

Retreat

by Dave Clapper

We are in search of free hors d'oeuvres, me and Jane - Jane from H.R., Jane who is exactly as plain as her name implies, Jane, who, for now anyway, for this company retreat, is my kindred spirit in broke-ass hangover land.

We were told, damn it, that there were free hors d'oeuvres. Everyone seems to have had some and has glowing reviews of this canape, that crab cake, the other spinach puff. And they tell us how to get there with vague hand gestures and you-can't-miss-its, and we do miss it again and again and again.

We give up when we see a food service tray outside a door with a "Do Not Disturb" sign. Sounds of athletic sex inside make the door-hanger flap. Or maybe it's the A.C.

We don't care. We see the half-eaten B.L.T. and descend on it. It's not enough, but it's all we have.

And Jane puts her finger down her throat and pukes right there. I have three thoughts: 1) Jane has low self-esteem; 2) I could probably get laid; 3) I'm hard.

So I ask, "Do you wanna fuck?"

She doesn't look surprised or disgusted, but she doesn't look interested. "No," she says, and wipes her mouth on the back of her sleeve.

