

Self Help For Daydreamers

by Jennifer Donnell

I think I'll get a tattoo. Not just any tattoo, one I'll regret. I won't waste my time inscribing a beau's name or initials, as it's a well known relationship curse. Instead, I'll choose something saucy and have the tattoo artist write it on my ass cheek or wrist. Then, I'll habitually wear my pants too low, for maximum exposure. I'll begin frequenting trendy bars and dancing on counters with low barstools, grinding down... until my tattoo is eye level. I'll make sure I select a phrase written in a language most can't read. I'll catch people peering at it, trying to interpret the twists and swirls of the black ink on my fair skin.

“What does it say?” they'll ask, eyes always wide, like flies about to step into my web. “Oh, it says...” and, then? *I'll lie*. I'll glance them over, evaluate their style and vibe. I'll, mentally, scroll through a stockpile of standard quotes- from translated Sanskrit to Winston Churchill's most famous remarks. It will be hit or miss. Most of the time, I'll nail it and they'll look at my fraudulent tattoo as though it's holy. Other times, I'll nail *them*. Take, for example, a good looking guy who believes my lowly ass cheek just articulated the histrionics of his parent's divorce when he was ten. My tattoo will be a crystal ball, the future of it left up to me.

Or, perhaps I'll start a religious cult that doesn't believe in tattoos. We will picket the tattoo parlors and promote slanderous fear tactics. We'll coin a brilliant catchphrase or capitalize on a variation of the dairy industries well known slogan. “Got Tattoos?” we'll shout and offer *two for one* specials on tattoo removal, to help the misguided become closer to “Xander”- formerly known as God. We'll land a morning talk show interview, during a slow news week,

and say that we worship little green *women*. Indeed, we shall be a feminist cult. We will threaten that our home planet of "Ogle" shall reign with wrath, should women not receive equal pay for equal work. When the news media grows tired of us or begins to see through our flimsy charade, we'll hold a Kool Aid party, but the Kool Aid will really be filtered water and vitamin C. You can never have too much Vitamin C.

If that doesn't work out, I'll write a tell all book about shagging men across the globe. I'll start in my home turf, with a few dull American men- perhaps a small business owner and a lawyer from the midwest. Then, I'll make my way to England or Ireland... shagging my way across Europe, then, Thailand and anywhere else where there is a man to shag. I will equate each country's national anthem with their style of lovemaking and carry extra toothbrushes and toothpaste- in case anyone needs to freshen up. Granted, I may pick up a few S.T.D's, but this is the cost of great writing. Not to mention how it will benefit my follow up book, though I'm still deciding on the title. I'm toying with one of two: "How Full Body Tattoos Cured My S.T.D, From France" or, "Next Stop, Ogle! How An Alien Planet Cured Me And Can Cure You, Too, For One Hundred Thousand Dollars... Payable To Me & Only In Cash".

