

WHO'S RICH?

by Dennis Hiatt

I know you've seen her type. My dear mother would have called her a money sucking whore. I would be kinder. I'd say she was a poor girl hitching a ride. And why not? She's young, and blossoming like a weed shooting up through the snow. Well, that may be a bit much, but you know how white trash kids kind of burst into this hot, ripe succulent sex magnet phase someplace between eleven and seventeen, and two months, to three years later (usually with their belly fully of child or their purse full of candy, and gum wrappers) they seem to step off the deep end of the fat/ugly swimming pool.

As you can see, I know her type, or at least her tribe. Know it well even. Entrapment you could say. Skin to skin, hard to wet, and she's got you like a tick on a camper's ass. Well, it never looks that way from the start. At that thoughtless moment of poison conception, you're sitting at the counter of a truck stop kind of a place, and she flips you a smile and a white plastic menu, and all the blood in your head, and upper body rushes to your crouch, and god-all-mighty, space aliens from the planet Vanna White could be landing in their unnumbered hoards in the parking lot, and all you can say is, "How's the pie today?" And she kind of grins and meets your eyes as if to say, ..all the knowledge in the universe, and Zen perfection is between my taunt tan thighs', "Pretty fresh. The bread man just brought it this mornin'." But she can't take her eyes off your eyes, and you both start to smile real slowly until there's this real long, dumb pause, and she finally says, "Want some?" "Sure." You say real dumb like, because yes you ..want some' real bad. "Want kind?" She asked, and she's already starting to glow with a conqueror's satisfaction, because she knows it's a done deal. "How about apple?" You asking without realising your eyes are speeking to the full sway of heavy breast.

"What if we don't have no apple?" She asked jerking your eyes back up to meet her face, because she can't let you forget the her in her, and as if tossing you a crumb, she straightens her back as she tosses her hair back over her shoulder, causally heaving he breasts up and out like the prow of a Russian icebreaker crushing its way through twelve feet of Arctic ice pack to a camp of stranded Swedish scientist, and stunned like a bull nailed with a eight pound sledge, you say, "No apple?" And calm as you sound, on inside you're totally freaked out like you've shit your pants and left you wallet at home, and you'll panic if she blinks, but she's says, "let me check." And turns and bends over slightly to look in the pie case, but really she's just show casing her heart shaped ass, and it's so awe inspiring that if you'd been three days dead you'd still get get up and walk on water just to catch a sniff of what it dumps twice a day. "Yeah, we got apple."

"Okay, how about that, and some ice-cream on top."
"Sure." She scoops up the menu, and pie with a pile of hideous white do-do on top, and it's like you don't exist any more, but if you weren't shell shocked, you'd realize that she never even offered you coffee, and that's how rattled she is. But, it's because she thinks you're two inches taller because you're sitting on your wallet, and you're eyes are begging to become her slave, and she's kind louging down at the end of the counter, telling the cook what a cunt her older sister is for wearing her new boots to a party where some dude up-chucked on them, and that's eighty bucks down the tube, and all the time she's thinking of her older sister coming home last staggering drunk, and smelling like she'd puked, and the guy who'd dumped sis out on the lawn wasn't the one she'd gone to the party with, and sis wouldn't get out of bed tomorrow, when she did, she'd jump everytime the phone rang, and ask if it was the guy who'd taken her to the party, but even if it was for her, it wouldn't be him, or for

that matter it wouldn't be guy who was at that party,(but starting about Tuesday guys who'd gone to that party would start calling her asking sis if she wanted to go out for a coke, and sis would go with the best of the slim picking who called, maybe sis would be gone for two hours, and come back with her lipstick smeared, and a hard, hurt look in her eyes, and ask if there had been any phone calls for her, and yes three guys had called, and yes she'd call the best looking, or the nicest, or the coolest, or the guy with the best car, and out she go agin, and this time to a party, and the waitress would hate her older sister for going, oh god how she'd hate her, because sis had been her hero just last year, and all the guys had been in love with her older sister, and sis had had her pick of the boys, and now the boys used sis like she was dirt, and the same guys were calling the waitress saying sweet, sweet things, but here was this rich looking dude down at the end of the counter who after one nothing smile stared at her like a pole-axed Sunday school teacher ready to open his wallet, and more importantly his life, and all the fine, fine things in it to her for a little sweet sweat close dancing.

And she was ready. Oh lord was she ready. Every gene in her body was greased to escape this two bit diner. Because if her hero of an older sister couldn't get out of town with a local boy, she couldn't expect to either, and the waitress would be damned if next year at this time she'd be coming home from a party with three men's sperm in her vagina, and two more on the collar of her blouse. So when she finally sauntered down to give the rich dude his bill she'd scribbled her name and phone number on to top of the thank you come again.

But, she couldn't know that it just wouldn't matter, because while the rich looking guy would be on her like a pigeon sucked into a fire storm, and he might even think he was in love with her, he'd never take her where his friends

would see her, and she'd see the insides of a hundred motel rooms, but she'd never meet his mother. And, while she didn't know any of this, he did.

He knew that if he took her out she'd dress up to be sexy, and pretty, but she'd look like a young whore, and while he'd like that, that dirty young, white trash, sex doll look, while he wanted to be really fuck/dirty with her, he wouldn't want to try to talk to her after they'd mated, and he didn't want to pay out for the rest of his life for what could grow in her simmering, eager womb.

So, he tips big, ignores her phone number, and walks carefully out to his car, because he's got a hard on that could cut glass, and he sits in his car, waiting for it to warm up, and kind of watches the dinner's window, knowing that she won't come to it. And, then he drives away, and he never comes back.

But it doesn't really end there. He carries a vision of her, of how she made him feel, like a picture wrapped in plastic for the rest of his life. It not a true, or real picture, but it one he draws up often when he has sex with his wife years into their safe marriage. She on the other hand, has forgotten him by the end of the week.

She snags herself a rich looking guy, and see the insides of a hundred motel rooms, and never meets his friends, but she get some expensive clothes out of him. She works out to keep tirm, and later after the rich guy dumps her, she starts selling her pussy, and saving the money. And, by the time she'd twenty-seven, she's putting on weight that she just can't keep off, so she puts herself through beauty school, and buys a hair salon. The next year she marries a guy named Bubba, who worships her. He knows about her past, but loves her anyway, and she'd true to him, and they have four kids, and live real good, and the kids have all the things she never had, and the kids go to a private school, and then on to collage, and while they're a little ashamed of

their folks, they love them fiercely.

One day twenty-three years after she'd waited on him, they sit next to each other in the airport lounge. He's waiting for his wife to arrive, and she's there with her youngest daughter to pick up her oldest son, who coming back from a year in France. He ignores her, but her daughter excites a dark nameless pain in his stomach, and he thinks of giving the girl his card, and asking her out. But thinking is all he does, and it wouldn't matter anyway, because the girl would laugh in his face.

They never see each other again. They grow old, and they die. Their kids grow old, and they die. Their grandchildren grow old, and they die, and then there is no one who remembers them, and they are just names that no one remembers. Once seventy-two years after she wrote her name over the "thanks you, come again", her name comes up in a title search, and after that neither of them is ever known for any reason.

