But when it got too real, Jason changed his mind! Tough shit! I was in charge now! I squeezed his balls hard and he cried. His scream echoed as I crushed his blond furred balls with the heel of my hand into the leather seat. I embraced him with my left arm, holding him steady as I pressed his nuts into the seat with all my weight. The feeling of his body convulsing in that agony was great ... like I were feeling him die in my arms. He screamed until he had no voice left, only then did I stop crushing his manhood.

"Ready to die?" I asked.

I was at the bath. I had been super horny when I awoke and that was always the best way to cure that problem. I met Jason there -- only this time he was not in as depressed a mood, exactly. He was a kid who worked at a local disco in Hollywood where I danced with friends occasionally.

Jason was a cute kid, too cute. He was also a whore, though I doubted he was proud of that profession -- it was too plebeian for his taste.

He had been terribly depressed about some little thing when I first met him. He's the neurotic kind, the type who let little things bother the hell out of him, and make life a fucking misery for all around.

I had done the 'fuck me fuck me' routine in the orgy room at five, then I steamed and showered, sucking off a guy in each location, then I swam, and was relaxed enough to do a good workout. That's when Jason came along.

His eyes trailing over my muscles from top to bottom, he said,

"You really have to work at that body, don't you,"

"Yea, it comes somewhat natural, but to maintain it is a lot of fucking work."

"Lance thinks I should work out, he says I have potential."

"Who is Lance?" I said laying back on the bench and lifting the bar several reps.

"The guy I am with these days ... I broke up with the snot nosed bitch at the club, I haven't been working there in a week."

Jason was wearing a towel that just barely covered his 'manhood', a real money maker I thought, though I had never seen him naked, only with his shirt off at the disco.

I continued lifting the weight, watching him. He came around by my head and now I could see his cock was circumcised, and rather fat as it flaccidly draped over his blond furred nuts.

"Oh, well Lance is right, you do have potential," I said setting the weight bar in the cradle. His legs were sturdy, and he was slender, but his belly and chest lacked definition, and his arms showed no biceps.

"But it would take work to build up to what I have, and work to keep it once you have it, but it does have advantages."

"Like what?"

"Guys look at you, they also go for you, they think all these muscles are a sexy thing. But what is really sexy on a guy is his dick and ass, and how he uses them. At least that is my humble opinion," I said.

"I agree with that, that is why I don't think I want to bother with all the muscles. I have a nice cock, and know how to use it, and my butt."

"So you working here now that you aren't at the disco?"

"Hustling? Yes. I had to hustle there too, they didn't pay me much."

"Don't be so ashamed, I been a whore all my life -- on the streets, and now I dance at the male strip club ... and I score from there -- and here, and the streets if the occasion arises."

"That is tacky. I would rather be kept by some rich sugar daddy in the Hollywood Hills."

"Wouldn't Beverly Hills be better?" I snidely grinned.

"Yea, sure the more money the fucking better."

"It's all the same thing, only the kept boys know where their next meal is coming from ... until they get too old, or worn out."

"It takes more than sex to keep a sugar daddy. I got the class to do it, if I could get the chance," he said.

He walked away, following an older man who had paid fifty bucks to suck my dick once, and asked if I wanted to come home, and I said no, then later I found out he owned half of Santa Monica. Well I would be happier a free man and broke anyway.

I worked out more, and was in the steam when Jason came in and sat next to me,

"You doing anything?"

"No, why?"

"Want to eat, then fuck?"

"I thought you were with that old man. He sucks good. He blew me once for fifty in back of the OK Dog if I remember."

"He is an old fart ... your name is Andy right?" he asked getting all serious.

"Yes, why?"

"I am sorry, we were introduced by that actor guy. God he is a bit much with all his leather, then look at the roles he plays, always playing sissy boys, which is he anyway."

"He is into some pretty rough things, so can I."

"Yea, you look it and act it. But him, I can't believe he could do anything in a fight except bleed."

"The same thing could be said about you. I don't think you should challenge anyone. You might end up with your face rearranged!" I assured the boy.

"I am sorry I picked on your friend," he said mater of factually. "Can we go out and eat, then fuck, I need to talk to someone."

"Which do you need -- psychiatric help or a good fucking."

"Both. Don't you believe in doctor-patient sex?" he made a forced giggle.

"No. But we can go to dinner and talk. Then we can go somewhere and fuck. You aren't going to take any advice I might give, so I won't count what I say as advice."

He pouted for a minute,

"I like you. You're an ass-hole. Most guys would say what I wanted to hear just to get at my ass, but you don't care if you get my ass or not, and you say things as they are."

"Yea, might as well. Sex can always be found -- and faked. But life can't be faked."

"And you can have sex with anyone you want when you want," Jason pouted again.

"Yea, almost ... but not always. I get refused sometimes."

"You? Shit who could be that dumb."

"Maybe smart. Maybe there is a better time for sex later. Most of the guys I drool over I eventually get. Many aren't worth the wait, so I just let things happen as they happen."

I slapped his butt and we left, showered and dressed and met outside. It was a most pleasant night, and we went to the Howard Johnson's across from the Broadway Department Store on Hollywood and Vine.

Jason told me his life story ... nothing too spectacular. He was from Iowa ... father was a long distance trucker ... he beat the shit out of the kid when he found out he was a cock-sucker. His mother drank and fucked the neighbor boys he didn't suck off.

He had been very much in love with one of his teachers. They had an affair that lasted until Jason about to graduate, then the teacher broke it up to start in with a younger boy. Nothing new about that scene. Now mother and father, and lover all rejected him.

Not the greatest home environment. The high-school joke was if Jason don't blow ya, his mom would. After his father threw him out, he lived around, and started hustling, then after graduation he left Burlington.

He came here hustling his way across the states, selling his cock or ass ... or mouth for that matter for whatever he could get. He met the guy from the disco in Las Vegas and he took him there, and taught him how to mix.

Mixing dance music was something Jason could do well and he became a hit, but the guy wanted Jason to do more, like be his personal sex slave and house boy, Jason thought he should be the queen of the nest and be kept ... sex when he wished, not on demand.

They finally broke up, and Jason was very upset about loosing the job at the disco, as he could hustle there, like me at the club. Someone who performs is special in a customer's eyes -- that puts a premium on the body parts being sold. Now Jason was just another pretty boy with a big dick and cute ass ... but the competition was too stiff.

This guy Lance was someone Jason had wanted for some time, and the guy is willing to help Jason -- but no love and he isn't paying for it. As long as Jason stays for free, he puts out. Nothing wrong with that arrangement as long as the guy wants to put up with the kid.

As the conversation went on, he became more and more morose, lamenting the broken romance with the guy at the disco who had obviously used him, and now the unrequited love with Lance.

"Have you ever thought of killing yourself?" Jason asked.

"No, not really. Well once I sort of tried ... but it wasn't worth the effort, so I stopped before I did anything really serious."

"What would you do if you had a lover and he died tomorrow?" Jason asked.

I looked at him, then realized I had to be serious about this ... it was something I had avoided thinking about,

"I probably would somehow go on, but I am a very fragile emotional person. I would be a mental mess."

"Would you try to commit suicide?"

"No, probably not."

I looked away ... this silly boy could ask some real hard questions,

"It would depend on how he died, I probably would withdraw into myself, and be miserable for a long time, then I would seek revenge against who or what killed him. Then I would just go on."

"Would you find a different lover?"

"I don't know, I don't have a lover and never have, probably never will ... but if I do, it will be a serious affair. Love is serious, sex is frivolous. There is a difference between love and sex you know."

Jason looked blankly at me, not expecting me to open up so honestly with him, neither had I. He nodded,

"You don't approve of suicide."

"Not for me -- there is no chance the lover I don't have will die tomorrow, so I don't really have to think about it, do I?"

"Well he might get hit by a bus walking up Santa Monica Boulevard," Jason offered.

"In that case I probably would be hit too."

"But say you survived."

"Why are you so set on what I would do if I were suddenly alone, which I already am."

"I want to know, I am alone with no one to love me, and all the great loves of my life are gone. Should I go on and look for another, or should I pack it in and shoot myself."

"Have you got a gun?" I asked.

"No."

"Then how are you going to shoot yourself?"

"Probably won't. Probably need help doing it if I did. I'd need someone to hold the gun for me while I pull the trigger."

"Why don't you go down to Crenshaw and Western and call the first black dope dealer or pimp you see 'a fucking scum-bag nigger'. They would shoot you real fast."

"Be serious."

"I am, you think a black pimp is going to take that kind of shit off a white faggot? He'd say, 'what you call me boy?' and bang, you'd be face down in the gutter, another statistic."

"Let's go somewhere and fuck."

"OK, where."

"I can't take you to where I am staying, because it's not my place, I am just staying. And Lance would be jealous."

"I can't take you home," I said, thinking I didn't want him to know where I lived -- he was the pest type who'd ring a doorbell at six in the morning, "I don't share my bed with tricks."

"You got a living room carpet, I don't like kneeling on linoleum rest room floors," Jason said.

"If you really wanted my cock, the floor would not matter," I said getting up to pay the check, instructing Jason to leave a tip.

He was standing by my bike, looking about at the night sky wistfully. It was a warm evening, almost no need for a jacket. I stood behind him and caressed his butt, he looked back at me, irritated.

"Andy, this is public ... not the baths."

"So what -- it's Hollywood."

"People will see."

"Fuck them. We are faggots, and we do what faggots do. Shit ... a straight guy who is about to get laid can pat the bitches butt, so why can't I?"

"It just isn't done."

"Well fuck 'just isn't done', I'll God Damn screw you over the bike right here at the God Damn corner of fucking Hollywood and fucking Vine!"

"And we will get arrested. I have a better idea, let's go up to Mulholland Drive, and fuck me up there."

"Why all the way up there, we can go up to Griffiths park and fuck under the stars. It's lot closer."

"The view up Mulholland is better."

"You're right."

He showed in the time he had been in Hollywood he had gotten about with tricks, having been screwed in both places enough to have made a comparison of the views. The view was indeed great, maybe it would be a suitable place to fuck, maybe a good place to kill.

Jason was getting on my nerves, and I was thinking about doing him a favor,

"Hop on and hold tight, I don't let grass grow under these wheels."

We got up to the top of the hills and looked over the valley with all the streets laid out in a grid pattern of east west, and north south streets all outlines with twinkling lights like a magic picture -- not real ... and it isn't, it's Hollywood.

We parked in a grove of bristle cone pines and kissed then smoked a cigarette, watching the lights. I traced a flashing red light and then another moving up streets and converging at an intersection, watching the traffic making it's way out the freeways -- snakes of bright lights slithering about.

He said nothing, keeping what ever thoughts he might have to himself, and slowly removed his jacket and shirt, then the jeans and sneakers. And he was naked, he pissed over the edge of the hill and returned.

"Fuck me, then I'll jump off the cliff," he smiled.

I took him over the bike. He sucked my cock and I rimmed his butt, then slammed into him and screwed him hard and rough -- the way I like getting a cock up my ass ... the way I had been screwed several times this afternoon.

He panted and groaned, but I doubt he was in any real pain, just pleasurable pain like I enjoy when I am being screwed. He certainly didn't ask me to withdraw my dick, that was for sure.

When I was finished, he sat straddling the bike, smoking a cigarette, rubbing the cum he had shot all over the seat with his fingers, and about his cock, making it glow.

"I almost never cum off when I get fucked these days," Jason said, almost like he wasn't talking to me ... or anyone.

"It is something we outgrow, I think. When I was first screwed I shot off all the time, but my body has become too used to fucking for it to happen ... but when someone does something different up my ass I can still shoot off spontaneously."

"If I don't have a gun, how should I do it?" he asked, still playing with the puddle of cum.

"Well you could always hang yourself ... you might even get off in the process."

"What do you mean get off?"

"Haven't you heard about erotic asphyxiation?" I asked, beginning to feel a need in my belly.

"No, what is it."

"When a guy gets strangled, he gets off as he loses consciousness, most times. It is the most amazing orgasm, I've done it, it's great."

"But you don't die."

"No ... at least you hope not to die."

"But I want to die."

"Yes, but guys get off when they die by hanging ... and when they are strangled and they die."

"How do you know?"

"I read about hangings ... it's been reported. There is some natural reaction that gives a guy a boner when he is hanging ... and he also shoots off ... but it feels

like the most incredible orgasm ever ... it just goes on and on, like forever, and I bet when a guy dies it seems like he is going to cum for ever -- he just never stops having an orgasm."

"You mean it seem like he never stops ... what actually happens is he dies and there is no more sensations of any kind."

"Yea, but wouldn't it be better to die in a pleasurable way rather than in agony ... like if you missed with the gun ... or you took poison and it ate away at you for hours."

"Yea, I suppose," he said thoughtfully.

"All you got to do is put a loop about your neck and stand on a chair and tie the end on something high and jump off. And bang, you are shooting off into eternity," I said enthusiastically, like I was selling him on the idea. I was.

I was getting very hard now, and I wondered if he could see the size of my erection arching out of the fly of my jeans. After fucking him I had not put my dick away, and unlike him I had only let my cock out of my jeans, not undressed for sex.

I thought about it and I was sure I would kill the whiney little bastard if he didn't ask me to help. In some way I was going to have some terminal fun.

"How do you know about guys shooting off when they hang?" he demanded.

"I read about it in the old west, when a rustler was caught they strung him up to a tree while he was sitting on his horse and they drove the horse from under him and he hung, and they almost always reported the guy died with a bone on, and his jeans wet."

Jason looked about, at the tree, the bike,

"We could have a modern old fashioned hanging couldn't we."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

I was thinking about what he had been looking at, but I wanted him to articulate what he wanted before I decided what to do.

"If we had a rope, you could string me up to the tree as I sat on the bike ... then drive away and leave me swinging!" Jason said.

He was almost cheerfully, like solving his suicide problems was a way to be happy.

"Almost, but no cigar. The bike is too short, your feet would drag on the ground ... unless I tied you to an upper branch and you stood on the saddle."

"You haven't got any rope either," he sounded more disappointed than ever.

"I got bungee cords -- they are just as good for hanging."

"Oh," he said, almost disappointed.

It was like he wanted to say he was ready to commit suicide but when the reality of it was clear and present, he wasn't so ready. It was obvious he was riding a self operated emotional roller-coaster.

"I couldn't stand on the bike, I'd lose my balance."

"You won't have to stand, I could tie your legs up so they would not drag ... I'd tie your hands anyway," I said.

I was feeling the pre-cum oozing out my shoot hole, this was getting me very excited, it was going to be fun.

"You haven't got enough bungee cords to tie me up...."

It was like I had called his bluff, and now he was talking himself and me out of doing the deed, little suspecting he was already dead as any of my victims.

"I'd use your clothing cut in strips," I said, pulling the switch blade from my boot and snapping it open, then taking his jeans and holding the blade by the leg. "If you want to go through with it, I'll help by cutting the jeans and tying you up."

"Fuck!" he said.

I had backed him onto a corner -- he either lost face or committed suicide ... unless I backed down. He'd have to bluff me out to survive, if he really wanted to live now that the prospect of death was so close at hand.

"You'll fucking help me all the God Damn way! If I am tied I can't put the fucking bungee cord about my fucking neck, and I can't fucking drive the God Damn bike away either!"

"That's true, I'll help, I'll help all the way," I said in a most solicitous way.

"How many guys have you killed?" he suddenly asked, realizing I knew too well what to do.

"I don't know, never kept count...."

There was no reason to lie about it, he was going to die now either way, either I was going to kill him, or help him commit suicide.

"I should think I would be scared, but I am not," he said, lighting another cigarette. "Go ahead, I never liked those jeans anyway, they weren't tight enough about my balls, and were too tight on my ass."

The sharp knife quickly cut through the thin denim fabric. Jason watched, a thin sweat raised on his brow glistened in the moonlight. I sliced the fabric, making four strips, then I got behind him and pulled his arms behind him.

"Grab your elbows, it is the most efficient way to tie you up," I said.

He obediently grasped his elbows straining his shoulders to get a good grip on them behind his back. I tied the left wrist to the right elbow, then the other side the same.

"Take the cigarette out of my mouth ... smoke is getting in my eyes," he asked.

"Why?" I asked.

"It fucking burns!"

"Fucking tough shit!"

"Hey man, I don't have to go through with this!"

"Hey man, now you don't have any choice left -- I am in charge!"

I smirked taking the cigarette from his lips, then butted it on his navel making him kick and scream, his bare foot hitting my left shin.

"Have a seat, I said, lifting him by the balls and dropping him on the bike so he was straddling the gas tank, and he fell forward smashing his face on the tack and speedometer.

"Jesus Shit!" he shouted, spitting blood and a tooth.

He tried to get up and almost fell off the bike.

I grabbed a handful of blond curls and smashed his face into the handlebars several times,

"You fucking well stay put you sniveling bastard."

"Fucking Christ, your messing up my face man!" he said.

Blood was streaming from his nose and mouth, it sprinkled over his naked chest and shoulders, and long strings dangled from his chin.

"Who cares, you'll be dead in ten minutes."

"Oh shit ... HELP, anyone HELP!" he cried out.

I yanked on his balls, pulling them up between his thighs from behind, lifting his butt off the seat of the bike,

"Shut the fuck up or you'll die wishing you never had been born with these things!"

The pain took his breath away. He gasped, struggling wonderfully,

"Please don't hurt me, please don't kill me...."

I grasped his left leg and bent it back until the heel was dug into his butt. Then I tied his ankle to his thigh very tight. He was screaming again ... his face was hurt ... he was bleeding ... I'd busted his nuts ... and now his leg hurt.

"Tough fucking shit!" I said finishing tying the leg.

I let him fall to the ground, then I kicked him in the belly and rolled him over so I could tie the right ankle to the right thigh. He was squirming and kicking about, cursing and calling for help.

There was no one for miles in this place -- unless they were fucking ... and they probably wouldn't bother to search out any cries for help while screwing -- I sure wouldn't.

I took the bungee cord and placed it about his neck and I lifted him by the balls again, sitting him on the back of the bike, balancing him as I stood on the rear foot peg and tied the bungee cord to the branch.

He butted at me with his head and shoulder in an effort to drive me off the bike, but I held the branch and fastened the bungee cord, then jumped away letting him fidget about, almost knocking the bike over.

"Now, the object of erotic asphyxiation is this ... as you loose consciousness from either a lack of oxygen, or fresh blood to the brain, you are so driven by fear and the lack of oxygen that you get an erection ... and in turn you ejaculate as a physiological reflex to the fright and erection."

He looked at me dumbly,

"You're a fucking God Damn nut case! You're fucking going to kill me, and have sex doing it. God Damn fuck you, fuck you, fuck you .... God Damn fucking Christ! You fucking go to God Damn Hell you fucking bastard!" he screamed.

His head was swinging back and forth, sending a spray of blood with each word speckling his body like measles.

I punched his belly then his balls, knocking him from his perch. He became suspended by the bungee cord about his neck, giving him a sample of what was waiting for him. I grabbed his nuts and steadied him so he could right himself and breath again.

"You fucking God Damn bastard," he said in a rasping whisper after gaining his regular breathing, "you planned this all along!" Jason accused me.

"No, you did. I am only helping, and I happen to like adding a little pain to the old fashioned art of hanging a willing victim ... that way you are not so willing and you will struggle ... and that adds to the show for me."

"God Damn you Andy! All I wanted was attention, fucking attention, not to die ... shit, God Damn it, let me fucking go ... please..." he wailed.

"No. My cock is ready."

"You fucking pervert. They will put you in the fucking gas chamber and suffocate you some day ... and you won't cum, all you'll do is puke up green slime, and shit yourself."

"Probably not ... but suffocation sure is the way to be killed if one has the choice. Man, going out with an orgasm! What a way to die. You ought to appreciate the trouble I am going to for you to die in a pleasant way."

"Ass-hole. You fucking God Damn ass-hole."

"Yea, true. But I am a living ass-hole ... and I'll be alive tomorrow and the next day, and so on for a good many years to come. I can guarantee you that," I said.

Then I squeezed his balls hard and he cried out with the pain.

"And in ten minutes you will be dead."

His scream echoed as I crushed his blond furred balls with the heel of my hand into the leather seat.

I embraced him with my left arm, holding him steady as I pressed his nuts into the seat with all my weight. The feeling of his body convulsing in that agony was great ... like I were feeling him die in my arms. He screamed until he had no voice left, only then did I stop crushing his manhood.

"Ready to die?" I asked.

His face was bent in pain ... his mouth hung open with a drool of bloody saliva dangling, tears rolling over his blood smeared face. He looked frightened and in terrible pain. His voice was a small whisper, each word puffed out,

"Don't I get a last cigarette?"

"You're stalling."

"Please..." Jason whined.

"Only if I can butt it out on your cock-head."

"Jesus, you are a God Damn fucking sadist aren't you! Fuck no ... please let me have a smoke ... please...."

"You know the terms," I lit a Winston and blew the smoke in his face.

He was crying ... big gobs of tears rolled over his cheeks. His mouth hung open with the constant drool of bloody saliva dangling from his chin. He eyed the cigarette, then slowly moved his head from side to side.

"No more pain...." His voice a nearly inaudible squeak.

"You don't like my generous offer, so it's death time."

I took his dick in my hand, I stroked it until it stood stiff and tall, the circumcised head round and hard, the shoot hole open a bit of lubricant glowing in the moonlight.

He held his breath, unable to prevent what he knew I was going to do, unable to even scream again, but not able to look away as I would mutilate his prick. His body shook as the heat from the cigarette warmed his dick-head.

I held it close, then let the glowing end touch the shoot-hole and we both could hear the pre-cum sizzle ... then the flesh. He bucked as his cock-head was burned. I wormed the smoke into the piss-hole slowly, and I puffed the cigarette to keep it hot as I forced it into his prick ... then it went out.

His body was shaking and his belly convulsing, making what muscles were there flex and strain in a beautiful show of young manhood. His prick quivered, and he gasped deeply, the last full breath he would take.

I swung onto the bike and started it, then dropped the gear, I moved the bike an inch. He squealed loudly,

"Please ... no Andy, please ... I'll do anything to live ... please stop...."

"Why?" I asked.

"Please, oh God please Andy ... please!" he pleaded.

He was crying and sobbing between the words.

"Jesus Christ, the next thing I know you are going to piss all over me," I snarled. I jumped the bike forward, then swung it about leaving him to swing free, making a loud yelp that was cut off when his body weight closed the elastic cord about his throat.

I pulled the bike in a circle, and sat with the motor off, but the light focused on him. As he bucked about I moved the handle bars so the light followed him like a follow spot on a stage.

He was gagging loud, his shortened legs kicked about, his shoulders swished and bucked as he tried to flail his arms, his belly folded up and he convulsed, pissing and shitting all at once.

I was glad the bike was well away from the terrified boy, his face bent in a death grimace, broken teeth showing, tongue caught between the tightly clenched teeth ... and more blood drooling over his chin from the left side of his smiling mouth. This was taking a while as the bungee cord was elastic enough not to strangle him fast.

His cock was hard almost at once, the pointy head brushing his belly, his balls drawn up tight to the base like he was ready to explode. His belly muscles flexed and looked very well defined, much more than he ever had before. His chest and shoulders also were pumped up as he struggled not to die.

I puffed on a cigarette. He made eye contact with me and I smiled and jerked my hard cock showing him how much I was enjoying his death. He blinked, then his eyes rolled back out of focus and he convulsed again.

I was near to shooting off as he flexed his muscles a last time, his dark purple face, his eyes pools of white reflecting cat like in the bike's headlight, his cock drooling blood over the shaft from the deep burn in the shoot-hole, now spurting cum in arches over his belly ... and in the air as his hips and body continued to convulse.

His chest was pulsating as his heart pounded ... his pecs were crowned with hard nipples, his head wobbled from side to side, pressing against the force of the bungee cord. Then all went still.

Jason was swinging about. The cord had twisted some and his body had revolved a couple of times. But as he convulsed, the cord stretched and he seemed to stay in the same place facing me, giving me a wonderful show.

I got off the bike and stood behind Jason, held my hands about his chest and felt no heartbeat. Then I squatted a little and got my dick under him and rammed up into his ass-hole. It was messy, and slick.

I entered his burning hot shitter and fucked up into his corpse a few strokes and spent my load into him as I hugged him to me, still not feeling anything but the relaxing of his body in death.

I convulsed jissim into the dead bowel, feeling the tissue caress my pulsating cock in a way no live man can when I fuck them.

In death Jason was the best fuck he ever had been. I held him close for a long time, feeling the muscles relax and finally gravity shit my cock out.

I wiped my cock on his shirt and I dressed and left him dangling there.

The next day I bought a new set of long bungee cords, having found a wonderful new use for them.

No I will not write the inventor about this great use ... but I sure found a cure for Jason's depression.