

We Have Eskimo Bars

by Frank Vander Rasky

Real men don't screw around in Canada, he confided to the strawberry blonde sitting beside him at the Houston bar. He'd bought her a couple of beers, and her body language said she was interested.

She was built sweeter than the bounce in a Texas two-step. When she leaned closer, it was a wonder he didn't topple off his stool.

"Oh, yeah? My last boyfriend was from Plano, and he was all hat and no cattle. Cheated on me with my best friend, that cow. What makes you guys up in Canada so different?" She took a chug of her Lone Star. He noticed that her full, red lips slid down the neck of the bottle.

Soon it would be last call. If he wanted her naturally horizontal, he'd better get his mojo on.

"Nights up North are wicked cold. We have Eskimo bars. Some of us live in igloos. When we find the right one, we can't risk losing her love." He held her hand, batted Arctic blue eyes, and said, "Darlin', you have warm hands."

That won her over. She was ready to ride him like a mechanical bull. "C'mon cowboy. Let's get outta here," she said. "My place is around the corner. You, my lucky Canadian, won't be needing any heater."

He paid the bar bill, and they left together. He hummed a few lines from his favourite song, The Maple Leaf Forever.

It was going to be a hot and dirty night.

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Fuckin' eh!

