

Darla Wilshire

By Sheila Angeles

Chapter 9: Boat Hook

As she kicked back in her Santa Monica pad with a glass of “superior” junmai ginjō, Greta Garbo mulled over possible activities for her afternoon off. She looked over her research material on the fabrication of the Trinitarian deity by a committee of corrupt bishops during the fourth century. It was not such a good idea, but it helped her process what she had learned from Carry Grant. Corrupt bishops had crafted a deity in the image of Caesar and persecuted the phuk out of anyone who disagreed with them. It explained why boneheads exist in the first place.

With the initial edge of her anguish rubbed smooth by a treatment of alcohol and information, she considered strategies for climbing out of her funk. Naturally, sex came to mind, but it was not an option. The best she could hope for was a thorough tongue lashing in her lower parts. It substituted nicely for penetration, and she did not risk getting the guy shot in the head by daddy. An intact hymen was well worth the price she would pay in guilt for the real thing. How did she know about the healthful benefits of penetrative sex? Let’s just say that ladies talk about such things.

As Greta contemplated oral pleasure, Carry contemplated Greta. His imagination ran wild to the point that he had to run to the men’s room in order to relieve the tension with some autoerotic stimulation. With Greta’s future child flushed down the drain, Carry could finally get some work done. As he strutted back to his own private window office, he glowed with the look of a guy in a Viacra ad. His Mona Lisa smile did not reveal the delight he felt imagining a union with his colleagues and team leader.

At that very moment, Brad Yayger was being passed on Florida’s route 10 by a trucker in an 18-wheeler. The guy behind the wheel had reported the Brad sighting and been given the green light to head back to base. His passenger gazed down from his high perch to observe Brad as they sped on. He pointed a finger at Brad and pretended to blow him away. The guy was anxious to avenge the arrest of this buddy, but had to cool his jets because Brad was worth more to the Misfits alive than dead. The value of his D.N.A. on the black market took a turn for the better once his exploits hit the grapevine.

Greta thought back to her boat boy hook-ups. The last one was too soon for another. Besides, the end of the school semester tended to be bad for her activities with the college bonehead babes. They usually crammed for finals, and stayed away from their more typical boat shoe shopping haunts. Perhaps a visit to her favorite watering hole was a better strategy. She recalled the time a guy’s tongue came dangerously close to getting his head blown clear off. He was the last bar boy she had recruited for her favorite form of employment. It was the incident that prompted her to seek out a very different cruising venue. Taking her away from home and closer to U.C.L.A. was a divine gift of an idiot who assumed she was snowing him about the risk of her day’s shotgun. “It’s such a well-worn trope that I assumed you were pulling my leg.”

You might wonder why Greta would consider a guy who used the term “well-worn trope” to be an idiot. As a wise woman, she could not be fooled by fancy talk. The fancier: the dumber. Language does not the man make.

She then reconsidered the place. She thought back on all the successes she had before the one pseudo-liberal who tried to own her. There were a variety of down-to-Earth guys who sincerely wanted to serve her as candidates for her hand in partnership. They were like putty in her hands with their neediness and puppy eyes. The pseudo-liberal turned out to be a rabid predator who later treated her best friend like a piece of meat.

As Brad cruised on his way towards the Florida capitol, he thought back on an incident when he took a bus to a court appointment during the lawsuit phase of his break-up with the Canine Lady. Dressed in a business suit, he boarded a bus to downtown Oakland. A mother and child boarded along the way with the child being seated next to Brad and her mom sitting in the seat in front of them. The girl held a flower in her hands. She told Brad that her new home had lots of flowers, but her old home did not. Brad explained that flowers are everywhere. It just takes a little know-how to find them. She asked him if he knew Jesus. He said that we can only know of Jesus. We can't really know him. She then asked him if he knew Satan. "Oh, yeah! She's suing me." Passengers chuckled.

When Carry arrived at his workstation, he thought he would type up a report on his interaction with Juan. He knew it would not be due until his morning report, so he put it off. Better to postpone than to rush things. Some would call it the procrastinator's creed, but it makes philosophical sense. Instead, he thought about the way he relieved himself and how it could be considered an insult to Greta. This led him to think of ways he could make it up to her. It was beginning to be like a cult relationship.

He suddenly realized that the best path was to sick-out himself and head out for drinks. With Greta in the back of his brain, he had no ambition of hooking up with a boat babe. It might happen, and that would be nice. His own boat babes were not like Greta's frat boy babes. His were the ladies who milked the boys for more than their beta matter. He had hooked up with a college gal who knew Greta's name in a context other than old movies. She introduced him to the stupidity of the boat boy world, and to the idea of replacing boat boys in Greta's life.