

Dinner at the Whorehouse with Geraldo Rivera

by Kitty Boots

I had dinner with Geraldo Rivera at a whorehouse. Actually a former whorehouse. The lasagna was excellent. We drank too much Chianti and I had difficulty navigating the cobblestone streets of Galveston's Strand in my high-heeled boots. It was chilly and breezy, the wind blowing up the back of my mini skirt.

Jerry took me to shoot pool in one of those nameless, smokey bars lining Post Office Street. He showed me how to set up the shots. Bending over the pool table, cue stick in hand, I was still taller than him. As he shot each ball expertly into a pocket, I watched the gold chains dance up and down his brown wrists, the crucifix around his neck almost touching the green felt of the pool table.

We'd attracted an audience and I felt the presence of David Allan Coe, but could not ever remember him singing a song about a tall white chick with a short Puerto Rican who wore too much jewelry.

On the way back to my apartment, we were pulled over by a Galveston County deputy. He asked for my license and registration. He also asked me where I worked. Jerry was silent, staring straight ahead even when the deputy shined the flashlight in his face. The deputy told me I had a tail light out and let me off with a warning and a discernible smirk. As the deputy walked back to his patrol car, Jerry covered his mouth with his hand and started giggling. "Damn it, what the hell are you laughing at?", I asked him. Jerry looked at me and said, "*Corazon*, he thought chu was a hooker."

