

Lyz & Duncan

by Lavinia Ludlow

This morning, my band mates discussed their relationship deal breakers.

"If he lives with his parents," Joleen said.

"If he smokes," Ella said.

"If he won't eat out my ass." Meet Lyz. She's captain of her roller derby team. Enough said. Well, not exactly.

Apparently, Lyz used to be fat. Like really fat. Like needing the surgery fat but a few years ago she began puking up everything she ate instead. No one had ever seen her not fat, so after all that fat melted off, she became this hot girl who fronted an East Side punk band, and thereafter, she capitalized on every opportunity that presented itself, in terms of what she wore, how she posed in pictures, who she hit on, who she allowed to hit on her, who she kissed, fucked, you get the picture.

She's gone around with my best friend Duncan for months, and I've never once disapproved, but since her admission, I haven't been able to look Duncan in the eye.

Tonight at the bar, he says to me,

"I have a funny taste in my mouth."

I grip my bottle of Guinness Extra Stout and chug before he can ask for a sip.

