

Josephine Skinny Jeans:

Chapter 2

by Lore Prior

Lee found the figurehead on Thursday night. His girl left that morning for a long weekend vacation with her parents, somewhere crazy and far away like Japan. They were always doing shit like that, dropping hundreds of G's to fly across the world for less than a week- half the time they're probably on planes. Libby's Dad invented water bottles that save like a milimeter of plastic or some shit like that, so Mom and Pop are completely loaded and set for life, and Libby never has to get a job. Ever. Last December they all went to Tibet for Christmas, and when she got back there was a brand new white Escalade sitting in her driveway.

Of course after this she had nowhere to put her shiny raven black BMW M6 convertible with white leather interior, which was her birthday present that past July. I guess her parents realized she's too much of a dumbshit to figure out how to put the top up, and they didn't want her to be cold in the winter. Bitch barely drives too. If she ever feels like coming over here Lee has to put on clothes, pray to Christ that day isn't the day his turd-on-wheels-mobile decides to commit harikiri on him and quit the world, then roll down the BQE all the way to Hempstead, Long Island, doing a U-ey the second he pulls out of her driveway 'cause, "there's nothing to dooo on Long Island. All anybody around here ever wants to do is just sit around and get drunk all the time" (pouty face and shrill whimper/whining always punctuate these kinds of statements).

She always complained about her vacations the very first moment she returned and found someone who's obligated to listen to her yammer (this would always be Lee).

"Ohhh my goddd, you would not BELIEVE how sweaty and disgusting it was to be on that plane. It was riidiculous, they were still playing the same lame-ass movie they had on our last trip! And

the country was just so dirty. Everywhere. All. The. Time. Whenever we went out to a restaurant or something I wanted to be like, 'hellooo, I know this is Tibet and you might be kind of behind on a few of the technological advances, but haven't you people ever heard of SOAP? And what about brooms and Clorox and stuff? They must get that stuff there. And the fooood, you would not believe it! We had to search so hard to find a restaurant that wasn't completely unbearable to be inside, and when we fiinally found a nice one THEY TRIED TO SERVE ME GOAT! I almost threw up right there. My Dad wanted to pay for the meal but I told him not to. If those people wanted our charity they should have worked for it. Uggghh, I am SO glad to be back in your arms again my Lee-Lee, it was really hard over there. Worst. Birthday. Ever."

Sometimes I have really violent dreams where I smash Libby's face in with a liquor bottle, a brick, a mounted boar's head... really whatever my brain makes available to me. I always wake up satisfied.

So Libby was sulking in some five-star hotel so far from here if she kept going farther she'd end up coming closer, probably complaining that no one in that stupid country speaks English, and they have, like, nooo Starbucks there, her life is a goddamn tragedy, and I was eagerly anticipating a beautiful quiet fucktard-free night in an apartment in a ghetto in Brooklyn. A Saturday night, no less. Hadn't seen Lee in a couple days- we'd both been working. Well, I'd spent the last two days hauling impractical furniture up sweaty stairs, through muggy hallways, into apartments on the top floor hotter than my oven gets when the gas bill's paid, and back down outside to blister in the sun and debate with Lito and Amir over the existence of another smell in the world more foul than three overweight cats ripening in a 90 degree apartment for several days. Lee's been selling lots of drugs. I assumed that's what he's been up to anyway. Whenever he's off the radar he's usually either crouched in his room watching DragonBall Z with the lights out and a bong in his lap, sleeping, or out selling drugs. And that past weekend saw our apartment free of the smell of Kush, bongwater's bubbling

melody, demonic guttural noises... It was pretty strange, like this is the home of a couple of adults of something.

Lee's door was open and he definitely wasn't in his bed when the moving truck dropped me at my stoop, so I took the opportunity to jerk off in the living room- porn's infinitely better on a big screen. After that I put my pants back on and passed out while watching Intervention. I don't captivate easily. In my dream Libby was a geisha sumo wrestler, and I broke her nose with a Roomba vacuum cleaner. I flew by Mt. Fuji with the hi-tech jet pack Tokyo gave for defeating Cuntfaced Bitch-San, When I landed there was a parade, and 3 tiny Japanese girls took turns riding me on a pile of sushi while Lee waltzed endlessly 'round in circles with a large female Pinnochio. When I woke up some show about serial killers was on the t.v., and I needed to have a cigarette immediately. Maybe some beer. Ass also.

The bar around the corner from our place always played old silent films on a large projection screen, probably so you had something to look at, I guess, if you came alone. Some black and white grainy gangster parody from the '30s called "Little Geezer", it was. Kind of like "Little Rascals" were it not for the excessive grade school smoking and guns and the rape scene. It was sort of excellent. The girl in the white dress was playing pool solo, having a hard time of keeping her wild hair out of her shot and coyly insuring that little clingy slip of a dress didn't ride up on her too far up on the lip of her ass.

She growled like a beast during sex, baring her teeth and shaking her sleek rumped mane like an insatiable predator goddess. Then she pulled her blue silk panties back snugly around her hips and started the car.

"I've actually gotta go pick my friend up. Pretty much now, truthfully."

I groped around behind the seats for my belt.

"I can probably give you a ride home if you need it, long as you don't hail from New Jersey or something."

Pants zipped, belt secured. Nothing really came off, anyway. Through the hole in the boxers through the unzipped fly fucking (far better than fly fishing), it was enough to get me back to car sex. "Nah, it's no problem, really. I live literally around the corner. I'll walk."

"Ok! Well, I'll see you around I guess."

"Hey listen, Josephine, it was great to meet you."

She jerked out of her parking spot and wriggled her fingers at me.

"Yeah, great sex man. Ok- peace out Brian!"

"Not my name..." I murmured to the back of her speeding Jetta.

