

# So Twinkle Made Lemonade

*by David James*

"Just how many different animals try to hide their nakedness?"  
"Only one. And that'd be us, idiot.", Twinkle responded. "Then, why don't we mind sometimes showing our bodies?", she then asked. Twinkle could see it was going to be another one of those drives with Misty. "We often blush when asked to take off our robe, but we work hard waxing our legs to show them", she continued. "Misty, shut the fuck up!", said Twinkle.

Most pole dancers probably wouldn't take a shine to banter like this on a nightly drive to pick up a usual, after work meal of a couple of soggy, gas station tacos, but Misty, however, still thought herself a philosopher by day though she acknowledged that she was a high-priced bimbo at night. She would sometimes stare at an egg roll in her fingers and pose esoteric questions to it like, "Can God make a rock so heavy that even he can't lift it?" Twinkle would grimace. Weird stuff, for sure, but Misty had never seemed right after the accident which left her car horribly damaged. And, though there was no blood, the wreck was not without seemingly concussive complications.

You see, before her accident, Misty (née Jane) taught at the local junior college and she would often lapse into professor-ese talk but then later at night whoop it up, performing her pole dance, giving lap dances and sometimes more. In fact, some of the club regulars joke that ol' Misty was easier to get into than junior college.

Her teaching career was wrecked away. With those seams undone, she entered this, her second life. Misty said she really liked the work and she had many young college guy fans in attendance. She'd often say, "Twinkle (née Elizabeth), they adore me. Here I am soon to be 56 and my body still retains the tone that has them

asking me for a sexy photos for their dorm rooms. To me, that's the measure of an examined life. It's worth living."

