

Back in the Shower

by George LaCas

Naked, we stood in my shower. When she kicked my tool, I noticed she had a toe ring.

“Nice bling, baby,” I crooned.

“Can we turn the water on?” she asked me.

“Well, no,” I said. I hadn't thought this far ahead. I figured if I picked up a woman in the produce aisle, things would take care of themselves. “I can't turn the water on until I'm done working in here.”

“What's that?” she said, pointing to my tool.

“That's what they call a five-way,” I said.

“A five-way?”

“For scraping,” I told her.

“Scraping what?” she asked. It was getting pretty sweaty in the shower. I hoped the moisture wouldn't keep the just-applied clear silicone from curing properly. The shower smelled like formaldehyde and Lady Speed Stick.

“For scraping the barnacles off our love,” I said. I went to hug her but she moved away. Her bejeweled foot again knocked against my tools, which I had left in a careful pile on the just-scraped tiles. The tiles had begun to appear in my dreams.

“Ow!” she cried.

“Careful, that's a razor knife,” I told her.

“What are you, some kind of Mister Fix-It? Some kind of home improvement FREAK?”

I just smiled. “No ma'am,” I said politely. “I'm a writer.”

