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I Did It for My Mom

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I was searching for a job on craigslist and found a posting for a writing position with Hush magazine. Apparently, it was Vancouver's best kept secret, but the *mags* finally out of the closet. I happen to be a budding writer with seven short stories published in the *exposure market*. Not that it's easy to get them to publish my writing either.

So I opened Hush's website and started browsing. Sex was listed at the top of the links. Since I haven't had any of that other than masturbating to hamster's free pornography I opened the link and read the story, *Ever since I got blacklisted on sugardaddie.com*, by Samantha Stanway.

I couldn't stop laughing. The stories about two sugar babes, gold digging a fat guy. They end up incarcerated in the holding cell of the Las Vegas airport for being inebriated. When I finally stopped laughing I decided to write one of my own pathetic attempts at trying to get laid.

As you can imagine, if I'm searching through craigslist for a job I must be broke and desperate for work. And if you didn't already know, the *exposure market* doesn't pay anything. So you know I'm no sugar daddy. In fact, it's more like Steve Carell's character in *Crazy Stupid Love*, but I don't even have a job. Well not yet anyway.

I managed to land about thirty interviews from craigslist. I'm not lying about that. But talk about a waste of time and energy.

"Do you think you would be a good fit for this company?" Blank stare on my face. "Why should we hire you over the other candidates?"

I didn't have a clue what to say. The answers are probably written in some book detailing the ten most common interview questions. But I didn't have the book, so I just answered honestly. Strangely enough, I was offered two jobs. You might be wondering if a person could get a job through that sight. That depends on whether you call these jobs.

One was counting inventory for various department stores. The company has the reputation for hiring anyone. I'm not going into detail, but after counting ten thousand pairs of women's underpants I was getting horny. I'm kidding about that, but make sure you wash your new panties before putting them on. Sometimes, they need a recount.

The other was a model scout. I won't mention the company's name, but they did wire me a commission for making contact with a model that they signed. That was easy money.

Friday night rolled around and I needed a night out on the town. I was hoping to get laid and scout a few models at the same time. However, my back was sore from the first job and it didn't pay well enough to hire a couple of sugarbabes to workout the kinks. Instead, I loosened up with a couple of drinks and strolled to one of the local clubs. I'd give you the name, but management requested that losers like me hanging around don't bring in the crowds and that the establishment would prefer not to be mentioned.

Anyway, the club appeals to the younger crowd. The modeling agency was looking for international runway models. (University students and recent high school graduates.) Specifically, I was looking for the nineteen to twenty three year old crowds. They'll sign the thirteen to eighteen year old crowds, but I'd have to attend a Justin Bieber concert. Not that I mind his music, but I was feeling a tad too old for this crowd when I entered the club.

That made me nervous, so I ordered a drink at the bar and tried to play chameleon. The only thing that blended in was my complexion, and that was with the red tapestry along the far

wall. Although, I don't think that helped, nobody seemed to be paying attention to me. Now I'm back to Crazy, Stupid, Love and I'm not Ryan Gosling's character, I'm Steve Carell's. But you already know that. In fact, I'm in worse shape than he was. Earlier in the week, I was the loser surfing through craigslist for a job and jerking off to hamster's free pornography. Now, I'm trying to pass myself off as a model scout.

So with that mindset, three or four drinks relaxed me enough to approach a couple of aspiring models, or at least that's what I thought.

"Are you interested in modeling?"

"Fuck you asshole?"

"Have you thought of modeling?"

"Do I look like an escort asshole?"

"I'm a model scout would you..."

"That's the worst pick up line I've ever heard asshole!"

Fortunately, the alcohol had suppressed my inhibitions and the negativity dispersed with the breeze that spoke the words. Perseverance paid off and a couple of young males accepted the modeling cards. Possibly, they felt empathy for an old man that had been rejected by fifteen of the most attractive patrons in the bar. Maybe, they thought I had machismo for having the courage to approach them. But I knew it wasn't that. I'd drunk enough alcohol to blow three times over the limit. Anyway, I'd find out in a few days if the guys had signed up or not. At least that would pay for the drinks.

Then it happened just like the movie Crazy Stupid Love. But this guy didn't look, or act like Ryan Gosling's character. He was short, and fat with a scruffy three-day-old beard. I glanced at him with a forced smile and then returned my glare to the bar's countertop. He didn't leave. He just kept staring.

I knew he wasn't looking to model and the women I had spoken to wouldn't have given him the time of day. So he wasn't approaching me about that. If he had been I was in trouble. I don't even remember my last fight, but my nose still points slightly to the right. So I assumed he was gay.

"So what are you doing tonight?"

"Just having a few drinks. And you?"

"The same. Do you mind if I join you."

"Feel free to sit down."

He was definitely gay, but I had no company and I wanted someone to talk to. Life gets lonely sitting on a barstool staring at beautiful women that won't give you the time of day. Even when you're trying to offer them a job that pays in the millions of dollars.

"Yeah right, asshole," she had said.

So here I am conversing with a young queer and drinking the beer that he bought me. Fuck did I ever feel like the dork that I am. The worst part was I didn't even have enough cash to reciprocate. But he didn't care. He kept complementing me on my appearance. What could a young guy in his twenties see in old fart like me?

Apparently, I still have all my hair, deep blue eyes and a friendly smile. Not to mention my voice, which was very masculine and the alluring character lines around my eyes. Although, My esthetician told me they were crows feet. But after consuming twelve drinks and being turned down more times than I care to admit the complements were welcoming. Then he nailed me to my seat. I felt like I'd just been pegged in the ass and wasn't sure if I'd liked it or not.

“You look like Steve Carell.” At the time, I didn’t know Steve Carell. I’d seen him in films, but I was unfamiliar with his name.

“The guy from The Forty Year Old Virgin.” I still didn’t have clue, but the mention of a forty-year-old virgin had me wondering what he meant. I smirked.

“Do you mean my personality or my looks?”

“A bit of both. Do you know who I mean?”

“I’m not familiar with that film.”

“Oh, well he’s a really good looking guy if you’re concerned.” It must have been meant as a complement. “Have you seen Get Smart?” That hit home. The young guy was determined that I visualize Steve Carell’s face. This time I did and I smiled, but I didn’t see the resemblance. It must be my personality. I must come off as a babbling buffoon. “He also played Noah.” I think he sensed my embarrassment and was trying to repair the faux pas.

“I saw that one, but I’ve never groomed a beard.” Then an awkward moment’s silence disrupted the vibe and I became ill at ease. I felt like getting up and leaving. But as I tried to stand I realized that I was hopelessly drunk. My legs felt like the night I was punched out at a friend’s party. The young guy reached out his hand and held me up. His touch was gentle and reassured me that he meant me no harm. “Thanks.” Then he said it.

“Do you want to come back to my place for another drink?”

“I think I’m just going to head home.”

“Let me walk you to the door.”

“Alright.”

I couldn’t have walked on my own and my past experience with bouncers led me to believe that I’d be safer in this young guy’s arms. But I was embarrassed. The patrons seemed to find my departure comical. I even received applause from the women I had approached earlier. My complexion must have been magenta.

Once outside, the fresh air awakened me and I inhaled deeply, but as soon as the young guy let go of my arm I stumbled like the drunk I was. My residence was at least five blocks and at the time I was bewildered as to which way to stroll, not that I could have if I’d wanted to. Then a cab pulled up. The young guy waved to the driver.

“I’m catching the cab. Do you want to share the ride?”

I didn’t want to be left in the cold and I couldn’t stand. Besides that, the vagrants across the street were eyeing me like vultures waiting to feed.

“Yeah, let’s do that.”

The young guy helped me into the cab. I tumbled face first onto the seat and then tried to straighten up. He squeezed in beside me and closed the door. Our bodies were snug together. My buttock rubbing against his meaty hips. It felt pleasant to have the sensation of another person’s body touching mine. Even though it was another male. That’s how long it had been since I was intimate. I straightened up and loosened my collar. He smiled warmly.

“... Pender street.”

The cab smelled of cigarette smoke and cheap perfume. I felt nauseous, but managed to withhold my last meal. The young guy rolled down the window. Fresh air drifted inside and diluted the foul odors.

“Thank you.”

The cab stopped outside of an apartment building. The young guy handed the cabby some cash and opened the door.

“Are you coming inside?”

I was more lost than before. In fact, I didn't know where I was and I didn't have any money. But I knew we hadn't gone far. The meter was only asking for seven dollars and fifty cents. I was sure that in a few minutes I would sober up enough to be able to walk home.

"Yeah, I'll get out here."

I was wrong. Once outside, I tumbled to the pavement like a fallen boxer. The young guy pulled me to my feet and walked me to the door of his building.

"Why don't you come up and we can start where we left off?"

I didn't feel as though I had much choice and I was genuinely enjoying his company. So I obliged his request and followed him inside.

The building was air-conditioned, which temporarily reduced my stupor, as I swayed back and forth walking to the elevator. The young guy smiled and put his arm around my shoulder. I chuckled from embarrassment, not from the young guy, but my own helplessness. An oriental couple was giving us a dirty look and pushed the ninth floor button. We stood in silence, arm in arm, to the tenth floor.

His apartment was just across the hall in a corner unit. I sat on the couch and stared out the window at the downtown lights. The room was immaculate for a guy that looked like he never shaved or bothered to brush his hair. But I assumed that gay guys were like women. Not that I would know about either, as I was seldom in the company of women, let alone in their apartment and I'd never met a gay guy before. I was thinking of the only woman I ever really knew. That was my mother.

She was a neat freak and ultra conservative Christian. I'd been doted on my entire life. Now she was old and too tired to help, but she still nagged me about getting married, and starting a family. She really wanted grandchildren, and a loving wife for me, but women just weren't interested. My only relationship ended after I felt guilty about having sex. I was still in my twenties. Marriage was supposed to come first and the only acceptable position was missionary. I was dating every pervert's dream, and now I'm that pervert, but I'm too polite to go into details.

The young guy sat on the couch beside me and smiled. I reciprocated, but I was hoping that I could sleep on the couch and runaway in the morning before sunrise.

"That's a really beautiful view and you have the full panorama."

"Yeah, it's nice. That's why I rented the place."

I was avoiding eye contact and staring out the window. That was probably rude, but I was out of my comfort zone, even with twelve drinks.

"I'd offer you some wine, but I think you've had enough already."

"Yeah, I need to sober up and then I can be on my..."

"Do you want to smoke a joint? It's great for the libido." My throat rasped and I coughed a couple of times. I don't really know why? Marijuana was saving the lives of the sick. It was no longer the devil's weed that it had been purported to be for so many years. Too many cancerous Christians were using the stuff and their lives were improving. "I'll get you a glass of water."

"Sure that'd be great."

The young guy returned with a tall glass of ice water and began rolling. I guess he assumed I was talking about the joint, but at the moment I didn't care. I was happy to have some company and particularly someone who was interested in me. I could have a gay friend. What's wrong with that? So I took a slow sip on the chilly drink and relaxed.

Soon, the room filled with the sweet essence of finely grown cannabis indicia. Memories of high school returned. Although, I never smoked other than the time I was locked into a two-door economy car that was being hotboxed by two headbangers while listening to

Metallica's Enter Sandman. Not that I was actually smoking it, but that got me suspended for the day, which led to five belt lashes across the buttock, administered by my father, and a second baptism at the local church with my mother present.

Tonight, I didn't care in the least. Practically, every inhibition I ever had was subdued with alcohol. So I inhaled on the reefer like a medical marijuana patient's last breath and then proceeded to cough like an old man with an extreme case of influenza.

"Here have a drink."

"Thanks."

I swilled the last of the liquid and chewed on a chunk of ice. Within moments, I was so stoned I could feel my own heart beating and my back pain completely vanished. Why the fuck won't my doctor prescribe me some of this? It's either an anti-inflammatory that gives me diarrhea or codeine, which makes me shake for days.

"How do you feel now?"

"Great. My back pain is almost completely gone."

"I could give you a massage in the bedroom." Now why did I say almost? I should have left it out of the sentence entirely, or maybe I shouldn't have. But three days growth of beard wasn't doing it for me. Intimacy with a guy was taking things too far. Even without a Christian up bringing I would have said no and I did. Then the guy looked rather dejected and a wee bit annoyed. But he didn't give up. "Well why do you think I invited you back to my place?"

"Honestly, I've really enjoyed your company tonight and you've been the best friend a person could ask for, but I'm just not gay. I hope you understand."

"I'm not gay either. I'm an F-T-M. I thought you knew."

Some of you reading might know what that means. At the time, I didn't have clue. I was as lost as I was at the interviews.

"What's that?"

"I'm a guy with a pie asshole!" Is anyone following yet? I sure wasn't, but I started laughing. That helped ease the tension.

"A guy with a pie?"

"Yeah, do you want to see?"

"Sure why not."

The young guy stood up and undid the buttons on his jeans. Tommy Hilfiger was glaring at me. I looked up at the guy's round face and smiled. Then he pulled his pants and underwear to his knees. A smorgasbord of delight was staring at me and I had an extreme case of the munchies. I'm too polite to go into details, but mother sure is happy.