

Land of Beastiality and the One Night Stand, #2

by Jerry Ratch

You want L.A.? I'll give you L.A. Land of the perpetual one-night stand. Land of the Leslies and the Sweets lying around all day in their bed just around the corner from this convent, across the street from my apartment, that took in the pregnant and the lost, the confused and hysterical.

The sweet languorous girl who was convinced I was gay, so she laid me just to find out, then threw me out when I wasn't, saying, "I just wanted to find out if you were gay."

"But I wasn't."

"Right. Good night."

"Will we see each other again?"

"I don't think so."

And who had a friend who came to visit (just before we had sex) with her slobbering at the mouth bulldog, and who ran back to her own little apartment very excited the minute that bulldog began sticking out its tongue and slobbering all over the carpeting, as if she was about to have deliberate oral sex with it.

