

# Sorry I Sucked a Donkey Dick!

by Smiley McGrouchpants, Jr-Esq-III

"Yeah, well —

"Hi.

"I'm Kevin Kavanaugh.

"I smile a lot, and even at my *mom*, which tends to anger my dad — he knows I know I have a Legacy to Cornell, and just float B's to get by, and read on my *own*, sporadically and scattershot, while doing Outward Bound™ and ski trips, you know, row the canoe, that kinda thing.

"Anyway.

"So Deanna's big sister gets called 'square head' by Matt Owens — you know, he don't socialize much, ever since Racela got thrown out (funny, Chuck Evans doesn't either — I guess Jay really was a wheel-spoke hub, a "ringleader" like Mr. Martin who tells us "not to push the System" says, after all!!!), he just does it sporadically, he comes and goes, smokes pot or takes off, he's the third born, like a lot of kids with two older siblings, he's got a lot of attitude, he's got two *precedents* and a big *wake* in general and in *sum to be* in, one breaks the waves, you know, the second's like 'I am or am *not* like the first one,' you know, makes one or *three* kids seem like a *good idea*, you know, an odd number, there's always life outside the house, you know, community, it takes a *village*, etc. etc., so he don't know who she *is*, or that Snyder hooked up with her at a party, especially since she's one of Alison *McLean*'s friends he feels guilty even though she *don't*, he takes her out to Crossgates[1] and they skip into a couple *movies*, you know, *Everybody's All-American* and another one, just to *make out*, you know, it's totally *illegal* but who's going to *stop* them?, they don't make a *habit* of it and everybody smokes *pot* anyway ... Yeah, so Owens called her 'Square Head' in

study hall when everyone's sitting around *bored*, he doesn't know who she *was*, and it sort of sticks and Snyder *sucks ass* to this day because he can't get *any*, he's totally *desperate* and *hurting for it*, etc., etc."

## The End

[1] Mall built in '85-'86, about when I was in eighth/ninth grade, one of those *weird* correspondences, timing in my life. I'm 4 1/2, I see the *Pink Panther* movie where Herbert Lom threatens the professor's daughter, he puts on a glove with all these razors on it, but then he just scratches on the blackboard because the noise is annoying — but the point on me is totally *lost*, because all the Hammer™ movie trappings and the castle with the torture devices is all that I see, atmosphere-wise. Similarly, I'm 8 years old in 1980, the year *Empire Strikes Back* comes out and maybe similarly *Oh, Heavenly Dog!* the Benji movie and maybe *The Muppet Movie*, right, I watch the show religiously, so it's some other movie, already we've seen the *Cheech & Chong Still Smokin'* preview, I don't even know what it's about, I don't know what "smokin'" is supposed to *mean* in this context but I feel awkward watching it in front of my *family*, you know, it's a totally different *experience* when you're *alone*, and it says "This features rated 'R,'" or something, and already I feel like I shouldn't *be* there, just because it's *broaching* it in front of my *family*, you know, and then it's like "From Stanley Kubrick ... " and the elevator doors *open* and all this blood *pours out*, and that's all that *happens*, *more* blood pours out, like they're trying to put out a *fire* but with *blood* instead of *water*, but of *course* that's not it, it's one of the effective *bad dreams* ever *concocted*, *that's* what you'd think when you were worried or *scared* ... or *something*. Anyway, *Crossgates* was built in all this marshland nobody was using for years, it took some time after *Dawn of the Dead* and, you know, "they return to what's *familiar* to them ... " for the Town Elders of *Albany*, NY, hopelessly *out-of-touch* and *never* New England or NYC, *you know*, to *wake up* from their *slumber* and *build a mall* there, and

it was just in *time* for me to be of the age where I could get *dropped off* there, and picked up *hours later*, practice for *real life*, and I saw *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *The Dream Team* and *Band of the Hand* and *Iron Eagle* there with various *kids*, they had a movie theater *inside* right near the *food court*, they were the *first* to do so, just take the *escalator*. I made *Tammy Reichel* go there, I kept *calling* her, we went to *Stand by Me* but the puking wasn't as bad as in the story, Stephen King's *The Body*, but that would have been *unspeakable*. I held her hand until she got to the *phone* (after the movie, on a walk) but then *later* she told me to stop *calling her back*. Okay. I was at a *new school* anyway. I doubt I would have *tried* it, before. But that's how these things *work out*, timing-wise — for *good* or for *ill*, or for *partial*. And *Kim Gerard* who saw me at the *bus stop* when we *switched* from our *public school rides* at the public school to get on *another* bus to each of our *private schools* (mine, *Albany Academy* — *Girl's Academy* was still called "A.A.G.," while we were just "A.A.," it's a Radcliffe/Barnard/*Vassar* kind-of thing, the co-edding *TAKES* a while, ha-HA!!! #rolLEYES — and she went to *Bishop Maginn*, already *co-ed, whatever*), she had to wait until the end of *The Serpent and the Rainbow* to say, "Oh, I think I've got something in my *eye* ..." well, I'm not *that* stupid, to give me my *first kiss* until they started *cleaning up* and we had to *leave*. (She: "You want to see a *movie*, or something ... ??" Me: "Yeah, *The Serpent and the Rainbow* is playing!!!" I read *Twilight Zone* magazine, and probably read Stephen King's *Skeleton Crew* and Clive Barker's *Books of Blood* that year ... #YEAH). So. *Anyway*, you call it "Crossgates," like "I'm going to *Crossgates!*" and "See you at *Crossgates!*" which sounds like more *evocative* than it *was*, even with MTV and that Chris DeBurgh song referencing the river *Styx*, "Don't Pay the Ferryman!", before the stupid one everyone's *mom* liked ("Lady in Red"), his attempt to do *Air Supply*, lift himself out of being a one-hit wonder to a *TWO-*, count 'em, *TWO-* hit wonder. And when you go there to buy *Altoids*™ to cover up your *smoker's* breath, which *every* smoker teen-*age* believes will cover up the *smell*, but the deal is you *REEK* because it's in your hair and your

clothes and you REEK but nobody says *anything*, because of decorum (like the Beastie Boys say: "That / hyp-O-crite / smokes / TWO packs / a DAY!!!" #ADULTS #parentsjustdontUNDERSTAND ), and you're actually going to the record store with Jay Racela who you're in a *band* with, and he has an improbable gift-certificate for a whole FREE ALBUM!!!, came from *somebody* for a holiday or a *birthday* present, I *forgot* which, and we've got our Altoids™ (probably — although we had calmed down about *buying* them, by then ... ), which were the "curiously-*strong* Peppermint," and an ideal pre-cursor to the '90s, like *The Far Side* and *Bloom County*, in its *self-awareness* and *whimsy*, and you can't think of anything and finally he goes "Aw, man ... I'll just buy XTC'S *Oranges and Lemons*," and you're especially disappointed because you had XTC's *Skylarking* (with "Dead God" on it — *natch*.!!!), and *Oranges and Lemons* doesn't seem at *all* that good, with that "Mayor of *Simpleton*" song on it ... and even he *leaves* the *store* with it and you're *outside* by a few stores' walk *down* and all of a sudden it *hits* you (you didn't think of it while you were in there — what's *with* you??): "Aw man — you could have got Living *COLOUR*!!!" and it's true, "Cult of Personality" and now the "Open Letter (to a Landlord)" song that Pete [Baldes, who you're in a band with - ed.] makes *fun* of sometimes for being too "genuine" (effectively — my words, though - ed.), certainly for *you* Dinosaur Jr. and Pixies and Sonic *YOUTH* and *JOYDIVISION* fans to take seriously, though *you* still like it, well they're *both* all over MTV, and he looks at you and he's *right*, it's all your *fault*, your fucking idiot. It's all your *fault* — why didn't you *think* of it?? But he's right — you *fucked up*. But he doesn't say anything. Except, maybe, "shit!" So you go *smoke a cigarette*. At *Crossgates*, at *Crossgates Mall*, that's what it's called: "Crossgates." Like, I'm just "goin' to *Crossgates*." You fucking idiot. What a waste! Christ. Wait 'till next year ... "Neh. It's okay, man ... it's *okay!*" - ed.

