

**The Ungainly Colette and Her Fabulous  
Prosthetic Nipple**

By Scott A. McCain

Colette Ledee was perhaps the most inelegant female erotic dancer to ever grace the stage of *The Golden Horne*. She had seven different broken bones to speak of. They were not currently broken of course, but she did suffer from bouts of premature arthritis, a result of her shabbily healed fissures and fractures. Her bright red hair was a wig, naturally. She had burned her entire scalp in a curling iron accident. She possessed thirteen visible scars on her body, the largest being a caterpillar-like mound on the crown of her left shoulder. She had suffered this injury while making buckwheat pancakes in her small, urban apartment, very near the railroad tracks. The tracks were not irksome, nor was the loud and frequent wailing of the small child in the unit just below hers. In fact, she loved children very much, and was pained to hear the lonely wails of the young toddler. She had been unable herself.

At present, she had a slight sprain of the left ankle. She had injured this joint while sleeping just two nights ago. However, this is not what currently irked the ungainly stripper. She had, in her sordid past, much more severe and incapacitating injuries, like the temporary blindness she suffered after trying to style her then natural locks, with a can of pepper spray. It was an honest mistake. No, currently her dilemma was much more severe. She had misplaced her prosthetic right nipple.

Colette had misplaced the prosthesis many times before, only to find that it was often nearby. Of course her real name was not Colette. "Colette" was a conglomeration of pseudonyms she had derived from several possible sources, all awkwardly not making any sort of sense. Her real name was Dolores Shunt, hardly the name of a quality entertainer. Along with her alias, she had also been at several points within her life, an aspiring actress. This career ended abruptly and sadly, leaving her speechless after a tragic accident with a Key Grip. This also compounded her miseries when she was unable to signal to her bodice maker that the contraption was too tight, thus breaking two of her ribs.

Colette had lost her right nipple in a seemingly harmless accident when she was only seventeen. She had lost the nipple and areola while clumsily trying to iron a silk blouse. She had not known that silk was a dangerously delicate fabric that melted when coupled with even moderate heat. Upon donning the women's top, the still hot and molten-like material stuck to her breast, fusing itself with her skin. An emergency operation ensued, leaving her the only option of amputation. Her puerile breasts, underdeveloped at the time, entered into a dramatic growth spurt directly following the procedure. Because the wound was still fresh, just beginning to heal, compounded with the fact that the glands nearly doubled in size in a matter of weeks, her right breast metamorphosed itself into an unsightly mound of reddened flesh that, at first sight, looked like a clump of uncooked refried beans. Her left breast remained a paradigm of feminine perfection. Her only solace was a prosthesis she had discovered from a seedy advertisement at the rear of a fetish magazine. It was a suction cup device that attached itself to her breast, giving her the appearance of a normal, healthy areola. It made her somewhat happier, though, and she learned to live with her shortcoming.

Now her rubber nipple was missing. She had not been without her prosthesis for more than a couple of hours since the day after she had bought it. Not only was this contraption vital to her career as a dancer, it held spiritual meaning for her as well. It was her sole source of self-esteem, her *raison d'être*. Now, all that she could see was the raisin-like mass next to her perfectly formed left breast. She began to panic. Sweat covered her body like an oily rag as she tore apart her small one-bedroom apartment. She could not leave home without it.

After three hours of intense inspections of her domicile, she needed a break. She took the ewer of steaming coffee from the brewing machine and poured herself a full cup of scalding coffee. She sighed loudly, and fell with absolute abandon, the ceramic container in her right hand. She crashed her posterior violently into the dusty Lazy-Boy, sending a large plume of musty air around her. She rocketed out of the chair with a high-pitched yelp. She thought for one second of a place where she might have misplaced the lost item. After a brief phone call to a friend somewhere in the neighborhood, although on the other side of the tracks, she sat again, disappointed in the fact that

she would have to begin her day without her prosthetic nipple. The hot cup of coffee sat unspilled on a small table next to her chair.

She showered soberly that day, with the knowledge that the symbol of her self-worth was probably lost for good. She traced over the roughly lined scars on her right breast. She dressed and casually left her home for a morning walk. She stepped from the receiving hall of her apartment building and caught sight of the small child in the street side window. It was funny, she thought. She had not heard the child crying today. She thought that the infant appeared to be quite contented as it suckled a small, brownish pacifier. It was a pacifier that was not unlike the size, shape and color of her prosthetic nipple. There was no doubt in Colette's mind that she had discovered the location of her misplaced synthetic body part.

She immediately replaced the copper colored key back into the small keyhole, opened the door into the reception area, entered, and froze in the middle of the foyer. She decided she would not knock on her neighbor's door this morning. Instead, she tightened her ragged shawl, wheeled and triumphantly exited the dimly lit anteroom. She barely missed stepping on a rusted, three penny nail sticking straight up from the floorboard.