

Priming the Pump

by Jerry Ratch

I saw Sharon one more time, in the summer of 1969, when man first set foot on the moon. I met her at that nightclub over on Hwy. 83, near North Avenue in Elmhurst where everyone still hung out from high school. She came back to the basement at my parent's house with me, and we did it one more time, for old time sake, except this time she was determined to show me everything she had learned. Orally, I mean.

She'd been going out with this guy named Mario(?) or something, who also had a boat out on Fox River. This guy had apparently been going around having sex with all my former girlfriends. Terry, Sharon. (I don't know if you were included in this exclusive club.) It was like I was priming the pump for this pimp!

"Mario?" she said, when I asked who the hell this guy was, going around sniffing after all my old girlfriends. "He's okay, I guess," she shrugged. *"If you could only put a bag over his personality!"*

Then she added, quietly, "He's not you."

(Very sweet.)

Maybe I will have to work up a flow chart for all this. Someday.

