

Chastity Belt

By

Daniel de Culla

Senior Editor CHARLES writes: *This is second language fiction. There are a few bumps and hitches in the English translation. We don't see this as something to be corrected, but rather as part of the reading experience. It's HOTS in action. The original Spanish version follows the English.*

WHY I LIKE IT (Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...)

With Daniel de Culla, you will always be in for a ride – and a good one always at that.

I think this is my favorite piece that we have published by him.

It's as cohesive as he has ever been, more humorous than any other piece, just as political (I assume because I know nothing of Spain and its history as regrettable as that is), and, as always, artistic in the sense that he combines and presses the boundaries of multi-modality in each of his works.

In this case, he's almost a Spanish Chaucer. There is poetry when there needs to be, laughs when I want them, the plot is a set-up to a one liner that I don't even entirely get but goddamn if I didn't laugh.

It's the greatest joke of them all: royalty walks into a bar and that's it - fuck em'. And we all laugh having grown a little bit.

Of all the works that we have published here at FOTD by de Culla, I think that this one stands out the most, is deservedly well accepted, certainly doesn't need my approval but I'm giving it, and definitely one of those pieces that you should read not merely because I said so (which, you know goes a long way) but because this is a piece that should be seen.

Five stars.



Daniel' Pic

CHASTITY BELT

This is the lock of the chastity belt that El Cid Campeador put on his wife Doña Jimena when he left her in the care of the monks of the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, in Burgos, when he went, together with his retinue, into exile by mandate of their king.

-Take the key and guard the chest of my beloved wife, and take care of your dick and that of your monks, the Cid begged the abbot of the Monastery. Don't forget that I also left my two daughters in your hands.

"They are in good hands," answered the abbot. Go with God.

Pissed off and angry about the nine days the king gave him to leave Castile, leaving his daughters and his wife, the Cid went into exile promising the king that he would roll as many Moorish heads as he found on the way. Like so he did. Among the blackberries, before delivering them to his retinue, he fucked the best ones. The Moors that he apprehended he cut off their heads.

Meanwhile, in the Monastery, the monks, on days of spiritual exercises, were tempted to visit Doña Jimena in her room; especially while she slept, to see if they could get her cock through the keyhole and open her chastity belt.

Because of their erect and mushy cock, they couldn't get it in, settling for looking through the keyhole; seeing nothing, and saying:

-It looks dark and smells like cheese.

Doña Jimena, while she slept, dreamed of her beloved and outraged husband, an inveterate mercenary fucker, who still didn't have her well seasoned or satisfied, rubbing her tits, begging her to give him more and more.

The Cid's daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, who were twins, ignored the monks' services and prayers like shit, asking the cook monk what there was to eat; what was for dinner

Upon returning from his exile, the monks say that the meeting with Jimena was a joke. El Cid doubted the safety of the chastity belt because he noticed a lock, some grass, with urine stains on the artistic lock.

The abbot, smiling, who noticed him, said to him:

-My Lord Cid, your wife has been very well guarded. When I opened her chastity belt, she, being freed from restraint, defecated and urinated like a she donkey.

-But why don't you stop smiling? the Cid asked the Abbot.

He replied:

-Because I remember that, when I opened the lock, I laughed at what I saw.

-Daniel de Culla

CINTURON DE CASTIDAD

Esta es la cerradura del cinturón de castidad que el Cid Campeador le puso a su esposa doña Jimena cuando la dejó al cuidado de los monjes del Monasterio de San Pedro de Cardeña, en Burgos, cuando marchó, junto con su mesnada, al destierro por mandato de su rey.

-Toma la llave y guarda el cofre de mi amada esposa, y cuida de tu polla y la de tus monjes, le rogó el Cid al abad del Monasterio. No olvides que, también, dejo en tus manos a mis dos hijas.

-En buenas manos quedan, le contestó el abad. Id con Dios.

Encabronado y enfadado por el plazo de nueve días que le dio el rey para abandonar Castilla, dejando a sus hijas y su mujer, el Cid marchó al destierro prometiéndole al rey que echaría a rodar cuanta cabeza mora encontrara en su camino. Como así hizo. De entre las moras, antes de entregarlas a su mesnada, se follaba a las mejores. A los moros que prendía les segaba la cabeza.

Mientras tanto, en el Monasterio, los monjes, en días de ejercicios espirituales, sentían la tentación de visitar a doña Jimena en su aposento; sobre todo, mientras ella dormía, por ver si podían introducir su polla por el ojo de la cerradura y abrir el cinturón de castidad.

Por culpa de su polla erecta y amorcillada, no podían introducirla, conformándose con mirar por el ojo de la cerradura; no viendo nada, y diciendo:

-Se ve oscuro y huele a queso.

Doña Jimena, mientras dormía soñaba con su amado y ultrajado esposo, un follador mercenario empedernido, que aún no la tenía bien sazónada ni satisfecha, frotándose las tetas, rogándole que le diese más y más.

Las hijas del Cid, doña Elvira y doña Sol, que eran gemelas, pasaban de los oficios y rezos de los monjes como de la mierda, preguntando al monje cocinero qué había para comer; qué había para cenar.

A la vuelta de su destierro, cuentan los monjes que su encuentro con su Jimena fue de chiste. El Cid dudó de la seguridad del cinturón de castidad pues advirtió cerraja, cierta hierba, con manchas de orina en la artística cerradura.

El abad, sonriente, que lo advirtió, le dijo:

-Señor mío Cid, su esposa ha estado muy bien guardada. Cuando yo le abría el cinturón de castidad, ella, al verse libre de sujeción, defecaba y orinaba como una burra.

-Pero ¿Por qué no dejas de sonreír? le preguntó el Cid al Abad.

Este le contestó:

-Porque recuerdo que, al abrirle la cerradura, reía de lo que veía.

-Daniel de Culla

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

What inspired me this story was the falsity of the traditional Spanish romancero singing the exploits of a mercenary knight at the service of Moorish or Christian kings at convenience, one of the most popular in the false beliefs of Castilian nationalism still latent in the towns of the geography Hispanic.

This romance, for me, fulfills its very important mission of entertainment, unmasking the life of romance, which was none other than the usual work of men and women: herding, tilling, theft, looting, popular games and dances, wars in the service of the king Moor or Christian.

And, at the center of it all, the Church and Islam in their eternal struggle to dominate the World, bodies and souls.

The Christian monasteries were the subject of gossip and ditties. The nobles and the kings entrusted their wives and daughters, when they went to war, to the monks of this or that monastery, begging them to put the best and most iron chastity belt between their legs, giving them the key of its lock.

His full trust in them, in truth, was not fulfilled, giving way to "cases" or "stories" of love affairs and sacrilegious rapes, sodomy, sadism, sung by day laborers in the fields, and learned by the upper social classes. and low, commenting on what happened or just to cry.

NOTA DEL AUTOR:

Lo que me inspiró esta historia fue la falsedad del tradicional romancero español que cantaba las hazañas de un caballero mercenario al servicio de los reyes moros o cristianos a conveniencia, una de las más populares en las falsas creencias del nacionalismo castellano aún latente en los pueblos de la geografía hispana.

Este romance, para mí, cumple su importantísima misión de entretenimiento, desenmascarando la vida del romance, que no era otra que el trabajo habitual de hombres y mujeres: pastoreo, labranza, robo, saqueo, juegos y bailes populares, guerras al servicio. del rey moro o cristiano.

Y, en el centro de todo, la Iglesia y el Islam en su eterna lucha por dominar el Mundo, en cuerpos y almas.

Los monasterios cristianos fueron objeto de chismes y tonterías. Los nobles y los reyes encomendaban a sus mujeres e hijas, cuando iban a la guerra, a los monjes de tal o cual monasterio, rogándoles que les pusieran el mejor y más férreo cinturón de castidad entre sus piernas, dándoles la llave de su cerradura.

Su plena confianza en ellos, en verdad, no se cumplió, dando paso a "casos" o "cuentos" de amoríos y violaciones sacrílegas, sodomías, sadismos, cantados por los jornaleros del campo, y aprendidos por las clases sociales altas. y en voz baja, comentando lo sucedido o simplemente para llorar.

AUTHOR BIO:

Daniel de Culla is a writer, poet, painter and photographer. He is a member of the Collegiate Association of Spanish Writers, the International Caucus of Terrestrial Writers, Poets of the World, International Authors (IA), Art of Surrealism, Friends of the Blake Society, International Network of Writers for the Earth, and others. Published books: Many. The most recent ones: "Good morning, Pero Díaz", Spanish – English. , "A Flight through Segovia", "Chatarra" , "What do I see?, Spanish – English, "Atapuercano", "Live on Earth", English; and more. He has collaborated and collaborates in national and foreign Art and Culture magazines, as well as in Anthologies, such as: RAL'M, Revue d'Art et de Literature, Musique; XII International Exhibition Letters and Poems of Love and Friendship Cajamarca, Peru, Volume I; The Echo World; Pen and inkwell; OTOLITHS, a Magazine of Many E-Things; Resite; South Florida Poetry Journal: The Stray Branch; Math; Contemporary Literary Review India; Azahar Poetic Magazine; Athens Art International; eskimopie.net; Venezuelan Society of International Art; GloMag, India; Alien Buddha Zine; The Antillean Post; Art in Quarantine; Tuesday Magazine; Wild Letters; Literary Orange Blossom; London, England, etcetera, etcetera. He lives between Madrid and Burgos; email: gallotricolor@yahoo.com

Daniel de Culla es escritor, poeta, pintor y fotógrafo. Es miembro de la Asociación Colegial de Escritores Españoles, Caucus Internacional de Escritores Terrestres, Poetas del Mundo, Autores Internacionales (IA), Arte del Surrealismo, Amigos de la Sociedad Blake, Red Internacional de Escritores por la Tierra, y otros. Libros publicados: Muchos. Los últimos recientes: "Buenos Días, Pero Díaz", español – inglés. , "Un

Vuelo por Segovia”, “Chatarra” , “¿Qué Veo?, español – inglés, “Atapuercano”, “Live on Earth”, inglés; y más. Ha colaborado y colabora en revistas de Arte y Cultura nacionales y extranjeras, así como en Antologías, como: RAL’M, Revue d’Art et de Literature, Musique; XII Muestra Internacional Cartas y Poemas de Amor y Amistad Cajamarca, Perú, Tomo I; The Echo World; Pluma y Tintero; OTOLITHS, a Magazine od Many E-Things; Re-Site; South Florida Poetry Journal: The Stray Branch; Math; Contemporary Literary Review India; Azahar Revista Poética; Athens Art International; Eskimopie.net; Sociedad Venezolana de Arte Internacional; GloMag, India; Alien Buddha Zine; El Post Antillano; Art in Quarantine; Tuesday Magazine; Letras Salvajes; Azahar Literario; Londres, Inglaterra, etcétera, etcétera. Vive entre Madrid y Burgos; correo electrónico: gallotricolor@yahoo.com