

# Babes in the Bush

by Jeanne Holtzman

Holy shit, man, look at that!" Mike's pimply face melts into drooling bliss. His dad had stopped in this whacko town on the way to our campsite, muttered something about angry lesbians, and disappeared. Rick and I follow Mike's dumbstruck gaze to a shop across the street.

"What the heck?" Rick says, squinting.

"Fuck, man, is that what I think it is?" It's not like I'd had a whole lot of experience, up close and personal, that is. But I'd seen pictures, plenty of pictures.

"That door — it's a giant snatch!" Mike says.

Rick fumbles in his pocket for his glasses and recites the crimson words above the door, "The Vagina Diatribes."

"A supersized pussy!" Mike says, punching me in the arm. "Shit, man, we've come to the Holy Land!"

"You dumbasses. Don't' you two jerks know the meaning of 'diatribe'?"

Mike and I barely hear him. We're shoving each other and dodging cars as we run across the street, cracking jokes and licking our lips. Rick waits for the "walk" sign, and catches up with us standing outside the shop.

"I bet this is why your dad came to this town." I say to Mike. "He's probably in there right now."

"Shut up, you fuckhead. My dad doesn't like pussy. He's married to

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my mom.”

“We're going in, right?” I ask.

“What are you blind? Look at that!” Rick is starting to sweat and turn red.

Hanging from what I figure must be a gigantic clit, is a sign warning, “No Penises Allowed.”

“This is a man-eating pussy, I tell you,” Rick warns. “Haven't you ever heard of Vagina Dentata?”

“Vagina den-what?” Mike and I chorus.

“Vagina dentata. A vagina with teeth!”

We stand there trying to delete that image from our minds, when a beefy guy in a red plaid lumberjack shirt walks over and pushes his way to the entrance.

“Get out of my way, you creeps,” he says, and ducks inside.

We hold our breath, and wait for the screams and the blood.

“I don't hear any chewing,” I say. “If he can go in, so can we.”

“Uh, not so fast. I don't think that was a he,” says Rick.

Mike and I blink.

“Shit, man. This is a free country, I say. “Diatribes and bullshit teeth don't scare me. They're only girls in there. Come on.”

Rick gets busy cleaning his glasses. Mike's hand moves protectively

over his crotch.

“Uh, like what if my dad shows up and can't find us?”

“No wonder you pussy-whipped wimps never get laid.”

Mike and Rick pretend to swagger away, but I swear I can see the tails between their legs.

I turn, grab the doorknob, take a deep breath, and step inside.

Nothing bites me.

I look around. I don't see the lumberjack bull dyke, or anyone else, but I can hear some voices coming from the back. One of the walls is papered with a mosaic of crotch shots, but they aren't your airbrushed, prettied-up beavers. Above a huge display of vibrators of every imaginable shape and size, some with multibutton switches and even remote controls, a sign declares — “Men are Obsolete.” My poor pecker doesn't know whether to get rock hard or shrivel up and hide like a turtle.

A poster on the wall announces a Coven seeking new members. Another advertises a self-speculum class: “See your own cervix!! Bring a towel, a flashlight and a mirror. We supply the plastic speculum.” I read the date and time, check my watch, then turn to get the hell out of there.

A woman's hand on my shoulder stops me. The fingers are slight, but strong, and tipped in red polish. I hear her say, “So you like pussy?” before she turns me around. She wears a long black lace dress, and I can't stop staring at her naked breasts and the outline of her crotch through the lace.

She speaks in a husky voice. “Soft and pink and warm. I bet you

even dream about it. Like to feel it all around you. A strapping, handsome young boy like you can't live without pussy, can you? I can make your wish come true."

She takes my hand and puts it between her legs. A jolt of electricity crackles through me, and I collapse.

When I come to, I am small and stiff, lying on a towel, and I can't feel any arms or legs. No matter how hard I struggle, I can't move or speak, and can see only a few inches in front of me. But I can hear just fine. And I hear that husky voice saying, "Now that you've explored your vulva and clitoris, it's time to look inside. You are about to see a part of your body that has been kept secret from you! Everyone pick up your plastic speculum by the handle and practice opening and closing it."

I feel a meaty hand lifting me off the floor. It squeezes my handle, and my blades click open. And when I am turned around, I see all too distinctly the pattern of lumberjack red plaid.

