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# My New Years party experience

By Hakan

There's always this hype about new year parties. All the sitcoms make shows about it a week before, just like all the other holidays, at least the christian and jewish ones. I just never understood it. I guess I never had much fun at partiess. I mean, I had fun, but not the kind of fun everyone makes it out to be, like, nothing big or important happens at these parties. There was no When Harry met Sally moment of finding a girl I loved and using seducing words to finally break her will, so she'll fall softly into my comedic and graceful arms. None of that shit.

So, you can imagine what kind of mental state I was in when my friend Ben invites me to his New Years party.

"There's gonna be lots of girls, Hakan, lots of girls," Ben says.
"That's great, there's gonna be lots of guys too."
"I'm flying in my own girl from California, from USC! Man she's hot. She's like, well, have you seen the asian chics at E3? The one near the Megaman stand?" he asks me.
"No, Ben."
"It's gonna be great. You've GOT to come."

And halfway through my bottle of bean, I admit, I'm having fun. I'm drunk, first of all, and there's a lot more people at the party I know than I thought I would.

Let me stop here for a moment and describe Ben's apartment. Now, for those of you who simply wish to skip ahead and get to the meat of the story, feel free to, because this part is of little or no consequence. But for those who want a little atmosphere and those who want to understand the situation, and the world I'm seeing through my eyes, then I suggest you continue reading.

The Christmas tree took up most of the living room, and I hate to sound so sensitive, but it was beautiful. Christmas had past, yes, and it was getting a little dry, but the lights and ornaments were very profressional and movie-like. And when you stared at the lights there was that soft glow like there were hundreds of thin needles sticking out of each bulb, and they could never quite stand still enough. The carpet was white and the kitchen was crowded. The x-box was playing techno songs from DDR, anime, and other various crowd moving rythyms, but the music was not a source of interest to the party (it was too quiet).

And then, as I stood near the center of the room and held my sweaty plastic cup, I looked down the dark hallway and saw a beautiful emerge from the bathroom, looking ever so graceful and relieved. Men, I did not endorse or believe in love at first sight in my younger years, and in my later I thought it was merely lust, but that night, I tell you, that night I came as close as I think man has to loving someone without a previous acquaintance. She graced me, ignored me, as she moved into the crowded kitchen, too crowded and undeserving for her. Too cold and uncaring the people she had to touch and smile at to get to move, so she could make her way to her bottle of Gin. Oh Gin what a terrible drink, how many nights have you disrupted my belly, and caused embarrassment on my part and the parts of those witnissing my action of vomit. I had to warn her, because maybe she was not very good at drinking. Or maybe she was too good, I don't know which I would like more or worse, but it was a reason to approach.

Let me skip ahead of some minor details, fellow readers, for I am sure you wish the story to be gotten on with, as the medium of forum post does not make pleasant the prolonged encounters with the art of word play.

\*Ahem\* We were in the bathroom, on the toilet, kissing and fondling each other fondly. Her brown hair kept falling at our faces, so soft and flower smelling, and the way she ran her long and boney fingers across my head, stopping at the back to twirl my hair, made me engrossed in my manness. Flushed and nervous, I moved my hands up and down her back, finding my way to the top to pull down her shirt. She gave no resistance, and down her top came. I fell back to revel in the moment, staring and calculating. Her shoulders were red and narrow, like a girls. And her breasts were bulging from her bra, begging me to be freed.

"Have at you!" I screamed as I dug my head between them, shaking my head side to side and growling like a dog. She arched backwards and let her hair fall back as she moaned, oh how I loved her voice and longed for her lips again. Perhaps I have been too descriptive of her, neglecting the important details, such as her name, Celine, and the color of her panties, red, and the smell of her panties, fresh and non pugnant, and the cut and color and texture of her pubic hair, mohawk, light brown, and soft, respectively. What a cherry it was, my fellow readers, your humble narrator felt the need, more than once, to be lacking of goggles which would shield me from the various juices and moistures that accompany a man in his visits to the delicious regions of the female body. Drip, drip, drip. I thought to myself, now I know what a male cheerleader feels like as he holds his female above his head and looks up to catch a quick look at the tight, youthful personal area of his female counterpart. Drip, drip, drip it goes. Goggles needed. A must.

After we had both exhausted ourselves, many times apiece, we lay there, in the bathtub, still nude and I still eager. I held her close, so close and tight, I thought if I should let go she would fall from a great height. It was then that we spoke earnestly, for after two bodies exchange their secrets, there is a sense of openess, for being naked together is the greatest intimacy, and should be reserved for only two people of sincere emotion. I had to ask her if it was lust she saw in me, or the sudden evokation of great and deep emotion as my case was.

"How do you feel about me holding you?" I asked.
"I think I should like it," she replied.
"Do you want me to let you go?" I asked.
"No," she muttered, half drowsy.
"What if I held you like this, here, until the morning?"
I felt her weight shift as she tried to turn her head to face mine. "All night?"
"Yes," I said.
"What if I get hungry? Or have to use the bathroom?" she asked.
I breathed heavy, and she rose and fell on me with my chest. "I should not let you go no matter the reason."
She whimpered and kissed my nose. "Don't be silly."
"Would you think I was silly if I said I liked you?" I asked.
"No, I like you too, obviously," she said.
"What if I really liked you?" I asked, but she did not reply, perhaps starting to doze off. "What if I thought I even loved you?"

No answer again. The bathroom door started jerking and we both turned quickly to see if it was locked. It had been, at one point during our encounter, but then I forgot that the cat was scratching just an hour ago, under the door, and we let him in and out after he used the litter box. But in our haste and passion, we forgot to lock the door for a second time, and in comes in my good friend Benjamin.

He just looks at us, blank faced and glossy, with a sad, far away look in his eyes as if a great underlying trouble had been clawing its way in him for many years (I would find out later his lady friend from USC had no interest in him more than an acquaintance).

"What are you doing?" Ben asked us.
"What does it look like?" I said.
"Do you know how disgusting that is?" Ben asked us.
"What are you talking about?"
He pointed, and all three of us looked down at what he was pointing at, towards our crotches. "How can you stand to lie down in that?!?!" he screamed.

Our legs, hers and mine, were covered in a thin black film, with chunks of black and dark matter of various colors and consistencies laying at the base of the tub. It's source: her anal canal. In our drunkeness and passion filled encounter, we forgoed our other urges of the body, and like hunger and sleep, it must come. And come it did. The stench was now in full force, and as she got up she shitted on me some more.

The events afterward are somewhat fuzzy, being drunk and enraged. She was deathly embarrassed, and I was deathly angered. What a sad day it must be for love to be diminished at the sight of our own body's natural responses. It was not true love, though, and perhaps it is better that way, because in my heart, I doubt ours would have survived that test of time and acceptance.

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# Guide - Working out

By Hakan

Many of you are sitting around your house on your fat ass, saying to your best friend, the TV, "why can't I have great abs like Brad Pitt or all the guys in the hundreds of porno I watch all the time?" Well, first things first, you're going to burn in hell for watching porn, because God loves you. I think that's how it goes. And second, you need to get your rear in gear and join your local gym, health center, or black market performance enhancing underground drug ring. Be prepared to listen to some wacky self-contradictions!

Diet:

In case you haven't realized it, fast food is not your best friend. You think you can just grab a quick meal on the run, because you're a connected and highly wired individual? Well I hope you still feel that way when you die at age 45 of a congenial heart failure you fat fuck. The neighbors kids will discover your rotting corpse and poke your abnormal titties with a stick while their dog pisses all over your face. Goddamn I hate you. So anyway, eat Subway or some herbal shit. I don't care and neither does your dietitian.

What any novice is gonna end up doing is going to the local GNC and going by whatever shitty advice they suggest to you, which usually involves becoming a gold card member and buying loads of their protein powder. Then you'll receive countless pamphlets of whatever the newest Hydro-Oxy-Meta-Anabolic-Gangrene product they come out with next, through the mail. Here's how what to expect during your first visit:

Employee: Do you need help, sir?
Hakan: As a matter of fact I do (looking at name tag) ... Turbo. I'm looking to re-shape my body without much work, without changing my diet much, and in a very short amount of time. Hopefully by tomorrow actually, for my date.
Turbo: Uh... let me get my boss, Dr. Andro. (runs and gets him)
Dr. Andro: Hello, sir, how can we help you show more veins on your arms today?
Hakan: Hi... Dr.? Is that M.D. or Ph.D.?
Dr. Andro: Oh... uh... not exactly either...
Hakan: Is it just like a degree in Kinesiology or Physiology?
Dr. Andro: Well, no. I just beat up a doctor who came into the store and took his.
Hakan: Well that's just great, moron. I'm gonna go weigh myself on your body fat thingy. I guess muscle really does spread to the brain.
Dr. Andro: Look, I don't need this, I WAS ON AMERICAN GLADIATORS!

Those guys are called juicers because the products they intake make the juice inside their veins filthy and diseased. On the outside they look fabulous, though! But hey, they get to have diseases at 25 that most people have to wait until 60 to die from! Yaaaayy....

Benefits:

Working out cures all sorts of diseases like obesity, diabetes, small penis disorder (I wish!), and all the types of cancers that don't kill you. Have you ever seen a power lifter come down with a sissy cold? No, that's because his immune system took over his whole body. In fact, if you look close enough he is really just one giant lymphocyte. IN YOUR FACE STREPTOCOCCUS!!!

And there are even some added benefits for you ladies out there. Working out will decrease the duration and severity of your period, or what I like to call, "OMG WTF IS THAT COMING OUT OF YOU?" You also get a 75% reduction in STD's, because, well really, who wants to have sex with a girl who works out? What's wrong with you butch?

But the real benefits are in how different the ladies start treating us guys. Take me, for example. Before I started working out I weighed 175 lbs. Two years later I weight 175 lbs, but I swear I've lost fat and gained muscle. Anyway, shut up and listen to the conversation I had with the popular girl I ran into:

Hakan: Hey Sarah.
Sarah: Do I know you?
Hakan: Yeah, we went to high school together. You probably can't recognize me because of all the sexy and lean muscle I've added to my once puny physique.
Sarah: Hey, weren't you the guy who got wasted at Chad's prom party and made out with three of his dogs?
Hakan: No, I wasn't invited. DAMN YOU CHAD!!
Sarah: I've got to go stand over there. (runs away)
Hakan: (chasing) Wait, I'll let you touch my muscles! I can flex my pecs alternately to the beats of any song! Watch... (sings NIN's Closer) boom \*tsk\* boom \*tsk\* boom \*tsk\* boom \*tsk\* "You let me violate you..." boom \*tsk\*... (stops chasing) Alone with shame again. The heart is a lonely hunter.

Routine:

Everyone has their own opinion about how many days you should work out, how much cardio, how much weights... it can get really confusing. Basically, do as much as you can, in under an hour, so you feel like throwing up afterwards. Oh yeah, that's the best time to get your protein too, so eat up nauseous boy.

You need to be well hydrated at all times when working out. And here's a little secret only us insiders know. The best source of water is already inside you! That's right, I'm talking about urine. You can drink it, it's sterile. Think how cool you'll be when your ignorant friends have to walk WAY over to the water fountain to quench their thirst when you just whip out your dick and start sipping that shit like a baby sucks a titty. You'll have the admiration of the entire gym, or be banned for life. It's a close call, but an important one.

It's a misconception that no one is paying attention to you when you work out. In fact, everyone is watching you to see how much of a wuss you are. There are hidden cameras and everything, and all of the hot girls from aerobics are sitting in their secret room laughing that you couldn't even make it to 10 reps. So to counter this, you must act tough all the time. This is why guys are always screaming at the top of their lungs when they do heavy weights; to let everyone know they are cool.

Here is an example of what I'm talking about.

Hakan: Excuse me there, fellow gym member, are you using that weight ring there?
BUFFDOOD2302: Which one? The 45, 35, 25, or 10?
Hakan: Ermm... no... the other one there...
BUFFDOOD2303: I can't see well because the steroids almost blinded me. Which weight? Say it!
Hakan: THE 2.5 LB!!! DAMN YOU!!! DAMN YOU TO HELL!!

This is all wrong. Here is what you should do:

Hakan: Hey man, are you using those weight rings there?
BUFFDOOD2302: Which one? The 45, 35, 25, or 10?
Hakan: ALL OF THEM YOU DIRTY SONOFABITCH! YEAH!! Hand 'em over!
BUFFDOOD2302: Damn man, you're awesome! You can fuck my sister!
Hakan: Tell her to get in line!

And it doesn't matter if you can't even do a single rep with all that weight. Everyone will think you're cool for asking for all of it.

Why do I write these guides? I just, in my head I imagine that maybe some hot girls are reading my articles and laughing hard, and wishing I was there so they could do me. God, I'm so lonely... I just want a nice girl I can talk to and hold and feed grapes. If you think you are that girl, send a bio and pics (topless) to esthar@cox.net KTHXBYE

So that ends this chapter. Boy, we sure learned a lot today didn't we? If your emotional security depends on satisfying a need you didn't have until you saw Fight Club, go right ahead and start weight lifting. It's ok, because I'm doing it too. Your hardened bronze bodies will reflect the afternoon sun and attract women as shallow as you are. G'night.

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# I once was a limo driver

By Hakan

After I graduated college my dad sent me to Europe to travel a little. It was fun for a while, but the bad thing was that I went alone. Bad because it was hard to find someone to have a decent conversation with, so I tended to get a little lonely. Also bad because no one was there to tell me if anything I was doing was wrong, so I ended up blowing a lot of my money. I didn't feel like asking my parents for more, seeing as they had got me to Europe in the first place, so I decided to get a job somewhere. Plus I thought it would be a good learning experience for some weird reason.

When I was down to the last hundred I was in Florence, Italy. I spoke broken Italian and frequently had to consult my translation book. I managed to find some sort of employment agency, and seeing how I couldn't really have a job where I had to interact with people, my options were pretty limited. I did, however, know the city very well, because I was there for a couple weeks, so I landed a job driving a limo.

Well if you haven't realized it, only rich people really need limos. Oh there's the occasional teenage splurge where a bunch of kids get one to go to a party, or maybe there's a wedding, but mainly it's rich people going to a big party at some fancy palace, political stuff sometimes, and also, strippers.

Eventually I became well acquainted with one particular customer, a certain Mrs. Moltisanti. She was in her late 30's, fading looks and she was well aware of it. The thing about Europeans is that generally older people are thinner than you'd expect. In American there's junk food everywhere, and even fat chicks the general shape of them is horrible, just gut and arms and neck. At least Europeans, the fat goes to the curves, and so was the case with Mrs. Moltisanti. I guess being a smoker helped her maintain a semblance of attractiveness too.

At first I drove her and her husband to a few parties, and we had a casual relationship. Then one night she came to the car early, drunk, and we got to chatting. She confessed that she thought her husband was cheating on her, despair over life and her children that ignore her, and complaining about how much she drinks. She probably never did get many people to listen to her, so my ear was the only sympathetic one she had. After that night she requested me personally for services throughout the day, like taking her shopping, visiting a gal pals house, driving around the city or into the country, etc. We got to know each other better, and I found out that she's quite amicable and charming. Another thing about Europeans is how they like to compliment people, not seen too often and openly here in America. I wouldn't have to work much longer with the tips I was making either.

Well one day I go to work and see what I've got lined up. Odd, Moltisanti was nowhere on my schedule. It looked pretty bare. I was disappointed, seeing how I almost had enough money to quit and move on with my travels. I asked my boss, a 50 year old fat slob of an Italian, if she mentioned why she didn't book me.

"Do not worry Signor, it is just temporary," he said.
"Did she leave a reason?"
"She didn't want me to say, but it is nothing."
"Tell me."
He looked at me with some reluctance. "She had a bit of surgery is all, a little thing people do. Many women her age do it all the time."
"Oh, so it's nothing serious?"
"Don't give it another thought, Signor."

The next week, sure enough, she was back on the schedule. I was looking forward to seeing her again, I guess you get fond of people without knowing it sometimes. My riders the previous week were pretty boring too. One bad thing about Europeans sometimes is their arrogance.

I drove through the gates to her house, kind of a small mansion I should say, and along the semi circle driveway and stopped right in front of the door. I rang the doorbell. I heard a call from inside but couldn't discern it, so I just waited. The door opened a few inches and a tiny voice from the other side said, "Please, don't look. I'm embarrassed."

I laughed and said to not be ridiculous. She told me to just get in the drivers seat and that she would be there in a moment. I replied that it would be rude of me to not open the door for her and help her in. It was attention to these fake rituals that we joked about sometimes, so I knew it'd make her laugh and feel better. Finally she opened the door. She had a bandage over her nose and dark circles around her eyes, from blood clotting or whatever is involved in nose surgery. I said she looked as beautiful as ever and took her by her arm to the car. I made sure to give her special attention and compliments. When we got inside I asked where we were going. She got a strange smile on her face and told me to go to take her somewhere in the country, so I did.

It was a few hours outside of Florence when we finally stopped. We had been talking the whole time, and during the ride she got up from the back seat and sat right behind me and looked at the road over my shoulder, talking right next to my ear. She told me to pull over and take this side road that ran alongside of the Adriatic. It was midday and the sun was slanting down through the tops of the trees and speckled my eyes with flashes of light and dark. I got to the edge of a cove near the shore and stopped the car. She said she had a blanket and some food, so we ate outside on top of a hill overlooking the water under a tree. It was windy and sometimes you could hear the wind blow through the trees like a domino affect until it finally got to you and sent shivers down your spine.

Mrs. Moltisanti sat with her feet neatly tucked under her, resting on her hip, and told me stories of her youth. Her travels, how she met her husband, her college years, and perfectly related her fears and doubts with mine at the time. I was leaning back on my arms just looking out over the water. I felt her hand on top of mine, and slowly I turned my head and met her eyes. Then I looked back over the water and the spread of it all, and the gentle waves hitting the shore and the sea that seemed to sparkle like thousands of tiny mirrors.

We packed up the picnic and went back to the car. She told me she wanted to sit up front, so I let her. We both got in and sat in silence that lasted only a few seconds but seemed much longer. Before I could turn to face her she had crossed the threshold between us and we were kissing. I pulled down her blouse, she pulled back my limo drivers jacket over my shoulders and then off my wrists and threw it in the back. I started to unbutton my shirt but she gently pushed me back against the car door. Her hands went down my sides then to my zipper. She was smiling and laughing, feeling excitement like she hadn't in years I'm sure.

So she started to go down on me, and it was great. Sometimes her hands crept up over my legs and stomach and I would laugh, since I'm so ticklish. I asked if she wanted to continue or if we should do it another way, she said she had to finish there first, so I let her continue. After the initial rush of it all, I noticed that she was actually pretty bad at giving a blowjob. I mean I think by that age you don't make a lot of mistakes and know how to make it interesting, but it really wasn't. I had to force myself to be into it because I know she wouldn't stop until I was spent. I started getting anxious actually, and tried to pull her up so I could do it myself. "No! No! Let me," she said. I let her go again for a few minutes before getting fed up. I tried to pull her up again but she was really forcing it, making me uncomfortable. I told her to stop and that it was enough, she refused.

Then she started crying. She kept wanting to go back down, but there's something inherently unappealing about the slobber you get from the kind of crying she was doing. It was really sad. I tried to make her stop but she wouldn't, and wouldn't even get her mouth off of me. Eventually I took her shoulders in my hands and brought her to my face, and then she proceeded to really ball. I hit her, which was a mistake because her nose hadn't healed yet. All the tears mixed with the blood and mucous from her nose, and suddenly I realized what I had done. I grabbed her by the hair, a firm grip, and pushed her back down. This time I was in control and the suction sounds she made as I bobbed her head up and down with the perfect storm lube overpowered the sounds of her tears of self pity. I was finally ready to spurt so I got over her and finished myself off. I don't know what suddenly came over me, but I was screaming, "AAAUUUGGH FUCK YOU MOTHER FUCKER!!! AAUH FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! I HATE YOU MOM! I HATE YOU MOM! WATCH YOUR EYES!" She winced and clenched her eyes shut. Then it was over.

I drove her back home. She gave me an extra hundred for a tip and apologized. I barely acknowledged her. She sobbed a little in the car before getting out, as if that was enough for my sympathy. I watched her ascend the steps trying to regain what little dignity she could remember she ever had. I slammed the gas and sped out of the driveway.

I got my last paycheck at the end of the week after canceling all my other appointments. I managed to earn 2000 dollars in just a few weeks and was ready to continue traveling. Before I left Florence, I got a postcard and sent it back home to my dad, telling him not to worry about me and to tell everyone that I loved them, and also that Italian women are some of the biggest tippers in the world.

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# Should I call this girl back?

By Hakan

I just started a new job at a fancy restaurant, and by fancy I mean that the bill for two people is at least 50 bucks, without tip. So it's a nice place, lots of rich people, and also preppy/ frat guys working there. I wasn't sure exactly how I would fit in, but I ended up making a few friends with other bussers and some of the kitchen staff (they've got the best stories, like this one time they dressed up as business men and walked into a McDonalds and got them to give them lots of their business information, anyway). So one busser, Jake, invited me out to his country club last weekend. I had nothing to do, and I thought maybe a round of golf would be fun, so I went.

Two other guys came with us, Brett and John, more typical frat guys. I thought I wasn't gonna have fun, but luckily Jake was a good conversationalist, so they were at least tolerable. Brett talked about scoring with chicks the previous night, John agreed and complimented him, showing his follower status. When we got to the first hole, Jake went first, hitting the ball smooth and clean and straight. Then the other two went, and then I went. I did the worst since I hadn't played gold since highschool.

We played about halfway through before I lost my ball in the woods. When I went to go looking for it, I asked myself if I was seriously having fun with these guys. I was tempted to just ditch them and go home, or maybe think of an excuse. I finally found my ball when I heard this strange sound, like a dull, air pressure sound, like popping open a metal can of peanuts or something. I looked around and saw this chick playing tennis alone. The sound was coming from the automatic serving machine. I went closer to get a better look at her. She was pretty hot. She had hair pulled back in a pony tail, brunette, a white top and a tennis skirt. Whenever she turned quick the skirt would move with her circular direction and bundle up and then fall back out as it straightened. I just had to keep watching it. She had pretty big boobs too.

Eventually she hit a ball way over the fence accidentaly and it landed near me. She faced me and let her arm and racket dangle to her side.

"Hey there!" she yelled.
"Hi."
"Mind if you give me my ball back?"

The serving machine was still going, obvlivious to anything but what it was made for. Pthum, pthum, pthum.

"Yeah, sure," I said. I went and picked it up and walked through the door shaped hole in the chain fence. I handed her the ball and noticed the pile of balls that was collecting behind her.

"Thanks," she said. "What were you doing way out in the woods over there?"
"I was playing golf with my buddies and I sliced hard, lost my ball."
"And then you found mine," she said, and her lips curled into a smile, then we both laughed.

I introduced myself and got her name too, Des. Didn't ask what it was short for. We chit chatted a bit, obviously flirting. She kept hitting me in the stomach with her racquet, then I eventually tried to grab it from her. We both locked eyes and playfully tried to force it from each other, my hands over hers. We talked some more. She asked if I had to go back to playing golf, I said my buddies could finish the game without me.

By then the machine had run out of balls to shoot. You could hear the moment when a ball should have been loaded, but instead you heard an empty, hollow sound. We both looked at it and then back at each other and thought the exact same thing. There was a slight breeze that came and a strand of her hair was over her face. She had a serious, almost sad look all of a sudden. I leaned in and kissed her. She dropped her racquet as we started to make out. Then she said, "Not here, I know someplace better."

The sun was really beating down by then, it was mid-afternoon. We walked by the lounging area and then the swimming pool. Des said she used to be a lifeguard there and now has a free year long membership, otherwise she couldn't afford to join a place like this. Good, I thought, she's no yuppie. She was leading me to the storage room for the pool supplies. I was getting really excited and anxious, fire in my stomach, my legs were feeling weak, heart pounding. She led me and then grabbed my hands from behind her. I was about to scream to lead me to the pot of gold, but I didn't want to ruin the intensity and feeling of the moment, though that woulda been pretty funny.

As soon as we got in and shut the door, she pounced me. Heavy making out, barely able to breath. I took off my shirt first. I felt her boobs and just stared into her eyes, and she put her hands on mine and spread her fingers and scrapped her nails out over my hands. I really like it when girls are affectionate like that, I wish all girls would be that affectionate. I took off her top and sports bra and went at it. She did a funny thing and started sucking MY nipples, which I thought was weird, but I was too passionate to really care.

We went further along, further and further, I kept wondering how much further we were gonna go. Eventually we went all the way. Then suddenly there was a knock on the door. She screamed oh shit and covered her mouth. I ran and turned off the light and then, remembering where she was, grabbed her and hid behind some boxes. The door opened, it was a member asking for directions, thinking he had seen someone come in there. He gave up and left. We both sighed, and decided to continue again, lights off this time. There was a small window near the ceiling which gave a little light, but for the most part it was dark.

We had been going at it for like 30 minutes when I decided I was about ready to finish. Curiously, I noticed a box that was open beside my foot. It had a bunch of packets of shock treatments for the pool, the stuff to balance ph, and one bag was open. I bent down and grabbed it, then went back at it. She didn't notice I had anything in my hand. I remembered that I didn't say my other joke before, and I like to test girls to see if they like a weird sense of humor, so I know we'd get along down the line. Without thinking, I poured it all over my dick and shoved it into her and kept pounding away. Then I poured it all over her coochie coo basically. There was no affect at first, then suddenly we heard fizzing.

"What the fuck is that?" she asked.
"I dunno."
"Oh god why does it feel like that, did you come?"
"No not yet."
"What the hell?"

I told her it was nothing and kept going, emptying the whole packet inside of her. I faked a moan and told her I was done. I turned on the light and she started screaming. Her whole vagina was foaming and dripping white shit everywhere, and her upper thighs and stomach were scorching red. I busted out laughing. She was crying and obviously very confused, I told her Turkish semen was very potent. She poked at the area and something exploded and sent white stuff spurting. Some got in her eyes and made her cry harder. Then she noticed the empty packet and made the connections. She barely had time to say anything before I was out the door and heading back to my buddies. I gave myself a high five.

Actually now that I think about it, I didn't even get her number. What was the point of this thread again?

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# How I messed up the best (or worst) situation of my life

By Hakan

I had went to highschool with a girl named Renee, a remarkably attractive girl back then, who, upon seeing her again in college, had somehow managed to gain a little extra skin. The good thing is was that most of the time you weren't able to notice it all. It went to her boobs and thighs, and not her face and neck as much, which retained its elegent down as I remember fondly in the days watching her play volleyball in her dressed out clothes in PE.

I met her again in a chemistry class and we picked up right where our old friendship left off. We ate sometimes in the student union, or studied together in the library before class. We got along well, and she is remarkably funny for a girl, but there were always little things I found odd or precarious about her. Like about how open she was with details about her problems. I had barely known her again for a few hours before I felt like I had been a long time personal friend. She would always complain, about being sick or being tired, or having this test to study for, when it wasn't relevant in conversation, obviously drawing attention to herself, not comfortable otherwise. I shelved these thoughts in favor of the better ones that would allow me to enjoy her company.

Eventually we started hanging out on the weekends, and, being college students, that meant going to parties together sometimes. Most of hers involved wanna-be sorority chicks and frat guys at keggers, hardly the type I was interested in. But free beer is why I went, and we didn't stay for long anyway, usually finding other friends somewhere else I enjoyed more.

On one of these outing Renee decided to invite a friend of hers, Meredith. Meredith grew up in a turbulent childhood, moving from city to city, scarcley keeping friends for longer than a few months, and was homeschooled until highschool. So it shouldn't surprise you that when you met someone as attractive as Meredith, she was sweet as anything. She had not the time and experience to develop the layer of elusiveness and loftiness that pervade the beautiful women of the world. Don't get me wrong, she had her moments of snobby criticalness, like the time when someone needed a question to ask a magic 8 ball, and I responded, "If quantum mechanics will ever be reconciled with relativity." I remember distinctly her condenscending look of half disgust, perhaps because I am too sensitive of a man, and such details of memory which pierce the ego seem to resurface themselves among my type more than the drones of the world.

There were a few times where after a night of drinking I would spend the night at Renees dorm. To me, these were innocent moments of fun, and never very serious. I would suggest cuddling, and upon the moment where her figure backed into mine, would slowly creep my hands along her arms and then finally resting them on her breasts. I never got a bad reaction, because I am the type that always waits too long to take advantage of the moment, perhaps making the girl feel insecure about the level of my attention and the lack of my affection. She would turn to face me and want to do more, but since my attraction to Renee wasn't much at all, I would do as any gentleman would, and try to play it down as much as I could while still playing with her boobs. It did, once or twice, go as far as something oral. Only once or twice.

It wasn't long before I turned my attentions to Meredith. Looking back, it was surprisingly easy, which should have told me something else about her. It was one night at a friends apartment when I made the move. I had just used the bathroom, halfway drunk, and saw an empty spot on the couch next to her. I sat down, but then rested my head in her lap, and she played with my hair. I knew she was mine. I should have also known what the look on Renees face meant when she watched us cuddle, and that weakness in her voice when I told her I was staying at Merediths.

I took Meredith on formal outings, which I paid for of course. She was the sweetest little nicest thing you could imagine, such a tiny girl too in fact. Half Italian and half French in background, always playful and bubbly, never stupid. Quite mature in her thinking for her age. We talked about everything ranging from the stupidity of sorioritys (for she momentarily considered them), the problems with organized religion, to what kind of toys we played with as kids. It was only when I found out she never intended about being very serious about me did I attempt to dam up my emotions for her, which I did to some limited to success, probably less than I would like to admit.

Heart broken over the situation, I turned to Renee, who never did like the fact that we were together. What was so wrong with Renee, I asked myself. She had been losing weight, and it was winter approaching, more clothes to wear, and I found myself laughing more around her than Meredith in the first place. So I started things back up with her.

I had arranged things in such a way that neither girl really knew what I did with the other. Oh they could mention things to each other perhaps, and that was my biggest fear, but I don't think they suspected that I ever had sex with both of them. I told them each that they were my first and only, and besides, I was too innocent and sweet, and when all three of us were together, I couldn't have felt more comfortable.

One weeknight, I had just gotten into things with Meredith when there was a knock on her door. She asked who it was, and Renee answered. Instinctively I gathered my clothes and rushed naked into the bathroom while she answered. I told her to not let Renee know I was there, and left it at that. I heard her walk inside and did my best to listen to the two of them talk. I can't ever remember feeling that much excitement and panic and the sheer willingless to shit all over myself since being a child and playing hide and seek, when the seeker walked right by the cabinet or room I was hiding in or behind.

It was going well, and Renee was about to leave, when suddenly she asked "What's that?" Somehow, I have the perfect vision of my head of her walking over to the bedstand and picking up a condom wrapper, and the look of heartbreak spreading across her face and body like wildfire. It wasn't much longer before the truth came out between the both of them, and I, waiting like a deathrow inmate in the bathroom, tried to hatch an escape plan, or perhaps run through them while they were arguing to reach freedom. But before I could even gather my thoughts, the door swung upon and both of them glared at me, with intense eyes and stern faces, in silence, wanting an answer I couldn't possibly provide them with. I gasped for air, cleared my throat. Then it hit me. I asked for a threesome. They looked at each other for a moment and became even more enraged with my idiocy. I was kicked out the room without a chance to put on my clothes.

I started through the streets to the other side of campus to my apartment. The moon was full, and the trees had shed their leaves and crunched loudly under my feet. Dead, I thought, like everything and everyone around me. All the doors in my mind were closing, all the opportunitys gone, no more girls on the horizon. What had I felt for them? Why did I do that? I took out a picture I kept of us three at the mall, for sentimental reasons I always carried it with me, for I knew I would never have a better situation in my life and tried to remind myself to savor it every waking moment. Something in those pictures, something about the nature of memory, some truth in that moment that you can never go back to, that you want so bad but it is always just a thought or feeling ahead of you, that would somehow alleviate the present.

I threw the picture down and it mingled with the dead leaves. I drew my jacket in closer to keep the cold wind out. Then suddenly an old man came up to me. He was homeless and asked for some money. For a moment I caught myself in his eyes. I told him I would give him some money, but first I asked him to smile. All gums. Excellent, I thought. I took out my pocket knife and forced him down. As I pulled down my pants and showed him my intentions, he asked if I loved Jesus. I told him no. He told me I was going to hell. I told him hell is only the suffering of being unable to love, and at that I hit him in the head a few times so he passed out. I finished myself in his dirty, old man beard.

When I came home my roomate was on his computer as usual. I asked if he had gone out, he said no. He asked me where I had been. I told him I had been at Merediths, and that we probably wouldn't be seeing much of each other anymore. "Is that so?" he asked. I said yes. "Would it be all right if I saw her?" I said sure, but that I doubt he was her type. He laughed. Then he got off the computer and went into his room and shut the door behind him. I heard the phone being pulled off the reciever.

Most of the time, you never appreciate what's happening to you now, and when you look back on it later, there is the tendency to overplay it. But I think it's always best to be realistic about everything that's going on, and that you can't help what's going to happen in the future. At least that's what I tell myself for now.

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# Post embarrising work stories here

By Hakan

Mine involves popping a cork at a restaurant. I'm a waiter.

So yeah it's still my first few weeks working at Olive Garden, and of course working there you have to offer wine to everyone. I normally offer a white wine since we serve mainly pasta, and it tastes good with that. Also it's summer and hotter, so people want a cold drink.

I was working last weekend and it was busy as hell. Towards the end of the night before I get to my newest table I'm informed that the people I'm about to serve are generally huge spenders, and are also regulars and important people, so my bosses and everyone was putting pressure on me. Even though I'm new, they thought I was good enough to serve them well anyway. I was told to expect a huge tip.

I walked over and introduced myself and looked around at them. There was an older married couple, musta been around 50 (the wife wore a monocle for some strange reason) with a younger couple, all dressed like they just got back from somewhere else far more important. So I do my usual casual conversation, offering wine and appetizers etc, just pretending they aren't who they are. Most of the time people don't want a wine, but this couple of couple's did. In fact they wanted sparkling wine (that's like champagne, it's bubbly) and the most expensive kind, Chandon White Star Champagne, and a bottle of it (48 bucks).

While I was getting their food and everything I tried to remember the training videos on how to open a bottle of sparkling wine. First you peel off the top covering layer and put it in your pocket (it's rude to leave it on the table). Then there's a tab covering the cork that you pull off. As soon as you pull it off, you have to hold down the cork because there's so much pressure from the CO2 build up that it'll fly right off, which would be a very bad thing. Then you hold the cork tightly and slowly twist the bottle at the bottom with your other hand. If you pop it, you bruise the wine, altering its taste, and risk the cork flying and major spillage. If you're careful enough, using that method the cork comes off without a problem, with just a small pop or burp.

I was getting really nervous going through all this in my head. I didn't want to ask anyone how easy or hard it was because I didn't want to look stupid. I got their breadsticks and salad on a tray. I set it down and served them, then I went and got the bottle of champagne. I held the bottle and got out my waiters friend, a cutting tool. I remember feeling like they were all watching me, the young woman with her black silky hair and white sequined dress, the gentlemen with her with a stern serious face, the old man with his balding head and idiot grin. But in particular the old woman with the monocle. Why the hell was she wearing that? Was she crazy? And worst of all I can just imagine the cork shooting off in her direction, smashing the monocle and going through her eye into her brain, and me being instantly fired. The room was hot and I was sweating.

I tore off the first layer of wrapping and put it in my shirt pocket. Then I grabbed the tab and peeled it back and held the cork with my thumb. I could feel the cork wanting to rise, so I had to put more pressure down on it. I twisted the bottle. It was soaking wet from condensation. Fuck! I forgot to wipe it clean first before trying to open it, how could I forget?!? My hand was slipping and I couldn't get a good grip on the bottle. Was everyone seeing me panic? I smiled at everyone and laughed a little, they smiled back at me but then immediately their eyes fell back down to my hands and the bottle, I especially felt the monocle's presence on my hands, burning through it with a laser beam. I kept twisting, turning, inching the cork up safely with my control.

Finally it was almost out. There was just a centimeter or so left. I stopped turning the bottle, grabbed the cork and moved it back and forth to guide it out. It was almost over. I finally heard the pop and the table started laughing and clapping enthusiastically. I was so relieved words can't describe the pressure that was taken off me. The rest of the meal would be a piece of cake compared to this, I thought. I looked joyfully over at everyone, rejoicing gaily with them that the ordeal was over. The young woman, the young man, the old man, and finally the crazy monocle lady who at this point was clapping her hands and bouncing in her chair laughing with an open mouth. My penis flew straight out of my pants and impaled her through her monocle eye. Everything stopped. A plate dropped and crashed in the distance. The young couple was frozen. Blood seeped out of her eye socket and skull and covered her face and neck, as well as the back of her seat. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my general manager drop a towel, his lips quivering too much to decide what to say. The balding man was stunned beyond belief, then started licking my enormous penis, the part that was sticking out through the back of his deceased's skull.

Well that night when I gathered all my tips, there was an awe of silence around me. The chefs eyed me with respect, even the old guy, Stretch, promised I'd never have to wait more than 10 minutes for a T-bone steak. A female coworker I had liked since the first shift we worked together gave me her number. And on my way out of the restaurant my general manager bowed to me. I felt pretty good that night, better than I could remember feeling in a long time, though when I repeat my story to others I find myself oddly embarrassed.

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# Slumber Party

By Hakan

Living at home can still have it's advantages!

First, let me tell you a little something about my sister. She is a lovely girl, 16, bright and beautiful. And do you know how much she adores me? She does. I suspect all younger siblings at some time blindly admire their older counter parts no matter who they are, even if, in fact, they cause them harm in some way or the other, it is all justified to them, somehow. This was the case with my older brother, whom I have grown to hate, quite rightly, because he is stupid, rude, and sometimes the butt of jokes to those people he calls "friends." Back to my sister; she is one of great potential, and I recognized my duty as her older brother to help mold her. I won't make the same mistake my brother did with me! I try to inspire her, enlighten her, open her mind so that she may reach her highest potential, whatever it is that a woman could hope to be. It started with my reading suggestions. I was put in the position of someone who could recommend books for her to read, and in return she would respect my opinion of certain subjects, by my ability to comprehend and elaborate on her english assignments. I got her to read Camus's "The Stranger" one time. The conversation afterwards went like this:

"I don't get the ending," she said.
"What don't you get about it?"
"Is he happy or what? I think he's happy, but I don't see why."
"He isn't really happy, after all, he is condemned. He has just understood his place in the universe and the universes' relation to him, chiefly, indifference. All he has to do is be indifferent to it and the world, just as he is to society's laws and morals, and then finally, apply that to death. He has some sort of peace, but I think he would somehow rather live, if only out of habit."
She paused for a moment, reflecting, or trying to reflect, so as to impress her older brother.
"I think I got it," she finally let out.
"Come to me with any other questions," I said.

So you see what kind of a mentor I am to her. She comes to my room everday after school and talks with me. She loves every minute of it. But it is also double sided, because if anyone has spent enough time with a girl you know how boring their stories become. It seems to be in their nature to bother you with every trivial and meaningless detail in their lives, somehow, I think, it makes them seem closer to you, to know all their bullshit. Keep that in mind, young men of the world!

Having sufficiently boosted her self esteem and whatnot, she eventually made friends in highschool. She was quiet and shy like I was in my youth, and so that always troubled me about her, and so I was quite pleased that she had made friends. I came to learn that one of her friends, Casey, had a crush on me. I don't know how that happened, since I have never met the girl, or if so merely in passing. Apparantly this bothered my sister a lot, and Casey, being aware of this, wrote on my sisters notebook that I was cute, hot, etc. My sister showed me the notebook. I also think there is something appealing about older men to little girls, older brothers, just as older siblings are somehow more powerful and knowledgeable, older boys are omnipotent and exciting. They know how to have fun, they know about life, after all, at least from the little girls' perspective. I knew this when I was sitting at my computer chair and heard the doorbell ring last Friday night. It was Casey! The night had begun!

I was imagining them, from behind my door, greeting each other, their bright teenage smiles and barely controllable excitement. They would hold each others hands as if to try to contain each other as they looked into each others eyes and burst into laughter and giggles. Such movement and electricity surrounded them at every moment. There were many instances when, after the other 2 girls arrived, making that 4 in all, that it seems like a grenade exploded in the other room, except instead of hearing destruction you heard shrieking yells and fits of laughter from all around you, which would be equally as disturbing and unsettling as a grenade.

At one point in the night I heard my sisters door open. She is right across the hall. I ran quickly to my door and pressed my ear to it. I heard whispers. From what I gathered, one girl, Casey, was showing another, Lauren, where the bathroom was, but they also were discussing which room I was in, and daring each other to go in and see me. This filled me with a powerful excitement. Eventually, though, they were too timid, or picked the wrong room, and eventually returned to my sisters room.

All that evening an idea was spreading inside me. At first it started as a seed, a joke and passing thought that I even laughed at. But it grew. It sprung roots and branches and as each minute passed become more and more a possibility, and strangely it seems, an inevitability. I was heading towards it and it was pulling me in whether I had a say in it or not! It was only two doors, gentlemen, two doors that seperated me from those lovely girls. My imagination was running wild with ideas of what they could be doing, what they looked like, and indeed what they were thinking! I could not take it any more. But I had to have an excuse, a reason, a justification, or otherwise everything would fall to pieces!

"And who cares what other people think, so what if they are sixteen?" I thought to myself. "Am I not like The Stranger myself? Aren't we free to invent our own rules? What does it all matter? Where do these laws come from? Are they holy? There is no holiness! That is a lie, and only for children to believe. Children need morals. I can step over them, all those who judge, in one giant leap I can crush what they think! Heh, heh!"

"Hello, sister!" I said as I pushed the door open with one hand, carrying a bottle of Jack Daniels in the other.
"What are you doing here?" she said, startled, and pulled a blanket over her legs and closer to her face.
"Oh, I'm just saying hello. Can I come in? Well, hello everyone! Let me close the door. Ok there. Well, how are you?" I introduced myself and everyone introduced themselves to me. I have to admit, at first they were startled, but I spoke in a tone of sincerity and frankness that was disarming and at times even enchanting, otherwise, if I detected, even in the slightest, a shred of sentiment that I was not accepted among them, I would have left immediately! That I promise you. That is the truth.

There was Casey, as I mentioned, but now I was free to look at and admire her features. She was a blonde girl of sixteen. She would be the first to turn seventeen among the group. She wore a beaded necklace, had a crooked smile, and was pale and skinny. Lauren was brunette and had a curved, though small, nose. She was just as pale as Casey, but looked fuller, and her brown eyes were rich and deep. And lastly there was Becca. Becca's brown hair was long and fell to the middle of her back. She kept the front bangs short above her eyebrows and let the rest grow back behind her. She had a slight complexion problem but it could easily be ignored because she covered it with makeup. I don't know how you all feel about women's faces, but to my mind those sixteen years, those still childish eyes, that timidity, those bashful tears- to my mind they're better than beauty, and on top of that they were just like a picture. Little eyes, little hands and arms, little feet- lovely! ... So we got acquainted. I hid my bottle from view and also from thought for the time being until I gained their absolute and complete trust.

"So Casey, that's with a C right?" I asked.
"Yes!"
"Cool! I once knew a Kacie with a K and IE."
"Cool! Me too! Whenever I meet another Casey I have to ask how their name is spelled!"
"That's so funny!"

And thus, and thus. Finally I introduced the bottle.

"So, have you girls ever drank before?"
"Nope," Casey said. The others replied the same.
"One time," my sister said, bashfully, but with a hint of pride.
"Oh wow, really!" Becca said.
"When was it??" Lauren said.
"It was during Mardi Gras. He let me," my sister said, pointing to me.
"Haha, I remember that, that was funny. So do you girls want to try some? It's really fun," I said.
"Sounds cool!" Casey said.

Luckily they already had coke in the room to mix it with. First I gave them weak drinks, and hoped no one would get an upset stomach. But would you have guessed how quickly they drank! They were so excited about the prospect of being cool and drinking, and hanging out with an older boy. I'm 22, by the way. In just an hour all the bottle was gone. I barely had 2 drinks. I sipped quietly and slowly so they would get more than their share of it. Finally my moment was coming into play, as if it were appearing before me and suddenly tangible. I could feel it's weight bearing down on me, more and more, every minute, until it almost broke me.

"Has anyone done a three-way kiss before?" I asked. No one answered. They looked at me and then each other, and then back at me. "It's simple, it's just like regular kissing except with three people. Who wants to try?" Everyone volunteered. I told my sister no... next turn. I got Casey, Lauren, and Becca standing on their knees and told them to go at it. They were giggling but determined. Finally the laughter stopped and then all I could see were flickering tongues, wetness, and a warm sensation that was crawling through all of the little girls' chest and up their necks to their little cheeks. It was their sexuality, blossoming. I wiggled my dick between their lips and tongues. Their eyes didn't open at first, but surely they noticed this new alien object couldn't have been anyone else's face. And after all, it probably smelled pretty bad and was suspect. They opened their eyes, stared for a moment, and started screaming. "What's the matter with you??" I screamed back. I quickly put it back in and zipped up. They were in hysterics and hyperventilating. I tried to calm them down as quickly as possible.

"No wait! Wait! Look uh.. have you heard of a keg before? At college parties they have kegs," I said, in a broken voice.
"Yeah... I think I have... " Casey said.
"Well, girls, that was a keg. You all just did a keg stand."
"I thought kegs had beer."
"No that was a keg, trust me," I said, backing away, grabbing the empty bottle of Jack Daniels. They were bewildered. I prayed that they would be too drunk to really remember what happened, or too ashamed. "Don't tell anyone you saw a keg tonight," I told them as I shut the door.

I went into my room and fell with my back against the door and slid down in agony. I had done what every man had dreamed of, yet why were all these troublesome and burdonsome feelings coming over me now? I was not completely justified, even in my mind. I could not convince myself fully! Why was I so weak? Was it true what Camus said, or was that just optimistic? I was programmed, just like all the others, just a simpleton! But at least I had made it with three hot chicks.

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# Harrison Ford

By Hakan

I met Harrison Ford, the "great actor," as James Lipton styled him. I had seen his movies since childhood. His movies were known the whole of the previous generation, and ours especially, and perhaps the next one; as for me, I reveled in them; they were the delight of my adolescence and youth. Later I grew somewhat cold to his films; the flatness of character, the predictability, the in-innovation that seemed to put all the advances great actors had made as an ignored and forgotten fable. Some of his recent works I did not like at all.

Generally speaking, if I dare express my own opinion in such a ticklish matter, all these gentlemen talents of the average sort, who are usually taken almost for geniuses in their lifetime, not only vanish from people's memory almost without a trace and somehow suddenly when they die, but it happens that even in their lifetime, as soon as a new generation grows up to replace the one in whose time the were active- they are forgotten and scorned by everyone inconceivably quickly. This happens somehow suddenly with us, like a change of sets in the theater. Oh, it is quite another matter than with the Brandos, DeNiro's, the Bogarts, with all these figures who came to speak their new word! It is also true that these gentlemen talents of the average sort, in the decline of their venerable age, usually act themselves out in a most pathetic way, without even noticing it at all. Not infrequently it turns out that an actor to whom an extreme profundity of respect had long been attributed, and from whom an extreme and serious influence upon the movement of society was expected, in the end displays such thinness and puniness in his basic little person that no one is even sorry that he has managed to act himself out so quickly.

So was the case with me. I don't recall exactly when it happened, but something had changed with the stars of my youth. I no longer looked at them as the untouchable heroes I longed to be, and believed myself to be, inside, secretly. I attribute this change to the expansion of my consciousness as an adult, that what I had seen before I had seen only myself, something that was never there. My tastes grew more complex along with my thoughts, and even just recently, before the meeting, as if by design, I had seen The Empire Strikes Back, and laughed quietly as I saw my old time hero retort back to a concerned base commander's, "But you'll freeze out there!" with "Then I'll see you in hell!" What melodrama, what childishness! Had it always been like this? Imagine my sadness at this conception, at the sudden realization that perhaps the world had no heroes, that there was nothing left to act in my imagination out for one like me anymore.

All this might be true, but imagine my excitement when I heard he was in town!

Yes, our little town had the "great actor," in our little walls, among our little people! Where I live is not of importance, but when I met him at an intersection I recognized him at once. To complete the transformation of my disillusionment, even his immediate physical appearance had been quite a let down. The uncombed hair, unshaven whiskers, all the tricks of Hollywood had been there, perhaps, for a reason, and he might of been of the rare breed that is simply photogenic and not attractive at all in real life, but that might be judging a bit too much. Noticing that I was looking at him curiously, he asked me in a honeyed, though somewhat shrill, little voice:

"Would you be so good as to tell me the shortest way to the nearest coffee shop?"
"Coffee shop? But it's here, right here," I cried out in unusual excitement. "Keep straight on this way, then second turn to the left."
"Thank you."

Cursed be that moment: I seemed to have grown timid and looked fawning! He instantly noticed everything, and, of course, understood everything at once- that is, understood that I already knew who he was, that I had just grown timid and looked fawning. He smiled, nodded his head once more, and went on as I had directed him. I do not know why I turned to follow him; I do not know why I went running alongside him for about ten steps. He suddenly stopped again.

"And might you be able to tell me where the nearest video store is?" he shouted to me again.

A nasty shout; a nasty voice!

"Video store? The nearest video store is... is in front of the Albertson's, that's where they always are" - and I almost turned and ran to find it in view for him. I suspect that that was precisely what he expected of me. Of course, I came to my senses at once and stopped, but he had made good note of my movement and went on watching me with the same nasty smile. What happened then I shall never forget.

He suddenly dropped the keys he was holding in his left hand. I don't know what leather type thing was attatched to his key ring, or plastic design, I only know that it seems I rushed to pick it up.

I am perfeclty convinced that I did not pick it up, but my initial movement was unquestionable; it was too late to conceal it, and I blushed like a fool. The cunning fellow at once derived all that could be derived from this circumstance.

"Don't worry, I got it," he said charmingly- that is, once he had fully noted that I was not going to pick up his keys- picked it up as if forestalling me, nodded his head once more, and went on his way, having made a fool of me. It was the same as if I had picked it up myself. For about five minute I considered myself disgraced utterly and forever. I brooded and turned the event over and over again in my mind, somehow incapable of forgetting it, and walked absentmindedly through the streets. Then I suddenly remembered where he was going, and something drew me to him once again. I found him outside sitting at an open table of the coffee shop I had guided him to. My shadow came over him, he noticed and turned around.

"Oh, it's you again," he said, after finishing his sip and putting his drink down.
"Hello there, dear fellow," I replied. Then at once I unleashed a flurry of semen all over his unsuspecting eyes. It had been a gift of mine since puberty to ejaculate at will, much like some species of lizards spew forth venom on their prey or predator. It coated his graying hair and wrinkling face. He fell over backwards on his chair and spilled his coffee; somehow the cup came tumbling down on him, along with his plate and pastry. My semen fountain did not stop for a full ten seconds, long enough to leave him in a puddle of untapped genetic potential. He became enraged and made a move to get up to attack me, but found himself stuck to the pavement for a long enough time for me to make my get away.

Being an unknown, I blended into the crowd, and slowed my pace to look unsuspecting. One of the benefits of not being a celebrity, I laughed to myself, anonymity. But as I tell my tale now, I wonder, if caught, would I become as famous as Ford, for unlikely reasons, though no less noble, at least in my mind.

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# Halloween

By Hakan

I would first like to start off by saying that I am not a superstitious man. I have met many people, many of them girls, who believe in "karma" or superstitious thoughts, who also base their beliefs on some sort of factual happening of such thoughts. This one girl I know was flying to England and, by chance, happened to have a conversation with someone about how the other has late baggage all the time when they travel. The girl rode on the plane and forgot all about the conversation, but when she landed and it was discovered her baggage had been in fact delayed, she remembered the conversation and felt in her mind as if it were fate that had actually told her this would happen, that in some way she had predicted it. Apparently these types of people believe they can sense some "ether" or have some sort of power to predict life events that are actually quite commonplace. Yet at the same time they can only "predict" something will happen after it already happened.

All this and yet I still wonder about fate. I don't believe it, but I think there is an intense longing to belong to some sense or meaning of the universe. Carl Sagan said something along those lines somewhere, and to me I think that's where that feeling comes from.

Her name was Lucy. I met her long ago; I see all of our first meetings as if it were a dream. Our lives would be intertwined for much time to follow, not by choice or design. What I mean by that is that WE never chose to be around each other. We both had a mutual friend, and he brought all of us together. Back then I was irreconcilably quiet and shy. I was just 19 and she was 18. We spent a week together in the same apartment during Mardi Gras in New Orleans (an entire week with such a beauty!) New Orleans has washed away, fitting too that those days will never come to pass again. The thing that stuck in my mind clearly was simply how different she was from me. Everywhere she went life seemed to follow. She was always excited, talking, and unafraid... quite unlike me. I felt sometimes as though I were a ghost, and that if I wasn't around perhaps no one would notice, that the world could blink right through me. From the first moments of speaking to her I felt like I could marry. Strange now, it seems, that mix and whirl of emotion was blanketed by some unconscious desire... some projection on my part, perhaps, that she could be (and was) what I could not. I see now clearly my blunder in assumptions, but back then I was too young.

If I sound abstract I'll try to help. I was the victim of infatuation: I never saw her faults. What stood in our way? The very thing that brought us together: our mutual friend. She was his victim, and I was hers. There was nothing I could do. I'm summarizing now, but later I will get to the scenes. There is much time, and yet I feel I must rush to get there! Eventually there was a falling out between them, but fate, that capricious mistress, perhaps brought us together.

Time had passed. Summer was slowly fading away. The days grew shorter and the wind came down from the streets and sky and blew all around. It had begun to rain on the pebbled sidewalks. I ran through an archway and opened a glass door to walk down a hall to spend as little time under the rain as possible. It smelled of wetness and each step I took echoed throughout the hall. I was sullen and distracted, looking down at the yellow tiles and watching the reflections of the fluorescent lights pass under my feet one by one. I suddenly stopped. It felt as though someone had touched my shoulder. I turned, looked up, and saw on a bulletin board her face and name clearly printed. "Lucy," it said, was doing a play this Monday on Halloween. I can't explain what propelled me to see her, but it felt as though I had no choice. All doors and options were closed off; this simple piece of paper hanging there was speaking to me something immediate and important.

Just to make sure, I added her screen name back onto my buddy list. It was "Lucrende." I had removed it previously because every time she signed on and off my heart burned, and I could bear it no longer. I found her online one night and sent her a quick, breezy, harmless message. We talked for a while and she knew I was coming to the play. That was last Thursday. The play happened last night, on Halloween.

I waited in line for my ticket and then pushed my way through the crowd. People were still settling down and the garble of mass conversation was everywhere. I stood behind a crowd standing in the back. Rows of white fold out chairs were laid out for everyone, with at least thirty feet on both sides to make room for walking, but there wasn't enough for everyone. The lights dimmed down and the clatter was subdued. The curtains withdrew, I took a breath, and there was my angel. It seemed no time had passed. My heart was flooded with warmth. Her every movement, gesture, expression, did not fail to register in my mind. I kept focus on her like a lioness in the veldt. The play was about these bridesmaids and a wedding that was going on, written by the American Beauty screenwriter. Her character was fitting enough: she was a drug user, trouble maker, center of attention promiscuous girl with a history of sexual abuse. If it doesn't sound familiar, be glad you've never met these contradictory girls. Everything about them is opposite. I used to be afraid of them, attracted to them, but now I can feel nothing but infinite pity for them. If they are unconsciously ashamed of their body, they show it. If they fear authority, they act brave. And most puzzling is if they fear or dread sex (which often they do), they act seductive. All of us have this part to us, in one way or another. I recognized it in myself one time, regrettably, when I was utterly convinced that this beautiful girl I was walking by liked me. It occurred to me only later that I only thought that because I was afraid of her.

After the show we made plans to meet up at an after party. She made sure to track me down at the show to tell me about it, and I was the first person she rushed to see when we were there (all of these were good signs). We were drunk and talking for a long time... and then this bit of conversation came up:

"I thought the play was good, real good, except for this one part..." I said.
"What part?"
"I think it was just a mess up. It was when your character had just confessed to the other girls about the time you had been raped. You were crying and screaming and talking loud, and then suddenly you plopped down and spoke completely normal, unwavering in your voice... the change was too quick."
"No! That's how it was meant to be," she said, insistent, even a little offended. "Haven't you ever done that?"
"Done what? No, but if I'm upset, I stay upset for a while."
"You don't get it."
"I don't understand..."

And then suddenly she turned and looked at me with those greenish- olive eyes, "Haven't you ever pretended?" she asked, posing a riddle. I looked at her in perplexity. I sat and thought about it for a moment. She was watching me closely. It felt as though my response would be important.

"But why would she pretend to be upset? What purpose would that have? Why?" I said, staring at her wildly. She stood there with a half smirk. "Unless... it's because... to pretend... would be safe somehow... that if she were simply exaggerating what was truly inside of her, then if she was met with any negative reaction, disgrace or shame, she could simply say to herself later, when she was alone, 'That's ok, that wasn't me. I was just pretending,' as a way of maintaining some self esteem. Is that it? Is that correct?"

She looked at me in astonishment. Indeed, I had seen right through down to the core of her, this little girl. On the inside she could never safely express her feelings, only through this guise of acting, and I had been the only one in her life so far to acknowledge and understand it. "But with me... you can say anything... your sufferings don't have to be done alone," I said, perhaps also speaking about myself.

And with that we leapt at each other. It happened quite simply, according to natures design. We kissed slowly at first, butterfly kisses, then they became longer and longer. I always take off my shirt first when fooling around with a girl. Someone on the forums here once advised that once a line has been crossed it can't be taken back. A girl can stop advancement on her, but not on you. She had to follow suit. I was hoping she had really wanted to. Suddenly it hit me that it was possible she was doing this ONLY because she was afraid, that me seeing inside her made her feel vulnerable too. I tried to make her enjoy it. Regardless of my hesitations, at one point I had her pinned up against the wall while fucking her really hard (I was holding her up there, her legs were around me). I could sense I was about to finish up. I grabbed both of her ass cheeks, spread them, and started pumping faster, and then suddenly her face got a look of shock and she started shitting everywhere and all over my legs. I had to keep going; I had come this far. I had a mixed feeling of disgust and confusion. She looked at me as if this were a normal situation and tried to brush it off.

What happened that day, when I was walking through that hall, that made me look at that picture? It seems stained on my mind, that haunting smile of hers. In my memories I can think only of light things, of easy thoughts, about her and how happy I had been at one time around her. It seems now to see her would destroy the illusion, and that I would actually prefer to fantasize than actually be with her. Why is it that I like people more when they are away from me? It's not because they don't live up to some false expectation... perhaps I am simply safer only in my own mind.

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# New Year’s Eve

By Hakan

The other night I saw a show at a bar. But no! I'd better tell you about the after party. The show was all right; I liked it very much, but the other affair was much better. I don't know how, looking back at the party, I should have remembered the show. It happened like this. The person who invited me to the show was a good friend of mine, he had been my best friend for years, and he was in a band that played many shows. That was New Year's Eve. I was a stranger at the show, I knew no one. Usually at his shows there is an abundance of casual acquaintances I can bounce off of, mingling with everyone. But that night, no one.

First, a little about me. I am a heavy drinker, or, rather, I WAS one. No, no, I still am! Where does drinking start? With dependence, but dependence on what, and who, and how? You can say simply that it is a dependent personality. I'll explain it this way, whether it was genetics or upbringing, all my life a terrible anxiety has followed me at every path. It goes further, however. When I got there and saw no one, a sudden change occured in me. I realized it at once and fully; it has happened many times before. There are moments in our lives where whole trains of thought flash through us immediately, of not even words but something more like sensation. It would be difficult to explain them, still less in literary language. Many of our sensations when translated into ordinary language seem extraordinary and absolutely unreal. That is why they rarely find place for expression, though everyone has them.

My sensation was this: I felt that in all the possibilities of life, in all of the infinite ways in which one could experience life and exist, that none such as mine had ever occurred before; my life had been extraordinary, and was now even more extraordinary. In this regard, I felt that since no one had experienced what I had, that ultimately no one could understand it. Expression was futile and absurd, and so all this remained inside me to brood and turn over. This was my suffering I spun in myself in secret. There are many like me, you see them in corners, but you don't hear from them much. Mainly they just keep to themselves.

So I began drinking, and drinking. And after midnight there was free champagne. There were plastic cups filled with a little champagne that lined the bar. I took a cup, poured it into another, did the same with a third, and had a full cup. Then I found a larger styrofoam cup and poured ten into it. Sometimes, heavy drinking is an act of revenge to those around you, as if the way you felt was their fault. Look, look at what you've done to me! And now you must take care of me and pay for it!

I don't know how I got to the after party, but I followed someone's tail lights. It was the younger brother of my friend, and we all ended up dumped at his apartment.

The apartment was white and everything looked new. There was a large screen TV playing, and a stereo with music. Someone had gotten there earlier and set it all up. Peering over the couches was a counter and a kitchen, and more alcohol inside. Studio lights shone overhead. There were already people on couches, talking. Some were standing up. The place was casual, things were calm. I tried to make conversation with some of them. I don't remember how successful I was, but looking back now, I can't imagine what some of them must have thought about this blabbering drunk.

There was one fellow that came with a bunch of his other friends. After my friend came, the one that invited me out in the first place, we talked to them. I don't rememer the guys name, let's call him Jason. Jason greeted us loudly and shook my friends hand. He kept shaking, and shaking. My friend obliged, not knowing what to think. After a good solid fifteen seconds he let go and yelled "Dude I just made you shake my hand for five minutes!" His friends cheered and laughed, and jeered at us, proud at themselves. We left them with a lower opinion of his crew. They were obviously idiots and assholes.

In the blur of events I ended up in the younger brother's room, on his bed. I don't remember how I got there, but I was talking to Jason. I work out, and when I'm drunk I tell people. We began to talk about who was stronger. More talking followed, and it was all in good spirits, and then he asked me to push him. "What?" I said. "C'mon, push me you pussy. Push me!" "No! Are you sure?" "Yeah man just do it."

I remember standing up off the bed and then seeing his feet fly in the air. He fell back loudly into the closet, crashed against the clothes and broke a small fan. I was laughing, and then he began screaming. I was confused. He had just told me to push him, and so I did, and now he was mad? We continued out into the living room with everyone watching, I couldn't understand or explain myself, but I remember not taking any event seriously. It eventually became clear that people were upset with me. What had I done? His friends shoved off, I was asked to leave. My friend walked me out, trying his best to make clear to me the gravity of the situation. I became upset, broke down, screamed. He left to his car, I left to mine, sobbing.

I was on the steering wheel, eyes blurry with tears and alcohol, when I saw Jason walking out in the parking lot to his car. I got out, rushed at him. He heard me and turned. At first I just ran up to him. I know I wanted to hit him, he had done all this! My reputation was ruined, my friends were mad at me. That is not the kind of person I am! He would not give, he put all the blame on me. Rage filled me, I know I raised my arm... but then, I can not remember. I remember raising my hand, his face turning... screams... shouts, pain, a lot of shoving and moving. I fell on him, we ended up somewhere inside. I blacked out then, not knowing to this day what else had happened.

The next morning, the new year's sun awoke me. It was covering half of my face. I was laying down, how long had I been asleep? It was still morning, still cold. I breathed in and moved my head: still very drunk. I looked up... I was staring outside of a windshield. I was in the passenger's seat. I turned behind me to see Jason laying face down in the back seat. His pants were down around his ankles and his buttocks shone bright white in the early morning sun. Blood and diarrhea had poured and caked around his asshole, and there was semen too. Definitely Turkish semen by the consistency, heavily junky, and enough to impregnate a camel. It was all around the back window too. I looked down around my crotch: diarrhea everywhere, probably his.

I stumbled out of the car into the morning mist. I found my car and drove off. I knew I had a lot of explaining to do to my friends the next day, though I didn't know what they knew. I still don't know everything, doubt I ever will. In my memories I burn with shame, knowing that the suffering I will endure will be worse than what I put anyone through. Except probably Jason: my dick is huge and I probably tore his asshole.

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# Office Romance

By Hakan

I am a ridiculous man. Even as I sit here and write this, I am conscious of my ridiculousness. I am ridiculous because of what has happened. But I don't blame them for the way it happened, in fact, though they must hate me know, I still love them. Yes, there is even a place in my heart for them, and if I could greet them again I hope they would greet me with cheerful faces. The lamp light is on next to me. For some reason, I feel that if I turn it off everything would be much happier, because no one would be able to see anything. But it remains on, and so my story will continue...

Growing up, I had always felt that I was different from other people. From the day I was born I had been unique, and this was the cause of all of my early trouble. I convinced myself that why it was so hard to be around and with anyone was because I was different, and so I suffered for myself. I felt that the suffering in me was actually an undertaking on my part, that as I suffered I would continue to grow more unique and different, and it was apparent that the suffering existed AS PROOF of my difference. What changed in me was this. I was sitting alone one night, in my room, with the blackest of black thoughts about my loneliness. Suddenly, it occurred to me that though I am lonely, and though I am different, there had to have existed someone else who at some point in their life had felt the same exact way. The mirror broke, and my suffering was indicative of not my uniqueness, but something of an entirely difference sense.

I won't go into detail, but a great change undertook in me. I could smile at people. I became happy and sought them out. My first relationship took place, my first friendship, my first romance, and as the years passed I could hardly remember what had ever taken place in my heart. It was distressing at first that I had lost the worldview that had gotten me to where I was, but I could not help the change, and in fact embraced it.

After I had finished college, I became a waiter. It was good money and I could coast through life without the worry or rush of accomplishing anything. I was still young, still much potential existed in me. The best part about the job was all the people, and all the practice. I made friends, they came and left, quit and got fired. It didn't matter to me. It seemed they existed only for me, only for me to enjoy.

As such, I particularly noticed the new beauty that began working there in January. Her name was Amy, and she was a new hostess. I had met her from a circle of previous friends, and now we were working together! She had the bluest eyes, and soft, long brown and blonde hair. She was shorter than me and incredibly skinny. Everyone had complained about her skinniness, as if that one quality could diminish the impact of her beauty upon all of them. Some did not see her beauty, but I was not one of them.

I began my approach carefully, at first making little contact, instead, rather, opting to let her come to me. We renewed our acquaintance, and moved forward. Soon to follow was the flirting, the glances, the hidden smiles. I asked the other hostesses if she had mentioned me, or what they thought she thought of me. To my great relief I found out that she had talked about me! She had asked at least two other girls about me, and her opinion and their replies were both to my great benefit. I felt as if there were some great secret between us. With every conversation we had I felt it even stronger. That, to me, is the feeling of first love. We saw things the same, and could see things other people couldn't see. We agreed on everything. The little stories we would tell each other, the little secrets, became the world to me. I felt as though there were some quality we both shared that no one else had. Yes, it had become apparent that we were BOTH equally different!

I remember one event. I was waiting for a bar drink and made small talk with a fellow coworker. She wanted her drink made first, over mine, because she felt her table had been waiting for a long time and had begun to think bad thoughts about her. I noticed Amy coming by looking for menus waiter's had left laying around.

"They don't hate you, you're just paranoid," I said.
"But they've been waiting and I saw one of them looking at me!"
"That's just what you think. What it is, obviously, is that YOU think you're doing a bad job, and for some reason projecting your thoughts onto them."
"How do you know?"
"I'm sure of it. It used to happen to me. Look at it this way, hasn't every person you've met had a different invention of you? And yet you remain the same. So where does it come from? It comes from them! In every person you meet they invent you slightly different, so how can you be so sure that what they think is not just what you think! What I mean is, you do the same to other people, you have your list of assumptions automatically and immediately on meeting someone, whether you trust them or not, whether you think they're nice or not, and yet everyone would disagree with you because most likely you've had no proof! Just a feeling. Don't worry, I'm sure they haven't even noticed anything you've done and are just enjoying each other's company."
"You... you're probably right. How silly of me!" She took her drink and went along her way, and in her place in the same direction of where I was looking a few feet behind her was Amy, listening to the whole conversation. I let my stare stay on her. She smiled and carried the menus away, pretending to be occupied.

I was savoring my success when the disaster happened. The night before I happened to come across, by way of a friend, some vicodin. I bought them, enjoyed them immensely, and almost forgot I had taken them when I woke up the next morning. Unfortunately, one of the side effects was constipation. I always relieve myself in the mornings, but was unable to do so, so all of that remained inside me that I carried around with me when I went to work that night. The vicodins were wearing off, and my intestine began to do their job, but the toilets in our employee bathroom are miserable, and I wanted to hold in everything until I got home that night.

I walked to a back area where waiters could place orders and make drinks out of view. No one was there. I had to make myself less uncomfortable, so I let out a huge, long fart. I was glad no one was around. Then, my greatest fear came true, and Amy came along the back way, perhaps looking for me, grabbing menus waiters often left in that area.

"Hey!" she said with a smile, raising her shoulders, "What are you-... what's that smell??"
"I don't know... I think it might be the drain..." I said, and looked down at it.
"But it's not clogged! Oh god that is awful, what the hell is that?"

More girls came into the area, in mid-conversation. Their banter stopped as their faces twisted all at once into a hideous distortion.

"What's that smell??" one said.
"I just asked the same thing!" Amy replied to them.
"That is just awful! Is it the drain again?" another among them asked.
"No I just checked it, it's clear," Amy said.
"Maybe it's something behind the drink machine!"
"Maybe something's dead!"

During all the talk the anxiety in me intensified, and as a result I was feeling less and less control of the peristalsistic chain of digestion that was about to explode. I let out another huge, long, drawn-out fart. Unfortunately it was slightly audible, and Amy, being closest to me, immediately turned in shock and looked at me. At that point I knew it was over. All of the work I had done for her, all the progress I made had become undone. It was only a matter of time before the others realized it too. They had began sniffing and wafting air in different directions, as if by doing so would lead them closer to the source of their discomfort. I had come to a breaking point, to my destiny. I realized I was a man who had lost everything, the heartbreaking feelings of being unable to love to object of your affection... what was the use anymore? Why attempt to sloppily fix things when I knew for my shame I would never be forgiven. I turned my back to them, undid my apron, unbuckled my belt hastily, and shit all over them. Diarrhea exploded from my asshole in trajectories previously limited to firearms. No one was spared in my moment of release. It was a good thing Amy was wearing glasses, but I'm sure that was of little comfort to her then. I defend myself now by saying that it was the only thing I could have done then that could in any way make myself feel any better.

Needless to say, I lost touch with everyone that worked there. I cut myself off, thereby sparing myself any burning shame which would bubble back in the casual glances of those I had once called friends. As I sit here now, I can't help but feel how odd it was the way I felt... that in my greatest isolation I could recognize and invent a particular uniqueness that returned in a circumstance of just the opposite: of the greatest intimacy. If only for a moment, I had discovered the secret to my life, a secret and feeling so powerful that I felt I had been the only one that had ever discovered it, because if not, if others could also feel the happiness I had around Amy, why was there any glimmer of hatred left in men? In these, the darkest of my days, by my own hands, I have secluded myself in solitariness. I am a failure now, and I compare myself to my former glory because at least then, at least then in my imaginings I can consider myself as having once been happy... The lamp light is flickering next to me, and I feel that I must turn it off.

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# Funeral

By Hakan

A friend of mine once lamented, "Beautiful girls can be the most frustrating thing in the world." It's true. It is almost like the psychology of an addict, if you ask me. In our masculine brain, there is a small part that makes us think, even for a split second, only about ourselves and not considering the needs and thoughts of anyone else analyzing our behavior. "If only she knew how much I wanted her, how wrong it was to be without her, she would let me! If only she knew!" Perhaps it was only from the force of our desires that we could regard ourselves as men to whom more was permitted than to others.

Things aren't always what they seem, and people aren't always who they pretend to be. The gift of intelligence is almost ironic: to get to the prize, it is all too clear what innocence and purity is to be shed. I don't believe in fairy tales, and people don't die for any magical reason. And in the end, there is only blackness.

Where should I start? I guess I should start with the whole thing. It was about half a year ago when I first started working with Christin. We both worked at a restaurant. Restaurant, as you may or may not know, are full of highly social people, from all aspects of life, many of them stupid. The servers that work there are the only people there that have a chance at being educated. Some servers don't go to college, dropped out, or have already found their career. But there were a few, like me, that went there for the good money during school. There were about seventy of us, enough to make us all almost like classmates.

I heard from rumors that Christin did not have a boyfriend, and that she was fond of drugs, not the drugs I particularly liked, but that I had access to. One day I was helping a friend look for some painkillers, and someone told me to ask Christin. So, without any introductions up to this point, I stopped her, looked at her intensely and said, "Hey, can you find me any painkillers?"

She responded without offense, without surprise, without confusion. She got them to me the next day. To pay her back, I introduced her into the most social circle of servers, and invited her out every night to go out with them, to help her make friends easy. I also smoked an entire eighth of weed with her those nights, almost completely alone with her, and asked for 1/6th of it's value since I didn't tell her upfront she would be paying. It puzzled me that whenever I offered anything for free, she jumped on it, with almost no reciprocation on her part.

During those first few nights she clung onto me with some eerie dependence. She would call me three times if I didn't pick up immediately, always made plans with me the next day when we said goodbye, and never had any money for anything, strangely. Those nights alone I tried to get some sort intimacy with her, if only to become her friend (she was beautiful, and might have attractive friends), but all I felt was emptiness and hollowness, like she was just a robot with no emotions inside. She told me story after story, slandering the people she would later refer to as friends, making herself look like a victim and martyr. When I spoke there was no interest from her side. She was merely waiting for me to finish so she could continue talking about all the horrible things that have happened to her.

One of the first stories I heard from her was about her adderal addiction. She told this story almost every time she met a new person she might consider a friend. It made me instantly pity her, and at the same time I wondered why me, such an acquaintance, would be worthy of hearing something that was supposed to be so personal. She had supposedly stopped it, cured herself, and spoke fondly of how her grandmother came and took care of her for those two weeks, and how sad it was when she died.

After I stopped offering my weed to her, she began asking me for it, inviting me over at 1 am to drive 30 minutes away to smoke with her so she could kick me out after an hour claiming she was sleepy. I would see her online for hours after I left. She began texting me for adderal, for xanax; her favorite combination. The adderal got her speedy, and the xanax was for the come down to sleep. I did help her, but did so less and less, because she did nothing for me. She understood nothing of the world outside her own needs, and did not offer payback of any kind, rarely if so. I could have her at my house within minutes if I had drugs for her, this supposed recovered addict. I could make her leave her friends to smoke with me, telling her I don't care what excuse she told them. I stopped hanging out with her, stopped answering her calls, but still flirted with her at work, which usually inspired her calling me later asking what I was doing. I would tell her I was busy.

Then the rumors got back to me. At first, everyone thought we were dating or hooking up. They saw the way we were talking, closely, finding a spot during a busy shift in the restaurant alone. I admit, I didn't see through her selfishness at first because I had a crush on her. I let her use me. I knew I was being used but I thought I had a chance with her, maybe somewhere, on some level. Then after I stopped talking to her so much I heard other rumors. "She said the first thing you asked her was if she could get you drugs," someone told me. "Is that all she said about that?" I responded. "Yeah." All of it sounded negative and slanderous, as if I were more of a druggie than she was already known to be. Let the jury recall the details at hand...

Of course I became mad. I became increasingly irritated at the mention of her name, and I did not hold back. I told other people exactly how she treated me, her styles of thinking, and recalled numerous moments which astonished me as to the level of her narcissism. The thing was, I did not need to say much to convince people. They already knew of her ways. They just nodded their heads and offered their own, similar experiences. I never had to convince anyone of Christin's selfishness, and thereby permitted myself to completely speak freely of her, which looking back now was my downfall.

She called me, one night, at 2 am. I didn't pick up. She called again, I answered with a rough, "What?"
"Hey... I just want to let you know what comes around goes around. I believe in Karma..." she said.
"What are you talking about?"
"Don't you EVER say to my friends the reason I'm not there is because someone's getting me high, that wasn't true in the-"
"Hey what about all the people that tell me 'Christin said the first thing you said to her was asking for drugs' shit, huh? You talk shit about me all the time"
"That's because THAT WAS TRUE! Wasn't that the first thing you said? Huh? Haha why don't you take a look in the mirror-"
"EVERYONE WAS AGREEING WITH ME WHEN I SAID THOSE THINGS, everyone was nodding their heads, laughing, saying, 'Yea I bet,' THOSE AREN'T YOUR FRIENDS, YOU'RE STUPID" and hung up.

She called me back, over and over, and left a voicemail. In the morning I listened to it, infuriated. She said, "So you're too chicken shit to pick up huh? Well fuck you buddy. When you say those things you need to take a good look in the mirror, I'm sorry you're too much of a pussy to talk to me. Fuck you." In my anger I deleted the message, fully expecting never to speak or hear from her every again.

A few days later, something tragic, something inexplicable happened.

A coworker of ours was hit by a truck going in the opposite lane. He died instantly from the wreck. It happened late at night, and everyone was going crazy and upset. I had never fully comprehended the emotional impact of such a disaster until then.

Oddly, I got a phone call the next morning, just hours after it happened, from Christin. I reluctantly picked up. She was bawling on the phone telling me what happened and all the related details. She described the coworkers (the ones I introduced her to) gathering hours after it happened, staying up all night crying with each other. She said all the "appropriate" things, that it was such a tragedy, that it wasn't fair, that they wouldn't let the restaurant be shut down the next day, that he was so young. She was trying to convince me to come over later to make a statement about him. She had a relative in the local media who would play his story on the news, and wanted everyone's statement about it. I was reluctant, saying I wasn't that close to him, that there would be better candidates than me. I told her to try to get some rest, that she'll just be upset all day without a break.

I went outside, awoken earlier than normal, and smoked a cigarette. Suddenly I started crying.

I went back inside and fell asleep. When I woke up I was still confused and in turmoil. I was upset about the accident of course, but why me? Why did she call me? Did she completely forget about the fight we had? Was she on all kinds of drugs that would have made her forget what she said to me? Even if so, she still felt angry and hated me for what I said about her behind her back. What was her purpose with this interview she wanted out of everyone? I found out shortly that other people had been called and invited, and that the interviews were taking place that afternoon.

After lunch, I walked in circles around the pool, when all at once I thought, "I know why she's doing this, it's not because she cares! She is an outsider to that group, everyone is at ends with her! Everyone thinks she’s shady, and lies! This is her chance, her chance to prove to them what a dedicated social member she is, to have everyone rally around her and share her feelings. She might've actually been upset, yes, that's understandable, but to call ME would prove her oblivion to the matter! I am irrelevant to her except in my standings with everyone! She is using and manipulating people to get them to like her again over this incident! Oh I can see it now, 'Remember how Christin got us on the news about our dead friend? We love her!' She hates me, she hates me. She is OBSESSED with how people perceive her, and I hurt their opinions of her, or at least brought them to light. She hates me but would spend half an hour on the phone convincing me of what a true friend she is, and to everyone! THAT'S her motivation! That's why she's doing this!" All of this flashed through my mind like lightning.

Shortly after I devised a plan. I made a few phone calls and made sure what drugs she had access to at the time. Xanax, one of her favorites, was nowhere to be found. She must have been going nuts without it. I had one saved from months ago, a purchase made unforeseeably important.

I waited, I bid my time. I was even a little interested. I wasn't close to him, so the pain and shock shortly faded, and I became interested in the circus purely for my own means. I am a writer, a psychological realist, and all of this pain is wonderful material. Don't think I'm evil or selfish, I can perfectly comprehend and identify with what everyone was feeling, but being distant from it, I could perhaps notice things no one else would have in this given opportunity. Excuse me, but I'm not the evil one here.

The funeral was held a few days shortly after. I had never been to one, and didn't know what to expect. I dressed in black and watched everyone. Their faces, behavior, heard snippets of conversation, saw people move out of sight to weep uncontrollably. I could see the tiredness in everyone. The toll of death had been working the living already for days. It was here I realized that funerals weren't for the dead, but for the living.

After the funeral, Christin had already made plans for every coworker to come to her apartment and watch the tapes of interviews. Until this time, I had managed to completely avoid talking and eye contact with Christin. My friends were on the couch weeping while their words replayed in the living room. I saw the way she spoke with everyone. She spoke with extraordinary sympathy, but with restraint and with a somehow eager seriousness, precisely like a host of a funeral gathering should. I sat in the back with my notes. Christin turned from the TV and noticed my lack of emotion. Then I saw something light up in her mind, and made her almost speak out loud. She came straight to me.

"How are you?" she said.
"I'm good, how are you?" I replied.
"Good. Well, as good as I can be," she said, serious. "How are you holding up?"
"I'm fine."
"Hey, I wanted to talk to you, but I didn't know when would- hey what are those in your hands?"
"My uh... my notes."
"Notes? What? Let me read them. What are they?"
"Nothing, no, go."
"Oh, NOW I'm interested!" she said, in a whispered scream, smiling now. She grabbed them from my hand and turned away and laughed. Everyone on the couch turned to look at her with anger for her outburst. She grabbed my arm and pulled me into her room.

She still would not let me have my notes back, and was reading them out loud as I was following her around the room trying to grab them back. I finally gave up and let her read. "'A cascade of guilt can be seen on all levels. Everyone wants to blame themselves. But what little do they know is that if they COULD have done something to prevent it, they WOULD have. Perhaps this is because they redirect their anger from the dead man to themselves, because being mad at him would be unbearable at this time.' Oh, you psychologist!" she said.
"Give me those! You've embarrassed me enough!"
"No! There's still more, 'I noticed as everyone walked into the apartment that everyone had a strange feeling of inner satisfaction, which can always be observed, even in those who are near and dear, when a sudden disaster befalls their neighbor, and which is to be found in all men, without exception, however sincere their feelings of sympathy and commiseration.' Oh my God, satisfaction? Are you serious?"
"I think it just comes from something being complete, finished, it's irrelevant to their pain."
"You're sick."
"What is it you wanted to ask me back there?"

Suddenly she stopped being mad at me.

"I was wondering if you had any xanax?" Hair covered one eye, and she looked at me sweetly with a half smile.
"I do," I said.
"At home?"
"In my pocket."

Her eyes lit up.

"Can I have it? I'll buy it from you."
"No."
"Why not?" she immediately got offended.
"You see... you see how if I don't immediately comply with your needs you get upset, it's because you don't understand mine or anyone else’s."
"What are you saying?"
"It's because you don't have empathy."
"Don’t have empathy?? Look! What the fuck has all this been for?? What are those people doing in my living room!?! I help people when they need help!"
"Oh? Oh? Is that so???" I grabbed my notes back, she was distracted enough, and put them in my pocket. I turned around, reached into my other pocket, and produced the xanax.
"Little, girl, will this make you happy?"
She looked at me with that same sweetness, completely flipping between emotions.

I recalled a moment when I was there earlier, in that same apartment, in the same room, under similar circumstances, weeks ago. I was leaving her place after a night of partying, and she wanted one of my cigarettes before I left. It suddenly occurred to me she would have done anything for the cigarette. I wanted to push and see just how far she would degrade herself for me. I dropped the cigarette, she rushed down to reach for it. I blocked her, then rolled my bare foot over it, dirtying it more. She still wanted it. I rolled the filter in the ashtray and asked, "Will you still take it?" She said, "Yes," weakly. I threw it away and gave her a fresh one and left.

I came back to my senses when the door knocked. Christin said "Just a second!" The others could obviously hear us fighting.

"How badly do you want this xanax, Christin?"
"I need it. I need it! What do you want?"
"Do you hate me, answer me honestly and I'll give it to you."
"I don't hate you."

I stared calmly in silence for half a minute. The door knocked again.

"If I say I don't like you, will you really give it?"
"Yes."
"Then... fine, sometimes you really piss me off. I can't help it."
"I know you can't, you're a narcissist. I will give you the xanax, but first, close your eyes for one moment."

At this point she was ready to do whatever just to end her wait, her eternal wait for gratification. She closed her eyes. I quickly pulled down my pants and stuck the xanax in the tip of my erect penis.

"WHAT THE FUCK!" she said, opening her eyes prematurely.
"It's like a pez dispenser, you touch the head and then you get candy!"
"Oh god.. Oh god.. if only I weren't so upset, there's no way I would do this!"
"Hurry, it's about to fall out, and it might be a little wet with precum!"

Just then the door burst open, and all the funeral goers saw everything. Christin could not have been more devastated, I almost felt sorry for her, but then I remembered she didn't really have emotions. I pulled up my pants and said, "Look, there's a mirror over there, why don't you take a good look at it?" and walked out.

The after rumors were all on my side, of course, who would believe Christin? People saw her grab me and pull me into the room, and no one could force a girl to do that unless she wanted to, and all at the funeral! How dare she! It proved to me my point as well, that she was never this redeemed addict like she thought she was, that she put her needs in front of everyone regardless of the situation, that she lies, to everyone, and that she never really cared about our coworker.

Me? I'm the guy that had sex after a funeral.

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# Senior Prank

By Hakan

I wanted to pull the best senior prank ever, so my friend and I hatched a plan. We found an ad from a woman that giving away a litter of puppies. We scooped them up, then when it was late we broke into the school and eventually snuck into the principals office. It was quite a feat, and we had to go through some of the huge vents going up and around the main office of the school. We got some plastic borders and set them up all around the principals desk, then put all of the puppies, about 4-5, on the desk itself. The borders prevented the puppies from jumping off the desk. Then we set a water bowl on his desk and put some laxatives in it so they would have diarrhea and shit all over everywhere. I also pissed all over the coffee filters that were in the office so all those caffeine addicts would be drinking my ol' piss all year.

It worked out perfectly. There was shit completely covering his desk and it spilled all over to the floor. All of the puppies died from dehydration. The whole mess was blamed on some pothead and my friend and I got off without any suspicion.

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# Jury Duty

By Hakan

This Monday, on November 27, at 9:00 am, I appeared at our old state capitol building as required by my jury duty summons.

I better not start there. I better tell you about what happened before. About a week ago, I was invited by some old friends to go out to eat and then drink. I did neither. It was a group of people I had once been familiar with, but I had never been particularly close to. I can't say that any one of them knew me well, but they had been around me to see enough. I kept quiet the whole time, never talking to anyone, with the same expressionless picture on my face. One of the more talkative girls came up to me when no one else was around to hear us.

"What's wrong?" she asked.
"Nothing," I said.
She paused a moment, curious and caring, and suggested, "Maybe you're bipolar."
"I'm not bipolar," I instantly snapped back. Anger boiled in me at the outrageous accusation. "'Maybe you're bipolar, duh, I read it in a magazine once that people that are happy and then sad might be bipolar,'" I said, mocking and humiliating her. She became afraid and angry, and backed away. Walking out, without saying goodbye to anyone, I suddenly became filled with an intense self hatred and sadness. "See how rotten you are? See how much of a monster you are to other people?" I thought to myself. "You've succeeded in loving no one, and in return you've never been loved. How can you consider yourself human, one of them? You're not!" Troubled by these thoughts, I could barely bring myself to sleep that night, and the rest of the week I spent in turmoil and conflict.

Sitting there, the following Monday morning, in that uncomfortable auditorium with everyone else just waiting for some state official to begin the torture of jury duty, I reminded myself how ironic it was, for me, the last person on earth who should be responsible for interpreting the laws of "normal" society, to be asked for help. No one around me was in a good mood. No one knew each other, no one wanted to be there. No one spoke to each other, because everyone was embarrassed to speak around strangers, like the first day of school all over again. When there were murmurs, it was of pure complaint, because that was how everyone was relating to each other: I don't want to be here, you must feel the same, right?

I leaned forward, and out of the corner of my eye, to my right, I spied between the rows of people sitting and facing forward, a white, bare ankle. I followed it up it's silky calves to see a black skirt, and then the outline of a blue sweater, and the profile of large, full breasts. Connected to them, rising up, was the same pale skin, a slender neck, and dirty blonde hair. Before I could look at her face, she suddenly turned to my direction. I averted my eyes quickly and leaned back, hiding behind the fat man next to me. I was suddenly glad there were overweight people in the world.

Someone or another who worked for the state came in and began to explain what we were going to be put through for the next few days. She explained some rules and procedures, and was relating to us how other people had problems with some of these rules.

"There are no weapons to be allowed in the courtroom. No knives, no mace, no pepper spray," she started. Catching a thought, she began her next sentence on a slightly more excited tone, "And no tasers either! A woman one time asked me that. You all know what I mean, I don't have to explain."

Unceremoniously, they put on a tape, hosted by a local newscaster, about the importance of jury duty. This sense of honor, duty, and dedication to our legal protections and processes was undermined by the fact we would all be arrested and jailed for not participating. After all that waiting, we were asked to... wait some more. In front of the library downtown, the building right across the street, we all sat on those concrete and pebbled benches, waiting for our jury panel to be called whenever processes unknown to me were finished and they could actually begin to decide what to do with us. It was here, in that courtyard, that I spied once again that same ankle, sitting about twenty feet from me.

I lit a cigarette and, upon noting her beauty, tried to ignore me. But as luck would have it, she walked right up to me, asking for one. I gave her one, held up my lighter, flicked, and she cupped her hands over mine as she helped herself. Her gentleness and soft skin was a welcome relief to the formalities of the legal process. A sudden shock of pleasure came from this gesture: she wasn't required to touch me, but she did. We looked at each other, and I asked her to sit down.

From what little I had gathered from her that day, I knew this: her name was Carrie, she was 19, NOT a full time student, not particularly intelligent, but extremely attractive. That was also her first cigarette since becoming religious, since she was 15, and it was because of her worry about jury duty, so she said. If you ask me, it was her excuse to come and talk to me, as she barely smoked half of it. Her face was well formed. She had a sharp nose, greenish-blue eyes, and thin lips. Her thin lips did not make her look older or any kind of bitter, she got away with them because of her broad, happy smile.

At around 1:30 that day, we were all called together to be told we could go home, and to report back to another building at 9 am the next morning.

On Tuesday we all reported in, and came back to our concrete benches under the boring sun, and awaited whatever instruction that would come in 2-3 hours.

I sat with Carrie and we began our conversations anew, glad to have someone to talk to out of all these middle-aged strangers.

"I wonder what our case will be about," I thought out loud.
"What if it's about a murder?" she asked.
"That would be interesting."
"Have you ever known anyone that's died?"
"Just people I was never close to," I said.
"Me too," she said, looking down suddenly. I could tell this issue was fresh in her mind.
"Who did you know?" I asked.
"Someone I went to school with and hung out with a couple times. It wasn't a big deal, but it was a big shock."
"I know what you mean, because it was a fellow student, it felt like it could have been any one of you, right? Especially if they died randomly."
"Yes, yes, that's how it was." My empathy made her even more interested in me, and she looked at me for meaning. Then her mood changed, remembering her pain, and said, "I would kill the guy who shot my friend if I had the chance."
"Really?"
"Yeah, fuck him. He deserves to die. I would pull the switch if I could."
"Didn't you say you were Catholic?"
"Yeah, so?" she said defiantly. "He doesn't know how many people he hurt, he can rot in hell for all I care."
"Interesting..."
"What?"
"Do you think their deaths would be equal? Would it be the same weight for both of them?"
"I guess so, why wouldn't it be?"
"I don't know. I've always thought dying from a sentence is infinitely times harder than dying in a random crime."
"What do you mean?"
"Think about it. I know it sounds ridiculous, I know it sounds wild, but with some imagination even a thought like this can pop into your head. Think: if there's torture, then there's some bodily wounds, suffering from the physical, and all it does it distract you from the inner torment of dying, so that you're only thinking about your wounds until you die. But that must not be the worst part, the worst part would to know that you were about to die. A condemned man is told he has a month to live, and he can take it. Then a few weeks pass and he thinks, 'Ah, I still have a few more weeks!' Then it becomes one week, then a few days, and before you know it, it's going to happen tomorrow. You wake up and are served your final breakfast, and think, 'I still have a few more hours, I have all that time... all that time.' Then it's time to go, and you're walking down the halls, looking at everything, trying to remember and feel some importance, and think, 'I still have this hallway left to walk, and then there's that other turn, and we have to go all that way!' You set aside time for your thoughts, wanting to think about this person or that before you die, in the few minutes you have left, but you're so panicked you can't even think straight. Then you're sitting in that chair thinking that in an hour, then ten minutes, then in half a minute, then now, this second, you will die and you will no longer be a man and it is all *for certain*. That one quarter of a second when you see the hand on the switch must be worst of all. He would go mad. But, conversely, put that same man out in the field, stab him and rob him, and what happens? He has hope. He doesn't know yet that his pulmonary artery has been severed, and he has no chance to live. He doesn't know that. Instead, what does he do? He fights, he never gives up, because it's never for sure yet. He will crawl on his belly towards any help, bleeding for half a mile, in terrible muscle pain, and not give up. It's not until the very last moment before he passes out that he will ever think for certain he is going to die, and like I said before, he has his bodily wounds to distract him! So you see, it's not equal at all!"

She stared at me in amazement at my speech, completely shocked. "I never thought of it like that... y-you're right. It must be like that. But even so, even so he still deserves to die for what he did."

Before we could finish, we were summoned into the trial room for interviews. The guards didn't care that all of us were setting off the metal detector, but people were taking out their "weapons" as described by the official the previous day. To my amazement, someone actually put a taser in the tray.

After all the formalities, 12 people were called and sat in the jury box and were questioned by the lawyers about the case. The case was actually about a forgery, nothing important. It surprised me, at the time, how all these adults were acting so childish. "Do you think this case is important enough for your time?" the prosecutor asked one person. "I... I guess so," he replied, making himself look less appealing so as not to be picked for the actual jury. In fact, it was a general theme among the people, and I suspect among everyone, that they tried to use every excuse, every reason and justification, not only to the court officials but to themselves, as to why they would be a poor candidate and should be sent home. Half of them were picked, another group was called up once more, this time only 6, and only 1 of them were picked, as an alternate. The rest of us were dismissed and sent home. You could feel everyone's relief at being spared, and the judge himself commented on this sentiment, saying, "I see a lot of smiles in the audience..."

I left the room quickly, but there were still a few people ahead of me picking up their belongings from the tray. I got in line, smiled at the guard, and plucked out the taser and put it in my pocket.

On our way out, we passed once more, for the last time, by the courtyard and the concrete benches. This time, however, a few Christian fundamentalists had set up a display and were preaching to some of the other jury panels who hadn't been called yet. They had a chart set up, with a picture of a tombstone and a lightning bolt heading towards it, and used it as symbolism for sin and hell, and promising to everyone that would listen a way out of eternal damnation no one suspected they would suffer through up until they started hearing them speak.

"It always amazes me," I remarked to Carrie, at my side, "how it's completely fine for Christians to preach in a public place. But if you put up a chart talking about voodooism they would be sent away, and perhaps arrested for public disturbance."
"You certainly are opinionated," she said, smiling warmly at me. "I want to hear more."
"Why don't we celebrate that we don't have to be on a jury? Do you want to go somewhere to talk?"
"Actually, I live right around here. Do you want to come to my place?"
"That sounds like a great idea."

When we got to her place, it was hard for me to start speaking as I was earlier. I was nervous, being in a new place, trying to soak everything in. She threw down her jacket and begged me to sit down and pick up where we left off.

"So, do you believe in the death penalty?" she asked.
"Not really."
"I used to not either, until my friend was killed."
"I saw a woman on TV once, talking to the media after her son had been murdered, and her words stuck with me."
"What did she say?"
"She was talking about vengeance. She said that it puzzled her as to why people would seek the death penalty. Her idea was, that if you're the kind of person that seeks punishment, the ultimate punishment, in your pursuit of selfish vengeance you would close off all the people around you that loved you and were trying to help you. It makes sense to me, you can't undertake a singular quest and expect to receive into your heart the love and compassion of people that care about you, because all you would care about was what you thought would solve your problem, when all the while it was just forgiveness."
"Are you religious?"
"No," I said.
"You don't believe in God?"
"No."
"That's... so strange. I used to think that people that didn't believe in God didn't believe in anything, but that's not true with you."
"I freed my mind from those silly myths a long time ago."
She paused, and fell into serious thinking. "Sometimes I think I am a Catholic just because I know it's what everyone else wants me to be. I do feel faith, and it comforts me, but why is it motivated by such guilt sometimes?"
"Yes, yes! You see that too."
"Well then, you sound like a philosopher, so answer something for me. This has always been my proof of God. The universe... what was there before it? I mean, something had to start it, right? And that thing was God, it couldn't have just started itself."
"I see what you're saying, and it's called Cartesian Causality, from Descartes. That is, the solar system was made from a dust cloud, and the dust cloud was made from a star that exploded a billion years ago, and thus and thus, things keep causing each other until you get to the singular cause. And that cause would be God, and you think that nothing could have existed up until then, right?"
"Right. There wasn't any time or space before, He made it."
"Exactly, you think that time and space didn't exist. So basically you're saying God is atemporal, and aspacial... but at WHAT point exactly are you saying the universe started? There was STILL a time and space before that, because, think of it like a graph, things happened before that had... a timeline of sorts, right? It was an incident, therefore it could be mapped on a chart. Otherwise, you're just making up attributes for God. And there's no reason to think that this universe is the first one that started, there are all kinds of theories about how the universe might have collapsed on itself and started up again a billion times before."
"I see.." she said, but I could tell my answer did not completely satisfy her.
"Just think of it like... if you believe yourself that THAT is your proof for God, you are making up attributes you don't know."

We talked for a little while after, informally, about an hour, about ourselves and our families, moving closer to each other in conversation. Then we suddenly stopped. Her eyes turned up against me and we sat in silence, staring at each other, for half a minute. Finally, I reached out and put my hand on her leg. Without the aid of alcohol, I was extremely nervous. She was too, because when we kissed we were both quivering.

This went on for about half an hour. We stopped, got up, and moved into her bedroom to watch TV. We started kissing again. I felt up her boobs from under her shirt and told her to take it off. She obliged, and pushed me down on top of her bed, straddling me. Her hair was falling on my face, and I had to push it out of my mouth a couple times. I turned her over, got on top of her, and starting rubbing her over her vagina. She moaned and exhaled after half a minute, that's when I knew to take off all my clothes. She did the same as I was doing it to save us time.

"I don't have a condom, I hope that's ok," I said.
"Catholics don't use condoms," she joked.

After some more foreplay we started having sex. It was all the usual stuff and normal positions. I had made her come from eating her out and we started up again after she got less sensitive. This time, I knew what she felt like when she was about to have an orgasm, and I was ready. She was on her hands and knees on her bed, I was coming from behind, doggy style is the way it's described. She made the same sounds again, letting me know she was about to come, and I started pumping harder. Louder and louder she went, faster and faster I went, until it was just the moment before she climaxed again. I immediately pulled out my taser and shocked the fuck out of her vagina. She screamed like a maniac and her entire body clenched up, giving her the most intense orgasm of her life. As her eyes rolled to the back of her head she started shitting all over me. I could tell she had green peppers the day before, my favorite. It was curious how almost completely undigested they were, and I ate some of them.

As she lay unconscious, I spread myself out over her bed, and lit another cigarette. All around us was silence, and I finally had my thoughts alone to myself the first time that entire day. I listened to the gentle soothing sound of breathing, stroked her head and played with her soft hair for a moment. Pausing before the threshold of her room, after I had fully clothed myself, wondering if the words I spoke to her that day would rob her of her religious certainty, I reflected on her opinions and views. "Carrie," I whispered softly, knowing I wouldn't wake her, and said, "I'm more of a Christian than you."

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# Circumcision

By Hakan

I believe every man comes to love his penis. It must be how army men come to love their guns: without it, suddenly something is off. It was a Turkish tradition to circumcise young boys and throw a party for them later that night. It could still be, but I wouldn't know. My older brother, my cousin and I were all in a packaged bundle. I was 3 years old at the time and excited to take a trip over the Atlantic. I remember walking up the stairs of my grandparents' apartment and the smell of dusty linoleum and Turkish spices that had wafted through the air.

We had my favorite food the night before, that much I know. Looking back, I was so excited and scarfed down all the borrek, a pastry stuffed with meat, onions, and parsley, lightly fried in olive oil, that I could in a single sitting, unaware of the perfidious smiles coming from my relatives all around me. I had heard of a party that was to come, but did not know the price I would have to pay to attend.

The next thing I remember was walking up a marble staircase that hugged the inside wall of a giant cylindrical building with my dad, who purposefully walked behind me. I knew my mom had already taken my older brother and cousin and I was to wait for something up at the top. My father sat me down on the bench and told me to calm down. Was I supposed to be worried about something? To our left, swinging doors revealed the cries coming from my brother, who at that age was God and invincible, as he sat on a stainless steel table with his shorts around his ankles while doctors worked intensely on him. I knew I had to do something, but I could not look suspicious. Calmly, I told my father I was going to the bathroom. Calmly, I walked down the marble stairs at a slow pace, waiting until I was out of the line of his sight before beginning to run. I heard his angry grunt and knew I had blown my cover.

I ran down the stairs and hid in the first doorway I could, looking under it to watch for my father’s feet. I was so full of adrenaline I could have shit myself. His shoes passed by, and after a few moments, passed by the other way, towards the stairs. Now was my chance, I thought. I opened the door and walked towards the entrance, a glass door that looked out to a busy sidewalk and street, but someone by the front desk came out and stopped me. He did not speak English, so I kept pointing to a car through the window nodding. He nodded too and together we walked towards it. Then I heard my father's angry scream. I turned around, and in one look I was paralyzed. It was over. My chance at freedom was shot.

The next thing I remember, a doctor and nurse were pulling down my pants and mechanically swabbing the tip of my penis. Their hands were strong and sure. I looked over at my brother who was wiping his tears. I looked back and they had a metal instrument and I felt an enormous amount of pain. The pain kept increasing past the threshold of all the pain I had ever felt before that moment, and kept rising.

I woke up still on a stainless steel table. I smelled a mixture of must and something like cough medicine, and dry sunlight permeated the thin cloth curtains around me. My penis was swollen gargantuan wrapped in bandages. I heard female voices whispering outside the curtain and asked if anyone was there. They responded in English.

"This is the young boy?" a younger nurse said.
"Yes, this is him," an older nurse said. They were both brunette and a feeling of motherly love took over me as we looked at each other. They were absolutely beautiful. I felt like nothing bad could happen. A third nurse, who was also very young, sat next to me and began stroking my hair.

"You say you have never seen one this big?" the first nurse asked.
"Not since the days of Muhammad," the older nurse replied.
"Does that make me like Jesus?" I asked. They laughed but I felt no shame in my question.

"Let me show you," the older nurse said, beginning to remove my bandages. The other young nurse came over and held my hand and gently dragged her nails over my arm.

Under my bandages, a penis that was over a foot long and as wide as a football flopped over and slapped the stainless steel table, leaving splashes of slather like a snail's mucus around it. It smelled like roses and talc powder. The older nurse held it up in her hand and began smiling.

"Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you," the nurse playing with my hair said.
"Yes, we are here to help you," the nurse playing with my arm said.

I looked back down and saw that I had four or five more penises, penises I had never seen before, throbbing freely like tentacles. There were two that were long and large like an adult penis, with a base near the main large one, and there were a few more satellite penises coming out from my inner thigh and lower abdomen, which were smaller and abnormally shaped. They were moving independently of each other like roots trying to find a source of water.

"It seems now," the older nurse began, drawing everyone's attention, "that there is only one real penis. It is like a hydra. Only one has sensation."

The younger nurses moaned in understanding. The older nurse grabbed one penis and played with the tip gently. "This is not it." I felt nothing from it. She moved on to the next penis, then the next. Finally, she found the hydra's head, and confirmed her discovery by excitingly rubbing it up and down. It felt as though my brain had caught fire. All of my life forces were strained at once in an extraordinary impulse. The sense of life, the sense of self-awareness increased tenfold. All agitation, all my doubts, all the worries that had plagued my 3 year old mind were as if placated at once, resolved in a sublime tranquility, filled with hope, joy, and the ultimate reason of all things. Streams of jizz flooded out of the largest penis, coating the older nurse, the force of which was too great for the tiny hole, and multiple side streams of jizz erupted from any stretch of opening the main stream had not claimed. The other, larger penises unleashed fountains of urine like a fire hose unchecked. The abnormal penises had various flavors and consistencies of shit trudging out of them, the solidness of the streams of shit being sometimes interrupted by watery diarrhea, and then changing back into solid streams, all of which was of too great a volume to come from my tiny body.

I woke up on my back in a courtyard, midday, in the blinding sun. There was red, thin gravel all around me, poking my butt and too hot for my hands. I looked at my crotch. Everything was normal, pre-circumcision. A caterpillar was crawling away on the red gravel between my legs, leaving a tiny trail of silk that I had noticed only because it glinted in the sun. I had an overwhelming sense of euphoria and dizziness, perhaps the after effects of a drug. I looked up and an Arabian wearing a purple silk vest and a turban extended his hand. He helped me to my feet and together we walked to the shade of archways that lined the courtyard. There were vases and plants had grown all around the pillars and archways from both above and below. I heard the flowing of water but saw none. The sky was perfectly blue without a cloud.

"My boy," he said, "I will show you the man-eater."

I sensed that I was on a mission and that to return home, I needed to complete it. I was looking down a hallway somewhere along the courtyard. The sound of wind traveled through the plants and blew silk curtains in the windows in waves like moving hands. The Arabian man had disappeared. A monarch butterfly flew over my head and in front of my eyes and down the hallway. I chased after it, turning corners, slipping on the dusty floors, coming in and out of daylight along alleys and brick walls. It stopped on a plant and I caught up to it. It was gently beating its wings. It was dying. I touched it and it dissolved into dust. I heard the sound of an older man and walked out from under the shade around the corner of a house where lines of laundry were turning in the wind. I knew he must not hear me. The heads of two horses spilled out from dark windows along the house. I crept up and peered around the corner, the dazzling sun still floating high in the sky. A peasant-like man was kneeling in the sand trying to unbutton the pants of a boy sitting on a black wire chair. The chair fell over as the boy ran and the man looked up at me. A butterfly landed on his out-reached hand. I had a gun in my hand and pointed it at him.

"Yes, that's it," he said smiling, welcoming his own death. "Shoot the butterfly."

A loud shot rang throughout the alleys and courtyard, and the curtains of silk that were floating in the wind remained silent. He fell back and a cloud of dust flew from under him, and the butterfly emerged with it, flying into the sun.

I woke up at my grandparent’s apartment in my underwear, stained in yellow. It was the anti-septic from my circumcision: I had not wet myself. I tried to put on shorts but they were too tight and hurt my penis. I emerged into the living room, looking dazed. Everyone cheered, beaming with pride, but I was too angry to accept any of it. I hated them for forcing me to do something I was not yet ready to do, for forcing me to grow up, to enter another stage of my life, one without part of my penis.

At the party, later that night, held in my brother's, my cousin's, and my celebration, I was first to cut the cake, which distinctly was cooked with flour that had the orange and black colorings of the monarch.

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# The Deuce

By Hakan

I had never been attracted to black girls before Sherri. I had heard from a fairly reliable source that black women had a certain taste for dark skinned, though not black, men, and I, being Turkish, used that thought as grounds for confidence in my interactions with her. We worked in a bank together. She was one of the tellers, and I worked upstairs as an accountant. They would joke that the only men in the office were upstairs; it was true. I would leave the door to my office slightly open like some spider setting a trap, waiting for her vibration before I pounced. I would grab her whenever she came up for coffee, those thirsty lips. It was like she rewired my brain, as I began noticing other black women in the places I went that I had never noticed before. A new world opened up to me, and I decidedly concluded that black women had the best asses I've ever seen.

This girl, though, Sherri, had some sort of troubled life. The warning flags were all abound, but I could not help myself. I felt myself tunneling in, knowing it was a sand trap. There was something about her that strangely reminded me of my mother. She wore the nicest, carefully composed clothes, careful not to reveal too much of her gorgeous figure, careful not to suggest anything to anybody. She feared everyone hated her and that they were always on the verge of firing her. She had tried so hard in school and in life to never be a burden on anyone, and never asserted any of her needs on anyone, always a servant, as if that was the healthy thing to do.

She could never completely trust me, even though I hadn't done anything that would betray her trust. She would test me, over and over, by accusing me of doing things to hurt her I didn't do, to see if I would get mad. For instance, I asked if I had cooked her a particular dinner before, and she would say, with the intonation of suspicion, "Oh, no, that must have been some *other* girl.." She would prod me like this until I would get sick of being guilty first and then having to prove my innocence, and I would blow up at her, and she would confirm she could not have trusted me all along in those silently accusing eyes. I had failed her test, after all.

It was soon after our affair ended that reports of a prankster began to spread around. Someone had apparently vandalized several banks in the area, going in a circle, though they had not hit ours yet. Someone would get into the far lane away from the teller, ask to make a deposit, and upon receiving the container for their information, would slip something else in. As it was sent they would drive off in a mad rush. The teller would then open the container which would be full of human shit. There was something peristalticly ironic about using pneumatic tubes, which oh so resembled our intestine, to send something in that should always be going out.

When, suddenly, I stopped giving attention and opening conversations with her, Sherri wanted me more than ever. My door would be closed, but she found some excuse to come in, and wait, in silence, hoping I would show interest again. She had succeeded in getting the opposite of what she wanted. There was something more. There was something in me that would resolve something in her, and for me it worked the same. I somehow wanted to prove, needed to prove, that I was a good boy, that I hadn't done anything wrong, something I could never get from my mother. I learned the reason for her: her father had abandoned her family when she was very young. How exactly I played into that, neither of us really knew.

I began our relationship again, slowly, by giving her massages, and she would say, as she sunk into pleasure, "Why are you doing this? What do you want?" Her neck was always completely tense, being ever vigilant. She could never stop projecting her inner hopelessness into other people's motivations. "You get all of the good work to do, your job must be so great." I would try to convince her that my work was arduous and boring, but she suspected I was lying to her and trying to spare her feelings.

As these things go, the second attempt burned out quickly. Oddly, in her presence, I could not recall with sufficient force the reasons why we should never be together, and why we would never work. It was only after an orgasm that I could see things clearly. Both naked in bed, eating specially ordered legumes from Turkey, she asked if I had a crush on another fairly attractive teller we worked with.

"You can't say you never thought about her. You liked her. Admit it."
"At first I thought she was ok, but after getting to know her, all the attraction went away. She is a complete bitch, like Kate in Jon and Kate Plus 8."
"I knew it! I knew you like her!"
"But I don't like her now!"
"You can't lie to me now, you said it!"

I knew she wouldn't believe me, and seeing where the conversation was going, I flung the bowl of Turkish nuts off of the bed and broke it off with her for good.

The next day, I was working late, and most people had gone home. I threw myself into my work in an attempt to avoid my feelings. I was called downstairs, by the attractive bitch I just mentioned. She was tied up with another customer in the front, and would I please help her with the customers in the drive-through? It was almost dusk, and the sky was yellow through the window, and the bushes that lined the parking lot flowed gently in the breeze.

A car pulled up. A woman with sunglasses and a scarf, wanting to make a deposit. The container went over to her side, and then it came back. She said something inaudible through the speaker and drove off. The container was full of a single piece of shit that twisted and turned all kinds of ways, yet still held together. It must have been a world record or something. I opened the container to take a closer look, seeing the Turkish nuts that could have come only from one other person. She gave me no choice but to lobby for her termination, and would surely be convinced, somehow, in her mind, that I was abandoning her. I knew I would never see her again.

I went over to her desk and found a note written on toilet paper. "For you, in case your hands got dirty. I don't know what else would be reasonable to wipe with," the note read. I knew she loved me because it was four-ply and lotioned. I turned on the radio on her desk, and fittingly enough the Rolling Stones' "Sweet Black Angel" was on, which I listened to with tears streaming down my face.

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# Pranks

By Hakan

I am not a misogynist. I don’t mean to make this a relationship thread either, or EN, but I think I can trace back all my women problems to the fact that I’m not gay. What I mean is men are whores. If I were gay, I could go into a bar, go up to a good looking dude, and say, “Hey. Do you want go back to my room?” and that would that. But with women, you have to talk to them, and you have to make them feel safe and special. It’s just business with dudes. I had a buddy who worked as a bartender in a gay bar and would make 800 bucks a night. He would wear the gayest shirts showing all his muscles, even though he wasn’t gay (he was playing college football at the time). Although, if you ask me, he secretly craved the cock, and developed that craving showering with all those football dudes. I bet he was getting some cock on the side too. I don’t mean to talk so much about cocks either, but they’re important to the story.

I met this chick, Heather, and we were hanging out and having a good time. I guess we had been dating for a couple months when she pulled this move on me. I had just blown my load in her mouth and she said, “Kiss me.” I had blown my load in her mouth plenty of times before, and none of this shit ever happened. I mean, she had swallowed and all, but she still wanted me to kiss her.

“Fuck no,” I said.
“Why not?”
“Because it’s gross.”
“But I swallowed your cum. Am I gross?”
“You’re a chick. It’s different. Swallowing cum should be natural to all girls.”
“It came from your own body, how is it gross?”

A side note here, I hate things that come from bodies. Usually, when my girl is having her period, I hook up with another chick for a week. I don’t tell them, but I don’t think they would blame me, either.

“Would you want me to eat you out when you’re bleeding?”
“I would like to think it wouldn’t gross you out THAT much.”
“It would take a lot of training to overcome my natural aversion to cum. Go take a shower and then we’ll watch a movie.”

I read somewhere on the internet that all chicks named Heather were crazy, and I gotta say that was definitely true. So we got into a big fight over it and eventually broke up. That would be the end of the story, except that a year later after we broke up, I ran into her at a coffee shop. She was looking so hot that I completely forgot about the cum incident. Isn’t it funny how we can forget someone’s faults so easily? I was intoxicated with her and would have done anything to bang her. So she comes over to watch a movie, and of course we hook up again. I had just blown my load in her mouth, completely forgetting about what might happen, when she looks up at me, swallows, and then stands up and tries to kiss me.

All she got was a peck or two in. She laughed and let me go, but I was so pissed. I brushed my teeth so hard before going to bed.

I called up my buddy Karl and we got a plan for revenge together. Karl was my buddy since we were kids, so we knew everything about each other. Well, almost. I called him over and told him about my plan.

“Karl, first, I have to know, which way does your cock curve?”
“What the fuck? Which way does my cock curve?”
“This is important to the prank. I need to know which way your cock curves. Believe me, I’m not trying to be gay here. Mine curves downward, in a forward arch. There is no side to side curvature, although my urethra must curve or spiral somewhere inside, because my pee always goes to the right even if I aim straight.”
“My cock also curves forward in a downward arch. That was so descriptive. Are you usually so descriptive when talking about cocks?”
“Fuck you, Karl. Ok, so have you heard of the ‘Siegfried and Roy’?”

So I get Heather to come over and we start banging on my bed. I skipped oral, for reasons that must be too apparent by now. I tell her that I only want to do it doggy style today. I make sure she’s really good and into it, tell her I’m going to blow it in her ass, pull out, then I make the signal, and Karl pops out of my closet and takes my place behind her. He was on standby, no doubt jerking it to the wet sounds of our humping. His cock had to curve the same way for her to not notice the switch . Then I ran out of my apartment (I live on the first floor) and to the window where Heather was facing, knocked on it and waved.

It took her a moment, but the realization swept across her face, and poor Karl, I don’t think he ever got to finish. She ran out, still naked really, only managed to put on her panties and held the rest of her clothes to cover up her chest, screaming and cursing at me. All I had to say was, “That’s what you get for making me taste my cum you crazy bitch! The internet was right about Heathers!” Karl and I, we had a good laugh about it all, and we agreed to do the same thing the next time any chick pulled that shit. I also told him to put his pants back on.

That night, as I was falling asleep, I stared up at the ceiling and wondered about the nature of man. I thought about what I did, and if that had made me a good person or a bad person, and then the thought crept in, suddenly, that there was no higher purpose, no proper path, and that in 50,000 years we would all be dust, and none of this would have ever mattered. I became very scared and worried. Without any guidance, how would I ever know what to do? How would I know who to be? Would I be victim to my instincts and passions for all my life? And then, I started to think about cocks, and which came first, the cock or cum, because cum does eventually make another cock somewhere down the line, and then I started laughing, and then I fell into easy, dreamless sleep.

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# The Porno Clause

By Hakan

When I was a child of four or five I can quite clearly remember one lazy evening sitting on the floor in the living room, father half asleep splayed out in front of the TV on the floor next to me, playing with my toys, and then suddenly some distant and echoed thought became of sudden and profound interest. The thought was this: how was I to be sure these were my real parents? I could not remember anything of the previous years of my life, and I took it all completely for granted everything I was told. When I questioned my drowsy dad, he laughed and tried to assuage the startled fear in my eyes, and said it was ridiculous that they weren’t my real parents. He seemed content at this simple explanation and rolled back to his sleeping position, but that night in bed I found myself staring out the window, the moon glowing through the venetian blinds, throwing down its enchanted ladder across the floor of my room, attempting to piece together what little recognition I could still recall of some periphery and blurry image, to no avail.

Many years passed and I eventually wound up as a college freshman in a furnished apartment paid for by my loving parents. I hardly need to explain how I had a difficult time throughout school thanks to my dreamy and sensitive nature. Anxiety was a constant companion. I had no roommates, and there were many weekends that went by that I would not see a human being for an entire four or five days (I had my schedule set up to not have any classes on Fridays and Mondays), and the only thing close to contact were the visages of people flashing across my computer screen. I am of a belief that in those lonely moments something deep can be reached immediately in the human soul, and I would feel at once an instant connection to some friendly and beautiful looking girl in a picture on one of those social network sites, sometimes almost half falling in love with them. The effect would be heightened still in some of the sensual movies I would watch on some seedy sites, particularly if the girl in focus was of an exuberant and effusive nature.

That was what led me to my distaste of the current wave of production of those movies. There is a large gap in the mindset and general feeling between the movies made in current times and those made in the 70s. These days you see awful things like forceful fingerings, spitting on genitals, choking, and artificially set up situations in which a girl is humiliated or abandoned, which even the most simple minded viewer I hope would not be fooled into believing. Every male is ludicrously buff, and there are artificial implants in most of the women (I am of the preference of the more buxom bosoms, but I still appreciate the smaller shapes so long as things are proportional). I cannot for the life of me attempt to see what people appreciate in those movies, or why there would be a market for those things.

When I stumbled on the 70’s film, *The Turkish Tickler*, I was instantly aware of all the differences of the film making styles of those times. The main actress of the movie was a completely natural, brilliant beauty. The story, which bears almost no relevance to my immense enjoyment of the film, tells the American tale of a Turkish immigrant who, hired as a helping hand to a rich recluse, worked his way up through various responsibilities in the millionaires mansion, eventually earning the favor of his fair daughter, who was visiting for a summer before returning to her studies in the north-eastern states. The paramount scene, upon which all the threads of cinematography, supportive instrumental music, and the simple truth of the beauty of the human form came together in sensual harmony, was when the daughter entered the study, the sun-dusted study, only to find the Turk laying supine upon an embroidered chair, legs stretched out to the floor, the only thing stopping his inert body from collapsing to the ground. She began to ostensibly chastise his poor worth ethic, all the while he merely smiled at her, knowing her secret true reason for the intrusion, and after letting sufficient time pass to when she even no longer believed her own threats of disciplinary action, he grabbed her wrist and brought her bottom down to his laboring lap, grinning politely through the feigned, necessary protests of a blameless woman who would like to consider herself decent. And, oh- her parted lips, the soft warmness of her hair (I imagine, of course, it being warm), and the genuine flushing of her cheeks… all of this painted a picture in the mirage of my mind of two human beings connecting in an emotional way that provoked all the emotions of lust and envy in my poor boy’s soul.

She seemed not to portray the beauty of a single woman, but of all women, of all the women I had passed quietly in the linoleum corridors on campus that stirred my being, all of whom towards which I felt an immense, impassable chasm of contact. She was the inevitable, the destiny, the final advent of the journey of the spirit, the completion. She represented security and serenity, and I would return to her the same way a hummingbird returns to his nectar producing flower. Yes, having discovered that film, and buying an original copy over the internet, I had gained, at least temporarily, a sufficient substitute, until I could one day find the real thing in my life (a young boy can still dream), of romantic companionship.

All was fine and well for a period of time, a time of short lived bliss, for bliss is always threatened to be overthrown. My mother came over to the apartment to visit and to clean, as was her usual custom every three months or so. Forgetting her confirmation earlier in the week, I panicked before rushing to the door, quickly trying to find and hide any unpleasant stains- but there was nothing, at least nothing I could discern through the fog of my alarm. And so she entered, doing her usual visual inventory of the apartment, comparing it with the mental impression she took her last visit, while walking from room to room making typical small talk and promises for an abbreviated visit (“I won’t be long, I know how you want me out of your hair as soon as possible!”) Then, as I sensed she was making her way into my bedroom, I jumped ahead of her while she took a detour to glance at the hallway bathroom, to quickly inspect the most private and vulnerable of all the rooms and to hopefully avert any crisis I could quickly correct in the mere seconds before invasion – but again there was nothing. Everything was arranged and orderly, and she was about to non-verbally agree to this fact when, just as she was turning to leave my bedroom, something inconspicuous caught her eye, something that lay hidden out in the open among various ordinary objects which curiously drew her attention and sudden silence. She picked up, to my growing horror, the tasteful cover to *The Turkish Tickler*, making sure her memory matched who was on the cover, and out escaped her lips a tragic and somber, “Oh…”
“W-what is it, mom?” I asked.

At this point, all was lost, and, I decided, there was no use hiding it any more. I was a red blooded young man who did exactly what the far majority of other young men did (or did in their dreams), and there was nothing wrong with it, and I was ready to stand my ground, but in the end such a position was unnecessary, and instead something much more sinister was addressed.

“Have I ever told you… have you ever heard of the Porno Clause?” she asked.

“No, I have not,” I said.

“Well, when people are making these… films, there is a legal contract, of course, that everyone signs before they begin. It’s for the case that, even if all precautions are taken, that a man is not legally responsible for any… accidents, or blessings, that may happen.”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Because of that, it can really be a burden for a woman to keep that baby, because there is no recourse, and usually girls that are doing these films aren’t really ready to handle that sort of commitment. And, I’m so sorry, we wanted to tell you, but it was never the right time, and you seemed so content that we didn’t want to upset you (she began to cry right here). It’s our fault, really.”

It slowly spread through the far corners of my mind that I had been masturbating feverishly and consistently for the last month to a visual recording of my own conception.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying?” I asked.

“Yes. *The Turkish Tickler* is your father. We wanted to *tell* you, we talked about it so much. You are our only child, and you really are our child, and we thought it wouldn’t make any difference except to upset you!”

Before any other facts or explanations could emerge, she ran hurriedly out the apartment to her car where she cried for an hour before coming back in and asking me if everything was ok. Besides the immense feeling of dirtiness and shame that covered me and seemed to ooze out my eyes, there was nothing, no comfort this alleged mother could provide me with now. I calmed down on my own and, as we spoke, I did understand how it was a thoughtful (though not necessarily correct) decision to withhold this information, and that I was not angry at them, and that things would be ok, and I came to accept them again as my real parents (“because, after all, a parent is not just biological, but the emotional connection is the most important.”) For a while, I imagined, I would have difficulty and awkwardness in any sort of sensual attachment, having clouded all these deep, intimate emotions with each other. My only hope was that I would not become some sort of criminal as a result of this trauma, which, to this day, more than ten years after the discovery, has proven to be the case.

I realize now that any of you reading this that are psychology majors, especially those in the early years of undergrad, are bursting with theories and explanations for me, but I ask you not to bother. And please, do not ask me to use me as a source for any sort of paper or thesis you are working on. I share all of this not looking for some sort of explanation or justification, but to convey that the over-arching human experience trumps any sort of clinical, plastic, clean theory of the pattern of human behavior. There was nothing going on deeply in my subconscious, don’t be ridiculous. The woman in the film does not represent some sort of underlying need of all men. I am not a symbol. I do not stand for innocence nor for corruption. There is no parable or lesson in the discovery or aftermath. I accidentally discovered the film, and due to intricate and rare circumstances, the infatuation I felt was rendered useless. It is over and I am done.

Although, I will say that even now, from time to time, I do pop that movie in my old VHS player, and enjoy it again as a hummingbird does receiving his nectar.

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# Cell Phone Service

By Hakan

It all started several months ago, when my wife told me that she wanted a new iPhone for her birthday. Whatever the new one was, the 4S? She wanted that one. I agreed and she started doing some research and came to me with this plan from Verizon. I told her that I was perfectly fine with our plan from AT&T. “No,” she said, “this is the same thing, except cheaper. Why would you not want to switch over?” So I look at the plan and it’s the same thing we had, same coverage and texting, for me, my wife, and our two kids. So we go over to the Verizon store and sign the papers.

The next month, the first bill comes in, and it’s pretty high. In fact, it’s a lot higher than I expected. It was much higher than our old AT&T plan. There was so much bullshit and little charges that I didn’t know what it all meant, so I called the sales rep to ask about the bill. She tells me that there are activation fees, and that bill is covering part of the cost of the phone, etc. She tells me next month’s bill will be cheaper. So then next month’s bill comes, and the bill is still high. Technically, it is smaller than the last month’s, but it is still high, a lot higher than what we were told it was going to be. So I called our rep again. “Oh, that cost is because of phone insurance. Did you want phone insurance?” “No, no we don’t want phone insurance. Please remove it.” So she does.
At this point, I began arguing with my wife. I shouldn’t say arguing, I should say blaming. I would find opportunities to bring it up and point out the mistake she made. I will also say here that I am equal opportunity blamer, as I also blamed myself for not reading the fine print. I told her how we had been in a situation like this before, and I was right again, and she was wrong, but I was stupid and listened to her again this time. I told her how this was just one part of a larger pattern of our relationship.

The third month, the bill comes in, and it’s still a very large bill. I called the rep again and asked why the bill was still so high. I told her we came into the store with our AT&T bill and showed it to her, and she promised us that she could beat what we were paying, and I wanted to know why we were still paying more. She began to rattle off about six different reasons why she was right and I was wrong. She started lecturing me on the phone, about how she *never ever* promises that her quoted price would be the final price, because each state/different parts of the state have their own associated fees and tax rates. I lost it and told her this was a scam.

“Excuse me, sir?”
“You work for a multimillion dollar company. If I wanted to lose money in a shell game, I would go down to New Orleans and talk to a bum who would happily take my money. You are no different, but you pretend to be.”
“Well, there’s nothing I can do. You signed the contract. You’re free to cancel and pay the termination fee.”
“Do not ever tell me what to do. I’ll tell you what, I will pay your bill, and I will send you an extra 10 dollars every month to never be lectured by you.”
“Do not *ever* call me again.”
“Gladly!”

On her facebook page, it actually says, under Interests, “Making Money.” These are the kind of people we live with in this world, I tell myself.

A little bit later, I was on a bus and overheard a conversation between two men and one of them was an alcoholic, who started going to meetings, and had to clean his apartment that night because it was being foreclosed on. I went home and apologized to my wife. I will also say in my defense that I used to be a lot worse. I used to say words like cunt and bitch when we had fights, and I didn’t this time.

A few weeks after that, I was walking through my restaurant (I’m a chef) and in one of the rooms I saw that sales rep eating lunch with two other men, probably sales reps themselves, all dressed nicely. I immediately stopped and backtracked so she wouldn’t see me. I watched her for a while to make sure it was her, and it was. I went back in the kitchen and found out they had just entered in their order. I found their waiter and learned the sales rep had ordered the lobster ravioli.

At the end of their meal, I entered the dining room and brought them their check. I asked, being the chef, how the quality of their meal was. The sales rep, recognizing me, became mortified. Once I saw her staring at me, I focused all my attention on her.

“My food… it wasn’t… did you…”
“No ma’am, I didn’t do anything to your food.” Which was true. I wasn’t even the one who cooked it, and I didn’t put anything else in it, although it looked like she didn’t believe me. I made some small talk with her friends. One of them asked me for my card. They all prepared to leave and were walking out the front door. I went inside the kitchen and got them my card, and escorted them to the front door, opening it for them, smiling.

As they were crossing the street, I yelled, “Ma’am! Wait!” Everyone turned around for a second, but once they saw I was addressing my old sales rep, the other two continued on.

“Y-yes?”
“I just wanted to ask you one question.”
“Y-yes?”

I began as if I were starting a sentence, but I saw out of the corner of my eye a car turning the corner, and the driver reaching down for something in the passenger’s seat. It was like I was watching it in slow-motion. I wasn’t planning to do anything. I knew I had to warn her, but I just stood there watching. There was no trace of any maliciousness in my heart. It was just that my throat froze, my legs froze, and it all seemed like it was destiny and I wasn't supposed to intervene, and I watched as the sales rep turned to see what I was looking at when it was too late. She hadn’t turned fully around. The car hit her in the hip and the top half of her body slammed hard into the street, head first. The car looked like it was going to stop, but suddenly it sped up, screeching its wheels, the tire grinding and shredding one side of her body, and it raced off and turned a corner. If you had just walked outside onto the street, it would have looked completely normal, a little quiet and devoid of people, even peaceful and ordinary except for the dead woman in the middle of the street.

I went over to her body. She convulsed for a second, but stopped abruptly. I touched her shoulder and turned her to face the sky. Her eyes were open. There was blood coming out of her ears, nose, and eyes. I thought about how silly it was to worry about a 20 dollar difference in a phone bill, and all the suffering that occurred because she was concerned about a number in her bank account that she wanted to increment a small amount. It was all meaningless to her now. If she could have been brought back to life, she would have been madder at me than I ever was at her. I took out plastic bag I carried with me for these occasions, unzipped it and emptied about 10 ounces of my own fecal matter and jizzum all over her face and made sure some got in her open mouth. With that being done, I carefully closed the bag, put it back in my pocket, and crouched over the body for a few more moments before deciding to go back inside and call an ambulance.

The police came, puzzled by the one unusual detail of the scene, but certain it was a hit and run. Various staff members ventured out from the kitchen to look out the window, made some comment or statement to someone nearby, then returned back to their work. People were concerned as they walked by, but ultimately what could they do to change anything at this point? The course of their days pressed them to continue their business, like gazelle that calmly graze as one of their own is being eaten by a lion fifty feet away.

When I arrived at home that evening, my wife was playing a board game with our children, and they rose to greet me.