

GETTING LAID

*Ken Wainio**Jar of Sperm*

I GUESS it was Harry Thorndyke who really put fucking in my head. Though I'd scrimmaged with the notion for years even before the time I reached puberty nobody had so impressed upon me the dire need of getting laid. Not the ingenious speculations of Larry Rogers, the desperate conniving of Lonnie Sherman, nor the sober consultations of concerned adults. It was Harry Thorndyke my oldest if somewhat fair-weather friend who first brought me to terms with the disconnected feelings I had about actual romance. It was he who explained the absolute necessity of getting laid no less important than once had been the production of sperm.

Harry was so cool that coolness seemed to have been invented with him. Tight pants and pointed-toed high-heal shoes were in then and Harry had the tightest pants and most pointy shoes imaginable. He sometimes had to take the stitches out to get his pants off and he walked sideways because his toes were crabbed. He never lost fights, was a top-notch athlete, knew everything about cars and motorbikes, and had plenty of girlfriends. Girls threw themselves at him like insects at a windshield.

What was also cool about Harry was what was wrong with him. He had a sunken chest that held a whole cup of water when he was lying on his back. There was something terribly wrong with his lungs and he'd cough blood hawking red gobs in front of people he didn't like. He was also dumb. He was so dumb in class he couldn't read a third grade speller but that made him even cooler because he never did any homework. The teachers actually felt sorry for him doing their best to keep from flunking him.

Cool as Harry was he did have strange habits. He liked to eat on the toilet. We'd go over his house on a Saturday morning and get him out of bed. His mother would fix him breakfast and we'd all go into the bathroom for a private discussion. Harry was always king of the discussion wisely seated on the toilet with his plate on his knees the smell of bacon and eggs mixing with that of his shit.

One morning of the world it was Ben Warden, Lonnie Sherman, and I in the bathroom with Harry. He'd told us earlier that if we wanted to get laid we had to quit squandering our precious sperm and save ourselves up.

Lonnie pulled an old meat sauce jar out of his jacket. "Look here!"

Harry squinted at the jar. It was full almost to the top with a slimy gray substance brown and scab-like at the bottom greenish-blue around the edges where mold had collected. "Don't open it," cautioned Ben.

"It's sperm!" Lonnie whispered ecstatically.

It had taken the three of us with occasional help from chance friends two or three weeks to fill the jar. We had initially undertaken the experiment as a kind of joke just to see how much we could come up with. But Lonnie had gotten carried away and believed our sperm had magical properties associating sheer quantity with potency. He'd already been slipping a little to certain girls in soft drinks and wanted to dump the mixture in the school water supply.

"You're nuts," said Harry, tapping the jar with his fork. "That sperm is mostly dead. It only lives a few minutes tops. You couldn't get the ugliest girl in school to lay you with that stuff."

"What about if the sperm was still alive?" asked Ben slowly.

Harry forked up a mouthful of pancakes and sausage. "Not even then or maybe it would have some sort of effect you never know. I've heard of stranger things. The problem would be in getting her to take the fresh sperm and a blow job is the only reasonable way to do that."

"If you could get a blow job why the hell would you need to fuck with this stuff in the first place!"

"Exactly my point but if you jackers are so hot to get laid maybe I can solve your problem."

"You can!" exploded Lonnie.

Harry pissed between his legs. "Sure I can numb nuts what kind of day is it?"

Lonnie jumped up on the tub and gleamed out the window. "It's still raining."

Harry took a last bite of pancake sopped in egg yolk, wiped his ass and flushed the toilet. He checked his beard in the mirror secretly humiliating us all, still working on our pubic hair. "I think I can get you guys set up with Virginia Hook."

"Virginia Hook!"

"That's right." He decided not to shave merely slapping on English Leather and combing his hair down into his eyes. Virginia Hook was a junior in high school.

She had bright red hair and huge green eyes, a little on the fat side. "Have you screwed her before?" asked Lonnie.

"No but I've gotten her naked. She's got big tits and a cunt that won't stop. I got four fingers in the last time."

"Oh shit!" Lonnie ripped open his pants. "You crazy fucker," said Ben. "I can't help it give me the jar quick!"

I handed him the jar. He set it in the tub managing to unscrew the lid with one hand while he worked his cock with the other shooting into the holy container. "Oh Jesus Christ Son of God that's good!"

Harry looked on in disgust. "Not as good as the real thing fucker. Now let's go if you can still do it after wasting yourself like that."

We went outside to wait for the rain to let up under shelter of the porch. Harry told Lonnie to get rid of the jar of sperm saying it would only cause trouble to have a thing like that around but Lonnie refused. He had invested his heart and soul in the jar and had even started praying to it.

Harry and Ben both had motorbikes. I got on the back of Harry's bike and Lonnie got on the back of Ben's. We were riding illegally neither Harry nor Ben old enough to have a permit but on country roads it didn't mean squat. There were almost never any cops.

We knew through Virginia's younger brother Brownie who sometimes stole jack-off material for us from his parents that Harry wasn't just bullshitting. Virginia was definitely supposed to be into sex. In fact the whole Hook family was supposed to be into sex. Harry said he'd made a date with Virginia for that day and there wasn't supposed to be anybody there but her and Brownie.

Brownie answered the door. He was a fat kid a few years younger than us with straw-colored hair and big green eyes like his sister. He was eating a doughnut white powder down the front of his shirt.

"Hi guys!"

"Who's there Brownie?" came Virginia's exciting high-pitched West Texas drawl.

"Harry Thorndyke and some of the guys."

"I'll be right out!"

"She's trying on her new bathing suit," explained Brownie.

"No shit?"

"No shit it's the bikini kind too."

Stamping the mud off our shoes we warmed up by the stove. We could hear Virginia bumping around in the bedroom keeping time to a Beatles tune. Everybody was nervous except Harry. He sprawled on the couch with the heel of one pointy-toe shoe hooked on the edge of the stove a shit-eating grin on his face.

The door finally opened and Virginia came out in her bathing suit the bikini kind. It was so tight we thought the seams would bust, cutting into her bottom like the fat around Brownie's pants. You could see the top of her ass crack, the hair at the edge of her crotch, her nipples muzzling through the blue cups. She did a slow rippling pirouette then turned the hem down in front exposing the famous maker label which we studied like a nest of starved young hawks.

"You boys like it do you Harry honey do you?"

She smeared his hair and skipped away when he tried to grab her. She promenaded across the room swinging her hips and patting the air like a big invisible sheepdog was following her around. She put a freshly shaved leg up on the couch, tightened the bow at her hip, pranced and giggled across the room again, brushing against Ben who made a strangled croaking noise as she went by into the kitchen.

"You boys want something cold to drink?"

We all croaked yes.

She came back with Cokes and distributed them looking each one of us over carefully. "You're kind of cute," she said to Lonnie. "But you sure looked funny when that horse bucked you off last Fourth of July parade. Yes Mam."

Before he could respond she was looking Ben over. "And you sure can throw a football. I saw you play one day down at the school flat."

She was already taking me in. I could tell by her dour expression that I wasn't going to fair as well. "I've never really noticed you before. You're kind of weird somehow. Why is he weird?" she said, suddenly flopping down in Harry's lap.

Harry eagerly folded his hands around her waist. "He just doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground."

"He's a fucking bookworm," put in Ben.

"A bookworm huh?" She fluttered her lower lip with one blood-red fingernail, then flipped her hair around to plant a big kiss on Harry's mouth. "But you're not

weird are you Harry no Mam!"

They started French kissing. We sucked our Cokes and squirmed against one another battling for a good view.

"You guys want some Red Hots?" asked Brownie. He pulled a box out of his pocket and gave us each a handful. We gobbled automatically gawking at the couple with open lust.

"Can I have some too?" said Virginia extending a red claw.

Brownie dumped some from the box. "You like Red Hots Harry?" She stuck her tongue out a gob of candy on the tip and worked it slowly into Harry's mouth. Then we lost track of their faces again.

Lonnie pulled his coat off clunking the sperm jar. "What's in your pocket?" asked Brownie.

"Meat sauce."

"Really? Want to make spaghetti?"

Virginia was whispering in Harry's ear. They stood up clutching at one another and went into the bedroom like some kind of flesh museum. Harry gave us the shit-eating ok signal and shut the door.

"Fuck!" moaned Lonnie.

"Let's make spaghetti," said Brownie.

Ben slammed his fist into the couch. "I knew it that asshole's going to get laid while we sit out here and rot."

"Shut the fuck up," hissed Lonnie. "I'm going to see what they're doing."

He tiptoed to the door and cautiously edged it open a crack. Ben and I worked our way up behind him. Harry was dry-hunching Virginia with all his clothes on. Lonnie pulled the door shut. "Let's wait awhile maybe she'll take her suit off."

Ben grabbed Brownie in a headlock. "Got any naked pictures?"

We went into Mr. and Mrs. Hook's room. Brownie opened the shade letting in gray light. Clothes papers and ashtrays were strewn everywhere. Brownie took a shoebox out of the nightstand. It contained snapshots of naked men and women as we'd seen before. They were small black and white and not very detailed. Brownie pointed out the nude Hooks at some kind of party other naked people sitting around in the background. Everybody looked drunk and ugly.

"These are weird," said Lonnie shaking his head. "Haven't you got anything else snapshots of them fucking or anything?"

"Not that I know of want to make spaghetti?"

We heard hysterical giggling and tiptoed back to Virginia's room. Ben opened the door a few inches. Now Harry was stripped to his underwear and Virginia was on top of him still wearing the bathing suit. Lonnie made a noise and Virginia sprang out of bed pulling the door shut and locking it. We heard the bed springs creak and more smacking giggling and sighing.

"You dumb ass," said Ben in despair. "Now we can't even see."

"Fuck it she's only got the hots for Harry anyway. Let's make some spaghetti and meat sauce that'll bring her around."

We went into the kitchen. Brownie got out a pot and started boiling.

Lonnie tossed a frying pan on the skillet and lit the flame. "Hell," said Brownie rifling through the cabinets. "We haven't got any onions I'm going to run to the store and get some."

"Good idea maybe you'll work off some of that fat."

Lonnie fetched the meat sauce jar and ladled a gob into the skillet. It began snapping and sizzling black smoke fuming up. He dumped in more of our collective spew until the bottom of the pan was covered. It was still smoking so he added water and it started boiling.

"Shit," said Ben looking over his shoulder. "That doesn't look anything like spaghetti sauce."

"Fuck it we'll tell her cream sauce."

"It stinks!"

But Lonnie was oblivious sprinkling on various herbs stirring chuckling and humming a Beatles tune. "She loves you yeah yeah yeah."

The front door opened. "Hey what's that smell!"

"Shit it's Mr. Hook!"

We headed for the backdoor but it was nailed shut for some reason. There was only one other place to hide the bathroom. Ben and Lonnie made it but I wasn't fast enough and settled into a casual pose by the window. There was a book lying on the sill some kind of love story with a half-naked couple kissing and I pretended to be reading as Mr. Hook appeared in the doorway.

"Christ all mighty what is that stench!"

He glanced at me then at the bubbling pan spices scattered everywhere.

"What are you kids making?"

"Spaghetti and meat sauce I guess." My heart was keeping time to the Beatles tune the rain seemed to be drumming on the back porch. The patterns the water made on the window were so beautiful I longed to be out in it.

"Spaghetti my ass. This looks like some kind of drug are you kids taking drugs?" He sniffed the jar. "Jesus it's rotten! Is this some kind of animal glue? You know it can kill you if you snort it."

There was the sputter of imploded laughter from the bathroom. Mr. Hook banged on the door. "Is that you Brownie come out of there."

There was more scuffling and snorting within and Mr. Hook jerked open the door. Lonnie and Ben were furiously combing their hair in the mirror.

"What the hell are you kids doing here?"

"Nothing much," said Lonnie. His face was blank but with an underlying muscular tension that looked as if he were about to develop into a werewolf.

Mr. Hook turned off the flame. "Are you guys crazy you'll kill yourself if you take that stuff!"

"It's just cream sauce I guess maybe it went bad or something it had been on my mom's shelf a long time."

Mr. Hook noticed some of his naked pictures strewn on the kitchen table.

"You kids are not only cooking glue in my kitchen but you're going through my room. I've got a mind to . . ."

Virginia appeared cinching a fat belt around a floral dress. "What's that stink dad?"

"You tell me."

She looked innocently at the pan then accusingly at us. "Is it ready!" cried Brownie bursting through the door. "I've got the fucking onions!"

"Jesus Christ you're all nuts!"

Virginia noticed Harry slipping out the front door and ran after him. Mr. Hook grabbed the pan and handed it to Brownie. "Dump that out right now!"

"Ah gee it's just meat sauce."

He went out with the smoking pan. We were edging toward the door. "Not so fast you guys you're interested in these photos aren't you?"

We backed shaking heads. "You know I'll bet you guys would like to see some real stuff wouldn't you the big moving kind? I've got this cabin in the mountains and a projector. Maybe we could all go fishing sometime."

We made it out into the rain where Mrs. Hook was lecturing Virginia under cover of the carport. Harry already had his bike running and I leaped on the back. We tore out and the others followed.

"Did you fuck her?"

He kicked the bike into high gear and screamed back into the wind rain stinging our faces. "She wouldn't let me because she's afraid of getting pregnant, she sucked me off though! I tried to get her to give you guys a chance but then the Hooks came home! What was that stink anyway?"

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Pretty Girl

BEN HAD an Uncle Lloyd who ran a rest home. The state subsidized the enterprise allowing Lloyd to keep three or four tenants. "Rest homes are for old people you think we want to make it with some old lady?"

"It's not just for old women young crazy ones too."

"Yeah I've seen them before Warden they're ugly as shit."

Ben shook his head. "Lloyd's got some pretty ones."

"How come you haven't got in their pants before?" demanded Lonnie.

"Lloyd's kind of difficult that way. You gotta catch him in the right mood usually when he's drunk. And the girls aren't always around. Sometimes they stay different places."

"What makes you think there's a pretty one around now?"

"Because I just saw her the other day when I went over to bring Lloyd a fresh bottle. She was outside grooming her horse. Her name's Cecilia. She's got long black hair and a really nice body."

"No shit?"

"No shit and when I came out of the house she was straddled across the horse rubbing her pussy getting off sure as shit. And she gave me the biggest nastiest grin I've ever seen."

"Why didn't you fuck her on the spot?"

"Because asshole my mom was waiting for me in the car. We were just on a liquor run for Lloyd."

It was raining again. We had no transportation and the three of us had to walk three miles across the valley finally hitching a ride between the country store and tracks. Mrs. Domingo's ratty old chicken house was just by the road. Lonnie suddenly rushed down the bank giggling crazily. He scooped a handful of chicken shit and flung it at us speckling our clothes. We pursued him into the chicken yard scattering hens and plastering Lonnie with black stinking muck. A free-for-all until Mrs. Domingo screamed at us to get the hell out before she started shooting. Lonnie and Ben were splattered from head to toe. I'd gotten off the easiest by being the most cowardly. Only my cap was totaled and I rinsed it out in a mud puddle.

Lloyd's rest home was really just two shacks dragged together in a clearing surrounded by white fir and scrub oak. Lloyd occupied the front shack and his tenants inhabited the larger anterior one he called his barracks. There was a bathroom and a hand railing along the front steps, which met all the regulations for him to take in state wards. He had no other income and it was keeping him in liquor.

We entered without knocking.

Lloyd was sitting at a rickety table with a checkered blue and white oilcloth in the center of the room. He was drinking whiskey and chewing tobacco occasionally spitting into a coffee can.

He sniffed the air. "Smells like you boys been fucking chickens in the coop again."

"Naw we're looking for girls."

"All covered with hen shit."

"This here's Lonnie and that's . . ."

"Shut the fuck up I don't care who they are."

Lonnie and I positioned on a dusty old couch with the stuffing coming out. Ben settled in a chair by the wood stove. Lloyd beaded us one by one with an ancient watery eye ready to kill but then laughed instead. "Sorry crew."

"You don't look so good yourself Uncle Lloyd."

"Don't feel too good either. Kidneys leaking back aching liver puffed up and rotting like a dead cat."

"How you figure you go on living?"

"I don't move. Trick to living long is staying in one position. Girls bring me what I need and tend the fire. I just sip and chew."

Ben straightened his shit-spattered army jacket, slicked back his kinky wet hair, and grinned famously. "Where are they Uncle Lloyd the girls?"

"Sally and Loas be in the barracks."

"You know I don't mean them old crones I'm talking about the young ones. I know you got one or two around somewhere."

Lloyd cackled into his can. "Not for you."

"Come on Lloyd at least let us see Cecilia."

Lloyd wheezed spat shook the spit around in the can farted looked us over threw back his head and screamed "Cecilia!"

Low music had been playing in the back. Now it stopped and we heard shuffling feet and low muttering voices. A hoary face peered out of the barracks door. It belonged to a woman so old wrinkled and dirty she looked like part of the rotting wallpaper. She advanced haltingly into the room cocking her broken yellow glasses on her nose. "What you want Lloyd?"

"Where's Cecilia?"

"She went down by the creek to fetch some bay leave and wild onions."

"What for?"

"The stew that's what for."

"Well how long ago was that?"

"Couple hours."

"Takes a couple hours to get some leaves and onions?"

"Hell she took off on that horse. Might be clear across the valley by this time. You know how she is."

"Well shit where's Loas? These boys want some pussy."

Eyes swimming in her cloudy glasses she stared at us hard. "Pussy huh?"

She stuck her head back in the barracks. "Loas come out here Ben and some of his friends want some pussy."

We heard more muttering and scraping around and a woman even older and more broken down than Sally appeared. She was about six feet tall gray hair pushed back from a massive forehead skin hanging off her like deflated bags.

I could tell by the empty way she moved sensing the room like an animal she was totally blind.

"Shit I can smell them all right. How many are there? Smells like a whole army."

"Just three reckon we can handle them?"

"Why sure be my eyes now honey and lead me to them."

Sally took Loas by the arm. "Let's start with Ben he's the most horny one."

Ben was in the corner with Sally and Loas between him and the door and by the time he was half way to

his feet they were on him. "Shit get away you crazy old crones it's Cecilia I want not you."

"Oh hell now Ben Cecilia ain't going to do you no good. That child's off somewhere on her old horse. Loas get hold of him whilst I take a gander at his pecker. See if it's right for our needs."

Loas reached out a snakelike arm and got him around the neck. Sally knelt down on the edge of the hearth and began clawing at Ben's zipper but couldn't get a grip with her stubby decaying thumbs. "Hell boy hold still you want some pussy or not?"

Loas had gotten him from behind and was smothering him with her bulk. She was a good three inches taller than Ben and twice as broad. "No you let go or I'll flip you you old cow I mean it I will!"

"Go ahead if you think you can," she growled putting all her weight on his back while Sally struggled with his pants. She had given up on the zipper and was just trying to rip them down.

Lloyd was laughing his guts out. "You know Loas was in the state pen twenty years for killing her first husband. And she's been in more loony bins than you have inches on your cock."

"Help you guys get them off me god-damn it!"

Lonnie and I had already backed safely to the door. There was no way we were going to get involved.

Sally had finally got his pants to his knees and was groping his crotch.

"Hell Loas he ain't even got a hard-on it's soft as a turd. How you figure you're going to get pussy with a thing like this?"

"Maybe we can firm it up with some Pine-Sol that'll put some fire in it. Get the jug whilst I hold him down."

"Ah shit Loas it ain't no use. This puny thing's almost dead as Lloyd's. Might as well let him go and see if these other boys got anything more valuable."

We skipped out in the yard. Ben came flying after us trying to get his pants up.

"You boys running off so soon, there's two hot ladies if you change your mind."

"Fuck you old witches next time you try that I'll kill you I swear."

"Hell you ain't going to get no action from a corpse. I tried that one time it didn't work."

We hightailed up the muddy drive Ben swinging his fists and cursing us for not helping him. Lonnie dodged a blow. "It was your fault Warden there probably isn't even a Cecilia."

"Yes there is!" He stopped dead in the road to look back. "Damn she's beautiful."

It was true. Her beauty haunted us all the way back along the winter road.

The Real Thing

UNCLE JACK lived in a big two-story house with a ship's crow's nest on the roof high up in the Berkeley hills. He had made a lot of money running a chain of gas stations and was pretty much retired. He spent his time cruising around San Francisco Bay in his speedboat and drinking with buddies in waterfront bars with names like "The Crab Nook" or "Slab's Landing."

Jack was a very handsome guy. He looked like Gregory Peck in *Moby Dick*, except with both legs and a nose-job. He was generally good-natured and very likeable but when he was drinking heavily he could get awfully silly. He had the bad habit of pulling his cock out in public. It was impressive maybe a foot long but I found the gesture annoying on the part of an adult.

His workshop was a magical retreat. Shells driftwood starfish and sea-washed bottles lined the windows providing a panoramic view of San Francisco Bay. You could see the two bridges between them Alcatraz and Angel Island at night the city shining like a box of freshly opened jewels. The shop contained a colorful selection of art objects gathered from all over the world. There were ships in bottles ancient nautical devices African masks telescopes and astronomy equipment stuffed birds and animals weapons and bits of human bone picked up from battlefields a library of girly magazines and of course his homemade sexual toys. He was always carving giant cocks out of driftwood and making complicated mobile contraptions of fucking couples he kept hanging from the ceiling in a bright ever-varied display of human pleasure.

On one occasion we were sitting in the workshop going over a magazine. I wasn't showing much interest and Jack asked me what was wrong. I shrugged and stared out at the scene now submerged in a thick low-lying fog only Mt. Tam floating above like a fairy island.

"How old are you now kid?"

"Thirteen."

"What's bothering you girls right?"

"Yeah other things I guess."

"Other things?" He took a nip of bourbon. "You're way too young to be worried about other things." He put his bottle back whistling a little tune between his teeth as if he'd already forgotten the discussion. "Let's go for a ride."

"Where?"

"Africa."

In his canvas deck shoes baggy pants tropical shirt blue sailor's cap he looked like a shipwrecked Ahab. "Africa?"

"Down there."

We backed out of the garage heading downhill into a wooded residential district into Berkeley than into Oakland. The streets got increasingly flat and wide apart the

buildings unpainted and rundown black people everywhere.

Jack pulled to the curb and pointed up the street three black girls slouched at a bus stop. He pointed across the street and there were two more under a light pole. Further up were a lot more all decked out in the wildest hairdos and clothing I'd ever seen. Brilliant low-cut blouses and leather dresses with beaded laces hanging off Daniel Boone style, tiny mini skirts hiked up to their butts, shiny boots and feathered hats, hair piled up in snakelike coils or ratted out every which way. Some fat, some thin, all about six feet or better, painted blue or scarlet around the eyes. Lips pink orange or sunset mauve. Some swinging brocaded bags or animal furs. Others fiddling with chains and unbelievable purses dancing about in high-heels jingling bracelets shifting from heel to toe in birdlike rhythms.

Stupid as I was I didn't know what they were but then it dawned on me they were whores.

Jack fished out his bottle. "Look at that one over there with red pumps and zebra skin jacket. Look at that ass. Or that one in blue with the chain and padlock around her waist no forget about that one you pick man."

"Jack I don't know."

He spied around before hoisting his bottle. "It's my treat these girls don't cost much but man do they give you a fuck."

"They're kind of big."

"Kind of big you're almost big as they are. They don't give a damn."

"These people scare the shit out of me."

He tucked the bottle in the glove box. "I'll drive around the block no sense getting one you don't like."

We turned the corner sure enough packed around a grocery store were more fantastic whores. "Now there ain't no white or green ones or pinks around here they're all spades but that don't make do difference I had dozens of them in Africa incredible it was the only good thing about the war they'll drive you nuts."

He stopped at the corner. A few of them sauntered over gawking with huge painted animal eyes. "Which one?"

"I don't know."

He singled one of the women over to the window. A whore in a leopard skin mini dress, snakeskin spikes yellow blouse cut above the navel. A wave of Juicy Fruit cheap perfume liquor hit me like a jungle breeze.

"How much?"

"For the kid?" She spun around on her heels. "Shit." She strutted away said something to another girl and sidled back. "I don't know man," she said, leaning through the window giving me quick catlike glances. "It's kind of weird I mean with a kid and all."

"How much?"

She played a little drum roll on the cab roof snapped her gum and said

"Twenty-five dollars and nothing for you."

"Get in."

She yanked the door open and piled into the cab crowding me over with her spotted leopard skin hip. She gave Jack directions and he pulled away from the curb.

"This your first time sweetheart?"

"Give him a little feel of it now."

She hoisted a vast bare leg with goose flesh the size of acne over my trembling knees revealing orange panties the same color of her nail polish and lipstick. Unbuttoning the crotch she exposing her cunt, insides the shocking pink of ripe grapefruit, all the while whispering gibberish in my ear. Grabbing my hand she shoved it down there. It was nothing like I had expected.

Jack had slowed the pickup to a crawl. "What's that stuff?"

"What stuff?"

"Those sores."

"Them ain't sores they just pimples."

"Those are open sores you got the clap."

"Ain't the clap just some kind of irritation these crotch-openers do it to me."

"Bullshit you got the clap."

She jerked my hand away pulling down her skirt. "You crazy take me back to where you got me right now!"

She was drumming her fingernails on the door and staring murderously at Jack. "This kid had five dollars worth of my pussy and you be some kind of pervert hauling this child around trying to get him sex give me my five!"

Jack threw a five at her. "Let me out here this good enough."

"Sorry about that kid I should have known better." I was holding my hand out the window. "Did she really have the clap?"

"I don't know but you can't be too careful with that stuff. We're not going to mess around with anymore of them vultures we'll drive over to Richmond and I'll set you up royal. It'll cost a little more but they'll be clean and any color you want."

We passed an oil refinery and drove under the San Raphael Bridge barges moored to the wharves and tankers anchored at bay. The hills were packed with yellow pink and green oil tanks that looked like they should contain soft drinks and not oil. Jack pulled up in front of a bar. There was a terrible stink in the air I thought was coming from the refinery.

"I'm going to make a phone call why don't you check out the whaling station across the street in the meantime."

The whaling station had a dark cavernous door like an open mouth. The stench wasn't breathable and I had to hold my nose. A gang of Chinese workmen in rubber aprons were hacking away at the better half of a whale

torch lights shoved into its ribs. They were cutting off slabs of fat and loading it into carts. Blood was spreading over the floor and several dogs were lapping it up. The back of the place was open to the blue sky where I could see the whale's square head hanging from a cable. Little Chinese kids were swinging from its teeth. One of the men started cutting with a chainsaw spewing gore and I backed away stepping into a gob of blubber.

Jack was still in the bar having a drink and chatting with the barkeep. He came out unsteadily and we inched into downtown Richmond stopping at a store for another bottle. We went uphill again along a narrow lane thronged with old Victorians and got out at a cul-de-sac and went up back steps to a second floor entering the kitchen where a plump older woman was seated at the table smoking. Jack gave her a kiss and introduced me to Madame Garloo.

He tried to pull up her dress but she brushed his hand away. He dropped his fly and hauled out his cock then staggered and fell into a chair cock sprawling across his lap.

She put out her smoke. "I've seen bigger."

Jack managed to replace himself and leaned forward. "Now what can we do here for the kid?"

She lit another cigarette and looked me over. Her face was kind but fixed like a statue's. She reminded me of a general or cop. "You know I'm doing you guys a big favor you know he's only thirteen when you start fooling with minors it's a horse of a different color."

She gazed indifferently out the window something vague about her like a statue in mist. Her eyes were steady but unfocused seeing distantly.

"They don't have many places like this anymore."

Jack appeared to be nodding out. "World's going to hell in a rowboat."

She got to her feet. "Okay let's take you back and introduce you to the girls."

We entered a dining room heavily curtained and dimly lit paintings of nude women on the walls. The buffet was loaded with food and drink and a blond dressed in a short transparent nightie was perched on the lap of an old guy in one corner. We went down a hall with closed doors to a drawing room lavishly furnished with Persian rugs framed mirrors more paintings and antique furniture three women posed by the fireplace all wearing bedroom gear and drinking brandy. The room smelled strongly of incense and some kind of Indian music was droning in the background.

Madame Garloo pushed me over by the fire. "This kid here wants to become a full-fledged Homo sapiens." She went out and the women studied me. I was unable to meet their amused gazes the fire at my backside.

A pretty brunette ruffled my hair. "You need a drink sweetheart you're trembling all over."

"Want to smoke some of this?" asked the strawberry

blond.

"He don't need any of that," said a chocolate colored one. She was wearing frilly panties under her open gown pointed breasts swinging free. She poured a glass of brandy and shoved it in my hand. "If you're nervous it'll loosen you up so you can enjoy yourself."

I normally hated the stuff but it seemed to help. "Drink it all," she said flopping her breasts in my face. She poured me another. "Now sit down and relax."

I found myself seated deliriously between she the chocolate one and the strawberry blond. The brunette was across from us with one foot on the coffee table. She had nothing on under her robe. Hands were all over me. The brunette named Carol stood before the fire gown open and swaying to the music. She must of sensed I liked her the best for she put her glass down taking me by hand.

We went down another hall to a room in the far back with a view of rooftops descending steeply towards the bay. A crow was sitting on a wire just outside the window. "I didn't know you had crows in the city."

She pushed me into a cushy chair. "Le vieux car-beaux."

"What?"

She was running her hands over my stomach and down my legs. "Crow in French."

"You know French?"

"Why sure sweetheart I used to live in Montreal." She unzipped my black suede boots and pulled them off. "Pew where in God's name have you been?"

"Whaling station."

"Wonderful."

She undid my belt and pulled my jeans off miraculously sliding her hands around and yanking off my underwear laughing as they caught on my erection. Pushing my legs open wide she traced little patterns over my inner thighs while kissing my stomach in a downward spiral finally taking my straining member in her mouth and slowly consuming it. When I thought I was about to lose it she pulled me to my feet and sat down in the chair herself legs spread skin bluish in the afternoon light, there was so much flesh I didn't know where to begin.

I tried to kiss her but she pushed my head away and took my cock in her hand. The crow was still there watching me with unblinking eyes. Fog was just closing in on a couple of ships passing in opposite directions between Richmond and Tiburon. Everything seemed very close pressed together part of a toy landscape. The cars and people were proportionate to one another but still miniature in kind without depth like a child's crude drawing. Distance had vanished and everything was more or less the same size as the crow on the wire. My cock suddenly corded up and I slipped inside her magically. The unexpected warmth and wetness flooded all the way up to my eyeballs and filled the room with

visionary light. Still I couldn't get the real view into perspective. The bay was a dammed up mud puddle with fake boats and cars crossing a plastic pier various bugs pretending to be men. The sun was being wiped away under a gray sheet and before I could get things straight and tell myself it was real the crow jumped up and flew away. I hadn't really noticed the woman's face before but now it seemed like she was wearing a doll's mask that didn't fit right eyes dull and sleepy. And then I was coming ember after burning ember flaring up from the darkness like a crescendo of fireworks. And I groaned and thrashed as I once had upon awakening from an operation blissful relief mixed at the opposite end of memory with nightmare and pain.

She patted my hair. "There sweetheart you're a man."

"I know," I said and began to cry.