

Mike's Confession in the Basement to Being Allergic to Balls

by Christopher J. Slimeball-McNugget

"I was like, 'Dad, I can't grow 'em *now* . . . Know what I'm saying?' I'd already thrown my bag in with *not* growin' 'em . . . how'm I supposed to grow balls now?"

He put down the drumsticks (someone else's), and took a sip from his soda. "Why should I try . . . what if I *fail*? Ever think of *that*?" It was his coveted line. I couldn't tell if he was talking to *me*, or *himself* — but then, I *never* could.

The guitar in my hand sucked. The strap over my shoulder sucked. His friend's band sucked. Even the pick in my hand sucked, somehow.

He arched an eyebrow. He was "thinking" — a tricky thing to do, when you never read, even the newspaper. "Heyyy ... " etc.

THE END

YEARS LATER (POSTSCRIPT): I let go of it. Hard thing to do, when there's not much in your life, '89-'95 . . .

(cue Letters to Cleo's "Here and Now" . . . *now!*)

